H. BELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF TENTH VOLUME.

Village subscribers, ... $2 00
Mail subscribers, ... 2,00
Individuals and Companies who take at the office $1'75 or 1'50 cents if paid in six months.
Those who take of Postriders $2,00
If not paid at the end of the year 2. 25
No papers discontinued until arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor. No contract with, or payment made to Carriers cash, keeping, or otherwise allowed except assented to by the proprietor.
All communications must be addressed to the editor POST PAID.

From the July Knickerbocker.

STANZAS.

Deep in the city's noisy heart
A sacred spot there lies;
Amid the tumult yet apart,
And shut from worldly eyes.

There just beyond the chapel shade,
Hid in a clovered mound,
Enough of innocence is laid
To sanctify the ground.

Born as the violets are, in *May*,
With song of birds she came,
And when she sighed her soul away
The season was the same.

It seemed in Heaven benignly meant
To give this virgin birth,
When all things beautiful are sent
To bless the budding earth.

But if her birth befitted then
The spring-time and the bloom,
Why, when that gladness came again,
Why went she to the tomb?

O! let not impious Grief accuse
Kind Nature of a wrong;
Her form in flowers and fragrant dews
Shall be exhaled ere long.

Her beauty was akin to them;
Their elements combined
To shape the young consummate stem
Whose blossom was her mind.

And now the blossom is with God;
Soon shall the sun and showers
Wake from the slumber of the sod
All that was ever ours.

No weary Winter's frozen sleep,
Under the torpid snows,
Her undecaying frame can keep
In the clay's cold repose:

For all her mortal part shall melt,
In other forms to rise,
Before her spirit shall have dwelt
One summer in the skies.

A HINT.—The following piece of waggery appears in a down-east paper, and we copy it for the benefit of those living impertinences who follow the practice in this village.

WANTED.—One hundred and seventy-five young men of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, graceful dandy with hair enough on his upper works to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the little hump backed, freckle-faced, bow-legged, carrot-headed upstart. The object is to form a *gaping* Corps, to be in attendance at the church on each sabbath before the commencement of divine worship, to stare at the females as they enter, and make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their persons and dress. All who wish to enlist in the above named Corpse, will please to appear at the various church doors next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance and quantity of *brains* registered in a book kept for that purpose, and published in the newspapers. To prevent a general rush, it will be well to state that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacities above that of a well-bred donkey.

THE PRESENT HOT WEATHER.—'Halloo there, Tommy, my boy, what are you climbing that ladder for?' 'To see how high the thermometer is, dad.' 'How high is it, my son?' 'Just above the third story vinders.' 'It didn't no idea it was so warm.'

☞ Rev. Dr. Beecher, describing in a public address the character of ministers needed at the West, said, when the strong, doctrinal, pungent and discriminating preaching of Baxter and Edwards, gives place to moonshine and nocturnal rainbows and mysticism which no human mind can comprehend, delivered by men with rings on their fingers, holding cambric handkerchiefs to eyes that never weep for sin, then farewell to the fire of the altar, farewell to true revivals of religion, farewell to the salvation of the souls of men!

☞ 'You have not put on a clean shirt today,' said a military captain to his corporal: 'you never saw me without a clean shirt on a parade, when I was a corporal.' (He loved to speak of the immense difference between his present situation as a captain, and that from which he had risen as a corporal.) True, your honor; but then your honor's mother was a washer-woman.'

☞ The Newburyport Herald says, 'it is rare that lightening does much damage to a brick building, and there is reason to believe that brick walls not unfrequently receive discharges of electricity and conduct them silently and harmlessly to the earth.'

☞ DESCRIPTION OF A GOOD WIFE.—She had'nt no *car for music*, Sam, but she had a capital *eye for dirt*, and for poor folks that's much better. No one never see so much dirt in my house as a fly could brush off with his wings. Bostin gals may boast of their spinets, and their *gytars*, and their *Eye-talian* airs, and their *ears for music*—but give me the gal I say, that has an *eye for dirt*.—*Sam Slick.*

☞ They are rather strong drinkers in Canada, according to the statistics published in some of the provincial papers, as it appears by the statement that brandy, whiskey, and wine enough are imported annually to furnish five gallons apiece to each male and female over fifteen years of age.

☞ It is said of the eccentric John Randolph that a political opponent who wished to draw him into a quarrel, one day boldly met him on the sidewalk in Washington, with the remark,

"I do not turn out for every vile scoundrel I meet."

"But I," said Randolph, "always do," and suiting the action to the word, he turned one side and passed on.

Unrequited Attachment.—Return of an execution with endorsement of 'no effects.'

Poet—A man who cuts prose into short lengths, to furnish lining for trunks.

The Northern Galaxy.

VOL. X. MIDDLEBURY, VT.---WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1845. NUMBER 15.

THE GALAXY,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
IN STEWART'S BUILDINGS,
BY JUSTUS COBB,
BY WHOM ALL ORDERS FOR PRINTING
BOOKS,
Pamphlets,
HANDBILLS,
Cards,
Blanks, &c. &c. &c.
Of every description will be neatly and fashionably executed, at short notice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Rural Repository.

The Bandit's Daughter.

A TALE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

CHAPTER I.

Continued.

Time passed on—years rolled by, and the infant Helen had grown to a lovely lass of nine or ten years, during which time her mother had resided but a few miles from the village, and employed her time in attending upon the sick, and administering to the wants of the afflicted, and so diligent was her search for and attention to the needy and suffering that she soon received the name of 'The Nurse,' and her ability and skill in that capacity was known far and wide. She had in the meantime ascertained that her daughter had fallen into good hands, and therefore did not attempt to see her, knowing that her presence would serve but to bring her troubles to her mind afresh. She soon, however, began to have calls from the village to attend upon the sick, and one call succeeded another till the most of her time was spent among the villagers, from whom she received the appellation of 'The Village Nurse.' Here she had an opportunity of daily seeing her daughter. She was a lovely lass, and as fair and beautiful a child as ever claimed New England for a birth-place and as she advanced in years, her mind expanded with increasing vigor, evincing judgment, talent and vivacity that would have done honor to a person of riper years. Her appearance beautiful, and her manner at once winning and attractive. Her eyes were of jet black, over which sat a noble forehead of alabaster whiteness, which contrasted strongly with the luxurant tresses of dark hair that hung waving round her head, and in curls down her neck and over her shoulders. There was a smile ever beaming on her face, which served but to increase her attractions and prepossess the beholder in her favor. She moved with a graceful ease and nobleness that art can never bestow upon the human form. Added to these outward qualifications were a mild disposition, and a temperament as placid and serene as the water of a lake when sleeping quietly and unruffled by the winds and storms. Yet there was something in her searching eye that told of a spirit of bold daring yet slumbering in her bosom, which would in time expand to a degree that would readily rebuke provocation of too bold a nature, and resent any insult that might be offered to her. Her guardian always took great delight in dressing her to the utmost extent of her childish gratifications, and lavished upon her all the fondness of a parent. Thus she grew up, the pet of Mr. Ruggles; and respected and loved by her whole circle of acquaintance, which was very large, for there was scarcely a resident of the village but what knew *Helen*, the fourmlling, and each one had a word of kind greeting whenever they met her, which was received by her with a smile of plasure and returned in a manner so courteous, that she soon won the affections of all who knew her. As she grew older, and was informed of the fact of her being a foundling and perhaps an orphan without a relative on earth, and when she allowed herself to reflect upon these things, a shade of deep melancholy would settle upon her brow, and her feelings were anything but pleasant. She often wished she had a mother, for Hitty took every occasion to manifest her hatred for her, when she could do it unobserved by others, and she would very often, before she was aware of it, find herself in tears whenever she reflected upon her situation.

Time rolled on. She was now somewhat advanced in her teens, and the glow of childhood was fast deepening into darker tints of the discretion and judgment of womanhood. A distemper broke out in the village of an alarming character, which prostrated many of the inhabitants upon beds of sickness, and many deaths occurred in consequence of this disease.

Mrs Anson was as usual at her post, attending upon the sick, and supplying their wants. She moved about even amid the worst cases of the disease, without taking it herself. It was that distressing complaint called the 'Black Tongue,' from which few that are attacked with it ever recover. It raved violently, sweeping the aged, the middle-aged, the aspiring youth, and the smiling infant, alike into the grave. Many were the hearts that were desolate by the of one, two, three, and sometimes more members of the family, during the prevalence of this epidemic. At last, when it had nearly abated, Mrs Anson, worn down with excessive toil and watchings, was taken sick, and the kind attentions were paid her which she had so long bestowed upon others. Her labor together with that trouble and sorrow which had weighed upon her spirits, brought her very low, and from her first attack she felt convinced that she could not long survive, and there was but one thing that created in her mind a desire to live any longer: and that was the welfare of her daughter.—When she found that her strength was daily failing her, she sent for Helen and disclosed to her the fact that she was her mother, and related the story of her life which we have given in the preceding chapter. This was a new era in Helen's life. She had a mother and she now watched by her bedside both night and day, scarcely allowing herself sufficient rest to satisfy the demands of nature. Her mother grew worse, till death came to her relief. She died reeling in the arms of her daughter, with a prayer on her lips, for the guiding hand of Providence to direct her through life. For a while Helen's grief was unbounded. She had found her mother, but to loose her and the recollections of sufferings she had undergone, served but to heighten the tempest of her grief.

Many supposed Mrs Anson's disease was the same that had so recently prevailed in the village, and it was thought best to bury her as soon as practicable, and much against the wishes of Helen, the funeral was to take place on the afternoon of the day on which she died. Notwithstanding the supposition that her disease was contagious, the church where her funeral was held was filled to overflowing. In consequence of yielding some time to the prayers and entreaties of Helen not to remove the corpse, it was late before the procession reached the church and twilight was fast succeeding the setting sun, before service was over. Here was a solemn and impressive scene which is seldom witnessed—*a funeral by the twilight of evening and a burial by moonlight.*—Although the corpse was followed by one mourner only—the lonely Helen—each one felt that they had lost a friend that was dear to them, for she had long been a ministering angel, and the fact of her being the mother of Helen, increased in possible their respect for the deceased. The hymn was given out and sung with a solemnity that awed the congregation, and the prayer that followed seemed to come from the heart of divine fullness. The sermon which immediately succeeded was impressive and eloquent, and the eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased, left scarce a dry eye in the house. The service over, the procession moved to the grave by the dim light afforded by the rising moon, and the remains of this once loved and lovely but broken-hearted being was consigned to the silent tomb. Helen remained weeping over the grave of her mother, till the assemblage had dispersed, and she was left alone, and nought to solace but the knowledge that she died a Christian. The death of Mrs Anson was severely felt for a long time, and the impression which her death and the funeral scene had made upon the minds of the people was more lasting and effective than any death that had occurred during the prevalence of the late sickness.

A few days after Mrs Anson's death, there came a man to Mr. Ruggles in search of employment, and as his servant had been numbered with those who had been swept away by sickness, and as he takes an active part in the closing scenes of this story, it may be well to give a short description of him. His dress and manners together gave him the appearance of being a very verdant specimen of humanity but whether he was in reality as verdant as he appeared remains to be seen. His pantaloons which were of a dark grey color, extended nearly half way from his knees to his ancles, at which point they tapered off to as small a compass as would admit of the passage of his feet whenever he had occasion to take them off and put them on, which gave evidence of a dissolution of co-partnership by mutual consent and agreement, between them and his fire-red vest over which dangled the ends of a cravat a shade or two darker than that of his vest. His coat was of a dark brown, the skirts of which were but little more than a couple of hand breadths in length: on the front of which was mounted two rows of buttons of unsullied brightness. To crown all, rather on the crown of all, was placed a beaver, in a slanting position, the rim of which would measure nearly two inches in width, and the crown to correspond, resembling very much an old fashioned Church steeple. In this singular costume, he made his appearance before Mr. Ruggles, and as we have before stated, obtained a situation. His course of conduct for a long time, proved that he was as green as his appearance intimated. By degrees however he became initiated into the arts and mysteries of 'town life,' and was soon quite an adept in all the crooks and turns, enough to show that he had been 'broke in.' He was faithful and gained the entire confidence of his employer, and that to an extent that no one ever before had. Indeed, the old gentlemen even permitted him to carry the key to his mouey chest, which if the report was true, was no small privilege, for it was said to contain a large amount of money. There was but one thing about Obadiah, (for that was the name by which he was called,) that created any suspicion as to his honesty, and that was the fact that he was frequently gone from home a day or so and never appeared willing to tell where he had been, or what had been the nature of his business. But this was not enough to create in Mr. Ruggles' mind a sufficient distrust of Obadiah to keep him from entrusting to him all his secrets.

Mr. Black, who still visited Hitty, when he saw the partiality exhibited by Mr. Ruggles towards Obadiah, had greater cause than ever to fear that his fondest hopes were doomed to wither in the bud. He saw plainly that the old gentleman's affections were fixed upon Obadiah and Hellen, and thought of course that when his affections were, there would his property go also. He, however, with his 'dearly beloved' Hitty, continued to hope that some change favorable to themselves, would take place; but two years passed, and as there was no appearance of any change, they put their heads together to contrive some means by which they would receive a 'benefit.'

The story will show what their schemes were.

There had been several robberies perpetrated in the village and its vicinity, of so bold a nature as to fill the minds of the people with amazement, and those that had property of any value began to take measures for its more perfect security. Mr. Ruggles thinking that the place in which his chest was deposited, was hardly secure, looked around for a safer place of deposit; but as he found none to suit him he concluded to bury it. A short distance from the house was a knoll, covered with trees, and in some places thickly spread with underbrush. He thought this was the best place he knew of, and a hole was dug for its reception, where under the cover of night, and unbeknown to any but the household, the chest was removed by its owner with the assistance of Obadiah.

This is no love story, but it must not be supposed that a girl of Helen Anson's spirit and beauty should have no admirers, and this story as a history of the Anson family, must necessarily relate all the principal events immediately relating to them.

William Edwards had long been an admirer and lover of Helen's, which love was as fully returned by her as it was freely given by him. He was an amiable and interesting youth, and withal quite a favorite of Mr. Ruggles', and therefore was thought to stand the best chance of winning Helen's hand, which made him quite an object of envy from some of the village beaux, but notwithstanding this he had not a real enemy in his whole circle of acquaintances, for his character and manners were of that lofty stamp calculated to win the confidence and esteem of friends and the respect of enemies. He possessed a truly noble heart, which was well worthy of the lovely and confiding being to whom it was devoted. Hellen had now laid aside her mourning weeds, after having worn them an unusual length of time, and *appeared* to be the same lively being that she ever had been, but t ere was a secret gnawing at her heart, and her mind was filled with unpleasant feelings, whenever she reflected upon the incidents related to her by her mother, and she often wept over the memory of the sufferings which she had endured. The knowledge, too, that her father was one of the mountain banditti that were roaming over the land, and striking terror to the inhabitants wherever they appeared, was no very consoling reflection. But time, the soother of all grief, had effaced in some degree the disagreeable feeling, and her liveliness and vivacity was in a manner resumed. She had consented to become the bride of William Edwards, and to gratify her guardian and protector, the wedding was to take place on the eighteenth anniversary of her being found at his door. As the happy day grew nigh, extensive preparations were making for the wedding, to which a large number of villagers had been invited, and Mr. Ruggles looked forward with pleasure to the day when Helen should be united to one whom he considered every way worthy of her.

Mr. Black and Hitty had not been idle during this time; neither had they relaxed one effort to secure the success of their schemes. Their ardor increased with the rising of every sun, and cooled not the least at its setting. Helen's wedding drew near, which would frustrate all their plans unless carried into execution before that day arrived, as she was to have her portion settled upon her on that day, which would in all probability be the greater part of the old gentleman's property. Mr. Black persuaded Hitty, after a deal of entreaty, to inform him where the 'mint' was deposited, and succeeded in convincing her that it was but just and right that they should possess themselves of a good share of its contents, and when they had obtained it, to leave the place and settle in some distant country, to enjoy the pleasures of life, and the gratifications their money would purchase, unmolested. They had agreed to attempt the execution of their plans on the night of the wedding while the people were listening to the performance, and there would be little danger of their being detected.

It may seem strange, but true it is, that there was another party meditating an attack upon Mr. Ruggles' coffers upon the same day and hour, but each one's plans were unknown to the other party. The last named was no other than the mountain banditti, spoken of in the commencement of this story, of which Charles Anson was leader.

The preparation for the wedding had been fully completed, and the evening arrived.—The company had all assembled at the appointed hour, even the minister, who is frequently the last to make his appearance on such occasions. Helen had strolled forth just at twilight, to meditate and commune with the God of nature, whose works she loved to gaze upon and admire. So intense were her meditations, that she had unconsciously wandered on till the shadows of twilight had faded away into night, and she was some distance from the house, when she heard the village clock strike the hour appointed for the ceremony to commence. She immediately turned her steps, and hastened homeward, tripping lightly over the ground, and by the way of shortening the distance, she crossed the knoll where the much sought treasure of Mr Ruggles' was deposited. Just as she came to the spot, she was stopped, and a handkerchief was rudely thrust into her mouth, to prevent her screaming, and she was hurried away by the mountain banditts who had already secured the contents of the chest. They had but just had time to get out of hearing distance, when Hitty and her paramour made their appearance at the grave of the much sought treasure, with implements for its re-interment. But great was their surprise and disappointment at finding the chest empty, and swept, though not exactly garnished to their liking.

All was confusion in the house of Mr. Ruggles—some were sent this way, and some that, in search of the bride, but all returned with the same success—she was nowhere to be found. The bridgroom for a while frantic with grief at the thought of loosing the cherished idol of his heart, and the circumstance of her appearance being enveloped in a mystery heightened the poignancy of his distress, and his cup of happiness was dashed to the earth just as he was raising it to his lips.

Mr. Black and Hitty, whose disappointment had raised them up to such a pitch of anger that they determined to revenge themselves on some one, when they heard of Helen's mysterious disappearance, immediately resolved to turn this fact to their own advantage. Under the pretence of walking out for pleasure, they reported that having arrived near the buried chest, they heard persons engaged in earnest conversation, and on a near approach, to their horrror, beheld Helen in company with several persons just retreating from the chest, which when they reached they found empty. True enough, Helen left in company with the robbers just before they arrived, but then *they* never saw her, nor had they the least suspicion that she had been near there, but they invented this base fabrication, making it look as plausible as possible, in the vain hopes of prejudicing the minds of the people against Helen, and turning such prejudice to their own advantage. It is unnecessary to say that this story was credited only by a very few of the villagers, and it was treated by Mr. Ruggles and Edward with scorn, and with a feeling that bade the slanderers beware how they let their lying tongues tamper with the fame of one they held so dear. So incensed was Mr. Ruggles that he immediately forbade Mr. Black the privilege of visiting his house, and discharged Hitty from his service. They soon left the village together, but where they went, few knew and less cared. The idea that Helen, the 'loved and lost,' who had been brought up and lived for years among them, and had scarce ever created an enemy from the whole of her acquaintance, was the robber, was not harbored by her friends. On the contrary, they feared that some calamity had befallen her, and all felt anxious for her safety.

During the hubbub and confusion caused by the disappearance of Helen and the money chest, Obadiah took occasion to leave Mr. Ruggles,' without leaving word where he had gone or why he went. His absence was very little noticed by the family, their attention being entirely engrossed with the mysterious disappearance of Helen and the money chest.

[*Concluded next week.*]

APOLOGUE.

When the Almighty was about to create man, he summoned around his secret throne to council, his attendant angels, the highest guards of his kingdom.

'Create him not,' said the Angel of Justice, he will be unkind towards his brother, severe and cruel to the weak.'

'Create him not,' said the Angel of Peace; he will manure the earth with the blood of men: the first born of the race will slay his brother.'

'Thine holiness he will profane with lies,' pursued the Angel of Truth, 'although thou shouldst imprint on his countenance thine image, the likeness of Truth itself.'

So spake all the attendant angels of Jehovah, when Mercy, the Eternal Father's youngest and dearest child, approaches his throne and bows before it. 'Father' said she, 'make man after thine image; the cherished object of thy mercy and goodness; when all thine angels forsake him, I will seek him out and remain with him, and turn even his faults to good; even by his own weakness will I incline his heart to sympathize and bear with the infirmities of others. If he forsakes the way of Peace and Truth, if he sin against Justice and Equity, the very consequences of errors shall render him more meek and amiable.'

The Father of the Universe hearkened to her, and made man a weak, erring creature; but withal, a pupil of Mercy, the son of that Divine love which never leaves him.

Remember thine origin, O man! when thou wouldst be cruel and unjust to others: Mercy hath chosen thee, and thou art the nursling of compassion and love.—*From the German Krummacher.*

HOW A TAILOR COLLECTED A DEBT.

A TRUE STORY.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterwards sloped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like too many others of his *cloth*, he had apparently no other alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten. Some years afterwards he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account and all the circumstances attending it came fresh to mind.—Suddenly an odd thought suggested itself.

"I'll try an experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my pay."

He immediately prepared an advertisement, in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:—"If J——— C———, who was in Philadelphia about the month of ———, in the year 1795, will send his address to the Editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in the neighboring States are requested to copy." The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New-York.

Having instructed the Editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed by a note from the Printer that the individual alluded to in the advertisement, having arrived from New-York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge interest from the time that the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off a little distance till a signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and, when the servant appeared, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search, that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obayed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. 'Perhaps thou dost not know me."

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago of a poor tailor and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"O no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It cannot be me you wished to find."

"Ah! John! I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this very moment the very waistcoat that I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was of good stuff and well made, or it could not have lasted thee so long."

"O yes," said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; I *do* remember now the circumstances to which you allude. Yes, yes—I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend on my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has fallen to me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprises me of my good fortune."

Here he handed to the Quaker a New-York paper containing a copy of the advertisement whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturable gravity and continued—

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thou comes in possession of thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the apperance of this functionary, who immediately began to execute his part of the drama.

"What! exclaimed the rogue in an angry tone, "you surely have n't sued me?"

"Yes, I have," replied the Quaker; "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee."

"Come in, then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; come in, and I will pay you if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman having ascertained the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt placed it in the hands of his late creditor, with feelings such as may readily be imagined. The swindler took it and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "*for advertising*," when he broke forth—

"Halloo! what this? '*For advertising*?' That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill. You're cheating me!"

"O no," coally replied the Quaker; "that is all right. I have charged thee the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou just showed me."

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath, as he demanded, "Do you mean to say that *you* caused the publication of that advertisement?"

"Truly I did," replied the Quaker with most provoking coolness.

"You told a ——— lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker, and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said I should hear something to my advantage, if I would come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear of 'something to advantage;' is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"If I can catch you in the street," said the swindler with an oath and in the deepest rage, "I'll give you such a cowhiding as will not leave the breath in your body."

"Nonsense, now, said the Quaker; if thou really intends to do any thing of that sort, we had better step out into the back yard and finish the business at once."

The rogue was completely *non-plused* by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and almost petrified.

"Now," said the tailor good-naturedly, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou hadst not better attempt to cheat the poor tailor, but pay him honestly, for then will thy conscience not disturb thee and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell!"

There is no doubt of the literal truth of this story, as we received it some time since from the lips of the Quaker himself.

THE PLEDGE.

At the close of a bright summer day might have been seen, through a thick copse of trees, a neat white cottage, resembling a white spot in the forest; so completely was it embosomed in trees and shrubbery. A woodbine encircling its green door and creeper-curtained windows, with the bright foliage waivering gracefully in the air together with the beautiful flower garden in front, and its neatly laid plats in the regular walks of which, engaged in innocent gaiety, were two rosy children.

This formed one of the most picturesque and beautiful scenes the eye could desire to look upon. At the little parlor window, overlooking this beautful spot, sat a young female who from her youthful appearance, could not have numbered more than eighteen years, holding in her arms a beautiful infant boy, whose bright black eyes sparkled like two beautiful stars, as, with the tenderness of a mother, she fondly caressed him.

A few paces from the window, in a corner of the room, sat a gentleman several years her senior, apparently in deep thought.—"Brother!" said a sweet musical voice, 'come here!' The gentleman rose and approached the window. "Who is that?" said the same sweet voice, looking out of the window, and pointing,—"who is that, with those tattered clothes and that reeling gait?"

"Miles Singleton!" replied the gentleman. "And one of your companions at the ale house," said the lady, placing her small white hand on his arm, and gazing, with her full blue eyes, into his face, with a look so full of anxiety and affection that it sent the blood mantling to his very temples.

"Oh! brother; is it possible I have left my home in the city, and come to this sweet cottage to render your home so uncomfortable that you must seek companionship with those who are so unworthy your regard, who have fallen so entirely beneath the dignity of man!

"You have not made my home uncomfortable, my sister. Indeed, you have been very kind to make this your home, and you have manifested all the kindness of a mother to my little cherub," said he with much feeling, stooping and imprinting a kiss on the brow of the infant, for which may God bless you.

"I do not wish to wound your feelings, brother; but let me entreat you by the love of a sister, by the near and endearing relations of a father in which you stand to these motherless children, by the sacred memory of your departed wife, whom you promised to love and cherish by all that is great and good, let me entreat you to abandon those companions, and promise me, oh promise me, that you will never again visit that den of degradation, that you will never again taste of that poisonous cup, in whose dregs dwelleth misery and death."

He semed moved by the manner and the deep-toned affection with which this petition was uttered, for he was not yet hardened, and the voice of affection had even found an answering chord in his besom.

"Will you resumed the sister, 'will you promise me dear brother?"

"By the help of God," said he with emotion, "I will *promise*; I will *take the pledge*."

The lady then took from her finger a plain gold ring, and placing it on the hand of her brother, "This," said she, "was the gift of thy departed wife, and the motto is *a sister's love*. Let the circumstance, together with the motto, serve to remind you of the promise you have solemnly made in the presence of ALMIGHTY GOD, and may HE grant you strength sacredly to keep it." To which he added in an impressive tone, *Amen*. Then, falling on her knees, in a low voice she fervently commended to the care of our FATHER in HEAVEN that beloved brother, imploring HIM to suffer him not to be led into temptation, to be with him in the hour of trial and guard and protect him in the hollow of His hand. Nor did she forget his companion in sin, but prayed that he might be the instrument in the hand of GOD, of turning him from the wickedness and sin, in which he had found misery and wo, into the paths of righteousness and consequent peace. She rose calm and serene, for she was a Christian, and believed that the prayers of the righteous are answered.

Scarcely were they again reseated when both the children came rushing in exclaiming, in one breath, "Oh! Pa! Charley Singleton says his pa has been whipping his ma, and she is on the bed crying, and that they are very hungry—they have had not hardly any thing to eat these two days." This was too much for the already softened feelings of the father.

He burst into tears and, taking the infant from his sister's arms, "Go, sister said he, "and prepare something for this afflicted family, for you are capable of comforting both soul and body. Thank GOD we have something to spare for our unhappy neighbor."—With her accustomed cheerfulness and benevolence she prepared a basket of nice bread and cold meat, and proceeded to the cottage of the inebriate. Like the good Samaritan she accomplished her errand, returned again to her home leaving the remembrance of a kindness and sympathy manifested more by actions than by words. They succeeded in reclaiming the inebriate. In the little garden, where weeds were suffered to grow, is now manifested the care of the husbandman; every thing about the cottage has a more prosperous and cheerful appearance.

The father is again welcomed by the gay laugh of the children, and cheerful smile of the wife. And now may be seen, at each returning twilight, on a green spot between the cottages, beneath the shade of a stately elm, the two families mingling their united orisons, while their children joined in singing the praises of their FATHER in Heaven, for they are trained up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—*Lowell Offering.*

TRINITY CHURCH.—We get the following particulars from the Mirror:

The spire is at present 245 feet high, but it is proposed to raise it to an attitude of 280 feet. It will probably be completed during the month of August. The work on the inside is advanced considerably—the plastering nearly finished, & the scaffolding partly down, the pews and other wood work are in hand, and a majority of the windows are completed and put up—the glass for the remainder is being prepared, and there is every probability that by Christmas next, the edifice will be opened for Divine Service. The dimensions of the Church are as follows:—Length out to out, 192 feet; breadth, do. 85,6; length inside, exclusive of tower and chancel, 106; depth of chancel, 33.6; breadth of nave, 36; height do. 57.6; square of tower, including buttresses, 45; height of tower and spire, 280.—When completed, we shall be enabled to boast of the most beautiful edifice ever erected in this country. It will serve as a model of architecture, and give immortality to the designer, and to Mr. Upjohn, under whose superintendence the design has been carried out and perfected.

Another body—or rather skeleton—was found yesterday buried by the recent explosion. It was like exhuming the bones of one forgotten from a mouldy grave. A few calcined and discolored bones, that seemed ready to pulverize into magnesia at the touch—a smooth piece of scull, a ghastly lock of hair—these were the remaining tokens of the living. No—we mistake. A huge bundle of charred ledgers was grasped under the circling bones of the left arm, while the fingers of the "good right hand" clutched among some scattered pieces of gold! The skeleton crushed upon the steps, under the burning building, with the employer's books and his employer's gold—to say nothing of his own life—safe, safe! What a triumph! what a something to tell of and to be proud of for all time to come, that he had so narrowly escaped the great fire in 1845—escaped after having, at the peril of his life, secured the books and the gold, and brought them out safe with his own hands! All this said that scorched and blackened skull to our busy fancy, as we communed in thought with its vacant and dreamless cells.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SOUND SENSE.

The 'Voice of Freedom,' heretofore a political abolition paper published at Brandon, (Vt.) has distinctly and manfully renounced third partyism. The editor, Mr Holcomb, says he has become fully satisfied that he can do more for the slave's release without political action than with it. He says:

Being more nearly allied in views of National policy to the *Whigs* than the *Democrats*, I intend entering their Camp with my antislavery Medicine Chest, ready to deal out the article as occasion may require. I shall aim not to support candidates for State, County or Town elections who will not be ready to do in the Legislature all that a strictly Liberty Party man could do for the slave, were he elected in their stead.'

This is a rational view of the matter which is entertained by the Whigs generally, and we see no reason why every Whig third party man should not now act with Mr. Holcomb. But we can see why locofocos, pretending to be abolitionists—and going for annexation by voting for Mr. Dillingham—should cry out for third partyism, and that is, merely to destroy the Whigs and eventually build up Polkism and thereby bind more strongly the fetters of the poor slave.

We believe many Whigs who acted with the third party last year feel disappointed in the consequences of the action of that party, and that they were deceived by some who pretended for liberty. So it seems Mr. Holcomb feels and has the honesty to abandon his error.—*The Caledonian.*

THE COUNTRY AND THE ADMINISTRATION.—Occasionally we here the Locos press tantalizingly exclaim, 'What has become of all the predictions of ruin to the country which the Whigs prophesied would befall her if Mr. Polk was elected?' To this a ready answer can be given. The great Whig measure—the tariff of 1842—is still in operation, diffusing health and imparting energy to the Government. The balance of trade, through its influence, is kept in our favor, and, instead of being the debtor to England and British interests, we are largely her creditor. Instead of having an empty treasury, we have, through the Tariff, a treasury containing eight millions five hundred thousand dollars; so that, as far as this measure of policy is concerned, the Government is conducted on Whig principles.

Again, we are saved from the disasterous consequences incident to a Subtreasury thro' the repeal of it by the Whig Congress of 1842, and the Locos had not the courage to readopt it in the last Congress; and thus the country is freed from this condemned and worn out measure of Loco Foco policy.

The reason then is obvious why Whig predictions were not fully verified. It is because the Loco Focos were afraid to carry out *their principles*, and are conducting the Government with an eye to the wholesome and salutary creed of *the Whigs*—the Tariff of 1842, and no Subtreasury.—*Va. Free Press.*

Pretty considerable of a 'Bore.'—A southerner had a large shaggy dog of what is commonly called the cur species, of whom he gave, in the presence of a number of persons, the following character: 'He's a little the keenest critter you ever did see—real wild cat—muscle and grizzle all over—can eat a hedge hog—dodge a thunder clap, and whip any four legged animal that walked the earth.' 'He must be a scrowger,' said a hog merchant present, 'but I'll bet you a cool ten dollars, that I have got an old boar in the field out yonder that he can't make run, no day.' 'Done!' exclaimed the southerner, taking out the money, which was covered by the hog-driver. It was a cold winter morning, and the company had to wade through the snow ere they could reach the old boar. When they arrived at the field, the animal was pointed out—he was standing passively in a corner—and no sooner did the dog perceive his antagonist than he seized him by the throat, and they both rolled in the snow together. 'He's a screamer!' shouted the southerner. 'May be so,' replied the hog-driver, holding out his hand for the stakes—'but he aint agoing to run—for he was frozen to death last night, and dead boars don't use their legs now-a-days.'