

THE MOTHER'S ORACLE HYMN.

How, my babe, is still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly blessings without number...

Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay; For His birth-place was a stable, And His softest bed was hay...

See, the humble shepherds round Him, Gaze with mingled love and fear; Him, Where they sought Him, there they found With His virgin Mother near...

COUSIN MARGARET. Margaret was cross—yes, cross! I think I could give her pertinacity of that long ago morning, no milder name than that...

Margaret Ethridge was my cousin, and I was a personage having five feet of mingled impudence and dignity, and bearing the appellation of "Kate Carey," or, in full, Catharine Carey...

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It was a beautiful moonlight evening in June. Bel had retired with a headache. My Ainslie was with me in the library, and Margaret and Perry had not returned from their after-noon walk...

"Margaret, I pray you will not question the past. I have been rash, indeed, to pledge my life to one that I can forget so easily, but I am convinced, since I first saw your peerless face, that you alone can make me happy...

The Democratic Watchman.

"STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION."

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now—that poetry had an enervating influence, and I must discontinue that everlasting habit I had of moralizing and philosophizing so severely...

I trusted Perry, too, beyond all else. I did not fear that anything could draw him away from me, so it was no distrust of his fidelity that made me dread Margaret's coming...

At length she came, and with her Miss Isabel Ainslie, and her brother, the first of whom was an intimate friend of my cousin, and the other acting merely as an escort...

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"Let me be your friend and brother, Miss Carey. I can have two sisters. Bel would be jealous, will you not?" "Oh, no!" she rejoined quickly, so Guy took the clasped hands into his own...

"Remember the contract is binding on you also, Miss Carey. If I am a brother you must be a sister to me." "I will indeed," I answered, "yet it seems strange to hear you speak so kindly for..."

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Bel had excelled, and Guy was almost womanly in his tenderness. Oh, how inestimable his friendship appeared to me then. Perry said but little, he seemed to avoid my glances even, though I knew he spoke truly when he said, "I am sorry you are looking so badly, Kate..."

A day or two I waited for Perry to seek me and ask his release, but he still lingered away from me. However, as we all sat in the parlor one beautiful August eve, I called my cousin to my side. She came and sat down by me, passing her treacherous white hands over my hair and sang a favorite ballad. When she had finished, I exclaimed: "You sang that very sweetly, Maggie..."

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THE PLAGUE—A CURIOUS CHAIN OF PROPHECIES. It would appear that the plague or some other fearful epidemic has long been anticipated in Germany. The first Napoleon, who was very superstitious, as many great men have been, and are, placed great reliance in the predictions of the celebrated Mlle. Lenormand, well known as a prophet for nearly forty years, and also the confidante of his wife...

At the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, held in 1818, when Napoleon was a captive in St. Helena, this same Lenormand attracted much attention among the sovereigns, and succeeded in particularly interesting the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who, indeed, had a strong tendency to mysticism and pietism, which was fostered by his friendly intercourse with Madame Krudener who not only "told fortunes," but predicted, boldly and largely, as to the events of nations, and it cannot be denied that their mysterious sentences had weight with the masses, particularly in Germany...

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LINES ON THE "CELEBRATION OF PEACE." And is it thus ye welcome Peace, From months of forty-pounding Bores? O, deafening Cannons! cease, Least Peace, affrighted, shun our shores!

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THE LAST PROCLAMATION.

We deeply regret that Mr. Johnson has put his name, as President, to the Proclamation offering rewards for the capture of Jefferson Davis, and others, as implicated in the assassination plot. That Jefferson Davis had anything to do with it—that he would not have denounced the proposition—is what hardly any amount of testimony, or evidence, short of his own acknowledgment, will ever make the world, at large believe. The intrinsic improbability of the thing will prepossess most minds. The Proclamation looks like one of the volcanic eruptions of Secretary Stanton.

"It appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice," &c. Evidence! both! All they have in this new fangled "Bureau of Military Justice"—an institution unknown to our laws; is testimony—and every lawyer knows that testimony is not always evidence. The head leader in an infamous plot, as a means of inveigling his brain-washed youth into his wicked schemes, will often claim to be acting on the authority of some high and regarded personage. It is a very old game; but, to pretend to attach credit to it, is worthy the sagacity of a pair of spectacles straddled on a (ruined) nose! As to ex-Senator Clement C. Clay, we have heard, on unimpeachable authority, that his expressions, to a trusted friend, on hearing of the felonious attempt to burn hotels in New York, were so vehement, in regard to the atrocity of the act, as to put it past probabilities that he would not have executed the assassination of Lincoln. Messrs. Beverly Tucker, G. N. Saunders, and Mr. Cleary have in the most indignant terms, denied that they knew of, or could have sanctioned the act.

TO MAKE A GOOD WIFE UNHAPPY. We are apprehensive that there are many husbands who will read the following with a blush: See her as seldom as possible; if she is warm-hearted and cheerful in temper, or if after a day's or a week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly upon her, and answer her with monosyllables. If she force back her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful, sit down and gaze in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think you have anything to do to make her happy, but that her happiness is to flow from gratifying your caprices; and when she has done all that a woman can do, be sure you do not appear gratified. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits, and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good-humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has faults, (which, without doubt, she will have, and perhaps may be ignorant of), never attempt with kindness to correct them, but continually rebuke upon her ears. "What a good wife Mr. Smith has!" "How happy Smith is with his wife!" In company never seem to know you have a wife; treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complaisant with every other lady. If you follow these directions you will be certain of an obedient and heart-broken wife.—Exchange.

BUCHANANIAN JUNKETINGS OF THE BREAD-BREAD PHILANTHROPE—PATRIOTIC FORKS—AN AFFAIR STORY.—Horace Greeley, Speaker of the House and family, passed over the East Pennsylvania rail-road to New York, the other day, in one of the gaudy private cars, built for the "government" at an immense expense. The day was very inclement, and the train an immense one. From Harrisburg to Allentown the bumpers of the cars were full, notwithstanding which Messrs. Greeley and Colfax kept the doors of their car locked, refusing to admit anybody, although their car was occupied only by themselves. A sick gentleman was on the bumper of Mr. Greeley's car, unable to sit down in the rain on the wet bumper, who was supported by two soldiers, leaning against the car door, through the window of which they could look in upon comfortable and "loyal" Messrs. Greeley and Colfax playing cards. The wife of a member of Congress from the West also took sick on the road. Application was made to Messrs. Greeley and Colfax for her admission into their car, and it was refused. At New York she was carried from the cars to the ferry boat—being unable to walk. The conduct of these two men was a subject of general condemnation, and the question was generally asked, particularly by the soldiers, what business Greeley and Colfax had with a "government private car"? They are, it is true, of the "loyal" aristocracy, and have a great deal to say of their friendship for the soldiers and the "brave defenders of the country," but they would see them die on the threshold of their doors, before they would open to admit them.—Allentown Democrat.

"LAST BOY."—A "last boy" makes a lazy man just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances. The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great useful men were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.—Ex.

"THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE SAYS."—Let not the victory of the republic be stained by a single act of vengeance, by the wanton infliction of pain. Let not the national flag be stained by one drop of blood, shed to punish rather than to save. Amos A. Phelps, Jr.

"RATHER SAVOR."—"How had you ask for manners than money," said a newly-dressed gentleman, to a beggar, who asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the answer.