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John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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Poetical.

From the Bureau County Democrat.

JOYS UNSPOKEN.

Sweet are the tones of Love that speak
In whispers to the ear,
A louder utterance would break,
The Heavenly charm they bear.)

Sweet sounds the lute's low tones impart,
And the soft whisp'ring breeze;
But, the mind whisp'ring to the heart,
Speaks sweeter things than these!

Is touch, oft, is greater joy,
Than ever words expressed,
For feeling's purest treasures lie,
The deepest in the breast—

Too deep for utterance to reach—
Too pure for earth's cold ear,
It only for the spirit's speech—
For God alone to hear!

Souls we're in embryo, they live
Unknown to outward sight,
But the inward eye they give
Of beauty and delight,

Shed their fragrance o'er the soul
Doom to sadness given,—
The soul we pity—knowing not
Its pensiveness in Heaven!

Miscellaneous.

From the N. Y. Dispatch.

THE PIRATE LOVER; OR, A SEA BRIDAL.

Man who held forth her lilly white hand
Towards that Knight so free;
He says to it, she gentill kisse,—
The heart was brought from hate to bliss,
The tears starte from his ee.

Sir Galline.

We had been busy all night. We were in latitude of the West India Islands, and suddenly squalls of a dangerous character had kept braces, clue-lines and halyards.

East began to be crimsoned with the dawn, as the fair Aurora presented her red cheek to be kissed by old hoary Ocean. I felt fatigued, worn out completely, and was glad to dive below and take a nap, just as the other watch came up to relieve us.

I was awakened after a refreshing slumber, not by the usual boisterous call at the hatchway, but by exclamations, quick trampling over head, and other signs, that something remarkable was about to take place. I hurried on my jacket and went on deck. The ship was running off before the wind with a good breeze, and a long, slender craft, lying down to it so fast she showed her copper, was roaring thro' the waves as if determined to run athwart our hawse.

What did it mean? Was she bent upon speaking us, this strange craft? But now I saw her crew, a motley set of fellows in red shirts and blue, in jackets and soldiers' coats, long peaked caps and three cornered scrapers, that could so small a vessel want of so many men? What was the reason of the lively impress that all those fellows took in our ship? The pallid check and husky tones of the captain, the stupid stare of the mates, told the whole story. Those fellows who were overhauling us were gentlemen of fortune—waiters on fortune, who wake up on a fine afternoon to find themselves in the possession of wealth they never earned.

A speculation promised to be a good one. We had aboard a few kegs of specie, and a trifle of some value, besides half a dozen rich passengers. Resistance was useless, and at the first command from the pirate, our captain gave orders to down helm and brace forward the foreyard six yards. We lay with the main-top aback. In the next moment, I saw a lot of the most abandoned looking wretches rushing over our quarter, each one of which would soon cut a throat as eat an egg.—Feeling that they were handed by society, and knowing that their fate would be a hard one if they were caught, they naturally felt at war with a community which sought *their* lives, and which would hang them up like dogs on the first opportunity. It is the gallows which makes villains of them, and as these men knew they could not make their case any worse, they scouted the idea of showing mercy. The words were written on the countenance of every one, "we shall swing for it one of these days, let us make ample revenge while I can."

I was now caught me by the shoulder and spun me as I never was shaken before, and as I looked at him. He then gave me over the calf of the leg with a cutlass, bade me to go forward.

Passengers were about to pour down into the hold, when one of their number, who had just come to board us,—a young man of fine appearance—waved his sword on high, and said—"Stay, my good fellows! let us question them before we touch anything.

He at once perceived that the pirate was their king.

Said the young man, with great coolness of manner, "may I ask whither we are bound?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied our captain, very politely.

They were then asked about our cargo, the number of passengers, their names and conditions, lastly, the amount of specie we had aboard.

The captain answered all these questions with fairness and candor that seemed to surprise the young pirate, whose face was flushed as if he almost ashamed to rob such polite and agreeable persons.

Within a sudden gesture, however, the pirate chief ordered to turn up the passengers. The cabin boy all came up, and lastly, a lady passenger was going abroad for the benefit of her health. She was still handsome, though her eye dimmed and her check emaciated. I observed her attentively when she came on deck, in the evening, on a twilight, and gazed abroad, upon the waters with a wild air, and sighing as if some secret heavy at her heart. The sailors also observed this young lady, and all decided that it was a case of love. As she now ascended to the deck, she looked around her with some surprise at the strange faces on board of us, and then went into her usual listless condition herself, on the chair which the sailors had placed for her, with an air of deep and almost insensibility. In the middle, the pirate captain was engaged with one of the gentlemen passengers.—This was a little diminutive, elderly man, who had a hump on his shoulder that appeared to have been the gift of seven feet. As the sailors said, it fitted him like a horse's shirt collar. This funny looking little man was fearfully frightened. On first coming on board he prostrated himself at the feet of the pirate and began to beg for his life.—He said he would give up all that he possessed, and become a slave to his captors if they would not do hurt him.

"Why, little man, said the pirate chief, what kind of a thing do you to sea? Upon my life, I should have thought that a man of your ideas would have stuck to terra firma like a barnacle to a Dutch galliot.

"Forgive me this time, Captain—only this once, and I engage never to tresspass upon your territories again.'

"My territories! ha! ha! Not so bad as that, I hope. I don't quite claim to be the monarch of the ocean. But would you be so very polite if you saw me standing in a court house with a pair of darbies on my wrists?—Come, come, confess, sir, that you would delight to see me hanged, and—

"Oh! no—Captain. Captain, you mistake me entirely, I assure you, cried the poor fellow, clinging to the knees of the chief.

At this moment all eyes were turned in a different direction by a loud scream, and the lady passenger was seen in the arms of the Captain. She had swooned. The pirate chief said—

"What is this? I do not rob ladies; let her be taken below.'

Just then, however, the young lady opened her eyes, and, the chief gazing intently in her face a few seconds, started back with astonishment, and was heard to mutter, in a low voice, 'Caroline here!'

All this time the pirate sailors were swaggering about among the crew and passengers, slapping one and, winking familiarly at another, and the little man in the big coat roared out pitiously:

"If I once more can get where I can hear the cock crow in the morning and the gun fire at sun down, I will give all the geese leave to thrust their necks and hiss at me for coming upon the great waters, where, if you escape being swallowed by the leviathans of the deep, you are cut to pieces by the javelins of the terrible sea kings!"

"Where did that man get his coat?' said one of the pirates, with a leer, to our ship's steward.

"What! this small gentleman?'

'Oh, I know!' said the pirate, it was willed to him. Some of his forefathers remembered him in their last will and testament.'

'Yes, and his ancestors were giants!'

'True! that coat was made before the Flood!'

'Suppose we take it for a keepsake!'

In that moment two of the freebooters stripped the big coat from the shoulders of the little man, before he knew what was happening to him. He looked up from the deck, upon which he was laid sprawling during the operation, with so strange and ludicrous an air, that one of the pirates said:

'He's faint, let's bring him to!' and, with these words, he brought down the flat side of his cutlass upon the contless inan's brawny parts, with such rigor, that the latter sprang upon his knees and begged lustily for mercy.

'What is our Captain doing?' said the pirate, turning away from the kneeling suppliant.

'He seems to have found a mare's nest, 'said another.

Indeed, the pirate captain was conversing with the lady passenger, and in a moment every tongue was silent but theirs; every eye was fixed with wonder upon the young pair, who seemed to be acquainted with each other.—Above the gentle murmur of the breeze through the cordage, arose the voice of the pirate chief:

"And is this true? Oh, Caroline! Is it so that I threw away a jewel already within my grasp!

'There was no cause, Albert!' cried the lady weeping and wringing her little white hands. 'Whatever was said to you by others, came not from me. At our last interview I told you that—that—' She looked around upon the bystanders, and paused.

'I remember, Caroline; but I was assured by your brother that all was ended—that you had burned all my letters—'

'Did he dare?' cried she, starting to her feet.

'And that you had thrown my presents, my keepsakes, to the dogs!'

'Then I am betrayed—undone! Oh, Albert! would that we had not met—I were miserable before, but now, oh, God!'

'You are shocked at seeing me in this guise. At least, Caroline, you shall not witness any unlawful acts. For your sake we will spare the ship and her passengers.—I took up with the life of a pirate because I had made up my mind that there was no truth in woman, and no humanity in men. I find that you were true, after all; but woe to your brother! Woe to the base lies whose pride and hypocrisy have made me what I am!'

Then turning to his crew, the pirate chief said in husky tones—

'Come, boys, let us go on board!' His men fierce and determined fellows as they were, went muttering over the side, and I saw more than one of them half unsheath his knife, and scowl covertly at his captain. The idea of giving up the hope of plunder, was rather too much for their patience, for nothing chivalrous had ever found a lodgement in *their* souls.—When Caroline saw her unhappy lover leaving the ship, the last of the pirate crew, she rose up and staggered toward him.

'Well Caroline—

'Oh, Albert!'

'A last embrace—is it not so?'

'No—no—no!' screamed she, 'not a *last* embrace.'

'Then we may be happy at last!' cried the pirate chief, seizing Caroline in his arms and bearing her over the side.

The next moment we saw the chief and his bride on the deck of the pirate schooner.—They stood side by side, as the noisy crew ran about trimming the sails. They left us—their lessening sail was seen an hour or two, and the pirate vessel, her crew, her captain, and Caroline, became to us as though they had never been.

AN OLD DRAGGIN.—An old acquaintance of ours in the country indulges in a very exaggerated style of description and illustration, in his ordinary conversation. For instance, when describing the effect of an alteration of his kitchen chimney, which he had ordered his mason to make, he said that "before the chimney was altered it drew the wrong way so powerful, that every flock of wild geese that flew over the town for ten years was sucked down into the fire-place, but since the alteration has been made, the draught was so strong that if he should hook one end of a log chain in the middle of the kitchen floor, the other end would *stand quivering up the chimney.*"

☞ Three young girls named Acker, Wilson and Merritt, were run over by a passenger train while walking on the track of the Erie Railroad near Sloatsburg, on Friday evening. The two first named were killed, and the latter badly wounded.

HOOPS AND HYDROPHOBIA.—One virtue, at least, has been discovered in the hoop petticoat—mad dogs cannot bite the wearers. Excellent things, therefore, for summer wear.

☞ What kind of bands do young ladies like best? Hus-bands to be sure.

THE FATHER.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding, or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home. "We can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man, to-day, there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said his wife, "we are still rich; in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?"

"You shall see!" answered several voices.—"It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We can work and make you rich again."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was a song of praise.

"Pay every debt," said his wife. "Let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his son, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed in the household, and executed various works which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, sent boquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plated straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children: and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructoress to the family.

The dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they soon were able to beautify. Its constriction was improved, and the vines, and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his wood-bine-covered porch on a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then, we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So father, please do not be a rich man any more."

Bury me in the Garden.

There was sorrow there, and tears were in every eye; and there were low, half-suppressed sobbings heard from every corner of the room; but the little sufferer was still; its young spirit was just on the verge of departure. The mother was bending over it in all the speechless yearning of maternal love, with one arm under its pillow, and, with the other, unconsciously drawing the little dying girl closer and closer to her bosom. Poor thing! in the bright and dewy morning it had followed out behind its father into the field; and, while he was there engaged in his labor, it had played around among the meadow flowers, and had stuck its bosom full, all its burnished tresses, with carmine and lily-tinted things; and, returning tired to its father's side, he had lifted it upon the cart; but a stone in the road had shaken it from its seat, and the ponderous, iron-rimmed wheels had ground it down into the very cart path—and the little crushed creature was dying.

We had all gathered up closely to its bedside and were hanging over the young one, to see if it yet breathed, when a slight movement came over its lips, and its eyes partly opened. There was no voice, but there was something beneath its eyelids which a mother could alone interpret. Its lips trembled again, and we all held our breath—its eyes opened a little further, and then we heard the departing spirit whisper in that ear which touched those salty lips: "Mother! mother! dont let them carry me away down to that dark, cold graveyard, but bury me in the garden—in the garden, mother."

A little sister, whose eyes were raining down with the melting of the heart, had crept up to the bedside, and taking up the hand of the dying girl, sobbed aloud in its ear—"Julia! Julia! can't you speak to Antoinetto?"

The last fluttering pulsation of expiring nature struggled hard to enable that little spirit utter one more wish and a word of affection; its soul was on its lips as it whispered again: "Bury me in the garden, mother—bury me in the—" and a quivering came over its limbs—one feeble struggle, and all was still.

Women's Advocate.

CUCUMBERS.—The Maine *Cultivator* says: "When a cucumber is taken from the vines, let it be cut with a knife, leaving about the eighth of an inch of the cucumber on the stem, then slit the stem with a knife from its end to the vine, leaving a small portion of the cucumber on each division, and on each seperate slit there will be new cucumbers as large as the first. Those wishing to raise large quantities of this article for pickles, will do well to try the experiment."

☞ Within a few years no less than seven representatives of foreign Governments have married American ladies.

SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall,
Advancing from the west;
As ends the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest.

Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds;
And myrtad sisters calmly weave
Their light around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!
The world's hard contest close;
The holy hours with God begin—
Yield thee to sweet repose.

Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
Its sacred light will cast,
Fair emblem of that glorious day
That evermore shall last.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

Pedigree and Ingrain were brothers, children of parents in comfortable circumstances. In size and general appearance, they bore a strong resemblance to each other, but in disposition and manners were totally dissimilar.

Each was born with a peculiar eccentricity of character. That of Pedigree was to occupy, on all occasions, an elevated position; that of Ingrain, to shrink out of all observation.

No sooner had they learned the difference in positions, than these eccentricities manifested themselves. Pedigree cried to be placed upon the table, Ingrain to sit beneath it. If they were put to bed, the former chose to be put in, the latter under it, nor would any persuasion pacify them, until their wishes were gratified.

When they first began to come to table, nothing would satisfy Pedigree, but a very high chair to sit in, and a stool for his plate to stand on, that he might eat his victuals above all the rest. On the contrary, his brother would not partake of a mouthful unless it was under the table, and upon the very floor.

These whims gave great trouble to the parents, and their virulence increased daily, until at last, Pedigree had to be taken up stairs to eat, and his brother down in the cellar.

This gave increased discomfort to all concerned, and introduced the greatest confusion into the household, especially when company was present—for the smoking dishes perfumed the whole house; one set of servants promenaded through the halls to the cellar, and another to the chambers above.

These eccentricities at length proceeded to such an extent that Pedigree must needs have a dining room built on the roof of the house, and Ingrain must needs have a deeper one dug in the cellar.

This put the parents to much trouble and expense; the house was filled with workmen; and confusion reigned from one end of it to the other.

For a time, they both seemed satisfied, but, finally, the one demanded a tower on the top of the house, and the other a well underneath it, to gratify their eccentricity.

This gave more trouble than ever, for the one required an expensive windlass to draw himself and victuals up, and his brother another to let him down, and also the attendance of many servants to work them.

Moreover, each year it was found necessary to add another story to the tower, and another cell to the well; until at length, so high was the tower, and so deep the well, that steam engines must needs be employed to effect the labor of carrying victuals and persons up and down, and to make the necessary speed in doing it.—A telegraphic line was also established, to signal for the various dishes, deserts, etc. etc., and a gas establishment to light the subterranean dining-room.

These required increased outlays of money, until, with steam-engines and engineers, and servants, and the cost of the yearly elevations of the tower, and depressions of the well, the father's estate became covered with bonds and mortgages, to cover the expense. Money was hired at, ten, twenty, and even fifty per cent., and, the remainder of the children brought home from school to cheapen the living, in order that these whims might be gratified.

The parents being much distressed for means to meet these extraordinary and daily increasing expenses, and began to grow prematurely old, with the cares and anxieties of endeavoring to keep their property under such absorbing circumstances.

Gradually they were compelled to sell piece after piece, to the grief and mortification of the remainder of the children, who thus saw the tower and well engulfing the handsome property they might otherwise have inherited.

Still the work of demolition went on. Each year the tower was built higher, and the well dug deeper, until the whole property was expended, save the family residence.

The parents now thought of entreating the one to come down, and the other to come up, and assume their own mode of living, ere they were all deprived of bread together.

This only enraged the two brothers, who simultanoously declared, the one for a new story to his tower, and the other for a lower deep to his well, which placed an irredeemable mortgage on both house and lot.

Time ran on, when, just before the closing of the mortgage, the parents, seeing the necessity, commanded their children to yield up their whims, lest they should lose house and home, and be in danger of starving. Each declared the other, and not himself, the cause of the ruinous expense, and thereupon commenced a quarrel. The mother took the side of the one child, and the father of the other, and the children divided themselves equally on either side.

The quarrel raged without intermission; their boisterous dissensions shaking the whole house, now weakened by the undermining necessary for the well, and trembling under the weight of the tower above, until one night it fell, and crushed them all to death.

WASHINGTON'S KINDNESS.—Elkanah Watson, in his "Men and Times of the Revolution," gives an account of a visit to General Washington, at Mount Vernon, in 1785, and relates the following incident:

"The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at a table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the expositre of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies; but I declined doing so. At usual late retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and, on drawing my bed curtains, to my astonishment, I beheld Washington himself standing at my bedside, with a *bowl of hot tea* in his hand. This little incident occurring, in common life, with an ordinary man, would have not been noticed; but as a trait of the benevolence and private virtue of Washington, deserves to be recorded."

MAN'S LIFE.—The stages of Man's life, are truly represented in the different changes of the seasons. Spring, in her beauty and bloom represents youth in its height of frolicsome enjoyment, merriment, and the only time of improving the faculties. Summer, in all her full vigor and maturity, shows the manly and vigorated form of a well cultivated mind. Autumn, in her solemn mood is like unto the man, who is realising and reaping the results of his labors. Winter, in its cold and icy form, represents man, after the harvest is gathered, and his stiffened body resting in the grave in the cold embrace of death.

☞ If honest men are the salt of the earth, pretty girls may be said to be the sugar.

RISING IN THE WORLD.

It is not uncommon for young men to complain that there is no longer any chance of a poor clerk rising in this world! The power of capital, they say, is so great that success is impossible without it. Unless one has money, they add, it is useless to expect ever to get in to business. And under the influence of this gloomy opinion many become careless, indolent, and thriftless, and seem, to ordinary observers, to verify, by their ill-fortune, their disheartening belief.

But experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men in Philadelphia we find that nearly all of them began life with little or nothing. Girard was a poor boy. The late Mr. Ridgeway came to this city a country lad, almost penniless. What is true of Philadelphia is true also of New York and Boston. Astor began with nothing. Abbott Lawrence had only a pair of stout hands, a willing heart, and a good character for his original capital. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States a score of similar examples will occur.

On the other hand, the sons of rich men who begin life with a capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.—*Ledger.*

SCRIPTURAL EMBLEMS.—Every traveller in the east is startled by occasional scenes, which bring before his mind with irresistible power some of the charming emblems of the Holy Scriptures. Dr. Hacket thus refers to a scene which he witnessed:

"As I was passing near Gethsemane one day, I saw, at a little distance, a shepherd engaged in shearing one of his flock. The animal lay stretched before him on the ground, submitting, without resistance or complaint, to the operation which he was performing. It seemed as if every movement of the shears would lacerate the flesh; the feet were bound; the man's knees were pressed rudely against the sides of the helpless captive. This posture, so irksome, had to be endured for a considerable time before the ample fleece was removed. Yet, during it all, it was wonderful to observe how patient the creature remained, it struggled not, it opened not its mouth. Under ordinary circumstances the incident might not have attracted my attention; but being seen in such a place, it spoke to my heart with touching power. How could I forget the prophet's use of that emblem, in describing the spirit of unshrinking submission to appointed suffering, which was to distinguish the Saviour of men, and of which he gave such matchless proof in the agony of the garden!—Isaiah (53: 7) said, with reference to that trait of his character, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth."

THE BLACK SOLDIER AT THE PALACE.—A few days ago, Marshall Bosquet made his appearance at the palace of St. Cloud with two men, for whom he claimed the honor of a presentation to the Emperor. One was a full, fine African soldier, an Algerian subject of France, who was singularly maimed during the seige of Sebastopol. A bomb fell in the trenches where this man was at work, and where, if it had exploded, many men must have been killed or wounded. The man rushed to the bomb, seized it, and had already raised it high above his head to throw it out of the trench, when it exploded and carried away both of his arms, without doing him other serious injury.

The other man was a soldier of the line, a little Breton, who, like the jackall and the lion, had attached himself to the person of the tall African by pure affection, and served him as servant of all work. His life had been saved by the African in raising the bomb, and by a sudden inspiration he declared that his life should be devoted to him who had saved it.—Thus he dresses and undresses him, feeds, shaves and combs him, and in short serves him as a pair of hands.

The object of the visit was to obtain the discharge of the little Breton from the service, in order that he might accompany to his home, in Africa, the wounded soldier. They were presented first to the Emperor, who subsequently conducted them to the Empress, and both their Majesties exhibited a lively interest in this strange couple. Of course the request of Marshal Bosquet was granted, and the soldiers left the palace much richer than they entered it.

HAPPINESS.—To watch the corn grow and the blossom set, to draw a hard breath over ploughshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things to make one happy; they have always had the power of doing those, they never will have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron or glass, or electricity or steam, in nowise. And I am utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one, and it seems that it must at last try the right one in a mathematical necessity. It has tried fighting and preaching and fasting, buying and selling pomp and paralmony, pride and humiliation—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while as it bought, sold and fought and fasted and wearied itself with politics and ambition, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside and of the clouds of the firmament.

CARE.—What inhabitant of earth is a stranger to care? From sporting childhood to decrepid age it travels with man. It hangs to him like a tight garment—it will not be shaken off. In the crowded city it meets him, and when he flies to the rural fields for recreation it follows close upon his heel. In solitude he feels it oppressing his heart, and in the largest and liveliest society is still a burden. It destroys day-dreams and beclouds night-dreams. Oh, unwelcome care!

But there is relief. Sweet invitation and assurance—"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you!" There is one who is ever near, ever gracious, ever able, and to Him the burden of Christian spirit hastens for support. He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.—*Selected.*

A SNAKE STORY.—The Syracuse, (N. Y.,) Standard says that two men captured a snake near that city, a few days since, which was found to contain 576 embryo snakes. There were 24 knots and eggs, each containing 24 snakes.

☞ Why is the life of an editor like the Book of Revelation? Because it is full of types and shadows, and a mighty voice, like the sound of many waters, ever saying to him—*write.*

☞ Why did Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit? asked a sabbath school teacher of his class. Because, replied one silly, they thought it a *good opening* for the young man.

☞ Dr. South says—"The tale bearer and the tale bearer should be hanged up both together, the former by the tongue, the latter by the ears."

I Got a Going and Couldn't Stop.

A little boy named Frank was standing in the yard, when his father called him:—

"Frank!"

"Sir?" said Frank, and started full speed and ran into the street.

His father called him back, and asked him if he did not hear his first call.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Well, then," said his father, "what made you run into the street?"

"O," said Frank, "I got a going and couldn't stop."

This is the way that a great many boys get into difficulty; they get a going and can't stop. The boy that tells lies, began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a going and couldn't stop, till he came out a full grown liar.

The boy that was brought before the police, and sent to the house of correction for stealing, began by taking little things from his mother; by stealing sweetmeats and other nice things that were put away. Next he began to take things from his companions at school. He got a going and couldn't stop till he got into jail. Those two boys that you see fighting out on the green, began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry and dispute, and call each other names, till they got a going and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting late with his companions at the gambling table. He has flushed cheeks, an anxious look, a desparing countenance. He has lost his last dollar. He began by playing marbles in the street, but got a going and couldn't stop.

See that young man, with a dark lantern, stealing from his master's drawer. He is a merchant's clerk. He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerk's went to the theatre, and he thought he must go too. He began, thinking he would only go once, just to say that he had been to the theatre. But he got a going and couldn't stop. He used up his wages and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a going—he will stop in the State prison.

Hark! do you hear that horrid oath! It comes from the mouth of a little boy in the street. He began by saying by words, but he has got a going and can't stop.

Fifty young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together in a room at a public house, to enjoy themselves in social hilarity, where the wine cup passed freely around. One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel, went back to his room, and was never seen at the public house again. He has become rich, and the first block of buildings which he erected was built directly in front of the place where he stood when he made that exclamation. Six of the young men followed his example. The remaining forty three got a going and couldn't stop till they landed in the ditch, and most of them in a drunkard's grave.

Beware, then, boys, how you get a going. Be sure before you start that you are in the right way, for when you are sliding down hill it is hard to stop.

NICARAGUA.

A person just from Nicaragua furnishes the N. Y. Tribune with a long and doleful description of the condition of affairs in that country. He says that Walker has a force of about eight hundred men, living almost wholly on rice and tortilla, destitute of the proper supplies of clothing, receiving no pay, but occupying the dwellings of the people as they require them. The men are generally dissatisfied, and this feeling extends even to the highest officers, some of whom are concerting measures with other parties to supersede Walker. Many of the officers would leave, but that they dislike the appearance of desertion. Walker arrogates to himself all power and authority and his despotism is extreme. Rivas, the nominal President, is a mere tool, and, in fact, is not at all informed as to the purposes of Walker. The means of exit, both by the Atlantic and Pacific are carefully guarded, so that no one can leave without the permission of Walker. Thus the unhappy man who once gets there must stay. The expiration of a term of service makes no matter, there being no greater freedom after than before it. Officers who resign their Commissions are forced into the ranks. No one is allowed to talk of government affairs, either for or against, under severe penalties. A great many of the passengers from New York on the first trip of the steamship Orizaba were conveyed to Granada, and compelled to join the army. Walker's men take, without hesitation, whatever property they or the authorities may require, no matter to whom it may belong. Government paper is offered in pay, which is valueless. Correspondents of newspapers published in the United States, dare not write the truth. A correspondent of one of the leading journals in New Orleans admits that it would not be safe for him to do so.

Letters also are subject to espionage. The country is under the worst form of absolutism, and the American citizens now there are imprisoned in fact, and unable to get away. Many deaths occurr which are not allowed to appear in the printed list. There is no money in the country, no security for property, and no trade. The two old native parties are still hostile to each other as ever, but without power, Walker's army being the only organization in the country. If there were no recruits arriving from the United States, disease would soon destroy the army. A great portion of his arms are unfit for use, being old English tower muskets and American flint lock muskets. There is a deficiency of ammunition. Sickness has prevailed among Walker's army to such an extent, that five hundred of his men must have died during the year which he has occupied the country. The disaffection is well known to Walker, and after his return from the fight at Rivas, he was so much afraid of it, that he has pointed a body guard.

☞ We cut the following advertisement from a paper published in the far East: "To rent, a house in Melville avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater portion taken in plums."

☞ "Shall we take a *bus* in Regent street, Margret?" said a young London gent, who was showing his country cousin the wonders of the metropolis. "Oh, dear, no!" said the frightened girl, "I would not do that in the street."

☞ A fool in high station is like a man on the top of a mountain, everybody appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody else.

☞ Three things as good as their betters—dirty water to extinguished fire—a homely wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Conviction of Palmer, the Poisoner.

The English papers bring us intelligence of the conviction for willful murder of William Palmer, the poisoner, and of his having been condemned to expiate his guilt upon the scaffold. The heinous nature of the crimes of which this man was accused, their number, the cold blooded skill and calculation with which they were planned and executed, the base purpose which they were intended to serve, and the dread means employed to effect them, have given an unusual degree of interest and notoriety to this remarkable case. Palmer was a surgeon in some practice in Rugely, a small town in Staffordshire, England, and had for some years been engaged in betting transactions, connected with horse-racing. In the course of these transactions, which he carried on with varying success, he became intimately acquainted with the man of whose murder he has just been declared guilty, a Mr. William Parsons Cook, a well known sporting character, an owner of race horses, and a constant frequenter of race courses, betting rings, and similar haunts of iniquity. For some years previous to the murder of Cook, Palmer's circumstances had been in a desperate condition; he had involved himself to a very large amount to bill-discounting usurers in London, from whom he obtained money on bills bearing the forged acceptance of his mother, a lady of considerable wealth. Dreading the ruin and exposure which he knew was inevitable unless he could find money in some way to meet these forged bills, he interested himself in obtaining for Cook—who was known to be possessed of some property—an advance of money, and so soon as he had obtained it he murdered him to get possession himself of this sum, as well as of other large sums which Cook had recently won at the Shrewsbury races.—With the coolest and most collected determination he set about accomplishing his foul purpose. His medical knowledge of the power and properties of poisonous drugs afforded him the means, and his intimacy and constant intercourse with his unsuspecting victim afforded him the opportunity. To receive Cook's money, to collect his bets, it was necessary that he should be sufficiently ill not to be able to act for himself, and consequently he was made to swallow doses of antimony to produce violent vomiting and general prostration of the system. This was effected at Shrewsbury, while he and Palmer occupied the same room, and it was not till after his removal to Rugeley, till after Palmer had accomplished his object and got hold of Cook's money, till it became necessary to his interest that Cook should die, that he administered strychnine in repeated doses, until death, in the most convulsive agony, ensued. Every fact of the case was proved by a mass of evidence of the most convincing character, and every one who heard the verdict of the jury, and had followed the case through its different phases, concurred in thinking it a just one. The trial lasted twelve days; the case for the prosecution lasted six days, that for defence occupied three, and the charge of the presiding judge, the Chief Justice of England, took two days. On the twelfth the jury rendered their verdict. Every caution was taken to insure the accused a fair and dispassionate trial. A special act of Parliament was passed to remove the venue within the jurisdiction of the London courts from the district in which the crime was committed, and where the popular feeling was much excited against the criminal. Ample time was given him and his advisers to prepare his defence; men of the highest reputation in the medical profession were examined both for the Crown and for the accused; the jury was composed of men beyond the reach of suspicion; lawyers of the first eminence and skill conducted the case on both sides; three of the most eminent judges on the bench sat to administer the law and direct the deliberations of the jury; in short, everything was done to vindicate the majesty of the law and satisfy the ends of justice.

The verdict in this case and the sentence of death passed on the criminal obviated the necessity for his being put on his trial upon the other charges of poisoning of which he was accused, and which rival the crimes of the Borgias and of the infamous Marchioness of Brinvilliers. The trial and conviction of this most atrocious of criminals prove, as Lord Campbell truly observed, "that Divine Providence so guards and watches over human life as to render the secret destruction of it a moral impossibility," however, as in the present instance, the murderer may have fenced himself round with precautions, and have employed all the subtilties of scientific and chemical skill, all the artifices which a cunning mind could devise to conceal his guilt and save himself from the infamy, execration, and ignominious death which are the earthly punishment of murder.

Two later years of Palmer's life, as they are now revealed, is the vivid, unfold a career of guilt rarely paralleled in the number of its crimes or in the rapidity of its descent. From gambling to fraud, from fraud to forgery, from forgery to murder, he passed apparently without hesitation, until at last taking human life became a study and a habit, the principal means on which he relied to procure money to satisfy his insatiable thirst for vice. In 1854 he murdered his wife, in the following year he murdered his brother, Walter Palmer, and two months after the commission of that crime he murdered his friend, William Cook; not from any impulse of revenge, not from any sense of injury, real or imaginary, but from the basest and most grovelling of all motives, thirst for lucre—to recover large insurances which he had effected on their lives, amounting to £27,000, the first of which, that upon his wife's life, £13,000, was paid, but that upon his brother's life was refused by the insurance company. Unerring justice at length overtakes him, and ere these lines are in type the hand of the hangman will have put a period to his crimes and to his existence.—Journal of Commerce.

A String of Mishaps.

A man named Wragg was brought into one of our city courts for disturbing the peace. No witness appeared against him, and he was requested to tell his own story.

Judge—Mr. Wragg, will you state the mishaps connected with your arrest?

Mr. Wragg—Certainly, sir. Last night, at 10 o'clock, I was going along the street quietly and unostentatiously, with my mind occupied in profound meditation, suddenly my thoughts and vision were simultaneously arrested, not by a member of the police, but by an old hat which was lying on the side-walk. Now, I have a deep aversion to an old hat. In fact, I might say that the whole world has a rooted antipathy to old hats. I may be because old hats are emblematical of a man going down the hill of adversity. Men under such circumstances and old hats receive the same kind of treatment, namely, kicks. Now, nine out of ten seeing that old hat on the side walk, as I did, would have given it a kick, and that, sir, is just what I did. I kicked that old hat, and not only that, but I kicked a frightful large stone which was inside of it; I felt myself falling forward, and unfortunately I fell against a fat woman with sufficient force to cause her to fall; in falling, she knocked down a ladder; one end of the ladder struck me, the other hit a cart horse; the horse gave a jump, and the cartman was thrown off his cart; he fell on a bull terrier dog; the dog gave a yell and bit the cartman, who rolled over on me; a nigger rushed out of an alley, and kicked the cartman for falling on his dog; the cartman picked up a stone and threw it at the nigger, but unfortunately, it went through the window of a Dutchman's grocery, and fell into a