

Albion The Oxford Democrat

NEW SERIES, VOL. 2, NO. 2.

PARIS, MAINE, FEBRUARY 21, 1851.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 21.

The Oxford Democrat,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY
GEORGE L. MELLETT & CO.
TERMS.—One dollar and fifty cents in advance; one dollar and seventy-five cents within six months; one dollar at the end of the year. To which fifty cents will be added for every year in which payment is delayed.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms. The proprietors not being accountable for any error (beyond the amount charged for the advertisement). Payment for all advertisements is held to be due from the date of the first insertion.
[V. H. PALMER, AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ASSISTANT, deposited by the proprietors of the best Journals of the whole country, to receive and accept for Subscriptions and Advertisements at the Publishers' Lowest Rates, which may be seen at the Agency—Principal Office, Boston—Selling Office, Court St., New York—Tolson Buildings, Philadelphia—Third & Chestnut Sts.]
Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.
[From the Boston Museum]
THE PARTING.
BY ROBERT JOHNSON.
We met as friends of many years,
Though I a stranger when I came;
Thy kindly smile beguiled my fears,
And spoke a welcome in my name.
Full oft I've seen that friendly smile,
And felt its power to make me glad;
Thy friendship true, did grief beguile,
And gave me joy when I'd be sad.
And while in social group you met
And I am absent from your side,
And one by one shall take the seat,
I still would ask one thought for me.
As faithful memory records true,
Those happy hours since first we met,
So days of absence shall be true,
Because those hours without regret.
I'll think of thee at day's decline,
While sinks the sun behind the lake;
At midnight I'll call thy name,
Nor thee forget when I awake.
Then, brother, for me the last farewell,
Since now we're free to speak the last;
Nor let me rise in sadness still,
How memory lingers o'er the past.
The last farewell is said! 'Tis over!
But still the mental power is given,
That if we meet in time no more,
We all may meet again in Heaven!

SELECTED TALES.
[From the Olive Branch]
THE FORGED LETTER.
BY BENJAMIN FOSTER.

Nearly thirty years ago, in a town adjoining Middlebury, Vt., there lived an intelligent, respectable farmer, whom I shall call Rollins. His whole estate was valued at \$3000. He had represented the town in which he lived, in the Legislature of the State, had been one of the selectmen, and was now a regularly qualified justice of the peace. He had a fine woman for a wife, by whom he had two children, Emily and John. The whole family was industrious and frugal; their dwelling was a small whitewashed cottage, from the front door of which to the small gate at the roadside, was a path hardly discernible by the unprejudiced of guests and comers. A few lilacs and mountain ashes lined this path, through the branches of which might occasionally be seen the foot or horseback traveller passing and repassing, as business required.

Emily Rollins was brought up to work. She was taught to spin and to weave, and at the time our story commences, was engaged in spinning what used to be called linen. Her wheel in warm weather was set in the front entry, where she could spin, and at the same time, partially notice those whose business required them to pass that way. As Emily sat spinning, one pleasant morning in the month of June, she noticed a young man with a dog by his side, and, while in hand, approaching her father's cottage. The young man paused a moment at the gate, then opened it, and walking up to the front door, called Emily to give him a glass of water.

Emily's mother hearing the request, stepped to the entry door, and ordered Emily to take the dog, and go to the well and get some cool and fresh water for the gentleman. Emily did as she was bid, and the water was brought forthwith. Emily's eyes were no more fixed on Edward than his were on her; they seemed, for the time being, congenial to each other.

At this moment, Mrs. Rollins called to Emily to run out and help her father get the sheep into the barn, which Esq. Rollins was trying to do for the purpose of shearing, but was defeated by Edward's dog, who had strolled into the yard, and frightened them back into the pasture. Emily threw her apron over her head, and bounded into the pasture; Edward called his dog, and kept him close by his side for some moments; he then walked into the house, and laid a silver dollar on the table, telling Mrs. Rollins at the same time to give it to her husband, to pay him for the trouble occasioned by his dog, and that he would call again soon, and see if that was enough to satisfy him. Mrs. Rollins objected to taking the money, but Edward walked directly out and left.

Emily Rollins was a well formed, handsome, and good disposed girl. Edward was the son of a wealthy merchant of the city of New York, whom I shall call Rix, and was a promising young man of about twenty years of age. His father had sent him a few months before to Middlebury, Vt., to finish his education at a college situated in that town. He boarded at an uncle's on his mother's side, whose name I shall call Hill, from whose house, at certain times, Edward, with his uncle's dog, duly equipped, strolled forth some ten miles distant, on hunting excursions. On one of these trips, Edward met

with Emily Rollins; the circumstances of their meetings I have before related.

Mr. Hill was a man of considerable property; had two children, Thomas and Nancy, and was on good terms with the family of Esq. Rollins, and frequent interchanges of visits took place. Edward profited much by this friendly intercourse. He called, as he had agreed to, on Esq. Rollins, and had a very pleasant interview with the family, and on leaving, asked Emily to walk with him down to the gate at the road side, which request Emily very readily consented to. Here the lovers, (for such in fact they had actually become) stood and talked more than an hour. When Edward left, he promised to call again at a specified time, which promise he faithfully performed.

Edward's love for Emily had now risen to a considerable high pitch, and Emily's for Edward appeared in every respect reciprocal. They seemed one in feeling, though not exactly one by law.

Mr. Hill, knowing that a serious intimacy had grown up between his nephew Edward, and Emily Rollins, and knowing also the disposition of Edward's father, thought best to apprise Mr. Rix of the matter. He accordingly wrote to Mr. Rix, stating that Edward had formed an intimacy, if not made some promises, to a very respectable farmer's daughter in his neighborhood, and added, that the girl whom Edward had chosen, was as good as Edward, or any other city chap, let him be ever so wealthy.

Edward's mother was very sick at the time Mr. Rix received this letter; he immediately wrote back to Mr. Hill that Edward should not marry a country girl any way, for there were many rich and handsome ladies in the city, who would jump at obtaining Edward's hand, and that if Edward presumed to go contrary to his wishes, he would disown and disinherish him entirely, and he requested Mr. Hill to read Edward home immediately.

Mr. Hill informed Edward of his mother's illness, and the request of his father, wishing him to come directly home. Edward obeyed the summons, as he was very fond of his mother, and in less than three days he was seated in a second chamber at his mother's bedside. His disease soon terminated in a few days in this life. Mr. Rix wrote to Mr. Hill, his wife's only brother, requesting him to be at his house at his sister's funeral. Accordingly Mr. Hill and Thomas took the quickest conveyance, and arrived at the city in season to attend the funeral.

After the funeral was over, Mr. Rix took Thomas Hill into a private room, and inquired of him if Edward had formed an attachment to a farmer's girl in his neighborhood. Thomas replied in the affirmative. Mr. Rix then told Thomas that if he could contrive some way to break up this intimacy, he would give him one hundred dollars; and, continued he, if Edward has a girl in your digressing that he cares about, he will send a letter by you to her; this letter you can break open, and write her one of a very different character; and as her letters will probably be interchanged through your means, you can thwart the whole matter; and here, said Mr. Rix, is a twenty dollar bank note to begin with, and you shall have four more of equal amount if you will complete the job.

"Uncle," said Thomas, Edward's girl is a fine one; she is as good as Edward any way you can fix it; but I will do my best to break up this match; if, however, I should fail in accomplishing your wishes, I will not be chargeable for the failure.

The next day Thomas and his father set out for home. Thomas felt some misgivings on account of the business he had engaged to do for his uncle, and was several times disposed to inform his father of the whole matter, but fear prevented his doing so.

On arriving home, Thomas entered his chamber, broke open the letter which Edward had directed to Emily, and examined it carefully. He found this letter contained the strongest proofs of pure attachment and strict constancy on the part of Edward towards Emily. How to counteract the purity of this letter was a problem which Thomas knew not how to solve; but something must be done. "I have," said Thomas to himself, "twenty dollars in my pocket, given me by my uncle Rix, and a promise of four times as much more, if I will do my best to break the intimacy between his son Edward and Emily Rollins, and I must and will attempt something."

Accordingly, Thomas sat down and wrote the following:

CITY OF NEW YORK, July 12th, 18—
To Miss Emily Rollins, of —
I returned home a few days before my mother died. My father has put me under the care of an eminent physician in the city, where I am to study and practice medicine. He has learned that I have had some notion of taking a farmer's daughter for a wife, and has forbid my doing so, inasmuch as he says he will disown and disinherish me, if I presume to do contrary to his will; and as I am but partially acquainted with you, I hereby give you a lasting farewell! I wish, however, to have you signify your willingness to my determination, by writing to me soon. Put your letter in charge of Thomas Hill.

EDWARD RIX.

After folding this forged letter, Thomas carried it directly to Emily, but before delivering it, he said, laughing, "Emily, I guess Edward Rix has given you the mitten. This letter, I suppose, will tell the whole story." (reaching it to her.)

Emily took the letter, and retired to her room. After staying there some time, Mrs. Rollins called, and requested her to come into the kitchen, but Emily paid no attention. This gave Mrs. Rollins some uneasiness, as Emily was always ready to comply with her mother's wishes.

Thomas now with a guilty conscience started for home, half determined at every step, to go back and set the whole matter right, but the love of money finally bore the sway.

For some days after this, Emily appeared very melancholy—would neither eat, sleep, nor work. Mrs. Rollins tried in vain to ob-

tain the letter, or any knowledge of its contents, other than the singular appearance of Emily, until sometime afterwards, when Mr. Hill, who was returning from Montpelier, called at the house of Esquire Rollins. To him Mrs. Rollins broached the case of Edward and Emily.

Mr. Hill wished to see the letter spoken of, and said he would look into the business. Emily handed him the letter, he examined it carefully, and then said, "Emily give your self no uneasiness, for there must be some foul play here; Edward Rix would never be guilty of such unfairness. If it had been his father, there would be nothing singular about it, but you may depend upon it, Edward Rix is far above such acts of meanness."

Emily never wrote back to Edward. However, after this interview with Mr. Hill, she gradually became more cheerful, and went about her business with her usual sprightliness.

We will now leave Mr. Rollins and Mr. Hill's families, and go to the city of New York.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Rix, the health of Mr. Rix failed, and he grew weaker every day; his physician advised him to take a journey into the country on horseback.

Accordingly, in the fall, he set out with the intention of going by the way of Middlebury to Montpelier; but before reaching Middlebury, he concluded to come back that way, and to go a nearer route. It so happened that in a town adjoining Middlebury, his horse became so frightened at the sight of some geese near the road, that Rix was thrown from his horse, and his foot hanging in his stirrup, he was drawn several rods before his foot became disengaged. This accident happened near Esq. Rollins' house, and in plain sight of Emily, who was standing at the door at the time it occurred. She ran to the cupboard, took the champagne bottle, and said to her mother in a hurried tone, that a man was thrown from his horse in the road, and she thought badly hurt, and she had better call father. In less than three minutes Emily was at the side of Mr. Rix, who was very badly bruised, and unable to stand on his feet. In a few moments, Esq. Rollins, his wife, and son, were on the spot. Mr. Rollins ordered his son to take the gentleman's horse, who was feeling by the roadside, and go for a doctor. In a few moments Mr. Rix was able to stand erect; and by the assistance of Mr. Rollins and Emily, once on each side, was able to get into the house. Mrs. Rollins put him on her best bed, and in her best room, and gave the charge of him to Emily, as her own time was indispensable in another quarter.

Emily was faithful to her charge, and by timely assistance, and the best of care, Mr. Rix felt himself able to proceed on his journey in about a week after the accident happened; during this time, not a question was asked in regard to matters; but Mr. Rix before taking leave, asked Emily if she would like to live in a city. To which she answered that she had no correct idea of a city, she might like, or she might not, she did not possess a knowledge requisite to decide.

Mr. Rix said to her, "I am worth some two hundred thousand dollars, I have an only son, and he is an only child, and should be proud if I could have the good fortune of calling you my daughter-in-law."

Emily blushed and left the room.

Previous to this, Mr. Rix had paid his doctor's bill, and now called on Mr. Rollins for his bill; this being given, he just doubled the amount, mounted his horse and rode off. After going a few steps, he turned suddenly about, and asked Mr. Rollins what he might call his name, and Mr. Rix replied:

"I trust I shall see you and every member of your family again, and without giving his own name at all, was out of sight in five minutes."

We will now go back to the forged letter. After Mr. Hill's interview with Mr. Rollins and Emily, in regard to said letter, Mr. Hill went home pondering on the subject, not even dreaming that his son Thomas was the forger. It happened, however, some months afterwards, that some painters were at work in his house, and that when painting the room occupied by Thomas, they placed his trunk in the window, whereby some accident slipped out, and fell to the ground, breaking it open, and scattering its contents in every direction.

Mr. Hill, who was standing near where it fell, picked up the articles and put them back into the trunk. Among other things he noticed a letter directed to Emily Rollins; the seal being broken, he put the letter into his pocket, and in the evening examined it. This was at this time at Montpelier. This letter, Mr. Hill concluded was the original, from which the forged letter was written, and kept the whole a secret until Thomas came home, when he took him aside, and charged him with the forgery. Thomas frankly acknowledged the whole, but cast the blame, in the first instance, on his uncle Rix, where in justice it ought to rest. Mr. Hill decided that Thomas should carry the true letter to Emily Rollins—make acknowledgments, and ask forgiveness. This decree Thomas performed faithfully; and it happened to take place the very next day after Mr. Rix had gained strength and left the house of Mr. Rollins. Thus ends the part relating to the forged letter. Now for Mr. Rix again.

Mr. Rix had, in fact placed Edward under an eminent physician, as stated in the forged letter, with peculiar restrictions, such as, that no letter should be written by Edward, and sent to any person in the country, without the Dr.'s leave; and that he should have no opportunity to write to any one, without his (the Dr.'s) knowledge. These were the restrictions which Edward was obliged to submit to, and will serve as a good reason why Emily had received but one letter from Edward, except the forged one, since he left Middlebury for the city, near the time his mother died.

Mr. Rix returned home in good health. He immediately called Edward to his room.

"Edward," said he, I have changed my views in regard to farmer's daughters; on the way to Montpelier, I met with an accident which in the city might have ended my days, but from the extraordinary care of a good farmer's daughter, I was able to proceed on my journey in about one week from the time the accident happened. Here Mr. Rix related the accident, and the circumstances attending it, exactly as stated above. "Now," said Mr. Rix, "I know the name of the family, and the given name of the girl who attended upon me during my illness, and if you will seek them out, and obtain the heart and hand of Emily Rollins, (for that is her name) you may walk into my home, calling it your own, together with every cent of property I possess, except a maintenance through life in your family."

"Father," said Edward, "Emily Rollins is the self same girl you have been doing your best to prevent my having."

Mr. Rix doubted it; but after some talk in regard to the town in which Mr. Rollins lived, he exclaimed, slapping his hands at the same time,

"It is the very one—all things right—take the coach and go for her and all the family, and I will prepare to receive them."

Accordingly Edward took his father's coach and coachman, and went to his uncle Hill's at Middlebury. Thomas told Edward the whole story about the forged letter. From thence Edward went to Esq. Rollins', and soon made known his business. Mr. Rollins' whole family were very much surprised, but matters were soon arranged, and the family stepped into the carriage, and were soon at the house of Mr. Hill, who ordered his carriage, and the two families were soon on their way to the city of New York.

In the mean time Mr. Rix had been on the alert; he had decorated his house with every thing attractive that he could conjure up. He had purchased the choicest dainties the market afforded, and when his company arrived, Mr. Rix was in ecstasies; he would not suffer any one to return, until the marriage ceremony could legally take place, after which he gave to each one a hearty good-bye, and I believe he lived contented and happy to a good old age.

Edward took charge of the mercantile business his father had surrendered to him, and added considerably annually to his already large estate; and when he retired from business, he gave to John Rollins one thousand dollars—to Thomas and Nancy Hill, five hundred dollars each, and lived happily with Emily, respected by all, and especially the poor, to whom, at all times they were very charitable and kind.

THE EMPTY CHAIR. A NEW YEAR'S TALE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

On the south-eastern shore of the point that makes out to the westward of Gouldsborough Bay, upon the rugged coast of Maine, there stood a small cot, which, in the fall and winter of 1849, and for many years previous to that time, was occupied by an old weather-beaten son of the ocean, named James Storms, who retired from actual service somewhere about ten years previous to the above-named period, and who now carried on the various operations of fishing, boat-building, sail-making, &c. The old man's wife was still among the living, and she together with her husband and one daughter, a fair young girl of nineteen, possessed the unbounded love and confidence of all who ever chanced to form an acquaintance with the inmates of the humble cot.

It was on the evening of the 31st of December, 1849—the last day of the year; and who is there that does not remember that fearful night!—at least we were few who at that time lived upon the coast of Maine, that have forgotten it. The old man had returned from his boat-house, whether he had been to close the place more secure against the driving storm; and shaking the white fleeces from his thick pea-jacket, he hung it upon a peg near the fire-place, and then drew up to the pile of burning logs.

"Ah," exclaimed old Storms, with a shudder, as he rubbed his half-numbed hands, "this is a hard night for the ending of the old year. The Lord have mercy upon any who may chance to be off our coast."

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated his wife, as she drew her chair nearer to the fire. "Come Hannah," she continued, turning to her daughter, "let's have our cheer for the dawning of the new year. You know we hold our watch to-night."

"Yes, mother," returned the girl, "our supper will be ready in season. This bit of o'clock yet."

"Well," said the old man, "let's have our supper now, for I feel as though I needed it."

In obedience to her father's wish, Hannah set about the work, and ere long the table was set, and all prepared for the evening meal. But once a year did the family eat their supper so late as this, but for six years past had they made a practice of watching the exit of the old, and advent of the new year, and on such occasions they pushed their meals along faster into the night. At the head of the table sat the old lady, at her right hand sat the husband, while at the left sat the daughter. At the opposite end of the table was set a plate and an empty chair, on the back of which was tied a narrow piece of black crape.

For several moments after they had taken their seats at the well filled board, not a word was spoken, but all eyes were turned mournfully upon that empty chair. At length the old man opened his trembling lips and uttered in a broken tone:

"Six years since our poor boy was lost. Six nights have we watched the old year out, and his chair has stood empty before us. Ah, Robert, so long as your old father and mother live, no one shall fill that seat that

once was yours, and may God—have—O, my poor boy!"

Thick flowing tears checked the old man's utterance, and drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, he leaned forward upon the table and wept. The mother and the daughter wept also, and though their lips gave no utterance to words, yet for the boy that was gone—for the laughing, joyous, and affectionate Robert of other days—they sent forth prayers as warm and true as ever went up from the hearts of earth. Their new year's dawn was a season of sorrow and mourning, but still they sorrowed not in vain, for their hearts were softened by the tribulation, and their souls were purified by the tide of affliction that had thus rolled in upon them. To their humble home Robert had, in former years, been the sunlight and joy,—he had been an affectionate and dutiful son, and a kind and loving brother, and when they first learned of his death in the Indian Ocean, a dark cloud settled down over their household, which even the suns and frosts of six years had not been able to dispel. Ten minutes, perhaps, had they sat in comparative silence about the table,—the storm raged without in all its fury, ever and anon sending a shrill blast through some chink or crevice which had not yet been completely guarded, and the thumping hail-stones, as they rattled ceaselessly against the windows, threatened to force an entrance to the dwelling. The old man gradually composed himself from the effects of his first break of grief on seeing that empty chair, and wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, he folded his hands upon the table, and raising his furrowed brow towards heaven, he was about to offer his humble petition to the throne of grace. Not half a dozen words had he uttered when he started up from his chair and placed his hand to his ear.

"Hush!" he exclaimed, as he bent his ear towards the door, "did you hear that gun, Hannah?"

"Yes, father."

"There it goes again!" cried Storms, as the dull report of a distant signal gun came breaking through the roar of the howling tempest. "There's danger on our coast—Get me the lantern, Hannah; and you, wife, bring me that kettle from the porch. I'm afraid I shall never be able to light the signal on the cliff, but at all events, I'll try."

In a few moments the old man was muffled up for the duty he had on hand, and with the kettle in one hand and the lantern in the other, he issued forth. The storm was indeed terrific, but with a noble purpose the sturdy old coastman braved its fury, and made his way as fast as possible up the cliff, which reared aloft its barren, rocky, and storm-driven breakers before him. On this cliff was erected a rude structure—the work of his hands—which had been expressly formed for the purpose of enabling him to light his signal when the wind was too fierce without, and into this he at once made his way. There he found a small lantern, and with it he was enabled to set fire to the tar, and, as he had added a considerable quantity of spirits of turpentine, the bright flame shot up like a flash the moment it came in contact with the fire. In a few moments the blazing mass was removed to the brow of the cliff, and though the howling wind and driving hail seemed to threaten instant subjugation to the old man's signal, yet it flared forth a brilliant light, and the reports of three guns which came in quick succession over the driving sea, plainly indicated that they on board the struggling vessel had seen it, and that they also understood its import.

For fifteen minutes did old Storms stand upon the cliff, endeavoring to pour through the gloom to where the devoted bark seemed to lay, and at the end of that time he made her out. She was a brig, not more than two cables' length from the shore, and, as she was driven stern on, it was evident that she had her anchors out already. The phosphorescence of the foam-crested sea and the reflecting power of the hail, seemed to throw considerable light over the scene, and the old man was ere long enabled to make distinctly the exact situation of the brig. From her yards and rigging were snapping and fluttering the remnants of her sails, but not an inch of her canvas was there left that could be set, all having been blown from the bolt-ropes in the vain attempt to lay the vessel to. The star-board anchor was out, while the dashing end of the larboard cable told plainly that its anchor had gone; but the remaining one did no good, for it had no power against the gigantic strength of the driving wind.

The beacon light had gone out, and for a short time the old man stood undecided what to do. In ten minutes at the farthest, the brig must strike the rocks, and then—the Lord have mercy upon the crew!

"The poor fellows shall have the risk of my life, at any rate," exclaimed the sturdy coastman with sudden energy, as he darted down from the rock, and made towards the house.

"Hannah," he cried, as he reached the door-step, upon which his wife and daughter were standing, "run to the boat-house and bring me the new harpoon line. Quick, now, for in a few minutes more it may be too late."

"But you surely are not going to venture out!"

"Venture!" interrupted the old man, as his wife began to remonstrate, while Hannah was gone after the line. "There are human beings there whose lives are in danger, and as I hope for salvation hereafter, I'll labor for their salvation now. While I stood upon the cliff there seemed to come a voice, borne upon the roaring wind that said—'save them!'"

"But your own life,—do not throw it away," urged the old lady.

"Then come down and help save it," rejoined the old man, determined man. "I want turned the child and determined man. 'I want both you and Hannah to follow me quickly. Come,' he continued, as his daughter arrived

with the line, "bundle up and come along."

The mother and daughter lost no time in obeying the old man's mandate, for they had bold hearts as well as he, but 'twas for him they feared more than for themselves;—the sight of the devoted brig, however, which was now lashed by the spray that broke from the towering rocks, took away all thought of themselves, and with quickened steps they hastened to the shore. There must have been shrieks of agony on board that doomed bark, but the roaring voice of the tempest drowned them ere they reached the ears of those on shore. There must have been prayers too,—but these were for the ears of One who commands the tempest, and he never fails to hear.

The brig was setting in directly upon a large reef that made out just to the southward of the cliff, and further to the south of which still, there was a kind of opening, several rods in width, which made in from the sea up to the beach. Bidding his wife and daughter take the end of the line, and he ready to haul in whenever they felt a strong pull upon it, the old man started out over the reef. From rock to rock he clambered, and but for his minute knowledge of every crack and jut, he must have been washed off ere he had got half-way out, but though every step seemed but the next one to death, yet he struggled on, and ere long he was upon the outer extremity of the reef.

On came the brig—nearer and nearer to the place of her destruction—and at last she struck! Again and again did her heavy stern dash against the rocks, and at length as she lifted upon a breaking, dashing swell, she came down for the last time! With a fearful crash her timbers were rent asunder, and the ill-fated bark soon found her grave!

That sturdy old waterman upon the rocks saw the struggling forms of the crew, as they grasped the shattering fragments for support, and with an eagle eye he watched for his opportunity to render his aid. At length it came. Two men, who made out to reach the bows after the brig first struck, had secured themselves to a piece of the bend which had split from the cutwater to the forward chain-plates, and together they were struggling with the waves; but alone they could not have saved themselves, for they were being dashed past the point of the reef upon the sharp and craggy rock beyond.

"Now or never," shouted the old man, as the piece of wreck was flaring past, and with a fervent "God help me!" he leaped from the rock. His feet touched the floating mass just as it was curling over a breaking wave, and falling quickly upon his breast, he grasped the fragments of the wreck, and braved himself for the issue. The surging of the wreck gave the required pull upon the line, which was lashed around his body, and in a moment more the heroic woman on shore were pulling with all their might. Each time, as the soul-freighted piece of wreck settled into the trough of the sea, did it tend nearer the open space towards the clear shore, and, at the end of fifteen minutes it grated upon the smooth sand!

By the time the raft reached the shore, several fishermen, who had heard the signal, arrived upon the spot, and more dead than alive the three men—the sailor and the saved—were taken to the coastman's cot, where a warm fire and careful attention soon restored them to animation. Old Storms was the first one to return to consciousness, and as he saw the two men whom he had saved moving with life, he fell upon his knees and thanked God that he had done his duty. But he finished not his prayer, for as the first tones of his voice sounded through the room, the younger of the two men whom he had saved sprang from his half-unconscious state and gazed about him. For a moment he gazed, and then tottering forward to where the old man knelt he fell upon that aged bosom and murmured:

"Father, father—O my father!" He said no more.

Other forms bent upon that spot. The mother and the daughter, knelt by the father and the son, and together their almost bursting hearts sent forth their thanksgiving.

The clock struck twelve! The old year had gone! Around the blazing fire were drawn the chairs, but they were all filled, and amid the thousand and no answers that the restored Robert was obliged to give to his mother and sister, they gleaned a knowledge of the manner in which he was saved in the Indian Ocean six years before.

The New Year had dawned, and though some there were who lived not to see it, yet within that humble cot all was calm and peaceful joy. No more did the old man gaze in sorrow upon that memento of his supposed loss, for the boy of his love was returned to him, and now was joyfully filled THE EMPTY CHAIR.

The Pleasure of Knowledge.
The eye does not follow its appointed purpose if it be not employed in looking at the objects which may be presented to it. It is beautifully adapted to the sunlight which is provided for it. The eye is made for the light, and the light for the eye. As is light to the eye, so is knowledge to the mind.—The mind does not fulfil its end, if it be not supplied with correct ideas. It is as capable of receiving ideas as the eye is of conveying them, or the impressions out of which ideas are made. All healthful minds admit of improvements, and that perhaps, to an indefinite degree. It is an error to imagine for a moment that some minds may not be enlarged and beautified. If the mind be sane, it is not only possible to nourish and expand it, but it is easy to do so. If the senses are at all exercised, the mind must also necessarily be to some extent unfolded. The eye will receive impressions, and the ear will catch sounds, and transmit the result to the mind. This is a law of man's mental constitution, as necessary as anything can be. The inevitable condition of the mind is that it shall be affected for good, or for evil, in proportion as the senses are wrought upon by external objects.

The Most Profitable Honesty.
I know that there is a certain course of morality which draws its nutriment from the soil of the dustiest heart. I know that to steal and commit forgery and swindle lead, in the long run, to poverty, as well as to shame.—But there is a border-land between unblushing snavery and virgin honesty, into which successful forays may be made under the cloud of night and secrecy. We say that honesty is the best policy, but no man was ever honest who acted from mere policy; and it is also not true that the best honesty is the least policy. The most servicable honesty, like the most current coin, is that in which the fine gold of virtue is mingled with the alloy of worldly thrift. The most successful man of business, other things being equal, is he whose habitual course of dealing is so far upright as to admit of occasional slight deviations, and thus give the color of integrity to acts in themselves doubtful. There is such a thing as "losing honesty," which never deteriorates and never perishes, which is as pure as the snow "that falls by the northern blast twice o'er;" an honesty sometimes crowned with brilliant success, but more commonly dwelling with modest fortunes and a lowly estate.

A CURE FOR IMPERTEMPERANCE.—In a lecture on Sunday evening last, delivered by Rev. T. S. King, of the Hollis street church, the following doctrine was advocated:—"A devotion to the study of literature, history, the arts and sciences, one of the sure preventives of intemperance."

We like the stand and think it is the true one. It reaches its object—cures its evil.—The defect in the temperance reformer hitherto has been that it did not go far enough. It brought the subject out of danger, but did not keep him there. He fell back. It took the excitement and attraction of drink from the man, but replaced it by nothing at all—or at best by that which was inadequate to the purpose. Mr. King's views meet the long wanted defect, as it seems to us. It replaces something in the mind—gives it some attraction. By drawing the attention to and fixing it upon literature, art, science, &c., the mind is not left to prey upon itself, nor to seek excitement abroad. The moment a real love of books is fixed in the mind, no temptation will be found strong enough to seduce it from its pleasures, and least of all, the debasing pleasures of intemperance. There is nothing so unendurable as a vacant mind. It will seek some change, and the temptations almost always are to sensualism.

Nor is this position of Mr. King alone a preventive of intemperance. It will hold true of all other things. Cultivate a love of literature in its best phases, and its charms will be too powerful to let its possessor descend to other fields.—Boston Rev.

The Dead of 1850.
The London Times, in an eloquent review of the year "that's gone and awa," thus alludes to the many distinguished deaths of that period. There is no year, of course, in which the grim scythe-bearer does not cut down many who have filled a large space in the world's eye; but during the last one, he has gathered a notably large harvest of famous names.—

We are taking leave of a year of funerals, and cannot omit the opportunity of a passing glance at the many great names, living and flourishing a twelve month since, and now added to history. We have already alluded to Sir Robert Peel, Louis Philippe, and President Taylor. We must add the Duke of Cambridge; the Emperor of China, our antagonist in the opium war; the American Statesman, Calhoun; the Prussian Minister, Count Brandenburg; the Queen of the Belgians; the Duke of Palmella; the Chief Justice Doherty, Wordsworth, Jeffrey and Bowles; Miss Jane Porter; Wyatt, the sculptor; Sir Martin A. Shee; Frazer Titterton, the historian; the elder Brunel; James Smith, the agriculturist; Naender, the German theologian; poor Waghorn of the Overland Route, and many other names, respectable in this age, and venerable, perhaps, in the ages to come. All of them, even the humblest, and we could add many more such, have deserved well of their country, and contributed not a little to the happiness and the elevation of their age.

If you be naturally disposed to anger, frequent the company of the patient; by these means, without any labor, you will attain a fit temper, for conversation is of great moment; manners, humors, nay, opinions are hereby incessantly communicated.

A block of marble will be soon on its way to the United States, obtained by the Swiss government from the Alps, to take its place as the Washington Monument. It is of the description so much admired by the old Romans.

There is little prospect of electing a United States Senator in Ohio, and it is uncertain whether one will be elected by the legislature or New York.

