VOL. XII.

ROSE-LEAVES. Down in the dimness of a broken vase, I found a dead rese, ghost of long-ago, Faint-smelling as the joys of other days.

Steep'd in the odorous essence of the flower The urn breathed holy as a silent tomb, Where o'er fall'n Truth lamenting Memories shower Perennial tears, to make her ashes bloom.

Fast as its breathings rose like blissful clouds, Fair phantoms upward on the vapor curl'd, Sweet resurrections breaking from their shrouds

To me the vail of Time was rent in twain, Eve changed to morn, the moon into the sun, Behind the clond of days I saw again

The goddess of the Spring come forth in light, With flowers, and songs, and beauty earthward borne.

Emblem of her gone from the earth too soon, The flower of youth, the tender, and the true.

Stood on it, stainless as her virgin tears; Those dewdrops are forever shed away,

I hear that ghostly music with a sigh, The lips are dust that rain'd the silver shower. The wither'd petals of the crimson reso

Dim as the vanish'd beauty of the dead ! But still 'tis sweet as her undying words,

As each pale leaflet sadly falls away, With unavailing grief my heart is stirr'd And each pale leaflet lingering in decay

Before my aged eyes the vision set The fair I was, and the forlorn I am; For, tho' this body casts a shadow yet,

As is the vacant shadow to the man, My soul unto itself was dimly shown; Till from that death in life new hope began,

No more forever shall that morning be, That self-same rose no more shall blossom here, Thus to be gathered : but the parent tree

Oh! the soft eyes that saw it on the spray—
The hand that pluck'd it and the foot that here—

When that returns, I can behold no more, No shower shall rear the rose upon its stem For evermore-yet mourn not for the just, The loved, the fair-no tears recover them-

And sorrowing souls are sadder than the dust. The joy of Nature and the love departs,

Mourn that thy life, a torn and wither'd leaf, Flutters and falls, and in dejection lies,

[From the Iowa School Journal.]

" Is that one of my scholars?"

the worst boy, take him all in all, I ever saw."

see to him, and the child, I expect, had a pretty hard every day.' and since that he has been tossed from pillar to post. like the same boy when he returned.

said Mrs. Gray, looking up from the bread she was your help, Willie.' only take him in and do by him as they would by His help! What could he do to help her?

wife. "They are all sorry for him, but no one is over his new glossy hair. Your head is a good come to-morrow morning to the Deacon's and let ing his dirty, ragged shirt in his hand, and hesitation wanished, when Mr. Meyer receition wanished, and so did the ale, emetic and over his new glossy hair. willing to try and reform him, and if it ain't done one. If you only guide it with your heart, it will me have your jacket awhile, I'll mend it up for you wed a letter urging him to repair without delay to all, down the throat of the satisfied busband. After one. If you only guide it with your heart, it will me have your jacket awhile, I'll mend it up for you wed a letter urging him to repair without delay to all, down the throat of the satisfied busband. After the lady finished her class the way he is now, he'll be in the penitentiary be- I trust you, Willie, will you help me to make this and buy you a new hat. You can get a good straw lie; and then light footsteps ran away.

"I wish you had taken him in." Miss Merton

Deacon, "just wait till you've seen him cut up."

laid her hand confidingly on his arm." Well, yes; if after that time you think you can give up.' do anything with him, why, I'll try him a spell.

But he's a hard case."

WOODSTOCK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

Poetry.

Sad as sweet hopes remember'd, wan as woe.

Stood pale before me, like an ancient world.

A feast, a bridal, and the first of June ! And one I see, as pleasant to my sight As though I saw thro' some gold rift of morn

She gave it me that golden morn of June, Peerless in beauty, pearl'd with trembling dew,

The dew, like gems fall'n from the front of day,

And she shall weep no more for endless years. The very music seems to hover by, The songs we sang together in the bower

Are fewer than the summers that are fled Since it was gather'd and its glory shows

Her love that echoes when no longer spoken, And, whispering thus of its own prime, records Her youth and beauty by the self-same token.

Is graven with a sweet-remembered word.

The living Is and Was are not the same.

The living and the dead may yet be one.

Bears flowers as rich with every passing year. The smile that graced it on that summer day-

Oh! rather weep, and mourn that from our hearts, When youth's long summer day is at its close,

More fleetly than the odor from a rose. Rent with a thousand cares, and wan with grief, While her glad spirit like sweet odor flies.

THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL.

dirty; barefooted too, and wore an old straw hat, Willie, for I too, am an orphan.' that made one involuntarily clap his hands to see hair, and for his dirty face and hands. -

"The worst boy in school, too, the one that will make got it this morning. No I didn't either," disdaining thought that if the city missionaries would carry a ling for an answer, he ran out to the shed and had tended him. He bore his caresses, but no sooner an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She you the most trouble. Indeed, I don't believe you'll the falsehood. 'I was too mad to do it, but I'll good dinner first to the poor sinner, and aftewards a brought in the night's wood, and split the kindlings, ever be able to do anything with him. He's as strong wash now.' the teacher last winter, and left him for dead. He's pupils neat and tidy. Here's a towel for you to wipe They walked home together, Friday evening, the Can you milk, Willie?' the Deacon generally when the woodman offered to carry him food and to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards when the woodman offered to carry him food and to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards when the woodman offered to carry him food and to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards when the woodman offered to carry him food and to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards and tidy. Here's a towel for you to wipe

home and heart."

"Mother wanted I should take him this spring, and the little ones will all look up to you as an ex- "O yes, ma'am" and the boy spoke devoutly. when he was out of a place, but I told her it was too ample. If they see you quiet, mannerly, orderly, "I thought you would, and so I asked you. I to another world, everybody so kind—everything so risky. If I hadn't any children, I might, perhaps, faithful to your studies, and prompt in recitations, am going to have a class in the Sunday School, and free. but to have such a rough, tearing, swearing, mis- they will strive to emulate you, and I shall have shall open it next Sunday. You will come, Willie, chievous boy here all the time with my three little but little difficulty in governing the school; but if, and be one of my scholars." girls, learning all sorts of badness to that youngster on the contrary, you are noisy, forward, rude, neg- "I'd like to ma'am," and then he glanced at his then Mrs. Gray hung up an old blanket in one corthere," and he pointed to a two-year old boy who sat ligent of your lessons, and dilatory in coming to bare feet and his ragged clothes, and sighed as he ner of the wood-shed, and gave him a pail of warm on the floor, playing with pussy; "I couldn't risk your class, they will imbibe your spirit, and I shall added, "but I don't see how I can. These are all water, some soap, a sponge and towel, and told him and the offer of immense rewards to discover the asit no way. Yet I'm sorry for him." "That's what every body says," continued his are cut out for a good boy,' and she moved her hand "I've thought of that, Willie, and if you will roughly. And then, just when the boy was hold-

fore he is twenty-one." spoke earnestly.

The boy had climbed over the paling and was now fully.

came out, having been closely eyeing her."

all his faults. "O, I wouldn't." Her voice had a grieved tone. "It would be such a pity, when the birds have just

finished it Are there eggs in it?" "I don't know; I'll see," and he climbed rapidly to the nest. . "Yes ma'am, four." He didn't

touch them, but came down again to the lowest

lame, ma'm, and can't get out much, and he gets from her desk. lonesome, and wants something to play with. "So

I thought I'd get him some.' Is Tommy your brother? "No, ma'm. I never had any brother or sister, either.' His voice softened as he spoke. "He be-

longs to the folks where I stay.' eggs. See here,' and she broke off a large bunch of lilacs and handed him the purple plumes. "Carry this to him. Put it in a pitcher of water, and it'll for you,' and she gave him the little bunch of vio-

ain't you?' 'Are you the new teacher?'

'I'm going then; I'll be there in time,' and he

and down to Tommy that he wouldn't go to school. It was no use. He never would be anybody, and he spirit every spring. I'll get you some to-morrow.' was tired of being flogged and beaten and boxed .-

there is not magic in kind words? Miss Merton went early to the school-house. The ' worst boy ' was already there.

about the school. What is your name?" 'Bill Hendrickson, ma'am.' pretty nickname.'

lied,' and he sighed. tenderly. 'And your mother---'

Courage, thought Miss Merton. A boy who weeps which florists have given it.

so much in pieces that his tangled locks stuck up That gentle touch. It melted the poor boy's heart engaged he bade fair to outstrip all his mates. Miss at them as soon as I do up the dinner work.' 'every which way 'through the holes. He was entirely, but with the better feelings that then surged Merton shared her dinner with him every day, thus Just at evening Willie came for his jacket, and throwing stones at a robin's nest that hung high up over his soul came a feeling of shame, too, and for removing one cause of the boy's restlessness and words cannot express his joy at learning that he was in a cherry tree, and screeching all the time in a way the first time in his life he blushed for his matted disobedience, for every one knows a full stomach,— henceforth to live under the same roof with his allowed them to bury the bodies but as soon as the powers of mind, and was on every emergency, the

about his temple, in soft, silky curls.

are probably one of the oldest pupils I shall have, ven? go home every night, sad and weary. Willie, you the clothes I have to wear."

school a credit to the district?' fore. He had never had trust reposed in him. He don't see what makes you so. Every body else frets made evenings; the Deacon's pants, the mended the hit answer. "You won't wish so a month hence," said the hardly knew what to make of it now, but he did not and scolds at me, and says I'll go to the penitentiary jacket, a pair of neatly darned socks, some of the hesitate to say at once, 'I will help you all I can. yet, I'm so bad." "But if I do think so four weeks from now, will Perhaps I shall forget sometimes, and act bad, be- "I love you, Willie, and that is why I treat you shoes, the last a present from the Deacon, who had you take him in? Say yes; please do," and she cause I'm so used to cutting up that it'll go hard to as I do. An orphan myself, I can feel for your told Miss Merton and his wife, 'he wouldn't do

surprised enough to see Willie there in earnest con- world. Willie, I've great hopes of you. You learn cheerful than William Hendrickson's, and no boy Miss Merton looked out of the window again.— versation with the teacher. They hung back bash- quick, remember well, and see into things easily.— behaved himself better in meeting either, than did would soon have strangled him had no assistance tatoes am meat, drink, an' sleep. Such am de gr

front yard. There were not many flowers in bloom kindly, and as she spoke to each one, she took them Don't you believe it?" and she looked hopefully yet, only a few daffodils, a bunch of fleur de lys, gently by the hand, stroking the heads of the little into his eyes.

and a box of violets. She gathered a few of the boys, and kissing the cheeks of the little girls.

ed the cherry tree, on whose lowest bough the boy lated a single rule. 'You have done nobly,' said Miss Merton to him, hard times," and tears trickled down his cheeks. yet stood, for he had not advanced a foot since she as at the nooning she sat down by him. She open- "Don't think of them, Willie. Look forward. "What are you trying to get, little boy?" She ed her dinner pail. "Bless me, but Mrs. Gray must There is a sunny future in store for you. Goodspoke pleasantly, and a lovely smile played about her have thought I had a wolf's appetite. 'Can't you night. Don't forget to bring the jacket." help me devour some of this generous dinner!' The | * * * " What under the sun have you appoint me.' "A robin's nest, ma'am." He was no liar, with boy, used to seraps and crusts, took eagerly the nice, got in your hands, Miss Merton," said Mrs. Gray, hard-boiled eggs, the seed-cakes and rhubarb pie.

when the meal was finished.

'O, yes, ma'm, plenty of them.' "I wish you would bring me five or six pretty ones. I am going to make a herbarium, and I want | ged thing."

some of all the early flowers.' "There'll be little birds, soon, then, and it'll be The boy didn't know what a herbarium was, but "Why there's lots of them in the loft over the promise. so pleasant for me to watch them. I wish you wouldn't he brought the flowers quickly, and looked on with woodshed. I store them up there for carpet rags I would like to follow his career, step by step, but I curious eyes while she analyzed one of them, and all through the winter, and in the spring take them my story is growing long, and I can only tell you 'I won't, ma'am. I didn't want it for myself, then, after consulting her Botany, carefully arrang- down and wash them up and sort them over; but the results of his continued efforts after knowledge folds of a double tent, and believed himself hidden. but poor little Tommy said last night he wished he ed them in the style of a crescent, and placed them dear me, you never can do anything with that old and goodness. He became so near and dear to Dea- But in spite of his fancied security, the avenger had had a string of bird's eggs to look at. Tommy is between the leaves of the large blank book she took thing."

little girl asked ' what she did that for?' the leaves, showed them a page on which lay pressed the delicate stars of the trailing arbutus, and and put in fresh lining, and country people all said was bound to go to the pentwo years before, and insisted upon the imprisonitentiary, now preaches the gospel of Christ on every itentiary other on which lay the shell-tinted flowers of the made new cuffs. Then she cut off the torn button-"I'll send Tommy something as pretty as bird's anemone, and another where the pretty little spring holes, pieced out the sides, and made new ones, and matron, with silvery hair, listens to him and learns

tiful collection, for I wish to present it, when finish- the Deacon, as he came in to dinner, "what wages preachers, and what is better far, one of the best of keep fresh several days; and here are some flowers ed, to an invalid friend of mine; a lady whose lame- do you make?" ness prevents her getting out into the fields and 'O, good ones, I tell you. Ain't I a good hand lets she had gathered. 'Run quick with them now, forests to see the flowers. Do you know, Willie, at patching?' and she held any the neatly mended or you will be late to school. You're going to school, whether there's any bloodroot grows about here? jacket. And then, before she could speak further I don't know but it's too late for its blossoms, but I Mrs. Gray told the Deacon whose it was and how it hope not, for I want some of them very much; they looked when she brought it in.

'I know where there's plenty, ma'am. I've him.' Now only the night before, he had declared up helped dig it many a time. Old Granny Wilmorth, I have great hopes of him, Deacon Gray: And where I used to live, always wanted some put in she detailed the experience of the week.

'Do, Willie, and any other wild flowers you may He wouldn't stand it from a woman teacher. And find. I shall be so glad of them, and in return I'll harbinger of summer. It gives us hope of seed time would. Yet the very next day he was in a hurry to morning, and give you a book like mine to place your somewhere, Deacon, I have studied the boy this while the two others dragged the butcher from his died of his wounds. 'Had it not been for him,' he go, fearful he should be late. Who will dare say specimens in. Wouldn't you like to have a herba- week, and I am satisfied that he only needs kind

eyes were very bright. Early the next morning come here now, I'll answer for his good conduct.' butcher who by this time had dis-engaged himself 'Ah,' said she, kindi, 'you've beat me. But I'm Willie was at the school-house with six beautiful The Deacon hesitated, but Miss Merton plead, and very glad you're here, for I want to learn something specimens of bloodroot, and several other spring eloquently too, for she felt that a soul's salvation derbrush of the forcet. And Miss Merton laid the You'd make a good preacher, Miss Merton,' and who found upon him a large sum of gold, a silver Bury, he lodged with his partner, William Yates, 'Say William, my dear, or Willie. Bill is not new herbarium, with William Hendrickson written he drew his hand over his eyes. 'It's hard resiston the cover, and a beautiful piece of poetry on the ing you. In fact I guess I'll have to yield. If 'It's what I've been called ever since my father first page. She divided all the flowers and gave him mother's willing, he may come to-night.' half, showing him how to analyze them, and how You'll never repent this good deed, Deacon, 'Then your father is dead, poor boy.' She spoke to press them, and writing under each in her own never, never. The boy must be good in such a home fair chirography the name, class and order, the spot as this; so neat, quit and well arranged. I'll answer

Miss Merton, the new teacher, pointed to a lad And she laid her hands carressingly on his soft brown came, and Willie, instead of being the worst; had pair out of them.' just outside the garden fence. He was ragged and hair, and sait softly, 'I know how to feel for you, been the best boy in the school. He was a bright of the most morning. Year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's had morning. Year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's had morning. little fellow, and now that his mind and heart were turn the fronts to the back. Yes, indeed; I'll get He allowed his new friend to dress his wounds, as lodger and her father's partner had nursed upon his not an overloaded, but a comfortably full stomach- idolized teacher. 'I believe,' he said, after a moment's thought, disposes one to be more genial and orderly than an 'O, I'll be so good,' he said 'Do tell me what "I am sorry to say it is," replied Deacon Gray. I'll run down to the brook and wash myself. I for- empty one can possibly do. Indeed, we have often I could do for you, Mrs. Gray,' and without waittract, the chances of converting them would be and drew the water and filled the kettle, fed the pigs

on. I always bring one with me to school, for the school-ma'am and the little, ragged, barefooted, al- does, but he's late to-night, and will be tired when little ones most always need washing after dinner. most hatless pupil. She made the way pleasant to he comes in.' "No; his mother died when he was a baby, and And here are a pair of pocket-combs—bran new ones. him, talking to him of the beautiful world that they of yes, ma'am, I guess I can.' and he soon family. With difficulty he was induced to accept his father, a hard-working man, hadn't any time to I'll give them to you, if you'll promise to use them lived in, and pointing out the various interesting brought the swimming pales into the dairy. things that were all about them; the old grey moun- The snow-white b's mit, the quivering custard time of it, with one old maid and another for house- Willie ran to the brook and made such a dexterous tains in the distance, with the purple shadows of pie, the mellow cider apple sauce, the golden butter keeper. When he was five years old, his father died, use of the towel and combs, that he hardly seemed evening drooping over them; the green fields beside and the fragrant tea, were just placed on the neatly in the principal journals of the country. J. Meyer, lady sitting up for him. She always does. She smiled them, with the white lambkins sporting over them; laid table when the Deacon's step was heard. He's naturally a bright boy, and if his mother had 'Why, you are real handsome.' Miss Merton the dim forest with its cathedral aisles, stretching 'Waiting,' said he, 'well sit down, I must do lived, he might have been somebody, for she was just spoke involuntarily; but, she spoke the truth, for far into the distance; the blooming orchards, with my chores first.' one of the most patient, loving women you ever he was a handsome little fellow, with a high, fair their snowy promises; the little brooklet with its 'They're all done,' said Willie, respectfully. 'I brother had fallen into the hands of robbers, as he a little t-tight?' the scented air with their clear notes, and lastly, 'Ah, you did them did you? Well, then we'll riging were only too sadly confirmed when the maaw in all your life; a christian woman, if there brow, with a wealth of nut-brown hair clustering singing waves; the brown and golden birds filling did them." "Poor boy!" Miss Merton spoke tenderly. "What I shall not have much time to talk to you, for I the searlet west, with the amber currents of sun- have tea." a pity somebody don't adopt him, take him into their hear the children coming,' and as she spoke, little shine playing over its gorgeous tides. And when Mrs. Gray had placed an extra plate by the side he described. Mr. Meyer, accompanied by the officer snatches of musical laughter came ringing through she knew his heart was interested and full of unut-"That's just what I've told father many a time," the open door; 'but one thing I must say. I need terable feeling, she said quietly, 'What a good God! there. to place us in a world so fair. Would you not like 'I can wait, as I always do,' said ha, hanging, of joy. By different parts of his dress, Mr. Meyer kneading. "I've always said if some one would He looked up and his blue eyes dilated in wonder. to know something more about him, Willie? Would back. you not like to study that holy book of His, which their own born child, it would be the salvation of She continued. 'I need your help, Willie. You He has given mankind to show them the way to hea- said the Deacon. 'Sit down, boy, and remember two other bodies, together with the disappearance with the

soon, it'll be too late, for just as sure as he goes on make a good, and perhaps a great man of you. Can and here's a quarter I'll give you to go to the store will find your clothes just outside the blanket, Wil-

be good at once, but if I do just look at me and I'll lonely life. Heaven only knows what I might have things by halves, he'd test the boy throughly. been, had not good friends cared for me when my There were many happy little faces in the church the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of the square, upon an elevated platform ground,—'cept de top, an' dat bear a carnivoro the centre of The other scholars came in just then, and looked father and mother died and left me alone in the wide that Sabbath morning, but none brighter or more erected for the use of those spectators who desired flower at de bottom. Potatoes is berry good boil

starting up the tree. She went out quietly into the "Tell me their names, Willie," said Miss Merton | the world. You will do it too, I know you will. - | kneeling by her side, and reading the beautiful words

"I want to; O, if I only could! I'll try. I'll latter, and sauntered down the gravelled walk, paus- School opened. The scholars watched in vain for study hard every day, and I'll go to Sunday School and with it, the dear school-ma'am. ing now and then to look at the annuals just peep- Willie to begin his antics, but proud of the confi- every Sunday. And if I do grow up good, I'll lay ing out of the moist ground. By-and-by she reach- dence reposed in him, he never, that morning, vio- it all to you, for no one else ever cared for me. tenderly, as she held his hands at parting, 'but I

white bread and thin slices of pink ham, the fresh, the next morning, as the school ma'am entered the no; 0, if you could always be with me.'

'Are there any cow-slips in the brook?' she asked "Why, its Willie's jacket. I've promised to mend it for him, so that he can go to Sunday School to morrow, and I've come to beg some patches."

The other scholars gathered about her, and one school ma'am mounted up the ladder to the loft,

are so beautiful; such a snowy whiteness to the You must have some hopes of the boy, Miss Mer- the gate of the town, a few rods from the highway. that it had been described very minutely in all the ton, or you would not take so much pains with a wheel and the bones of a chained corpse exposed principal journals in Germany.

'Ah, but one swallow don't make a summer.' 'I know it, Deacon, but then one swallow is a treatment and encouragement to place him far above wounded the animal so severely that he rushed into killed the horse and buried him, with all that he

flowers which had peeped out of the moss and un- lay in the answer she should receive to her petition. ed the dog, and falling, was dispatched by the thief, then a youth began business as a cotton-printer, near

' Nobody waits at my table, when there's room,

that it is your place hereafter.' It seemed to Willie that he had suddenly stept in-

up before sunrise, doing the necessary chores, and red it in the adjoining cemetery. The faithful dog. to strip himself to the skin, and wash himself tho-

Willie had never been talked to in that way be- "O, yes. Dear me, how good you are to me. I new shirt, the gift of Miss Merton, which she had been talked to in that way be-Deacon's that had shrunk, and a pair of good, stout

You are capable of making yourself a good name in he, reading out of the same book Miss Merton did, been rendered. They immediately chained the dog, merits of dis'ere escurlent."

'I may never see you again, Willie,' she said They even grudge me my victuals. O, but I've seen hope always to hear a good report of you. The Deahad great difficulty in persuading those who had bard times," and tears trickled down his cheeks. shall expect to hear from you in every letter. I shall never forget you. I shall remember you in my pray-ers, night and morning. Willie, you will not dis-finally felt persuaded of the truth of his assertions,

Through his tears the boy sobbed out, 'no, no, 'I leave you, Willie, with one who never forsakes,

Willie, God is with you. She was gone, and it seemed to the poor boy that the heavens had shut its door on him forever. But "Mercy on me, but you can never mend that rag- lie manfully struggled with himself, and though it was not near so easy to be good under the new teach-

indicated that the search was over. The man had "You'll see," was the cheerful response, and the his only little blue-eyed son having been called to the the spot had not assistance rushed to his rescue. other side of the river.' He went first to the acaand selected some suitable patches. Sitting down demy, then to the college, then to a theological Meyer and the dog, then carefully bound, before the Miss Merton explained, and then carefully turning by the window, she ripped both sleeves above the school, and then to the pulpit. Yes; he whom the judge who hardly knew what to think of so extraor-Sabbath day. And the dear teacher, now an aged er of his brother, for the dog could not be deceived. darned here and there till there was not a single hole. of him. The pupil has become the pastor; the worst the prisoner. Upon interrogating the latter, the 'I am desirous of making a very large and heau- 'Has the school ma'am turned tailoress,' said boy in school is now one of the most eloquent men. Verily, ' as ye sow so shall ye reap.'

Boonsboro, Iowa. The Dog and the Assassin.

BY MRS. C. A. SOULE. While traveling in 1857, through the beautiful city of Leipzig, I observed, about half a league from

to the gaze of every passer.

the trial, and condemned him to be broken alive : upon one of them and strangled him; but the other Nothing else could have discovered me, for I had 'O yes, ma'am, I guess I would,' and the blue the average of men. O, if you would only let him the woods uttering the most fearful howls. The wore from the grasp of the second robber, drew his knife which I beheld before entering the city of Leipzig. and killed him. But at the same moment he received a shot from the third, he who had just wound-

him some food and sought some water for him, answer, 'Yes,' as any child would do. 'Then I'll little baby. I cannot even remember how she look- dicinal qualities, if it had them, and also an approform the magistrate of the discovery. The officer ac- And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in ed,' and now the tears gathered into his blue eyes. priate quotation from some poet, and the language wife; those grey ones. They were prety good yet companied by several attendants, was soon on the beauty towards womanhood, his determination to -only thin about the seat, and out at the knees. spot; a surgeon examined the wounds of the three wait for her was strengthened; and after a lapse of at the mention of his dead mother, cannot be all bad. * * * The week passed on. Friday night I guess between you, you could get the boy a decent bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and bodies; they drew up a verbal process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and the process are the process and interred ten years—years of close application to business and the process are the process and the process are the process and the process are the pro of the night, when all was quiet, to the corpse of Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth

> gitsrate proposed taking up a collection to remune- a 'Lady,' she might ha' been living yet.' rate the man, who was poor and the father of a large

a brother of the butcher, reading sometime after- when he came in. wards the advertisement of the magistrate, hastened You stayed out so late,' she said, 'I feared you instantly to his presence, saying he had fears which had been taken sick.' he believed now only too well founded, that his had left home with a large sum of gold for the purgistrate related to him the conduct of a dog which lapped his hands and evinced other demonstrations dear. recognized the body of his brother when they disin- drunk.

ated by two, but also by one of several others who she put in one a very powerful emetic. Filling the * * * Sunday morning came. Willie was his brother's corpse to his native village, and interfollowed the body, but by degrees became attached

Every effort was made by the most diligent search

sassins. But in vain, the horrible tragedy remained Two years had passed away, and all hopes of sol- low. He peeped out. Sure enough, there was a bran who was his companion at all times. He arrived band was curious to know the reason. A few min-

> fair held regularly there twice a year. While walking one morning on the public square, wife. attended as usual by his dog, he was astonished to behold the animal leap forward like a flash. He dashed upon the crowd and leaped furiously upon versing with another gemman of color, "is a bamore conveniently to witness the show. He held an' dey am better roasted; but it you 'teal de lar

Weeks passed on. The summer-time was gone, rest the man, for he believed his dog recognized in

him the murderer of his brother. Before he had time to explain himself the young man, profiting by the tumult, escaped. For some moments they thought Meyers himself mad, and he the least dangerous, and begged earnestly of them to release him that he might pursue the assassin. He and restored the dog to his freedom, who joyously bounded to his master, leaped about him for a few

times and hastened away. He divided the crowd and was soon upon the enemy's track. The police, which on these occasions were very active and prompt, were immediately informed of this extraordinary event and a number

were soon in pursuit. The dog became in a few moments the object of public curiosity, and every one drew back to give him room. Business was suspended, and crowds collected in groups conversing of nothing but tho O, yes, I can. Where can I find some patches?" er that come, he was good, remembering ever his dog and the murder which had been committed two years before.

> tore his garments, and would have killed him upon He was immediately arrested, and led with Mr. During all this time it was almost impossible to hold the animal who seemed determined to attack judge was not satisfied with the replies and ordered him to be searched. There was found upon him a large sum of gold, jewels and five watches, four gold, while the fifth was an old silver one, but of little consequence. As soon as Meyer saw the last, he deciared it to be the same his brother wore the day he left home, and the description of his waves pub

In short, after the most minute and convincing The following is the history of that criminal as I legal proceedings of eight months, the murderer was learned it from the lips of the Judge who conducted | condemned to be broken alive, and his corpse to remain chained upon the wheel as an example to A German butcher being benighted in the midst others. On the night preceding his execution, he of a forest, lost his way, and while endeavoring to confessed among other crimes up till then he always gain the road was attacked by highwaymen. He denied, that he was the murderer of Meyer's brother. was on horseback and accompanied by a large dog. He gave them all the details above related, and deif they sent him to school he'd play 'hookey,' he teach you botany, at noons and before school in the and harvest. It tells us there is warm weather One of the robbers seized the horse by the bridle, clared that he always believed that the cursed dog

lished months previously, corroborated his assertions.

The robber never dared expose it for fear that it

might lead to his detection, as he was well aware

He expired on the wheel, and his was the corpse

THE FIRST ROBERT PEEL.-When Robert Peel, watch and a few other articles of value. He 'plun- paying eight and sixpence per week for board and dered the corpse, leaped upon the horse and fled. lodging. 'William Yates' eldest child,' says our The next morning two wood cutters happening in author, 'was a girl named Ellen and she soon bethat path, were surprised to find three dead bodies came an especial favorite with the young lodger .and a large dog who seemed to be guarding them. On returning from his hard day's work at 'The They examined them and endeavored to restore life, Ground,' he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, 'Nelly, thou bonny little dear One of them dressed the wounds of the dog, gave wilt be my wife?' to which the child would readily if foreseeing that he must consent to live that he knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, might one day avenge the murderer; he ate and the mother of the future prime minister of England. drank, but would not leave the spot. Lady Peel was a noble and beauiful woman, fitted He looked on quietly as they dug the grave, and to grace any station in life. She possessed rare turf was replaced, he stretched himself upon it, high-souled and faithful counselor of her husband. howled mournfully, and resisted all efforts of the For many years after their marriage, she acted as bystanders to induce him to move. He snapped at his amanuesis, conducting the principal part of his all who came near him, except the woodman who business correspondence, for Mr. Peel himself was did the man attempt to take his paws to remove him died in 1803, only three years after the baronety from the grave that he gnashed his teeth, and would had been conferred upon her husband. It is said have wounded him severely if he had not quickly that London fashionable life-so unlike what she fled. Every one admired the fidelity of the dog, and had been accustomed to at home-proved injurious

THE LAST DRINK .- Dan Jones has a wife-an acthe money, but finally he did, and from that mo- complished and beautiful lady, who loves him devoment burdened himself with the care of his new pen- tedly, but she finds too many bricks in his hat! One night he came home tight, and was not very much The details of this horrible event were published astonished, but rather frightened to find his worthy

> 'Hic-ain't sick, wife; b-but don't you think I'm ·A very little, perhaps my dear, but that is no-'Oh, no indeed, my dear-I'm sure even another

'You are too kind, my dear, by half; I know I'm terred it. The absence of the gold and the watch, Oh, no, only a julep too much, love, that's all. the wounds of the butcher and his dog, those of the Well take a glass of ale at any rate; it can't hurt The lady hastened to open a bottle, and as she of the horse, convinced the magistrate and the witnesses that the deceased had not only been assassin- placed two tumblers before her on the sideboard, glass with the foaming ale, she handed that, and

e looked at the glass, raised it to his lips-then

'Dear, won't you taste mine to make it sweeter?" 'Certainly, love,' replied the lady, taking a

mouthful, which she was very careful not to swal-Leipzig to close the eyes of his maternal uncle, who spitting out the taste, the lady finished her glass, desired to see him before he died. He immediately but seemed in no hurry to retire. She fixed a foothastened thither accompanied by his brother's dog, tub of water before an easy chair, for which the hus-

the city crowded; it being the season of the great | The brick was gone when he rose from the casy chair, and he never after carried one home to his

"Potatoes," said Pompey, a learned darkey, con an elegantly dressed young man who was seated in bacious, zoological wegetable what grows all und him by the throat with so firm a grasp that he de bes way of all is to fry dem, because den de