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GEORGE W. BENEDICT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POETRY.

[FOR THE FREE PRESS.]

TO WILLIE.

And thou, beloved boy, hast fallen asleep
Thus, in thine early bloom, thy joyous youth,
So suddenly that half amazed we weep
And scarce believe it, though we know the truth.

We see thee yet, in life and beauty stand;
We hear thy words, with such low utterance spoken
And almost answer; then we start to think
The cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken.

Thy gentle, gallant heart that morn had planned
For the home circle, glad though slight surprise,
Returning with thy booty in thy hand,
To read the smiles of pleasure in their eyes.

A sad surprise thou gavest, such as none
Who knew and loved thee can through life forget;
A cup of sorrow, drank by every one
Each in his measure, who has viewed it yet.

Alone, and in thine hour of joy,—Alas!
"No eye to pity, and no arm to save!"
As in a moment did thy spirit pass
Away to rest, beneath the murmuring wave.

What thought was in thine heart? for even now
A tranquil look is on thy face, and peace
Has stamped her signet on thy fair young brow,
As upon those whose toils and conflicts cease.

Say, didn't thou feel a kind and powerful arm
About thee even in that moment dread?
Did Jesus' eye, amid thy wild alarm
Look on thee, and sweet comfort o'er thee shed?

We trust thee to a loving Father's hand
Who scourgeth but in mercy, and can heal
Where he most deeply wounds; we meekly stand
Confiding in his truth, our sure appeal.

Peace be with the afflicted, may they lie
Resigned, and cheerful at the Saviour's feet,
And onward look with faith's discerning eye
To that glad hour, when thou and they may meet.

MISCELLANY.

The Longest Night in a Life.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IT was one of those old-fashioned winters, in the days of the Georges, when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unknown, and the electric telegraph had not been dreamed of save by the speculative Countess of London. The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter bags which did reach the post-office had been brought thither with difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the doings of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travellers, and of still more adventurous mailcoachmen and guards. Business was almost at a standstill, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were made uneasy by the frequent long silence of their absent members, and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and famine.

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to run, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weatherbound travellers to have some hope of reaching their destination.

Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain Miss Stirling, who had for weeks past, desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her that it was a foolhardy attempt, and told her of travellers who had been twice, nay three times, snowed up on their way to town; but their advice and warnings were of no avail. Miss Stirling's business was urgent, it concerned others more than herself, and she was not one to be deterred by personal discomfort or by physical difficulties from doing what she thought was right.

So, she kept to her purpose, and early in February took her seat in the mail for London, being the only passenger who was booked for the whole journey.

The thaw had continued for some days; the roads, though heavy, were open; and with the aid of extra horses here and there the first half of the journey was performed pretty easily, though tediously.

The second day was more trying than the first: the wind blew keenly, and penetrated every crevice of the coach; the partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross; thick heavy clouds were gathering round the red rayless sun; and when on reaching a little roadside inn the snow begun to fall fast, both the guard and coachman urged their solitary passenger to remain there for the night, instead of tempting the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage. Miss Stirling hesitated for a moment, but the little inn looked by no means a pleasant place for to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties, and gathering her furs more closely round her, she nestled herself into a corner of the coach. Thus, for a time she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon learned that they had stuck fast in a snow drift, and that no efforts of the tired horses could extricate the coach from its unpleasant predicament. The guard, mounting one of the leaders, set off in search of assistance while the coachman comforted Miss Stirling by telling her, that as nearly as they could calculate, they were only a mile or two from "the squire's," and that if the guard could find his way to the squire's, the squire was certain to come to their rescue with his sledge. It was not the first time that the squire had got the mail-bags out of a snow wreath by that means.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an hour, the distant tinkling of the sledge bells was heard, and lights were seen gleaming afar; they rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and soon a hearty voice was heard hailing them. A party of men, with lanterns and shovels, came to their assistance, a strong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the coach, and supported her trembling steps to a sledge close at hand; and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall, brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy glowing childish faces were gathered round her, numbers of bright eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing her wraps, and pleasant voices welcomed her and congratulated her on her escape.

'Ay, ay, Mary,' said her host, addressing his wife, 'I told you that the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right.'

'As you always are, uncle,' a merry voice exclaimed. 'We all say at Hawtree, that Uncle Atherton never can be wrong.'

'Atherton! Hawtree!' repeated Miss Stirling, in some amazement, 'and uttered in that familiar voice! Ellen, Ellen Middleton, is it possible that you are here?'

A joyful exclamation and a rush into her arms were the young girl's ready reply to this question as she cried, 'Uncle Atherton, Aunt Mary, don't you know your old friend Miss Stirling?'

Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on the stranger, in whom she could at first scarcely recognize the bright-haired girl whom she had not seen for eighteen or twenty years, but by and by she satisfied herself that, though changed, she was Ellen Stirling still, with the same sunny smile and the same laughing eyes that had made every one love her in her school days. Heartfelt indeed were the greetings which followed, and cordial the welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof; more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Atherton's exertions in rescuing her.

'It is the merest chance, too, that he is at home at present,' she said; 'he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of the roads in this bleak country has kept him prisoner here for weeks.'

'And others as well,' Ellen Middleton added; 'but both children and grown people are only too thankful to have so good an excuse for staying longer at Belfield.' And then, laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she meant to dispose of Miss Stirling for the night, for the house was as full already as it could hold.

'Oh,' said her aunt, 'we shall manage very well. Belfield is very elastic.'

She smiled as she spoke; but it struck Miss Stirling that the question was, nevertheless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account; a chair by the fire was really all the accommodation she cared for, as she wished to be in readiness to pursue her journey as soon as the coach could proceed.

'We shall be able to do better for you than that, Ellen, Mrs. Atherton answered cheerfully. 'I cannot, it is true, promise you a 'state room,' for every bed in the house is full, and I know you will not allow any one to be moved for your convenience; but I have one chamber still at your service, which, except in one respect, is comfortable enough.'

'Haunted, of course!' said Miss Stirling, gaily.

'Oh, no, no, it is not that! I had it fitted up for my brother William when he used to be here more frequently than of late, and it is often occupied by gentlemen when the house is full; but, as it is detached from the house, I have, of course, never asked any lady to sleep there till now.'

'Oh! if that be all, I am quite willing to become its first lady tenant,' said Miss Stirling, heartily. So the matter was settled, and orders were given to prepare the Pavilion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music, dancing, and ghost stories made the hours fly fast. It was long past ten—the usual hour of retiring at Belfield—when Miss Sterling, under her hostess's guidance, took possession of her out-door chamber. It really was a pleasant, cheerful little apartment. The crimson hangings of the bed and window looked warm and comfortable in the flashing fire-light; and when the candles on the mantelpiece were lighted, and the two easy chairs drawn close to the hearth, the long-parted friends found it impossible to resist the temptation of sitting down to have, what in old days they used to call a 'two-handed chat.' There was much to tell of what had befallen both, of chequered scenes of joy and sorrow, deeply interesting to those two whose youth had been passed together; there were mutual recollections of school-days to be talked over; mutual friends and future plans to be discussed; and midnight rung out from the stable clock before Mrs. Atherton said good night. She had already crossed the threshold to go, when she turned back to say, 'I forgot to tell you, Ellen, that the inside bar of this door is not very secure, and that the key only turns outside. Are you inclined to trust to the bar alone, or will you, as William used to do, have the door locked outside, and let the servant bring the key in the morning. William used to say that he found it rather an advantage to do so, as the unlocking of the door was sure to wake him.

Miss Stirling laughingly allowed, that though, generally, she could not quite think it an advantage to be locked into her room, still she had no objection to it on this particular occasion, as she wished to rise in reasonable time.

'Very well; then you had better not fasten the bar at all, and I will send my maid with the key, at eight precisely. Good night.'

'Good night.'

They parted; the door was locked outside; the key taken out; and Miss Stirling, standing by the window, watched her friend cross the narrow black path, which had been swept clear of snow to make a dry passage from the house to the pavilion. A ruddy light streamed from the hall door as it opened to admit its mistress, and seemed to give a cheerful aspect to the scene; but, when the door closed and shut out that warm comfortable light, the darkened porch, the pale moonlight shimmering on the shrouded trees, and the stars twinkling in the frosty sky, had such an aspect of solitude as to cast over her a kind of chill that made her half repent having consented to quit the house at all, and let herself be locked up in this lonely place.

Yet what had she to fear? No harm could happen to her from within the chamber; the door was safely locked outside, and strong iron stancheons guarded the window; there could be no danger. So, drawing her chair once more to the fire, and stirring it into a brighter blaze, she took up a little Bible which lay on the dressing table, and read some portions of the New Testament.

When she laid down the book she took out the comb that fastened up her long, dark silken tresses—in which, despite her five and thirty years, not a silver thread was visible—and, as she arranged them for the night, her thoughts strayed back to the old world memories, which her meeting with Mary Atherton had revived. The sound of the clock striking two was the first thing that recalled her to her present life. By this time the candles were burned down almost to the socket, and the fire was dying fast. As she turned to fling a fresh log into the grate, her eyes fell upon the dressing-glass, and in its reflection she saw, or at least fancied she saw, the bed-curtain move.

She stood for a moment gazing at the mirror, expecting a repetition of the movement; but all was still, and she blamed herself for allowing nervous fears to overcome her. Still it was an exertion, even of her brave spirit, to approach the bed and withdraw the curtains. She was rewarded by finding nothing save the bedclothes folded neatly down, as if inviting her to press the snow-white sheets, and a luxurious pile of pillows, that looked most tempting. She could not resist the mute invitation to rest her wearied limbs. Allowing herself no time for further doubts or fears, she placed her candle on the mantelpiece, and stepped into bed.

She was very tired, her eyes ached with weariness, but sleep seemed to fly from her. Old recollections thronged on her memory; thoughts connected with the business she had still to get through, haunted her; and difficulties that had not occurred to her till now, arose up before her. She was restless and feverish; and the vexation of feeling so, made her more wakeful. Perhaps if she were to close the curtains between her and the fire she might be better able to sleep—the flickering light disturbed her, and the moonbeams stealing between the window-curtains cast ghostly shadows on the wall. So, she carefully shut out the light on that side, and turned again to sleep. Whether she had or had not quite lost consciousness she could not well remember, but she was soon thoroughly aroused by feeling the bed heave under her. She started up, and awaited with a beating heart a repetition of the movement, but it did not come. It must have been a return of the nervous fancies which had twice assailed her already that night. Laying her head once more on the pillow, she determined to control her groundless terrors.

Again she started up! This time there could be no doubt; the bed had heaved more than once, accompanied by a strange gurgling sound, as if of a creature in pain. Leaning on her elbow, she listened with that intensity of fear which desires, almost as much as it dreads, a recurrence of the sound that caused it. It came again, followed by a loud rustling noise, as if some heavy body were dragged from under the bed in the direction of the fire. What could it be? She longed to call out for help, but her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, and the pulses in her temples throbbed until she felt as if their painful beating sounded in the silence of the night like the loud tick of a clock.

The unseen thing dragged itself along until it reached the hearth-rug, where it flung itself down with violence. As it did so, she heard the clank of a chain. Her breath came less painfully as she heard it, for it occurred to her that the creature might be nothing worse than the house dog, who, having broken his chain, had sought shelter beneath the bed in the warm room. Even this notion was disagreeable enough, but it was nothing to the vague terror which had hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that if she lay quiet no harm would happen to her, and the night would soon again pass over. Thus reasoning, she laid herself down again.

By-and-by the creature began to snore, and it struck her feverish fancy that the snoring was not like that of a dog. After a little time, she raised herself gently, and with trembling hands drew back an inch or two of the curtain, and peered out, thinking that any certainty was better than such terrible suspense. She looked towards the fire-place, and there, sure enough, the huge creature lay—a brown, hairy mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so fitful was the light, and so strangely was it coiled up on the hearth-rug. By-and-by, it began to stretch itself out, to open its eyes, which shone in the flickering ray of the fire, and to raise its paws above its hairy head.

Good God! those are not paws! They are human hands; and dangling from the wrists hang fragments of broken chains!

A chill of horror froze Ellen Stirling's veins, as a flash of the expiring fire showed her this clearly—far too clearly—and the conviction seized upon her mind, that she was shut up with an escaped convict. An inward invocation to Heaven for aid rose from her heart, as, with the whole force of her intellect she endeavored to survey the danger of her position, and to think of the most persuasive words she could use to the man into whose power she had so strangely fallen. For the present, however, she must be still, very still; she must make no movement to betray herself; and perhaps he might overlook her presence until daylight came, and with it, possible help. The night must be far spent; she must wait, and hope.

She had not to wait long. The creature moved again—stood upright—staggered towards the bed. For one moment—one dreadful moment—she saw his face, his pale pinched features, his flashing eyes, his black bristling hair; but, thank God! he did not see her. She shrunk behind the curtains; he advanced to the bed, slowly, hesitatingly, and the clanking sound of the broken chains fell menacingly on her ear. He laid his hands upon the curtains, and, for a few moments fumbled to find the opening. These moments were all in all to Ellen Stirling. Despair sharpened her senses; she found that the other side of the bed was not set so close against the wall but that she could pass between. Into the narrow space between, she contrived to slip noselessly.

She had hardly accomplished the difficult feat, and sheltered herself behind the curtains, when the creature flung itself on the bed, and drawing the bedclothes round him, uttered a sound more like the whinnying of a horse than the laugh of a human being.

For some little time Miss Stirling stood in her little hiding-place, trembling with cold and terror, fearful lest some unguarded movement should betray her, and bring down on her a fate she dared not contemplate. She lifted up her heart in prayer for courage; and when her composure had in some degree returned, it occurred to her that if she could but reach the window, she might from that position, possibly, attract the attention of some passers-by, and be released from her terrible durance.

Very cautiously she attempted the perilous experiment; her bare feet moved noiselessly across the floor, and a friendly ray of moonlight guided her safely towards the window. As she put out her hands towards the curtains, her heart gave a fresh bound of terror, for it came in contact with something soft and warm. At length, however, she remembered that she had flung down her fur cloak in that spot, and it was a mercy to come upon it now, when she was chilled to the bone. She wrapped it round her and reached the window without further adventure, or any alarm from the occupant of the bed; whose heavy regular breathing gave assurance that he was now sound asleep. This was some comfort, and she greatly needed it. The look-out from the window was anything but inspiriting. The stars still shone peacefully on the sleeping earth; the moon still showed her pallid visage; not a sight or sound presented itself. A long listening in vain for any sign of life in the outer world, she heard the stable clock strike four.

Only four!

She felt as if it were impossible to survive even another hour of terror such as she had just passed through. Was there no hope? None.

The clock struck five.

Still all without was silent. Suddenly, a man's whistle was heard in the court, and the driver of the mail-coach, lantern in hand, crossed the yard towards the pavilion. Would to God she could call to him, or in any way attract his attention! but she dared not make the slightest sound. He looked up at the window, against which he almost brushed in passing; and the light he held, flashed on Miss Stirling's crouching figure. He paused, looked again, and seemed about to speak, when she hastily made signs that he should be silent, but seek assistance at the house. He gave her a glance of intelligence, and hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could he have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing every instant more and more restless; he was rising from the bed—he was groping round the room. They would come too late, too late!

But no! steps in the courtyard—the key turning in the lock—the door opens—then, with a yell that rang in Ellen Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding-place, dashed the slight window frame to pieces, and finding himself baulked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bars outside, turned, like a wild beast, on his pursuers. She was the first on whom his glance fell. He clasped her throat; his face was close to hers; his glittering eyes were glaring at her in frenzy—when a blow from behind felled him.

She awoke from a long swoon to find herself safe in Mrs. Atherton's dressing room, and to hear that no one was hurt but the poor maniac, and that he was again in the charge of his keepers, from whom he had escaped a few hours before.

It was not all past. One enduring effect remained, ever after, to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory. Such had been her suffering, anxiety and terror that, in these few hours, her hair had turned as white as snow.

[From Household Words.]

Missing, a Married Gentleman.

The readers of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales will remember a very curious speculative essay on the subject of a gentleman who took the strange whim of suddenly absenting himself from his wife and family, and remaining concealed for many years in the neighborhood of his own home, for the purpose of observing their conduct after his supposed death. It is an old newspaper story, and was found, I believe, by Mr. Hawthorne, in an American journal. A year or two ago it was also related in a London weekly paper; the scene being then laid in the suburbs of the metropolis; and I remember a few years back to have met with it in a French paper, wherein the circumstances were stated to be of recent occurrence—the mysterious husband being no other than our old friend the Sieur X., *pro hac vice*, a draper in the Rue St. Honore. The various versions are evidently taken from one another; but the original story, from which they differ scarcely in anything but in names and places, is found in Dr. William King's "Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times." Dr. King was a well known scholar and a busy literary man, in the early part of the century. His anecdotes were discovered by accident, in manuscript, about forty years ago only; but they were well ascertained to be genuine. The story referred to appears to be authentic, and to those who have not yet met with it it may be found an interesting addition to the stories of "Disappearances" in earlier numbers of *Household Words*.

About the year seventeen hundred and six I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible, well-natured man, possessed of an estate of seven or eight hundred per annum. He married a young lady of good family in the West of England; her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife that he was obliged to go to the Tower to transact some particular business. The same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to Holland and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she neither heard from him, or of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with some of her friends and relations—particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician—who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her to give him a meeting in the Bird-cage Walk, in St. James's park. When she had read the billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and said, laughing, "you see, brother, as old as I am, I have got a gallant." Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's handwriting. This surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe that she fainted away. However, she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were there at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Bird-cage Walk. They had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them; and, after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together in great harmony from that time to the day of his death.

But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related. London is the only place in all Europe where a man can find a secure retreat or remain, if he pleases, many years unknown. If he pays constantly for his lodging, for his provisions, and for whatsoever else he wants, nobody will ask a question concerning him, or inquire whence he comes, or whither he goes. When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn street, near St. James's Church. He went no further than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, until changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig, (for he was a fair man,) he remained in this habitation during the whole time of his absence. He had had two children by his wife when he separated from her, who were both living at the time, but they both died young in a few years after. However, during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an act of Parliament to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead. This act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee-house near his lodging, which he frequented.

Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such an abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehension of demands from creditors, of seizures and executions. But nothing of this kind happened; on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unencumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings; and upon examining his papers in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions, or money concerns. Mrs. Howe after the death of her children, thought proper to lessen her family or servants and the expenses of her housekeeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn street to a little house in Brewer street, near Golden square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a cornchandler. About ten years after his disappearance, Mr. Howe contrived to make acquaintance with Salt; and at length acquired such a degree of intimacy with him that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt (who believed Howe to be a bachelor) frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of Howe's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's Church, and used to sit in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her.

After he returned home, he never would confess, even to his most intimate friends, what was the real cause of such a singular conduct. Apparently there was none; but whatever it was, he was certainly ashamed to own it. Dr. Rose has often said to me that he believed his brother Howe would never have returned to his wife if the money he took with him, which was supposed to have been one or two thousand pounds, had not been all spent; and he must have been a good economist, and frugal in his manner of living, otherwise his money would have scarcely held out; for I imagine he had his whole fortune by him (I mean what he carried away with him) in money or bank bills, and daily took out of his bag, like the Spaniard in Gil Blas, what was sufficient for his expenses. Yet, I have seen him, after his return, addressing his wife in the language of a bridegroom. And I have been assured by some of his most intimate friends that he treated her, during the rest of their lives, with the greatest kindness and affection.

Dr. King adds in a note, that he was well acquainted with Dr. Rose, and also with Salt that he often met them at King's Coffee House, near Golden square, (Dr. King was an active Jacobite and Rose was of French connexions;) and that they frequently entertained him with this remarkable story; relating these and many other particulars which had escaped his memory.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—Within the past week, this whole community has been deeply moved, on account of the proceedings connected with the arrest of a man claimed by another as his property. Has it ever occurred to those who have been called to take any part in the legal, the police, or the military proceedings, to ask themselves whence comes this strong, this universal, this deep detestation of the human statute under which the man is claimed as property? Have they during the week reflected, that while they were thus engaged, thousands of Christian hearts were here from abroad, to meet and celebrate the anniversaries of the various moral and religious associations which are the glory of the age, and the true exponents of the progress of Christian civilization?

In Pagan Rome no such commotion was ever caused by the arrest of a slave. It is only where Christianity prevails, and the light of the Savior's teachings sheds its beneficent beams, that mankind show sympathy for the oppressed and are stirred when a blow is struck against humanity. We regard this fact as one of the most hopeful signs of the times, as it attests that the present deep and strong current of public sentiment is no transient feeling, no temporary impulse which will subside with the occasion which calls it forth, but springs from principles implanted in man by God himself, which are as eternal as the soul, and which will yet be potent for the world's redemption.

The lesson of the day will be one of marked interest in our history. The revelations of public sentiment which the week has brought to light—the altered tone of the public voice, the changed circumstances under which the trial has been held, from that which preceded it—all have their monitions, which speak in audible tones, which will be heard where such utterance will be effective. Perhaps such an experience was needed to give men confidence in the tone of public sentiment, to bring to a point and concentrate the scattered forces, and to awaken in christian hearts new interest in those great questions which loom up in the future.

Boston never before was so deeply moved, as at this hour. In all her revolutionary experience she never presented such a spectacle. As we hear the martial music, and see the long array of soldiers filed over the spot consecrated by the Boston massacre, we ask why is all this? Politicians tell us, that *agitation is over*, and that the Nebraska bill is a great *measure of pacification*.—*Transcript.*

AMERICAN D. D.—A protest has been made against the recognition of degrees from American "Universities" conferred upon persons in Great Britain. At a meeting of the Established Church Synod of Angus and Mearns, upon an intimation that the minister of Fordoun was now designated Dr. Buchan, Mr. Whyte of Fetercairn objected to that style being accorded him—urging that, as a Church Court, they had no right nor power to acknowledge a title having a foreign origin. No decision was come to.

The Parade of the Invincibles.

The following report of the great event of the season, after the eclipse, has been furnished for our columns, by a disinterested eye witness, and is doubtless correct in every important particular.

Notwithstanding the opposition of the 3,000 Nebraska Clergymen and the manifestos of Senator Little Giant, the annual invigoration of the Invincible Diabolicals of the U. V. M. came off, or rather on, Wednesday, June 7th, with great eclat, and, strange to say, without the slightest interference on the part of Theodore Parker or the Administration. The day was fine, a refreshing shower had fixed everything above and below just about right, and it was the general impression that old Mother Nature had put on her "go to meetin'" clothes in expectation of the "coming out" of her best beloved, her orphan children, she being a widow.

They came out, and a more grotesque-looking set of kindred claiming one common parent, never before agitated the central diaphragms of the gaping multitude who thronged the streets and hung delighted upon their steps.

At precisely 77 7-7 minutes past 3 o'clock, P. M., the Hugag was sounded from the top of the College Infirmary, the attendants gathered together, and the parturition commenced.

The course of the *ridiculous mus* was down College Street, as far as that venerable relic of antiquity, the Academy, when further progress in that direction becoming impossible an abrupt turn was made towards Pearl St., and the stationary scarecrow was thus avoided and all invidious comparisons prevented. Arrived at Pearl St., a short halt was ordered to enable DR. OPEDILDOCK to pay his respects to his illustrious predecessor, which he did with much unction. The procession then moved on. The next 'breathin spell' was at the Exchange Hotel where the usual civilities were exchanged and the martial guests treated to abundance of stedfast gazing and an indefinite quantity of amalgamated huzzas.

After this interesting season had been indulged in for a proper time there was a *forced* march to the Seminary during which the "Bys" allowed themselves neither food, drink nor sleep. The whole distance was accomplished in the incredibly short space of 9 1-9 minutes. Their arrival was warmly greeted, the whole available force of the institution being up in arms to receive them. A long halt was the consequence; for when was it ever known that any of earth's brave ones ran away from any of earth's fair ones, especially when the fair one wanted the brave one to remain.

The gallant Colonel, the idol of his tribe, presented himself for inspection, with his aids, close to the outer barrier of the sacred enclosure, and a series of mutual reconnoisences was carried on doubtless to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. Following this movement was the eloquent address of that lover of women and women's rights, whose fame is known throughout all the land of [illegible], Bakersfield, the poet-hero, LONGFELLOW.

Wreathing his countenance with seductive smiles he thus began:

"Most potent, grave and reverend Misses;—lovely and bewitching grenadiers, this is an occasion, such as the gods love, (sensation) I make no doubt but that Mars and Venus are waving their handkerchiefs in honor of us, and perhaps even now, quaffing a bumper to unfading beauty and the extension of arms. (Rush towards the speaker.) The sight of fair women to a gallant soldiery, is like the dew drop to the flowers, (applause from the Invincibles) and after having marched many a weary parasang over the desert, it is *wonderfully* refreshing to halt at this oasis, (cries of yes, yes, from one party, and hear, hear, from the other,) even though it be under the walls of a fortress, whose legions have spread their conquests as wide as Alexander. (Loud applause.)

It is a proud thing for this army, small detachments of which have so perseveringly besieged this castle, by moonlight and lovelight, to stand here this day prepared for open war. In such presence I cannot, like Lafayette, speak for liberty and freedom. I see this can never be a *free people*; a thousand tender ties forbid. ("So they do," from the "bys.")

On the one hand are the women, equipped in the radiant hues of sunset, armed to the eyes with the darts of Cupid, and fortified on all sides like the old hero, Gen. Jackson, at New Orleans. (Tremendous applause.) On the other, in all the pomp, &c., &c., is our noble Colonel and his refulgent host, clad in the golden panoply of their regimentals, brilliant with cobwebs, and artistic in tights,—a perfect army of skeletons, wanting only *ribs*. (Immense applause.) But the hours of this day are rapidly flying," and ere yonder sun goes down we must march across Champlain, take Juniper Island, have the Four Brothers, drive Rouse's Point through the base of Mansfield mountains, and tie up Camels Hump with Canada Line, yet animated by your approving smiles we fear no enemy but absence.

As the poet says, one fond toast before we part: "The Ladies—the poetry of life—may the present edition, Lyrics and Heroics now before me, bound in muslin and morocco, become the drawing-room companions of a gallant soldiery." [Deafening applause which continued for some minutes.]

The Poet ceased and retired, covered with satisfaction, while many a moistened eye and many a heaving "buzzum" gave *prima facie* evidence of the fascination of his person and the melting power of his words.

His place was instantly filled by Dr. Opodildock, who had been longing for a "shake in" and a chance to display his scientific convictions before the listening fair. The performance of the learned Doctor was excessively creditable, showing that he was nowhere so much at home in the practice of his art as among the "Fems and Sems." The "gallant soldiery" then started for the American, where the customary exercises and evolutions were performed. We have not room for a very minute account thereof, and can therefore give but an outline.

The speech of Col. A. J. BRICK was universally admired. He commenced by saying that the present fandango occurred under circumstances of much mercy, that the Invincibles were generally full of spirit and lust of life, and that the efficiency of the officers and the inefficiency of the privates were universally acknowledged. Upon the affairs of the country the Col. remarked with much discrimination and originality. He said that the Union was in danger from a small aperture in its bottom—that one of the chaps in Congress in consequence of running his face on a bad bill, had run his bill into the ground, and that in this alarming state of things none but the Invincibles could be effectually relied on to keep niggers and pedlars out of Nebraska.

The Colonel also informed his auditors, with some hesitation as to the propriety of the step, that he had been confidentially informed of war in Europe, that his Czarship wanted to rule all the Turkeys, which his Gobblership did not like, and to prevent being stuffed and put in the Museum, he had applied to the British Lion and some other animals for help; and that Johnny Bull, with [illegible] Frenchmen, were to be sent next year to his rescue. He then gave his troops some good advice; exhorted them not to spend their time *cum feminis et in vino*, nor be unreasonably given to recitations, but to employ the hottest kind of moral suasion on the liquor law and to stand erect by keeping brimful of wind and cold potatoes. He closed by assuring them of his distinguished consideration and in return demanded three cheers.

Dr. Esculapius Obadiah Sitgreaves Opodildock then elevated his lank form and delivered his annual veterinary report. He opened by an affecting illusion to his own emaciated condition, ascribing it to his unparalleled exertions in behalf of destitute orphans and fatherless widows.

The principal disease among the Invincibles he stated to be the Blue Fever, the symptoms of which are a sensible enlargement of the ears and elongation of the integuments, accompanied with pain in the muscles of the *pons* and *stapedius* of the *tympanum*. This terrible disease also left marks of its ravages upon the person of the patient, such as general average, back worms and such like humors. The Doctor at first treated this disease homœopathically, giving what would create the disease in a healthy person, but he finally adopted a new treatment, to wit, the 2d differential of a grain of common sense dissolved in half a pint of the milk of human kindness. This last medicine he gave to the roommate of the patient and then required the latter to smell his breath. The Doctor stated that in the north western division of the army one Stephen A. Douglas had been taken down with the Presidential Fever. His skill decided the application of various remedies, the most successful being Free Soil and Whig leeches on the pit of his stomach, and a large Uncle Tom's Plaster over his mouth. Many cases of the Rum Palsy had come under the Doctor's notice for which he prescribed with success by placing ½ lb. gunpowder in the patient's stomach and then touching it off with a red hot poker. This treatment had cured every patient save one: Horatio N. New York had become so penetrated and saturated with the liquid disease that the gunpowder would not ignite. The Doctor classified the diseases of the year as follows: In the Surgical Department, Jackson Optics, Blue Fever, New Pipes, Rumless Jugs, White Hats, Dunning Letters, Hard Times, Spruce Gum and Fed all over.

Prevailing Epidemics: All mouth, 10 cases; no wood, no water, brick in the hat, 302 cases; poor debts, call in the leg, 4 cases;—Nebraska, 1 case; hards and softs, 1 case;—Burns, 1 case; red noses, seatless pants and brainless heads, 202 cases; June training, 1 case.

He then gave the Invincibles his benediction and a pinch of snuff, and succumbed.

Laudate Deum Barebones now came forward and pronounced a most excellent discourse, which being in Latin, we cannot at this time lay before our readers.

The roll was then called, and the multitude convulsed at the sound thereof. Among the illustrious names were the following:

Col. Andrew Jackson Brick, Commander; Wellington Napoleon Ninnompoop, Aids; Jehosaphat Montezuma, Captain; James Jemima Jasper Jenny Haylock, 1st Lieut.; John Jeremiah Nebuchadnezzar Zerubbabel Smith, Jr., 3d Lieut.; Death On Pale Brandy; Miss E. Tabitha Philopena Phoebeanna Pettingall, of Ripton; Miss Amaranth Angelica Equestria Franconi, Jeremiah 2 Shortleggs, Stephen A'bominable Douglas, Dyonisius Theodosius Scroonwhacker Skinnaborn, Peter Pidwinkle Wag Wag, and E. Pluribus One Of 'Em.

This closed the exercises. The Invincibles departed up the hill to their respective abodes, having met with no accident, caused no disturbance, made everybody laugh, and brought together more people than Burlington has seen before since the days of hard cider and Harrison songs. The annual training of the Students has now become an "Institution" which cannot be dispensed with. Conducted in a proper manner, as it usually is, it furnishes fun for all who witness it, puts money into the pockets of our tradesmen, and drives away disease and melancholy, by the power of a hearty laugh and the influence of a pleasant remembrance. "Long may it wave."

Many of our Southern friends, perhaps, suppose all this opposition to the Nebraska bill to be really but a matter of "fuss and fury," the effect of which is to pass away with the occasion which gave rise to it; and others suppose that all "the fuss and fury," as it is called, is confined to Abolitionists. No greater error could be formed. Among the business men, and citizens generally, we see none, even among the most conservative, who do not regret or denounce the act. Those who do defend it here are either very rank partisans, or persons in interest, with, perhaps, a few honorable exceptions.—*N. Y. Express.*

We shall never become the apologists for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, or the advocates or defenders of the Compromise of 1850, until the Compromise of 1820 be restored to the statute books.—*Cour. & Enq.*

These are significant paragraphs. The Express and Courier were among the most sturdy defenders of the Compromises of 1850. Their sympathies have ever been with the South, on all questions relating to the institution of Slavery. But the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise is an outrage too infamous to be excused, and its authors will live to repent their agency in it. No man who sustained it will ever receive the vote of this State. The treason of Benedict Arnold is held in scarcely less abhorrence. Nor will this feeling "pass away with the occasion which gave rise to it." It is fixed and deep-rooted. Those who doubt this fact will have it demonstrated to them next September.

☞ THE GOVERNOR of Massachusetts has appointed the Hon. JULIUS ROCKWELL, of Pittsfield, Senator in the place of Mr. Everett. Mr Rockwell was formerly Speaker of the House of Representatives of that State, and was for eight years a Representative in Congress, from Berkshire county. He is a man of high personal character, a Whig, and one whose appointment will give general satisfaction.

☞ MR ALLEN of Louisiana, in a letter published in Boston, says: "To the kind hearted and philanthropic ladies and gentlemen who actually subscribed and were anxious to purchase the freedom of Anthony Burns, I am authorized to say, that after his return to Virginia they can fulfil their benevolent wishes."

☞ PENNSYLVANIA Legislature passed a law to sell their lands &c., owned by the State for not less than $10,000,000. The Directors of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., say that they are not worth more than $4,000,000.

☞ A REPORT of the Ward Trial has been published by the Appletons, of New York.—It is paid for by the Wards, and gives over ninety pages to the speeches for the defence, and but nineteen to those of the prosecution, leaving out the principal speeches on that side. A letter from Matt Ward has been published, asking editors to wait for this report before judging his case, of which the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: "Matt Ward asks for a suspension of public opinion in his case. The demand is not unreasonable, since public opinion has asked for a suspension of him."

AGRICULTURAL.

Farming—General Views.

It has for more than twenty years been a maxim with me, "Show me how to make manure, and I will show you how to farm it."—With some few exceptions, no farm is worth managing without it. But I find another question now, more formidable than the other. Now I am ready to say, "Show me the work, and I will show you the farm."

Laziness is the farmer's easily besetting sin. Let the farmer go to work at every odd job, and get him a good cellar under his barn, big enough to back under his cart. Then let him make a good stable over it, and cart the muck into the yard near the stable; and when it is not freezing weather, shovel them up for his cattle and horses over night. When it is well saturated, let it drop down through into the cellar. If he has no good muck, take poor muck. If he has no poor muck, let him go to the sides of the road, and dig up the wash of the roads out of low places. Let him go to the forest and dig up old rotten leaves and whatever old mulch he can find. Common dirt is better than nothing. Absorb all the liquids of the barn and yard.

Next make a hog-pen with a good yard. Give them muck, turf, straw, leaves, or old rotten wood. When it is well worked over, cart it into a heap, where, let it remain till used.

Next, at the back kitchen door make a keep vat or earth; fill it with dry muck. Make a spout from the sink to the vat, and let all dirty, soapy water run into it. Empty all the chambers into it. One pint of common soap will make one bushel more wheat than would grow without any manure.

If possible, a farmer should do his own work, especially should he see to his stock.—Let him see to his lambs, his calves, his fences, his every thing. If he has a five hundred dollar horse, let him sell it—otherwise he or his boys will ride to the village too much.—Let him keep away from the village until he has a good errand. He should sit down and calculate to do as many errands as possible at once.—*Evening Post.*

GRAPES AND STRAWBERRIES.—Prune grapes in November but never in the spring. In summer, as soon as the grapes set, pinch off all the shoots, three eyes beyond the fruit.—These will sprout again, and must again be pinched off, three eyes beyond the junction. Again they will sprout. Let these young shoots grow, and when the insects come they will eat those tender twigs and let the rest alone. Never cut off leaves to let the sun in to ripen the fruit; it will ripen faster with than without the leaves. In summer, grape vines stop growing. Feed them with weak guano water, and two days after with weak potash water. This will give more fruit and better flavor. Grape vines are rank feeders; so are raspberries and blackberries. The best food for strawberries is tonic acid. It gives them a rich flavor. All the flavor of strawberries is on the outside.

WASH FOR TREES.—Heat one pound of sal soda to redness in an iron pot, and dissolve it in a gallon of water. This wash will take off all the moss and dead bark, and kill all the insects on all fruit trees or grape vines, and make them as smooth as though polished, and make old trees bear anew. Never whitewash a tree.

Plums.—The Curculio.

SIR.—As I am a reader of your Weekly Tribune, I saw a statement in your address at our State Fair wherein you mention that Dr. R. T. Underhill, of our State, succeeded in saving his Plums from the ravages of the Curculio by planting his trees so as to have them hang over water. Now, those who have not such a situation, I will mention how Mr. Joseph H. Mather, of Goshen, 20 miles south east of this place, succeeded in saving his Plums this season. After having tried many ineffectual remedies, and when the Curculio had already commenced its work, he mixed sulphur and lard with a little Scotch snuff and rubbed it freely upon the body and branches of his trees. In a few days the Curculio had all left. The consequence was that he had such a crop of Plums that he was obliged to prop up the branches to keep them from breaking off.

I shall try the remedy next season. If you think the recipe worth printing, you can do so. I see no good reason why it will not do as well for others as for Mr. Mather.—REUBEN CHAPIN in the *N. Y. Tribune.*

Setting out Cabbage, Tomato, and other Plants.

Last spring we saw a farmer setting out a hundred cabbage plants in the following manner. The plants were pulled up from the seed bed without loosening the ground around them, and as this was pretty compact, three fourths of the fibrous roots were broken off. He then made a round hole with a stick about half an inch in diameter, thrust in the plant, dropped in earth to fill up the hole, packed it down, poured on a considerable quantity of water, and then covered up the plants with a burdock leaf to keep off the sun's rays, and left them to grow as best they could. We requested the privilege of setting out twenty plants for him, and proceeded thus.

First, we went to the seed bed, and with a flat stick loosened and lifted up a quantity of dirt around the roots, taking care to break very few of the most delicate fibres. We next went to the cabbage ground, and with a hoe prepared a place for each plant by mellowing and pulverizing the earth several inches in diameter. We scooped out a large hole with the hand, deep enough for a plant, and set it in carefully, with considerable loose earth, still clinging to it. The roots were left spread out just as they had grown, finely pulverized soil was then sprinkled in to fill up the hole, and carefully pressed down around the plant. We then added about half a pint of filthy water from the swill-pail, and requested that the plants should be left without any protecting covering. Our farmer friend said he could never spend so much time with a few plants. But mark the result.

During the latter part of the summer we visited the "cabbage patch," and found that of the twenty plants, one had been injured by the careless blow from the hoe, and one had grown feebly, while seventeen of them bore large, solid heads of cabbage. Of the eighty, other plants set out at the same time in the same soil, fifteen only had large heads, twenty nine bore heads of medium size, fourteen had barely lived and were not worth harvesting, while twenty-two had not survived transplanting.

The next best preferable method we know of to set out cabbages, is, to first grow them.—*American Agriculturist.*

BRANDON.—We find the two following items in relation to Brandon, in a sketch of that town written for the Rutland *Herald*, by Dr. A. G. Dana:—

The Methodist society was organized here in 1801, by the celebrated and eccentric Lorenzo Dow, who was the first preacher on this circuit. This society was supplied by circuit preachers, until about eighteen years ago, when they erected a commodious brick church and this place was constituted a station; since which they have always had preachers located here.

"One of the early and most efficient members of the Methodist society here, was the late Benajah Douglas, Esq. A man of much buoyancy of spirit, ardent zeal, strongly opinionated, and of uncommon proclivity for 'speaking in meeting.' He was withal, a kind and very obliging neighbor. His oldest son was Doctor Stephen A. Douglas, who was educated to the profession of medicine, but was never able to practice much, by reason of long-continued ill health. He died in his chair, without a moment's premonition, on the first day of July 1813, holding in his arms at the time, an infant son, of two months and a few days old. That infant is the present Senator Douglas, of Nebraska notoriety."

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS *Bulletin* says Alfred, a slave belonging to Elliott & Co., of this city, was arrested night before last as a supposed runaway, and about $1,100 in cash and drafts found on him. His master appeared before Recorder Summers and stated that Alfred was no runaway, and further, that the property found on him all belonged to him.