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WHOLE NO. 2760.—VOL. 53.

Miscellancons.

OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

Blessed be the children who have an old fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fire-place therein, with its smooth old jambs of stone-smooth with many knives that have been sharpened theresmooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, too-the old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad, worn hearth, by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walked upon floors of tesselated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasped a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams-the shovel with which we stirred the sleepy logs till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we wished our first

There is a chair-a low, rush-bottom chair ; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber .-There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare patterns, and samplers in frames. And everwhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children-the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very Providence of the old nomestead-she who loved us all, and said she wished there was more of us to love, and took all the school in the Hellow for grandchildren A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woolen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heir-loom of silken tex-

We can see her to-day, those mild blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than time could touch or death do more than hide-those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but regret. A tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel-a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's disheveled head, when a small voice cries, "Grand-Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience ing colder." is almost as beautiful as her charity, and she iches the little red bark in a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low- and she opens the mysterious door and and we begin a breath to be lifted up one by one, and look in the hundreth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world, and our petitions are all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wranwhite hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so sweetly did she wreathe the white rose

harm! how the rudest of us softened beneath bags or pockets, thinking it worth our while to in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the and the air cold, so we took shelter under pa -the offspring of her heart.

-but that she ever was "little." And then, before.

the old ballad, in the dear old times and we lake-but dark brown ridges, red peaks like can hardly see to write for the memory of pyramids of solid fire. No rounded hillocks or

Well she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering like a fountain just ready to fall, but then how sweet-toned it was; and it became deeper and stronger; but it couldn't grow sweet-ter. What "joy of grief" it was to sit, all of us except Jane—to sit there around the fire, and ever, and grooved that had swept down like bursting water-spouts, tearing their naked loins, and cutting into the very veins and sinews of the fiery rock.

and misshapen cliffs, rising tier above tiet, and surmounted here and there by some spirelike summit—serrated for miles into ragged grander. "Mind, mind alone, "Mind, mind alone, is Light, and Hope, and Lifeand Power! Earth's deepest night from its blest hour, water-spouts, tearing their naked loins, and cutting into the very veins and sinews of the fiery rock.

Weekly Press."

Weekly Press. the robin-redbreast covered them with leaves ; and last of all, when the angel took them out of

the night into day everlasting.

We may think what we will of it now but ate material.

the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts; whatever memory with kindling eyes and lament that no such no- be sure that Master Jack is seized with his first blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the school-master, however, we could show that hearts as bold as

mother -her mother sang to her; but she does for heroism. lent in the old kitchen. Something glitters and year by year, rather than that which rush- ful terms to the world, be sure Jack's first love it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old breach. And of such heroism modern times is the song, and of the voice that sung it; when a such a life has come to light since the death of first love. light-haired and light-hearted girl she hung ar- Charlotte Bronte, the author of "Jane Eyre," a back again? What words can we unsay, what little was taken away by the saddest experience, First love is responsible. deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the an- yet who went through all uncomplainingly, cient clock of time?

to her garments, and staying her as if from dy- mentalize about the license that ought, as they good strtionery. ing, for long ago she had done living for herself, say, be allowed to genius. and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed child of an eccentric, though strong-minded cler- don't meet the complaint with too strong reme chair is tenantless.

grown, and came back one more to the home- Left motherless when quite young, she grew up

felt them as they fell over her form, and she narrow. One by one, her sisters died. loooked dimly up and saw tall shapes in the door- They were preceded by her brother, a young way, and she says, "Edward I know, and Lu- man originally of great promise, but who fell myself alone and my sister Bridget. Whin we cy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other? at last into evil courses. He came home to got ashore we went together to a boording-house It must be Jane's"-for she had almost forgot- live a confirmed sot, and filled the house for and the boordin master took me up stairs to a ten the folded hands. "Oh, no, not Jane, for years with shame and terror. She bore bravely, room, and when I went to bed I took the coat she-let me see-she is waiting for me, isn't however, against all this, cheering her aged and and shirt off my back, and for fear some dirty

Edward has brought," says some one, "for your

in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of sore beset by social scorn and suspicion, fighting the big chist, and begorra the coat off my body

weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sob; she and every honest heart cries out, God speed!" says, as she extends her feeble hand, "Here my poor child, rest upon your grandmother's shoul- who wrote "Jane Eyre," while every newspa- think that any indulgence of affectionate feeling der; she will protect you from all harm .- per that reached her rung with acknowledg. is a weakness. They return from a journey Come children, sit around the fire again .ma" from the old red cradle, and "Grandma!" Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story .- etly waiting on the sick brother, nursing the ec- and move among their children with the cold Tommy shouts from the head of the stairs. Stir the fire for it is cold; the nights are grow- centric father, doing what her hand found to do, and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded with

time of those old days. The song of life was in- genius, though her own constitutional selfish- lies without a heart. A father had better exdeed sung, the story it told, was bedtime at last. ness had been developed to excess, by her soli- tinguish his boy's eyes than take away his Good night to thee, grandmother. The old-fash- tary mode of life; but went straight on with heart. Who that has experienced the joys of ioned grandmother was no more, and we miss the heroism of a martyr, and clinging to her fa- friendship, and values sympathy and affection her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the mily because it was her family, and resisting would nit rather lose all that is beautiful in naproceeds to wind it up. We are all on tip-toe, midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, every temptation to desert it for a more brill-ture's sonery than be robbed of the hidder and write on it only this:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

OLD FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER.

GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

SINAL.

In about an hour and a half from the time we left the convent, we reached the top-the "grey ped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the top" of Sinai, for while the great body of the mountain is of red granite, this is of grey .-Whether from decay or the peculiarity of the in the hair of the other, that one would not appeared luminated at the top, so that we were have wondered had more roses budded for com- able to split off some slices with the help of our lotte Bronte was one! hammers, of perhaps an inch in thickness .-How she stood between us and apprehended With these exfoliated fragments we filled our the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous carry home with us specimens of that mountain hand! From her capacious pocket that hand which "burned with fire," and on which Jehowas never withdrawn closed, only to be opened van himself descended. The wind was strong cherries she had plucked, the little eggs she had of the low wall at the entrance to one of the found, the "turn-over" she had baked, the trin- chapels. While the monk was striking a light ket she had purchased for us as the product of and preparing coffee, we were gazing on the her spinning, the blessings she had stored for us scene, and writing a few short letters to friends, dated "the top of Sinai," I had taken with me What treasure of story fell from those old lips ten commandments in the original, on a large -of good fairies and evil, of the old times when sheet, and, spreading it out, I read over the law she was a girl; and we wondered if ever- on the summit of the mountain where it had but then she could not be handsomer or dearer been given three thousand five hundred years

dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure it more utter barrenness and desolation than we room now-a-days; but then it was the old the landscape to mitigate the unbroken horror. kitchen and the old-fashioned grandmother and No green spot, no tree, no flower, no rill, no them, though it is a hand's breadth to the sun- soft mountain curves, such as one sees even in the ruggedest of home scenes-but monstrous

> -A wax figure of Mrs. Cunningham is about to be placed in the American Museum, New

FRIDAY MORNING, BEDFORD, PA., SEPTEMBER 4, 1857.

Heroism All Around Us. It is the cant of the day that the age of heroism has past. Men talk of Leonidas and Tell one morning, to play marbles any more forever, ble souls survive in modern days. If need were, love. the rays which make that little day we call life radiate from the God-swept circle of the that Inkermann and Malakoff proved it, to say est on the table, which the lable, not the bear that Inkermann and Malakoff proved it, to say nothing of Lexington and Bunker Hill. But it informs you that the contents of the bottle is an Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to is a radically false notion to look only to war unguent that makes the moustaches grow-you not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done .- that which fights the battle of life under adverse love. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is si- circumstances, day by day, month by month, down between her fingers and the fire-light, and es to the assault, or defends the imminent has just sprouted doing her duty in a straight-forward, honest So all our little hands were forever clinging manner, that ought to shame those who senti- red that first love has caused the spoiling of some

gyman, who held a curacy at Haworth, York- dies, lest it strikes in, and Jack strikes out from How she used to welcome us when we were shire, in the midst of bleak, wild, lonely moors. parental authority. First love is like the whoowith her sisters apart from all the world. Her We thought we were men and women, but writings show how remarkable was her genius; were children there. The old-fashioned grand- yet she did not consider this as exempting her mother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with from the duties of her lot; and she performed her heart, as she always did. We threw our even comparatively menial services without man of a newly arived son of Erin: long shadows through the open door, and she complaint, as the family circumstances were

she?" and the old grandmother wandered and half-blind father, writing Shirley and Villette, spalpeen would be after staling 'em, I put 'er and denying even the lover of her choice to away snug in a great iron chist that stood right "It is another daughter, grandmother, that please her parent; and all this without a mur- forninst the bed. In the morning, whin the "Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand "It depicts a poor, plain, dependent woman, yer clothes safe?" and I jist opened the door as my old age. Shall I sing you a song children?" her little battle of life, which was greater in the bistory of her soul than Marathon and Waterland divil of a chest was a stove, fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again.

Solve the by sociation and supplication, includes and the shirt of me back was buent to ashes! Be dad sir, that old divil of a chest was a stove, fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift to the children that have come again. One of us, men as we thought we were, is poetic and pathetic as those greater combats,

Yes! while two continents are wondering ments of her genius, Charlotte Bronte was qui- and greet their families with a distant dignity like any other true woman. She listened to its broken fragments. There is hardly a more The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed- no suggestions of the pardonable morbidness of unnatural sight on earth than one of those famiant destiny elsewhere. For eight and thirty treasureof his heart? Who would not rather years she waged its battle unceasingly and hope- follow is child to the grave than entomb his lessly; a sadder life, indeed, is not on record: parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's At last, with her father's consent, she married, best affections. Indulge in the warmth and but, in less than a year afterwards, she died .- gushing of fraternal love. Think it not a weak The gleam of brightness was the prophetic sun- ness. set of a brighter day; but that day dawned in rose; th robin; to love their parents; to love another world. We have been so happy she their Gd. Let it be the studied object of their said to her husband just before she expired .- domesti culture to give them warm hearts, ar-Alas! it was the only happy year she had ever dent affections. - Bind your whole family tobeheld. It would almost seem as if she was sent gether y these strong cords. You cannot to strive and suffer thus, with all her resplend- make tem too strong. ent genius, to shame those who, with vastly less original formation I do not know, the granite excuse, seek to evade the duties of life when repulsive or hard. If there ever was a hero Char-

Reautiful Extract. The future with all its thick-coming events the careat the same time coming to a sudden lies before us. We are in the midst of a rapid halt. The passengers sprang up in terror, and and forward age. The Spirit of inquiry is a- tushed out to acquaint themselves with the broad among the masses. Every land, far and nischief-all but Mr. Bull, who continued readnear, feels the quickening impulse of the times. In the newspaper. In a moment somebody We cannot stand still if we would: for to move ushed back, and informed him that the boiler is to live, and to halt is to die. We must dis- lad burst. charge our duty to ourselves, and so to others. "Awe!" grunted the Englishman. We must know what is transpiring around and "Y-s," continued his informant, "and sixteen beyond us. The great questions that concern our common humanity are no longer mysteriously confined to the few: they are interesting to the world and to all its tribes of men. Let us ort, "your own man-your servant has been be up to this age. Let us be equal to such an down into a hundred pieces." era. And we can only be so by pouring into when we begged her to sing! "Sing us one of The cold and driving rain was considerable hinthe old songs you used to sing mother, grand-drance, and more than once my tables of the law thanks to a free and fearless press, illuminates were on the point of being torn in pieces and car-"Children, I can't sing," she always said; ried away, but I accomplished my purpose. It tempt and abhorrence of the historian the errors and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, was interesting at the time; nor is it less so in and the vices of her foes. The questions which and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn my recollection. The day was not clear; mists relate to our own Destiny, are profoundly inupon the floor, and the clock ficked lower in were rising in the horizon, so that we did not teresting. The obligations we owe to our Conthe corner, and the fire died down to a glow, see far off. But we saw the "great and terrible stitution should be sharply defined; the relation like an old heart that is neither chilled nor wilderness" around us, and it it was a vision of we bear to each other as citizens, and the relations of each State to every other State; the atwouldn't do for the parlor and the concert- had ever seen or fancied. No soft feature in the opposition we should give to faraticism, North and South; the narrow extent of time that divides us from the old nations withall their communities of living men and all ther memories of dead greatness; the novelties of our position, with inventions, its improvements, and its remarked that it was an exemplification of the wonders, and thus its responsibilities and its oldproverb-"A short horse is soon curried." dangers: - what a field for action-what a the-

TA lady should never tem to under-Brass would be a much more appropri- stand an indelicate expressio much less to use one.

Symptoms of First Love. When you find Master Jack suddenly refuse

When you fird in Master Jack's bed room The truest courage, perhaps, is may be sure that Master Jack is seized with first

If Jack becomes satirical, and alludes in scorn-

If you find a pocket edition of Byron about grandmother is thinking when she first heard full. One of the most prominent examples of Jack's clothes, le sure Jack's far gone in his

If you find a pair of patent leathers coming ound that mother's chair, nor saw the shadows woman, who, from her childhood, was called home from your shoemakers on Saturday afterof the years to come. Oh! the days that are no to struggle with grief and care, who had but noon, and can't remember ordering them and more! What spell can we weave to bring them little hope constitutionally, and from whom that they don't fit anybody but Jack, don't blame him.

> It you see Jace's finger ends rather inky, and scraps of an acrottic anywhere around, be assu-

Finally, if Jack is suffering from first love Charlotte Bronte was the eldest surviving don't be hard on the poor fellow; and above all, ping-cough-we must all have it and it is best to catch it young

> How Pat harned to make a Fire. "Can you make a fire, Pat?" asked a gentle-

"Indade I car sir, I learned to do that same yer honor, to my cost sure. Whin I came over, you see, there was no one along wid me except mur, because it was in the line of her duty .- day was brakin through my winder, says I to An eloquent critic well says of her biography: meself, 'The top av the morning to ye Pat; is

Affection. We sometimes meet with men who seem to leach your children to love; to love the

John Bull's Latest. The fllowing is the latest joke upon John

Johnwas travelling on some Western railroad, when a tremendous explosion took place-

cople have been killed." 'Awe!" mnttered the Englishman again.

"And-and," said his interlocutor with an ef-"Awe! bring me the pice that has the key of

I printer out west, whose office is half a mile

intuded for the sister of sixteen. A Miss "Steed," a lady of brief stature,

haing lately married a man by the name of "Crry," after a week's acquaintance, Brown tiot in this village, haven't you?" asked a stran-

get of the citizens of a village on the Mississipi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the secondstory windows." A man had a sign up, "cheap ladies' shoes

for ale here." He found that not a woman enterel his shop. No wonder. The ladies don't like to be called cheap; they want to be callTHE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

gostina (whose recent death at Cueta was mentioned in the Post of Tuesday,) was in her 22d year when the siege occurred, and must therefore have been about 70 at her death. When der away, I'm under the shed!" Byron was in Seville, she was to be seen walking on the Prado decorated with medals and orders, bestowed on her by command of the Junta. We quote his celebrated stanzas:-

Is it for this the Spanish maid aroused, Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar, And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused, Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war? the newspaper."

And she, whom once the semblance of a scar Appall'd, and owlet's 'larum chill'd with dread, Now views the column scattering bay'net jar

The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm

quake to tread. Yet who shall marvel when you hear her tale?

Oh! had you known her in her softer hour. Mark'd her black eye that mocks her coalblack veil, Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower,

Seen her long locks that mock the painter's bride and friends on his wedding day. Her fairy form, with more than female grace,

Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tow-Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face, Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fear-

ful chase. Her lover sinks-she sheds no ill-timed tear; Her chief is slain-she fills his fatal post; Her fellows flee-she checks their base ca-

The foe retires-she heads the sallying host : Who can appease like her a lover's ghost? Who can avenge like her a leader's fall?

What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is lost? Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul, oiled by a woman's hand, before a batter'd

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons But form'd for all the witching arts of love: Though thus in arms they emulate her sons, And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,

'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove, Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate: In softness as in firmness far above Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;

Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great.

Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch:

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their Bid man be valiant ere he merits such Her glance, how wildly beautiful! how much

Hath Phæbus woo'd in vain to spoil her out amiable girl, used to call her "Brown Su-Which glows yet smoother from his amorous refined. clutch

Who round the north for paler dames would seek? How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan and weak!

A HORSE STORY.

This abridgement of a horse story is taken from W. C. Prime's work, "Boat life in Egypt and Nubia," as related to him by one of the government officers at Edfou. It is a story of an old Sheik of the Bedouins, which has often appeared in print, but not like this:

tent, a Nubian slave, and a mare : nothing else. caused the stalks to grow very rank, without a The mare was the fleetest animal on the desert. From the Nile to the Euphrates, the fame of this animal had gone out, and kings sought in vain to own her. his horse is not that fabled affection that we read of in books. It is the love an American nabob has for his gold, or a poor laborer for his day's wages. His horse is his life. He can to answer for his appearance at the next term rob, plunder, kill and destroy, ad libitum, if he of the circuit court. has a fleet steed. If he has none he can do nothing, but is the prey of every one who has. Living this wandering life, the old Sheik was rich in this one mare, which was acknowledged death by a man named Grover shooting a dog to be the fleetest horse in Arabia. Ibrahim Pathat was standing near her. Grover bas been sha wished the animal as his father had before committed to jailhim. He sent various offers to the old Sheik, but in vain. At length he sent a deputation with five hundred purses, a purse is five pounds, and the old man laughed at them. 'Then,' said Ibrahim Pasha, 'I will take your mare.' 'Try He sent a regiment into the desert, froi any other building and who hangs his sign and the Sheik rode around them, and laughed at them, and the regiment came bent with the finger. home. At last the Shiek died from a wound received in a fray with a neighboring tribe. Dying he gave to his Nubian slave all he had. Love is like a river, if the current be ob- his priceless mare, and the duties of the blood stretted it will seek some other channel. It is revenge. The faithful slave accepted both, and partner of General Rusk, in the practice of the nounfrequently the case that the kisses and at- has ever since been the terror of the eastern de- law. terions bestowed on the child of six years, are sert. Yearly he comes down like a hawk on the tents of that devoted tribe, and leaves a ball or a lance in a man or a woman. No amount of blood satiates his revenge; and the mare and Cunningham, was successfully performed by ber the black rider are as celebrated in Arabia as the sister Sarah, in 1827. wild huntsman in European forests, and much

ists in the United States will hold its next annual session in Chicago, on the 15th of September.

Among the importations at Boston, from England, last week was a quantity of human hair, valued at \$2,624.

Nothing was so much dreaded, in our schoolboy days, as be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah! the force of education. In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

IF A little urchin, some two or three years old, being a little distance from the house, was According to a note to Childe Herold, An- suddenly started by a clap of thunder. He was very much frightened, and made rapid tracks towards the house. But as the shed was the nearest shelter he entered it, and casting a defiant look at the clouds, exclaimed, "Thun-

> A newspaper is something better than what it has been aptly enough called, "the fulcrum which Archimedes longer for." Lord Mansfield recognized one of its great uses when he remarked to a foreigner who was surprised at the scanty public in the Courts of Justice in England: "No matter, sir, we sit every day in

> My dear,' said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?" "No, I don't want to read of it; it is enough to have a plague in my own house."

Snodgrass, being sick of single blessedness, Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might advertised for a wife. The next day he received a note from Mrs. McPherson, inquiring "what he wanted of her."

Groom signifies one who serves in an inferior station. The name of bridegroom was formerly given to the new married, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his

A man being asked by his neighbor how his wife did, made this answer: "Indeed, neighbor, the case is pitiful; my wife fears that she will die, and I fear she will not-which makes a disconsolate house."

TA story writer says, "Florabel clasped her wide white brow with her two white hands, as it to still the thunder of thought booming through her brain." How her head must have ached with such a noise in it! Florabel must be the young lady whose "eyes emit lightning

An editor out West calls on maidens to take courage; because the census shows that there are half a million more men than women in the United States.

IF A witty docter says that tight-lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls, and leaves the wise ones to grow up

TOwls look wiser than eagles, and many a sheepskin passes for chamois.

The intelligent have a right over the ignorant-the right of instructing them.

TA great many people have some knowl edge of the world, although the world has no The seal love's dimpling chin has impress'd knowledge whatever of them, and no particular desire to acquire any.

Punch says that every family ought to keep a kitten to amuse the children. They should also keep children to amuse the kitten. A philosopher who had married a vulgar

gar," because, he said, she was sweet, but un-ON THE WING .- "Dad, if I was to see a duck

on the wing, and was to shoot it, would you lick me? "Oh no, my son! It shows you are a

good marksman, and I would feel proud of "Well, then, dad, I plumped our old drake as he was flying, over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drap!"

-The Tobacco crop in some parts of Maryland and Virginia is said to be very poor, on "The Sheik was old and poor. He owned a account of the wetness of the season. This has proportionate growth of leaves.

> -Giles the Express messenger, who has had The love of a Bedouin for a preliminary trial at Quincy, Illinois, on a charge of being concerned in the Express robbery, has been held to bail in the sum of \$6,000,

-In Denmark, Me., a few days ago, a little daughter of Mr. John Blake was frightened to

-Counterfeit gold dollars, of the size of the new emission, are in circulation. They are well calculated to deceive those who are not in the habit of scrutinizing the money they receive. They are made of tin, galvanized, and are easily

-General Rusk's seat in the Senate will probably be filled by Ex-Governor J. Pinckney Henderson, the intimate friend and former

-A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" asserts that the trick undertaken by Mrs.

-The Democratic Convention of the fifth district of Maryland assembled at Hagerstown, The General Convention of Universal- on Tuesday, and nominated Col. Jacob M. Kunkel, of Frederick, for Congress.

> Our sorrows are like thunder clouds which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter w they approach. Every woman is born with a master mindthat is to say, with a mind to be master, if she

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.