# Poeticul.

### THE CUBL OF GOLDEN HAIR.

- I have a little treasure, More beautiful to me, Than aught of gold or silver, Or brightest gems I see.
  Tis not a costly jewel—
  In case fich and fine No yet a thing of value, To other hearts than mine
- And still I deem it priceless, More precious far than gold; More beautiful and lovely, Than earthly gems are told. Tis not in iron coffers My treasures safe I keep.
- And though I prize it highly, I often o'er it weep. In a closely folded paper, And laid away with care— Lies a little sunny ringlent,
- A curl of golden hair.
  With beauty once it shaded
  A fair and lovely brow:
  And though long years have wasted,
  Methinks I see it now. How oft my fingers pressed it, And twin'd it o'er and o'er, All wet with tears of anguish;
- Such tears can flow no more For the angels came and called him To live with them above, While my heart was all o'erflowing With a mother's earliest love.
- Then, O! how sad and lonely Was everything to me; His playthings all were gathered, For those I could not see, We put away his cradle, With his little cushioned chair; And my heart, like them was vacant, For hope had withered there.
- In the dark cold grave we laid him: Where the weeping willows bow; And of him this precious relic Is all that's left me now. Is it strange that I should love it, And guard it well with care; This little glossy ringlet, This carl of golden hair?

### PASSING AWAY. BY C. SWAIN.

Look from the casement-look and tell What's passing, mother dear; Since dawn, I've heard a funeral bell, Slow pealing on my car; And now there comes the solemn fall Of footsteps sweeping nigh; Irook flown the street, I hear their feet,

- Some funeral's passing by. The mother gazed with anxious face, But nothing there was seen, Except each old accustomed place, And what had always been. mament yet, dear mother, stay, Strange sounds are on the air,
- Like angels singing on their way; Or voices deep in prayor ! Oh, lift my pillow high—hore high—For I am daint and lew;...
  Help me to look upon the sky,
  And bless them ere they go !
  The mother raised her daughter's head,
  But no word could she speak;
  The houe that from her bosom fled
- Left tears upon her check. The night looked thro, the casement old, And saw a cheek so pale — A form so wasted, thin, and cold—
- No skill might there prevail: But that which conquers Death yet beamed Upon her wasted brow; And sweet, as though an angel dreamed,
  The sufferer rested now! Ah, who the mother's grief may tell? Or who may comfort bring? Yet, high above the funeral bell

# Miscellaneons.

She heard the angels sine!

### The Spanish Widow. BY DE BALLAC.

travellers, and indeed by all who beheld here the Flower of Spain." With these excellent charms she possessed all the virtues which so rarely are to be found united to such extreme personal loveliness. She had, therefore, many wooers, but especially a certain old knight of Castle, as coarse in mind as he was ungainly in person. Being very wealthy, he fully expected this beautiful creature would gladly become his wife, the more particularly as she was of poor though wall here paragrapes. But the present though well born parentage. But she preferred to allow her affections to rest on a young gentlemen of small estate, but amiable character, and being married to him, they retired to the provinces, and spent three years of as perthe provinces, and spent three years of as perfect happiness as is permitted frail mortals to cajoy. At the end of this period he was obliged to go to Madrid on the business of a lawsuit, and was unfortunately murdered on the way, leaving his unhappy widow with one little boy, leaving his unhappy widow with one little boy, and in rather straightened circumstances.— Shortly after, the old knight again proffered his hand, which she decidedly rejected; he neither respected the sacredness of her grief nor her forlorn state, but molested her so continually with tetters and presents, that, but for her fatherless child, she would have been content to die. At length she determined to withdraw to some remote village, to free herself from this odious persecution. A few days before the time she had fixed on to remove to her country lodging, her servant, Maria happened to open the door of the closet in her mistress' bed-room, when out fell the dead body of a man; and the police being summoned by her shrieks, they soon recognized it to be that of the old knight of Castile, though his countenance was so blackened and distorted as to appear scarcely. some remote village, to free herself from this blackened and distorted as to appear scarcely human. It was evident that he had perished life and health, The value of this mass of nourno account of the matter, in spite of her hither-to fair and unblemished reputation, she was to fair and unblemished reputation, she was thrown into prison as his murderess. The persecution she had suffered from the deceased knight was generally known, but, was now attributed to a dishonorable cause and the murder of her husband never having been cleared up, the was considered by many nersons as cultiv she was considered by many persons as guilty of both crimes, and the whole province was shocked that so beautiful a creatur should have thus brought disgrace upon her sex, and upon human nature. At her trial, the court was crowded to excess, and as the lady had nothing to offer but assertion of her innocence, the sercrowded to excess, and as the lady had nothing to effer but assertion of her innocence, the serion to having suddenly disappeared, the said his superior officer in command, public advocate proceeded to pass sentence of death. It was the custom in those days for a

# Molnter. American

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. -

"OUR COUNTRY-MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT-BUT BUGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

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NO. 41.

[From the Boston Traveller ] MISCHIEF MAKER: On, could there in this world be found

but before this sentence could be pronounced, a witness was moved by remorse to come forward in her behalf. This was the servant Maria. who had hitherto been disguised in the body of the court. She stood on one of the benches, and carnestly entreated to be heard. She then confessed that she had been prevailed on by the bribes and promises of the old knight of Castile, who declared he intended to marry her mistress, to scerete him in the lady's chamber, but sol-emnly declared she knew no other cause of his death except that on one of the shelves she had death except that on one of the shelves she had placed some sweet cakes mixed with arsenic to posson the rats, and that the knight, being rather gluttenous, might have eaten of them in the dark, and so died. At this probable extended are very short fine and thick, and resembled are very short fine and thick, and resembled. the dark, and so died. At this provable explanation, the court was instantly moved to declare the lady's innocence with one voice. She, reviving a little at the noise, and being told of this providential discovery, only clasped her this providential discovery, only clasped her the lady then in a few words, commending

### Sally's Advice to Girls.

of every young-man in the neighborhood in or- nounce words. der to attract notice, for if you don't run after | The bird Mino, in Tremont street, the pro-

last one; always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and she thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old offers any words of praise, he jumps about his tank as sure as the Sabbath comes on large cage a few times, turns his back to the making a wife of you than committing suicide. If I was a young man I would have no more to do with such a functional than I would have no more to do with such a functional than I would have no hard. to with such a fancy girl than I would with a man being.

do with such a fancy girl than I would with a rattlesnake.

Now, girls, let Sally give a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience if you practice it you will gain a reputation of being worthy girls, and stand a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is well enough for you to finger the piano, work embroidery, study gramman &c., but don't neglect poor grandma or your dear mother; teach yourself to make bread and get a meal of victuals good enough for a king; no part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected; if you do not get a wealthy husband, you will need to know how to do these things, as you would have them done. Affectation is the most despicable of all accomplishments, and will only gause sensible people to laugh at you, the accomplishments, and will only gause sensible people to laugh at you, the accomplishments, and will only gause sensible people to laugh at you, the accomplishments, and will only gause sensible people to laugh at you, the accomplishments, and will only gause sensible people to laugh at you, the accomplishments are you transpared.

A filmula will call the world will all and the the droll bird laughs again, and says, "Good morning." When he sees his adout the droll bird laughs again, and says, "Good morning." When he sees his adout the foll will the door." If he is asked his name in an affectionate manner, he will immediately reply, "My name is Mino; how do you do?" When he hears several persons conversing earnestly together, without taking any notice of destruction. Large trees which shale a scene of destruction. Large trees which shale the will immed a scene of destruction. Large trees

# A Rich "Sell."

In 1838 I came to Rochester, and was there when that sublime farce was enacted on Mount Hope. A wag at Mount Morris found a quantity of bears bones, which he palmed off as the bones of Col. James Boyd and company, of Revolutionary celebrity. The military took it up, and completed the burning. and completed the humbing. A pompous funeral was planned, and Gov. Seward invited to There fived in the province of Galicia a lady deliver the funeral address. The cheat was dissoperfectly beautiful, that she was called by all donor the Rochester faculty a day or two before its consummation, but such was their fear of these military mobocrats that they kept the secret to themselves. Never had poor Bruin such a pompeous funeral. It is supposed that seven thousand persons followed in procession. Gov. Seward was particularly

or procession. Gov. covariawas particularly sloquent on this farcial occasion.

Fellow-citizens," said he, in his exordium, there is a history contained in the mouldering ones deposited in that arn " He was right. There was a history. Not of battle, blood and Indian massacres, but of

levastated corn fields, murdered porkers, and unfilial cubs; a theme as fruitful and diversified if not as spirit stirring and as interesting.
In a few days the secret leaked out—the joke of Rochester in a more tender place than to ask him if he made one of the bear procession to Mount Hope, or if he was particularly edified with Gov. Seward's oration over bruin's sacred remains. - Buffalo Repblic.

EXCESSIVE EATING. In a letter to Lord Murray, Sidney Smith says :

wagons would need additional horses.

"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are now going among some fascinating girls." "I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

There is a man in Hampshire so mean woman, who had committed murder; to be first that he was caught stealing acorns from a blind strangled, and then burnt in the market place;

# A Talking Bird.

We saw the talking bird, Mino, at his house in Tremont street, No. 74, a few days since, and were much distonished and pleased. It is difficult to give an adequate description of him. He is about the size of the American crow or blackbird, although a little heavier. His length from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail feathers, is about twelve inches. He has a yellow bill one lind is length. hands and then in a few words, commending her son to the guardianship of good men, exclaimed. "I can never survive the shame of each side of his head to the nape of his neck.—
There is also a small yellow oblong mark on claimed. "I can never survive the shame of each side of his head. His legs and claws are this unworthy reproach," and, with a deep sigh, expired on the spot.

It is regs and claws are yellow. His tongue is long, pointed at the end, broad in the throat and flat, thus differing from that of the parrot, which is round, short and

omewint curved Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies to have such a hankerin for the steiner sex.—Well, if you want to get married, don't for conscience sake, act like fools about it. Don't get into a fit of nips every time you see a hat or a pair of whiskers. Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself into the way of every young-man in the neighborhood in or-Mr. James Mann, the well-known taxider

der to attract notice, for if you don't run after the men, they will run after you. Mark that. A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of staich pickers; she puts on many false airs, and she is so nice that she appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at the meeting, coming in, of course, about the last one always at social parties and invaria-Sunday. Men will firt with you, and flatter astonished spectators, and indignantly and em

sell' with the rest:—
'It was your husband ma'am, wasn't if; who got the twelve pound chink?'

of the twelve pound chunk?

"He had some help," she replied, laughing:

'Yes, I suppose so! Where was he digging?

"Oh, that's a secret!"

'Yos, I suppose it is,' replied the miner, the thinks he'll get another chunk there, don't he?!

'I don't know what he thinks, but I know he won't." ·I should think it not probable, although it is "So they say."

The miner here paused and awhile, at last after some reflection, he said: I suppose the chunk's gone, ain't it? 'Oh, no! it's in the other room, would you Well I should—but 'faint layin' round loose,

open the door, for there it is in the cradle!

The miner bent over, when a pair of chubby fists were extended, and giving the jolly landlady one look, he asked to be directed to his sleeping-place, and next morning. left for parts

ONE'S MOTHER.—Around the idea of one's other, the mind clings with fond affection .-It is the first dear thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when soft and capable of ing most profound impressions, and all the after feelings are more or less light in comparison. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us from the object of our filial love,; we may become wild, he dstrong and angry, at her counsels or opinion; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground bs a rude storm, raises up her head and smiles through her tears. Around the idea, as I have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier periods of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the remembrance, and twines the image of our departed parent with a gar-land of graces, and beauties, and virtues, which

we doubt not that she possessed. "ANOTHER KANSAS OUTRAGE."-A newspaper in Kansas publishes some execrable dog-gered verses, entitled "Why don't you take

"For he who takes the papers And pays his bill when due, Can live in peace with God and man And with the printer too."

Some little spot of happy ground, Where village pleasure might go round Without the village tattling; How doubly blessed that place would be, Where all might dwell in liberty; Free from the bitter misery
Of gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known, Dame peace might claim it as her own, And in it she might fix her throne Forever and forever.
There like a queen might reign and live, While every one would soon forgive The little slights they might receive,

And be offended never.

'Tis mischief-makers that remove Far from our hearts the worth of love, And leads all to disapprove What gives another pleasure. They seem to take one's part—but when f They've heard our cares, unkindly then They soon retail them all again, Mixed with poisonous measure.

And they've such a cunning way Of telling ill-meant tales; they say Don't mention what I say, I pray," I would not tell another;" Straight to your neighbor's house they go, Narrating everything they know, And break the peace of high and low, Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh, that the mischief-making crew Were all reduced to one or two, And they were painted red or blue, Then would our village soon forget,
To rage and quarrel, fune and fret, And fall into an anray pet With things so much below them

For it is a sad, degraded part To make another boson smart, And plant a dagger in the heart We ought to love and cherish; Then let us evermore be found In quietness with all around, nile friendship, joy and peace abound, And angry feelings perish!

Scenes in the Streets of Paris DURING THE REVOLUTION OF 1848:

the side year of the street. Every pillar was overturned. The street is a guard house
which stood by the Madeleine. Happily the
soldiers were no longer in it, or they would have
perished too. Blows on blows made the boards
like in every direction. Deare a street was a remarkably particular, how he answered questions put to him in debate.

The strangers the
great number of Fillmore votes made there that
day. It is said that ever afterwards our editororator was remarkably particular, how he answered questions put to him in debate.

P00

ple had précipitated themselves into the Palace of the public in regard to the men he mention-caped by another. They carried off the throne of the Senate, Mr. Seward is the most asby one goor almost as soon as the king had escaped by another. They carried off the throne as a trophy. They marched on with it to the place of the Bastille. On that memorable spot, thinker; Mr. Davis the ablest debater, and Mr. where has been reared a column to commeno-rate the Revolution of 1830, and under which rest the bones of the victims of the Three Days, the throne of Louis Phi ippe was burned to ash-

(Not exactly, replied the landlady, throwing point the door, for there it is in the cradle!).

The miner bont over, when a pair of chubby the clothing and lighter furniture tossed out. Old coats and pantaloons streamed three banks and thousands of leaves and papers were flying in the air. Some dressed themselves in the line the air. Some dressed themselves in the line the large banks will forget their solemn beauty, and Old coass and pantaloons streamed "like banon the balconies, looking like harlequins. It was a grand masquerade given at the King's expense: many of the people were in the attic; some on the roof, where they had fastened their

rung a peal of victory.

I passed around to the Place du Carousal in the rear of the palace. The people had got to the kitchens and cellars, and were drinking of the wine, perhaps to his majesty's health.—
These uninvited guests drank as freely of the toyal battles as it then health as freely of the royal bottles as if they had all been kings .-Bonfires in the courtyard were consuming frag-ments of carriages and furniture, which were amid the wilds and jungles of a distant land, Yet with all this destruction there was no

rudeness or attempt at personal violence. The people were civil and merry in their work,— And I could forgive this momentary indigna-tion and revenge to men whose friends had been shot in cold blood the evening before.

When the people first burst into the Palace

active, and labored; after when, his fat increasing, he was hauled about in a two-horse wag-"Come here, and tell me what the four seasons are?" Young prodigy answers, "Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother always seasons with!" swhat mother always seasons with!"

Good morning, Jones—how does the world use you?"—"It uses mo up, thank you."

The world use you?"—"It uses mo up, thank wagon eight miles to market in Cincinnati before daylight, upon stopping heard the crowing of a cock, and upon examination found four of his chickens roosting on the coupling pole uncertainty about anything else. selves -- they never think about anything else. | derneath the body of the vehicle.

### ANECDOTES OF STUMP SPEAKING.

The system of canvassing and electioneering We find in the "Editor's Drawer," of Harper lusion of his opponent as to his manner of shaking hands, said:

of the peculiar electioneering abilities of my henorable friend in his intercourse with our intelligent constituents. We were canvassing in a remote part of the district, and, having an appointment to real years the heavest appointment to speak near the house of a very influential Squire, we spent the previous night at his house together. It was well known that the Squire controlled all the votes in that precinct, and his better half controlled him, so that it was all important to get on the right side of her. We had agreed not to electioneer with the squire while we staid with him; but I did not think this forbade me to do my best with his family. So I rose about day break the next morning, and, thinking that I should make friends with the mistress of the house by bringing water to cook the breakfast, I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on a light fantastic toe, singing sence, who was present, in whose veracity we the Squire controlled all the votes in that prebringing water to cook the breakfast, I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on a light fantastic toe, singing respectively. merrily as I went along, when what on earth should I see, as I looked into the barn-bard, but the old woman milking the cow, while my honorable friend, with his face rudy with morning exercise, and his long locks streaming in the breeze, was holding the cow by the tail! I saw in an instant that he had the start of me. I returned to the house discomfitted, and abanloned all hope of a vote in that region."

This reminds us of a good thing that occurred in Marshall county, in this State. A young Fillmore orator, who was also editor of the Fillmore organ in that county, made a speech at the little village of Chulahoma, in the course of the little village of Chulahoma, in the course of the little village of Chulahoma, in the course of the little village of Chulahoma, in the course of the church in which he was preaching, entered, walked up the nisle, and finding no seat, while the charged Ar. Buckener with heing in which he charged Mr. Buchanan with being in favor of "squatter sovereignty." The speaker on the opposite side was the Hon. J. W. C., a distinguished member of the Legislature, and in the course of his reply, he turns to his opponent and inquires, "Did you say Mr. Buchanan was in favor of squatter sovereignty?" "I did," replied the Fillinore man. "Why, you don't call this squatter sovereignty, do you?" says Mr. C., reading something from a "document. "Of course I do," was the reply.—"Then." says Mr. C., turning to the audience: "unlow me to inform the genileman that what those ungodly men who turn their backs upon It is hardly necessary to say that there wis no The strangers thought they had heard enough great number of Fillmore votes made there that to satisfy their currosity, and resumed their

to do these things as you would have them dono. Affectation is the most despicable of all accomplishments, and will only gabine sensible people; of large and young many the same of the s thing to do with it.

But 10! a triumphal procession approaches.

But 10! a triumphal procession approaches.

But 10! a triumphal procession approaches.

Nord Nanier.

> Summer the déepest scholar." Senator Hunter is well described by his lordship. At the head of the Finance Committee of the Senate for the last four years he has brought foundity of thought and research which is itself

I now went to the Tuileries. The work of fighting was over, but that of destruction was highly creditable, whatever may be said of their Brooks will forget their solemn beauty, and their delicate, appropriate tribute to the merits even we allowed that he possessed, and the deprecating manner, father than words, by which, while Senator Hunter was speaking, our fing in triumph; others discharging their guns thoughts were kept far from the one act by in the air, while all the time the palace bell which all the good qualities of the deceased are now covered by the dark veil of obloquy.

INFLUENCE OF SONG .- Most of us have experienced the luxury of tears when listening to n old ballad. We know an old man, who, having lived a long career of vice and crime, was at length banished from the country; and who while undergoing his period of hanishment heard in the summer eventide a sweet voice, singing in his own language the very song which had fulled him to his infant slumber, when he knew crime by name, and knew it only to abhor. It had been sung, too, by the cradle of an infant sister, one who had died young, and was now in heaven; the mother,

young, and was now in hearth, the too, was no more.

But the song—the old song had not lost its influence over line yet. Back came trooping upon him the old memories which had so long slumbered down there in the unconsumed depths the methor and the father; the Interest and health. The value of this mass of nour-ling. It occurred to be worth £7,000 sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by voracity, have starved to death more than 100 persons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistably true—and I think, dear Murry, your wagons would need additional horses."

Appendix you take But the song—the old song—the lad son lost its induced over ling yet. Back came trooping will kill some one. "If you kill any one," replied a national guard, "then you will kill your brother also." The sublimity of this sentiment instantly disarted his revenge.

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Sons. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistably true—and I think, dear Murry, your wagons would need additional horses."

"For he who tale—"" and credits them "By N. P. Killed my brother," cried one, "at the Palais full with the song—the old song had not lost its influence over line, yet. Back came trooping with the song the old song had not lost its influence over line, yet. Back came trooping with the policy. They have starved to be writed to have the palais full will your brother," cried one, "at the Palais full will will some one." "If you kill any one," replied a national guard, "then you will kill your brother also." The sublimity of this sentiment instantly disarted his revenge.

But the song—the old song the old song had not lost its influence over line, yet. Back came trooping will be any one," replied a national guard, "then you will kill your brother," cried one, "at the Palais full the song—the old will be any one." Peplied a national guard, "then you will kill your brother," cried one, "at the Palais full the song—the old will be any one." They have the palais full the song the old school need to be any one." They have the pala died last year, was 59 years of age. He was 7 feet 6 inches high, and at his death weighed a fraction over 1,000 lbs. To 1853 he was quite were his best days; and when the term of his were his best days; and when the term of his were his best days; and when the term of his punishment had expired, he came back to his father's land, and there in that old village grave yard, amid whose grassy hillocks he had played and gamboled, and where the mother and her little ones were sleeping; he laid down his weary limbs and sank peacefully away into a common grave.—Eliza Cook's Journal.

# Singular Phenomena.

For some time past we have noticed in our as it is carried on in the Southwest, affords exchanges accounts of the appearance in various quarters, of meteors of unusual size and appearance in the unitarity about five, P. for December, a rich joke said to have occurred Washington county, saw meteoric balls darting in a canvass in Tennessee, between the Hon.
Cave Johnson and Major Gustavus A. Henry. As the story runs, Major II., in reply to an il- visited by an carthquake. The same phenom enon was seen at the same time at Wellsville

Ohio, and in Beaver co., Pa.

Last Thursday morning the 18th, about 9 o' "I will tell you a little anecdote illustrative clock, some persons at work near Wharton furnace, in Wharton township, this county, saw morable friend in his intercourse with our inas having been a blaze of fire, of a triangular shape, about forty feet wide and a hundred vds. long. From the rear of this issued balls of fire about the size of a man's head, and smaller Almost immediately after passing the men, it exploded, with a noise to which the report of a

> gence, who was present, in whose veracity we place the utmost confidence. The same morning, at the same time, a large meteoric ball was seen North west of our town, moving South west with great velocity. This did not explode. It is described as a large ball of fire, from which a tail seemed to protrude.— It was seen by several of our citizens.

[Fayette.co. Genius.

which he charged Mr. Buchanan with being in stood for a while and listened to the sermon.

'allow me to inform the genileman that what those ungodly men who turn their backs upon that each is from Fillmore's Lockport speech." the gospel and stop to hear a story." the gospel and stop to hear a story."

The strangers thought they had heard enough

Senatorial Sketches.

The lively Washington correspondent of the Boston Traveler gives the following sketch of Late in the day, the two travellers reached a cabin, where they asked for supper, and lodg-ings. The old man was away, and the old woman promptly refuse but the grown up daughter put in a good word for the good look-ing men, and her mother finally consented.— After supper, as they were all sitting by the fire, the old woman began the talk:

"I s'pose, strangers, you're from Connecti-cut, or some such Yankee place?" "Oh, no, ma'am," said the Justic not Yankee, by any means."

"Well, where did you come from, then?"
"We are from New Jersey, madam."
"Oh, goody Laudy!" said the old woman

# THE AGE OF OUR RACE.

The surface of the earth to the depth of som eight or ten miles; is composed of rocks. These rocks are full of the remains of animals and But lo! a triumphal procession approaches. A molley crowd, looking like one of Falstaff's regiments, came up the street, some bearing trophies, a soldier's hat, a gun, a sword, or a cockade, and on the shoulders of others a large which are valuable as characteristic of his lording words, which are valuable as conveying the general opinion ship, as well as conveying the general opinion the surface while the remains of man have nevreached, which soil is universally acknowledged to be of recent origin. The remains of other animals are found several thousand feet below the surface while the remains of man have never been found so low as one hundred feet below the surface. But if man had been in existence when other animals lived, whose remains are found at such depths, his remains would also have been found there, for his bones are of the same structure as theirs and consequently no less likely to resist destruction.

A young man clad in homespun, was standing in Court street, a few days since, devouring a doughnut, when he was accosted by one of a half-dozen genetely dressed city idlers, with: Just come drown? Yasas, guess I have; great place this, 4in't it, yeou? said the countryman. This to, bub; how's your marm? was structure as theirs and consequently no business. She did? What kind of business are you ou? Why, she wanted me to come down

# THE POLE-STAR. -

There must be something without at which we may gaze as at a fixed polar star, a light that is raised above the misty clouds of this direction. In the general course of debate, he takes but little part, but what he says is always to the point. As his attention is almost always centred on' the dry detail of finance, he seldom gives the Senate an opportunity to witness his powers; but when he does, his speech our feet and a light to our path." The holy will of light must be made known unto us.—Otherwise we live as in a land of revolution. Otherwise we live as in a land of revolution. where the old government is abolished, and a new one not yet re established; where every one consults his own views and inclinations as o what he shall do or omit to do; where one ecomes a murderer with the best conscience, and another with an equally good one takes the booty to himself.

# A BLACK CLOUD.

A black cloud makes a traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy, that now and ther some clouds come bieweeen me and my sun, and many times troubles do conceal my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find friendship in my ion; in my pilgrimage. I should soon for get my Father's house, and my heritage.

Lucas.

TRUTH BEFORE FRIENDS. Among the fiercest opponents of John Huss, the Reformer of Prague, was Paletz, once his intimate companion and bosom frients. Some persons sought to persuade Huss to follow the example of those who took sides with the Pope, and to join his old friend Paletz. To those and and to join-his old friend Paletz. To these en-

treaties Huss replied : both being my friends it is most just that I honor truth in preference."

father's land, and there in that old village grave yard, amid whose grassy hillocks he had played and gamboled, and where the mother and her little ones were sleeping, he laid down his weary limbs and sank peacefully away into a common grave.—Eliza Cook's Journal.

A young lady at a recent fair pinned to the bosom of her dress one of the placards which exhibitors have fastened to thoir, wares when want to keep chands off.' She was wearing a low-necked dress.

In A young lady at a recent fair pinned to the bosom of her dress one of the placards which exhibitors have fastened to thoir, wares when want to keep chands off.' She was wearing a low-necked dress.

It is in relation to the age of the devil; will you tell us how old he is?' "It is in relation to the age of the devil; will you tell us how old he is?' "Grontlemen,' said the imperturable minister. "Well, sir." said the girl, in apparent good humor, "if you had stayed at home, you would not have found raison to fall out will your brudder."

The minister went about his business and the vanquished gentleman went in and treated free-live.

# Jack, Fun and Fancy.

not succeed.

Of An Irish magistrate having occasion to write the word 'usage,' contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word; his improved orthography was yourith. When some remarks were made on similar feats, he averred that nobody could spell with pensonade from the quills of Irish geese.

Dr M., coming out of a coffee house, J. dend him five gnineas. 'Sir,' said the doctor,' I am surprised that you should apply to me for such a favor, who do not know you?' 'Oh, dear Sir,' replied J., 'it is for that very reason, for those who do wou't lend me a farthing.'

BF The most astounding instance of a man's Use The most asfounding instance of a man's regard for his word was recently given by a man who killed his wife, whom he did not like. When asked why he didn't go off and leave her, instead of killing her,' he replied, occasily, that he had promised on the weddidg day to live with her until death should part them, and he wasn't the man to break his word!'

One of our contemporaries disposes of the virtues of early rising as follows: We have, watched (he says) those fellows who are early risers, and as a general thing they are the first chaps who go to the groceries of a morning. It is all moonshine about the smartest and greatest men being the early risers. It might have been so in old times, but now-a-days when you see a so morning to the control of the smartest way the smartest way the same above morning chapter ways a so the same and the smartest ways the same and the same are the same are same as the same are the same are same as the chap moving about very early you may be cer-tain he is after a drink.

a remarkably fine little girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual she was shown off before our esteemed friend.

"What is papa?" said the sparent," in order

"Man is papa " said the parent, in order to bring out the precedious reply." "Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile.
"I declare," said old Rodger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judge-

To make hens lay perpetually—hit them well directed blow on the head with a club,

IF Mrs. Partington inquires what kind of razors are employed in shaving notes. Mr. Picrespectfully informs her that they are generally

My boy, what does your mother do for a living?' we asked af a little bare-footed urchin esterday : She eats cold'victuals, sir.'

Marchant lately advertised for a clerk who could bear confinement. He received an angwer from one who had been in juil 7 years. "Did you pull my nose in carnest sir?"
"Certainly I did, sir." "It is well you did, for I don't take a joke in that way."

A hen-pecked husband says that instead of himself and wife being one, they are ten: she (Yes,' said Bill, and when I used to get into mischief, my mother was at the

Zounds, fellow!' exclaimed it choieffd old gentleman, to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, I shall go out of my wits.'
Well, you won't have far to go, said the

phlegmatic man. Oh, Mr. Grubbles!' exclaimed a young mother; shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?'
'No, ma'am,' said the disagreeable old bach-clor: I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my nocket."

my pocket. De A young lady had a parasol carried away by a gust of wind. It was picked up by an Itlahman, who returned it with the compliment: "Faith, Miss, an' it" ye was as strong as ye're handsome, a hurricane couldn't have snatched it from ye.'

Two men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assailed in the subirbs of Baltimore after night ago by a gang of shoulder hitters. Flint was knocked down and robbed, but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels his flint, sparks flew.

Downing, the great ovster purveyor, on being asked if the hard times had affected his business on New Years day, replied: "Not at all; yer see: I gin out that anybody what did not have oysters on his table would be considered dead broke; and the consequence was that I sold more oysters than I ever did afore."

A lady was recently teaching a boy to spell. The boy spelt "c-o-l-d," but could not pronounce it. In vain his teacher asked him to think and try. At last she asked him, "What have got when you go out mon the way gave. do you get when you go out upon the wet pave-ment on a rainy day and wet your feet? I gets a licking.

business. 'She atur w natkinu of business are you on?' (Why, she wanted me to come down to Bostin and Fok around and find a half dozen of the biggest fales in Bostin and bring em up country, to edicate 'em, and I rather guess I'vo got my eye on 'em, neow:' said the stranger, taking in the whole crowd at a glance.' The next moment he had the curbstone to himself, when he quietly finished his doughnut.

when he quietly finished his doughnut.

Goen' After Recruits.—Captain Wallen started down from the Dallas to Vancouver, to bring up a party of recruits to fight the locomotive Indians. He stopped for the night at the Cascades, in the house of an old man called "Uncle Sammy," an inquisitive old fellow, about eighty-six, and deaf as a haddock. After supper, the old man and woman, and Wallen drew drew up chairs around a blazing wood fire. The old man immediately commenced applying the brake, (good expression for pump!)

What are ye goin' deown to the maouth of the river for?

'After recruits!' replied Wallen, at top of his oice. "(Hev?)

'After recruits!' roared Wallen again.

'Can't hear ye?'
Then the old lady moved round, and putting her mouth to the old man's ear, shouted, in solice that would have done credit to Stentor fter he'd got a little in years: 'He's a goin; daown—arter, re-cruits—sugar

A Good Un.-We heard the other day a capital anecdote of a witty clergyman, who is said never to come off second best in a jocular As one day he was passing down one of the

As one day he was passing down one of the streets of a large village in the State, where he was settled, he was observed by some waggisn hangers on at a public house which he was approaching. One of the fellows, knowing that the reverend gentleman was a chard case? at a joke, said that he would bet them drinks for all hands that he could head Mr. H.

treaties Huss replied:

"Paletz is my friend, and truth is my friend; both being my friends it is most just that I honor truth in preference."

"A poor girl drove a donkey laden with turves, into Eniskillen, and, having disposed of them, she went into a shop to purchase some articles, leaving the animal at the door. A some thanks the could head Mr. H—

"Done," was the response from a number. As Mr. H. came opposite the merry group. I had the dead Mr. H—

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with matters of that sort? You must keep your

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