The Indiana American.

BY T. A. GOODWIN. BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1854. VOL. XXII.—-NO. 9.

Rates of Advertising as agreed upon by the subscribers:

Transient Advertising.

One square or less, three weeks	$1,00
For every additional assertion under 3 months	,25

Yearly Advertising.

One square or less, one year	5,00
One fourth of a column 3 mos	8,00
" " 6 mos	10,00
" " 1 year	15,00
One half of a column 3 mos	10,00
" " 6 mos	20,00
" " 12 mos	30,00
One column 3 mos	20,00
" " 6 mos	35,00
" 12 mos	50,00

—For each insertion over three weeks and less than three months, 25 cents a square will be added.

—A square consists of 250 ems—ten lines Nonpareil. Anything less than a square to be counted as a full square; a fraction over a square, as a square and a half; a fraction over a square and a half, as two squares, and so on.

—Circuit and Common Pleas Court, Administration and other legal notices, must be paid in advance or amply secured. In no case will we wait the issue of a suit for the printer's fee. Attorneys will be held responsible for the legal advertising ordered by them.

☞Announcing candidates of every description, $1 to subscribers, and $2 to those who are not—payment INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

—Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and payment required accordingly, unless they refer to a definite date, when they will be inserted to that date. If marked "till forbid," they will, of course, be inserted until ordered out, at the usual rates.

—All advertisement, from strangers or transient persons to be paid in advance.

—Special Notices, Puffs, and Communications designed to promote private interests, will be charged $1 per square for each insertion.

—Marriages and Deaths are announced gratuitously.

—No advertisement will be inserted without compensation.

T. A. GOODWIN, Ed. American.
C. B. BENTLEY, Ed. Democrat.

Supreme Court Decision.

Conwell and another v. Smith. Appeal from the Franklin C. C.

ROACHE, J. Trespass against six defendants. The writ was served on three of them and as to the others, was returned "not found." After the Plantiff had closed his testimony, the defendants served with process introduced the defendants not served, and proposed to swear them as witnesses. The plantiff objected, and while the objection was under discussion, caused another writ to be issued in the cause, and to be served on the defendants who had not been served. *Held*, that, as to the defendants on whom the process had not been served, the writ had abated, and they were no longer parties to the action.—Held, also, that they were competent witnesses.

When the writ was returned "not found" as to a portion of the defendants, two courses were, under the R. S. 1843, open to the plantiff: he might continue the cause till all the defendants were brought into Court, or suggest the return of "not found" upon the record, and proceed to trial against those served.

If the plantiff adopted the latter course, he might afterward proceed by action against those "not found," jointly or severally. *Reversed.*

G. Holland and J. D. Howland, for the appellants; J. Ryman, for the appellee.

STUART, J. An indictment for retailing spirituous liquor charged that the defendant unlawfully bartered and sold &c., one pint of spirituous liquor, but did not state, in terms, that the quantity sold was less than a quart. Held, that the charge was sufficient.

On the trial of the defendant for retailing he offered in evidence the record of a former conviction for retailing as evidence of a conviction for the same offence. The prosecuting witness testified that he had bought liquor from the defendant by a less quantity than a quart several times, but that he did not know and could not distinctly recollect that the time to which he then testified was any other or different from the time testified to by him in the said case upon which the defendant had been convicted; but he further stated that the place where the liquor was sold was supplied with bottles, liquors and fixtures for a bar; and that about the time of the selling in question, for a period of four weeks, he had drank at that bar habitually, some days as often as three or four times a day. Held, that the jury were authorized to infer that the offence charged was different from that on which he had before been convicted. *Affirmed.*

J. G. Jones and J. E. Blythe, for the plaintiff. *R. A. Riley, N. B. Taylor & J. Coburn*, for the State.

Fisher v. the State—2 cases. *Same points decided.*

Stuart and Another v. *The State*, for the use of School District no. 2, &c., in Dearborn Co. Error to Dearborn C. C.

ROACHE, J. It is unnecessary to examine the validity of a special plea where all the evidence admissible under it has been admitted under the general issue.

A. was elected at the regular election in 1849 a district trustee under s. 39 of the act of 1849 to increase and extend the benefits of common schools. No election was held in 1850. Held, that A. was thereby continued in office, and that an appointment by the township clerk of another person in his stead, under the act of 1850 amendatory of said section, was void.

J. Ryman, for the appellant.

Speakman and Others v. *Speakman* and Others. Error to the *Dearborn* C. C.

DAVISON, J. A. being seized of the undivided three-fourths, and his wife of the undivided one-fourth, of a tract of land, they conveyed it to B. The latter gave his notes for the purchase-money payable to A., and a mortgage to A. to secure the payment of the notes. B. also executed a bond, whereby he bound himself to recover the land to A. if he failed to make the first payment,—A. having the right, in case of such failure, to cancel the contract and take the land back to himself. B. having failed to make the first payment, and become a bankrupt, A. filed a bill against his assignees in bankruptcy setting up the contract and praying for a conveyance of the land, and the Court rendered a decree that the assignee should convey the land to A., which he did. HELD, that the property vested in A., and not in A. and wife according to their original interests therein. *Affirmed.*

J. Sullivan, for the plaintiffs; *P. L. Spooner*, for the defendants.

Franklin Co. Ind. Feb. 8 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—Please say for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that if the man (or brute) who recently stole the corn from my corn house, near the old saw mill, will return it, pay me for it, or leave this country, I will not identify or expose him to the public. Otherwise I shall not promise.

JACOB C. BLACKLIDGE.

From the Asbury Notes.

Gen. Cary's Address at Indianapolis.

A SKETCH.

For the first time I have had the pleasure of hearing the great Temperance Orator of the West, Gen. S. F. Cary.

His personal appearance and manner of speaking are both pleasant and interesting, but a detailed description of either will not materially edify your readers—therefore I will not *bore* them with anything of the kind.

His speech was in defense and advocacy of the "Maine Liquor Law," or a strong prohibitory law. It would do Gen. C. injustice for me to attempt a synopsis of his address—but some things that I distinctly remember I will note. He said the Maine Liquor Law did not undertake to say what a man should eat and drink, as its enemies allege. Nor did it say even that a man should not drink *rum*. It simply says it shall not be made and sold as a beverage. You shall not put the bottle to your neighbor's mouth. It is not then an oppressive, but a *protective* law.—Have Legislative bodies a right to make such laws? Most undoubtedly they have. The public good and protection is the grand object of all legislation.

There is not an element in the Maine Liquor Law but is contained in the statutes of every State in the Union. The great question is, does the public good require—will it be promoted by the suppression of the liquor traffic? Does the sacrifice of 30,000 human beings annually argue that the public good would be promoted by the destruction of this unholy work? Whatever concerns the public good is a legitimate subject of legislation. Should a butcher establish his slaughter house in the midst of your city, until the stench and filth proceeding from it were declared a nuisance, have you any law by which you could compel him to remove his establishment? Would it be right to enfore this law? Would it not be an interference with his private rights? But the public good demands it—hence it should be removed. There is nothing in the Maine Law more arbitrary and oppressive than this.

Should a merchant in any town or city be seen unloading a dray load of kegs of powder and depositing them in his cellar, think you his neighbors would not claim that the public safety required their removal? Certainly they would; and they would never rest until that powder was in the "powder house," outside the corporation. It might be inconvenient to the owner of the powder to go a half mile for his powder, but what is the inconvenience of one man to the safety and lives of the community? This right to legislate for the good of the public, is the basis of the Maine Law.

The business of legislative bodies is to interfere with men's private affairs. One man takes it on himself to steal—(privately)—another to gamble, or practice forgery, or defraud or poison his fellow man; yet according to the logic of our enemies, it is an interference with their private rights to disturb them. But our law-makers think not so, and so far, regard it as their duty to interfere with these things, that they enact appropriate laws for their punishment.

Rum-sellers are in favor of the license system. They want to be commissioned by the State to murder their fellow men. We cannot regulate the liquor traffic by law, for it is an irregularity in itself. Regulate the whirlwind if you can—take all the twists out of it and it is not a whirlwind.—But for liquor we should not probably have had the riot in Cincinnati recently. There we have 3,000 liquor shops; and with all the police in the world you could not prevent disorder while this is the case. Suppose you had 3,000 men peddling the itch, and then you had a law on your statute that men should not scratch—would the law be observed? No, sir; the people would scratch any how. Stop the peddlers and you will stop the scratching. Shut up the liquor shops and you will stop disorder, blood and murder. HOOSIER.

Original Poetry.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

FROM HARRIS'S MIRROR OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY PROF. E. E. EDWARDS.

He trod the fairy land of Hope,
The pilgrim of my dream;
He roamed by many a sunny slope,
By many a flashing stream.
Bright was the scene around him then,
Which dream-like rose to view;
The placid lake, the quiet glen,
The mountains dim and blue,
And glowing in the morning skies,
Rose dome and palace fair;
A distant dream-and paradise,
"A castle in the air!"

The Tempter met him on his path,
Disguised in robes of light,
With all the guile a demon hath,
To lure him from the right;
And in the arts of ruin skilled,
Smiling he proffered him
To cool his thirst, a goblet filled
With poison to the brim.
The victim seized the fatal bowl,
And drained its contents dry,
And as its fire scathed his soul,
The fiend stood laughing by;

And muttered weirdly to himself,
"The charm hath answered well,
For never shall this hapless elf
Throw off my fatal spell."
And demons then, with arching wings,
And eyes of lambent flame,
Serpents and loathsome creeping things
Unbidden round him came.
And while beneath the fiends' control
He vainly strove to rise,
Coiled slowly round his sinking soul,
"The worm that never dies."

What means that blood-stain fierce and red?
What means that fevered glare?
From eyes once bright the brightness fled,
And Hope become Despair!
He strove to cleanse that hated stain,
Alas in vain he tried;
A brother's blood—the brand of Cain—
Was on him, *and he died.*
How died he?—ah, fill up the blank,
Add doom to hopeless doom;
He sank with suicidal hand,
Into a murderer's tomb.

And now a mourner crazed with woe,
Her tearless vigil keeps,
By that unhallowed mound where low,
Passion's poor victim sleeps.
She brings a withered branch and sere,
And casts it o'er his tomb,
A symbol of a ruin drear,
An emblem of her doom.
But holy Childhood drawing near
With mild and hopeful air,
Bends o'er the fallen with a tear,
And strews pale flowers there.

Spit out that Quid.

FIRST EFFORT OF A YOUNG "GENIUS."

See here young man! hold on! which way!
Where are you traveling to day?
And what's your business? have you joined
That self-denying temperance band
Who shun the glass and aim their dread
Destructive shafts at Bacchus' head?
Say are you striving to advance
The glorious cause of temperance!—
For conscience sake then gape your head
And drop out that tobacco quid.

If you should chance to see me drink,
A glass of brandy, you would think
I was a vile degraded sot,
A dirty scoundrel, would you not?
Too mean, too filthy, and too low,
To ever claim respect from you;
And then you'll turn around and squirt
Your amber on your cambric shirt,
Bedaub the carpet, or the floor
Or smear it on the parlor door.
While horrid splotches on your chin
Betray the hideous mass within;
Pray be consistent now, and rid
Your mouth of that tobacco quid.

What good you manage to derive
From chewing it, I can't contrive,
I reckon you are not aware
How you're regarded by the *fair*,
You don't know how the ladies pile
Their epithets upon the vile
Degrading practice, if you did
You'd spit out that tobacco quid.

Now take the sober second thought,
And seek the truth as I have sought,
Let reason have her wonted sway
And give to common sense fair play,
And see if you can summon aught,
To justify the foolish thought,
That man on such a filthy weed
Was o'er designed by Heaven to feed.
You seek in vain. Then for the sake
Of decency this promise make,
To never buy another plug
But shun it as you would the jug,
By all that's sacred just and wise,
Accept this generous advice,
Of one who does not eat the weed,
Spit out that nasty, stinking quid.

COTTAGE GROVE, Ind.

Select Poetry.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

AIR—OH SUSANNAH!

I had a dream the other night,
When all around was still,
I thought I saw my cottage white,
Upon yon flowery hill.
The grass plot green before the door,
The porch with vines o'ergrown,
Were lovely as they were before,
When all was yet my own.
Oh, Rum-seller,
That home, that home of thine,
That pleasant home, that happy home,
That cottage home was mine.

The gravel walk so white and straight,
With flowery banks beside,
That led down to the wicket gate,
Where Willie used to ride.
The locus ts o'er the path that grew,
The willow boughs that swayed,
All told me with a tale most true,
That there my Mary played.
Oh! Rumseller, &c.

The silver lake, so calm and clear,
Along whose banks I've strayed
So often with my Lucy dear,
To watch the sunlight fade.
The murmering stream that sweetly ran
The garden's foot along,
And sparkling fount, as bright as then,
All sing the mournful song.
Oh! Rumseller, &c.

Now that loved wife has gone to rest,
In death her heart is bound:
Her babes are sleeping on her breast,
Beneath yon grassy mound;
And I am wand'ring lone and strange,
No master of my will:—
My home, my happy home is changed.
To a hut behind the Still.
Oh! Rumseller,
That home, that home of thine,
That pleasant home, that happy home,
That cottage home was mine!

Agricultural.

The best Fowls for Farmers.

My blooded fowls do not prove equally profitable: the Polands, being yarded and well fed, having lime and gravel and a little fresh meat, have laid more eggs than most other varieties; but when without meat the eggs have been few.

My Bolton Greys have eaten little and laid well, without setting; but several litters of their chickens have all been taken by the rats, and I have labored in vain to raise any, where rats could get to them.

The Golden Pheasants are more beautiful, have laid almost continually, and none of their chickens have been taken, though running upon the same ground with the Greys. The Grey chicks are weakly, while the Pheasants are too sprightly to be caught.

Guilderlands, after being with a cock of another variety, produced half breeds at first; but the second litter was obviously pure. They lay the largest eggs, though less in number, and propagate their marks of purity like a wild original breed.

The Black Shanghais I find no demand for, nor any satisfactory specification of their faults, leaving us to reflect upon their likeness to an unfortunate race.—The Dominique or Gray Shanghais seem every way valuable. The White are delicate, and do not rear as well.—I had 7 chickens hatch from 60 eggs, and 5 of them lived; while nearly all of the Buff color hatched and are doing well.

I can discover no superior utility in the longer necks and legs of the Cochin Chinas, yet their great size and other faultless qualities, speak volumes in their praise. Of the 8 varieties which I breed, the Buff Shanghai's (sometimes called red, sometimes yellow,) I like best. With me they have reared the best, even the common dunghill not excepted. They have laid a good number of large eggs of the best quality, and have nursed their broods well. Those of the best stock weigh from 8 to 10 lbs. One of my breeders weighed 8½ lbs; another 9½ lbs.

If the farmer who has not yards for separate breeding would supplant all others with this variety, it could not fail to increase his income. And when the hen fever shall be past, and its high prices fall away, his chickens in common market would sell, not for a shilling, but for half a dollar and would give a proportionable supply of the finest meat at home. [*Ohio Cultivator.*

From the Farm & Shop.

Premium List for 1854.

The Executive Committee of the Indiana State Board of Agriculture, have just closed a session at which they revised and adopted a list or premiums to be offered at the next State Fair.

We believe that the premium list for the year 1854 is, in many respects, better than that of any previous year. It is more complete than former lists, and will be more acceptable to competitors in different branches of useful industry; and the judicious distribution of the large mount to be awarded in premiums is well calculated to encourage and reward the industry and skill of those who are engaged in Farming, Mechanic, and Manufacturing pursuits, in Indiana.

The complete list will be published in a future number of the Farm and Shop.

Among some of the more prominent premiums offered, we notice the following:

Short Horns, Thorough-bred:
Best Bull, 3 ys. old or over, Silver Pitcher $30.
Best Cow, 3 ys. old or over, Silver Cup $20.
Native and Grade:
Best Cow, over 3 ys. old, Silv. Cup $20.
Working Cattle:
Best 3 yoke Working Cattle, Silver Cup $20.
Fat Cattle of any Breed:
Best Steer, 3 ys. old or over, Silver Cup $20
Best Milch Cow, 3 ys. old or over, Silv. Cup $20.
Best Bull of any age, Silver Cup $20.
Best Cow do. do. do. do. $20.
Horses for General Purposes:
Best Stallion, over 4 ys. old, Sil. Pitcher $30.
2nd. Best Stallion, over 3 ys. old, Sil. Cup $20.
Best Brood Mare, over 4 ys. old Sil. Cup $20.
Horses for Saddle and Light Harness:
Best Stallion, over 4 ys. old, Silver Cup $20.
Trotting Horses:
Best Stallion, (speed considered) 4 ys. old, Silv. Cup $20.
Pacing Horses:
Best Stallion, (speed considered) 4 ys. old, Silv. Cup $20.
Farm and Draught Horses:
Best Stallion, 4 ys. old, Silv. Cup $20.
Matched Horses:
Best pair of match Geldings, Silver Cup $20.
Best pair of match Mares, Silv. Cup $20.
Trotting and Pacing Horses:
Best Trotting Mare or Gelding, Sil. Cup $20.
Best Pacing Mare or Gelding, Sil. Cup $20.
Jacks and Mules:
Best Jack 3 ys. old or over, Sil. Pitch. $30
2nd best " " " Silv. Cup $20
Best Jennet " " Silv. Cup $20
Hogs:
Best Boar over 2 ys. old, Sil. Pitch. $30
Best Farm Wagon, Silver Cup $20.
Best Horse-power and Separator combined Silver Cup $20.
Best Family Carriage, Silver cup $20.
Agricultural products and specimens:
Best 10 acres corn not less than 120 bush. to the acre, Silv. Pitcher $30.
2nd best do. do. Silv. cup $20.
Best 5 acres not less &c., Sil. cup $20.
Best 5 acres wheat not less than 40 bush. to the acre, Silver pitcher $20.
2nd best 5 acres wheat &c., Silver cup $20.
Best 4 acres of Flax, Silver cup $20.
Best Steam Engine for farm purposes Silv. cup $20.
Best Reaping machine Silver cup $20.
2nd " " " " " $10.
Best Mowing machine Silver cup $20.
2nd " " " " " $10.

Trial to be made at Indianapolis, on Wednesday, the 28th day of June next:

Awarding Committee.—C. Fletcher, Jr Marion; Joseph Collett, Vermillion; D. Nevitt, Dearborn; W. C. Coffin, Wayne; A. C. Stevenson, Putnam; E. N. Shimer Marion; Joseph Orr, Laporte; G. Hicks, Johnson; John Pierson, Hendricks.

For the best essay on agricultural education, embracing a plan for establishing and conducting an Agricultural College, Silver cup $20.

For the best design and specifications for a farm house. Cost not to exceed *one thousand dollars*, Silver cup $20.

On Flax, Coal, and Willow:

For the best specimen of Indiana Coal not less than one Ton, Silver cup $20.

For the best specimen of Indiana Iron ore, not less than 500 lbs., Silver cup $20.

For the best specimen of Basket Willow 100 lbs., Silver cup twenty dollars.

For the best specimen of Flax, not less than 1000 lbs., reference being had to length and quality of fibre, amount of product and yield of seed, Silver pitcher twenty dollars.

For the best specimen of native veneers, polished specimens, Silver cup twenty dollars.

For the best specimen of native oil-stone or whetstone, Silver cup twenty dollars.

For the best specimen of Indiana marble, Silver cup twenty dollars.

Miscellany.

GREELY IN VIRGINIA.—Horace Greeley was invited to lecture at Wheeling Va., and being anxious to address, once in his life, an audience of pro-slavery people, he accepted the invitation. He said he would speak on "Reforms and Reformers." The lecture and the subject were advertised, but before Greely arrived, some body got an idea that there must be a little anti-slavery in such a lecture, and it was said "It will never do to get Horace Greeley here to lecture on slavery—it will hurt our town." So when Greely came, a committee waited upon him, and represented the state of things, and Greeley told them he could modify "Reforms and Reformers," but would give them anything else. There was no time to advertise a new subject, and so when a large audience had convened, the chairman of the lecture committee presented Greely as a lecturer on Literary life. The audience was disappointed and dissatisfied.—Greely-isms will not soon be popular in Virginia.

☞The members of the House of Representatives, probably being anxious to hear the debate on the Nebraska question in the Senate, on last Friday, passed some twenty-five private bills, and then adjourned till Monday. In the course of the proceedings several communications were received from the President in accordance with resolutions of inquiry. Among the documents was a mass of correspondence with our Charge in Austria relative to a sort of second Koszta affair, which seems to have given our representative in that country no inconsiderable trouble. It appears that a subject of Austria, named Simon Taussig, came to America, remained a short time, procured a passport by perjury—so says Secretary Marcy—and returned to his native soil, where he was seized and retained. He now in vain appeals for release upon the plea of being an American citizen, but the Austrian authorities are not disposed to give him up, for the reason that his allegiance to the Emperor has never been cancelled.

☞The following racy incident transpired in the Senate of the United States:

Mr. Pratt, of Maryland, appealed to Mr. Cass in the Senate, to know the President's opinion upon the Pacific Railroad. Mr. Pratt said that he had read the message in the vain attempt to discover the views of his executive. The following dialogue ensued:

Mr. Cass.—Do you mean me?

Mr. Pratt.—Yes, sir.

Mr. Cass.—I have enough to do to find out what my own opinions are, without trying to find out the opinions of others. [Laughter.]

No one, we suppose, will doubt the truth contained in the above.

Dad's Experiment on Billy.

Less than a hundred miles from Syracuse, lives an old farmer, whose given name is Zury—a hard working, honest old Englishman, owning a good farm of over a hundred acres, and two faithful boys, who had been brought up to wield the "agricultural implement." From one of these I have my story.

Old Zury had an old goat on his farm, who is not one of the most peacefully disposed creatures in the world, and on this account the boys took no little delight in putting his lordship on his taps once in a while, by way of amusement. For a long time the old man had noticed that when Billy came home at night, he was completely covered with mud and water, and old Zury could not imagine how he should become so, so he determined, if possible, that he would find out the cause of poor Billy's misfortune.

One day he left the boys—to pick up the rakes, &c., after a hard day's work of hay making—and walked to the ridge, where Billy generally kept himself. It was about time for the goat to go to the house, but there he lay, quiet and dry; so old Zury seated himself behind a stump, determined to watch his movements, for that night, at any rate. He had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when who should he see coming along the ridge but the two boys. His first impulse was to tell them to keep back, but upon second thought he said nothing.

"Take my load, Hank," said Dick, "it's my turn to take the feller tonight."

Hank took Dick's load from his back, and Dick going down the hill a little way soon showed himself within a few yards of where the goat was lying.

Billy had already caught a glimpse of the boys, and was soon on his feet. Hank laid flat on the ground, and Dick, on the edge of the ridge, now presented a full front, which did not seem exactly to please his goatship; for he only pointed to him, and down went Dick to aggravate Billy to a still more desperate lunge; again the signal rose, and Billy jumped out; just as he got within a few feet, Dick lowered himself about two pegs, and the goat lowered himself about fifteen feet into a ditch of marsh and water. Hank had caught sight of a small corner of the old man's hat above the stump, and sloped for the bars, while Dick was not a little surprised at the sudden transformation of the old stump into a human being, and that, too, the old man, at fifteen paces, who, by the way was not one of the most forbearing persons in the world; and as he looked around on the ground, Dick thinking that a club or a stone might possibly be the object of his search, started on a keen run for the barn. The old man made up his mind that the mystery was solved. That night Dick and Hank didn't come home to supper:

I thought that I should not be able to hold myself together, as Hank related the surprise of old Zury and his son, as they stood face to face.

"But hold on," said he, "I haven't told you the best of it yet. About two weeks from that time, one day I and Dick had been working all day, and we made up our minds that we should find old dad bucked, for he hadn't been in the field at all that afternoon, and he always kept a good barrel of ale in the cellar; but when we had started, who should we see but the old man edging around the ridge, so Dick and I went over that way. There was old dad, and there was the goat.

We laid flat on the ground, anxious to know what the old man was going to do, when what was our surprise to see him take the position Dick had taken a couple of weeks before.

We said nothing, for we hadn't seen any of that kind of sport for a long time. The old man presented rather a formidable appearance, but Billy, nothing daunted, pointed for the mark; the old man lowered, but a little too late, for the goat took him "plump." We heard something strike in the mud, and it wasn't Billy, for he stood looking down over the ridge. I and Dick pulled for the barn, and in a few minutes after, we saw the old man paddling for the house, covered with mud from head to feet. That night the old man dressed up in his best clothes. I ventured to ask him if he was going over to see the deacon.

"See the deacon, no! Can't a man put on good clothes without going to see the deacon?"

"Yes," said Dick, leaning out of the door, "can't a man go and see the goat without tumbling into the mud?"

Dick was gone, and the old dad looking at me, and then very significantly at a heavy wooden boot-jack.—I stepped out of the back door.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Sir Isaac Newton's Revenge.

In the middle of the seventeenth century there was an English boy, of a mean and diminutive appearance, and behind all other boys of his age. He was constantly at the foot of his class; and verily it was believed that this boy would become only a bungler of some kind, for surely the soul of learning was not in him. But at the age of twelve a change was wrought in the character and fortune of the youth that had never obtained a "reward of merit," and was regarded by teacher and schoolmaster as an inferior. At this time an altercation took place between this backward boy and the one above him in the class; whereupon the latter gave him a very unpleasant kick in the stomach. Enough; the pride of the boy was outraged; but he was too weak to cope with his opponent physically. How, then, shall he be humbled? Ah! an idea—a splendid conception—he resolved to surpass him in study; get above him in the class, and there remain, to look down upon his enemy, and clip from him the laurels he now so vainly wears. This will be a triumph worthy of mention—peaceably got, none the less glorious—a revenge that physical giants might envy. He resolved, and accomplished; became a most devoted scholar; commenced a career of glory; and Sir Isaac Newton appeared with the key to unlock the mysteries of motion, and to draught a truer chart of the stupendous universe!

Select Tale.

LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS.

THE HALF ORPHANS.

This term generally applied to children who have lost either father or mother, by death, and there are some very excellent charitable institutions in this City where such children are taken in and provided for in infancy, and assisted to good situations in youth, so that they may not grow up as such numbers do, to be mere street vagabonds, uncared for by everybody, almost hated by all, friends to no one, perfect Ishmælites.

Orphans, according to Webster, are children who are bereaved of parents. "*Bereaved.* Deprived of, stripped and left destitute."

Then we have a great many orphans, who are not made so by death. They are deprived of parents, stripped and left destitute, more than if both father and mother, or either of them were dead, for then some of our great and good charitable institutions would receive them with open arms.

The most destitute orphans are those who are bereaved of parents by the great licensed orphan maker—the rum seller—of this City. Perhaps the most proper title for these would be "half orphans," for such they really are.

Of two of these, we have a little story. Only in one circumstances it is different from a thousand others.—Happily for this class of half orphans, there is one institution where they find a home—where no questions are asked what made them so; only "are you destitute?—then come and share the food and shelter provided fyr those

"Who have a heart to feel for other's woes."

During one of our visits to this institution, while sitting with the family of the Superintendent; a couple of beautiful little flaxen haired girls, perhaps four and six years old, came running into the parlor to kiss Mrs. Pease and say good night. Three years ago, such a scene in this very room would have been the eighth wonder of the world. Then it was the home of the filthy, wretched, vicious and miserable, where half orphans were; now it is the home of peace, hope, love and charity to the bereaved and destitute.

We were interested at once in these sweet little children, and inquired "how came they here—who are they—where "from? for evidently they are not of the ordinary Five "Points class."

"I can tell you nothing about them," said Mr. Pease, "or very little. A few days ago the door keeper came up very early one morning and said two gentlemen wished to see me. One was so in dress and address: the only so in the latter. His face and clothes told of what makes orphans. 'Sir,' said the first, 'I have lately read some highly interesting stories, published in *The Tribune*, in which for the first "time I have learned of the existence "of the Five Points House of Industry, "and its benevolent objects, and we "have called to make some personal "inquiry. This gentleman has need of "some assistance."

"What is the case?"

"I have," said he, "two little girls, who have no mother to take care of them; I might say no father either," said he aside, as he turned to wipe away an unbidden tear. "I cannot tell you the whole story."

"You need not. We never inquire in this house. No one is allowed to inquire what an inmate has been—only what they may be. To reform those who have been bad, the past must be forgotten. We hope all who enter here, begin a new life."

"Oh!" said he, "what a blessed idea. If I could only forget the past—the time when I was a Broadway merchant, and drank my bottle of wine at dinner—when I lived in all the domestic felicity of a happy home, with a virtuous wife and two sweet children, I might forget that I have no home now—that I am bid by my unpaid landlady to take my brats away—that I must clear out this very day—that I never can have another mouthful in her house. Oh! can I ever forget that I have fallen so low as to beg charity for my worse than motherless children."

"Then their mother is living?"

"I do not know. I have not seen her for a year. I have heard of, not long ago, but she is not fit to be a mother to two such children. She left me, and her two little girls, for a life of drunkenness and misery. She is worse than dead to them. I need not tell you what I am. If you will take my children and take care of them, I will go and bring them directly. I have nothing to give, but I hope those who have, will increase their charity enough to keep my poor children from starving."

"Have they no relations who would take care of them?"

"Relations? Yes, sir; among the rich and the proud of the City. I, too, am proud, if I am degraded. I can bear degredation, but I could not bear to think my children were the paupers of my own brother, or any relative who would remind them of their degraded father, or tell them, perhaps, as they met a ragged woman staggering, thro'n the streets' 'that is your mother.'—Never, sir, never."

"Well, well, bring them here. You need not tell your name or theirs.—Only promise me one thing: that you will reform yourself, or, at least, try to do it, so that you can once more be a father to your children."

"I intend to, or never see them again. They never shall be ashamed of a drunken father. They never will know their mother. She does not know where they are, never will know. I will leave the City to-day. I intend to get away from old associates, and out of sight of the ever open places of temptation that do nothing but drag me down."

So he went away and brought the two children, pressed them to his bosom, shed tears over them, called upon God to bless them and those who took care of them, said good-bye, and went away with a tear in his eye, and a prayer in his heart, and nothing has been heard of him since.

We became much interested in these two "half orphans," and noticed them as the pets of the missionary family, in our frequent visits. At our last one, we missed them from the family circle, and inquired:

"What has become of"—we will call them "Julia and Lizzie?"

"Oh! have you not been here since?"

"Since what? Have they gone away? Has the father been back?"

"No, they are here. But such a circumstance has happened. It is remarkable. Do you remember talking to a miserable woman in the street one night not long ago, whom you thought disposed to repentance, and whom you directed to come here?"

"Well, I might. I do pass a word with such occasionally. Oh yes, I remember now, a middle-aged woman, who told me a long tale about her husband and children, and how she used to drink and her husband threatened to leave her, and then how he drank, and then she followed him to a house where no man should ever go, and then in a fit of drunken desperation and jealously plunged into a career of vice, and how, after months of such life her husband turned her out of doors, took her children away where she could not see them—never has seen them—and how the villain who had enticed her away forsook her and left her to be turned out of the house where he had taken her to board, and how she sunk down to a degree so low as to beg for rum of the most abandoned rum-hole keepers of the City, who would get her drunk to exhibit her as a "model artist" in a back room, to draw customers to their pandemonium—a place licensed as "a model house of accommodation for travelers.' And finally she said that she had drunk the very dregs of the bitter cup of sin, and if she could only see her children once more she would be willing to die—she did not wish to live to disgrace them, but she could not die till she had seen them again. And then I told her to reform, repent sincerely, and try to get back again to the condition of life she had fallen from, and Providence would perhaps point out a way for her to find her children.

"'How can I reform? Who will help me to reform? Who will take me into their house of infamy? Every other door is bolted and barred forever against me. I cannot reform in the street. I can go to no place where I should not be told every day what a miserable drunken wicked woman I have been, making me feel constantly as though I was unfit to live, and making me wish I was dead.'"

"Yes there is one place where you can go, where the question will never be asked who you are, what have you been, where you come from, only, 'do you sincerely wish to reform?' if you do you will be clothed, and washed, and fed, and given employment, until you can live without such care, and then you shall have a place in the country, away from city temptation, among strangers, who shall never know that you have been one of the city unfortunates."

"Where, where, where? Oh, tell me where? Let me go there. I will reform. I will make myself a new character that my children shall not be ashamed of, and then I will hope—yes, I may then hope, perhaps accidentally to meet them in the street some day. Perhaps their father, if he has not become as bad as their mother, may consent to let me see them once, only once. Pray tell me where to go and God will bless you for the good deed."

"There take that card. In the morning go to No. 2 Little Water st., and ask to see that man; he is a missionary to the heathen of that desert which we permit to exist in the very heart of this Christian City. Tell him what you have told me, and see what he will do for you."

"Well she came. I was busy writing in the front room. Breakfast had just been cleared away. Julia and Lizzie were busy at play in the dining room. A boy came up, and said a woman wanted to see me. "What sort of a woman?" "A very common sort, "sir; she looks as though she might "have walked the streets all night, and "wants some breakfast. She has been "crying, too. She is crying now, and "she says she wants to see you herself; "the gentleman who told her to come "here, said she must see you. Perhaps his name is on this card."—"Yes, yes, send her up—send her up. Let her sit in the dining room till I finish my letter. If she is hungry, we must feed her." So she came up and sat down in that chair by the door, and looked down as though afraid that some one might see her face, and remember it. She said she was not hungry, but owned that she had eaten no breakfast; in fact nothing for two days. While that was prepaaing, the children went on with their play. At the sound of their voices and laughing, the woman started, looked, rubbed her eyes, gave a little scream, sprang across the room, and clasped them in her arms, crying, "Oh, my God, my God, hast thou brought me to my "children?"

"For a moment we were alarmed. We thought, perhaps, it was some crazed mother, who had lost her own, and would be a mother to any others. The youngest was frightened. The oldest stood for a moment after the woman let her loose from the first embrace, and looked at her and spoke one word, and rushed back into her arms. That word was Mother! Yes, it was her mother—her not yet forgotten mother—come back to her, not in the garb to be sure, in which she was clothed at parting, but with a tear of joy in her eye, and a mother's heart in her bosom; and she was recognizen by her child, and her heart was melted."

Other hearts who saw the scene was melted too. Others may be who hear the story. Others have been who have since been touched with the sight of that now happy mother, living there with her dear little children. What a blessed fruit the tree of charity has producee. The mother is reformed and restored to her children. If the fruit comes to its full perfection, may we not hope that the father will come to seek them, and that all will be restored to a home of happiness?