dditional insertion. Those of a great length in proportion. JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., exe-cuted with accuracy and at the shortest notice.

Boetical,

NIGHT SONG. BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The evening's soft shimmer Is falling around— And dew, like a mantle, Descends on the ground The last gentle sunbea Has faded away— Which tinged for a moment, Blade, blossom and spray

The robin's last carol Has died on the air, Like the incense of south, As offered in prayer.
The dove and the blue bird
Have sunk to their nest, Their twitter is silenced.

They're safely at rest. The glade and the heather, In silence serene, Rest under the moonbeams That fall on the scene. The rill's gentle ripple Sounds soft on the ear, Like the sigh that succeeds The fall of a tear.

The far distant murmur Of Ocean is borne On the breath of the wind Through the silence forlorn And far to the nor'ward Aurora appears, Like the Genii of love To calm all our fears.

The sigh of the mourner Is stifled and low, For the angel of sleep Is staying all woe. The head of the sleeper Calm halos surround For angels, good angels,

Oh! great is the Author, The God we adore— And may mortals bless Him And praise Him the more Who gives us all blessings That hover around, And watches the sparrow

That falls to the ground. DARE TO STAND ALONE.

Be firm, he bold, be strong, be true, And dare to stand alone; Strive for the right, what'er you do, Though helpers there are none.

Nav. bend not to the swelling surge, popular sneer and wrong; 'Twill bear thee on to ruin's verge, With current wild and strong

Stand for the right! Humanity Impiores with groans and tears, Thine aid to break the festering links That bind her toiling years.

Stand for the right! Tho' falsehood reign And proud lips coldly sneer, poisoned arrow cannot wound A conscience pure and clear.

Stand for the right! and with clean hands Exalt the true on high; Thou'll find warm sympathizing hearts

Men who have seen, and thought, and felt-Yet could not hardly dark The battle's brunt, but by thy side Will ever dangers share.

Stand for the right !- proclaim it loud, Thou'lt find an answering tone In honest hearts, and thou no more Re doomed to stand alone!

Miscellaneous.

THE MODERN YOUNG LADY.

The public are experiencing a vast number of sensations now-a-days on the much agitated subject of Woman. Her rights—her wrongs— her troubles and her trials, are being sounded forth from the brazen lungs of scores of Wo-man's Associations, Ameliorating Conventions, and Debating Societies. Now, is it not right and fair that somebody should hand down to posterity an exact daguerrotype of the fair creature for whom all the revolution is being

We are not going to nortray the ideal Wo men of essayists and poets—nor the angelic Woman to whom rhymers address florid effu-sions in execrable blank verse—nor the real woman, whose pure and unwearying devotion burns unheralded beside the hearth of Homesimply the modern young lady, whom you may meet in nearly every dwelling in New York—ay, and throughout the United States, too, if you choose to seek for her.

One might chink, from the frequent allusions

to "rosy cheeks" in our national literature.that we abound in such natural advantages, but that isn't the case. The complexion of the modern young lady is a dull lead white—like tallow, or discolored wax—her case leaf and lead white—like tallow, or ored wax-her eyes look as though they had been boiled, and are about as devoid of exwindow. Her hair, which she generally wears in a profusion of bushy ringlets, is screwed up in bits of old newspaper all night and half the in bits of old newspaper an night and mai there have next day. Her lips are pale, and her teeth are black and decaying—the result of eating too much candy, cloves, and cardamon seeds, of much candy, cloves, and cardamon seeds, of which we have a seed of the which the modern young lady generally keeps a good supply in her pocket. Her shape is "ex-

She is 'extravagantly fond of reading;' knows all Byron and Tom Moore by heart, and peruses all the yellow covered literature as fast as it ues from the press. Indeed, she sometimes writes poetry herself, of which we can devise no etter comparison than a quantity of thrice dited milk. She considers Shakespeare a bore Her health is extremely delicate; strange to work out. It will require dilligence and care, and admit of no wasted time: Add to your faith, virtue; to your virtue, knowledge; to knowledge to temperance; to temperance, pationce; to patience, and any little excitement throws her into ad rational reading "makes her head ache!" and any note excitement throws her into young hysteries. Of course, the modern young the don't believe in daily exercise—it would don't believe in daily exercise—it would the death of her to walk a half a block, unthe government of the passion is, of all things, the most conducive of happiness and prosperity.

quisite on Broadway. without a murhousehold duties; never was in the kitchen but ponce, and then saw a spider and nearly fainted those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sway! She don't know whether soup is made in a frying pan or a tea kettle; can't make

American

Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

if simple calico approaches her rustling silks and gossamer lace! Adores children whenever

she can get up a picturesque effect by so doing, but is very cross to her little brothers and sis-

pering smiles with which she listens to his

nary softness, he falls on one knee in a roman-tic manner, and declares his everlasting pas-

Then follows an episode of white ribbon, shopping, snow colored kid gloves, and orange

know about as much as an intelligent calf, start

along as travelling companions, we leave the public to imagine. Reader, this is an accurate delineation, sketch-

ed from real life—don't you admire the exquis-ite character of our Modern Young Lady?—

The Stub-Tood Boots.

A certain party, whose names it is unneces A certain party, whose names is a say to mention, were camped out West near the Des Moines improvement. They had a large tent fitted up very comfortably, and the

large tent fitted up very comfortably, and the Hoosiers about there were in the habit of drop-

as the fancy used to wear, but different in eve-

ry way. You may form some idea of their shape by the doctor saying that the "shoemak-You may form some idea of their

er who made them was too poor to buy a last,

and therefore must have made them over his

An absent wife is thus advertised for :-

"Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of your husband—your parents—yours children. Keturn—return—all may well—happy. At any rate, inclose the key of the cupboard where the

Let every young person bear in mind that

Remember that fools only allow their pass

to rule--suffer much rather than fight.

and on the journey of life. How

Life Illustrated.

discoursing on, he said:

ossoms, and the young couple, both of whom

VOL. 45.

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

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1858.

bread; don't know the use of a dish pan, and couldn't roast a turkey if her life depended upon it. It is so refined to be ignorant on these sub-"I tell you, sir, that Mr. Airblast is nothing

ects! but a windbag—I wouldn't give two straws for She never sews—this part of the household his epinion!" economy, together with the kitchen responsibilities rests upon the much enduring shoulders of dent," "that if he be, the fact proves nothing ities rests upon the much enduring shoulders of her tired looking mother, who never complains, however, for "Arrabella is so genteel!" If a button comes off the parental garments, Papa never thinks of asking Arrabella to sew it on. If Peter's toes make a breach in the stocking department, he never dreams of requiring his sister's aid: and if you ask where the mother is, you are told she is repairing Arrabella's clothes!

She dotes on music—spends three or four wind and sunerficialness continuolly—for some clothes!

She dotes on music—spends three or four hours every day on strumming on the piano, and warbling sentimental ballads; she draws divinely, and there are several monstrosities in crayon and water colors, hanging up framed and glazed on the parlor walls in everlasting every day of the graine.

banks, parties, churches, and so on, call for wind and superficialness continually—for some-body who can swell and fume and bluster, making a grand spread and appearance for a while, until his wind bag collapses, and he sinks to his proper level, through the lack of genuine, substantial merit and backbone. It is this world's insatiable tasts for wind-hags my dear she makes wax flowers and does crotchet work. She was "finished" at Madame — 's fashionable seminary, where she learned to tent mechanics, and over idolized ministers. Tashionatic Seminary, where she rearried to speak ungrammatical French, and to dance so "sweetly." There's no denying that she has received "every advantage."

The world is sure to take these people, for a time, at their own estimate, and is terribly dispreceived "every advantage." received "every advantage."

She can't bear the country—it is so dull and stupid—she aboninates a quiet domestic evening at home, because it is so prosy! When her weary old fathar asks her to play a tune for him, she disposes of the subject summarily and sharply, "she is too tired;" but when Mr. Beverly Brainless comes in a few minutes, after-

ward, rendolent of Frangipanni and rose oil, or other more or less disagreeable. and repeats the request, she replies with smil-No, my boy, it is no use to sneer at a man as ing alacrity, and sings and strums until you would think the piano was coming literally to pieces.

She goes to church, regularly every Sunday, bearing a prayer book bound in gold and velvet, and while the preacher is preaching, she takes

No, my boy, it is no use to sneer at a man as being a bag of wind, unless for your own private satisfaction; for I tell you he is just the thing the world wants in most cases. Nay, there are times when wind is really useful. I have known people with scarcely two ideas in their heads, but with the peculiar sort of wind She goes to church, regularly every Sunday, bearing a prayer book bound in gold and velvet, and while the preacher is preaching, she takes an inventory of every bonnet, dress, and collar in the sacred edifice; she should think Mrs. in the sacred ediffee; she should think Mrs.

Jenkins would be ashamed to come week after week in that old Leghorn bonnet: is sure that if her father was as rich as the Misses Atkins; papa, she wouldn't wear those horrid dyed over silks to church—wonders why Tom Scaward don't look this way; and is forced to have resource to her smelling bottle when the two poor Miss Browns go by her pew in neat gingham dresses. How volgar! She never in the sacred ediffee; she should think Mrs.

Sometime in the year 1857, Mrs. Bruce went to Charlotte in charge of this man H—, who seems to have conceived this man H—, who seems to have conceived at latting the provided in the year 1857, Mrs. Bruce went to Charlotte in charge of this man H—, who seems to have conceived and played until near the break of or her, young as she is, a passion as violent to Sometime afterwards, Mrs. Bruce went ty of the halls and parlors, gardens and there have the come to Charlotte in charge of this man H—, who seems to have conceived and played until near the break at down in an antique chair, said to have been the concein the year of seeing a to Charlotte in charge of this man H—, who seems to have conceived and played until near the break at down in an antique chair, said to have been the concein the year 1857, Mrs. Bruce went ty of the halls and parlors, gardens and there halls and parlors, gardens and there halls and parlors, gardens and there halls and parlors, gardens and the provide in charge of this man H—, who seems to have conceive to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. It evidently apper to General Jackson by Mr. Custis—may be. wonderful success in certain ways, but who maintained themselves and their wind to the ward don't look this way; and is forced to have resource to her smelling bottle when the two poor Miss Browns go by her next gingham dresses. How volgar! She never thanks any gentleman who gives up his continuous to man, if one can judge by immediate results and outside opinion. Wind bags do most of the world's work, after some fashion or other, and it is very proper they should have the world's good word and as much of its money as they can be in a well-well and the source of the world in the world in the source of the world in the world i

thanks any gentleman who gives up his seat to her in a railroad car—is very angry because the So saying, the "Independent" stumped off, infirm old gentleman who sits next to her don't squeeze himself up into a fraction of no room at all to give her crinoline a fairer field, and puts perfumed handkerchief to her aristocratic nose

A Brave Young Uncle. A correspondent of the Pittsburg Post relates the following touching incident: "As we left Pittsburg in the cars, we observed a small boy named Stitt, about 12 years of age, poorly clad, but very intelligent, having with him an infant ten months old, the child, of his sister, who died a few weeks age. The lad heavely the source of the terms and sisters at home.

The modern young lady always grows delicate as the Saratoga season approaches, and talks about melancholy dooms and early death. Wherefuon papa looks incredulous—he's been caught more than once unthat trap! But he is at length subdued by a skillfully gotten up series of hysterics, vapors, sobs, and entreaties, and Miss arrabella goes off to Saratoga, while the rest of the family economize pitifully at home, and an extra wrinkle grows by degrees on papa's forchead, down in his dusty counting room on Fulton street.

Here she meets a young gentleman equally well stocked with sentimentality and sillness. She falls in love with his distingue graces and hyacinthine curls; with his quotations of Alexander Smith, and his agreeable conversations about the monolight, music, and as footh; and he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal here were as mand the simal houng the monelight, music, and as forth; and he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal here were as mand the simal here were as mand the simal houng the monelight, music, and as forth; and he with her aptitude at the redown and the simal here were as mere has perfectly and the simal here were as mere have left with his distribute as and responsibility of a parent, during a little wayfarer and his charge, the ladies especially exerted himself with the circumstances of the circumstances of the circumstances of the lad with him and bout the heart had been the carily his distribute to her added the market which he weeks ago. The lad brought the infant ten months of the decoment was in his posses. When had unsuccessfully exerted himself with him legal power to retain Charlette himself with him a doul thank the has fallen in legal power to retain Charlette himself with h in one of such youthful years is not often exhibwhispered nothings. After a series of prelimi- ited, and certainly well deserves the name of

Dodgin' the Hatter.

The St. Louis papers are telling a good story of an individual who purchased a hat in a store of a tradesman named Dodgion. The article was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the store, entirely forgetting (by mistake, of course) to pay for the aforesaid tile. The trader, upon hearing the facts, started for the levee in hot pursuit of the delinquent. Upon overhauling him the following

"See here, sir, I wish to speak to you."

"Move on."
"I am Dodgion, the hatter."

"That's my fix."
"I tell you, I am Dodgion, the hatter."

"So am I, I am dodgin' the hatter, too—and very likely we are both of us dodgin' the same

hap."
The scene ended with a 'striking' tableaux, in which Mr. Diddler found himself considerably unixed up' with "Dodgoin, the hatter."

ping in and making themselves perfectly at home. One afternoon, one of the party, C, was sitting straddle of a trunk, with a glass before him, shaving, and a pair of stub toed boots sitting on the trunk before him—not such stubs A LETTER FOR DENNIS .- "Hillo, Misther Dennis O'Flatherty ?''

"I believe there is," said the postmaster stepping back and producing the letter.

"And will you be so kind as to rade it to me; seein' I had the misfortune to be edicated minutes, when in comes one of the hoosiers, and to rade niver a bit?"

leisurely taking a seat, commenced taking a good survey. After endeavoring to draw out one or two of the party, and finding "no go," his gaze at length rested on our friend C.'s shoes. Thinking had a good subject for discovering on the good subject for discovering on the good subject for shoes. "To be sure," said the accommodating post

served: "And what would you be axin for the post-

"I say, stranger, how did the toes of them ar (pointing to his shoes) ever git drawed up age on that letter ?' "And its cheap enough your honor, but as I think of axin ye to trust, just kape the letter for pay; and say Misther, if I'd call in, one of these days, would ye write an answer to it?"

which we understand that she is tall and slim.

The tellow did not stay a great while after day into the river and came very near drown-like an overgrown celery stalk, and about as large around the excruciating weist as the diameter of a moderately, sized bean pole.

The tellow did not stay a great while after day into the river and came very near drowning, but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless and carried home.—
On coming to, she declared to her family that she must unarry him who saved her.

the must marry him who saved her.
"Impossible," said her papa.
"What, is he already married?" "Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in the neighborhood?" "Dear me, no—it was the Newfoundland

HAPPINESS.—There are two things which will make us happy in this life, if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can belo.

up he could not, because of the ratchet, get him down again, and when in answer to the little girl's anxiety, Mrs. E. came out, her husband hung dead, his feet touching the floor, and the hook pressed hard against his jugular. From all the circumstances, it is not doubted that the act was done accidentally in a burst of playfulthem. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we can't help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

An ill-natured editor says the women all use paint and he sets his face against it.

DAILY DUTIES.

Our daily paths! with thorns or flowers We can at will bestrew them, What bliss would gild the passing hours If we but rightly knew them.

The way of life is rough at best;
But briars yield the roses,
So that which yields to joyland rest, The hardest path discloses.

The weeds that oft we've cast away, Their simple beauty scorning,
Would form a wreath of purest ray,
And prove the best adorning.
So in our daily path, 'twere well
To call each gift a treasure, However slight, where love can dwell With life renewing pleasure!

A BOMANCE.

Some fourteen years ago, an Englishman, named Mark Knight, married Charlette _____, in Syracuse, N. Y. Mark, at the time of his marriage, was fifty-four years of age, and his wife sevoteen. One child—a girl—was the

to her father's house. Her mother, since Mrs. Bruce with the aid of some of her relatives, ab-

mother, and requesting her presence at the funeral. She was persuaded by H—— not to go, and did not. She was greatly surprised a

shaken from the pursuit so easily. He had acquainted himself with the circumstances of the girl's history; and written to her father Mark

the costs of a charge of malicious prosecution the costs of a charge of manicious prosecution of the girl, and the penalty of a still graver offence, he paid into the hands of the mother and her husband, \$200 in cash. This occurred on Tuesday last, and Mrs. Bruce made arrangements to return, with her husband and daughter, to Cincinnati, by the first train on Wednesday mothers.

girl, which was served about 5 o'clock, A. M. of Wednesday. At 9 o'clock the same morn ing, all the parties appeared before Judge Tilden, and the case was continued to Friday in order to allow the presence of the father, Mark Knight, who had been telegraphed to at Syra-cuse, the girl remaining, in the interim, in the family of Judge Tilden.

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning Mark Knight

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce and Charlotte were all present at Judge Tilden's Court. The major porsent at Judge Tilden's Court. The major portion of the facts recited above transpired in the evidence given. The case was rosted by the counsel without argument. In giving his decision, the judge adverted to the moral peril of the girl either in possession of the mother or H——, and to the spares she had already escaped. The daughter Charlotte was not willing to elect between her parents, but the judge, in wing of the circumstances and with reference.

view of the circumstances, and with reference to the best interests of the girl, delivered her into the custody of her father, Mark Knight. Of course the mother cried bilterly when the lecision of the Court was rendered. The laughter was also deeply affected, and in parting with her mother yesterday afternoon, when about to depart for her new home in Syracuse, showed the intensity of her love by the violence of her grief. We hope her future life may in some degree atone for the troubles she has experienced in the past. She is evidently a girl of much more than ordinary intelligence, and with proper training will make a good wo-

A MAN HUNG HIMSELF IN FUN AND HUNG I EARNEST .- The Hamilton (Butler co., O.,) Intelligencer of the 14th, says:

"A very sad affair transpired at Princeton, near our city, on Thursday last. A Mr. Daniel Elliott, who lived in Princeton, butchering beeves and selling them in the neighborhood,—hung himself in the slaughter house. He was in an exceedingly good humor during the day and evening, and naturally of a playful disposition, gave vent to it by many playful things.— He had bought some cattle, had extended his business, was doing well, and felt lively and encouraged. He so expressed himself to his

wife and friends.

Going from the house to his stable he fed his horse, and taking his little girl and a neighbor's little boy, some thirteen years old, he went on about twenty-five yards from his house to the slaughter house. Here was a machine for raising dead cattle—a rope with a large hook in it run over a reel and attached to a windless with man who is not a mouster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is a slave of some voman.

"I'm afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply. "I wan't your daughter!" The old lady opened her eyes.

"I'm afraid I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply. "I bid him, still laughing, to draw him up. The boy did so, and drew him off. his feet. Once up he could not, because of the ratchet, get him down again and when in answer to the little

A Visit to the Hermitage.

Mr. J. W. Kelly, who was one of the delegates to the Nashville Conference, publishes in the Yorkville Enquirer, the following account of a visit to the Hermitage:

Early in the session, the South Carolina Del-

egation resolved on a visit to the Hermitage, generally attends Annual Conferences with Rev. C. Detts, and as his occly servant was al-so in attendance at the General Conference.— Thus, 12 in all, in four handsome and comfortwife sevoteen. One child—a girl—was the fruit of this union. She was named Charlotte Elizabeth Kingdom Knight. About the time the child was a year old, Mark Knight got a divorce from his wife for adultry, and the court decreed to him the care and cuatody of the child. The old man was in very moderate circumstances, yet he provided well for his little Charlotte, clothed her as handsomely as his means would permit; and when she had attained means would permit; and when she had attained a mile in toward the river. You enter from a lane or cross road an iron gate—stone pests, I

and tasteful gifts on the shelves and tables there were, but I am no connoisseur, and therego, and did not. She was greatly surprised a day or two subsequently, at the appearance of her mother, not only alive, but 1a excellent good health. Mrs. Bruce prevailed upon her daughter to accompany her to Cincinnati, and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce and Charlotte, together left for that city.

But the indefatigable H— was not be gasher, from the public road; "life's without reserve, having taken it down from the thick lips of the reverend or ator himself:

My tex, bredren and sister, will be foun' in

There is only one bad wife in the world, and when he get dri he breathe into him de breff ob

Somebody has written a book on the art of making people happy without money. We are the arc excellent condition to be experimented ples.

oys chasing butterflies ; {

ful panorama of the world.

meeting, he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My

daughter is greviously tormented with a devil. At a Virginia prayer-meeting, the choirister being absent, the presiding elder, whose name was Jeeter, called upon one of the deachys and said, after reading a hymn,

"Brother Moon. Will you raise a tune?" The deacon lifted up his voice, but, instea of singing at once, he inquired, "Brother Jeeter,

What's the metre ?" This being satisfactorily answered, Deacon Moon pitched the tune.

Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking un

from catechism to her son, "What's a slander?"
"A slander gade mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid, "aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be mayhap, an over true fale which one gude woman tells of anither."

an exchange paper rens of a person who pre-faced his sermon with: "My dear friends, let us say a few words before we bgin." This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep. It has been thought that people are degener.

ating, because they don't live as long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, provisions are so high that nobody can afford to live very ong at the current prices.

Impudent little boy (to very fat old gentle impudent inthe boy (to very far old gentle-tleman, who is trying to get along as fast as he can, but with very indifierent success) "I say, old fellow, you would get on a jolly sight quick-er, if you would lie down on the pavement, and lot me roll you along."

Horace Walpole once said : " In my youth thought of writing a satire on mankind—but now in my age, I think I should write an apolegy for them. "What was the use of the collpse?" asked a

young lady. "Oh it gave the sun time for re-flection," replied a wag. I have very little respect for the ties of this world, as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

The Real fidelity is very rare, but it exists in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or who never labored to make a friend happy.

D Why are country girl's cheeks like well printed cotton? Because they are "warranted to wash and keep their color." The rose has its thorns, the diamond

its specks, and the best man his failings.

A good country minister lately prayed said when he swallowed the little negro boy. servently for those of his congregation who swallowed the little negro boy.

A correspondent of the Memphis Appeal thus describes a connubial convention and demonstration that occurred recently on the plantation of Capt. J. W. Jones, near that city:

Mr. James Hubbard, the faithful and excel-

where Jackson lived, died, and is buried. It is a fine old homestead, situated on the southing in a fine old homestead, situated on the southing in the bridegrooms, each of ebony color, nine in number, made their appearance, and were conducted to the proper cottage, and the order of the evening made known. Then, with preliminary dies—one little boy, Jonie Stones—and four arrangements, they, with each of their attendants outside delegates, viz: one from Virginia, one dants, four in number, went forth to join the brides and their attendants. from Tennessee, one from Missouri, and another from Louisient—and took along with us a fine specimen of the peculiar institution in the person of Adolphus, from Georgetown, who hundred and fifty. They, the nine couple and their attendants, then formed and marched in front of the dwelling, where had assembled many friends of Capt. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. able coaches, with a liberal backet of lunch— Hubbard to see an unusual sight, nine happy (and to tell the whole truth, a nice little box of couple to be united in the holy bonds of matri-

means would permit; and when she had attained proper age, sent her to school.

On the 4th of July, 1855, the school to which Charlotte belonged had a pic nic. She was dressed for the occasion, and accompanied the children to the woods; but she nover returned to the the first term of the proper age, sent her to school.

On the 4th of July, 1855, the school to which children to the woods; but she nover returned to the woods; but she nover returned by the family of Mr. Jackson, an adopted son blacks; attributable, no doubt, to no spirits or by the family of Mr. Jackson, an adopted son blacks, attributable, no doubt, to no spirits or or nephew of the old hero.

John, the old General's body servant, as he came the dance for the non-religious; but near ducied the child, and bringing her to Cleveland, doubled the child, and bringing her to Cleveland, took board in a family named H——, who figures prominently in the latter phase of this story.

Sometime in the year 1857, Mrs. Bruce went ty of the halls and parlors, gardens and the liber.

make Ebe. I tole you how he make her. He give Adan loddium till he got sound 'sleep, den he gouge rib out he side and make Ebe: an' he tole her to eat all de apples 'ceptin' dem in de middle of de orchard; dem he want he winter

put long-tailed coats on the boys, and turn the butterflies into guineas, and you have a beauti-butterflies into guineas, and you for to eat dem. case day's de best apples in

A little girl, five years of age, was equally fond of her mother and grandmother. Or the birthday of the latter her mother said to

very old."
The child looked with some surprise, at her

mother, who, perceiving it, said,—
"Well, will you not pray to God to bless
your grandmother, and that she may become 'Ah. mamma." said the child, "she is very

old already, I would rather pray that she may

An exchange paper tells of a person who pre-

of Elmira, N. Y., because accused of malpractice and prosecuted on account of the death of a man whose leg he had amputated, took poisor last Friday, and died in half an hour. Dr. W. went to Elmira from Easton, Pa., in October, 1857, and although a comparative stranger in the place, had acquired a high character as a man, and no mean reputation as a physician.— He appears to have been led to the act of self-

A GOOD SENTIMENT .- Senator Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was on the steamer Joseph Whitney, at sea, on the 4th of July. He made a speech on the occasion, from which we extract the following sentiment; which contains some-thing good, said with a point: "And this great country will continue united. Trifling politicians in the South, or in the North, or in the West, may continue to talk otherwise, but it will be of nn avail. They are like the musquitoes around the ox—they annoy but they cannot wound, and never kill." What disunionis 'musquito" is going to buz on that?

India has a population of 180,884,297

A Wholesale Wedding. lent manager, assisted by his kind and affec-tionate wife, had everything in readiness. The brides, beautifully attired, were in waiting, the

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, who which he vouches without reserve, having taken

My tex, bredren and sister, will be foun' in de fus chapter of Gemesis and twenty-sebenth

"An de Lord make Adam." I tole you how every crusty husband thinks that she has fallen to his lot. He put him in de garden ob Eden, and he to his lot.

Byme by, Adam he be lonesum. So de Lor'

The woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last that was heard of her she was skimming the sea.

The woman who undertook to scour the apples.

Wun day de Lord he go visiting; de debble he cum along, he dress himself up in the skin ob de snake, and he fine Ebe, and he told her:

ful panorama of the world.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions has not yet sprouted.

An editor acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy 48 years old, and says, "This brandy is so old that we very much fear it cannot live much longer."

An old bachelor of ninety-eight, who is hale and hearty, gives as a reason for his youthful appearance, that he has ever remonstrated against having anything to do with that which tended to mar-age.

It is stated that one of the editors of the Lewisburg Chronicle, soon after he went to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting, he was considerably astonished at the store being small, he engraved it to describe any says. The case day's de best apples in de orchard." So Ebe ate de apple, and gib Adam a dite, aid den de debble, he go away.

Bymbe by de Lor' cum home, and he call Adam. Adam be lay low, so de Lor' call again, "You Hea, Lord!" and de Lor' say, "Who stole winter apples?" Adam tole him, "Don't know—Ebe, he 'spect." So de Lor' call "Ebe!" Ebe lay low; de Lor' call again, "You Ebe!" Ebe lay low; de winter apples?" Ebe told him, "Don't know—Adam, she 'spect." So de Lor' cotch de winter apples?" Ebe told him, "Don't know—Adam, she 'spect." So de Lor' cotch de winter apples?" So de Lor' call again, "You Ebe!" Ebe lay low; "No," was the answer. "So de Lor' cotch de winter apples?" So de Lor' cotch de winter apples?" So de Lor' call again, "You Ebe!" Ebe

her, "My dear, you must pray to God to bless your grandmother, and that she may live to be

What do you drive such a pitful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a plowboy. Thomas, the rogue, stole Laura's heart, and then herself. They ran away and by legal process got spliced. Old Loe offered \$500 or crater can hardly carry what little there for the recovery of his daughter. They want to be some the poor crater can hardly carry what little there is on him." for the recovery of his daughter. The young couple concluded to go back and take the money and curses. When they arrived home they were agreeably astonished to find themselves who pre-ends, let heartily forgiven by the old man, and awarded This is a homestcad and a farm of sixty acres. There Bardstown Gazette.

Suicide of a Physician.—Dr. O. D. Wilcox destruction, by an over-sensitive disposition.

na A dreadful affair occurred in Anderson county, Kentucky, on Thursday last. At a pic-nic, three brothers named Miller, excited by liquor, got into a quarrel. Three or four men in-terfered to prevent violence and preserve peace, when the brothers turned on them and killed two. The Millers were arrested and confined in the jail at Lawrenceburg

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severely punished:

Not many months since a vessel was lost in a water whose depth at the place, of the foundering was about 147 feet. There was a portion of the cargo so valuable that it became advisable to use every effort possible to recover; it. It was scarcely possible to do anything. It was far beyond all ordinary means of human action: it might be reached, though it would be a bold attempt by the diver. He was be a bold attempt by the diver. He was sought and found, and a recompense which on land would be a princely one was guaranteed to him. Men will do more than "does become a nan" for rich reward. To feed him with air, a powerful pump, worked by six men, was brought, and a hose doubly strengthened, was made. All the applicances that the most liberal management could suggest were ready for his aid. He was surrounded by intelligence and courage and humanity. He dared the deep water once, twice, seven times. The men at the brack of the air number were the the the break of the air pump wrought with the might of carnest strength. They feel the vital current to the bold diver, and he had the courage to trust them. Their work was his breath, When he came up he told the gentleman that superintended the trial, that the air at that depth as the machinery forced it to him early. superintended the trial, that the air at that depth, as the machinery forced it to him, crack-led and hissed like the frying of hot fat, and that every movement of the pump fell on his breast like the blow of a crow-bar! You go down no more for me, said the kind hearted gentleman, who stood by him, as he came on deck. In the intensity of all his experience, this too daring man besought for the opportuthis too daring man besought for the opportu-nity for another trial. The gentleman refused, but the diver insisted on going for himself. He went, and returned a paralyzed man, and just holding life, now craws along. The claret bot-tle at his girdle, corked tightly and empty, was filled when he came back, though the cork was not disturbed. The water had forced itself beyoud power of cork or glass.

The People We Laugh at.

It is said to be very common with comic actors to be constitutional hypochondriacs—men who never laugh themselves—are entirely un-conscious of a joke, except those set down for them in the play. These men are often bowed down under the weight of a mobil melancholy. or fidgeting in a state of nervous irritation, not many degrees removed from lunacy. The fact is well illustrated by an anecdote of Liston.

"Go and see Liston," said an eminent physician to a patient who consulted him as to the best current leaves of low spirits.

best cure of low spirits. " Alas, I am the man !" replied the sufferer, in a despairing tone.

[Λ girl with two heads, four arms and four legs, is now on exhibition at St. Louis, and attracting a large amount of attention. St. Louis Democrat says: "At the first aunouncement of so wonderful a freak of nature, we were disposed to regard it as a humbug; but, having seen it, we can assure our readers that she is, far beyond all matters of doubt, the most extraordinary and astonishing freak of na-ture we have ever witnessed.

A few years ago, when the river Delaware was frozen over, a number of booths were erected on the ice, near one of which an Irishman observed a person to fall in; he ran immediately to the proprietor of the booth, and told him that he had just seen a man enter his cellar, and advised him to take care of his liquor.

Over Shrewd .- A wine merchant left a suspected assistant in his cellar, and said to him, "Now, lest you should drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth so that I He then passed his finger over the man's lips, pretending to leave the mark of the chalk on

to be even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus discovered himself. A formal fashionable visitor thus ad-

them. The man drank of the wine, and then

"How are you, my dear?"
"Very well, I thank you," she replied.
The visitor then added— "Now, my dear, you should ask me how I.

The child simply and honestly replied, "I don't want to know.

Jerome! Jerome!" screamed Mrs. But-terfield, the other day, to her biggest boy, "what are you throwin' to those pigeons?" "Gold beads, mother, and the darned fools are eaten 'em; 'spect they think it's corn!'

An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred dollars for hugging a young girl in church.—Daily Argus.

"Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church, some ten years ago and the scrape has cost us a thousand a year ever since. Chicago Young American

Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship.—Warnock.

-I! you have no sister of your own, we ad-

What do you drive such a pitful looking

"May I be married, ma?" said a little beauty to her mother. 'Why do you want to be married?" returned the mother. "Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen

anybody married, and I thought it might please Charms-A fortune of twenty thousands bounds. Counter Charms-Pretty shop girls. A man in Boston who stoutly objected

last winter to his wife's learning to skate, has since concluded to "let her slide." Why is a watch dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is let out at night, and taken in, in the morning.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he is the querist.

Be polite to every person, and you will

"This augurs well," as the musquit said when he settled on a fat man's nose. The annual production of sugar in the United States is about 136,500 tons.

What is it you must keep after giving it

BAD HEARTS.—Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts. You can hear 'cm rattle as they walk.

the diver to the Atlantic, lying at the bottom of Lake Erie. Poor Green! his daring was too

The New York Courier and Enquirer gives

the following narrative of the descent of Green,

severely punished:

Green, the Diver.