SOMBBETM THE KIND

WILLIAM D. COOKE, PROPRIETOR.

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SELECT POETRY

The Lady-Bug and the Ant. There is a beatiful moral in the following lines by Mrs Sigourney:

The Lady-bug sat in the Rose's heart, And smiled with pride and scorn, As she saw a plain drest Ant go by, With a heavy grain of corn. So she drew the curtains of damask around, And adjusted her silken vest,

Making her glass of a drop of dew That lay in the rose's breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the Ant look'd up. And seeing her haughty face. Took no more no ice, but travell'd on At the same industrious pace; But a sudden blast of Autumn came; And rudely swept the ground, And down the rose with the Lady-bug bent, And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amaz'd, For she knew not where to go. And hoarse November's early blast Had brought with it rain and snow; Her wings were chill'd, and her feet were cold And she wish'd for the Aut's warm cell, And what she did-in the wintry storm I'm sure I cannot tell.

But the eareful Ant was in her nest. With her little ones by her side, She taught them all like herself to toil, Nor mind the sneer of pride; And I thought, as I sat at the close of day. Eating my bread and milk, It was wiser to work and improve my time. Than be idle and dress in silk.

From Life in the Clearings. AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

One afternoon while alone in my chamber, getting my baby, a little girl of six months old. to sleep, and thinking many sad thoughts, and slight top at the door roused me from my painful reveries, and Mrs. C -- entered the room. Like most of the Canadian women, my triend was small of stature, slight and d licately formed, and dressed with the smartness and neatness so characteristic of the females of this continent, Me of English women, far surpass them in their taste family, it was certainly excusable.

"What! always in tears," said she, carefully closing the door. "What pleasure it would give bourg. me to see you more cheerful! This constant

a'ready," said I, wiping my eyes and trying to force a smile. "M -- is away on a farm-hunting expedition, and I have been alone all day. Can you wonder, then, that I am so depressed Memory is my worst companion; for by constantly recalling scenes of past happiness, she renders me discontented with the present, and honeless of the future, and it will require all your kind sympathy to reconcile me to Canada."

"You will like it better by and by; a new country always improves upon acquintance." "Ab, never! Did I only consult invocum feel-England; but then-my husband, my child, our

" We have all one trials, Mrs. M--; and to tell you the truth, I do not feel in the best spirits termoon. I came to ask you what I am certain you will consider a strange ques-

This was said in a tone so unusually serious, She is asleep, and needs no watching. I which her solemn aspect, and pule, tearful face,

"Dare you read a chapter from the Bible to

He took our good landlord, Mr. S, on one ing Michael Macbride.

lad, informed his employer that he was in the last stage of consumption, and had not many days to live, and it would be advisable for Mr. to have him removed to the hospital -(a pitiful shed erected for emigrants who may chance arrive ill with the cholera). Mr. Snot only refused to send the young man away, but has nursed him with the greatest care, his wife and daughters taking it by turns to sit up aightly with the poor patient."

My friend said nothing about her own attendance on the invalid, which, I afterwards learned from Mrs S-, had been unremitting. " And what account does the lad give of him-

"All that we know of him is, that his name is Macbride, (Michael Macbride was not the real name of this poor young man, but is one substituted by the author,) and that he is nephew to Mr. C-, of Peterboro', an Irishman by birth, and a Catholic by religion. Some violent altercation took place between him and his uncle a short time ago, which induced Michael to leave his house, and look out for a situation for himself. Hearing that his parents had arrived in this country, and were on their way to Peterboro', he came down as far as Coburg in the hope of meeting them, when his steps were

to the hotel yesterday evening to enquire the grave." way to Peterboro', and Mr. S- found out, from her conversation, that she was the mother of the poor lad, and he instantly conducted her to the bed-side of her son. I was sitting with him when the interview between him and his mother took place, and I assure you that it was almost too much for my nerves-his joy and gratitude were so great at once more beholding his parent, while the grief and distraction of the peor woman, on seeing him in a dving state, was agonizing; and she gave vent to her feelings in uttering the most hearty curses against the country, and the persons who by their unkindness shedding some bitter tears for the loss of the had been the cause of his sickness. The young dear country and friends I had left for ever, a man seemed shocked at the unfeminine conduct of his mother, and begged me to excuse the rude manner in which she answered me; 'for,' says he, 'she is ignorant and beside herself, and does not know what she is saving or doing.'

"Instead of expressing the least gratitude to S-for the attention bestowed on her son, who, if they lack some of the accomplishments by some strange perversion of intellect she seems to regard him and us as his especial enemies. in does their choice of colors, and the graceful Last night she ordered us from his room, and and becoming manner in which they wear their declared that her ' precious bhoy was not going clothes. If my young friend had a weakness, it to die like a hathen, surrounded by a parcel of was on this point; but as her husband was en- heretics;' and she sent off a man on horseback crative mercantile business, and for the priest and for his uncle-the very man from whose house he fled, and whom she accuses At this moment her pretty near little figure was of being the cause of her son's death. Michael a welcome and interesting object to the home- anticipates the arrival of Mr. C- with feelings bordering on despair, and prays that God may end his sufferings before he reaches Co-

"Last night Mrs. Macbride sat up with Michael herself, and would not allow us to do the The sight of you has made me feel better least thing for him. This morning her fierce temper seems to have subsided, until her son awoke from a broken and feverish sleep, and declared that he would not die a Roman Catholic, and earnestly requested Mr. S- to send for a Protestant clergyman. This gave rise to a violent scene between Mrs. Macbride and her'son. which ended in Mr. S- sending for Mr. B-, the clergyman of our village, who, unfortunately, had left this morning for Toronto. and is not expected home for several days. Michael eagerly asked if there was any person present who would read to him from the Protestant. ings, I would be off by the next steam-best for Bible. This excited in the mother such a fit of passion, that none of us dared attempt the task. scanty means. Yes! yes! I must submit, but I 1 then thought of you, that, as a perfect stranger, she might receive you in a less hostile manner. If you are not afraid to encounter the fierce old woman, do make the attempt for the sake of the dying creature, who languishes to hear the words of life. I will watch the baby while you are

that I lacked up from the cradle in surprise, will go, as you seem so anxious about it," and I ook my pocket Bible from the table. "But you must go with me, for I do not know my way in this strange house."

Carefully closing door upon the sleeping child, I followed the light steps of Mrs. C- along the passage, until we reached the head of the main staircase, then, turning to the right, we entered the large public ball-room. In the first chamber of many that opened into this priety of my request. There is a spacious apartment we found the object that we

selleve, of consumption. He came Stretched upon a low bed, with a feather fan oree weeks ago, without food, with- in his hand, to keep off the flies that hovered in in a dreadfully emaciated state, tormenting clusters round his head, lay the dy-

side, and told him how he was situated, and The face of the young man was wasted by egged that he would give him something to disease and mental anxiety; and if the features eat and a night's lodging, promising that if ev- were not positively handsome, they were well er he was restored to health, he would repay the and harmoniously defined, and a look of intelli-You know what a kind, humane gence and sensibility pervaded his countenance. - is, although," she added, which greatly interested me in his behalf. His with a sly smile, " he is a Yankee, and so am I face was deathly pale, as pale as marble, and his by right of parentage, but not of birth. Mr. large sunken eyes shone with unnatural brillian-- saw at glance that the suppliant was cy, their long dark lashes adding an expression a object of real charity, and instantly complied of intense melancholy to the patient endurance with his request. Without asking further par- of suffering that marked his fine countenance. calars, he gave him a good bed, sent him up His nose was shrunk and drawn in about the bowl of hot soup, and bade him not distress nostrils, his feverish lips apart, in order to adsimself about the future, but try and get a good mit a free passage for the laboring breath, their hight's rest. The next day the young man was bright red glow affording a painful contrast to 10 11 to leave his chamber. Mr. S --- sent the ghastly glitter of the briliant white teeth

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1854.

round his high forehead were moist with perspiration, and the same cold unwholesome dew ples. It was impossible to mistake these signs young fellow." of approaching dissolution-it was evident to all present that death was not far distant.

looked so tranquil, so sublimed by suffering. that I felt myself unworthy to be his teacher. "Michael," I said, taking the long thin white hand that lay so listlessly on the coverlid, "I

An indescribable awe crept over me.

am sorry to see you so ill." utes-"Do not say sorry, Ma'am; rather say again?" glad. I am glad to get away from this bad world-young as I am-I am so weary of it,"

He sighed deeply, and tears filled his eyes.

himself in the bed, while his eager eyes were respite." turned to me with an earnest, imploring ex-

"I have it here. Are you able to read it for as a little child.

"By a singular coincidence, his mother came laying his hand on his breast,-"dark as the to her poor bhoy.

for a moment obscured the page. While I was hours talking over our affairs, and discussing the ed from my hand by a tal', gaunt woman, who when we retired to rest, but was soon disturbed just then entered the room.

praste will come and administer consolation to him in his last exthremity."

sorrowfully to the wall. "Oh, mother,' he murmured, "is that the wav morning.

"Lady or no lady, and I mane no disrispict; it is not for the like o' her to take this on hersel'. If she will be rading, let her rade this," and she tried to force a book of devotional prayers into my land. Michael raised himself, and

with an impatient gesture exclaimeddo not stand between me and my God. I know the arms of his mother. that you love me-that what you do is done for the best; but the voice of conscience will be heard above your voice. I hunger and thirst to hear the word as it stands in the Bible, and I cannot die in peace unsatisfied. For the love of Christ, Ma'am, read a few words of comfort to a

dving sinner !" Here the mother again interposed.

"My good woman," I said, gently putting her back, "you hear your son's carnest request. If you really love him, you will offer no opposition to his wishes. It is not a question of creeds that is here to be determined, as to which is the best-yours or mine. I trust that all the faithful followers of Christ, however named, hold the same faith, and will be saved by the same means. I shall make no comment on what I read to your son. The Bible is its own interpreter. The Spirit of God, by whom it was dictated, will make it clear to his comprehension. Michael, shall I commence now !"

"Yes," he replied, "with the blessing of God!" After putting up a short prayer I commenced reading, and continued to do so until night, taking care to select those portions of Scripture most applicable to his case. Never did human creature listen with more earnestness to the words of truth. Often he repeated whole texts after me, clasping his hands together in a sort of eestacy, while tears streamed from his eyes. The old woman glared upon me from a far coruer, and muttered over her beads, as if they were a spell to secure her against some diabolical art. When I could no longer see to read. Michael took my hand, and said with great

"May God bless you, Madam! You have made me very happy. It is all clear to me now. In Christ alone I shall obtain mercy and forgiveness for my sins. It is his righteousness. and not any good works of my own, that will save me. Death no longer appears so dreadful

to me. I can now die in peace. "You believe that God will pardon you, Michael, for Christ's sake; but have you forgiven all your enemies?"

I said this in order to try his sincerity, for I had heard that he entertained hard thoughts against his uncle.

He covered his face with his thin, wasted hands, and did not answer for some minutes; at length he looked up with a calm smile upon his lins, and said-

"Yes, I have forgiven all-even him !-" Oh, how much was contained in the stress laid so strongly and sadly upon that little word Him! How I longed to hear the story of wrongs from his own lips! but he was too weak and exhausted for me to urge such a request. Just then Dr. Morton came in, and after standing for some minutes at the bed-side, regarding his patient with fixed attention, he felt his pulse, spoke a few kind words, gave some trifling order to his mother and Mrs. C-, and left the room. Struck by the solemnity of his manner, I fellowed him into the outer apartment.

" Excuse the liberty I am taking, Dr. Morton : but I feel deeply interested in your patient. Is ney; or if it could, it would hardly have been every opportunity to religionize, (if we may be or old. Dr. Dorton, who, after examining the within. The thick black cur's that clustered he better or worse ?"

"He is dying. I did not wish to disturb him in his last moments. I can be of no further use trickled in large drops down his hollow tem- to him. Poor lad, it's a pity! he is really a fine

> I had judged from Michael's appearance that he had not long to live, but I felt inexpressibly He shocked to find his end so war. On returning to the sick room, Michael eagerly asked what the doctor thought of him? I did not answer-I could not.

prepare myself for it. If I live until the morn-He looked at me attentively for a few min- ing, will you, Madam, come and read to me

"I see," he said, "that I must die. I will

night, if he wished it.

"I feel very sleepy," he said. "I have not "I heard that you wished some one to read slept for many nights, but for a few minutes at a time. Thank God, I am entirely free from

> His mother and I adjusted his pillows, and in a few seconds he was slumbering as peacefully

The feelings of the poor woman seemed soft-"I can read but my eyes are so dim. The ened towards me, and for the first time since I shadows of death float between me and the entered the room she shed tears. I asked the world; I can no longer see objects distinctly .- age of her sou? She told me that he was two- ble picture, and breathing a prayer to God for But, oh, Madam, if my soul were light, I should and twenty. She wrung my hand hard as I not heed this blindness. But all is dark here." left the room, and thanked me for my kindness

I opened the sacred book, but my own fears turned from the country, and we sat for several revolving in my own mind what would be the soil and situation of the various farms he had best to read to him, the book was rudely wrench- visited during the day. It was past twelve by some one coughing violently, and my "Och; what do you mane by disturbing him | thoughts instantly reverted to Michael Macbride. in his dying moments wid ver trash? It is not as the hoarse sepulchral sounds echoed through the like o' you that shall trouble his sowl! The the large empty room beyond which he slept .-The coughing continued for some minutes, and I was so much overcome by fatigue and the ex-Michael shook his head, and turned his face citement of the evening that I fell asleep, and

Anxious to hear how the poor invalid had

On entering the ball-room I found the doors and windows all open, as well as the one that led to the sick man's chamber. My foot was arrested on the threshold-for death was there. "Not that -not that! It speaks no comfort Yes! that fit of coughing had terminated his to me. I will not listen to it. Mother, mother! life-Michael had expired without a struggle in

MISCELLANEOUS

THE WORSTED STUCKING.

A TRUE STORY.

" Father will have done the great chimney to night, won't he, mother? 'said little Tom How ard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to night," answered his mother, "and that'll be a fine night; for I never liked the ending of those great chimneys, it's so risky-thy father's to be the last up,"

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners,

and spend all the day amongst the woods." "Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he run off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand, and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to. and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treas-

by! The scaffolding had been taken down,

without their remembering to take the rope up.

There was a dead silence. They all knew it was

impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or

skillfully enough, to reach the top of the chim-

Tom, with a light heart pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to ee how his father was getting on. James ard the father, and a number of other workmen. had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our great manufacturing town, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all round to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud, hearty cheer, English S. S. Magazine. little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them As their voices died away, however, they heard "Free Love." a very different sound-a cry of alarm and horror from above! "The rope, The rope!" The men looked round, and, coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down

ed to pieces on the ground below.

Ewiftly as usual, with Tom's mother at home .- longing to break over the sober bounds of the She was always busily employed for her hus- Gospel of Christ, and to trample under foot the and that they did not deem it prudent to have band and children, in some way or other: and sauctified restraints of the divine command. recourse to writing. The remains of one of to-day she had been harder at work than usual, Hence, whenever any theory is broached, which, these strange tribunals have at length, however, I promised him that I would-or during the getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She in the name of seligion, throws the "bridle upon just been discovered. M. de Mayenfish, Marhad just finished all her preparations, and her the neck of passion," and offers to depravity a shall of the court of the Prince of Hohenzollern thoughts were silently thanking God for her cloak of sanctity, wherewith to conceal its cor- Sigmarigen, fancied that he perceived in the happy home, and for all the blessings of life, ruption, and so afford not only protection, but walls of one of the galleries of a museum of when Tom ran in : his face was white as ashes, also a license, in the work of its gratification,- rare and curious arms, the trace of a "secret" "Yes, the Bible !" he cried trying to raise pain: it is very good of Him to grant me this and he could hardly get his words out. "Moth- that theory is quite sure of becoming very pop- covered with plaster. He caused the plaster, er! Mother! He canna get down."

"Who, lad? Thy father?" asked his mother | which the natural heart will be in love with. __ | covered a wooden door. The door was remov-They've forgotten to leave him the rope," an- No sooner is such a system presented to the un- ed, and behind it was one in iron, fastened with swered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His sanctified mind, than the spontaneous welcome four enormous locks. With great difficulty the mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for leaps from the lips :- "That is the religion for locks were opened, and a subterranean passage, a moment as if paralyzed; then pressing her me." hands over her face, as if to shut out the terri-

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round It was late that night when my husband re- the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow .-"He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He's gong to

> "The munna do that, lad!" cried the wife with clear, hopeful voice: "three munns do that Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad unrayel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mor tar, Dost hear that, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unraveled the worsted thread, row at did not awake until six o'clock the following ter row. The people stood round in breathles silence and suspense, wondering what Tom' mother could be thinking of, and why she sen passed the night, I dressed myself and hurried him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of

> "Let down the end of the thread with a bi of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came wavering down the tall chimney, blown hithe and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up. It stopped-the string had reached her husband. "Now hole the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy, and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string wa

drawn higher. There was but one coil left. It had reached the top, "Thank God! Thank God!" ex laimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling, rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them ?-would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had filled him with—as if the fell asleep. ittle thread that carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever des troved or shook in her true heart. She did not know that, as he waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou disquieted within me ? Hope thou in God." She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her

could not speak, and if the strong arm of her without having barked or growled at all. husband had not held her up, she would have This time the widow did not go to sleep im-

In this day of progress, it is well there should be now and then a check to "break up" a little that the train may not acquire an ungovernable speed, make ship-wreck of its freight and destroy everything in its way. Under the head of "Free gloom of the night. Love," the Christian Witness speaks in the following appropriate language :-

the influence of "Spiritualism," and bid fair to doubt .- Portsmouth Chronicle. be very popular, with that class, who rejoice in safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to allowed to coin a word,) the natural passions of here—the time for making merry.

give any help, or think of any means of safety. a depraved nature, whose indulgence the law of And Tom's father. He walked round and God and man forbids. There are multitudes round the little circle, the dizzy beight seeming who delight in any signs of such a "progress," every moment to grow more fearful, and the so- as will lend the sanctions of religion to practices. lid earth further and further from him. In the which the rules of the commonest morality forsudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and bid, and which will not be tolerated for a mohis senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; ment, in any decent society. A depraved nahe felt as if, the next moment, he must be dash- ture, unchanged by the renewing power of the Holy Ghost, and unchecked by the hallowed in-The day had passed as industriously and fluences of the pure Spirit of Christianity, is ever ular, in such a world as this. It is just the thing which was very thick, to be removed, and dis-

TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION

A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

About thirty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow, named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years; her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone in her home by day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful; did her work quietly during the day-

One morning, however, she awoke, with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this hought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in

As he day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feelings as she left her daughter's house.

On the way home she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripen ed into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. "You have harmed no one in your whole life time, surely no one will distrub or molest you, go home in quiet, and Rover shall go gith you. Here Rover," said she to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor, "here Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher and take care of her." Rover did as he was told; the widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the outside of the bed; and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chided herself for needless fear, she

Some time in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise out-ide the house. It was so slight, hower, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor. The dog neither barked nor moved. Next, there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a on the floor. The woman saw nothing but now for the first time felt the dog move, as he made | shipmates by the cannibals. Again he approach-There was a great shout. "He's safe, moth- a violent spring from the bed; and at the same er, he's safe," cried little Tom, "Thou'st saved instant something fell on the floor, sounding like me. Mary," said her husband, folding her in his a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like arms. "But what ails thee? Thou seem'st pawing of the dog's feet; but soon all was still more sorry than glad about it.? But Mary again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed

fallen to the ground-the sudden joy, after such mediately, but lay awake wondering yet not great fear, had overcome her. "Tom," said his deeming it best to get up. But at last she father, "let thy mother lean on thy shoulder dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun and we will take her home." And in their hap- was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, by home they poured forth their thanks to God and there lay the body of a man extended on for his great goodness; and their happy life to- the floor, dead, with a lage knife in his hand, gether felt dearer and holier for the peril it had which was even now extended. The dog had been in, and for the nearness that the danger | seized him by the throat with the grasp of death; had brought them unto God. And the holiday and neither man nor dog could utter a sound next day, -was it not indeed a thanksgiving day? till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle and her land. And instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made his stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the

This is one of Uncle Toby's stories; and is derived, as to all its facts, from a most respect-"Free Love" is coming into vogue, through able Quaker family, whose veracity he cannot

Time wears on and Christmas will soon be

WHOLE NO. 159

SECRET TRIBUNALS OF GERMANY. Although most minute researches have been

made at different times respecting the terrible

Vehmic, or secret tribunals which flourished in

Germany in the middle ages, no records of their proceedings, nor any of the instruments, which they employed in putting to death the victims whom they condemned have yet been discovered. This has been ascribed to the fact that they were accustomed to hold their sittings in of a rapid descent, was seen. M. de Mayenfish, accompanied by the employes of the museum, entered with torches, and, after walking upwards of 300 yards, found that the passage was entirely blocked up with rubbish. The rubbish was removed; there were not fewer than sixtyeight cart-loads of it. Then a vast saloon was opened. On the walls, at certain distances, were wooden figures, clumsily executed, of the Holy Virgin and St. John the Baptist, together with a number of crucifixes. Between these objects were instruments of torture, such as heavy chains, pincers, poignards, iron rings, and a sort of cap in iron, with sharp points, destined, apparently, to be put on the head. In the middle of the place was a large stone slab, or talight, and at eventide lay down and slept, ble, and around it were ten stone seats. On the table was a hammer, five balls in black wood, and a copper plate, at the bottom of which were in bas-relief a crucifix, the Holy Virgin, and St. John the Baptist. On the table also was the iron seal of the St. Veheme. This seal it was which more than anything else proved-the purpose for which the cavern had been employed. The hammer was probably that with which the initiated were accustomed to strike three times on the doors of persons whom they were charged to summon before the secret tribunal; the plate and the balls were probably employed in voting, four votes being sufficient to cause a condemnation to death, the only punishment the Saint Veheme was accustomed to inflict. It is on record that in the principality of Sigmaringen the last Vehmic Court was held in 1417, under the presidency of Duke Ulric of Wurtemberg. Sometime after, when the two Counts of Zollern, who had been cited before a secret tribunal, possessed themselves of the country, they abolished the secret jurisdiction, and caused the place in which it had been accustomed to hold its sitting to be fastened up. It is very likely that this place is that which has just been

"Safe! Safe! Safe!"

A New England whale-ship foundered in a gale, some years since, in the great Pacific .-Her crew took to the boats, and after toiling for several days and nights, two of the boats came sight of an island. One of them was run through the surf, and the crew jumped on shore. making signs to the natives to express their destitute condition. But no pity dwelt in those savage breasts. Rushing upon the exhausted seamen with their clubs, they instantly killed them, and made preparations to feast upon their bodies; for they were cannibals. Seeing the fate of their companions, the other boat's crew pulled hastily away from that dreadful spot; and, after almost incredible suffering, were picked up by a friendly vessel, and saved.

Some years passed 'away, and another ship was wrecked in the same seas, and near that island. Her commander had been second mate of the former ship, and was saved with the boat's crew which witnessed the destruction of their ed the island, a wrecked marinar, and reduced by hunger and exhaustion to a feeble and emaciated state. He recognized the fatal shore, and told his companions of the cannibals who dwelt beyond it. But they were too weak to put out to sea again. To do so was to die. They could but die if they landed, and perhaps the savages might be merciful. They landed, therefore,

Perceiving none of the natives, they hauled their boats up on the beach, and sought the shelter of the adjacent woods, in the hope of finding fruits or berries for subsistence. But once in the woods, their fears increased. They moved stealthily along, alarmed at the crackling of the dry branches beneath their feet, and at every unusual rustling of the leaves. Death seemed to speak in every sound, and to leer up, on them through every opening glade of the forest. Cold sweats gathered on their sunburned brows, and more than once they halted, and consulted on the propriety of returning to their boat. But as often they resolved to advance, especially as they found themselves ascending a wooded hill, which they hoped might furnish them with a nook or cave in which to hide. Thus, trembling, they proceeded. They approached its summit, which was bold and rocky. The foremost of the party ventured from the shelter of the trees to view the island. Cautiously he stole, step by step, to the mountain's brow, until his eye caught sight of the village