



Poetry.

Written for the Chicopee Journal. THE DEPARTED.

A New Year dawn'd light, cold and grey, Comes streaming through my lowly dwelling, And child-like voices blithe and gay,...

Select Tales.

SECOND MARRIAGE.

EXPERIENCE OF A BARRISTER IN ENGLAND.

A busy day in the assize court at Chester, chequered as usual, by alternate victory and defeat, had just terminated, and I was walking briskly forth, when an attorney of rather a low caste in his profession—being principally employed as an intermediary between needy felons and the counsel practicing in the court—acosted me and presented a brief, at the same time tending the fee of two guineas marked up on it.

far as this I perceive, hastily scrawled brief will instruct me, both of the nature of the plaintiff's claim and of the defence intended to be set up against it? 'If you will take it sir,' said the young woman, with a tremulous, hesitating voice, and glistening eyes, 'for his sake—and she glanced at her aged companion—who will else be helpless? 'The blessing of those who are ready to perish, will be yours, sir,' said the grandfather with meek solemnity, 'if you will lend your aid in this work of justice and mercy. We have no hope of withstanding the masterful violence and wrong of wicked and powerful men except by the aid of the law, which we have been taught will ever prove a strong tower of defence to those who walk in the paths of peace and right. The earnestness of the old man's language and manner, and the pleading gentleness of the young woman, forcibly impressed me; and although it was a somewhat unprofessional mode of business, I determined to hear their story from their own lips, rather than take it from the scrawled brief, or through the verbal medium of their attorney. 'You have been truly taught,' I answered; 'and if really entitled to this property you claim, I know of no masterful men that in this land of England can hinder you from obtaining possession of it. Come to my hotel in about an hour from hence; I shall then have leisure to hear what you have to say. This fee,' I added, taking the two guineas from the hand of the attorney, who still held the money ready for my acceptance, 'you must permit me to return. It is too much for you to pay for losing your cause; and if I gain it—but mind I do not promise to take it into court unless I am thoroughly satisfied that you have a right and equity on your side—I shall expect a much heavier one. Mr Barnes, I will see you, if you please, early in the morning.' I then bowed and hastened on. Dinner was not ready when I arrived at the hotel, and during the short time I had to wait, I more than half repented having anything to do with the unfortunate suit. However, the pleadings of charity, the suggestions of human kindness, reasserted their influence; and by the time my new clients arrived, which they did very punctually at the hour, I had quite regained the equanimity I had momentarily lost, and thanks to mine host's excellent viands and generous wine, was, for a lawyer, in a very amiable and benevolent humor indeed. Our conference was long, anxious, and unsatisfactory. I was obliged to send for Barnes before it concluded, in order to thoroughly ascertain the precise nature of the case intended to be set up by the defendant, and the evidence likely to be adduced in support of it. No ray of consolation or hope came from that quarter. Still the narrative which I had just listened to, bearing as it did, the impress of truth and sincerity in every sentence, strongly disposed me to believe that foul play had been practiced by the other side, and I determined at all hazards to go in to court, though with but faint hope of a present successful issue. 'It appears more than probable,' I remarked, on dismissing my clients, 'that this will be a fabrication; but before such a question had been in issue before a jury, some producible evidence of its being so should have been sought for and obtained. As it is, I can only watch the defendant's proof of the genuineness of the instruments upon which he has obtained probate one or more of the attesting witnesses may, if fraud has been practiced, break down under a searching cross-examination, or incidentally perhaps, disclose matters for further investigation. 'One of the attesting witnesses is, as I have already told you, dead,' observed Barnes; 'and another, Elizabeth Wareing, has I hear, to-day, left the country. An affidavit to that effect will no doubt be made to-morrow, in order to enable them to give secondary evidence of her attestation, though swear as they may, I have not the slightest doubt that I could find her if the time were allowed, and her presence would at all avail us.' 'Indeed! This is very important.—Would you, Mr. Barnes, have any objection,' I added, after a moment's reflection, 'to make oath, should the turn of affairs to-morrow render your doing so desirable, of

your belief that you could, reasonable time being allowed, procure the attendance of this woman—this Elizabeth Wareing? 'Not the least; though how that would help us to invalidate the will Thorndyke claims under, I do not understand.' 'Perhaps not. At all events, do not fail to be early in court. The cause is the first in to-morrow's list, remember. 'The story confided to me was very sad, and unfortunately, in many of its features a very common one. Ellen, the only child of the old gentleman, Thomas Ward, had early in life married Mr. James Woodley, a wealthy yeoman, prosperously settled upon his paternal acres, which he cultivated with great diligence and success. The issue of this marriage—a very happy one—was Mary Woodley, the plaintiff in the present action. Mr. Woodley, who had now been dead something more than two years, bequeathed to his wife, in full confidence, as he expressed himself, a few hours before he expired, that she would amply provide for his and her child. The value of the property inherited by Mrs. Woodley under this will amounted, according to a valuation made a few weeks after the testator's decease to between eight and nine thousand pounds. Respected as a widow, comfortable in circumstances, and with her daughter to engage her affections, Mrs. Woodley might have passed the remainder of her existence in happiness. But how frequently do women peril and lose all by a second marriage! Such was the case of Mrs. Woodley; to the astonishment of everybody, she threw herself away on a man almost unknown in the district—a person of no fortune, mean habits, and altogether unworthy of her acceptance as a husband. Silas Thorndyke, to whom she had thus committed her happiness, had for a short time acted as bailiff on the farm; and no sooner did he feel himself master, than his subserviency was changed to selfish indifference, and that gradually assumed a coarser character.—He discovered that the property, by the will of Mr. Woodley, was so secured against every chance or casualty, to the use and enjoyment of his wife, that it not only did not pass by marriage to the new bridegroom, but she was unable to alienate or divest any portion of it during life. She could, however, dispose of it by will; but in the event of her dying intestate, the whole descended to her daughter, Mary Woodley. Incredibly savage was Thorndyke when he made that discovery; and bitter and incessant were the indignities to which he subjected the unfortunate wife, for the avowed purpose of forcing her to make a will entirely in his favor, and of course disinheriting her daughter. An unexpected, quiet, passive, but unconquerable resistance was opposed by the, in all other things, cowed and submissive woman, to this demand of her domineering husband. Her falling health—for, gently nurtured and tenderly cherished as she had ever been, the callous brutality of her husband soon told upon the unhappy creature—warned her that Mary would soon be an orphan, and that upon her firmness it depended whether the child of him to whose memory she been, so fatally for herself, unfaithful, should be cast homeless and penniless upon the world, or inherit the wealth to which, by every principle of right and equity, she was entitled. Come what may, his trust at least should not, she mentally resolved, be betrayed or paltered with. Every imaginable expedient to vanquish her resolution was resorted to. Thorndyke picked a quarrel with Ward, her father, who had lived at Dale Farm since the morning of her marriage with Woodley, and the old gentleman was compelled to leave and take up his abode with a distant and somewhat needy relative.—Next, Edward Wilford, the only son of a neighboring and prosperous farmer who had been betrothed to Mary Woodley several months before her father's death, was brutally insulted, and forbidden the house. All, however, failed to shake the mother's resolution, and at length, finding all his efforts fruitless, Thorndyke appeared to yield the point, and upon this subject at least ceased to harass his unfortunate victim. Frequent private conferences were now held between Thorndyke, his two daughters, and Elizabeth Wareing—a woman approaching middle age whom, under the specious pretence that Mrs. Thorndyke's

increasing ailments rendered the service of an experienced matron dispensable, he had installed at the farm. It was quite evident to both the mother and daughter that a much greater degree of intimacy subsisted between the master and housekeeper, than their relative positions warranted; and from some expressions heedlessly dropped by the woman, they suspected them to have been once on terms of confidential intimacy. Thorndyke, I should have mentioned, was not a native of these parts; he had answered Mr. Woodley's advertisement for a bailiff, and his testimonials appearing satisfactory, he had been somewhat precipitately engaged. A young man calling himself Edward Wareing, the son of Elizabeth Wareing, and said to be engaged in an attorney's office in Liverpool, was not an unfrequent visitor at Dale Farm; and once had the insolent presumption to address a note to Mary Woodley, tendering his hand and fortune! This, however, did not suit Thorndyke's views, and Mr. Edward Wareing was very effectually rebuked and silenced by his proposed father-in-law. Mrs. Thorndyke's health rapidly declined. The woman Wareing, touched possibly by sympathy or remorse, exhibited considerable tenderness and compassion towards the invalid; made nourishing drinks, and administered the medicine prescribed by the village physician, who, after much *pooh poohing* by Thorndyke, had been called in, with her own hands. About three weeks previous to Mrs. Thorndyke's death, a sort of reconciliation was patched up through her instrumentality, between the husband and wife; and an unwonted expression of kindness and compassion, real or simulated, set upon Thorndyke's features every time he approached the dying woman. The sands of life ebbed swiftly with Mrs. Thorndyke. Enfolded in the gentle but deadly embrace with which consumption seizes its victims, she wasted rapidly away; and, most perplexing symptom of all, violent retching and nausea, especially after taking medicine—which according to Davis, the village surgeon was invariably of a sedative character—aggravated and confirmed the fatal disease which was hurrying her to the tomb. Not once during this last illness could Mary Woodley, by chance or stratagem, obtain a moment's private interview with her mother until a few minutes before her decease. Until then, under one pretence or another, either Elizabeth Wareing, one of Thorndyke's daughters, or Thorndyke himself, was always present in the sick chamber. It was evening; darkness had for some time fallen; no light had been taken into the dying woman's apartment; and the pale starlight which faintly illumined the room served, as Mary Woodley softly approached on tiptoe to the bedside of her, as she supposed, sleeping parent, but to deepen by defining the shadows thrown by the full, heavy hanging, and the old massive furniture. Gently, and with a beating heart, Mary Woodley drew back the bed curtain nearest the window. The feeble, uncertain light flickered upon the countenance, distinct in its mortal paleness, of her parent; the eyes recognized her, and a glance of infinite tenderness gleamed for an instant in the rapidly darkening orbs; the right arm essayed to lift itself, as for one last, last embrace. Vainly! Love, love only was strong, stronger than death, in the expiring mother's heart, and the arm fell feebly back on the bed-clothes. Mary Woodley bent down in eager grief, for she felt instinctively that the bitter hour at last was come; their lips met, and the last accents of the mother murmured, 'Beloved Mary, I—I have been true to you—no will—no—a slight tremor shook her frame; the spirit that looked in love from the windows of the eyes departed on its heavenward journey, and the unconscious shell only of what had been her mother, remained in the sobbing daughter's arms. I will not deny that this narrative, which I feel I have but coldly and feebly rendered from its earnest, tearful tenderness, as related by Mary Woodley affected me considerably, case-hardened as, to use an old bar pun we barristers are supposed to be; nor will the reader be surprised to hear that suspicions, graver even than those which pointed to forgery, were

evoked by the sad history. Much musing upon the strange circumstances thus disclosed, and profoundly cogitative on the best mode of action to be pursued, the 'small hours,' the first of them at least, surprised me in my arm chair. I started up, and hastened to bed, well knowing from experience that a sleepless vigil is a wretched preparative for a morrow of active exertion, whether of mind or body. I was betimes in court the next morning, and Mr. Barnes, proud as a peacock, of figuring as an attorney in an important civil suit, was soon at my side. The case had excited more interest than I supposed, and the court was early filled. Mary Woodley and her grand-father soon arrived; a murmur of commiseration ran through the auditory as they took their seats by the side of Barnes. There was a strong bar arrayed against us; and Mr. Silas Thorndyke, I noticed, was extremely busy and important with whisperings and suggestions to his solicitor and counsel—received of course as such meaningless familiarities usually are, with barely civil indifference. Twelve common jurors were called and sworn well and truly to try the issue, and I arose amid a breathless silence to address them. I at once frankly stated the circumstances under which the brief came into my hands, and observed that if, for lack of advised preparation, the plaintiff's case failed on that day, another trial, under favor of the court above, would, I doubted not, at no very distant period of time, reverse the possible at present unfavorable decision. 'My learned friends on the other side,' I continued, 'smile at this qualified admission of mine; let them do so. If they apparently establish to-day the validity of a will which strips an only child of the inheritance bequeathed by her father, they will, I tell them emphatically, have obtained but a temporary triumph for a person who—if I or you, gentlemen of the jury, are to believe the case intended to be set up as a bar to the plaintiff's claim—has succeeded by the grossest brutality and the most atrocious devices, in bending the mind of the deceased Mrs. Thorndyke to his selfish purpose. My learned friend need not interrupt me; I shall pursue these observations for the present no further—merely adding that I, that his lordship, that you, gentlemen of the jury, will require of him the strictest proof—proof clear as light—that the instrument upon which he relies to defeat the equitable, the righteous claim of the young and amiable person by my side, is genuine, and not, as I verily believe,—I looked as I spoke, full in the face of Thorndyke—'Forged?' 'My lord,' exclaimed the opposing counsel, 'this is really insufferable!' His lordship, however, did not interpose; and I went on to relate in the most telling manner of which I was capable, the history of the deceased Mrs. Thorndyke's first and second marriages; the harmony and happiness of the first—the wretchedness and cruelty which characterized the second. I narrated also the dying words of Mrs. Thorndyke to her daughter, though repeatedly interrupted by the defendant's counsel, who manifested great indignation that a statement unsupportable of legal proof should be addressed to the court and jury. My address concluded, I put in James Woodley's will, and as the opposing counsel did not oppose its validity, nor require proof of Mary Woodley's identity, I intimated that the plaintiff's case was closed. The speech for the defendant was calm and guarded. It threw, or rather attempted to throw, discredit on the death-bed 'fiction,' got up, Mr. P— said, simply with a view to effect; and he concluded by averring that he should be able to establish the genuineness of the will of Ellen Thorndyke, now produced, by irresistible evidence. That done, however much the jury might wish the property had been otherwise disposed of, they would of course return a verdict in accordance with their oaths and the laws of the land. The first witness was Thomas Headley, a smith residing near Dale Farm. He swore positively that the late Mrs. Thorndyke, whom he knew well, had cheerfully signed the will now produced after it had been deliberately read over by her husband, about a fortnight before her death. Silas Thorndyke, John Cummins, Elizabeth Wareing, and Mrs. Wareing were the only persons present. Mrs. Thorndyke expressed

confidence that her husband would provide for Mary Woodley. 'And so I will,' said sleek Silas, rising up and looking round upon the auditory. 'If she will return I will be a father to her.' No look, sound of sympathy or approval greeted this generous declaration, and he sat down again but a little disconcerted. I asked this burly, half-drunken witness, but one question—'When is your marriage with Rebecca Thorndyke, the defendant's eldest daughter, to be celebrated?' 'I don't know, Mr. Lawyer, perhaps never.' 'That will do; you can go down.' Mr. P— now rose to state that his client was unable to produce Elizabeth Wareing, another of the attesting witnesses to the will, in court. No suspicion that any opposition to the solemn testament made by the deceased Mrs. Thorndyke would be attempted, had been entertained; and the woman, unaware that her testimony would be required, had left that part of the country. Every effort had been made by the defendant to discover her abode, without effect. It was believed she had gone to America, where she had relatives. The defendant had filed the affidavit, setting forth these facts, and it was now prayed that secondary evidence, to establish the genuineness of Elizabeth Wareing's attesting signature, should be admitted. I of course vehemently opposed this demand, and broadly hinted that the witness was purposely kept out of the way. 'Will my learned friend,' said Mr. P— with one of his slyest sneers, 'inform us what motive the defendant could possibly have to keep back a witness so necessary to him?' 'Elizabeth Wareing,' I curtly replied, 'may not, upon reflection, be deemed a safe witness to subject to the ordeal of a cross-examination. But to settle the matter, my lord, I exclaimed, 'I have here an affidavit of the plaintiff's attorney, in which he states that he has no doubt of being able to find this important witness if time be allowed him for the purpose; and the defendant of course, undertaking to call her when produced.' A tremendous clamor of counsel hereupon ensued, and fierce and angry grew the war of words. The hubbub was at last terminated by the Judge recommending that, under the circumstances, 'a juror should be withdrawn.' This suggestion, after some demur, was agreed to. One of the jurors was whispered to come out of the box; then the clerk of the court exclaimed, 'My lord, there are only eleven men on the jury; and by the aid of this venerable, if clumsy expedient, the case of Woodley vs. Thorndyke was de facto adjourned to a future day. I had not long returned to the hotel, when I was waited upon by Mr. Wilford, senior, the father of the young man who had been forbidden to visit Dale Farm by Thorndyke. His son, he informed me, was ill for chagrin and anxiety—confined to his bed, indeed; and Mary Woodley had refused it seemed, to accept pecuniary aid from either the father or the son. Would I endeavor to terminate the estrangement which had for some time unhappily existed, and persuade her to accept his—Wilford senior's—freely offered purse and services? I instantly accepted both the mission and the large sum which the excellent man tendered. A part of the money I gave to Barnes to stimulate his exertions, and the rest I placed in the hands of Mary Woodley's grandpapa, with a friendly admonition to him not to allow his grandchild to make a fool of herself—an exhortation which produced its effect in due season. Summer passed away, autumn had come and gone, and the winter assizes were once more upon us. Regular proceedings had been taken, and the action in ejectment of Woodley versus Thorndyke was once more on the cause list of the Chester circuit court, marked this time as a special jury case. Indefatigable as Mr. Barnes had been in the search of Elizabeth Wareing, not the slightest trace of her could he discover; and I went into court, therefore, with but slight expectations of invalidating the, as I now advisedly and fully believed, fictitious will. We had, however, obtained a good deal of information relative to the former history, not only of the absent Mrs. Wareing, but of Thorndyke himself; and it was quite within the range of probabilities that something might come out enabling me to use that knowledge to

good purpose. The plaintiff and old Mr. Ward were seated in court beside Mr. Barnes, as on the former abortive trial; but Mary Woodley had fortunately for herself lost much of the interest which attaches to female comeliness and grace, when associated in the mind of the spectator with undeserved sorrow. The black dress which she still wore—the orthodox twelve months of mourning for a parent had not yet quite elapsed—was now fresh, and of fine quality, and the pale lilies of her face were interspersed with delicate roses; while by her side sat Mr. John Wilford, as happy-looking as if no such thing as perjuries, forgers, or adverse verdicts, existed to disturb the peace of the glad world.—Altogether, we were decidedly less interesting than on the former occasion. Edward Wareing, I must not forget to add; was, greatly to our surprise, present. He sat in great apparent amity, by the side of Thorndyke. It was late in the afternoon, and twilight was gradually stealing over the dingy court, when the case was called. The special jury answered to their names, were duly sworn, and then nearly the same preliminary speeches and admissions were made and put in as on the previous occasion. Thomas Headley, the first witness called in support of the pretended will, underwent a rigorous cross-examination; but I was unable to extract any thing of importance from him. 'And now,' said the defendant's leading counsel, 'let me ask my learned friend if he has succeeded in obtaining the attendance of Elizabeth Wareing?' I was of course obliged to confess that I had been unable to find her; and the Judge remarked that in that case he could receive secondary evidence in proof of her attestation of the will. A whispered, but manifestly eager conference here took place between the defendant and his counsel, occasionally joined in by Edward Wareing. There appeared to be indecision or hesitation in their deliberations; but at last Mr. P— rose, and with some ostentation of manner, addressed the court: 'In the discharge of my duty to the defendant in this action, my lord, upon whose fair fame most undeserved obloquy has been cast by the speeches of the plaintiff's counsel—speeches unsupported by a shadow of evidence—I have to state that, anxious above all things to stand perfectly justified before his neighbors and society, he has at great trouble and expense obtained the presence here to-day of the witness Elizabeth Wareing. She had gone to reside in France with a respectable English family in the situation of housekeeper.—We shall now place her in the witness box, and having done so, I trust we may hear no more of the slanderous imputations so freely lavished upon my client. Call Elizabeth Wareing into court.' A movement of surprise and curiosity agitated the entire auditory at this announcement. Mr. Silas Thorndyke's naturally cadaverous countenance assumed an ashy hue, spite of his efforts to appear easy and jubilant; and for the first time since the commencement of the proceedings I entertained the hope of a successful issue. Mrs. Wareing appeared in answer to the call, and was duly sworn to 'tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' She was a good looking woman of perhaps forty years of age, and bore a striking resemblance to her son. She rapidly, smoothly, and unhesitatingly confirmed the evidence of Headley to a title. She trembled, I observed excessively; and on the examining counsel intimating that he had no more questions to ask turned hastily to leave the box. 'Stay—stay, my good woman,' I exclaimed; 'you and I must have some talk together before we part.' She started, and looked at me with frightened earnestness; and then her nervous glances stole towards Mr. Silas Thorndyke. There was no comfort there; in his countenance she only saw the reflex of the agitation and anxiety which marked her own. Sleek Silas, I could see, already repented of the rash move he had made, and would have given a good deal to get his witness safely and quietly out of the court. It was now nearly dark, and observing that it was necessary the court and jury should see as well as hear the witness while under examination, I requested that lights should be brought in. This was







WORTH READING.

Tommy Wilson came home one day with tears in his eyes; he ran and laid down his head in his mother's lap and sobbed aloud.

"What makes you think so, Tommy?"

"Why, you know, mamma, yesterday was Sabbath, and you talked to me in the evening about having a new heart, and you told me that I must pray to God, and he would give me one, and that then I would love everybody, and always feel happy, and not be afraid to die. And I thought that I would like to have such a heart; and kept thinking about it until I fell asleep, and as soon as I awoke in the morning, I remember about it, and prayed again; and it seemed to me as if I had a new heart—I felt so happy; and when I went to school I tried to be kind to all the boys, and learn my lessons well, and to be good. But this noon George Johnson snatched my ball, and I got angry and called him a thief. And when we were playing, Charley Smith struck me, and before I thought I struck him back again. And coming home this afternoon, James Lewis called me a coward, and I called him a liar. And so, ma, I kept forgetting and doing wrong, and no matter how hard I try, I can't be good. It is so easy to get angry, and bad words come out so quick. What's the reason, ma, that we can't be good when we want to be?"

Mrs. Wilson thought a minute, and then said:

"Do you remember, Tommy, riding down hill on your sled last winter?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, the hill was covered with snow, and it was beat down until it was almost as smooth as ice; and we went down so fast that it almost took away my breath!"

"Well, my son, did you go up as fast?"

"Oh, no, ma! It was slow, hard work getting up. We would slip at almost every step, and we couldn't get up at all in the place where we slid down, but had to go around to the other side, where the snow was not worn as smooth and slippery!"

"Then it was easier to go down than to go up, was it?"

"Oh, yes; it's always so with hills."

"And the oftener you went down on your sled, the smoother the snow got, and the faster you could go?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, Tommy, when God made Adam and Eve, and put them in the garden, it was as easy for them to do right as to do wrong. It was like walking on level ground; they could go one way as well as the other. But they chose to do wrong, and ever since then the world has been like the side of a mountain. It is up hill toward heaven and it is down hill toward hell. And then by doing wrong, we make the down hill more and more slippery all the time. Our evil habits are like our sleds; they smooth the way, so that we go faster and faster. It's hard work even to stop doing wrong, just as hard as for you to stop your sled when it's going down and going like a race-horse. And it is still harder to go up. We are all the time slipping up. We are all the time slipping back. We find our old habits tripping us up at every step!"

"Then, ma, we might as well give up trying," said Tommy, in a sad and bitter tone.

"Did my little boy say so last winter, when he was climbing up the hill to ride down on his sled? He slipped a great many times, and once or twice fell quite down in the snow, but he scrambled up again and kept on trying, because he wanted to have the pleasure of riding down so swiftly over the smooth snow. Will Tommy care more for a few minutes' sport than for being good and going to heaven?"

Tommy felt ashamed of what he had said.

He laid his head in his mother's lap, and what his thoughts were I cannot tell. But after while he looked up, as earnest as a hero, and said:

"Ma, I've been a foolish boy. I thought I could be good right off, and with hardly any trouble. But I see now that it is not so, and that I shall be happier even while I am trying, and God will help me, won't he, ma?"

"Yes, my son, if you are humble and do not think that you can be good of yourself without his help. You have learned to-day how weak your own strength is. You must ask of God that he will give you a new heart to love him, and to love that which is right; and I hope that you will pray every day, and often every day, for God to watch over you, and keep you from falling, and raise you up when you fall; and that you will watch yourself, my dear boy, and try to overcome all your wicked habits, and remember that a down-hill slipper world this is, and that we must expect hard work in getting through it to heaven. But that heaven will be worth all the efforts of a thousand such lives as this!"

And Tommy followed his mother's advice, and he is now a good man. He says he often remembers that Monday, when he thought it was so hard to be good, and the hill and the snow, and the sled; and he hopes that story will lead some little boy who reads it, to quit slipping down, and try to climb, and persevere, and pray to God.

A DOG STORY.—A friend of ours owns a noble great Newfoundland dog, about which he tells a good many funny stories, among which is the following. We tell it as it was told to us, promising only that our friend is a man of fair character for veracity, and we believe the story itself. He spent several weeks during the last summer in a country village, accompanied by his dog Boney, an abbreviation of Napoleon Bonaparte, his true name. Now Boney is an educated gentlemanly dog, conscious of his own strength and from very magnanimity pays no attention to small animals that bark and snarl at or even bite him. He had been taught to fetch and carry, and it was only necessary to point out any article that he could lift, and order him to bring it along, and Boney would bring it. A small spaniel about the size of a cat was in the daily habit of imposing upon the good nature of Boney, impudently attacking him, seizing him by the long hair on his hind legs and shaking and growling away as if he were really somebody, all which Boney bore with christian forbearance, never even showing his ivory, but trotting away with dignified contempt from his puppy assailant.

One day his friend was walking out with his dog, when the little spaniel, full of importance

made his usual attack upon Boney. "Fetch him a bone," said our friend, pointing to the spaniel. No sooner said than done, Boney pounced upon him, and rolling him over and over without hurting him, took him by the nape of the neck, and trotted along after his master with all the dignity of an animal conscious of being in the performance of a pleasant duty. The little dog yelled, and howled, and struggled, but there was no use in talking. Boney trotted around after his master, with the spaniel in his mouth, as a cat may sometimes be seen carrying one of her little ones, greatly to the amusement of all the boys in the village. At length his master ordered the prisoner to be released, when the little animal, thoroughly humbled, drew a bee line for home. He gave Boney a wide berth after that.—Albany Reg.

MILKING BEARS.—The Freeman's Journal gives the following good one:

"A friend of ours who has recently returned from a little jaunt in the country, happening to stay at the house of an old Methodist Deacon, has handed us the following specimen of that pious gentleman's commentary on a passage in the Bible. As it is quite equal to anything we have seen lately, we do not feel disposed to keep it to ourselves. It appears that for many years past the Deacon had observed the custom of reading daily a chapter from the sacred scriptures to the family, and of making a running extemporaneous commentary upon each particular passage that seemed to require elucidation. Coming to that part of the Bible which says, 'Now these seven did Mitha bear unto Nahor,' he cleared his throat and explained thus:

"The object of this here passage is to show us how bad off the people used to be in old times. Then they didn't have no dairies, but was obliged to milk bears, and it took six to hold the bear, while other milked it, and they had to go to Nahor to get the bears."

"STOP MY PAPER."

The following remarks are too good to be thrown aside, without at least a passing notice. They are true to the letter, and suitable to all localities. We are of opinion that the weakest capacity cannot fail to understand them.

It is astonishing what exalted notions some persons have of their own importance. They seem to imagine they are altogether necessary to the onward roll of our little world, and that if, by any means, they should be shored out the way, the screws would be so loose that the old machine would no longer hold together; and, of course, if such important personages only say to an editor, "stop my paper," the whole establishment must go to pot instantly. We have often laughed in our sleeve—though outwardly we looked as grave as an owl—when one of these regulators of the world has marched into our editorial sanctum, and ordered a discontinuation of his paper. And it always does him good to see how the starch is taken out of him, while the editor smilingly replies, "Certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure, just as soon as the clerk has entered a hundred or more names, which have just been sent in." The mighty man winks down like the narrative of a whipped spaniel, and he shrinks away muttering to himself, "Well, I am afraid that stopping my paper has not ruined him after all."

"These swells, who stop their papers on account of some miff which has found its way into their cranium, are sure to watch the time of the next issue, thinking that another number will make its appearance; and they are sure to borrow their neighbor's copy to see if it does not contain the editor's farewell address to his readers."

We once knew a minister, who, in describing the Christian's character, and the circumference of his walk, said the way to heaven required as much care as it did for a cat to walk on a wall covered with broken bottles. It is something so with an editor, it is to please everybody.

SHEEP AMONG THE CROCKERY.

A very amusing incident occurred a few days since in Cincinnati, illustrative of the natural instinct of one sheep to follow another. A small drove was coming up the street, and when they arrived opposite the Gibson House, the foremost one made a rush to go into an alley, but a person suddenly coming out, frightened the sheep, and it deviated slightly from the true course, darting into a lamp store, followed by the whole flock. The crowd, anxious to witness the sport, instantly blockaded the door. So there was no mode of egress for the unceremonious visitors, and as said lamp-store was contracted to suit their particular notions, and wishing to regain their liberty as speedily as possible, they saw no other means of escape but through the shop window. One of them made a break, and leaped through the window, upon the pavement, demolishing in its progress, glass ware, China, &c., with an alacrity truly praiseworthy. The crowd immediately fell back from the door, and allowed a free passage, but the ewe sheep jumped through that hole in the window.

[Think how deliberately plots are laid to deude unweary young men of their treasures.—The following consultation on New Year's preparation was overheard by our Paul Pry.]

Mamma.—Well, Belle, my dear, now about our preparation for receiving our friends! I suppose a neat little collation on the side-board—old chicken, ham, tongues, and cakes, will do? But shall we have any wine, or only coffee? Which will be best my dear?"

Belle.—rather a fine young lady.—Oh, how wine, Ma, by all means! The men are always so stupid if they don't get it! Why, I heard young Spiff, (you recollect him! tell Rufus Bopp that he couldn't kiss a girl on the inspiration of coffee, to save his life!)"

HONORABLE LEGAL INSTRUMENT.—Not long since, the contents of a small confectionary and toy shop were seized for debt, but afterward replevied. A deed of trust to secure the payment was accordingly executed, and recorded at the City Hall. A friend who had the pleasure of reading the document, informs us that some of the items were duly set forth in this wise: Five pounds of candies, assorted; eight dozen sold, six dozen cats; four dozen dogs, and two dozen with riders on them; and seven assorted babies.—Washington Sentinel.

The number of hogs slaughtered in Cincinnati this season, up to January 24th, was 687,000.

"TOO MUCH EVERYTHING."

How much the American people know—especially young people—boys even. Nothing on the earth—in the heavens above it—or in the sea beneath—but has come within the range of their knowledge! We are all learned—all hands know everything! We have creeds, sects, denominations, and faith of all varieties, each insisting that it is right, and that all others are wrong! We differ on every question that is started—with all our learning we can never agree on any statement of principles, or theory. We are Maine-Law men—and anti-Maine-Law men! We are pro-slavery and anti-slavery; we are spiced with mysticism and skepticism, materialism, spiritualism, sensualism, agrarianism, egotism, idealism, transcendentalism, Millers' Mormonism, Democrats, Free Soilers, Whigs, Hards, Softs,—pro and con, all furious partisans, all posse—full of knowledge on all these matters! Yet, in fact, how shallow is the general intelligence. We have a smattering of an acquaintance with almost every thing, but really know but a very few things certain. Certain, absolute knowledge, is the great want of the American mind. Is not a remedy for the present state of things to be sought in our Common Schools? Is there not here, too great a desire to cover extensive ground; an aim for striking results—for smart scholars rather than for deep and strong ones. How much better is it to know a few things thoroughly—to be able to take up a few great facts and turn them over with a familiar hand,—than to be acquainted with ten thousand matters merely by their titles. An anecdote is told of a couple of Indians, who, on being conducted through the streets of London for several hours, seemed melancholy and stupid on their return. They sat down with their elbows on their knees, and hid their faces in their hands. The only words they could be brought to utter, were—"Too much smoke—too much noise—too much houses—too much everything.—Eastern Journal.

EASTMAN'S Infallible Sick Headache REMEDY.

Prepared by E. P. EASTMAN, M. D. of Lynn, Mass.

HAS been used in private practice for the last four years, with the greatest success. A radical cure of the most distressing cases of Sick Headache, and every instance where the directions have been strictly followed and persevered in. It is now given to the public with the full confidence that it will do what is claimed for it, and prove itself, upon every trial, an INFALLIBLE SICK HEADACHE REMEDY.

It is safe and pleasant to the taste, it brings immediate relief, and every instance where the directions have been strictly followed and persevered in, is now given to the public with the full confidence that it will do what is claimed for it, and prove itself, upon every trial, an INFALLIBLE SICK HEADACHE REMEDY.

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