Sysackiprion.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, 41d in advance i Two Dollars if puid within the carp and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not aid within the year. These terms will being dir adhered to in every instance. No subaid unless at the option of the Editor.
Any entrements—Accompanied by the Casu,

and not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty five conts each additional insertion. Those of a great-

pills, Pamphiets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., exouted with accuracy and at the shortest notice

Poetical.

From the New York Sunday Timer. MEMORY BELLS.

BY BARRY PINK.

Tinkling, tolling in the distance, Comes the sound of memory bells, Like the voice of fairy music Made by ocean's pearly shells.

Tickling, folling in the distance, Memory hells break on my ear, Breathing music from harp-strings

Music others may not bear. Now a flute-like peal they're ringing And from rock to rock it echoes Through the corridors of time.

Memory bells! they ope the caskets Locked in years of long ago, And upon their chimes are bearing Long hushed voices, faint and low

Voices, mayhap, whose loved cadence Thrilled our hearts in youth!e.glad day; Voices loved, and forms forgotten— Forms that faded by the way.

In the galleries of Memory, Pictures drawn by master hands, Decorate each separate pannel; Treasures, some, from distant lands.

ome have Reuben's warm blood tintings Some have Raphael's purer grace; Ithers, Titian's golden love lights, Kept in memory's choicest place.

Velled from mortal eyes these pictures.

Some are dimmed by age and tears,
Ithers have their shadows deepened.

By the penciling of years. and the curtains, rarely lifted

f From the dimly lighted walls, frop when Memory Bells come telling Through these consecrated halls. emory bells ! I love thy music-

nd as yet it seems a mystery That it is a weary way. their ears thy chimes are tolling Echoes from the silent grave-

opes that once were born, then perished Like the ripple on the wave. inkling, toiling in the distance, Come the chimes of memory bells, ke the voice of fairy music, Breathed from occan's pearly shells.

Miscellaneous.

Fanny Clifton's Elopement.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

fanny," said Judge Clifton to his daugh your morning, laying down the paper, over top of which he had been for some time redding her, come hither; my child."
Fanny very dutifully did as she was bidden. id as she stood by his side, the Judge took the of tier small hands in one of his, and othing caressingly with the other her soft ing hair, looked tenderly into her face. You are a woman now, Fanny," he said. Eighteen last Christmas, papa," returne demurely, trying to assume the dignity gravity which belong to that mature age, ugh to tell the truth, they looked strangely of keeping with her slight form, and girl in spite of all her efforts, her rosy th would dimple with smiles, and her eye the arch, saucy expression that was natu

'Can' it be possible ?" exclaimed the old leman, having a deep sigh. How time not ventured to do for some time.

go, to be sure! You are a year older than He had hardly done so, however other was, when I married her. Well, eles, and wining them carefully, he re-aded them upon his nose, . I suppose I must as last. All fathers have to lose their rs, and I suppose I shall have to make

Lose me, papa !!! exclaimed Fanny, open har, eyes in astonishment. "Why, what eyes in astonishment. Why, what daughter and desire that you will in the future sean? I hope I am not going to die

I mean, that like all the rest of the silly g girls, who never know when they are off, you will be getting married."
For shame, papa," said Fanny, blushing laughing. "I shall do no such thing."
Of course not," returned the judge, drily. ever had such an idea during the whole ree of your life I dare say. Couldn't be suaded to do anything so highly improper."

But what put that idea into your head this ding?" persisted Fanny, whose curtosity The visit of a certain young gentleman has requested permission to pay his ad-

ses to you."
That homely and disagreeable Major Sin I suppose, said Fanny, scornfully. No, my dear, it is not. It was that hand and very agreeable Mr. Charles Ray,do you think of that ?"

o her father's surprise. Fanny's counta-tice fell; her rose bud lips showed a very per-lible pout, and a frown actually gathered on the shooth, open brow. "Think?" she repeated, with a disdainful so of the head; "I think he came on a fool's and; that is what I think."

Holty, toity!" exclaimed the old gentle-with a puzzled air. "What has come you now? It seems that you have changour opinion very suddenly."
As Mr. Ray never took the trouble to ask

opinion, it can matter very little to him if ve," reforted Fanny. Oh, he! there is where the shoe pinches

?" said Judge Olifton, laughing. "Well rmind, my dear, he is coming here some to day to talk with about it. I have giv-Without which he would have staid away,

phose," said Fanny, in an undertone. What is that, my dear !" inquired the old dge, who was a little deaf." said that it will not be convenient for me see Mr. Ray." said Fanny, in a louder voice. He may come if he chooses, but I cannot be

rshiess in her indulgent father.
"My dear child," said the Judge, kindly

pehed by the evident grief of his daughter, doing wrong. It seems ungrateful to leave poor understand the cause, "I doing wrong. It seems ungrateful to leave poor understand the cause, "I papa. who has been so kind to me."

I had a nastially for the leasure in chronicleing it?

I had a nastially for the leasure in chronicleing it? had a partiality for the young man; and I replied a quiet smile playing around his lips.

For I entertained a very high opinion Soothed by his assurance, she allowed him you, be sure that you give him fair play.

delived to the form of the first that the first the firs

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

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

AT \$2,00 PER ANNUM.

NO. 26.

CARLISLE, PATTHURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1859.

bee nim this evening, and tell him so you reelf."

I hope you are not going to stop here,
Dut it so happened that business of a very
pressing nature called Fanny over to her sister's that evening, much to her lover's disappointment and her father's chagrin, who was
pointment and her father's chagrin, who was
Why, this is Elder Kingsley's! I know him
quite mystified at his daughter's conduct:

Only to think, Mary, said Fanny as the of him. Only remember that I desire you to to lift her into the carriage. see him this evening; and tell him so yourself." I hope you are not going

This work is a specific and in the control of the c

This obvious change in her deportment quite disheartened poor Charles, who was sincerely noyance to Judge Clifton, who had set his heart and blushes usual on such occasions.

"Are you offended, dearest?" inquired on the match. 'My child,' said the Judge to Fanny, one

morning a few days after. I quite agree with tion. Fanny might have been, but there ceryou in your opinion of Mr. Ray; he is an insuftainly was no trace of anger in the soft blue
ferable puppy!'

Who, Charles Ray! said Fanny, in astonlove and happiness:

Yes, Churles Ray, I repeat it, is an insuf-ferable puppy!' said the old gentleman, in a still more excited tone and manner, bringing his cane down on the floor with emphasis. To keep hanging round here, when he knows he is not wanted! I shall take the first opporunity. I have requesting him to discontinue his

visits.

Why, how you talk, papa, exclaimed Fanny, her color rising. I see nothing at all out of the way in the young man; he has always behaved himself remarkably well. I'm sure.

Perhaps you may not, replied the Judge sternly, but I do; which is of some consequence, whatever you hink to the contrary. And I, shall make it a point with you that you abstain from all intercourse with him.

room, banging the door after him in a manner that quite frightened poor Fanny, who had nev-er known her father so excited before:

way in him, thought Fanny, as she looked upon his handsome, animated countenance.—
He has a beautiful smile, and is so very gentle manly in his manner, besides.

Perhaps something of this sort was visible in Fanny's countenance. At any rate, there was something in its expression which emboldened him to take a seat by her side, which he had

He had hardly done so, however, when the door opened, and Judge Clifton walked in. he resumed, after a pause, taking off his His brow grew dark as his eye fell on Mr. Ray. How is this, Fanny?' he said, sternly; I thought that I had previously instructed you in regard to your intercourse with this gentle-man. And as for you, he added turning to Charles, I beg leave to inform you, that you are coming here for what you won't get with.

> This tirade so shocked and astonished Fanny, that she burst into tears. Upon which her father desired her to leave the room, which she

lost no time in obeying.

After indulging in a long hearty cry, Fanny wiped her eyes and went over to her sister's to pour all her grievances into her sympathizing

ended in advising her to soften her father's feelings by avoiding Mr. Ray, as much as possible.

To which the young lady responded that Mary consoled her as well as she could, but To which the young lady responded, that she would die first. That she would show papa that she was not a child to be controlled in that way. Not she

Fanny stayed to tea; and in the evening who should come in but Charles Ray. (The meeting was rather embarrassing to both, but Fanny anxious to atone for her father's rudeness to him; was more than usually gracious and conciliating, and this soon wore away. Charles all the evening, and at its close, accompanied Fanny to her father's door, though he did not consider it advisable to go farther.

How well Mr. Ray looked to night," said Fanny to herself, as she entered her room. I

never saw him so agreeable. After this Fanny met him frequently at her inter's, and every succeeding interview deepen ed the favorable impression she received that evening. At last the lady's heart was fairly caught, was brought to terms, and obliged to surrender, and to that tame, spiritless man Charles Ray.

so studelly concerted the her lover begatted trouble her. But in spite of all she could say, she was unable to persuade him to renew, his former proposition to the Judge or to make the least attempt to conciliate him.

Weeks passed, and as there appeared to be no hope; of obtaining Judge Clifton's consent.

Charles at last proposed a claudestine marriage, and after a severe struggle in Fanny's heart be-tween her affection for her father, and her love for him, the latter triumphed.

able man, and I shall insist that he shall pale, and tears filled her eyes, as she thought We understand that when she reached the stead civilly."

The indulgent father that she was about to shore, and found herself sans boundt, sans shoes Treated civilly."

The indulgent lather that she was about to shore, and found herself sans boundt, sans shoes and sans stockings, her maidenly modesty, so my having him for a husband, she resupenced her bonnet and shawl and glided noisiessly down the stairs and she blushed scarlet to find herself shawl and shawl and glided noisiessly down the stairs and she blushed scarlet to find herself shawl and she blushed scarlet to find herself

slight twitching around the mouth, evidently be well prompted by an inclination to laugh.

"Forgive me, papa.!" exclaimed the newmade bride, bursting into tears,

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Judge; unable the longer to contain himself. "Forgive you; of course!" won't. I'll cut you off without a shill door. 'He thinks a great deal more of him than I deceitful baggage you! Do you know what have no idea of having a husband picked out for me. I can make my own selection. And I would rather never marry, than to have for my husband such a tame, spiritless man as Charles Ray.'

Frank was a great deal more of him than I ling—banish you from my house forever, you deceitful baggage you! Do you know what you have done, you ungrateful minx! You have married the very man I have selected for you—done the very thing you declared over and over again, that you never would do. Ha. ha. ha! it is the most capital loke I over soid Activities.

wise than pleased; and received the congratula disheartened poor Charles, who was sincerely tions of her numerous friends, who now poured attached to her, and was a source of much an in from an adjoining room, with all the smiles

Charles, as soon as they were free from observa-

Woman's Love ... A Beautiful Incident.

Six years ago, says the Milwaukie Gazette, a young man just entering on life, under the in-fluence of rum committed a crime against soci-ety, was tried in this city, convicted, and sent to Waupun, where he served out his time be-hind the prison bars. Before his trial a fair hind the prison bars. Before his trial a fair girl had promised to link fortunes with him; and cruel was the blow to her. But she loyed him. All through his six years did she wait for his release. With a true woman's heart, at least, before God; and like the magnet she shell on her steady way, her heart ever pointing to the future. Long were the years to him. Slow the betteredy too. Tove will beget love; a wish to be at least, and when nations threaten to fight other has future. Long were the years to him. Slow before that; annuare the magnetistic the the steady way, her heart ever pointing to the future. Long were the years to him: Slow passed the hours. Seconds were minutes, minutes were hours, hours days, days weeks, weeks months, months years and years were like ages. Every tolling of the prison bell struck deep upon his heart, and every sunset took another It so happened that Churles called that very thread from the long skein. Nor were the s weary to angel, sat by her day by day, and reposed on her pillow by night. Some there were who laughed at her holy love, who sneered so meanly at her lover, a prisoner miles away. But little it mattered to her. Others might laugh -she wept; others might point to a manprison garb, toiling away from morn till night, with but one star to guide him on. She saw, but the honest soul that might be saved, or lost, and, woman that she was, nerved hersel

to hear their jibes and jeers.

Blessed words came to him in his lonely cell, words of love, of kindness, and stronger grew the heart of him who had truly his better ange to watch over his unbroken fortune. En word from her lightened the hours as they slow-ly went by, and larger grew the day on which liberty was to come. Men visited him and with careless word or speaking, eye, threw into his cell a maddening thought on which his soul must feed and tremblingly shrink to the darkest corner of his living temple. Then a letter from her would dash aside the dark curtains. and beckon him to a spot of sunshine outside and beyond his present reach. So passed the years. Friends died and he wept over them.

The sin was long since atoned for, and at last the little spot of sunshine crept into his cell, and entering by the key hole led him forth into the bright rays of liberty. He was conducted to the office of the prison by McGraw, and a citizen's dress in place of a prison suit gave him, and led into an inner room where

stood she who, years before, had promised be-fore God to be his. What a meeting. On the evening train the two arrived in this oity, and were, by one of our divines, joined in marriage. We were witness to the ceremony and never shall forget it. Never forget the eye moistened with happiness, nor the throbbing of the heart, that had so long waited and trusted. Saved, saved. May the future be all the brighter for the dark cloud that has so long hung over it; and true friends be ever ready to lend a helping hand. We believe in woman's love the facts above stated. God bless the true heart wherever found.

Another Grace Darling.

A Norfolk naper thus records the beroic deed of a little girl in that city sair and a minute It appears that a few days ago, while the weather was quite cold and the wind blowing and touching readiness which every voice asquite a gale, a small sail boat was seen approaching the Matthews Shore. When about Charles Ray.

When Fampy began to realize the state of her feelings, the strong aversion that her father had so suddenly conceived for her. But in spite of all she could say, she was unable to persuade him to renew his she was unable to persuade him to renew his former proposition to the Judge or to make Hudgins, who was at that moment watching the approaching boat from her father's window, when she saw the struggling form of a man in

the water, also be a rivill of stars and all all as Shedrushed plastily from the house to the shorp, divested harself of her shoes and maded out to a canon which was secured to a stake a short distance from the shore. This sho hastily paddled to the relief of the priety the redder can judge for himself.

What is, the oldest of all things? It was nearly eleven o'clock at night, and This she hastily paddled to the relief of the tome.

The short distance from the shore.

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night, and This she hastily paddled to the relief of the fanny Clifton sat at the open window of her towning man, and reached him in time to save his life. She then, with the assistance of lover. An elopement does not appear to be the other man, succeeded in getting him into specific him. Mr. Ray is a worthy and specific successful that he shall lover. An elopement does not appear to be the other man, succeeded in getting him into specific successful. in this predicament before two men. was soon in her lover's arms.

'Dear, Charles, she sobbed, 'I'm afraid I'm had no need to be ashamed; the deed was a had no need to be ashamed; the deed was a had no need to be ashamed.

If you want a man to do fair work for

The Law of Love.

of him. Only wincomber that I design you are not going to stop bern, such its so happened that business of a year pression statuce called Ranyly over to her size, that evening, much to her loter's disappointment and the father's cheprin, who was pression statuce called Ranyly and the father's cheprin, who was the father's cheprin, who

"Good morning, neighbor."

No answer.

oking up., 'I came,' continued II, 'to see about the one of another kind.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

At this he threw dawis his axe, and exclaimed in a most angry manner.

Ind a side the lancet. Receiving the answer that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine troe, blay and the like, I wonder if wohe he wall she and the like, I wonder if wohe segars, "drinks "choice brandy," attends the analytic trees had the like, I wonder if wohe he wall she and the like, I wonder if he does it won the valls of his eleved to examine tree, hall you that the mid.

A that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine tree, hall you that the head of the physician seemed tree, hall you that the head of the physician save you such the trees of the chief, and the like, I wonder if he does it wonder if wonder if wonder if wonder if wonder if he does no

the fence can't keep them out."

After a moment's silence, Pulsifer exclaim

The sheep shan't trouble you again; I will fetter them all; but I will let you know that when any man talks of shooting I can shoot, when any man talks of shooting I can shootly.

a wish to be at peace. You can only overcon evil with good. There is no other way. Democratic Review.

Young Men and Late Hours.

There is a great deal of truth in the rem brought to bear against the strength and vigor. Also get some oil of rhodium and oil of cumin, of American youth in the practice of keeping and keep the three seperate in air tight bottles late hours. The simple fact of a young man Rub a little of the oil of cumin upon your keeping late hours is not of itself so much im hands, and approach the horse on the windport, though bad enough, but when all is taken into account, the dissipation, and the long string of incidents connected with leading such a life, it will be readily understood how keeping late hours is calculated to reduce the vigor and into strength of our youth, both in body and mind. We will take as an instance the young man who has just broken loose from his mother s

pron strings, as it is called. He goes into company with men much his niors, andsevery night, though against his inclinations at first, he is led step by step into practices at which his pure mind revolted but, a few short mouths before, and which he then hought it impossible that he could be induced to take part in. But, imperceptibly, he beto take part in. But, imperceptibly he be-comes familiar with them, until at less he first takes part and then delights in them as much as his companions; and, as not unfrequently does turned in and heels out; then you will alhappens, becomes the leader of them all-an the first intimation that his mother receives of the change that has come over him, is that he comes home in the "small hours of the night,

a roaring drunkard! Such is almost invariably the result of keeping late hours: and though our youth may think it maply to smoke and drink like their seniors, they should beware, and remember that it is "the first step" that has led to crime and all its dreadful consequences; and that one horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few of the greatest, if not the greatest, mistakes times, and you can make him lie down without to bed and early to rise," is as good a motto now as when it was first attered, and if it does not make men always "wealthy and wise," it does, befter it i preserves their constitution, their inpocence, and beeps them from sin and its train of evil consequences. ---

A Sweet Youce .- A sweet voice is indispen helping hand. We believe in woman's love sible to a woman; I do not think I can describe ering; for remember that the horse is a native he facts above stated. God bless the true is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but is constitution is as tender as man. often the gift of the gentle and unobtrusive .then theight of the genticana uncorresve.

Loudness or rapidity as incompatible with it.—

It is low, but not guttural, deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they fellow each other like drops from a fountain. It is like the cooling of a dove, not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with that subdued the deliberation of the like which were which deliber which deliberate which de sumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness.

> A sophist wishing to puzzle Thales, the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him, in rapid, succession, these diffi-

God, because he always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The World, because it is the work of God. What is the greatest of all things? Space, because it contains all that is created What is the quickest of all things? Thought, because in a moment it can fly the end of the universe.

What is the strongest? Necessity, because it makes men face all the angers of life. What is the most difficult ! To know thyself; 12 [To know theself:
What is the most constant of all the things?
Hope, because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

The Poisoned Lancet.

physician was about to raise the silver bowl, which was to be the receptacle of the blood, the words, "Attempt nothing until you have re-

No answer.

"Good morning," I repeated.

He gave a kind of a grout like a hog, without his eyes. He was startled, and with visible anxiety, laid aside the poisoned lancet and took The chief perceived it, and asked why he had laid aside the lancet. Receiving the answer that it had a blunt point, he desired to examine

Arabian Mode of Tuming Horses.

The horse castor is a wart or excresen which grows on every horse's fore-legs and gen erally on the hind legs. It has a peculiar rank, musty smell, and is easily pulled off. The ainmoniacal effluyia of the horse seems peculiarly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a very great attraction for all anima

For the oil of cumin the horse has an in-stinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and when the horse scents the odor he is instinctively drawn towards it The oil of rhodium possesses peculiar properties. All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercisses a kind of subduing in-

fluence over them. The directions given for taming horses are as

Procure some horse castor and grate it fine. , Rub a little of the oil of cumin upon your

You can lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on a piece

loaf sugar, apple or potato.

Put nine drops of the oil of rhodium into a lady's silver thimble, to prevent the oil from running out whilst you are opening the mouth As soon as you have opened the horse's month, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you

ways be on the alert from a shy or sheer from he horse, and he can never throw you. Then, if you want to teach him to lie down stand on his right or left side; have a couple of leather straps, about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you're ready, tell, him to lie down, at the same time gently firmly and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few

the straps.

He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him be gentle. Love him and he will love you d him before you do yourself, kee clean, and at night always give him a good bed,

t least a foot deep. In the winter scason, don't let him stand or a long time in the cold, without shelter or cov

Winter is Coming. The most obtuse and skeptical must be fully

convinced by this time, that the Storm King is on his way from his Arctic home, to ascend his snowy throne, and to sway his icy sceptre over us. His heralds are already among us sounding their horns and shaking their white whether he succeeded in winning to himself fence, many disciples. The visions of the past brott And, notwithstanding this deluded wretch his smoky theory. As all expected, a smart. hoot and howl around our dwellings. Especially do the poorer classes need to avail them to adjust it.

selves of the brief respite they still have to get ready to meet the searching and testing days of

stantly transforms men from cowards to heroes from women sometimes to monsters. None can tell of the nature or mystery of that influence, but those who have been in the fray hemselves."

I WONDER.—When a young man is clerk in a store and dresses like a prince, smokes "foine segars," drinks "choice brandy," attends thea-

or mend a garment, I wonder if he is not lacking somewhat, say towards the top for instance?

When a young man receives a periodical or newspaper weekly, and takes great delight in reading them, but neglects to pay for them, I

it blaze the more fiercely.
2. Kind words make other people good-na-

them, and bitter words make them bitter, and like Goldsmith; he may drink brandy, like By wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty its favorites: What is legatiful, loquent, noand spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind toolings. We have not yet begun to use kind words

hing, movement, or i lea is as readily perceived. The papers say, "the best sewing machine a man can have in his house is a wife." Here s unwittingly expressed the mechanical affair which many a wife becomes to her family thro' he blighting customs of society. The sewing of shirts, the cooking, the washing, form sheer habit-what is it better than vegetable life? When mind animates toil, and sentiment eautifies u; when love, deep-rooted and healhy, sanctifies domestic routine, it becomes a de-Then the pudding and the potatocs come the palate already blessed. The bread comes

es the body like the laying on of hands. "If you are fortunate enough in selecting a wife," the papers continue. "one that sings while working, and is never so happy as when her husband's linen is in hand, the sewing ma chine may be pronounced perfect of its kind. If pou wish the wife a 'perfect machine,' pou have the efficient process—dwarf her mind. crush her spirit ; some husbands know how this map be done. His careless treatment of her in her home is making fine progress in the work. But if you wish the machine to sing while working—sing sweetle, low and soft, keep it well ciled with spanpathp. Unless the wife machine is a dolt, it will not emit a cheerful hum while operating, unless constantly lubricated with kindness.—Life Illustrated.

SUPERSTITION IN NORTH CABOLINA -The reporter of the Newbern (N. C.,) Progress describes the execution of Starling, convicted of murder, at Kinston, N. C., and gives some startling revelations of the prevalence of superstition in the "old North:"

Indian Symmer sat among us, like a chief from the Torrid Zone smoking his pipe of peace, and with many smiles and bland expressions trying to soften down and dilute our faith in the the approach of winter. It is quite doubtful the deed under an erroneous notion of self de

up before every man's mind too distinctly the brought himself to this digraceful end through snow crowned hills and waltzing storm blasts superstition, yet a poor silly woman, standing of by-gone winters, for him to succeed with outside the enclosure, sent a man to request the his smoky theory. As all expected, a smart, dashing rain, and a rolling, rushing tide of wind, have driven the Indian chief to his wild forest home, where we all hope he will have a good time till he visits us again. It is a plain matter of fact that our winter is at hand. And washaye seen and felt enough of his doings and the necessities he brings with him, to know that it is good and safe to be in preparation for him. Several things need looking after, and righting up, in order to be ready and in trim to meet the storm blasts that will soon hoot and howl around of our dwellings. Especi-Sheriff to send the knot and a portion of the

Live Within Your Means.

We don't like stinginess. We don't like economy, when it comes down to mag and startyation. We have no sympathy with the notion that the poor man should bitch himself to a post and stand still, while the rest of the world moves forward. It is no man's duty to deny himself every amusement, every luxury, every recreation, every confort that he may get rich. It is no man's duty to make an iceleer; of himself, to shut his eyes and ears to the antierings of his fellows, and to deny himself the enjoyment that results from generous actions, merely that he may heard wealth for his helrs to quarter about. But there is an economy which is rel about. But there is an economy which is especially commendable in the man who struggles with poverty—an economy which is consistent with bappiness, and which must be practised if the poor man wall sague independence.

nan would secure independence.

It is almost every man's privilege, and it be-It is almost every man's privilege, and it becomes his duty to live within his means; and up to, but within them. Wealth does not make the man, we admit, and should never be taken into the account in our judgment of men; but competence should always be secured when it can be; and it almost always can be; by the practice of economy, and self-denial to only a tolerable extent. It should be secured, not so much for others to look upon, or to raise us in the estimation of others, as to secure the constant satisfaction which is derived from its acquirement and possession.

numerous enough to charge upon the enemy.—
This was moreover more prudent, for the murderous fire so fatal to the white coats—did us but little harm. Our conical balls penetrated their dense masses, while those of the Austrians whistled past our ears and respected our persons. It was the first time I had faced fire, nor was I the only one. Well, I am satisfied with myself. True, I dedged the first balls, but Henry IV, they say, did the same at the beginning of every battle. It is, in fact, a physical effect, independent of the will.

But, this tribute paid, if you could only feel how such a shot electrifies you. It is, like a whipto na racer's legs. The balls whistle past you, turn up the earth around you, kill one, wound another, and you hardly notice them. very on earth more galling than that of poverty, and indebtedness. The man who is every body a debtor is everybody's slave, and in a much worse condition than he who serves a single master.

For the sake of the present, then, as well as

passion excited in a soldier by the sight of passion excited in a soldier by the sight of the luture, we should most earnestly urge for the luture, we should most earnestly urge Everybody who has tried it, testifies to the peculiar intoxication that is produced by being in battle. There is an intoxicating influence—if but a penny—it is better than nothing; about the smell of powder, the shrill whistle of a bullet, and the sight of human blood, that in a day, or a penny a week. If he can earn one abullet, and the sight of human blood, that in a day, or a penny a week. dollar a day, let him try fairly and faithfully the experiment of living on ninety cents. He will like it.

"People will laugh." Let them laugh-"They will call me stingy." Better call you stingy, than say you do not pay your debts.—
"They will wonder why I do not have better turniture, live in a finer house, and attend con-certs and the playhouse." Let them wonder for a while—it won't hurt you. By and by you can have a fine house and fine furniture of your own, and they will wonder again, and come with her lily white fingers covered with rings, I billing and cooing around you like so many wonder if her mother don't wash the dishes and pleased tools. Try the experiment. Live with n your means.

Gems of Thought.

Graves are but the prints of the footsteps of he angel of eternal life. Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never spart.

The gifts that circumstances make in our

He who dreads giving light to the people is ike a man who builds a house without windows for fear of lightning.
Our sorrows are like thunder clouds, which eem black in the distance but grow lighter as

next, a cord or rope; finally, a cable—then who can break it?
Personal respectability is totally independent Kind Words no not cost much.—They never blister the tongue or lips. And we never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accompilsh much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own souls. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

ECCENTRICITY.—A man of genius may be ectured. Cold words freeze people, and hot centric, and do a thousand things which no other words scoren them, and sarcastic words irritate man dares to do. He may never pay his debts, ble, in man, we must worship though its shrine be in a sepulchro, and surrounded by all un-

But we do censire eccentricity when it is an flectation; when it grows out of a desire to imitate men of genius. We cannot see that Gold-smith would have been less a man of genius, if he had paid his debts; that Dr. Johnson would THE WIFE MACHINE.—A casual expression made Rasselas less polished, if he had spoken sometimes reveals the entire character of the speaker. And the popular estimate of any-thing, movement, or idea is a readily of any-thing, movement, or idea is a readily of any-thing. We should have thought Poe no less a poet without his bad habits, and De Quincy no less a

philosopher without opique.

We have no respect for eccentricity. It is sometimes patdonable, especially when it proceeds from an overtasked brain.

It is to be regretted that any young man should be so stupid as to believe that addity is: a mark of genius or talent. If Tom Nobody, goes to posterity as a poet, or an artist, it will not be on the strength of his long hair, his ratbrandy he drinks, the opium he cats, or the wo-men he wrongs. The world has forgiven these things in men of genius, but the world will laugh at Tom Nobody, and kick him for his

I do not pity a person groaning under the miseries of the toothache, who has not cour age enough to get the tooth extracted. I do not pity a beggar who lost his money by

ambling.

I do not pity a man who fails in business in consequence of his own extravagance.

I do not pity a man who becomes publication oppressing his poor neighbors.

I do not pity it man who burns his fingers by using them for snuffers.

I do not pity a man who cannot buy a breakast, after buying a morning dram. I do not pity a man who marries a scolding

vife; it is his own fault. I do not pity old maids; there are plenty of men in the world. I do not pity the man who fails in business because he is too penurious to advertise. THE ROBIN REDBREAST. - Charles Mackay in

one of his lectures said, "The ballad of the Babes in the woods." a legend of unknown antiquity, has made the Robin Redbreast a sacred bird in England—for the Robin—"the bold beggar with the scarlet b harmed there, however other birds may suffer If the robins could but know how many of their lives have been spared for the sake of "an old. song," they would hover around the graves of poets, as they did over the unburied bodies of the children in the wood, and strew them with leaves, in greatful remembrance of the power and tenderness of poetry.

The Indian girls of the Osago mission ave sent a characteristic present to President Buchanan, "the mounento consists of a couple, of purses of silk and buckskin; beautifully, worked in beads. The package was inscribed. in the handwriting of Victoria