Six lines or less, \$1 50 ...\$3 00 ...\$5 00
One square, 3 00 ...5 00 ...7 00
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Three squares, 7 00 ...10 00 ...15 00
Four squares, 9 00 ...13 00 ...20 00 Four squares,... Half a column,. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

TNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS !-

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE

AND PUTNAM'S MONTHLY,

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES IN ONE!!

NINETY THOUSAND COPIES THE FIRST MONTH!!!

MAGNIFICENT PROGRAMME FOR 1858.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SPLENDID WORKS

OF ART.

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THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER—AGENTS GETTING

RICH!!!!

The union of Emerson's Magazine and Putnam's Monthly
has given to the consolidated work a circulation second to
but one similar publication in the country, and has securhas given to the consolidated work a circulation second to but one similar publication in the country, and has secured for it a combination of literary and artistic talent probably unrivaled by any other Magazine in the world. During the first month, the sale in the trade and demand from subscribers exceeded 90,000 copies, and the numbers already issued of the consolidated work are universally conceded to have surpassed, in the richness of their literary contents, and the beauty and profuseness of their pictorial illustrations, any magazine ever before issued from the American press. Encouraged by these evidences of favor, the publishers have determined to commence the new volume in January with still additional attractions, and to offer such inducements to subscribers as cannot fail to place it, in circulation, at the head of American magazines. With this view they now announce the following splendid programme. They have purchased that superb and costly steel-plate engraving.

and will present it to every three-dollar subscriber for the year 1858. It was engraved at a cost of over \$5,000, by the celebrated A. L. Dick, from the original of 'Raphael Morghen, after Leonardo Da Vinci, and is the largest steel-plate engraving ever executed in this country, being three times the size of the ordinary three-dollar engravings.

The first impressions of this engraving are held at ten dollars, and it was the intention of the artist that none of the engravings should ever be offered for a less sum than five dollars, being richly worth that amount. Thus every three-dollar subscriber will receive the Magazine one year—cheap at three dollars—and this splendid engraving, richly worth \$5; thus getting for \$3 the value of \$8.

We shall commence striking off the engravings immediately, yet it can hardly be expected that impressions of so large a plate can be taken as fast as they will be called for by subscribers. We shall, therefore, furnish them in the order in which subscriptions are received. Those who desire to obtain their engravings early, and from the first impressions, should send in their subscriptions without dalay. The engraving can be sent on rollers, by mail, or in any other manner, as subscribers shall order.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN WORKS OF ART.

In addition to the superchemeraving of "The Last Supsteel-plato engraving,
"THE LAST SUPPER,"

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN WORKS OF ART.

In addition to the superb engraving of "The Last Supper," which will be presented to every three-dollar subscriber for 1858, the publishers have completed arrangements for the distribution, on the 25th of December, 1858, of a series of splendid works of art, consisting of one hundred rich and rare Oil Paintings, valued at from \$100 to \$1,000 each. Also 2,000 magnificent Steel-Plate Engravings, worth from three to five dollars each, and 1,000 choice Holiday Books, worth from one to five dollars each, making, in all, over three thousand gifts, worth twenty thousand dollars.

Inclose \$3 to the publishers and you will commence receiving the Magazine by return mail. You will also receive with the first copy a numbered subscription receipt entitling you to the engraving of

"THE LAST SUPPER,"
and a chance to draw one of these "three thousand prizes."

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR

REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD SUBSCRIBE FOR EMERSON'S MAGAZINE FOR 1858.

1st. Because its literary contents will, during the year, embrace contributions from over one hundred different writers and thinkers, numbering among them the most distinguished of American authors. 2d. Because its editorial departments, "Our Studio," "Our Window," and "Our Olio," will each be conducted by an able editor—and it will surpass, in the variety and richness of its editorial contents any other magazine.

3d. Because it will contain, during the year, nearly six hundred original pictorial illustrations from designs by the first American artists.

4th. Because for the sum of \$3 you will receive this splendid monthly, more richly worth that sum than any other magazine, and the superb engraving of "The Last Super." worth \$5.

other magazine, and the superb engineing of which has supper," worth \$5.

5th. Because you will be very likely to draw one of the three thousand prizes to be distributed on the 25th day of December, 1858—perhaps one that is worth \$1.000.

Notwithstanding that these extraordinary inducements

an hardly fail to accomplish the object of the publishers without further efforts, yet they have determined to continue through the year,
THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER.

THE GREAT LIBRARY OFFER.

To any person who will get up a club of twenty-four subscribers, either at one or more post offices, we will present a splendid Library, consisting of over Forty Large Bound Volumes, embracing the most popular works in the market. The club may be formed at the club price, \$2 a year, without the engraving, or at the full price, \$3, with the Jast Supper to each subscriber. List and description of the Library, and specimen copy of the Magazine, will be forwarded on receipt of 25 cents. Over 200 Libraries, or 8,000 volumes, have already been distributed in accordance with this offer, and we should be glad of an opportunity to furnish a Library to every school teacher, or to some one of every post office in the country.

AGENTS GETTING RICH.

of every post office in the country.

AGENTS GETTING RICH.

The success which our agents are meeting with is almost astonishing. Among the many evidences of this fact, we are permitted to publish the following:

GETLEMEN: The following facts in relation to what your Agents are doing in this section, may be of use to some enterprising young man in want of employment.—

The Rev. John E. Jardon, of this place, has made, since last Christmas, over \$4,000 in his agency. Mr. David M. Heath, of Ridgly, Mo., your general agent for Platt country, is making \$8 per day on each sub-agent employed by him, and Messrs. Weimer & Evans, of Oregon, Mo., your agents for Holt country, are making from \$8 to 25 per day, and your humble servant has made, since the 7th day of last January, over \$1,700, besides paying for 300 acres of land out of the business worth over \$1,000. You are at liberty to publish this statement, if you like, and to refer to any of the parties named.

DANIEL GREEG, Carrolton, Mo.

With such inducements as we offer, anybody can obtain subscribers. We invite every gentlemen out of employwith such inducements as we only, anybody can obtain subscribers. We invite every gentleman out of employment, and every lady who desires a pleasant money-making occupation to apply at once for an agency. Applicants should inclose 25 cents for a specimen copy of the Magazine, which will always be forwarded with answer to application by return mail.

SPECIMEN ENGRAVING.

As we desire to place in the hands of every person who proposes to get up a club, and also of every agent, a copy of the engraving of "The Last Supper," as a specimen, each applicant inclosing us \$3, will receive the engraving, post-paid, by return mail, also specimens of our publication and one of the numbered subscription receipts, entitling the holder to the Magazine one year and to a chance in the distribution. This offer is made only to those who desire to get as agents or to form clubs. Address to act as agents or to form clubs. Address

Jan. 13, 1858. No. 371 Broadway, New York. LEXANDRIA FOUNDRY!

The Alexandria Foundry has been bought by R. C. McGILL, and is in blast, and have all kindsof Castings, Stoves, Machines, Plows. Kettles, &c., &c., which he will sell at the lowest prices. All kinds of Country Produce and old Metal taken in exchange for Country at reaches prices.

Castings, at market prices.
April 7, 1858. R. C. McGILL. April 7, 1655.

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Letters of Administration on the Estate of CHAS.
C. LEAPHART, late of Walker township, Huntingdon county, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, he hereby notifies all persons indebted to said Estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

BENJL L. MEGAHAN. BENJ. L. MEGAHAN,

May 19, 1858.\* COUNTRY DEALERS can buy OLOTHING from wait buy CLOTHING from me in Huntingdon at WHOLESALE as cheap as they can in the cities, as I have a wholesale store in Philadelphia.

Huntingdon, April 14, 1858.

H. ROMAN.

ARDWARE!

A Large Stock, just received, and for sale at
BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE. THE MAMMOTH STORE

Is the place for Latest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods. RRICKER'S Mammoth Store is the place to get the worth of your money, in Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, &c., &c., &c.

MANE FISHING RODS—A Superior LOVE & McDIVITT'S. DOUGLASS & SHERWOOD'S Patent Extension Skirts, for sale only by FISHER & MCMURTRIE.

DUILDERS
Are requested to call and examine the Hardware, BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE. ROCERIES.

Of the best, always ready for customers, at J. BRICKER'S MAMMOTH STORE.

WILLIAM LEWIS,

---PERSEVERE.--

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XIV.

HUNTINGDON, PA., JULY 21, 1858.

NO. 4.

## Select Poetry.

SEVENTY-SIX. BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

What heroes from the woodland sprung, When through the fresh awakened land, The thrilling cry of freedom rung, And to the work of warfare strung. The yeoman's iron hand!

Hill flung the cry to hills around, And ocean mart replied to mart, And streams, whose springs were yet unfound, Pealed far away the startling sound

Then marched the brave from rocky steep, From mountain river swift and cold; The borders of the stormy deep The vales where gathered waters sleep, Sent up the strong and bold,-

As if the very earth again Grew quick with God's creating breath, And, from the sods of grove and glen. Rose ranks of lion-hearted men To battle and to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day, The fair fond bride of yestereve, And aged sire and matron gray, Saw the loved warriors haste away. And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun; Already blood on Concord's plain Along the springing grass had run, And blood had flowed at Lexington, Like brooks of April rain.

The death-stain on the vernal sward Hallowed to freedom all the shore; In fragments fell the yoke abhorred-The footsteps of a foreign lord Profaned the soil no more.

## A Select Story.

BURS UNDER THE SADDLE.

A SKETCH OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the month of March, 1778, the British army being at Philadelphia, and the American forces at Valley Forge, the American Commander-in-chief was desirous of having some information concerning the state of affairs in the city, and desired Captain Allen down and placed upon the porch, while Lieutenant Draper and the men under his comthe purpose. M'Lane selected five of his own mand took breakfast in the house. The men, with Sergeant John Marks for leader, horses of the troopers, with those of Marks taken sick and a dangerous fever followed. and sent the latter to head-quarters to receive instructions.

Marks was a very young man to be entrusted with important services, being only twentytwo years of age; but M'Lane had frequentmade himself well acquainted with his character, and knew that he could be thoroughly his countenance entirely under his control. With this he possessed great powers of mimicry, which he used to show off frequently | tion, Priscilla remaining behind. for the amusement of his comrades, and had a reputation for shrewdness. His muscular system had not received its full develope- be heard by the soldiers who were passing ment; but his habits had made him almost to and fro: as active as a panther. He was fully instructthe country, and by means of by-ways, with | pay no heed to what I do." which he was well acquainted, having been raised in the neighborhood, evaded the scout- replied aloud: ing-parties of the enemy, and arrived at Mantua, before dark. Here he posted his death, even if I had any surety the captain little troop, in a ceder hollow, overlooking there would keep his word."

I opened it, and sure enough there stood Jobie right before my face and eyes. "Come the river; while he in the disguise of a coun-

which he came, it is possible he could have Draper in conversation. reached the American lines in good time, toms of affection in return. The house was neared the place—the moon was down—yet he supposed his lady-love to be buried in re-

As they silently and swiftly passed along, the watch-dog of the farm began to bark, the inmates of the house were alarmed, and a light at one of the windows showed them to per happening to dismount, in order to ex- to think that we have the sure warrant of process. be stirring. At the same moment, a horseman rode unexpectedly from the shadow of a galloped off after his master, whom he ulti- sues in quietness to Him, when the future small patch of woods on the left, and chal- mately overtook. lenged the new-comers. The answer was a pistol shot from Marks, which tumbled the curred to the lieutenant that there was some impress upon all who are beset with anxieties ments, they were ejected from the spout in the challenger from his horse. A general alarm trick in the matter. The horses were strip- about the future days they are to live in this the ceiling, four quarters of excellent mutton, at the farm house succeeded, and was an | ped and it was found that the sharp burs of | world is, that daily bread is one of the ob-Marks found that he had come upon a post saddle, and had fretted and galled the ani- we should ask, for it is the very petition dressed, and two elegantly-carved powderof the enemy, and dashed on with his force. mals almost to madness. By this time the which the Son of God taught his disciples. At a turn of the road a hundred yards furth- fugitives had too much start, and pursuit We have a full warrant, then, for believing er, they found a small detachment formed was abandoned. across their path. As the Americans knew

was a mere by-path, to be ridden by only one these they settled two of their opponents. horseman at a time, they charged sword in | The third put spurs to his horse, and turning

Three of the troop managed to break thro' and escape, but Marks, and a stout trooper him, and rode on towards the camp where by the name of Gahl, from Bucks county, were intercepted, and obliged to cross sabres with the enemy. It proved useless to contend with superior numbers, by this time reinforced by others from the farm house; and after a short and severe contest, resulting in the death of one of the British troops, the two Americans were taken prisoners, and carried back to the house of M'Illvaine.

Marks was filled with chagrin, partly at his folly in taking the most dangerous path, and partly, at his inability to convey to the Commander-in-chief, the valuable information he had picked up in the city. He veiled this mortification, however, in a cool and careless demeanor; and in reply to the lieutenant commanding the British attachment, said that he had been out on a foraging party, had lost his way, and managed to get almost within sight of the city before he discovered his blunder. Priscilla, who with the rest of the family, was now awake and dressed, saw, but apparently did not recognize Marks. After some more questions which were answered in what seemed to be an open manner, the lieutenant directed the Americans to be placed, securely bound and guarded, in an upper room of the house, there to remain until morning. By the way of comfort he gave them the assurance that they would both be hanged as spies.

Marks with his companion passed a sleepless night; it was not alone the prospect of an ignominious death which troubled him; but he had learned enough in the city to know that a surprise movement similar to that attempted on the previous 4th of December, against the American forces, was set down for the following day, and was aware that it was entirely unexpected. He revolved various plans of escape in his mind, none of which appeared to be practicable, and finally concluded to dismiss any premeditation on the matter, and be merely prepared to take advantage of unexpected circumstances. As for Gahl, he took matters like a philosopher, and snored away all night in

happy unconsciousness of his situation. At daylight the prisoners were brought tenant Draper and the men under his com- ble circumstances, and was much neglected and Gahl also, were all saddled and hitched He was soon glad to send for his neglected to the fences under the charge of a little parent to administer to his wants. She came Scotchman named M'Pherson. Priscilla, accompanied by Lieutenant Draper, came out, side by night and by day with a mother's the former bearing some food. After it was tenderness. Providence interposed and the ly marked his conduct in camp and field, had partaken of, Priscilla laid the dishes, knives young man recovered. One day a shopmate and forks upon a bench on the porch, and listened with apparent interest to the ques- mother as his nurse! He was ashamed of relied on. Marks was a lank, bony fellow, tions put by the lieutenant. The latter, by her lowly appearance because it disclosed his with high cheek bones, square jaw, and rath- way of encouragement, assured the two humble origin, and he took this cruel, heather large mouth; but he had a fine, expressive | Americans that if they gave true statements eye, his features were exceedingly noble, and | their lives would be spared—otherwise they would certainly be hanged. He then left them for a short time, to digest the informa-

> The Quaker girl, still appearing not to recognize Marks, said to him, loud enough to

"I would advise thee, friend, to tell all ed by General Washington, as to the informathee knows. Friend Draper will keep his tion desired, and left camp at dark, arriving | word with thee, I am sure." She then adin a short while at Port Kenedy, on the | ded in a low voice: "Keep still, John, and Schuykill. At that point he struck across I will save thee. Answer what I say, but Mark caught her intent in a moment, and

"I won't turn scoundrel, miss, for fear of

Other conversation followed, and Priscilla. who had concealed a sharp case-knife in her tryman, with a sack of vegetables, which he who had concealed a sharp case-knife in her had stolen from a garden in the neighbor-sleeve, managed to cut the prisoners' bonds hood, rode into the city. He not only es- without observation; cautioning them at the caped detection, but managed to sell his veg- same time not to move too soon. She told etables to a member of Howe's staff, was ta- them that the lieutenant's horses, one of ken to the general's presence, and in return which was ridden by his servant, and both for false information in regard to Washing- standing nearest the gate, were the swiftest ton's movements, managed to learn some facts of all, and then went out and exchanged of importance. Promising to return in a some light observations with M'Pherson, pat- take care of my house, an' my children, an' few days, with more vegetables, he was ena- ting and admiring the various horses, one by abled to leave the town leisurely, with a pass- one. Marks kept a close watch upon her, port in his pocket, and some sugar, coffee and | and noticed that she passed something under other articles of like nature in his sack. He the saddle-cloth of each horse; but she did come on this courtin' business, come in; I his love; that often by the camp-fire, and in menced drawing, and after filling it he pour-joined has been by the camp-fire, and in menced drawing, and after filling it he pour-joined has been by the camp-fire, and in the saddle-cloth of each horse; but she did come on this courtin' business, come in; I his love; that often by the camp-fire, and in menced drawing, and after filling it he pour-joined has been by the camp-fire, and in the saddle-cloth of each horse; but she did come on this courtin' business, come in; I his love; that often by the camp-fire, and in the measure when Mick comfall, and after dark the little party set out on lieutenant. Priscilla returned presently, and know. That's my arrant—an' I can't sit its return. with a significant glance at the captives, endown till my arrant's done." "I should like

M'Pherson, in the meanwhile, had noticed and safely. But it happened that about a that some manœuvring was being made, and mile from the river, at a point nearly oppo- came on the porch to inspect the fastenings ter the Squire an' he married us right off, site Spring Mill, there lived a farmer by the of the prisoners. As he did so, Gahl, who name of M'Illvaine, who although a Quaker was a very powerful man, struck him be- I tell you what it is, these long courtin's dont and non-combatant, was well-disposed toward tween the two eyes with his full force, and the American cause. M'Illvaine had a daughthe Scotchman fell backwards from the raised it in a hurry. ter, named Priscilla, and young and hand- floor to the ground, striking his head against some girl, to whom Marks was strongly at a stone so severely as to take away his senses tached, but who had never betrayed any symp- for the time. Before the alarm could be given, Marks and Gahl were mounted on the the world," says Dr. Chalmers, young man to look upon the building where and at length utterly unmanageable. All

the road forked on the other side of this Gahl fell in with three troopers of the enemy. us."

force, and their chances of escape were good | The Americans were without sabres, but if they could reach the left hand road, which | there were pistols in the holsters, and with down a cross-road, escaped. Marks and his friend were in too much of a hurry to pursue they arrived that afternoon. The information that Marks brought was of essential service. The British arrived during the night, but found such formidable preparation made to receive the attacking columns, that they quietly retreated by the road they came.

Lieutenant Draper suspected Priscilla, who denied having a hand in the matter, and wondered very much where the burs had been obtained at that season of the year. The ered them in their rambles. Thus two kinds of non-combatants had played impornever found that out. He never ceased to of her lover. lament the loss of his pistols, which were a handsome silver-mounted pair, nor his showy

Marks. Marks and Gahl were promoted. The latter was made a sergeant, and was killed afterwards in a skirmish at Van Dam's Mill. | indeed striking. But none was more eager Marks served through the war, became ulti-mately a captain, and distinguished himself the fair faced boy. It was found that his in several actions. After the war he return- energy of character, resolution and courage, ed to Chester county, and Priscilla became amply supplied his lack of physique. None his wife. The latter was formally "disowned" by her sect, for "marrying out of meeting," and for having aggravated her offence, by being married by "a hired priest." The and respect, and often applauded her heroic expulsion did not seem to affect her spirits much, for she became a jolly, contented matron, and lived to a good old age, surviving her delight to reflect that unknown to him, her husband two years. The descendants of the couple still live in Chester and Montgom-ery counties, with the exception of a grand-gazing upon him in the hour of slumber; son, George Marks, who is, or was recently, a thriving farmer, in Vinton county, Ohio.

## Ashamed of his Mother.

A few years since a young clerk was pointed out to the writer, in the city of Boston, as an object-of special curiosity, for the following reasons:

He was handsome, but poor and proud.—
The clothes on his back and in his trunk were all that he was worth and perhaps more. His mother was a pious widow in very humby her unfaithful son. He was suddenly with a mother's love and watched by his bedcalled to see him when he introduced his enish way to mislead his associate. Place such an example of downright barbarity in contrast with the filial devotion of a Lawrence and it seems like the deed of some untutored Hindoo or South Sea Islander .-Ashamed to confess his humble origin! The curse of God will follow him to his grave unless his life is marked by a change. Every honorable sentiment of humanity condemns such want of affection, while it proves the opposite in the faithful Lawrence. Men despise the one and admire the other.

Just as Well to do it in a Hurry.

Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' me, I hadn't the least thought of what he was after-not I. Jobie came to our house one night after dark, and rapped at the door. in," sez I, "and take a cheer." "No, Lizzie." sez he, "I've come on an arrant, and I always do my arrants fust." "But you had better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W.---.' 'No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I've come on this 'ere courtin' business. My wife's been dead these two weeks, and everything's going to rack an' ruin right straight along. Now, Lizzie, ef you've a mind to hev me, an' my things, tell me, an' I'll come in an' take a cheer; if not, I'll get some one else tu."
Why I was skeered, and I seed—"If you Now had Marks kept in the course by tered the house, and engaged Lieutenant to think on't a day or two." "No, you rhich he came, it is possible he could have Draper in conversation. "Well, Jobie, if I must, I must-so here's to you, then." So Mr. W came in. Then he went af-

an' I went home with Jobie that very night, amount to nothing at all. Just as well to do

Take no Thought for the Morrow. "If the most anxious and unhappy men of a half mile or more out of the former route, but lover-like, the trooper took his men in that the road. Draper rushed out, and, hurried it would be found, in nine hundred and direction. It was late in the night when he pistol shots being ineffectual, ordered a pur- ninety-nine cases out of the one thousand, suit. But the party had not proceeded a that the provision of this day was not the it was probably some satisfaction for the dozen yards before every horse grew restive, ground of it. They carry forward their imaginations to a distant futurity, and fill it up attempts to control them were in vain, and with the spectres of melancholy and despair. the horses growing more furious unseated What a world of unhappiness would be saved trooper after trooper. The single exception | if the things of the day, its duties, employ- | have him ground over," said the farmer. was in Marks' own horse, which Draper had ments and services were to occupy all our mounted. He was quiet enough; but Dra- hearts; and as to to-morrow, how delightful a thing. I will go with you and witness the amine into the cause of the trouble, the steed God for believing that by committing its isday comes, the provision of that day will that we shall get it, and according to the About four miles further on Marks and faith of our prayer, so will it be done unto

The Warrior Maiden.

Sometime just before or about the beginning of the revolutionary war, Sergeant Jasper, of Marion's Brigade had the good fortune to save the life of a young, beautiful and dark-eyed creole girl called Sally St. Clair.— Her susceptible nature was overcome with gratitude to her preserver, and this soon ripened into a passion of love, of the most deep and fervent kind. She lavished upon him the whole wealth of her affections, and the whole depth of passion nurtured by a Southern sun. When he was called upon to join the ranks of his country's defenders, the prospect of their separation almost maddened her. Their parting came; but scarcely was she left alone, ere her romantic nature truth is, that the girl had got them from some uncombed wool, which lay in an upper chamber, the sheep of the farm having gathquence could move her purpose. She severkinds of non-combatants had played impor-tant parts in the matter; but the lieutenant herself, and set forth to follow the fortunes

A smooth-faced, beautiful and delicate stripling appeared among the hardy, rough cloak, which had been strapped behind his saddle, both proving of great service to which Jasper belonged. The contrast between the stripling and these men, in their uncouth garbs, their massive faces, embrowned and discolored by the sun and pain, was ever suspected that she was a woman. None, even Jasper himself, although she was often by his side, penetrated her with kindness she was by his side to watch over him, in the hovering near him when stealing through the swamp and thicket, and always ready to avert danger from his head.

But gradually there stole a melancholy presentiment over the poor girl's mind. She had been tortured with hopes deferred, the war was prolonged, and the prospect of being restored to him grew more and more uncertain. But now she felt that her dream of happiness could never be realized. She became convinced that death was about to snatch her away from his side; but she prayed that she might die, and he never band was killed in Pittsburg, and I am going now to what length the violence of her passion had led her.

It was the eve before a battle. The camp had sunk into a repose. The watch-fires were burning low, and only the slow tread of sentinels fell upon the profound silence of the night air as they moved through the dark shadows of the forest. Stretched upon the ground, with no other couch than a blanket. reposed the warlike form of Jasper. Climbing vines trailed themselves into a canopy above his head, through which the stars shone softly. The faint flicker from the expiring embers of fire fell athwart his countenance, and tinged the cheek of one who bent above his couch. It was the smooth-faced stripling. She bent low down, as if to listen to his dreams or to breathe into his soul pleasant visions of love and happiness. But tears traced themselves down the fair one's cheek, and fell silently but rapidly upon the brow of her lover. A mysterious voice has told that the hour of parting has come, that to-morrow her destiny is consummated. There is one last, long, lingering look, and the unhappy maiden is seen to tear herself away from the spot, to weep out her sorrows in privacy.

Fierce and terrible is the conflict that on the morrow rages on that spot. Foremost in that battle is the intrepid Jasper, and ever by his side fights the stripling warrior .-Often, during the heat and smoke, gleams suddenly upon the eyes of Jasper the melancholly face of the maiden. In the thickest of the fight, surrounded by enemies, the lovers fight side by side. Suddenly a lance is leveled at the breast of Jasper; but swifter than the lance, is Sally St. Clair. There is a wild cry, and at the feet of Jasper sinks the maiden, with the life-blood gushing from her white bosom. He heeds not the din or the danger of the conflict; but down by the side of the dying boy he kneels. Then, for the first time, does he learn that the stripling is about a pint in the measure when Mick comthe swamp, she has been by his side; that ed into Smith's vessel until about a pint was the dim visions in his slumber, of an angel face hovering above him, had indeed been true. In the midst of the battle, with her lover by her side, and the barb still in her bosom, the heroic maiden dies!

Her name, her sex, and her noble devotion soon became known through the corps.-There was a tearful group gathered around riors one who did not bedew her grave with tears. They buried her near the river Santee, "in a green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."

A Tough One-Rather.- A gentleman traveling "down east" overtook a farmer dragging a lean, wretched looking horned sheep along the road:

"Where are you going with that miserable animal?" inquired the traveler. "I am taking him to the mutton mill to

"The mutton mill! I never heard of such

They arrived at the mill; the sheep was thrown alive into the hopper, and almost immediately disappeared, They then decended After considerable time thus lost, it oc- come along with it. What I would like to to a lower department, and, in a few motwo sides of morocco leather, a wool hat of swered by a bugle-call a short distance ahead. the burdock had been placed under every jects it is agreeable to the will of God that the first quality, a sheep's head, handsomely

> horns. Were it not for the fact that the above is dispute it.

Perpetual Sunshine.

Bayard Taylor, who last summer made a journey to the North Cape, writes from Hammerfest, Finmark, his impressions of the continuous polar daylight of the Arctic latitudes, from which we extract the following:

"I am tired of this unending daylight, and would willingly exchange the pomp of the Arctic midnight for the starlit darkness of home. We are confused by the loss of night; we lose the perception of time. One is never sleepy, but simply tired, and after a sleep of eight hours by sunshine wakes up as tired as ever. His sleep at last is broken and irregular; he substitutes a number of short naps, distributed through and finally gets into a state of general uneasiness and discomfort. A Hammerfest merchant, who has made frequent voyages to Spitzbergen, told me that in the latitude of 80 deg. he never knew certainly whether it was day or night, and the cook was the only person on board who could tell him.

"At first the nocturnal sunshine strikes you as being wonderfully convenient. You lose nothing of the scencry; you can read and write as usual; you never need be in a hurry, because there is time enough for everything. It is not necessary to do your day's work in the daytime, for no night cometh.—
You are never belated, scmewhat of the stress of life is lifted from your shoulders.— But, after a time, you would be glad of an excuse to stop seeing, and observing, and thinking, and even enjoying.
"There is no compulsive rest, such as

darkness brings—uo sweet isolation, which is the best refreshment of sleep. You lie down in the broad day, and the summons 'arise!' attends on reopening your eyes. I never went below and saw my fellow-passengers all around me without a sudden feeling that something was wrong, that they were drugged, or under some unnatural influence, that they thus slept so fast while the sun-shine streamed in through the port-holes.

"There are some advantages of this Northern summer which have presented themselves to me in rather a grotesque light. Think what an aid and shelter is removed from crime-how many vices which can only flourish in the deceptive atmosphere of night, must be checked by the sober reality of daylight! No assassin can dog the steps of his victim; no burglar can work in sunshine; no guilty lovers can hold stolen interviews by moonlight—all concealment is removed, for the sun, like the Eye of God, sees everything, and the secret vices of the earth must be bold indeed, if they can bear his gaze.— Morally, as well as physically, there is safety in light, and danger in darkness—and yet give me the darkness and the danger! Let the patrolling sun go off his beat for a while, and show a little confidence in my ability to behave properly, rather than worry me with his sleepless vigilance.

Humorous:

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not? 'No sir-ee!"

"What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say 'whoa,' and he shan't hear it."

A western exchange says: "Two ladies were traveling in the cars last week, when one said to the other: "I was married, but I heard that my hus-

"Well, I've got a dead sure thing on my husband," remarked the other, "for I saw him buried five weeks ago."

Let a beauty in the opera box but raise her glass to her eyes, and instantly you will see fifty brainless young fellows in the pit all plaining their glasses upon her, every one of them imagining, in the supremacy of his con-ceit, that he is the favored object of her lengthened inspection.

An exchange paper says: "There is nothing like nature as developed in feminines; for no sooner does a female juvenile begin to walk and notice things, than it takes after its mother, and wants a baby. It is almost incredible how much of matter and feeling is wasted on rag babies and squint-eyed Dutch dolls.

"Jerome! Jerome!" screamed Mrs. Butterfield, the other day, to her biggest boy, 'what are you throwing to those pigeons? "Gold beads, mother, and the darned fools are eatin' 'em; ,spects they think it's corn.'

A cotemporary, noticing the appointment of a postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the females, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

A lady wrote upon a window some verse intimating her design of never marrying.—A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

The lady whose resolve these words beloken; Wrote them on glass, to show it may be broken!

IRISH LOGIC.-Mick Casev used to "tend" in Carew's grocery on the corner. Smith (you know Smith) went in the other day after some "fixin," and among the rest, called for a gallon of molasses. There was left, as before, in the measure, and then set it down under the cask.

"Hallo!" says Smith, "what are you about? Why don't you put in a gallon as I ordered?" "A gallon is it, sur? An' sure an' there's

that much in the jug," replied Mick. Of course, Smith would never believe this, her grave; there was not of these hardy war- as there was a pint left in the measure, and he made no bones of accusing Mick of attempting to cheat him.

"Sur," asked Mick, "wasn't there a pint in the measure?" " Yes."

"Well, thin, there's the same now?" "Yes."

"Well, thin, sure, an' ye have all that belongs to yer, didn't I draw the measure full and put it in the jug?" "No—there's a pint left!"

"The divil, sur! an' wasn't that pint there before! Get yerself out of the store, ye specimen of maneness, to be afther chatin' a lad out of a pint of molasses!" Smith left, being utterly unable to convince Mick of the "error of his ways."

How True.-" Scratch the green rind of sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil. and the scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come." How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right instead of wrong tendencies to the young mind.

A shoemaker, intending to be absent a few days, lampblacked a shingle with the following, without date, and nailed it upon his "in the papers," we should feel disposed to door:-"Will be home in ten days after you see this shingle."