

Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

"PLEGDED BUT TO TRUTH, TO LIBERTY AND LAW."

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NUMBER X.

Poetical.

The Beauty of Contentment.

Why should I envy wealth or fame,
Or glittering splendors of the great?
Why ask from birth a prouder name,
Or seek to shine in halls of state?
Can riches to the soul impart
A flow of blood content, more sweet
Can all the boasted show of art
With bliss, in poverty, compete?
The love that warms the joy that swells
The bosom of a mortal creature
Each of those guests delighted dwells,
In hearts unenvied—unenvied.

I walk forth in the silent night,
And listen to the murmuring rills—
And see bright Cynthia's silvery light,
Reflected o'er my native hills.

When four more on a sofa steal
O'er earth—unheard, unfeeling place—
And when majestic Sol reveals
The glorious lustre of his face:

The woodland songster tunes his voice,
The sky-lark perch'd begins his note—
The grove with melody rejoices,
And beauties in the suburban float.

Miscellaneous.

THE INVESTMENT, OR, THE TWO MERCHANTS.

"Can you loan me two thousand dollars to establish myself in a small retail business?" inquired a young man not yet out of his teens, of a middle-aged gentleman who was poring over a pile of ledgers in the counting room of one of the largest establishments in Boston. The person addressed turned toward the speaker, and regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise, inquired:—

"What security can you give me, Mr. Strosser?"

"Nothing but my note," replied the young man, promptly.

"Which I fear would be below par in the market," replied the merchant, smiling.

"Perhaps so," the young man replied, "but Mr. Barton, remember that the boy is not the man; the time *may* come when Hiram Strosser's note will be as readily accepted as that of any other man."

"Yes, very true," said Barton mildly, "but you know business men seldom loan money without adequate security—otherwise, they might soon be reduced to penury."

"At this remark, the young man's countenance became deadly pale, and having observed a silence of several moments he inquired, in a voice whose tones indicated keen disappointment:—

"Then you cannot accommodate me, can you?"

"Call upon me to-morrow, and I will give you a reply," said Mr. Barton and the young man retired.

Mr. Barton resumed his labors at the desk, but his mind was so much upon the boy and his singular errand, that he could not pursue his task with any correctness—and after having made several sad blunders, he closed his ledger, took his hat and went out upon the street—arriving opposite the door of a wealthy merchant, in Mill street, he entered the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Hawley," said he, approaching the proprietor of the establishment, who was seated at his desk, counting over the profits of the week.

"Good morning," replied the merchant, blandly, "happy to see you—have a seat? any news? how's trade?"

Without noticing these interrogations, Barton said:—

"Young Strosser is desirous of establishing himself in a small retail business in Washington street, and called this morning to secure of me a loan of two thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hawley, evidently surprised at this announcement, "but you do not think of loaning that sum, do you?"

"I do not know," replied Barton, "Strosser is a young man of business talent and strict integrity, and will be likely to succeed in whatever he undertakes."

"Perhaps so," replied Hawley, doubtfully, "but I am heartily tired of helping to re-establish these young aspirants for commercial honors."

"Have you ever suffered any from such a course?" inquired Barton, at the same time casting a roguish glance at Hawley.

"No," replied Hawley, "for I never felt inclined to make an investment of that kind."

"Then there is a fine opportunity to do so. It may prove better than the stock in the bank. As for myself I have concluded that if you will advance one thousand dollars, I will contribute an equal sum."

"Not a single farthing would I advance for such a purpose, and if you make an investment of that kind, I shall consider you very foolish."

Barton observed a silence of several moments and then arose to depart.

"If you do not feel disposed to share with me in the enterprise, I shall advance the whole sum myself." Saying which, he left the store.

Ten years have passed away since the occurrence of the conversation recorded in the preceding dialogue, and Mr. Barton pale and agitated, is standing at the same desk as when first introduced to

the reader's attention. As page after page of his ponderous ledger was examined, his despair became deeper, till at last he exclaimed:—

"I am ruined—utterly ruined!"

"How so?" inquired Hiram Strosser, who entered the counting room just in season to hear Barton's remark.

"The last European steamer brought news of the failure of the house of Forch; Jackson & Co., London, who are indebted to me in the sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars. News of the failure has become general, and my creditors, panic stricken, are pressing in my paper to be cashed. The banks refuse me credit, and I have not the means to meet my liabilities. If I could pass this crisis, perhaps I could rally again; but it is impossible, my creditors are importunate, and I cannot much longer keep above the tide," replied Barton.

"What is the extent of your liabilities?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars."

"Would that sum be sufficient to relieve you?"

"It would."

"Then, sir, you shall have it," said Strosser, as he stepped up to the desk, and drew a check for twenty thousand dollars. "Here take this, and when you need more, do not hesitate to call upon me. Remember that it was from you I received money to establish myself in business."

"The debt was cancelled several years ago," replied Barton, as a ray of hope shot across his troubled mind.

"True," replied Strosser, "but the debt of gratitude I owe, has never been cancelled, and now that the scale has turned, I deem it my duty to come up to the rescue." At this singular turn in the tide of fortune, Barton fairly wept for joy.

His paper was taken up as fast as it was sent in, and in less than a month he had passed the crisis, and stood perfectly safe and secure; his credit had increased, and his business improved, while several other firms sunk under the blow, and could not rally, among whom was Hawley, alluded to at the commencement of this article.

"How did you manage to keep above the tide?" inquired Hawley of Barton one morning, several months after the events last recorded, as he met the latter upon the street, on his way to his place of business.

"Very easily, indeed," replied Mr. Barton.

"Well, do tell me how," continued Hawley, "I lay claim to a good degree of shrewdness, but the strongest exercise of my wit did not save me; and yet you, whose liabilities are twice as heavy as my own, have stood the shock, and have come off even bettered by the storm."

"The truth is," replied Barton, "I cashed my paper as soon as it was sent in."

"I suppose so," said Hawley, regarding Mr. B. with a look of surprise, "but how did you obtain the funds? As for my part, I could not obtain a dollar credit; the banks refused to take my paper, and my friends even deserted me."

"A little investment that I made some ten years ago," replied Barton, smiling, "has recently proved exceedingly profitable."

"Investment!" echoed Hawley, "what investment?"

"Why, do you not remember how I established young Strosser in business, some ten years ago?"

"O, yes, yes," replied Hawley, as a ray of suspicion lit up his countenance, "but what of that?"

"He is one of the heartiest dry goods dealers in the city, and when this calamity came on, he came forward and very generously advanced seventy-five thousand dollars. You know I told you, on the morning I called to offer you an equal share in the stock, that it might prove better than an investment in the bank."

During this announcement Mr. Hawley's eyes were bent intently on the ground, and drawing a deep sigh, he moved on, dejected and sad, while Mr. Barton returned to his place of business with his mind cleared and animated by the thoughts of the singular investment.

A man who was notorious for his prognostication of evil in regard to himself, being one day engaged in mending shingles on the top of a pretty high house, accidentally lost his foot-hold and as he was slowly sliding down the long-smooth, slanting roof, with no hope of stopping himself, he let off his forebodings in the following brief manner:—

"Oh! what a golly snouter of a fall I will have!"

"I want to see some of your gimlets," said a greenhorn one day, as he entered a hardware store. The dealer took down several parcels, none of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? there is almost every variety."

"Why, darn it, I want them what bore square holes."

A young lawyer trying to establish himself in business, is in one respect like a young physician—he needs patience.

The printer is expected to do little "thank-ee" jobs for everybody; but no body expects to do anything in the line for him. Poor fellow!

From the Grand Rapids Enquirer.

A TALE OF HORROR.

We have received the following letter from Dr. John Moreton, a gentleman of veracity and moral standing. We think its perusal will convince our readers of the entire truth of all that is said about Modern Spiritualism.

(GRAND TRAVERSE, Mich.)
Dec. 28, 1856.

EDITOR ENQUIRER: I send the following account of a most extraordinary event, or transaction—or what you will—because, in my opinion, it ought not to be suppressed; but on the contrary, thoroughly investigated. In the midst of the excitement here, such a thing as a calm, unbiassed examination, is altogether out of the question, nor would it be safe to attempt it, inasmuch as the determination of the people is very strong to hush it up. As I myself am one of the chief characters concerned in the affair, I dare not attempt, if I possessed the ability, to determine the character of what I am about to relate.

I left your city to establish myself here, as you will remember, some time in July last—a young and inexperienced physician. Almost the first patient I was called to see was a Mrs. Hayden, a woman of thirty-five years of age, a strong constitution and well balanced mind, and apparently, with little or no imagination. She was, however, a spiritualist, with the reputation of being a superior medium. Her usual physician, Dr. J. N. Williams, was absent, and hence her application to me. I found her laboring under a severe attack of typhus fever, which threatened to prove fatal. Having prescribed for her I left, promising to send Dr. W. as soon as he returned. This was on Saturday morning. At night, Dr. W. took the patient off my hands, and I did not see her again until Friday evening of the ensuing week. I then found her dying, and remained with her until her decease, which took place precisely at midnight. She was, or appeared to be rational during the whole of my visit, though I was informed she had been delirious the greater part of the week. There was nothing remarkable about her symptoms; I should say the disease had taken its natural course.

At the time of disease, there was in the room, besides myself, her husband, Mrs. Green, (her sister) and Mrs. Miles, (a neighbor). Her husband, whom I particularly noticed, was very thin and weak, then suffering from a quick consumption, already beyond recovery. He bore the character of a clear minded, very firm, illiterate but courteous man, and a most strenuous unbeliever in spiritualism.

There had been some subdued conversation such as is natural in such cases—the patient taking no part in it, except to signify, in a faint and gradually diminishing voice, her wants, until about an hour before her death, when a sudden and indescribable change came over her features, voice, and whole appearance—a change which her husband noticed by saying, with as I thought, wholly unwarranted bitterness, "There go those cursed spirits again."

The patient hereupon unfolded her eyes and fixed a look of unutterable emotion on her husband—a look so direct, searching, and unwavering, that I was not a little startled by it. Mr. Hayden met it with something like an unhappy defiance, and finally asked of his wife what she wanted. She immediately replied in a voice of perfect health, "You know."

I was literally astonished at the words, and the voice in which they were uttered. I had often heard and read of a return of volume and power of voice just preceding dissolution; but the voice of the patient had none of the unnatural intonation of such—it was, as I have said, perfectly healthy. In a few moments she continued, in the same voice, and with her eyes still fixed upon her husband, "William, in your secret soul, you do believe."

"What was the imploring reply?" "That is the devil which has stood between us and Heaven for so many months. We are both at the very verge of the grave, and in God's name let him be buried first."

Apparently without hearing or heeding him she repeated her words:—

"You dare not disbelieve."

"I do," he replied, excited by her manner, "while you are dying—may I, when you are dead, and speak to me, I dare not believe."

"Then she said, I will speak to you when I am dead! I will come to you at your last moment, and, with a voice from the grave, I will warn you of your time to follow me."

"But I shall not believe a spirit."

"I will come in the body, and speak to you. REMEMBER!"

She then closed her eyes, and straightway sank into her former state.

As soon as we had somewhat recovered from the shock of this most extraordinary scene, her two children were brought into the room, to receive her dying blessings. She partially raised herself, and placing a hand on the head of each, she put up a prayer to the throne of grace—faint in voice, indeed, but a prayer in which all the strength of her unpolished soul, heart and mind, was exerted to its utmost, dying limit; such a prayer as a seraph might attempt, but none but a dying wife and mother could accomplish. From that moment her breathing grew rapidly weaker and more

difficult, and at twelve o'clock, she expired apparently without a struggle.

I closed her eyes, straightened and composed her limbs, and was about to leave the house, when Mrs. Green requested me to send over two young ladies from my boarding house, to watch with the dead. All this occupied some ten minutes.

Suddenly Mrs. Miles screamed and Mr. Hayden started from the bed-side, where he had been sitting. The supposition was sitting erect in the bed, and struggling to speak! Her eyes were still closed; and, save her open mouth and quivering tongue there were all the looks of death in her face. With a great heave of the chest, as if the single word came forth:—

"REMEMBER!"

Her jaw fell back in its place, and she again lay down, as before. I now examined her minutely. That she was dead, there could be no further possible shadow of doubt, and so I left the house.

On the following day, Dr. Williams made a post mortem examination of the body. I was prevented, by business, from attending, but was informed by the Doctor that he found her brain but slightly affected, (an unusual fact in persons dying of typhus fever,) but that her lungs were torn and rent extensively, as if by sudden, single and powerful effort, and partially suffused with congealed blood. There were also some noticeable features of the case. She was buried on the afternoon of the same day.

About two weeks after the death of his wife, I was called to visit Mr. Hayden. I met Dr. Williams on my way; told him my errand, and expressed some surprise at the preference of the family for myself, as I knew him to be a safe and experienced practitioner. He replied that nothing could induce him to enter that house again. He "had seen things that—well I would find out when I got there." I was considerably amused at the Doctor's manner and warmth; and beguiled my way by fancying what had alarmed him—a physician—

On my arrival, I found no person present with the patient except Mrs. Green, who informed me that the spirits had been playing such pranks, that not a soul, Dr. W. included, could be induced to remain. The children had been gone some time—they were at her house.

Found the patient very low, and with no prospect of surviving the attack. He was, however, quite free from pain, though very weak. While I was in the house, I noticed many manifestations of that now called spiritualism. Tables and chairs were moved and removed; billets of wood thrown upon the fire, and doors opened and shut, without any apparent agency. I heard struggles and unaccountable noises, too; and felt an unusual sensation, caused no doubt, by the mysteries which surrounded and mocked me. Noticing my manner, the patient observed:—

"It is nothing. You must get used to it, Doctor."

"I should not be content unless I could explain them, as well as become indifferent to them," I replied.

This opened the way to a long conversation during which I probed my patient's mind to the bottom, but without detecting a shadow of belief. Speaking of his wife, he said:—

"You heard Ellen promise to warn me of my time to die?"

"I did—but did you believe her?"

"No. If it is possible, she will keep her word in spite of heaven and hell. But it is simply impossible. She promised to come in the body and speak to me. I shall accept no other warning from her save the literal meaning of her words."

"And what then?"

"How much of her body is there left, even now, Doctor? and she has not come yet. She promised to come from the grave. Can she do it? No, no—it's all humbug—a delusion—poor Ellen!"

"Thank God, Doctor, the devil which so haunted her life, and stood between her soul and mine, cannot reach her now."

"But if she should come you may be deceived."

"I cannot. Others may see her, too, and hear her. I shall believe no speaking, if there are such things. Her body as it is or will be, let that speak if it can!"

From that day up to the hour of his death, I was with him almost constantly, and was daily introduced to some new and startling phenomenon. The neighbors had learned to shun the house, and even the vicinity, as they would the plague, and strange stories passed from gossip to gossip, acquiring more of the marvelous as every repetition. Nevertheless my practice increased.

On the morning of November 30th, I called a little earlier than usual. During the visit, the manifestations of supernatural presence were more frequent, wild and violent, than ever before. I was informed that they had been exceedingly violent during the preceding night, their character, too, had greatly changed. Besides the moving of all moveable articles the tinkling of glasses and the rattling of tin ware, there were frequent and startling sounds, as of whispered conversation, singing and subdued laughter—all perfect imitations of the human voice, but too low for me to detect the words used if words there were. Still, however, none of the unusual sounds had entered the sick room.

They followed the footsteps of Mrs. Green, like a demon echo; but paused upon the threshold of that room, as if delirated by a superior power, from entering there.

I found Mr. Hayden much worse and sinking very fast. He had passed a bad night. Doubtful whether he could survive to see another morning, I left him, promising to call at evening, and spend the night with him, resolving in my secret thoughts, to be "in at the death."

If there was to be a ghostly warning, I meant to hear it, and, if possible, to solve the strange enigma.

The day had been exceedingly cold and stormy, and the night had already set in dark and dismal, with a fierce gale and driving storm of rain and hail, when I again stood beside my patient. The moment I looked at him, I perceived unmistakable indications of the near approach of death upon his features. He was free from pain, his mind perfectly clear; but his life was ebbing away, with every breath like the slow burning out of an exhausted lamp.

Meanwhile the storm arose to a tempest and the gloom grew black as death to the wild night without. The wind swept in tremendous gusts through the adjoining forests, starting the icy branches of the trees, and came wailing and shrieking through every crack and cranny of the building.

Within there was yet wilder commotion. All that had been said or sung, written or dreamed of ghostly visitations was then and there enacted. There was ringing of bells, moving of furniture, crash of dishes, whispers, howls, crying, laughter, whistling, groaning, heavy and light footsteps, and wild music, as if in mockery of the infernal regions. All these things grew wilder with the rising gale, until towards midnight they were almost insufferable.

As for us three—the patient, Mrs. Green and myself—not a word passed our lips after nine o'clock. As for the state of our minds, God only knows. Mine, in the wild whirl of thoughts and events which followed, forgot all the past save what I have recalled and pointed out by his above. I remember looking only for the final catastrophe, which grew rapidly nearer, with a constant endeavor to concentrate all my faculties of mind and sense upon the phenomenon which I at least, had begun to believe, would herald the loss of my patient.

As it grew closer upon twelve o'clock (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration,) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer grew the fatal moment—for fatal I perceived it would be to the patient at least; and, at last, the seconds trembled on the brink of midnight; the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer which seemed as though they never would have done—ten—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again! The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died faintly away; and as yet, there was no token of any presence save our own.

All was silent. The wind had lulled for a moment, and not a sound stirred the air within the house. The ghosts had fled!

I arose and approached the bedside. The patient was alive, drawing his breath very slowly—dying. The interval between his gasps grew longer; then he ceased to breathe altogether—he was dead. Mrs. Green was sitting in her place, her elbows resting on her knees, her face buried in the palms of her hands. I closed the open mouth and pressed down the eyelids of the dead—then I turned her on the shoulder.

"It is over," I whispered.

"Thank God," was the fervent reply.

* * * * *

Then we both started. There was a rustling of the bed clothes! Mr. Hayden was sitting erect, his chest heaving with a mighty effort for one more inspired breath of the blessed air. Before I could reach him he spoke:—

"My God! she is coming!"

At the same instant, the wind came back with a sudden appalling gust, as it swept through the crevices of the building. Then there was opening of the outer door! then a staggering and uncertain step in the outer room! the latch lifted! the door swung open! and then, my God! what a spectacle!

I wonder, even now, that I dare describe it—think of it—remember it!—I would I believed it then, or do now; that I did not go mad, or drop down dead.

Through the open door there stepped a figure—a figure not of Mrs. Hayden, nor of death, but a thousand times more horrible, a thing of corruption and decay, worms and rottenness!

The features were nearly all gone and the skull, in places, gleamed through, white and terrible. Her breast, abdomen and neck had been eaten away, her limbs were putrid, green and inexpressibly loathsome, the cavities of her shoulders, chest, abdomen, neck and thighs, were a living mass of great and ugly grave worms, which as she stepped, dropped away to the floor, together with gouts and clots of putrid flesh! Her trail over the threshold and into the outer darkness, was marked by these loathsome tokens, a luminous line of corruption and crawling worms, the effluvia of which was most horrible!

And yet to these putrescent jaws there was born a voice—smothered indeed, and strange but distinct:

"Come! William! they wait for you—I wait!"

I dared not turn my eyes from the intruder, I could not, if I dared—though I heard a groan behind me and a fall.

Then it—the thing before me—sank down in a heap, a dark and loathsome heap of putrescence and fragments.

I remember I did not faint, that I did not cry out. How long I stood transfixed I know not; but at last with an effort and a prayer, I turned to the bed. Mr. Hayden had fallen upon the floor, face downward, stone dead. I raised and replaced him; I composed his limbs; I closed his eyes; I bound up his chin; I crossed his hands upon his breast and tied them there. Then I bore out the body of his sister insensible but not dead, into the pure air—out of that horror and stench into the storm and darkness—out of death into life again!

(County of Grand Traverse, Mich., ss.)
Mrs. Josephine H. Green, being duly sworn deposes and saith that the letter of Dr. John Moreton, hereto appended, which she has read, is strictly true, so far as it goes, though much of the history of what occurred at her brother's, (the late Mr. Hayden) house is omitted, and this she deposes of her own knowledge.

JOSEPHINE H. GREEN.
Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public in and for the County of Grand Traverse, and State of Michigan, on the 20th day of December, A. D. 1856.

JAMES TAYLOR, N. P.
County of Grand Traverse, Mich., ss.
James Hudson being duly sworn, deposes and saith, that he, in company with Geo. Green, Albert J. Baily and Henry H. Smead, on the first day of December last, in the afternoon of said day, did go to the house of William H. Hayden, deceased, for the purpose of burying the body of Hayden, the deceased, and that they found upon the floor of the room in which the body of said deceased lay, and near the door of said room, the putrescent remains of a human corpse, a female, as the deponent verily believes and avers; and that they carried away and buried the body of said Hayden, deceased, and found the grave of the wife of said Hayden, deceased, in the month of August last, open at the head of said grave, and that said grave was empty of the body of said wife of said Hayden, deceased, the body of said wife (said Hayden being gone from said grave; and that they then returned to said house, wherein said Hayden died, and after removing the furniture from said house the deponent did, at the request of Mrs. Green, sister of said Hayden, deceased, set fire to said house, and that said house was thereby entirely consumed, with all that remained in said house, and burned to ashes. This I aver of my own knowledge.

JAMES HUDSON.
We aver and solemnly swear, that the above affidavit is strictly and entirely true, of our own knowledge.

GEORGE GREEN,
ALBERT J. BAILY,
HENRY H. SMEAD.
Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Grand Traverse, and State of Michigan, on this 20th day of December, A. D. 1856.

JAMES TAYLOR, N. P.

GALLANTRY.

Speaking of gallantry, reminds us of Gen. Worth. Did you ever hear how fond he was of cauliflower? He had a passion for that vegetable; love surpassing the love of woman. When stationed at West Point long ago, in command of the corps of cadets, he had a little garden in the rear of his quarters ploughed up and planted entirely with cauliflowers. How he watched over that little plantation! first the small green leaf, then the respectfully sized plant, then the imperfectly developed head; and all the time watering from his duties, his mouth watering at the thought that at the dinner he should enjoy his first cauliflower from his own garden, he savored horror of horror—Old Beard's cow leisurely finishing the very last cauliflower in the same garden. For an instant, Worth's grief, and dismay, and indignation were too great for utterance; until at last he broke out—Very well, madam! Perhaps you would like a little *drunken butter* on that!—your epicurean soul! Then followed a brick, and graceful movements on the part of the cow.

The Cleveland Plaindealer says an athletic specimen of a man from the Emerald Isle called in the counting room of one of our River street merchants, and there took off his hat to make his best bow.

"The top of the morning to ye, Mr. P." I've been told ye're in want of help."

"I've but little to do," replied Mr. P., with mercantile gravity.

"Um the boy for ye's. It's but little I care 'bout doin'—shure it's the money I'm after."

A lady informs a Boston editor, that having a good constitution, she can bear a great deal of happiness. Her idea of perfect bliss is a fast horse in a sleigh, plenty of buffalo robes, and a neat fitting overcoat with a man in it. She added, if that is not happiness, I'm open to conviction as to what is!

Gough and Paul Denton.

Gough the great apostle of temperance, who is traversing the country to lecture the people into total abstinence, it seems in the habit of appropriating, as a part of the speech he recites everywhere, an eloquent apostrophe to water, which originated with the celebrated Paul Denton, a distinguished Methodist preacher in Texas, many years ago, when, being called upon for a temperance speech, he broke forth in a strain of surpassing eloquence as follows:

"Look at that, ye thirsty ones of earth! Behold it! See its purity! How it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself! Not in the shimmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odor or rank corruptions doth our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wander and the child loves to play; there God brews it, and down in the deep recesses, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide sea, where the hurricanes howl and the roar the chorus, swelling the march of God—there he brews it that beverage of life—health-giving water! And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dewdrop—shining in the summer rain—shining in the ice-cream, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon—sporting in the cataracts—sleeping in the glaciers—dancing in the hail showers—folding its bright snow curtain softly about the wintry world, and veiling the many colored iris—that seraph's zone of the sky—whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose roof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed life-giver. No poison bubbles on the brink; its form brings no sadness or murder; no blood stains its limpid glass; broken-hearted wives, pale widows, and starving orphans, shed no tears in its depths, no drunkards shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair; beautiful, pure, blessed and glorious; give me forever the sparkling, pure cold water!"

Stubs Seeks Revenge.

"Poppy, old Smith's grey coat has broken into our cabbage patch again."

"He has, has he? Well, just you load my rifle, my son, and we will see if an ounce of lead will not lead Mr. Smith's coat to reform his habits."

This colloquy passed between Mr. and Master Stubs, just after tea. As soon as dark came, Mr. Stubs takes his rifle, marches over towards old Smith's farm, and when within about thirty rods of old Smith's barn, he raised the deadly tube, took aim—pulled the trigger, and dropped "one of the best-looking grey coats" in the country.

Stubs having fulfilled his mission, returned home, went to bed, and slept in a lighter conscience than he had enjoyed during the last eight months. The next morning, while seated at breakfast, who should be seen striding towards the domicile of Mr. Stubs but old Mr. Smith. Smith entered the house—Smith was excited, and for a moment lacked words to express himself.

"Stubs I've come over to tell you that a horse was shot near my barn last night."

"Sorry to hear it, Mr. Smith, although not at all surprised, for that grey coat of yours was not calculated to make friends."

"But it wasn't my coat that got shot."

"Wasn't your grey coat? Well, which horse was it?"

"It was mine at all, but one of your boys that grey coat purchased last week of Widow Dubois. He broke into my pasture last evening; I intended to send him home this morning, but it's no use now—his brains lay scattered around the barn-yard."

Mr. Stubs was thunderstruck. The idea that he had killed the wrong horse, drove him to desperation, and caused him to seek relief in a direction that rather astonished his household. The last son of Stubs, he was chasing his oldest boy, Jim, down the turnpike with an eight foot sapling.

The debating society of Springs Garden recently, after a very animated discussion on the question, "whether a girl has a right to say no before she's axed," decided, by nearly a unanimous vote, "she had."

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol.

"Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

An Irishman on being asked which was the elder, he or his brother, replied, "I am the oldest, but my brother lives three years we shall both be of an age."

EARLY on a very cold morning a travelling profile painter called at the house of a wag, and inquired if he wanted a profile taken. "Yes (was the reply), I want yours taken from the door."