pant in a Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, it not year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, it not puid within the year. These terms will be rignidly adhered to in every instance. No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid unless at the option of the Editor.

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ter length in proportion.

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VOL. 44.

submissive, too softly compliant, is not the way to treat him; the worm that crawls the

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

Poetical. lust is trampled upon. But no, Sir Knight it is not gone quite so far with us yet; in spite of you I will ride Sultan; and you may thank yourself, as but for your message such a thing would never have entered my head." THE FAY.

Her soliloquy was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed her that Father Nicholas had arrived and was in the ante-chamber. "I cannot receive his visit today," said the consort of Sir Hugo, "for my lord is absent. Give this as my excuse to the lord is absent. Give this as my excuse to the reverend father, and beg of him to return to morrow:" "With all due respect to Father Nicholas" continued she, when left to herself, "he shall not spoil my pleasant ride. Now, if my pony were but here. He must have an easy gait and his teeth I do not fear; he is as quiet as a lamb. Oh! how shall I delicht in this sy gait and his teeth I do not fear; he is as qui-et as a lamb. Oh! how shall I delight in this we tamper with the sacred trust confided to two fold pleasure of showing the surly old fellow that I neither care for him nor his orders, and of trying a pastime that is at least a novel one!" Through every corner of the house resounded now her cry of "Sultan." "Here boy! Sultan! Sultan!"

The immense but docile animal sprang from a

bone upon which he was feasting, and was at her side in an instant. Caressing him till she

king and patting his huge back for some min-utes, and then, in the hope that if only through gratitude he would comply with the fancy, she mounted her new steed. He showed his teeth a little, in some doubt what all that meant, but he soothed him again into a good humor and patient endurance of the novel burthen; but he thought this quite enough, and did not stir from the one spot. Angelica was naturally not much pleased with being thus stationary; she offensive; but to rate our powers high in protherefore goaded him with her foot, but no trot would Sultan condescend; he remained motion equal to great undertakings while we leave less as before, while something very much like others in possession of the same abilities, canless as before, while something very much like a growlescaped from his immence and fear inpiring jaws. Out of all patience she exclaim-

"You shall feel the spur then, you lazy brute." and drove her heel into his side. He growled audibly, but stirred not an inch; she repeated her blow. This was too much for canine patience; he made a spring, and as she fell full length upon the floor, he turned and bit will not always prove mistaken; and the good ffeet of his confidence will then appear in great floor with a few tears, and then sprang up to turn out of the room the uncourteous brute who had thus rudely shown how little he understood advance it so far as to leave an easier task for had thus rudely shown how little he understood

play.

Towards evening Sir Hugo returned and inquired with suspicious haste whether Father Nicholas had been there.

"Oh, yes, he was here," answered Angelica, but I ventured to refuse him admittance." The knight cast a triumphant glance at his squire, and whispered him, "Now old Wis-, do you see the use of my orders?" Conrade, who, as may be supposed, had said nothing of the altercation he made in the substance of his embassy, shrugged his shoulder stance of his embassy, shrugged his shoulders with a smile unperceived by his master, who had turned again to his consort, and first perceived that she wore a bandage upon her soft hand. He immediately inquired the cause. "Sultan bit me," said Angelica, "and it is all your fault. Sir Hugo," added she, sobbing. "My fault!" cried the knight.
"Yes, your falt, and nobody's but yours," retorted his spouse. "If you had not sent me word by Conrade not to ride the nasty, mischievous brute, such a mad trick would never

chievous brute, such a mad trick would never

The following beautiful story has been pub seek an explanation from his squire, who had lished in different forms; but none so good as slipped away when Angelica began her combined in the will not be swayed by fear, favor or affect the swayed by "What message did you bring your lady?"

demanded he. Conrade new confessed the truth:

"Were these the orders I gave you, you were these the orders I gave you you secondrel?" said the enraged Sir Hugo.
"Certainly not," replied the squire; "but you will own that I have made my point good. You may now see how it would have been had I given you order about the young priest. My noble lady is a model for her sex, and almost an angel, but still she is a daughter of Eve, who meant to have bequathed to all her lineal female est as she was fair, and her firm virtue repulsed the numerous butterflies that swarmed round the numerous butterflies that swarmed round the opening flowers of her beauty. Sir Hugo knew the tried virtue of his consort, and there knew the tried virtue of his consort, and there that it had lost none of its vigor in the de-

Perseverance.

neighboring baron in arms, his honest squire Courade trotting after him. Scarcely had they proceeded half way when the knight suddenly stopped, and cried—

"Come here, Conrade; a most tormenting thought has just occurred to me. This is the very day that Father Nicholas corres to the castle to say mass for my dear wife and myself, and I am not at all inclined to have him in my abode during my absence, so gallop back, and desire your lady; in my name, not to admit the priest."

Tersovitation.

Anglo-Saxon, whom no difficulties can subdue, no failure dishearten. It is the mark of a weak mind to despair. Had Wellington, at Buena Vista, fallen back, as many other commanders would have done, the day would have been lost; but they had that indomitable perseverance so characteristic of the true this town. By some means, a fellow juror, an utter stranger to all his brother jurors was placed upon the jury, who dissented from the verdict agreed to by the other eleven. They the priest."

Conrade paused and shook his head as if in doubt, and replied, 'Excuse me, noble sir, but perhaps the lady Angelica, if left to her own discretion, will do what you wish.

'A curse on your perhaps!' exclaimed the knight; I make all sure by giving the order."

'Do you think so?" replied the squire, "now, I in my simplicity believe exactly the contrary. Take the advice of your faithful, these great commanders. So in ordinary life. contrary. Take the advice of your faithful these great commanders. So in ordinary life; servant for once in your life; let things take it is the man of dogged resolution who wins the their course, and give no order on so delicate a day. One of our wealthiest merchants was once point."

A fig for your delicacy!" cried Sir Hugo, no escape, that at one time he had contemplated angrily; 'what absurd fancies you have got into your head to-day! Do you think an hour's
ride a task so tedious?'

"Hop! if it comes to that, sir" rejoined Conrade; "I have no more to say."

"He put spurs to his horse, and rode back to

"There is always hope. Weak men are subdued by occasions, says a celebrated writer, but great by occasions, says a celebrated writer, but great men conquer them. Memorable words? We may say of life what Byron said of Liberty: "For freedom's battle once begun, Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son-

Though baffled oft, is ever won.

Facts for the Curious. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died your master can have sent us so ridiculous a years older than James Madison ; Jomes Madiwears older than James Madison; Jomes Madison; Jomes Madison; Jomes Madison; "Aye, but he did though," pursued the squire; "and my noble master said at the same time, that he knew Sultan would but terribly, not being accustomed to be made a pony of: and he therefore begs that you will not attempt to divert yourself in that way." Having said this he again mounted his horse, and galloped off to rejoin his master.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated the same was eight years older than James Madison; Jomes Monroe; Jomes Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of the Presidents—all revolutionary men—ended the terms of service in the 66th year of their age. Washington, born February 22, 1732; inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. John Adams, born October 19th, 1735; inaugurated 1797; termsof service expired in the 66th year of his age. Thomas off to rejoin his master.

"Am I awake, or do I dream?" ejaculated pired in the 66th year of his age. Thomas Angelica. "The folly of Sir Hugo is so strange, that I am almost tempted to believe it all a wild dream." What does he mean? 'Is it not enough that I have hitherto tried to read his every will and wish, and, when known, obeyed them implicitly; and do I deserve that he should attenth his power'so far, and play the 'caprictious, haughty tyrant? Now, I see that to be

American Buolunteer.

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

NO. 51.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1858.

There's magic in a lady's foot, And she who has a pretty one And she who has a prety one
Is pretty sure to show it;
At times, you, too, are martyred by
The nicest little ankle,
Enat shoots an arrow through your eye,

Within your heart to rankle, But when it trips along the street Through wind and mud, and vapor,

By sheerest accident you see How beautiful the taper; And as it stops upon the walk Amid the crowd to mingle, Two roguish eyes look up and say, "I wonder if he's single?"

THE DEAD LETTER OPPICE.

A female correspondent of the Life Illustra ted, gives the following account of a visit to the Dead Letter Office at Washington:

We had been fortunate enough to procure emphatical the entree to this place through special favor and influence, although as a general thing, no visitors are admitted. It was a large, light pondent: room, with two or three desks, at which were seated aged officials in silent occupation among literal drifts of letters. The walls were lined lifty or a hundred of these sacks, and each propably contained thousands on thousands of

'How rapidly you dispose of them!' said T watching the speed with which the clerks tore open the epistles, glanced over them to see that no drafts, checks, or other important documents were inclosed, and then three them proon an increase of the cooled down, when I asked him what made him made at all centlemen of my business? mmense heap of opened letters at their feet.

It is all in habit, ma and said the gentle-man rearest me. 'We are accustomed to open 'A few

but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are indicated by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labor, and ours is the disgrace.

As he spoke, a tiny gold ring rolled from the folds of a rose, tinted letter, whose pages were where he had no business to be. One day, junt the disgrace.

received the tiny gift was dead or living.

note of the signature, direction, etc.

'And are they often redeemed?' Not often—not once in a highered instances, of having the plaguey thing in his wagon; that he replied, taking a little gold dellar from beneath the seal of another letter, and laying it could get. I was quite anxious to improve my carefully under the desk.

But do you never read them?

"Never, unless they seem very important, or contain inclosures of amount. It is all we can do to keep up with the arrival of the dead mails."

Finally I prevailed upon him to let me stop If we were to stop and read one letter in a hunbesides the privacy of these letters is a point of forget that one hundred dollars and his neighhonor with us. : We have no more right to read | bor's ram. them here, unless it is necessary, than to pry nto any other personal secrets.

Here one of the clerks leaned over and handed our companion a tiny little package.

'From one of the letters,' he said,' "I thought
the lady might feel interested in it."

It was a single curl of golden hair, tied with bit of pink ribbon, and wrapped in a little icce of paper, on which was written, Baby's

I knew the history of that letter in an instant; though I had never looked on its folds, I could see the fair young mother parting the sunny tress from the infant head, and placing it, with half a smile and half a tear, within the closely written page that was to glad the heart of a far away husband. And he never received the leter. Perhaps he died under the mighty shadow Sierra Nevada; perhaps the turf of some dississippi valley lay cold and close on his pulseless heart, while she, the faithful wife, was growing more sad, less hopeful with every day hat brought no answering word.

'Baby's hair!' I could not bear that the

right ourl should be thrown carelessly among the host of letters: it seemed like desecration. 'May I keep this little lock ?'

Certainly, if you like.'
And I placed it carefully in my reticule, with gentle hand. I know not whether the sorrow-ing mother's heart is breaking, day by day, but certain I am that there is an invisible bond of sympathy between her soul and mine, clasped by a link of curling, silky gold-baby's

It would be vain to attempt to chronicle the numerous enclosures which dropped from the various letters which were opened during the short space of time we stood there. Bits of rainbow colored silk, sent for 'patterns,' tiny muslin collars, newspaper paragraphs, bankbills, gold, cards, coarsely written messages from little ones at home, whose hands were guided by mother or sister, so that the absent father, cousin or brother; might have a letter, and innumerable other affecting relics. Where do all these letters go when they have been opened and examined? Are they

burnt?'
No; that was formerly the custom, however We used to make great bonfires of them, but aside from the fact that bits of written paper would always escape from the flames, thus destroying all privacy in the letters, it was found that many people made it a business to seek among the ashes for gold, jewelry, dollars, etc., which often escape our notice here, and go out in the open letters. So now they are all sent to paper mill, and re-manufactured into writing

we passed into another room, where were We passed into another room, where were many momentoes of the good old days before the laws of prepaying postage went into effect. There were two or three stones which had been sent for 'a joko,' involving an immense amount of postage by some unfortunate, who luckily never received the ponderous packages; a gingantic rag baby, said to have been sent to some vinegar faced old maid—a neatly manufactured

we were introduced, how it happened that all the employees of the Dead Letter Office were

Because they have more discretion and less curiosity,' he said, smiling. "Younger men could not be depended upon; they would probably read the letters oftener.' 'And why don't you employ ladies? I am sure they could discharge the duties admira-

'Indeed,' said the Postmaster General, mischievously, I am afraid their curiosity would be so extreme that the department would fall into extricable confusion, to say nothing of the

We were so indignant at this horrible and heretical opinion, that we asked no further questions, but took our leave, much gratifled with our novel and interesting experience in the Dead Letter Office at Washington.

The Yankee Pedlar.

The importance of supporting your own stock if you are going into the wool business, is very emphatically enforced in the following story, that comes to us from a very agreeable corres-

Some years ago I was travelling on the castern shore of Maryland, and stopped for the night at the house of a gentlemen by the name on every side with huge mail sacks which had of Jones. He was not at home, but his wife been returned full of unclaimed epistles, from received me very politely, though I was in the myraids of Post Offices; there might have been capacity of a traveling merchant, a perpiatatic capacity of a traveling merchant, a perpiatatic vender of notions, vulgarly called a pediar, she made a few purchases of articles useful in the family, and might have bought more, had not Mr. Jones returned unexpectedly, and at once commenced to abuse me most roundly, and said gave him back the change is his own coin until he cooled down, when I asked him what made him mad at all gentlemen of my business? He

"A few months ago a Yankee pedlar was a certain number daily, and to those who do not understand the expedition and accuracy with which we work, it would seem almost incredible. And the expedition and accuracy with in anything he could get. My neighbor, Mr. Brown, had a very troublesome ram. One time he jumped the fence and got into the wheat, pedlar came along and wanted to sell his tin ware. Mr. Brown said he would sell him the hand.

A child's ring,' he said, taking it up; would you like to look at it, ma'am?'

I took it in my hand, it was a fairy circlet of virgin gold, with the words Mary to E. V., he cograved within—and wondered who the Mary was, and whether the little E. V., who never be golden hoisted the ram, with legs tied, into his confounded old early and the product of the ram, with legs tied, into his confounded old early and thoughts. eccived the tiny gift was dead or living confounded old eart, and drove right along here Meanwhile the clerk had been taking a rapid to my house, and had the impudence, yes the ote of the signature, direction, etc. imported from England by order of one of the ing the ring to his care.

'We lay all such things aside, in case they should be called for.'

'And agreed to take it to him. It had cost \$200 on landing, and he was to home seem to have the seem the seem to have the seem to have the seem to have the seem to ha on landing, and he was to have \$250 when he delivered it to Mr. Jeffers, but he was so tired Independence.

We like a conscientious, independent man;

We stood in silence, regerting the pile of to buy an imported full-blood, as the rascal to the consciences be what they may—who is always prompt to do what he believes to be ight, without regard to the opinions of others one who examines all subjects for himself, and having done so carries out his conclusions in a manner that there is no mistaking. You always know where to find such a man; you have only to ascertain his opinion of things to my wife, and had gone off to parts unknown iever came this way agair

f we were to stop and read one letter in a hun-lred, we should be lamentably behindhand; till morning, and to accept a few Yankee no-tions witnout feeor reward. But he will never

Mississippi Pirates.

A whole gang of robbers have been overhauled recently on the Upper Mississippi, between La Crosse and Prairie du Chien, which places have extensively suffered the past year from their depredations. The robbers had possess-ion of an Island, which was searched by citizens, at the instigation of one robber, who quar-relled with the others. Several boats, londed with goods, were found near the Island, while on one boat the leader of the gang, a Dr. Bell, and his wife, showed fight. This drew forth the strength of the villages in the vicinity, and some fifty persons organized, and assailed the boats. But the birds had flown, though, as was ascertained, in a wounded condition. Whole stocks of drygoods, boots and shoes, books, drugs, clothing, household goods, liquors, groceries, provisions, stoves, &c., proved the industry of the robbers and the extent of the band. There was not less than from \$4,000 to \$5,000 worth of properly secured, and the Vigilance Committee had dispatched men to other depots where it is expected plunder stored. Many of the articles are identified. This robbery had been going on for nearly year, and it was feared that many men heretofore regarded as honest will be found deeply implicated in this astonishing villainy. Ru-mors of all sorts were aftoat, the prisoners arrested exposing their accomplices, and it was hoped that this would result in breaking up one of the most formidable bands of robbe organized in the West. The name of John C Bishop, the Osage Land Robber, was connected with this party, and it was believed by the prisoners that a boat containing \$10,000 worth of goods from La Cross and other towns, left the depot last month, for the benefit of said Bishop, which boat was seen near Muscatine two weeks ago, bound for St. Louis. The Vig-ilance Committe at Prairie du Chien, have alrendy arrested fourteen, and as the rope is applied to the necks of some as a persuader, the are telling all they know with great liberality

Franklin Asking for Work.

When quite a youth Franklin went to Lor don, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer. "Where are you from?" inquired the fore

"America," was the reply.
"Ah," said the foreman, "from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?" Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space, set up the following passage

We asked the Postmaster General, to whom The evidence was satisfactory.

EPITAPHS.

The graveyard ought to be a place where one but sober and devout sentiments should find expression. The connecting link, as it were, with the world of spirits, human captice should be put aside, the purer and better part of human nature allowed to dictate, and every thing be done "decently and in order." You how often the very reverse is the case. There is hardly a graveyard in the world, probably, that does not contain some whimsical epitaph or memorial of the dead, which shows that the writer cared more for making a pun, recording a sarcastic distitch, or perpetrating a rhyme, than for expressing a sentiment appropriate to the place and the occasion. Some people must give utterance to a laughable or incongruous thought, even at the grave, while others make themselves ridiculous by attempting a literary task beyond their powers. We find in Household Words a curious collection of specimens of this sort of churchyard literature, picked up how often the very reverse is the case. There of this sort of churchyard literature, picked up in various English cometeries. The list is quite aptly commenced with the following cynical inscription written over a gentleman's grave in the churchyard of Bedlington:

"Poems and epitaphs are but stuff, Here lies Robert Barras, and that's enough. The annexed is not only flippant, but ludic

"Here lies the body of Deborah Dent, She kicked up her heels and away she went. The author of the following displays ingenuiy in securing a rhyme for his men

Here lies two brothers by misfortune sur rounded, One died of his wounds, and the other was

Saint Albain's furnishes an original and striking idea in the way of mortuary literature, e. q. "Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Groyn; She was so very pure within, She burst the outward shell of sin, And hatched herself a cherubim,"

A victim of misplaced confidence, leaves this arning in Cheltenham Cometery: "Here lies I and my three daughters.

Killed by a drinking of the Cheltenham waters If we had stuck to Epsom salts, We'd not been a lying in these here vaults. Here is one of the pathetic stamp, culled in

"Beneath this stone his own dear child, Whose gone from we more unto eternity Where do hope that we shall go to he, Pasquin might have written the following, arved in the tombstone of one Strange, a law

"Here lies an honest lawyer, And that is Strange." What could be more expressive than this? He did not do much harm, nor yet much good, And might have been much better, if he would,? If brevity is wit, the annexed must be called

"Here lies John Shore; I say no more ; He was alive · In —65," In Grantham churchyard one inscription states mething more than is quite necessary; John Palfreyman, who is buried liere, Was aged four and twenty year; And near this place his mother lies; Likewise his father, when he dies." The next is decidedly of a humorous cast; "Here lies I. There's an end to my woes,

And my spirit at length at also is; With the tip of my nose; And the tops of my toes, Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

A Mrs. Shoven, a cook, was honored with we stanzas, or, as she might have called them erself, a couple of courses: "Underneath this crust

Lies the mouldering dust Of Eleanor Batchelor Shoven, Well-versed in the arts Of pies, custards, and tarts, And the lucrative trade of the oven.

When she'd lived long enough, She made her last puff,
A puff by her husband much praised; And now she doth lie And now the doth he
And make a dirt pie,
In hopes that her crust may be raised."

A reward was once offered for the best opi-A reward was once one age of Dundee. The own council were unable to decide between the elative merits of the two which follow, and oth were therefore placed on the monument: "Here lies John, Povost of Dundee, Here lies Him, here lies He.

The second ran even still more remarkably: "Here lies John, Provest of Dundee, Hallelujah, Hallelujee."

To use an unautherized phrase, "Love is always around," From peer to peasant, and castle to cabin, it reigns paramount. Ridicule it, frown upon it, pooh-pooh it as much as we may, it is omnipresent and indestructible. The young surrender up everything to it, with blind faith and enthusiasm; and the aged warily yield to its sway, or, in scoret, dotingly can cover its reminiscences. Yes, venerable read-er—you who, with speciacles on nose and this very article, remember well the time when you walked at dead of night before a certain dwelling, and, gazing fondly at a particular window, pressed your hand over your heart and wondered if "she was there!" And you also remember how, when you met "her" in comparemember how, when you mee. "ner in company with her parents, you tried to bow and pass along as though nothing was the matter, but ignominiously failed, and then rushed home in confusion, to avoid the gaze of the passers by, every one of whom you imagined to be in pos-session of your secret. And you also remem-ber how, when you determined to "learn the worst" and "know your fate," you made that edcisive call, with a killing speech ready made and at your tongue's end, you could not remem-ber a word of the speech, and had to "go in promiscuously," with the room reeling around, and your head feeling like an inflated balloon. You know how you felt at that pinfeathery stage of your existence; so don't deny your better nature, nor pooh-pooh the loves of your children, but, instead, give all the young folks of your circle the benefit of of your circle the benefit of your experience.

Facts for Married People.

The last word is the most dangerous of inferfrom the first chapter of the Gospel of John:

"Nathaniel saith unto him, can any good come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, saith unto him, should study each other's weak points, as skaof postage: by some unfortunate, who luckily never rescived the ponderous packages; a gineral responding and powerful, and it at once gave him a character responding to receive, and which, consequently, found its way here, and a daguerreotype of a young man, which had been cracked across the mose, and which had been cracked across the mose, and wrathfully sent back by some fair damsel with whom he had quarreled.

Come out of Nezareth? Philip saith unto him, never rescived the ponderous packages; a gineral responding to him had been eachly manufactured order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for contained a delicated reproof, so appropriate on a powerful, and it at once gave him a character and standing with all in the office.

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attract, there is nothing to keep heavenly bodies, like husbands, from flying off into who should properly discharge and exhibited a huge scar which looked as though it had been made with a fire shovel.—

We asked the Postmaster General, to whom

The evidence was satisfactory.

Odds nad Euds.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own conduct.

The 'cycyds that burn' are those in which the rays of thought are collected into a focus. What is it you must keep after giving it

Lies are hilless swords which cut the

Its Au exchange tells a story of a negro boy who fell into a hogshead of molasses, and won-ders if they licked him when they took him out. AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM. Use "They pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog___if we stop we sink."

De A Dutch woman desired to advertise her pony, which had "lost hisself, mit a tail frisky er mooch, and strike ver hard mit his hind

DE Though the life of man be short of a hundred years he gives himself as much pain and anxiety as if he were to live a thousand. Beautiful comment on flowers : .

Being flowers to the captives' lonely cell; They have tales of the joyous woods to tell; Of the free blue streams, and the snuny sky; And the light world shut from his languid eye. The most remarkable instance of indecision we ever heard of, was that of the man who sat up all night, because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

Mr. Pepper's house was on fire. A largo rowd was soon on the spot, when one of them emarked, "We've mustar'd enough to save remarked, "We've must Pepper." So it proved. I Youth, enthusiasm, and affection, resemble three days of spring time; let us not, therefore, complain of their short duration, but en-

leavor to enjoy them. IF I never knew a man that lived up to the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have

them do unto you," but that he gained the respect and esteem of all who knew him. The "originality" of many writers in our day resembles that of a harlequin walking on his hands instead of his feet, perverting nature to make people stare, but accomplishing nothing

Nothing moves the masses more than the exhibition of deep feeling. It speaks a lan-guage which the very humblest can understand,

and challenges a response which not even the callous are disposed to withhold. 115 We know a very worthy wife who was recently half frightened out of her senses by an ominous sentence in a letter from her husband. He said:—"There is no telegraph office in this village, but if I do not write to you from Pittsburg, I shall dispatch you."

A Virginia paper records the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon and Mr. Ebenezer Sweet; whereupon our devil moralizes as follows:

How happily extremes do meet In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's no longer sour but Sweet,
And he's a Lemon squeezer!

TF A very gentlemanly individual, who had peen deprived of an umbrella, posted up the following notice:

"Who was the gentleman who exchanged unrellas with me the other day, and forgot to

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on

one's self. UF The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement.

na Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are very far apart. Unpleasant is a first-rate appetite and nothing to cat. Quite as agreeable-plenty to oat and no appetite.

IF If we hold not still at the sting of a bee, or of adversity, the sting breaks off and remain

ng. The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit. A critic speaks of J. C. Hamilton, anthor of the wretched biography of Alexander Hamilton, as the man who attempted his fath-

Few have been taught to any purpose the have not been greatly their own teachers, TE A touch of real columity ourse the

ginary sorrows of those who make mountains

BF Honesty is a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspaper. Man's happiness is said to hang upon a

thread. That must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on a shirt-button that is always Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but

somehow difficult to 'regulate' when once set agoing. ns A young girl recently committed suicide because her mother refused her a new bonnet. Coroner's verdict— Came to her death through

excessive spunk. When we see a pretty female foot we naturally conclude that it belongs to a beautiful woman, on the principle that all swell that ends well.

An editor out West says :- If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send in a new hat and say

Some landlords are in the habit of leaving an extra fork across the plates of their de-linquent boarders as much as to say, "Fork over!"

IT In what does the American Indian differ from a modern lady? The one whoops in time of battle; the other hoops in time of peace.

The young lady who swooned on hearing closed, came to on receiving positive assurance that it would be clothed in becoming language.

of two are to live after death, why don't we have certain knowledge of it? said a skep-tic to a clergyman. 'Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?' was the caustic reply. The state of the state My German friend how long have you

'Vell, dis a thing that I seldom don't like to talk apout, but ven I does it seems so long as never vas.

LA lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: 'Mama' will you remember and buy me a penny whistle? and let it be a religious one, that I can use it on Sunday. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn,

good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish-

d by our virtues. 13 O, dear Mr. Tracy, you jest when you say that my baby is the most hondsome you ever saw; you must be soft-souping it!".

"Welli, madam, I thought it needed soap of

some kind! 'You bachelors ought to be taxed,' said a lady to a resolute evader of the noose matri-

monial. 'I agree with you perfectly, ma'am, was the reply; 'bachelorism is a luxury.' A man carrying a cradle was stopped by

an old woman and thus accosted:
"So, sir, you have got some of the fruits of matrimony?"
"Softly, old lady," said he, "you mistake; this is morely the fruit basket."

- BY THE GLADE BARD. One beautiful night, As I laid on a lawn.
- As I laid on a lawn,
 A Fay to my sight,
 Appeared forlorn;
 With jewels and gems
 Her form was arrayed,
 Which dazzled my sight—
 As well as dismayed.
 In heautiful ringlets
- In beautiful ringlets
 Her dark auburn hair Her dark auburn hair
 Hung over her shoulders,
 Enchanting and fair
 A wreath of fair lilies
 Was twined 'round her head,
- was twined Totala for head,
 And sparkling diamonds
 O'er her forehead were spread.
 With smiles, the most winning,
 Her sweet lips were wreathed,
 Which encharted me wholly,
 As greatly as pleased.
 Which stole to my soul.
- Which stole to my soul, Like a magical spell; And boro my poor heart In an instant away, And crazed me with love,
- For that beautiful Fay. Her form was sylph like, And most beautiful too;
- Like a spirit of light She appeared to my view. Her ceeks and her lips, Like a rose bud, were red,
- With softest carnation That over them spread And softly and lightly
 She held in her hand,
- A magical something—
 A symbol or wand,
 He step was as light,
 As is that of the fawn;
- And like a bright shadow,
 She tripped o'er the lawn.
 Her voice, like soft melody, Rung on my ear,
- Was lost in the air. A bright silver cloud Floated over her head. Light tinted with shadows, Of orange and red; And from it proceeded -A musical band-
- A host of bright forms, Singing sweetly and bland: Their strains were so sweet, That my spirit at once
- Was enwrapt in the spell;
 And I longed to be one Of that musical band. And dwell with that Fay, In her own sunny land.
- But scarcely the wish
 Had rose up in my breast, Had rose up in my oroas,
 When the sun's golden rays,
 Glimmered forth in the east;
 And off like the down
 Of a thistle they flew,
 And vanished like spirits,
 Away from my view.
 But still when the moon
- Shines with silvery ray,

My heart bounds with love For that beautiful Fay. Miscellaneons.

WOMAN'S WILL.

the original: Sir Hugo had reached his fiftieth year, unmolested by passion, save an ardent one for a flow-ing goblet. Instead of love passages, his de-light was in tournaments whence he always returned victorious. At length he was flung from the saddle of his indifference by the beardless tilter love! He saw Angelica, the fairest maiden of the land, forgot his gray hairs, and manden of the fine, lorger in gray hates, and manindful of the incongruity of an union between May and December, led her to the nupcial altar. Fortunately, Angelica was as modest as she was fair, and her firm virtue repulsed.

fore she was to him dear and precious as the apple of his eye.

One morning he rode up to pay a visit to a neighboring baron in arms, his honest squire Courade trotting after him. Scarcely had they

"A fig for your delicacy!" cried Sir Hugo,

Angelica saw him galloping up, and cried in terror, from the window, "what has brought you back in such haste! Has any accident

"None whatever, gracious lady," answered Conrade, "but the noble knight was apprehensive that some accident might happen you, if by chance you took a fancy to ride Saltan." ride the large greyhound !" exclaim-"I ride—ride the large greyhound!" exclaimed Angelica, in utter astonishment. "I believe this 91st year, and was eight years older than you are drunk or mad. It is impossible that Thomas Jefferson; Thomas Jefferson was eight

Remale Industry. There are in the United States some eight millions of women, a great portion of whom are dependent upon their daily labor for bread.— They form a large portion of the industrious protection. ters of the land, exercising the most incalcu-lable influence upon the morals, the fortunes the destinies and happiness of the Republic. As such, should not every effort be made to sweeten their daily toil, and afford them an adequate compensation for their daily labor. If they are forced by misfortune or poverty to a dependence upon their own industry, should we not stretch out to them a helping hand?— Forced as they are to an utter reliance upon

The wages of female laborers are, generally speaking, miserably low. They afford nothing like an adequate compensation for labor performed, and it is always supposed that a woman must do identical tasks cheaper than a

Our Upinions of Ourselves.

pose us to decide too hastily in our own favor; but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are in-But he that dares to think well of himself

spondency, can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hope of success will make no attempt, and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be

Independence. have only to ascertain his opinion of things to tect us from many visitors. know what he will do with regard to them.-

tion, from doing what he thinks is right.

How infinitely, supremely higher he stands in the estimation of the world, and we might say of his Maker, too, than the poor apology who pins his ideas to the coat-tail of some pleasing those who look upon him, as every one does, in the light of a tool, to be used or even those whom he serves despise him for his want of that noble principle, independence,

ability to exercise that manly principle, inde-SES .- The Santa Cruz Sentinel, gives the fol-

verdict agreed to by the other eleven. They came to a joint conclusion without delay, but the stranger pertinaciously held out against them. After an hour of argument, with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of "guilty by eleven jurymen, who believe the other one to be a confederate of the prisoner, and as great a rascal."
This ended it; stranger saw twenty vigilance committees in his mind's eye, and in five min

utes the jury unanimously rendered a verdict was secured, and on examination before a Justice, confessed his purpose freely and said, "he only wanted June to die, and then he would die happy," expressing no contrition whatever. He is now in jail at Fremont awaiting his trial,

Sterne, who used his wife ill, was on day talking to Garrick, in a fine, sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal bliss and fidelity. "The husband," observed Sterne, 'who behaves

A PRETTY FOOT.

munity, and as such they are worthy of al They are the mothers and daugh

"Now, friend Sultan," cried his fair mistress, "no growt, no bite, and all is safe."
With her snow white hand she continued stroking and patting his huge back for some stroking his huge his h

The opinion which man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished as it relates to persons and things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none are not, with equal justice, provoke censure.

It must be confessed that self love may dis-

him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honor. But from the opposite error, from torpid de-

In mute astonishment the knight hurried to He can be depended upon in any emergency

man, or set of men, and dare not say, or even to act out, what he thinks right, for fear of disabused at pleasure. Nobody respects him, and without which man is as the beast that labors We have seen somewhat of this lately, and it has made us heart-sick for those who lack the

BRINGING AN OBSTINATE JUROR TO HIS SEN-

BRUTAL MURDER IN OHIO .-- A man named James killed his cousin, Mr. June, in Sandus-ky county. He had an old grudge against June, and came to-see him. He locked the door, putting the key in his pocket; and drawing his revolver said, "June, I have come here As he said this he presented and snapped his revolver, which missed fire. June then seized him, and a tremendous souffle ensued between June, aided by his wife, and the miscreant : the latter by this time cutting right and left with a sharp knife: Mrs. J., perceiving that her husband was being cut piece-meal, quit her hold, burst through a panel of the door and shouted "murder!" Ou the arrival of the neighbors, aroused by her cries, it was found that the murderer had succeeded in disemboweling June, and only failed of his diabolical purpose by his knife being broken off at the handle. James