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Partial.
STELLA MAY.
BY H. H. H. D.
Up the lofty forest trees
Stoily climb the harvest moon;
Leaves, 'neath the evening breeze,
Rattle to a wail-like tone.
Burned wares 'neath the moon
Do you recall the evening scene?
Gave forth that summer even,
When the bright moon shone,
And the stars were shining,
We were happy, Stella May!
On thy face the moonbeams played,
But dimmed not thy lustrous eyes;
While thy voice sweetly came,
With the river murmuring;
Love's star shone with brightest ray,
To see thee, Stella May!
Dancing kisses met my own,
Sighs responded unto sighs,
Throbbed our hearts in union,
Who could deem such love could die?
Die, at last, and so away,
Thou to thy home, Stella May!
Sainthood steals across my heart,
When my thoughts to thee are moved;
Little thought we were to part,
But thou wert mine, Stella May!
Bright the moon shines through the trees,
Making music all around;
Whisper soft the evening breeze,
And the river murmurs low,
Time and thou, still well-away,
Thine have changed much, Stella May!

Miscellaneous.
NOT A STORY.
Mr. Jones was married. He had been married a long time, ever since he could remember. The first Mrs. Jones was a pretty girl, and he loved her very much, and she loved him. But she died, and he was inconsolable for nearly six months, and then finding the burden of his grief too heavy to be borne alone, decided to share his regrets with a sympathizing feminine friend. The consolation was a happy one for many years, but also for the misery of earthly pleasures. Mrs. Jones was again a widow at the age of forty, and being extremely lonely, and having the habit of marrying, he offered his broken life and mature affections to Miss Patience Norcross, a beautiful young lady of thirty. We have said that Mr. Jones had a habit of being married, and it had so grown upon him that had Providence opened the way, he would in all probability have had a succession of happy marriages with a succession of consoling friends. But in selecting Miss Patience he had no regard to compatibility of temper. He had never thought anything about it. His other marriages had been happy accidents, and so far as he knew or recollects, the present order of nature. But Miss Patience had a habit, too, and it was in accordance with her name, for it was the habit of endurance. It was a failing that leaned to virtuous side, and beyond it. She lived in a city, and she was a widow. She was never anything but a mere temporary expedient until better times. Distance not only enchained to her objects of pursuit, but was the only charm to which she was susceptible. He really liked Mr. Jones up to the hour of his proposals; she meekly tolerated him ever after. They were at boarding for a time, and the wife submitted to all her friends. "Oh, yes," said Mr. Jones, "it is very comfortable for me to have you here." Mr. Jones, after the remark had been reiterated for the fifth time asserted that he was able to keep house. To prove this, he engaged and furnished a fatigued attendant, and another year saw Miss Patience the patient mistress of her own household. "What a pleasant situation!" said Dame Grundy, as he called on a tour of inspection. "My eyes," said Mr. Jones, "if it is all we can expect in this world, it is a great deal to build, we should plan very differently, of course. And then you know, one could have the heart to make improvements in shrubbery and fruit trees. At length the house was lived long enough to have a house of my own." Mr. Jones was well-to-do and good natured. Moreover, he was a little obtuse, as we have seen, and he did not perceive that something was being put up with in his practical necessities. So he said very generously, "Mrs. Jones, in another year you shall have a house of your own." "I am afraid you cannot afford to build such a house as I would like." "I can and will. You shall modify the plan yourself, or draw a new one if you prefer." Mrs. Jones sighed. "It will take so long in building," and she thought that hour every national enjoyment was deferred until they should get into their new dwelling. There were the usual delays and disappointments, and Mrs. Jones' love of endurance was fully gratified; and she was regaled with a lingering sweetness long drawn out. At length the house was built and furnished, the grounds laid out and planted, and the wheels of the new establishment moved furiously in motion. Moreover, by rare good luck, there was very little to alter and mend; most of the arrangements were desirable, and the expenditures were not excessive. "I hope, my dear," said Mr. Jones, honorably, "that we are in a condition to take comfort." "It is ever got settled," asserted Mrs. Jones, with a sigh. Well, years rolled on, and they were settled. The flowers bloomed, and the fruits ripened. The turf thickened into velvet, and the trees grew and cast a welcome shade. The strangers named to inquire the premises as they passed, and neighbors paid their various trifles

of envy and admiration. Mr. Jones grew to love purity and contentment. Not so with Mrs. Jones. To all the encomiums lavished upon her residence, she replied submissively: "Yes, it's a pretty place, but I don't know who built it for me. We have no children to come after us, and we are just putting up improvements for strangers to pull down." Was ever woman so favored of an indulgent fortune? Within a year after the utterance of this remark, Mrs. Jones was happy—no, the poet might have said a real genuine, glorious baby. Mr. Jones, who had with difficulty refrained from happiness before, was uncontrollably jubilant now. The boy was healthy, handsome and bright. There was no mistake about him; he was a first fact, a star of the first magnitude. He had won it, it is true, for which the fond father was intensely thankful, for to gratify and prevent them was his supreme delight. And the mother? Alas, hers was all a mother's anxiety and anxious thoughts. Until he was weaned, she scarcely left the house, or indulged in the simplest luxuries of diet. Then there was the long period of teething, during which her maternal apprehensions were never assuaged. Then she lived in fear of the measles, whooping cough and scarlet fever, until the young hero met and conquered them all. He grew round and rosy, and she thin and anxious, but still unrelaxing. At school she feared he might study too much or too little, and as her tears were pretty equally divided between the two perils, it is presumed that he avoided both. Then she had a general misgiving lest he should become an indolent and useless member of society. But though the reader may share her fears in this regard, Master Jones satisfied them all. Indulgence and opportunity seemed to agree with him. He was ambitious and diligent, and he would not be less than a gentleman. When at last he decided to study for a profession, the mother fitted out his wardrobe with reticent care, and his first letter from college was moistened with rather more than the full proportion of natural tears. "How do you get on?" "Well, I am getting on," she said, "but I miss you more than I can tell you. Since we have only one, we could wish he could have stayed with us. The seven years of his student life have been a long time, and you know that to wait for what?" "Inquired Mr. Jones. "For the good time coming," replied his wife. "When the good time has come, long ago, can't you see it? We've been having it all along." "I can't," said Mr. Jones, "but I have never been free from anxiety for one minute in my life." "And never will be," returned the husband. "It is positively your strong point, and I have quite an admiration for you at this time. You will find more to submit to in any given circumstances than any woman I have ever known." Mrs. Jones shed her eyes to her husband in meek surprise. She forgave him, and was silent.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.
Did Uncle Tom Do Right?
There were footprints in the kitchen, evidently made by a small boy in stout boots.—Mrs. Greenwood looked up from pouring the coffee at breakfast as they moved, and said, "Oh, it is Crepper Gant! Good morning, Crepper."
"Morning," answered the boy.
"Hallow, Crepper," said Phinny Greenwood, peeping over his mug of water. He was answered only by a broad smile.
"Your uncle Thomas came home from New Orleans last night, didn't he?" asked Mr. Greenwood. Crepper nodded as a horse might do if he wanted more length of check rein.
"What does he say about things down South?" inquired Mr. Greenwood.
"Don't know," was the reply.
Now he didn't mean he really did not know only this was the way Crepper had a habit of answering—and he always meant either. He was named Thomas for his uncle, only everybody called him Crepper.
"Pretty soon he said, 'I want to know if Phinny can do blueberrying in the hill pasture along with me, or he'll scold me.'" "But then it made no difference, for Phinny never went anywhere without Anna, if he could help it. Phinny spoke up directly." "Yes, we'll go as soon as we finish breakfast, and we'll go with you." "Then I'll be sure to go in time the children started, each with tin pail, in high spirits, and then Crepper Gant's bashfulness all left him and his power of speech returned.
"Uncle Tom didn't bring me a single thing, did he?" "No, he didn't," he could not have had such an awful bad time getting away."
"Did he?" said Phinny solemnly.
"Oh, yes, I don't suppose he could have come away anyhow if he hadn't talked all the time on the side of the boat and made them believe he thought just as they did. He brought home the mameke of Uncle Tom."
"He isn't a rebel, is he?" asked Phinny, still more solemnly.
"No, of course he isn't; but then you see the best of Crepper is that he doesn't know he would have hung him, had he and his wife will lose his cargo of sugar as it is," replied Crepper.
"Well, I know I wouldn't be a rebel and I don't say I was when I wasn't, if they did kill me!" said Phinny stoutly. "Was it Anna?" "He never was entirely positive until he had his sister's opinion.
"I don't think," mildly returned Anna, "I can't tell certainly what we should do. I was once badly frightened, and you know Peter was a good man, but he said once he was not one of Christ's followers when he was, because he was afraid of getting into trouble."
Phinny looked thoughtful. "You know," he said, "Peter cried when he came to fight for him to tell the lie, and I don't believe Mr. Docker would have told one way or the other." "I tell you Uncle Tom had to tell that lie to his master's orders," said Crepper, decidedly, "and he couldn't but just get here then, because they know he was a northern man and he wouldn't have said anything if he had known what had time he should have of it, and lose his sugar, too, like enough."
"Well," said Anna, "we can't be sure what we should do, and I guess it is safer for us to make him older than he is." "Or say we oughtn't to tell a lie even to save our life, and the Bible says so too."
"There now, the Bible says so!" exclaimed Phinny triumphantly, delighted to find Anna on his side after all. "By the way, what would he do if he was a 'Cessionist' and kept out of the lion's den? And Paul, what do you think Paul would have done about it? Why, Master told me Sunday that every one of the twelve apostles, excepting John, was killed just because they wouldn't give up to what they thought was wrong. I suppose they might be alive now if they had told lies about it!"
"Why, Phinny Greenwood, what a story!" Of course they couldn't be alive now, but we will make them older than he is, and we will see how long they will live. But you see these old fellows would have died ever so long ago, any way, and it don't make much difference about them," replied Crepper, in a satisfied tone.
It didn't seem really polite to Anna to continue blaming Crepper's Uncle Tom, so she began talking about the blueberries. But she thought to herself that as everybody must die sometime, a few years more or less wouldn't make so much difference as doing right or wrong. Crepper, however, was too full of Uncle Tom's coming home and all he had heard him say, to forget the subject, and by the time the tin pails were full of blueberries, and the little red mouths and white teeth pretty well stained black, he began again. "Well, Uncle Tom says the rebels tell dreadful lies about us at the North, and about the fighting. They always pretend their side beats every time, and when the news come of our boys' deaths, and when the Union men are killed, they tell us that the rebels have done it, and they all make believe they think Lincoln is a dreadful wicked man."
"I wouldn't wear a 'Cession enskete if they wanted me," I know I wouldn't!" exclaimed Phinny indignantly.
"You might change your mind when you came in sight of the 'don't," returned the more experienced sister. "Do you remember what a fuss you made when you burnt your hand in the tin kettle steam last week?"
"That's nothing," Phinny answered, "I wasn't being burnt for anything I had said then. Now there are ever so many pictures in my grandmother's great martyr book of people being burnt to death for their religion, and grandmothers said some of them could have saved their lives by just making a cross on their foreheads and bowing, and they wouldn't do it."
Crepper began to have misgivings, but he was anxious to defend his uncle, and after thinking a while he said, "It was different about the martyrs. Uncle Tom didn't deny his religion, and I don't expect he would do that."
"Well, returned Phinny stupidly, "my grandmothers says there can't anything make it right to tell a lie."
Crepper could think of nothing to say to this, so he was troubled by what the children had said, and yet very glad Uncle Tom was safely home again. So he made no reply, but turned with great haste upon a blueberry bush at some distance, while Anna went on filling her pail, silently wondering in her mind if Crepper's Uncle Tom had never heard this saying of a very wise and rich king, "And a poor man is better than a liar."
Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

REMARKABLE CASE OF TRANCE.
BY W. TURK, M. D., SURGEON, U. S. N.
Communicated in a letter from F. B. Richardson, M. D., of Cold Spring, N. Y., to the American Journal of Medical Science.
"In the month of January, 1844, being surgeon of the U. S. Frigate President, commanded by Commodore John Rodgers cruising off the coast of South America, a sailor belonging to one of the tops, about 22 years of age, named 'Oh, it is Crepper Gant! Good morning, Crepper.'"
"The sailor was brought on board, and was suffering with the sudden discharge of blood. I succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage; he was confined to his cot, and put upon a low diet. The next day he was again brought on board, and he had told me all this singular conduct. During my attendance upon him I discovered nothing in his conversation or actions different from ignorant rough profane men in the same station. My mates said that to them he was a noisy, swearing, and sweating terribly at their refusal of such things as would have been injurious to him, saying they wished to starve him. He was to all appearances extremely illiterate. After doing well for some time, a fever, having the appearance of an erysipelas, broke out upon us, and as all hands were at quarters and a fight expected to commence in a few minutes, knowing the spirit that animates all on board, I thought proper, before descending to the deck, to call attention to the matter, and bid him making any attempt to offend, it might prove fatal to him." He promised to obey faithfully; but at the moment he heard the sound of the first gun he sprang upon deck and ran to the gun which was quarters. He was shot in the head, and the blood burst forth from his mouth and nostrils in a full stream, and in this deplorable condition he was brought down to me in the cockpit.
"I with some difficulty saved him from immediate death. He was returned to his berth and put upon the same cot as before. The weather being hot and calm, I hung his cot between two ports on the gun deck, from which he was obliged to be removed to the deck, where he was placed in a dark room, and a strange sail being near. He had occasional discharges of blood, and became much debilitated. During all this time, being apprised that his dissolution was nigh, I do not remember of making any change in his expression, excepting to speak a few words to inform me that he supposed dead man had revived, and addressed his messmates in such a manner as to astonish every one, and bring tears to the eyes of every one present. He then addressed himself to me, and in a few minutes he died. I immediately repaired to the spot, and found him still in the same position, and supported by a mesmate; a glass at each wrist, and a handkerchief at each elbow, and his eyes bright and animated, his speech strong and distinct, without any discharge of blood from his lungs or nostrils, and he was exceeding then so long. All the men now upon duty on deck surrounded the sick, boy, and were gazing with wonder at the scene. I was then brought to attend to his address the body and wash it. Dr. Birchmore called, and he said to tell a lie even to save our life, and the Bible says so too."
"There now, the Bible says so!" exclaimed Phinny triumphantly, delighted to find Anna on his side after all. "By the way, what would he do if he was a 'Cessionist' and kept out of the lion's den? And Paul, what do you think Paul would have done about it? Why, Master told me Sunday that every one of the twelve apostles, excepting John, was killed just because they wouldn't give up to what they thought was wrong. I suppose they might be alive now if they had told lies about it!"
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Execution of Wm. Weaver.
The Perry County papers have a detailed account of the execution of Wm. Weaver, convicted on the 6th of April last, and executed on Friday the 6th inst. We make a few extracts:
"Weaver had given various contradictory accounts of the death of his wife, at times virtually admitting his guilt, then again stoutly denying it; and his whole conduct was so inexplicable that it confounded all who had an opportunity of witnessing it. To one minute he confessed his guilt, to another denied it;—and persisted in his denial during the last hours of his life, and yet at the same time calling his keeper aside and assuring him that he had told him all. This singular conduct may be accounted for in part by his declared affection for his living wife, and the issue expected by her, as he seems to have selected the name for the unborn child by marking a name in the Bible of each such couple; the fact that his wife was to share in the profits of the sale of his alleged confession, and his denial of the printed confession.
He was possessed of some low cunning which he boasted of, and must have a blunted moral sense which could induce him, for the sake of gain to his wife after his decease, of utter falsehoods when on the very verge of the grave, and yet estimate that wife in the very confession from which she was to derive a pecuniary benefit.
ADJUSTING THE ROPE AND CAP.
The convict had been upon the scaffold four minutes, which covered the prayer, and immediately after the Sheriff mounted the platform and adjusted the rope, stating to the prisoner that he might now say any thing he desired. He simply declared that his keeper had treated him kindly. He spoke so and had his utterance so indistinct that it was difficult to determine the precise language used. He also said to the sheriff: "You won't throw me to the Sheriff's office, will you? I want you to have known that the drop fell, but had an idea that he would be drawn up. The Sheriff then drew a white cap over his face, leaped from the scaffold, and instantly touched his breast which was covered with the spring, and with a sudden jerk the victim fell between three and four feet, his feet dangling within eighteen inches of the ground. He turned round once or twice with the twist of the rope, and a convulsive working of his arms and shoulders together with a slight motion of the feet, were all the indications of struggling manifested, although his breast seemed to heave as though he drew breath. Two and a half minutes after he dropped, his chest heaved distinctly, and the next instant after he fell no motion was perceptible. So that he appeared dead at three minutes after the drop fell.
"I made a nice jump—lay my head under a descending pile-driver."
"To get a man is your friend—make love to him."
"To see the first out of four fingers—but them in boiling water."
"To keep yourself warm in bed—set it on fire."
"To be ahead of time—carry your watch behind you."
"To see how hard a man strikes—tell him he lies."
"To keep your prior relatives from troubling you—commit suicide."
"To keep from being dry—stand out in the rain."
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"To make mice lay under their heads—put a piece of paper under their heads."
"To prevent dogs from going mad—cut their tails off close behind the ears."
"To keep health—take a brandy snuff early in the morning, throw it out of the window, and after that eat your bread."
"To kill your enemies—treat them to throat-cut brandy."
"ALLEGATIONS TO BE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.—A recent author says the time is not far distant when all liberties will be done up in a charge their obligations to society, and that the business of catching them will afford another chance for profitable industry. Oil of very fine quality can be obtained from alligators, and it is considered most valuable for medicinal purposes. They are furnished with saddles and beautiful boots and shoes have been made out of their tanned skins. Their hard, white and polished teeth may be used for a variety of purposes; while under the fore feet there is an odoriferous substance resembling musk, and which it is supposed can be employed as a substitute for that expensive article."
"DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.—A young woman living near Ottawa, Canada, last week charged on a gun already loaded, placed the muzzle to her head, and fired. The gun burst, blowing off one of her arms at the shoulder, and injuring one side of her face in an awful manner. She was being carried in a boat to Pontiac, when an alteration arose between two of the men who were managing the boat, which resulted in one of them striking the other with a pistol, killing him instantly."
"PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD at Chicago.—Prince Napoleon had an interview in Chicago with Louis A. Hart, a relic of the Great Army of the First Napoleon, now an inmate of the Cook county Poor-house. The soldier bore the marks of many wounds, and possessed a Legion of Honor cross, given him by Napoleon at Antwerp. When the veteran rose to go, he blessed the majesty of the Prince, who had pressed him with his hand, and gave him assurance that in bello Franco had not forgotten her veterans, and that a liberal pension should be provided for him."
"A love-sick swain, desirous to indicate the extent and character of his love for the missus of his heart, exclaimed: 'Ah, Miss Brown, my affection for you is as strong as the butter that they gave us for dinner!'"
"She was satisfied, and she boarded at the same house. The bargain was struck, and they were married."
"The ladies of Maysville, Kentucky, recently presented a pair of trousers to Wm. and Lucy Stone in due form. Miss Lucy received the pants, but says she would have done so with a much better will if they had only had a man inside of them."
"Mr. A., upon entering a certain bookshop, inquired of a young man in attendance if he had 'Gullstait's Greece' to sell. 'No, but we have some mighty good hair oil,' was the reply."
"A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country, and asked: 'Who is the master of this house?' 'I am sir,' replied the landlord; 'my wife has been dead three weeks.'"
"Never look at the girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, fur-bowls and fells, merely to gratify their mamma's—that's all."
"The latest description of the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady is—'one faces the powder and the other powders the face!'"
"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it is time honest folks were at home."
"Well, yes," was the answer. "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."
"J. W. Donvan has been appointed by the President, a Brigadier General of the California Volunteers."
"Those persons who are continually talking behind people's backs are usually great liars."

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"ALLEGATIONS TO BE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.—A recent author says the time is not far distant when all liberties will be done up in a charge their obligations to society, and that the business of catching them will afford another chance for profitable industry. Oil of very fine quality can be obtained from alligators, and it is considered most valuable for medicinal purposes. They are furnished with saddles and beautiful boots and shoes have been made out of their tanned skins. Their hard, white and polished teeth may be used for a variety of purposes; while under the fore feet there is an odoriferous substance resembling musk, and which it is supposed can be employed as a substitute for that expensive article."
"DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.—A young woman living near Ottawa, Canada, last week charged on a gun already loaded, placed the muzzle to her head, and fired. The gun burst, blowing off one of her arms at the shoulder, and injuring one side of her face in an awful manner. She was being carried in a boat to Pontiac, when an alteration arose between two of the men who were managing the boat, which resulted in one of them striking the other with a pistol, killing him instantly."
"PRINCE NAPOLEON AND THE OLD GUARD at Chicago.—Prince Napoleon had an interview in Chicago with Louis A. Hart, a relic of the Great Army of the First Napoleon, now an inmate of the Cook county Poor-house. The soldier bore the marks of many wounds, and possessed a Legion of Honor cross, given him by Napoleon at Antwerp. When the veteran rose to go, he blessed the majesty of the Prince, who had pressed him with his hand, and gave him assurance that in bello Franco had not forgotten her veterans, and that a liberal pension should be provided for him."
"A love-sick swain, desirous to indicate the extent and character of his love for the missus of his heart, exclaimed: 'Ah, Miss Brown, my affection for you is as strong as the butter that they gave us for dinner!'"
"She was satisfied, and she boarded at the same house. The bargain was struck, and they were married."
"The ladies of Maysville, Kentucky, recently presented a pair of trousers to Wm. and Lucy Stone in due form. Miss Lucy received the pants, but says she would have done so with a much better will if they had only had a man inside of them."
"Mr. A., upon entering a certain bookshop, inquired of a young man in attendance if he had 'Gullstait's Greece' to sell. 'No, but we have some mighty good hair oil,' was the reply."
"A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country, and asked: 'Who is the master of this house?' 'I am sir,' replied the landlord; 'my wife has been dead three weeks.'"
"Never look at the girls. They can't bear it; they regard it as an insult. They wear their feathers, fur-bowls and fells, merely to gratify their mamma's—that's all."
"The latest description of the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable lady is—'one faces the powder and the other powders the face!'"
"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going, for it is time honest folks were at home."
"Well, yes," was the answer. "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."
"J. W. Donvan has been appointed by the President, a Brigadier General of the California Volunteers."
"Those persons who are continually talking behind people's backs are usually great liars."