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Apl '61—tf.

Poetry.

SOMEBODY'S SON.

Somebody's son was out last night,
Brushing about the town;
And if I mistake not, he was tight—
"Tight as a Derby clown."

I know he's considered a moral youth,
Above suspicion—but that
Is no reason, to tell the truth,
He had "a brick in his hat."

Daylight morality often takes
Strange fancies into his head,
And "play the d—l" or "jump up snakes:"
When the public eye is in bed.

"My son can't dance," somebody said,
"For never a lesson took he ;"
But he danced last night when you were in bed,
And Twilight was there to see.

You may call it dancing or not, as you feel,
Though for half an hour or more,
He danced or "jigged" a "tangle-foot-reel,"
In front of my office door.

"My son can't sing," somebody swears,
But he sung last night, I know,
As rough a song as a demon dares
To sing in the regions below.

"My son don't imbibe," somebody thinks,
Well, may be he don't, but then,
That he acts very much like one who drinks
Can be proved by a hundred men.

Yes something was tight—yes, drunk last night,
So drunk it could hardly crawl;
Perhaps 'twas the brim of a crownless hat
That I found by my garden wall.

So, for fear I am wrong and somebody's right
My hasty words I recall,
And say that the thing I saw last night
Was nobody's son—that's all!

Miscellaneous.

A REBEL PILGRIMAGE.

The Pilgrim Fathers of Alabama—wind, weather and Providence permitting—are to sail to-day from the port of Mobile for Brazil, with one ton of freight, and probably, a heavy heart each. They turn their backs on the land of free negroes and of mudsills forever. Like- and yet unlike the old Pilgrim Fathers, they seek a distant and foreign shore; not to worship their God undisturbed but to "wallop their nigger" uncondemned. As the Puritans fled from the Star Chamber, the Alabama pilgrims flee from the Freedmen's Bureau.

It is the beginning of a new secession movement, which even Lee and Hampton have no power to check. Not to-day by States, but by families and colonies, they secede from the Union once more. Unpatriotic in their former action, they are eminently praiseworthy now:—

"True patriots they; for, be it understood
They leave their country for their country's good."

But they seem to have forgotten the proverb which advices us to look before we leap; not to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire; and especially the dear-bought wisdom which says that we should begin nothing until we have truly considered the end.

The Puritans counted the cost, and the results of their exile demonstrated their wisdom. But have the "Impuritans" of Alabama taken time to consider their step? We hardly think that they have given it more than one thought—for they seem to have been amply satisfied with the assurance that slavery exists in Brazil. Let us take a brief glance at Brazil as a field of emigration for the "overpowered' but "unsubdued" class of our Southern countrymen.

Christie, the last author who has written on Brazil,—late "Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" there,—reports that the slave population of the empire is variously estimated at from two and a half to four millions. He says the total population is about seven millions. But the relative proportion of the races is much more largely in favor of the colored people than even in Alabama, where, in twenty out of her fifty-two counties, there is an excess of negroes; or than in South Carolina, where they constitute, by the census of 1850, fifty-six per cent. of the population, and probably to-day stands as three to two.

In the year 1825 Humbolt estimated the entire population of Brazil at about four millions. Of this number he calculated that 920,000 were whites, 1,960,000 were negroes, and 1,120,000 were of mixed blood or native Indians. Thus, the proportion of the colored races to the white is about three to one. Later estimates give a total population of five millions, with the proportion of colored to white as four to one. A still more recent authority, an English parliamentary report, estimated the population on the 1st of January, 1848, to be—whites, 1,000,000; free colored races, 500,000; slaves, 3,500,000,—being in the same proportion.

The free colored races are mulattoes, wild Indians, manumitted native Africans, free negroes born in Brazil, domesticated oborigines, mamalicoes, (a mixed caste between whites and aborigines,) and mestizoes or zamboes, the offspring of aborigines and negroes. When our new pilgrims are safely landed, we wish them joy of this select company. Like the boy at the menagerie, they have paid their money and they can take their choice!

But, alas! there is no Eden without its serpent; and the repulsive feature—to the overwhelmed but unconquered mind—the repellant aspect of Brazillian society, has not yet been hinted at. It is—*Negro Equality!*

There is no country where the white and black races mingle in which the field is so fair for the negro. It is true that slavery exists there, but it is equally true that it is a personal relation; that is, between master and slave, not between white man and black. "Though in Brazil a slave is indeed a slave, "yet a negro is not in the American sense a "negro." This is the language of a well-informed English author. In Brazil there is no social distinction between the black race and the white, resulting in the general proscription of the African. The races have fused. The result is equality. There exists a certain pride of purity of blood, but black blood is no bar whatever to advancement. The races intermarry. They associate without friction or jealousies. The negroes and the mulattoes hold offices of all grades in the army and navy. Some are ministers of State; others are diplomatists; black magistrates hold court; yellow lawyers make pleas. It has been noted, even, says one writer, that, "contrary to the usual order of nature in such matters, these cross breeds are endowed with greater quickness and aptness for business than either of the original races."

One result of this social fusion has been to make slavery more secure from insurrections than in other countries. As involuntary servitude is wholly a condition of life, not of race, there are as many negroes as whites who are slaveholders; and therefore they are as much interested in its perpetuation as our own chivalry in the palmiest days of the C. S. A. As good as the whites at the ballot box, they are as bad as the whites in the slave quarters.

How will our fugitives from freedom, who are running away from the North Star as eagerly as their bondmen once ran toward it—how will they put up with negro soldiers, negro generals, negro statesmen, negro magistrates, negro lawyers? They will find them all in Brazil.

And the worst is to come. *There are Abolitionists in Brazil!* Just imagine, if you dare, how the Alabama runaways will 'swear "and tear round" (as they express it) when they find themselves again face to face with live abolitionists, whom they can neither gag nor hang, nor even tender the hospitality of a ride on a rail, or the seamless coat made of tar and feathers!

One of the pet measures of the Brazilian abolitionists is to emancipate all slaves belonging to foreigners of countries in which slavery is unlawful. This is bad enough, but it is not all. A deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-slavery Society of London waited on Senhor Andrada in March last. The Senhor has been secretary of the Brazillian Legation for some years, and was then charged with the superintendence of the Brazilian consulate. He told the deputation that the Emperor himself, and all his ministers, and all the Brazillian people believe that it is a duty to humanity to abolish slavery. "I can assure you," he said, "that not only the Emperor, but his government, his advisors and every Brazilian possessing the feelings of humanity, think that it is not only the duty but that it will be for the interest of our country to abolish slavery!" And still again: "The government and people of Brazil think that it is their duty and their interest, as soon as they possibly can, *entirely* to abolish slavery."

Whither away? Is there no hope in which the unconquered can hide his head, and "larrup his negro" undisturbed? Brazil it is clear, will hardly afford even a temporary abiding place. Suppose the emigrants try Brigham Young, the much-married patriarch of the Plains? He is their only hope.—*Boston Advertiser.*

AN INTERESTING STORY.

Mr. Seward's Account of the Attack upon Him.

The American correspondent of the London *Spectator* writes that he recently heard Mr. Seward and Mr. Frederick Seward give the following account of their own sensations at the time of the attempted assassination:

"Mr. Frederick Seward said that on stepping from his bedroom into the passage and seeing the assassin, he merely wondered what he was doing there, and called him to account. On his resisting the fellow's endeavor to press into Mr. Seward's room, the assassin drew a revolver, which he presented at Mr. Frederick Seward's head. What followed, it must be remembered, took place in a few seconds. Mr. Frederick Seward's first thought was, 'That's a navy revolver.'

"The man pulled the trigger, but it only snapped, and his intended victim thought 'That cap missed fire.'

"His next sensation was that of confusion, and being upon the floor, resting upon his right arm, which, like his father's jaw, was barely recovered from a bad fracture—the assassin had felled him to the floor with the butt of the pistol—he put his hand to his head, and finding a hole there, he thought, 'The cap did not miss fire, after all.'

"Then he became insensible, and remained so for two days or more. His first indication of returning consciousness was the question: 'Have you got the ball out!'—After which he fell off again into a comatose condition, which was of long continuance.

"On the very afternoon of the day when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, Mr. Frederick Seward, who was Assistant Secretary of State had asked his father what preparation should be made for the presentation of Sir Frederick Bruce, which was to take place the next day. Mr. Seward gave him the points of a reply to be made to Sir Frederick, and he laid the outline of the speech upon the President's table, and, as I have previously informed my readers, Mr. Lincoln that afternoon wrote out the reply adopting Mr. Seward's suggestions, and thus preparing that reception of the British Minister by President Johnson, which was regarded at the time, by the people to whose representative it was addressed, as so friendly, and fair, and dignified.

"Mr. Frederick Seward's first inquiry after he came fully to his senses, which was a long time after the assassination, was: 'Has Sir Frederick Bruce been presented?' He thought that only one night had passed since he knew what had happened to him, and his mind took up matters just where it had left them.

"Mr. Seward's mental experience during his supposed assassination was in its nature so like that of his son, that it raises the question whether this absence of consternation and observation of minute particulars is not common in circumstances of unexpected and not fully apprehended peril. Mr. Seward was lying upon his side, close to the edge of his bed, with his head resting in a frame, which had been made to give him ease and to protect his broden jaw from pressure.

"He was trying to keep awake, having been seized upon by a sick man's fancy—it was that if he slept he would wake up with lockjaw. He was brought to full consciousness by the scuffle in the passage way, followed by the entrance of the assassin, and the cry of Miss Seward, 'Oh! he will kill my father.' But he saw nothing of his assailant until a hand appeared before his face, and then his thought was, 'What handsome cloth that overcoat is made of.' The assassin's face then appeared, and the helpless statesman only thought, 'What a handsome man!' (Payne was a fine looking fellow.)

"Then came a sensation as of rain striking him smartly upon one side of his face and neck, then quickly the same upon the other side, but he felt no severe pain. This was the assassin's knife. The blood spouted, he thought 'My time has come,' and falling from the bed to the floor, fainted. His first sensation of returning consciousness was that he was drinking tea, and that 'it tasted good.' Mrs. Seward was giving him tea with a spoon. He heard low voices around him, asking and replying as to whether it would be possible for him to recover. He could not speak, but his eyes showed his consciousness, and that he desired to speak. They brought him a porcelain tablet, on which he managed to write, 'Give me some more tea. I shall get well.' And from that moment he has slowly but steadily recovered health and strength."

THE SOLDIER BIRD.

One day in the spring of 1861, Chief Sky, a Chippewa Indian, living in the northern wilds of Wisconsin captured an eagle's nest. To make sure of his prize, he cut the tree down, and caught the eaglets as they were sliding from the nest to run and hide in the grass. One died. He took the other home and built it a nest in a tree close by his wigwam. The eaglet was as big as a hen, covered with soft brown down. The red children were delighted with their new pet; and as soon as it got acquainted, it liked to sit down in the grass and see them play with the dogs. But Chief Sky was poor, and he had to sell it to a white man for a bushel of corn. The white man brought it to Eau Claire, a little village alive with white men going to the war. "Here's a recruit," said the man. "An eagle! an eagle!" shouted the soldiers—"let him enlist;" and sure enough, he was sworn into the service, with ribbons round his neck—red, white, and blue.

On a perch, surmounted by the stars and stripes, the company took him to Madison, the capital of the State. As they marched into Camp Randall, with colors flying, drums beating, and the people cheering, the eagle seized the flag in his beak and spread his wings, his bright eye kindling with the spirit of the scene. Shouts rent the air—"The bird of Columbia; the eagle of freedom for ever!" The State made him a new perch, the boys named him "Old Abe," and the regiment (the Eighth Wisconsin) was thenceforth called "the eagle Regiment." On the march it was carried at the head of the company, and every where was greeted with delight. At St. Louis a gentleman offered five hundred dollars for it, and another his farm. No, no, the boys had no notion of parting with their bird. It was above all price—an emblem of battle and victory. Besides, it interested their minds, and made them think less of hardships and of home.

I cannot tell you all the droll adventures of the bird through its three years of service—its flights in the air, its fights with the guinea hens, and its race with the darkies. When the regiment was in summer quarters at Clear Creek, in Dixie, it was allowed to run at large, and every morning went to the river, half a mile off where it splashed and played in the water to its heart's content, faithfully returning to camp when it had enough. Old Abe's favorite place of resort was the sutler's tent, where a live chicken found no quarter in his presence. But rations got low, and for two days Abe had nothing to eat. Hard tack he objected to, fasting was disagreeable, and Tom, his bearer could not get beyond the pickets to a farmyard. At last pushing his way to the Colonel's tent, he pleaded for poor Abe. The Colonel gave him a pass, and Tom got him an excellent dinner.

One day a rebel farmer asked Tom to come and show the eagle to his children. Satisfying the curiosity of the family, Tom sat him down in the barnyard. O what a screeching and scattering among the fowls; for what should Abe do but pounce upon one and gobble up another, to the great disgust of the farmer, who declared that was not in the bargain. Abe, however, thought there was no harm in confiscating, nor did Tom.

Abe was in twenty battles, besides many skirmishes. He was at the siege of Vicksburg, the storming of Corinth, and marched with Sherman up the Red river. The whiz of bullets and the scream of shells were his delight. As the battle grew hot and hotter he would flap his wings, and mingle his wildest notes with the noise around him. He was very fond of music, especially Yankee Doodle and Old John Brown. Upon parade he always gave heed to "Attention." With his eye on the commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade he would put off his soldiery air, flap his wings, and make himself at home. The rebels called him "Yankee Buzzard," "Old Owl," and other hard names; but his eagle nature was quite above noticing it.

The rebel General Price gave orders to his men to be sure and capture the eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin—he would rather have it than a dozen battle flags. But for all that, he scarcely lost a feather—only one from his right wing. His tail feathers were once cropped by a bullet.

At last the great rebellion came to an end, and the brave Wisconsin Eighth, with their live eagle, and torn and riddled flags, were welcomed back to Madison. They went out a thousand strong, and returned a little band scarred and toil worn, having fought and won.

And what of the soldier bird? In the name of his gallant veterans, Captain Wolf presented him to the State. Governor Lewis accepted the illustrious gift, and ample quarters are provided for him in the beautifnl State House grounds, where he may long live to tell us.

"What heroes from the woodland sprang,
When through the fresh awakened land
The thrilling cry of freedom rang."

Nor is the end yet. At the great fair in Chicago last summer, an enterprising gentleman invited "Abe" to attend. He had colored photographs of the old hero struck up, and sold sixteen thousand seven hundred dollars worth for the benefit of poor and sick soldiers. Has not the American eagle done its part?—*Child's Paper.*

WHAT THE SOUTH HAS DONE AND LEFT UNDONE.

The Nashville *Union* reviews and deprecates the mistakes of the South in not embracing more quickly the generous terms of the Executive. It says:

"We will begin with Tennessee, the President's own State. Has she come up to this standard? She has repudiated the rebel debt, declared secession null and void, abolished slavery, ratified the Constitutional Amendment, and elected representatives to Congress who can take the oath of office. So far all well. But upon the important question of protecting by law the rights of the freedmen, making them equals before the law with the whites, what has she done? Just nothing. A bill giving them justice on the question of testifying in the courts has passed the Senate, but hangs fire in the House of Representatives; and, we are told, will fail. Can Tennessee appear at Washington, and as a supporter of the President's policy—who has complied with all its demands—ask admission for her Senators and Representatives in Congress? Surely not. She can claim the favor of neither the President's adherents in that body, nor of the radicals.

"Mississippi started well. She accepted abolition of slavery, and altered her Constitution to conform to the change in her domestic institutions, and declared her ordinance of secession null and void. But she has gone no further. She withholds her assent to the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, has refused the freedmen the right to testify in the State courts, and appears determined to deny them the rights and privileges which the President demands for them, and without which freedom is a name.

"Alabama, following next after Mississippi, with her constitutional convention, did better. She added to what her predecessor did, the repudiation of the rebel debt. Her legislature meets to-morrow. We shall not anticipate its action. We hope its first act will be to ratify the Constitutional amendment; and that she will follow it up by doing full and ample justice to her freedmen. North Carolina stands upon the same platform as Alabama. Her action has been the same; and she has still to meet the question of ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, and providing for the proper protection of her freedmen. She has elected to Congress a delegation not one of whom can take the oath, and perhaps bearen the Union candidate for Governor, thus showing her deep-seated hostility to the federal government, and her intention to do nothing she can avoid, to return to her place in the national councils.

South Carolina has taken a step in advance of Mississippi, Alabama, and North-Carolina, and ratified the Constitutional Amendment. But she simply repealed her secession ordinances, thus adhering to the doctrine of secession, has not repudiated the rebel debt, and seems inclined to keep her free colored population in a state but little better than abject slavery. Georgia, taking the cue from South Carolina, repealed her secession ordinance, accepted the abolition of slavery, but with an eye to future compensation, and not until she found it could not be avoided, repudiated the rebel debt. She has yet to act upon the ratification question, and to pass laws for the protection of the freedmen.

"Florida has simply annulled her secession ordinance, and whilst recognizing the abolition of slavery and adapting her organic law to the change, has refused to repudiate the rebel debt, submitting the matter to a vote of the people. This is as far as she has gone. The other questions will come before the legislature. Texas has, as yet, done nothing. Her provisional governor is 'making haste slowly.' Louisiana is more advanced than Tennessee, inasmuch as freedmen in that State are admitted as witnesses in the courts. But she is still below the mark in giving her colored population their rights.

"Arkansas is in about the same condition as Tennessee."

ENLIGHTENED SUFFRAGE.

MANY of our most thoughtful and experienced statesmen are of the opinion that none except such as can read and write should be allowed to exercise the elective franchise. It is thought that to require this would greatly foster the cause of education and materially increase the intelligence of the community generally—for no parents would be likely to allow their children to grow up without qualifying them to become voters. Besides if every citizen had the ability to read all would feel that ever increasing thirst for knowledge which uniformly takes possession of business and beautifies intelligent minds. Newspapers and the current literature of the day would be universally read and an impetus would thus be given to letters which in one or two generations at the furthest, would produce a people beyond all question intellectually superior to any that the world has ever seen. In England a man can not vote unless he has a certain amount of property. This policy inspires a thirst for gain and the English have become a race of shopkeepers." The prevalent theory here seems to be that age alone should entitle a citizen to vote. This may not be casting "pearls before swine," but it is making the great privilege of elective franchise so cheap, that the unprincipled mobleading demagogue has a power that is dangerous and detrimental to the state.

To grant equal privilege to all citizens without requiring any degree of intelligence or prudence whatever as a condition precedent, is to deprive the state of one of its most legitimate powers to elevate its moral, intellectual, and material standard. In a government that has already established free schools for all, to require that all voters should know how to read and write, could hardly be regarded as oppressive or unjust. Some of the European governments, having learned by experience that ignorance breeds mobs and riots, have adopted the policy of forcing the rising generation to attend school for a certain length of time, or until a certain amount of knowledge is acquired. All that is desired by these governments and more than is attained by them, we can accomplish without force. All we have to do is to adopt for the rising generation the policy of enlightened suffrage, and every parent and boy in the land will at once have a new incentive, and attach a new importance to the acquisition of knowlenge. The result of such a policy will be a whole race of men of whom not one has had his mental faculties neglected, an accomplishment beyond the power of any government on earth, but our own, and possible to us only by making our own schools free, and adopting the policy of enlightened suffrage.—*Amer. Statesman.*

THE real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

ONE OF THE CHURCH MILITANT

The following story is told of Peter Cartwright, the hard-shell Methodist pioneer in the western prairies. He believed in the use of the carnal weapons of war, and when with rough characters would assert his mastery over them by simple physical strength and daring. The following incident resting on good authority, is very like one told of a North Carolina pioneer, who pummelled grace into a profane and fighting blacksmith.

One day on approaching the ferry across the Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermon of Peter Cartwright, and threatened that if he had to ferry him across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter unrecognized said to the ferryman:

'Stranger, I want you to put me across.'

'Wait till I'm ready,' said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished he turned to Peter and said:

'Now I'll put you across.'

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go of his pole.

'What for?' asked the ferryman.

'Well, you have just been using my name improper like: and said if I came in this way you would drown me. Now you have got a chance.'

'Is your name Peter Cartwright?' asked the astonished ferryman.

'My name is Peter Cartwright.'

Instantly the ferryman seized the preacher, but he did not know Peter's strength; for he instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nap of his neck and the other on the seat of his trowsers, and plunged him into the water, saying:

'I baptize (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art.'

Then lifting him up, Peter added:

'Did you ever pray?'

'No.'

'Then it is time you did.'

'Never will;' responded the ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman is in the river again.

'Will you pray now!' asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted:

'I'll do anything you bid me.'

'Then follow me: Our Father which art in heaven,' &c. Having repeated after Peter, the ferryman cried out:

'Now let me go.'

'Not yet,' said he, 'you must make three promises: First, that you will repeat that prayer every morning and evening as long as you live; secondly, that you will hear every preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and thirdly, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?'

'I promise,' said the ferryman.

And strange to say that this man became a shining light.

COURAGE.

To fulfil successfully the duties of life, a degree of moral courage is necessary, to which very many persons are strangers.

In every important undertaking difficulties arise unforseen, and to the timid, insurmountable. However well prepared the mind may be, however surrounded by favoring circumstances, yet a certain amount of bold enterprise is required to follow any noble end, and without which the most brilliant talents are bestowed in vain.

Perhaps the most distinguishing trait of great minds is that calm reliance upon self, that fearless intrepidity which sees obstacles only to overcome them. Such a disposition is conipicuous in the characters of Washington, Franklin, Howard, and others, and with diligence and energy there is scarce any degree of success which is beyond its reach.

Providence has hung, as it were, the fairest fruits of life on the loftiest bough, thereby intimating that it is alone those who, in lofty thought, are, like Saul, above their fellows, who are worthy of its rewards. And while to the indolent, shame and mortification are the spontaneous growth of earth, honor, wealth and heaven's blessing, is the portion of those who are fearless in the right.

THE POPE'S PROSPECT.

According to the British Standard, the "situation" at Rome is not encouraging for the Pope.

"The Roman people nearly to a man are the mortal enemies of the 'Holy Father,' whom French bayonets alone, for many years past, have been the means of preserving on his throne. Assuredly Victor Emmanuel will furnish no help. The treaty of September only binds him to make no attack himself on Rome, and not to permit any body else to do it. This is a master-stroke against the man of sin, who is left to meet his subjects face to face, and to settle matters with them as he best can. No soldiers are coming in to take the place of the French, and the annual deficit is fearful. The revenue in 1864 was five millions of crowns, and the expenditure ten millions five hundred thousand! If this be not the way to the 'Fleet,' or to Gaeta, we know not what is. Then as to Peter's Pence, only one million two hundred thousand crowns have resulted from these; and we vouch for it, they will produce much less for the year now current. At present, indeed, it is distinctly intimated that every pecuniary resource of the Pope is steadily falling off. To make matters still worse, the entire circle of Governments who are Papal supporters are in a rickety, we might say, a rotten condition. Cardinal Antonelli himself actually showed at the late council that 'no Catholic power was at present in a position to come to the aid of the Holy See.'"

THE FENIAN CHIEF'S DISGUISE.—It now appears that James Stevenson, the Irish Fenian Chief did baffle the English authorities in a bold way, for some time previous to his arrest. The Dublin correspondent of the *Irish American*, says: "He played the gentleman of fortune—the man of large means and expensive tastes. Instead of dodging about the mountains, hiding in peasant's huts, or sleeping in low lodging houses, he rented a handsome mansion in the neighborhood of the city, he purchased a quantity of splendid furniture for it,—passing all the time as Mr. Herbert, son of a Protestant minister of that name in the south of Ireland, he employed gardeners and a number of work people in beautifying the grounds, erecting green houses, a moss house and so forth. So lately as this week he had purchased about twelve pounds worth of plants for his gardens and shrubberies. In every way he acted up to the character of a man of property; and thus while the police were watching pedlars, tinkers, tramps, and vagrants of every sort he escaped suspicion until a few days ago. It is stated that the magistrate when applied to for a warrant enabling the police to search the house, refused to give one not considering as sufficient the grounds of suspicion shown by the detectives. But subsequently his hesitancy was removed; he signed the warrant and the police proceeded on their mission." The last steamer brings the news that he has escaped from prison and it is expected that he will soon arrive in this country.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
All advertisements for less than 3 months 10 cents per line for each insertion. Special notices one half additional. All resolutions of Association, communications of a limited or individual interest and notices of marriages and deaths, exceeding five lines, 10 cts. per line. All legal notices of every kind, and all Orphans' Court and other Judicial sales, are required by law to be published in both papers. Editorial Notices 15 cents per line. All Advertising due after first insertion. A liberal discount made to yearly advertizers.

	3 months.	6 months.	1 year.
One square	$ 4.50	$ 6.00	$10.00
Two squares	6.00	9.00	16.00
Three squares	8.00	12.00	20.00
One-fourth column	14.00	20.00	35.00
Half column	18.00	25.00	45.00
One column	30.00	45.00	80.00

MUSIC.

The effect produced by music on the heart is owing more to the simple fact of association than many imagine. It is true that in the composition of music, the composer imbues it with much of his own feelings while writing or improvising it; and for a person to listen to such music for the first time without being previously affected from any cause he will be carried upon its tide very nearly as the composer's power at first directed; but I have known it in others, and have myself experienced a feeling of deep dejection while listening to music of a light and joyous character. This was in consequence of a former association of the same sounds with a former trouble. As much music is taken from natural sounds, and even from sounds produced by inanimate things, a part of a strain of written music may have so nearly resembled such sound, heard before or since, for a time forgotten; heard before when the heart was so severely oppressed as to affect it at hearing it again with the same emotion, and from no other cause than that of association.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.—The body is to die. No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realms of shadows—sent out from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but brings its way wearily back without a live leaf in its beak, as a token of emerging life, beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this there is a great gulf fixed across which neither feet nor eye can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.—*J. G. Holland.*

MEMORANDA OF AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.—The *Buffalo Republic* says we recently picked up the following memoranda which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an embroidered velvet Talma, an exquisite Honiton lace collar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress with exaggerated flounces:

"I must get Vail, Broun hoes, Sarceknet, Laise, Gluvs, Shimmyzet, Kulone."

We confess we were startled at the last item, but think it means cologne. The whole simply proves that wealth and intellect do not always hunt in couples.

RICHARDS was an inevitable chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit, he took up another, which was that of making a pledge about once a month that he would never chew another piece. He broke his pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew.

"What, Richard," says I, "You told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again."

"Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and *left off lying!*"

AN Irishman asks a Long Island woman the price of a pair of fowls, and is told,

"A dollar."

"And a dollar is it, my darlint; why, in my country you might buy them for sixpence apiece."

"And why didn't you stay in that blessed cheap country?"

"Och, faith, and there was *no sixpence there*, to be sure!"

THE kissing stories of which we have recently given several seem to beget more. A gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, writes that in the beautiful village of Lexington, in the valley of Virginia, a young gent having devoted himself to the special entertainment of a company of pretty girls for a whole evening, demanded payment in kisses, when one of them instantly replied: "Certainly, Sir, present your bill!"

SULPHUR AND CHOLERA.—Dr. Herring in his "Domestic Physician," says of Asiatic cholera:—"The surest preventive is sulphur. Put half a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur into each of your stockings, and go about your business; never go out with an empty stomach; eat no fresh bread nor sour food. This is not only a preventive in cholera, but also in many other epidemic diseases. Not one of many thousands who have followed this, my advice, have been attacked by cholera."

"COLONEL W—is a fine looking man." said Jenkins.

"Yes," said Noggins, "I was taken for him once."

"You! why you are as ugly as a stump fence!"

"I can't help that; I was taken for him. I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by the Sheriff."

A PLAIN and unschooled man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field and the forest, and who had wielded the axe more than the pen, while speaking of children, remarked with true simplicity: "The little chips are nearest the heart."

MRS. PARTINGTON said she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and could wear out his old clothes.

A PROFOUND observer remarks: "I have often observed at public entertainments, that when there is anything to be seen and everybody wants particularly to see it, everybody immediately stands up and effectually prevents anybody from seeing anything."

A YOUNG lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her lover, justified the act by quoting the passage—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you ye even so to them."

WE hear that His Holiness the Pope has given positive orders that all his bulls shall be kept within the precincts of the Vatican while the cattle disease is rife.

A "UNION of forces" is well exemplified in the following:

"A Turk wears so many fleas in his shirt, that a mathematician has recently demonstrated that if they should all *jump at once*, they would carry him across the Bosphorus!"

"THE rich," said a poor Jew, "eat venison because it ish deer; I eat mutton because it ish sheep,"

AN old bachelor says that the proper name for marriageable young ladies is "waiting maids."