

A Noble Example.

About the year 1776, says Col Trumbull in his autobiography, a circumstance occurred which deserves to be written on a tablet. In the wars of New-England with the Aborigines, the Mohegan tribe of Indians early became the friends of the English. Their favourite ground was on the banks of the river, (now the Thames), between New London and Norwich. A small remnant of the Mohegans still exist, and they are scarcely protected in the possession and enjoyment of their favourite domain—the banks of the Thames. The government of the tribe had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief Uncas. During the time of my father's mercantile prosperity he had employed several Indians of this tribe in hunting animals whose skins were valuable for their fur. Among these hunters was one named Zachary, of the royal race, an excellent hunter, but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived. When he had somewhat passed the age of fifty, several members of the royal family, who stood between Zachary and the throne of his tribe, died, and he found himself with only one life between him and the empire. In this moment his better genius resumed its sway, and he reflected seriously, "How can such a drunken wretch as I am aspire to be the chief of this honourable race? What will my people say? and how will the shades of my noble ancestors look down indignant upon such a base successor? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will drink no more!" He solemnly resolved never again to taste any drink but water, and he kept his good resolution.

I had heard this story, and did not entirely believe it; for young as I was, I already partook of the prevailing contempt for Indians. In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the (then) colony was held at Hartford, the capital. My father attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend. Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe. My father's house was situated about midway on the road between Mohegan and Hartford, and the old chief was in the habit of coming a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor. One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the old chief:

"Zachary, this beer is excellent—will you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife and fork—leaned forward with a stern intensity of expression—his black eye sparkling with indignation was fixed on me.

"John," said he, "you know not what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you not know that I am an Indian? I tell you that I am, and that, if I should but taste your beer, I could not stop until I got to rum, and become the miserable drunken wretch your father remembers me to have been. John, while you live, never again tempt any man to break a good resolution."

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given a more solemn eloquence. I was thunder-struck. My parents were deeply affected—they looked at each other, at me, and at the venerable old Indian, with deep feelings of awe and respect. They afterwards frequently reminded me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it. Zachary lived to pass the age of eighty, and sacredly kept his resolution. He lies buried in the royal burial place of his tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, the western branch of the Thames, in Norwich, on land now owned by my friend, Calvin Goddard, Esq. I visited the grave of the old chief lately, and repeated to myself his inestimable lesson.

The Rumseller's Co-partnership Proposal to the Devil.

SATANIC AND DEAR SIR: I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticements of luxury, for the sale of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Wine, Beer, and their compounds. Our objects, though different, can best be attained by united action. I therefore propose a Co-partnership. All I want of men is their money. All else shall be yours.

Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you Drunkards, Paupers, and Beggars.

Bring the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and mother.

Bring me the father and the mother, and I will plant discord

between them, and make them a curse and a reproach to their children.

Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of his youth.

Bring me the mechanic, and the laborer, and his own money—the hard earned fruits of his own toil, shall be made to plant poverty, vice, and ignorance in his once happy home.

Bring me the professed follower of Christ, and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart. I will corrupt the Ministers of religion, and defile the purity of the Church.

Bring me the patronage of the city and of the Courts of justice—let them send me the Chief Magistrate of the State, and of the Union, as my guests,—place one of my patrons in the first office of the city, and nominate another for the first office in the nation—let the law makers themselves meet at my table, and participate in violations of the law that would consign me to imprisonment as a felon, and I will make the very name of law a hissing and a by-word in the streets.

Bring me above all, the moral respectable man. If possible bring the moderate temperance man, for though he may not drink, yet his presence will countenance the pretence under which our business must be masked. Bring him to our stores, oyster saloons, eating houses, and hotels, and the more timid of our victims will then enter without alarm.—Cataract.

Sprinklings for Thought, Ideal and Actual.

ASHAMED OF HER COMPANY.—A well dressed man in company with a very pretty woman, was seen a few days since riding rapidly through our city, when the chaise came in contact with something it had not oughter, throwing them both out. Neither was seriously injured, but the lady was seen going rapidly for the nearest place of concealment, and it was soon discovered that the man was drunk. Ladies should remember that they are not safe under the protection of any but a true Temperance man.—N. Y. Diadem.

EDUCATION, says a modern writer, in the ordinary sense of the word, embraces all that series of instruction and discipline, in literature, in arts, and in science, by which the understanding is enlarged, and the manners and habits of youth are formed in society. But there is still a more important feature in education—one which involves a higher duty—the duty of imbuing the youthful mind with sound principles in religion, morals, and obedience to the laws. Without these, social virtue ceases to exist, patriotism degenerates into factions discontent, and the path of life is ever after beset with thorns and briars.

VALUE OF A LIBRARY.—A distinguished scholar applied to a wealthy man for more books, for the library of the institution which he was connected. "Have you read through all you already have?" was the inquiry. "Oh, I never expect to read them through," was the reply. "Why then do you want more?" "Pray, sir, did you ever read your dictionary through?" "Certainly not." "Well, a library is your dictionary."

THE ACCUMULATION OF MONEY, when placed at compound interest, after a certain number of years, is exceedingly rapid, in some instances appears truly astonishing. One penny, in the *Conversations' Lexicon*, put out at five per cent. compound interest, at the birth of Christ, would, in 1910, have amounted to a sum equal in value to 357,174,600 of globes of standard gold each in magnitude as large as this earth, while at simple interest it would have amounted to only 7s. 7½d. It would afford a good exercise to our young arithmeticians to verify the above calculation.

FORGIVENESS.—The following beautiful passage is from the pen of that vigorous New England poet, John G. Whittier: heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused, its kindness rewarded with foul wrong—so turning gloomily from my fellow one summer Sabbath day, I strolled among the green mounds of the village burial-place; where, pondering how all human and hate find one sad level, and how, soon or late wronged wrong-doer, each with meekened face and cold hands flung over a still heart, pass the green threshold of our common grave, whither all footsteps tend—whence none depart.—A wad for self and pitying my race, our common sorrow, like a maelstrom wave, swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave."