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READING FOR ANYBODY.

A SLIGHT SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Throw up the window! 'Tis a morn for life In its most subtle luxury. The air Is like a breathing from a rarer world;

The delicious morning which is glowing around me, and which has recalled the exquisite description of our most gifted countrymen, brings also to my mind the recollection of one as fresh and beautiful, "in the days that are gone."

Annie Moore, sweet Annie Moore, how thou glidest before me, in thy soft, ethereal loveliness, like a gentle spirit from a holier clime!

"With thine eyes of softest violet and thy cheek of delicate rose bloom. "I must think of thee Oh gentlest! as I knew thee well and long, A young, glad creature, with a lip of song,

William Gordon, the lover of Annie Moore, was an exalted, yet a most loveable character, an embodiment of intellect manliness, faithful affections, and fervent piety. He was a young student of divinity,—had been self-supported, almost self-educated, and at the time of the commencement of this sketch, was in the expectation of entering upon the ministry in the course of a year.

And this man, poor, unknown, and devoted to a holy calling, was the choice of Annie Moore, the wealthy, the beautiful, the luxuriously reared!

"When will William return?" I presently inquired. "In May—little less than a year."

The summer passed—a season of earnest, untiring and prayerful toil, with the young student, and of patient, hopeful, and sustaining love, on the part of his betrothed. Then came the chill autumn, followed by a winter of uncommon severity.

Our dear Annie, while on a visit to a dying friend, was exposed to a sudden and fearful storm—look cold—ah, does not my reader anticipate the mournful consequences? Her mother and older sisters had died of consumption, and soon, very soon, the seal of death was on her blue-veined brow, and the very voice of the grave sounding in the hollow cough which shook her fragile frame.

should return in the spring. Not one word of the dread, last parting before them—of the grave, which might

"Rival the bridegroom, and take from his side, To repose in its bosom, his beautiful bride."

At length May came around again, and with it returned William Gordon, the young clergyman. He was bowed to the earth by the great and unlooked for affliction which awaited him,—yet meekly drank he the bitter cup, for his God had mingled it.

Sweet Annie was passing rapidly from earth—growing more and more fragile in form, and angelic in spirit day by day, and poor William became intensely desirous that their union might take place. Annie's friends readily consented, but she, to our surprise, firmly refused to grant the mournful request of her broken hearted lover.

One evening he was sitting alone by her side, as she was half reclining on a couch,—the hectic flush was more startlingly bright than usual on her cheek, for she had suffered much that day, and as he thought how very near might be the dark wing of God's dread angel, he took her wasted hand in his, and said:

"Oh, my Annie, let me call you wife, before you leave me? You would not be so utterly lost to me then, for I would know you bearing that sacred name in Heaven. Refuse me not love!"

"Oh, William, William, urge me no longer," she replied, "it must not, cannot be. I am the bride of Heaven, you must not be my husband, and hear me my dear, love, you must no longer be near me—your rest is precious, but it is earthly, and it comes as a cloud between me and the glories of that upper world, to which I hasten. Your voice, my own, is sweeter to me than the hymns of the angels, heard in my dreams of Heaven! We must part, now—for every hour renders you dearer, and how can I leave you at last!"

With heroic and martyr like calmness spoke the mistaken girl—mistaken, for a pure love, for one worthy, is the holiest and sweetest preparation for His presence who "is love."

William Gordon saw her firmness, and that she was weak and trembling from the excitement of the scene, and

"In close heart shutting up his pain," resolved to yield instant and uncomplaining obedience to her wishes. He rose up calmly, and imprinting on her forehead a kiss of mingled love and anguish, turned, and was gone!

Annie buried her face in her thin, white hands, and remained in an agony of prayer and grief. Then came vague regrets for the necessity of the sacrifice she had made. Presently she heard a well known step—William had returned! His calmness had forsaken him, and he murmured imploringly:

"If I must leave you to die alone, Annie, let me fold you once more to my heart before I go—it will give me strength."

He knelt on one knee beside her, reached forth his arms, and sobbing like a child she leaned upon his bosom.

No word was spoken by that pair, loving and faithful unto death, while the flood of sorrow swept over their hushed spirits, as the fountains of the soul's great depths were broken up. Yes, silent, but not tearless, knelt William Gordon, with his lips pressed against the dear head which lay upon his heart. At last he raised his eyes heavenward, and those lips moved in whispered prayer; he unbound his arms and would have risen, but Annie moved not—she was clinging to his breast!

A smile of joy irradiated his mournful face, and his arms once more enfolded her. She looked up and murmured with something of her old playful tenderness, more touching than the wildest burst of grief.

"Are you not stronger, dear William?" "Ah, I fear not, my love."

"That is strange, for when I felt the strength ebbing from my own heart, I thought it had flowed into yours."

"Thank God for the weakness which is lovelier than Strength! I must never leave you, Annie."

"Never?" The morning of the wedding day had come and I was arraying Annie in her bridal dress, a beautiful muslin, guileless of ribbons or lace. I wished to twine in her hair a small string of pearls, which William had once her mother's; but she gently put it from her.

"What, no ornaments?" I inquired. "None," she replied,—but yes,—if you will go into my garden, you will find a lovely white rose tree, which William planted when I first knew him—bring me one of its buds, and I will wear it in my hair."

I have seen brides radiant in healthful bloom—glittering in jewels—dazzling in satins, rich veils and costly wreaths, but

never have I beheld one so exquisitely, so wonderfully beautiful, as that dying girl with her dress of simple white, her one floral ornament, the dewy lustre of her soft blue eye, and the deepened hectic of her cheek! When the ceremony was to be performed, she wished to rise, and as she was too weak to stand alone, I stood by her side and supported her. She smiled sadly, as she whispered, "You remember, Grace, I promised you should be my bridesmaid."

As the beautiful marriage ceremony (that of the English Church,) proceeded, the face of the bride became expressive alternately of earthly and of heavenly love, of softness and of sublimity, of the woman and of the angel, till it grew absolutely adorable.

At the last, she received the tearful congratulations of her friends with a graceful manner, and with the most cheerful smiles playing about her lips.

It was morning—a morning born of bloom and beauty—so soft, so glowing, it seemed

"Like a rainbow clasping the sweet earth, And melting in a covenant of love." Annie Gordon was lying on her couch by an open window, with her fair head supported on the breast of her husband.

And she, a father's joy, a brother's pride, the wife of two short weeks, was leaving us now. Every sunbeam which looked into her eyes, saw their violet hue grow paler, and every soft air which kissed her faded lips, bore back a fainter breath on its light pinion. Her dotting father knelt in a deep trance of grief at her side—I stood holding one of her hands in mine, while at her feet sat her younger brother, Arthur Moore, weeping with all the uncontrolled passionateness of boyhood.

Annie had lain for some moments apparently insensible, for she looked up yet once more to William, with her own sweet smile, and murmured:

"Pray, once again, my beloved,—it will plume my spirit's wing for its upward flight; but place your hand upon my heart, that you may know when I am gone!"

And William Gordon lifted his voice in a prayer, all saint-like submission and child-like love. He solemnly and tenderly committed the passing soul of the wife, the daughter, the sister, and the friend, to her Saviour and her God, and meekly implored for the stricken mourners, the ministrants of the blessed Spirit. Suddenly he paused—her heart had ceased its beatings! His brow became convulsed and his voice was low and tremulous, as he added, "She has left us, oh, our Father, she is with Thee, now!"

"Gone! our Annie dead!" exclaimed poor little Arthur Moore, and springing forward and casting one look on that still face, he stretched his arms upward and cried—"Oh sister, sister, come back to us, come back!"

We arrayed her in her bridal dress, even to the white rose-bud, twined in her golden hair. We laid her to rest in her mother's side, in a lovely rural grave-yard and a few months after, I took her favorite rose-tree from the garden, and planted it over her breast.

Our Annie had been gone from us a year, and the rose was in its first bloom, when William Gordon came to bid us a long, it might be a last adieu. He was going out as a missionary to India. On the last evening of his stay, I went with him to the grave of our lost one. We remained till the grass was glittering with dew, and the stars were thick in heaven. Many times turned poor William to depart, and returned again. We both had remarked a single rose-bud very much like the one Annie wore on her marriage day, and at the second bridal, when she was wedded to the dust—and when at last William summoned strength to go, he plucked this and placed in his bosom, with many tears.

I doubt not that in his distant home, that darkened land, where he is toiling for Christ's sake, that flower is still a cherished memento of his sadly beautiful past, and a touching reminder of a shore to which he hasteneth, an unfolding clime, where ever liveth the rose of love, in the bloom of immortality—in the sun-light of God's smile.

I, too, am afar from her grave, but I know almost to a day, when that rose-tree is in bloom. Every morning, I say—another bud is unfolding over her rest—how it loads the air with perfume, as it sways to the passing breeze! and at evening, how the star-light trembles around it, and how sweetly sleeps the cool dew drop in its glowing heart!

The estate of W. McClure, of New Harmony, Indiana, valued at near \$500,000, and bequeathed by will to trustees, for the "Diffusion of useful knowledge," has all been squandered.

A Christian Colony.

Mrs. Child, in giving the history of a little colony of unsophisticated New England Christians which emigrated to, and settled many years since in Michigan, thus touchingly, eloquently and graphically describes their faith, their trials, and their ultimate triumph, over the selfish and sensual, by the power of kindness.—Queen City.

Rich in spiritual culture, this little band started for the far West. Their inward homes were blooming gardens, they made their outward in a wilderness. They were industrious and frugal, and things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers, believers in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed. The colony of practical Christians spoke of their deprivations in terms of gentler remonstrance, and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went further—they openly announced, "You may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighborhood and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered, "We have no need of you. As neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit; but for us, your occupation has ceased to exist."

"What will you do if rascals burn your barns, and steal your harvest?" "We will return good for evil. We believe this is the highest truth, and therefore the best expediency." When the rascals heard this, they considered it a marvellous good joke, and said and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty.—Barns were taken down in the night, and cows let into the corn-fields. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying, "Neighbor your cows have been in my field, I have fed them well during the day, but I would not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for their milk."

If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother, "Don't throw that stone, Bill! When I killed the chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought chicken broth would be good for poor Mary? I should think you would be ashamed to throw stones at their chickens." Thus was the evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury.

At the end of ten years, the public lands, which they had chosen for their farms, were advertised for sale by auction. According to custom, those who had settled and cultivated the soil, were considered to have a right to bid in it at the government price; which at that time was \$1.25 per acre. But the fever of land speculation then chanced to run unusually high. Adventurers from all parts of the country were flocking to the auction; and capitalists from Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, were sending agents to buy up western lands. No one supposed that custom or equality would be regarded. The first day's sales showed that speculation ran to the very verge of insanity. Land was eagerly bought in, at seventeen, twenty-five, and thirty dollars an acre. The Christian colony had small hopes of retaining their farms. As first settlers they had chosen the best land; and persevering industry had brought it into the highest cultivation. Its market value was much greater than the acres already sold, at exorbitant prices. In view of these facts, they had prepared their minds for another remove into the wilderness, perhaps to be again ejected by a similar process. But the morning their lot was offered for sale, they observed, with great surprise, that their neighbors were everywhere busy among the crowd, begging and expostulating.—"Don't bid on these lands! These men have been working hard on them for ten years. During all that time they never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil. They are a blessing to any neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their lands. Let them go at the government price."

The sale came on; the cultivators of the soil offered \$1.25, intending to bid higher if necessary. But among all that crowd of selfish, reckless speculators, not one overbid them! Without an opposing voice the fair acres returned to them, I do not know a more remarkable instance of evil overcome with good. The wisest political economy lies' folded up in the maxims of Christ.

With delighted reverence I listened to this unlettered back woodsman, as he explained his philosophy of universal love. "What would you do, said I, if an idle, thieving vagabond came among you, resolved to stay, but determined not to work?" "We should give him food when hungry, shelter when cold, and always treat him as a brother." "Would not this process attract such characters? How would you avoid being overrun with them?" "Such characters would either reform, or not remain with us. We should never speak an angry word, or refuse to minister to their necessity; but we should invariably regard them with the deepest sadness, as we would a guilty but beloved son. This is harder for the human soul to bear, than whips or prisons. They could not stand it; I am sure he could not. It would either melt or drive them away. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it would melt them."

I felt rebuked for my want of faith, and consequent shallowness of insight. That hard handed

laborer brought greater riches to my soul than an Eastern merchant laden with pearls. Again I repeat, money is not wealth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Woman's Tenderness and Love.

It has often been remarked that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand; no heart like woman's heart; and there is not a man's breast may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and the shadow, rather than light of the sad lamp that watches it, let him have to count over the long, dull hours of night, and wait alone, sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn into the chamber of suffering, let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eyes will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of an irresistible selfishness, which indeed he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of all his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance, at least, manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife in his place. The woman feels no weariness. In silence, in the depth of night, she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified terms may express our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, and from time to time it catches the slightest stir or whisper, or the breath of the now more than loved one who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her steps, as in obedience to an impulse or a signal, would not awaken a mouse; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to a sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort and devotion; and thus night after night she tends him, like a creature sent from a higher world, when all earthly watchfulness has failed; her eye never winking, her mind never palled, her nature, at all other times characterized by weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity, herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

Bachelorism Unnatural.

Men may say what they will, but we know there can never be a Paradise without some daughter of Eve within it; and home is only a place to eat and drink, and sit and sleep in, without the hallowing charms, of a woman's presence. Men may say what they will about the jovialities of their Liberty Halls; but many a weary, joyless hour passes within them; many a discontented, peevish, snarling feeling is experienced, many a vacuum of heart and thought, many a comfortless rainy day, many a long winter's evening, when the ticking of the clock is the only sound, and that does but echo like the knell of departed moments that might have been joyous if spent in cheerful companionship. And then, for the lonely old bachelor to come into his dwelling, wet, and weary, without a creature to welcome him with either a word or a smile, or a single gleam of pleasure to brighten the place; nobody to consult his tastes and his comfort; nobody to prattle to him—to tell him the gossip of the neighborhood, and to link his sympathies and his interests with surrounding people; nobody to double his joys and to halve his sorrows; nobody to nurse him if he be sick, to console him if he be sorrowful; and then, as time creeps on, and age overtakes him, to hear no joyful prattle near him—no dimpled, smiling girls, no stalwart, hopeful boys, in whose youthful enjoyment he might be happy again; and, at last, to leave none behind to lament him. Heigho! Nature will not suffer her laws to be violated with impunity, and Nature never designed that men should be old bachelors.

A GOOD ONE.—An old trick was played on the sheriff at the present term of the court. He was short of jurors, and made a descent on the street. He accosted a gentleman well known in town, with, "I want you in court for a juror." "Ha," replied the man, "speak a little louder." The sheriff pitched his voice into a high key, "I want you for a juror." "Yes, yes," nodding his head very significantly, "it is a very fine day." The sheriff taking him for a deaf man, bolted. The wag placed his thumb to his nose, and went through the motions.—Albany Knickerbocker.

ADJOURNMENT OF THE LEGISLATURE.—By a concurrent resolution of the two houses, the 15th of December has been appointed for the adjournment of the Legislature.

On the History of Printing.

The first attempts at printing with types can be traced to engravings on blocks of wood, the honor of the invention being claimed by citizens of three different cities; Harlem, in Holland, and Strasburg and Mentz, in Germany. Laurentius Costor, John Guttenburg, and John Faust, each claiming to be inventors of the art. But the most reliable information appears to be with Guttenburg, who, as early as 1442, printed two small books in the city of Mentz. It is remarkable that the first book printed, of any note, was the Bible. It was printed in Latin, in 1450. Notwithstanding the improvement which has been made, the art cannot be considered as very permanently settled until the year 1458, when a method of casting types in a mould was discovered. The art was first introduced into England in 1471, by William Caxton, and in 1500 it was known in between two and three hundred different places. The first printing office in this country, was at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1639—more than two hundred years ago.

The first printed newspaper appeared in the city of Vienna, in Germany; although but a few were printed until 1612, when they first appeared with dates to them.—The first paper in England was printed during the reign of Elizabeth, in 1588.

The first paper in this country was printed at Boston, in 1704. Now, there is not in all Europe, as many newspapers as there are in the United States.

The Hammer.

The Hammer is the universal emblem of Mechanics: With it are alike forged the sword of contention, and the ploughshare of peaceful agriculture, the press of the free, and the shackles of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle fields, but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled high hopes and noble aspirations in bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspirations of the hammer has strewn the fields with tattered helm and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns, and kingdoms. The forging of a thunderbolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labors of the forge.—In ancient warfare, the hammer was a powerful weapon; independent of the blade which it formed.—Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helm by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahomet, but, on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave-aid simple warrior, who saved Christendom from the sway of the Mussulman, was named Martel—"the hammer,"—how simple, how appropriate, how grand, "the hammer." The hammer, the savior and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine, and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clink points out the abodes of industry—it is a domestic deity, presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, or carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press speaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves, without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes—but, in skillful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.—Scientific American.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.—At the late term of the court of common Pleas, at Concord, N. H., two individuals were tried for setting fire to a couple of barns in the night. During the trial, the following facts came out in the testimony. The owner of the barns was awakened by the fire about midnight, and upon opening the door his dog leaped out and immediately took a track and followed it to a piece of woods about a half a mile distant. He here came up with two men, passed and posted himself in front of them, and began barking very loudly. Suspecting that the barns had been set on fire, and the dog might have come up with the perpetrators of the deed, help was sent. On reaching the spot where the dog was, it was found that he had succeeded in stopping one of the men—who was taken and brought back; the other succeeded in effecting his escape, but was subsequently arrested.—Lawrence Courier.

Be wide awake in a good cause—Keep clear of a bad one.