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ness and dispatch. BROWN'S HOTEL, Pensylaty (in Even), corner of State street and the Public square Erre, Eastern Western and Southern stage office.

B. A. CRAIN.
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 T. W. MOORE,
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loved so well, and that to this day enchants all babydom.

ion of hor capacity.

asked my friend.

satirical; but-" sho hesitated.

me, and then judge for yourself.

"Rock a bye bahy upon the tree-top, When the wind blows, the cradle will rock; When the tree breaks, the cradle will fail, Down comes cradle, tree, baby and all." A long walk brought us to an humble oottage, una

dorned without, and cheerless looking in the extreme. We were ushered into a very comfortable room, neatly, though meagerly furnished, and my friend introduced me to the widow lady, whom I wished to employ.

on the occasion of a speech from the honorable Mr.

, which had attracted considerable attention.

an expression of wondor upon her countenance.

"O! ho looks so cold, so unfeeling, so ambitious.

which nothing, save the drying up of waters, will arrest."

tion; "you do wrong him, and I am suro it is uncon-

sciously." Why Mrs. C-, the man is all heart. It

he suffers not his left hand to know what his right be-

stows, that he is thus of teemed. I can vindicate him; hear

"Before I married I had been accustomed to the lux-

"You are aware of his fall, Mrs. C-----. After his

first failure, 1 gave up the small fortune my parents had

menced business. But his habits brought on indiffer-

ence to his own interest; destitution, which he could

noither avert nor relieve, came upon him; he sickened,

and after lingering a few years, died, leaving me with

four little children, myself in poor health, and no one to

"I obtained some plain sewing, but it brought me in

very little money, and Mrs. C .------, there are ladies

now in this very city, who daily pass me, richly attired

in silks and satins, who indulge in every new foshion;

whose purses are never empty when they desire delica-

cies, owing mo the paltry sum of two or three dollars,

"Well things grew worse; I could hardly appear do-

cont in the street, for I sold, one by one many of my best

but there was no help for it. I moved into this one little

for which I have called repeatedly, in vain.

1.

take me by the hand and assist me in my poverty.

"You wrong him," said the widow with much emo-

"What do you think of Mr. A----- as a speaker?" I

She was a middle aged woman; sorrow and care had

he quick happy laugh of children oh! how they tortured me! the lady, richly dressed, came down stairs, expec ting no doubt, to see some one of her friends. she asked carclessly, while she played with her gold watch oft deep impress upon a countenance originally guard, "what do you want to night?" some, and now beaming with good sonso and inteflivork cut out just vet." gence. Her dress was plain and humble, and the only

ing her appearance.

house to-day I declined; but I shall go; and I have no doubt, that hard, dark face, will look almost angelic to me, radient as it will appear to my imagination, with the holy beauty of charity,"

Court Dress of a Young Woman from Boston, We find in an English paper the following description of the dress wo rn by Miss Lawrence, the daughter of "Her countenance changed instantly. 'O! is it you?' our Minister to England, at a late drawing room, where she was presented to the Queen of England:-

One evening this unhappy father came home,

ried with a long day's labor and vexed at some little disappointment, which had soured his natural kind/disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the behiud a pile of rubbish in the same garret, to watch the smallost annovance. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the appart-

ing-rope, and caught a glimpse of the splendid figure.ment and said: "Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright; he She ran down the stairs screaming: is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and he is as wet as a drowned rat." 1

"Oh, mother, mother, daddy has hung himself." "Now for it," thought Archibald, in ambuscade; "we shall have a touching scene presently." "Hung himself!" he heard Mrs. S. repeat, as she walto come here, when the girl told him you had come ked leisurely up stairs; "he hasn't got spunk for such a thing, or he would have done it long ago. Well, I believe "Tell Jane to tell him to come here this ins tant," was he has done it. however," she continued as she came in view of Archibald's straw representative. "Moll, (to the Presently the boy entered, half perished with a fright little girl) I think he ought to be cut down. You had and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproah . | better go into the hitchen and get a knife, my dear, but don't go down too fast, or you might fall and hurt yourself. Stay-I forgot-there's no knife in the kirchen alty for his offence, and, in a harst voice, concluded sharp enough. You can go around to Mr. Holmes the shoemaker, in Sixth street, he's only two squares off, and ask him to lend us his paring knife; tell him to what it a little before he sends it. And, Molly, while you are in the neighborhood you can call at your Aunt Sukey's and ask how the baby is. And, Molly, you can stop at the grocery store as you come back, and get a pound of seven cont sugar. Poor Archy!" sighed Mrs. S. when her daughter had departed, "I hope we'll get him down before the vital spark's extinct-for this burying is very troublesome, and costs money. He wanted to put an end to himself, too; and I think I ought to let him have the father sat restless and uneasy while the supper was his own way for once in his life; he used to say I was albeing prepared; and, at the tea table, ate but little. His ways a crossing him. I wish he had't spoiled that new clothesline-an old rope might have answered his purpose."

which had lately been discharged from an old bed. Hav-

ing suspended this figure to a rafter in the garret, by

means of a piece of clothes-line, he ensconsed himself

After a while his little daughter came up after a jump-

effect.

W. H. CUTLER. Autorney & Counseller at Law, (Office in spaulding's Exchange

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- 1

"I thought of my little ones, and I said firmly, "It you could spare me that money you owo me, or some of bloude tapplets and diamonds. Ornaments-Diaprotonsion to ornament was a tastoful cap, which very becomingly contrasted with the folds of her dark hair .--

ter completely saturating my feet at every step.

"Well, I guined the house where this lady boarded;

"While listening to the merry tones of a piano, and

and after I had seen the servant, stood in the entry, await-

In conversation she was fluent, though somewhat reserv-"She hastily interrupted me, by inquiring haughtily. "Why do you tenso me in this way? Have I not always parrel of Miss Lawrence's grand mother. Let us see ed at first; and I could read the dignity of a well bread. woman, in the retiring gracefulness of her deportment. paid you? I tell you I havn't the money now, you must admired her appearance, and formed a favorable opinwait, you must not be so importunate."

After I had engaged her services, my friend and mysely lingered sometime in conversation, and among othwill go hungary all day; if you could-----" er things, montioned a late visit to the house of congress,

"I can't do anything for you to-night," she replied oldly, "and as to your children having no food, I don't now-those that do right are always provided for berrow a little from your neighbors; for I really havn't the money to spare."

"He is cloquent, and, at times, sublime;" she answer-"Mrs. C." exclaimed the widow, with a burst of indiged. "I often go to the house when he is to speek, the" nation, "I never have received the money yet; and had I don't like the man. He chains the attention, he is she then given it to me after such a speech, I would have powerful in argument-and at the proper time, witty and thrown it back at her again; I would have spurred the gold, or torn the the paper into bits, precious as it "Why do you not like him?" asked the widow, with might bo.

"I strove again and again to speak, as she was turning away. My tongue was paralyzed, my oyes felt stony and believe it is his appearance mainly that displeases me, dry; but my blood was boiling; I am sure, now, that every though I have heard that he is heartless, and entirely rein swolled with the excess of my feeling. No wood, given to fame. His countenance is dark, designing , and no food in my poor home, and yet she, the child of luxhe seems to me, like a plotter, merely a piece of mighty ury could thus taunt me. machinery driven by the current, the impetuosity o

"I grew excited," she added, abruptly, striving to smile but indeed the very reccollection of that night is torture -may she be forgiven. I moved, trembling . both with grif and anger, to the door, tettered along the street-the ain began to fall in heavy drops, but my limbs were loais because his good deeds are silently performed, because den; I dragged them with difficulty. Painful grow the rush of thought; my sorrow seemed like great waves; each more terrible than the other, beating against the heart, that was failing, sinking every moment. I clasped my hands, and in the still darkness prayed audibly uries of life, and when I gave my hand, on my bridal for tears. If might but weep, I thought surely this eye, I had every reason to look forward to a bright and agony will pass away and tears come to my relief. Entirely overpowered, I sat upon the stone wall of the Capitol yard, and sobbed aloud.

"It raised yet more violently; and my thin clothing was saturated. Chilled through as I was, if one had told me I was perishing, I should not have known it. No indeed! home, home, my poor wretched home, was all my minds eye saw; the cupboard empty the hearth cheerless, the rainias I know it was, beating, in; the half warm children; God's creatures, as much as the proudest and richest .-Ah! do you wonder I knew nothing else? Poor little lambs, beautiful and helpless, sick and cold-however, t is all past now,' and she wiped the tears from her eyes "I don't know how long I sat there, but I believe I was getting numb-like, when I heard stops approaching. suppose I was sobbling, before me, and said, rather quick ly, "Who are you? what's the matter, for heaven's sake?" "I have nothing in the house to-morrow; my children will suffer another day for food-' and that was all I could

"Where do you live?"

"Ou-avenue."

"How do I know but you are an impostor?" "Since, thinking of those words, and I cannot blame him for speaking as he did; but indeed, my blood roused again, and I could not forbear exclaiming, .You are too

room, a bed, two chairs, and two old trunks, my only cruel sir." "I will go with you," said he, with a changed manfurniture. O! many a, time I'vo sat up all night, the ner, "I will go home with you, and see if you are worthy I did not mean to distress you, no, no." "And he came here to this cottage with me. It was leg."

"Train of rich white Moire, trimmed with buillones of tulle and bouquets of roses do Mai, fined with white glace, with three skirts of tulle, looped with chaldaino of roses do Mai; bloude bertho.-Head dress. Foathers, home."

We have an idea that this costume would contrast The old lady, if we mistake not, was the wife of a pool aboring tarmer. Her costume must have been as fol wait, you must not be so importunate." I hows: Baddice and skirt of imsey woolsey, spun, woven, . But," I replied, and I kept back my tears with an iron will, 'my children have nothing for to-morrow, they

monds."

ers and diamonds!

ed to be muldy. She had no "bloude berthes" we pelieve, altho' as some of the Lawrences are of fair complexion, she may have had several births of blondes.—Head dress, a mob cap. Ornament, a contented smile on the lips, and a prayer book or bible in the hand. High heeled boots of ip leather laced above the ancle. and pattens in wel

reather. Lord! if the old woman could only wake up and see her grand-dater, how it would astonish her republican simplicity, especially, the buillones of tulle, the three skirts of tulle, the chaldaine of reses do Mai, the feath-

A Passing Thought.

Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same eky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset or add one ray to the magnificence of the night. The same air swells all lungs .---The same knd of blood fills all voins. Each one posses ses, really, only his own thoughts and his own senses.-Soul and body-these are all the property which man owns. All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothing. Gonius, boauty, and love are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a woll-turned arm on which to wear it-a pearl necklace but not a pearly throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would wainly offer a fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked

of linen for a shroud is not much. Man is a liandful of clay, which turns rapidly back agan into dust.

The Thoughtful Barber.

There are boys who think themselves men, and who go to barber's shops to be "bared." We heard of a juvenile who went to be scraped, and the barber having adjusted the cloth, and soaped his smooth chin, left himand went lounging about the door. As soon as the young "gent" saw him sauntering, he impatiently called out-"Woll, what are you leaving me all this time here for?"

"I'm waiting until your beard grows," replied the wit ty barbor.

EXECUTION .- Geo. W. Evans, a young mam convicted of murder, was executed at Macon, Gen., on Friday, 5th instant, in presence of an immense concourse of persons. He was born and reared amid profligacy and crime, which had combined to destroy the better impulses of his nature. The Macon Mos-

wiekedness, which led to the ignominious gallow #; and, in alluding to the teachings of his own sinful mother, gave fearful warning to the mothers of the land to look well to the habits and conduct of their

children." OF A pious African at Lousville stumbled while valking, one very dark night, and was pitched head

foremost down a cellar, which afforded him an "open entrance." Springing to his feet, he exclaimed, ontry/hall. "Bress de Lord dat I lit on my head! If dis nigger had scraped his shins so hard, I spec he broke his

"Where is he?" asked the father, sternly "He is shivering over the kitchen fire. He was afraid

the brief reply to this information. ed him bittorly with his disobediance, poke of the punishmont which awaited him in the morning as the pen-

"Now sir, go to your bod!" "But father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell ou-"

"Not a word, sir; go to your bed?"

"I only wanted to say, father. that-With a peremptory stamp, and imporative wave of his haud towards the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father, without another speech, again close the door of explanation or. expostulation.

When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, wife saw the real cause or the additional cause of his emo-

tion, and interposed the remark+-"I think my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when suicide, broke in on Mrs. Stanhope's soliloguy, with he turned away, with his dyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy after all, if he dogs sometimes do wrong. He is a tunder hearted, affectionate hoy. He always was." And therewithal the water stood in the oyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the oyes of Mercy, 'in the house of the Interpreter,' as recorded by Bunyan. After tea, the evening paper was taken up; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the hair as it streamed backwards, the amiable partners journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evand goes out naked; the difference in the fineness of a bit idently painful revery, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he/passed the bed room where the

little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retireing to rest. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, and rested upon it; but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshnoss as he gazed upon his son; he felt also his * sense of duty;' yet in the high t, talking the matter over with ranian. the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of

punishing as he threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morning, for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offence. But that morning ever came to that poor child in

health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever in his brain, and wild with deliram. In 48 hours he

was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bod-side, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, waching for one token of recognition how after hour in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recog-

senger says: "On the scaffold he warmed the youth of the coun nition light up his dying eye, and he leaned esgerly fortry to beware of his example, and shun the ways of ward, for Ho would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his cur, and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away. and was succeeded by the cold sumeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

Two/days afterward the undertaker came with a little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low steels on which it was to stand in the

the water. We were playing down on Long Wharf. uco heads and an opplication!"

Here a voice, which sounded like that of the supposed You confounded Jezabel, I'll be the death of you!"

Mrs. S. thinking this must of course be a ghestly exclamation, uttered a wild scream, and attempted to escape down the narrow staircase. Archibald, starting from his place of concealment, gave chase. Mrs. B. stumbled midway on the flight of stairs, and Mr. S. haying just reached her, and made a grasp at her dishevelled were precipitated to the bottom together.

Both were rather badly bruised, and the cries of the lady raised the neighborhood. Archibald was arrested for making disturbance, and practising on the tender sensibility of his wife. He was recognized in \$200, and locularly proposed his suspended effigy as his suretybut, he found to his sorrow, "straw bail" was not acceptable under the administration of Mayor Jones. -- Pennsul-

> IF'A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father. an intemperate man who had been sick for some time. asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No ma'am," says the boy, "not exactly; his appetits is very poor, but his drinkatite is as good as over."

How TO DO ST .-- Pauch says-to resuscitate a drowned Yaukee-search his pockets.

To resuscitate a drewned Englishmen-broif a piece of beefsteak under his nose.

A Frenchman may be brought to life at any time, by the skillful imitation of a buil frog in his car.

A Spaniard, by applying garlie to his olfactories.

MELTING IDEA.-At a sleighing party, as the upturned ips of a young lady were propared to meet those of the "man of her heart," a snow-flake fell upon them and was instantly dissolved; "I will take a warning" said the beau, "and will not tempt my fate."

DT Somebody says that in spito of all the medical systoms of the day, a sick minister, who has a rich congregation, can only be cured by a voyage to Europe. A cuious fact in therapeutics !

TT The following, which we find in an exchange, has a pretty good smack to it:-"Why is a good sermon like "I/was with Honry," said the lad, "when he got into a kiss? Do you give it up? Because it only requires 2.