Hoetical.

THE FACES WE MEET.

Oh: the faces we meet In the crowded street,
With their smiling lips or their weary eye; And the clouds of care, Which they often wear, As they hurry swiftly by. There are faces as gay

On the sunny sand of an islet green; There are eyes as bright As the Jewels' light, That falls on the brow of a queen

There are tresses of hair There are locks like the night

Ere the day-star heralds the dawn There are brows as free s have driven, no tempest tossed :

On a mountain night:

As the desolate traus. Which the fire-fleud has crossed. There are lips whose smile;
Without malice or guile,
Like the face as the sun lights the sea; and lips where a sneer Chills the blood as with fear,

Oh, the faces we meet

Miscellaneous.

THE HATEFUL MATCH.

' Your aunt Carlton and Cousin Jennie will be here in the next train, Russell, said Mr. Wilder to his nephew. 'You had better bring the pony chaise and

'Can't. Am going away myself sir.' 'The-the d-1 you are!' responded the old gentleman pushing his spectacles up over his forehead and regarding his nephew with an air of surprise and

Yes sir. Charley Hunt invited me out to his place for a week and I thought I might as well go now as any time. 'I should say it was a very strange

time to be leaving home. Your aunt and cousin would consider it a personal 'It is not intended as such sir, though,

to be frank, considering the object of Jennie's visit, I prefer not to see her .-And I must say that I think she would have shown more sense of delicacy if she had stayed away 'Your cousin is a very lovely girl, Mr.

Impudence, and won't be likely to go 'I don't doubt it in the least. But for all that she won't suit me for a wife,

'How do you know that, you conceit ed young donkey, when you have never seen her? Leguired the inite old bringing his cane down upon the floor with startling emphasis.

'Common sense teaches that no marriage can be happy that does not spring | tlest.' from mutual love. And on one thing I am resolved, that I will never marry for at her friend, Nellie ran away to see

'Nobody wants you to marry the girl unless you like her!' roared Mr. Wilder, his face growing purple with rage and vexation at his nephew's perversity.-'All I ask is that you will stay and see and purity were relieved only by the viher. And this is the point that I insist

upon-yes sir, I insist upon it!' I am sorry to disobey you, uncle; but if I should stay it will only give rise to conclusions that I am anxious to avoid. But I will tell you what I will do; I will relinquish all claim to the property that you are so anxious should not be divided. As that seems to be the main object, I think that it ought to be satisfactory to all parties.'

A few minutes later Russel! passed the window, value in hand.

He nodded good humoredly to his uncle as he glanced in, who glared after him in speechless rage.

'He shan't have a penny-not a ny !' he growled, as, sinking back in his given to the conversation by the host and chair, he wiped the perspiration from his forebead.

lust entered the room.

'Matter enough, I should say, Russell has gone-actually cleared out, so as not to see his cousin. -What do you think of

'I think that you will have another attack of the gout if you get yourself so excited,' said the good lady as she pla-

cidly resumed her knitting. 'What's to be done now?'

Nothing that I can see. If Russell and Jennie had seen each other before they had any notion that you wanted them to marry, ten to one but they would have fallen head and ears in love with each other; but as matters are now I'don't believe it would be of the least use. From what Ellen writes me, I think Jennie is as much opposed to it as Russell. She says she can't bear to hear his name mentioned, and that it was as much as she could do to get her consent to come at all when she heard that Russell was at home.

They are a couple of simpletons,' said the old gentleman testily: I've got half a mind to make another will and leave my property to some charitable institu-

In going to Dighton, whither he was bound, Russell Wilder had to travel part of the way by stage.

There was only one passenger beside himself, for which he was not sorry, the day being very hot and sultry.

This passenger was a lady; there was an air of unmistakable ladyhood about her which told him that. He noticed particularly the daint ly gloved hands and

Well-fitting boots.

Her graceful form indicated that she was young and pretty, but he could not see her face on account of the envious well that hid it.

But as soon as she got comfortably seated in the corner, to which Russell helped her, she threw it back, disclosing were so intently regarding her.

from the seat to the floor, gave Russell quires a very dexterous and masterly weight in a greater ratio than the diamond trails of speaking, as he re-

The American Bolunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLIBLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1872.

turned them, of which he was not slow From this they fell deily into converation; and t was curious how sociable

They talked of the beautiful scenery through which they were passing; of the newest books and latest magazines, some of which Russell had with him. The lady inwardly thought her companion to be the most entertaining and

greeable man she bad ever met with.-And as for Russell, he often lost the thread of his discourse in admiring the red, dimpled lips, and the pearly teetle they disclosed whe never she spoke or

Certain' it is that his four hours' ride from I'----to Dighton were the shortest four hours' ride that he had ever known in his life.

'Where do you want to be left, sir?' nquired the coachman as he entered the At Mr. Charles Hunt's, Locust Hill .-

Do you know where that is ?' said Russell, putting his head out of the win-'Certainly, sir; take you there in

'Why there's where I'm going!' said the lady, opening her eyes widely.'-'Nelly-Mr. Hunt's wife-is my most particular friend; we used to go to ool together.

'And Charley Hunt is my most partie ular friend, and one of the finest fellows n the world.'

'How very odd.' 'How very fortunate,' exclaimed Russell, with a meaning glance at his fair

still more rosy. 'Might I take the liberty of inquiring-But just at this moment the stage stopped in front of the house, on the portice of which stood Mr. and Mrs. Hunt enjoying the evening breeze.

hands with the former, while his companion rushed into the arms of the sur prised and delighted wife. 'What a happy surprise, Jennie,' she said, after spiriting her off to her own

room; 'I had given up all hopes of seeing you this summer.' 'And I had no idea of being able to come until just before I started. You see, mamma-my step mother, you knowwas going to uncle Willard's and she insisted on my going with her to see that great, hateful, disagreeable cousin of mine that they are determined I should marry. So when she was packing I just put on my things and slipped off, leav-

ing a note to tell where I was going.— Was not that a good joke on them all? 'I should think it was,' said Nellie with a burst of merriment far more than the your companion was I thought you were

on your wedding tour.' 'No, indeed : never saw the man until e got on the stage at P——. But he is the finest looking man I ever saw, and | all probability the purchasers are usually so agreeable. Who is he?' down stairs. There's Sarah waiting to see me about supper. You will have only time to dress. Mind you look your pret-

And with a roguish shake of her finger about supper.

'If Jennie did not look her prettiest she looked very lovely as she entered the supper-room, her linen suit exchanged for a fresh, soft muslin, whose simplicity the throat.

Russell had also taken great pains with his toilet, as could be seen by the spotless linen and carefully-arranged hair,

The pause that was followed by Jennie's entrance was broken by Mr. Hunt, who, in response to a meaning glance from his wife, said: 'Russel, allow me to introduce you to

your cousin, Jennie; Miss Carlton, your cousin, Russell Wilder. The embarrassment which followed the blank astonishment into which the. annoucement threw the parties, so unexnectly made known to each other, was quickly dispelled by the turn that was

'I suppose you'll want to book yourself 'What's the matter now?' said the for the next stage?' said Mr. Hunt, slygentle voice of his wife Polly, who had ly, to Russell, who had been taken into

is friend's canfidence 'And you,' said his wife, turning to Jennie, 'I don't suppose anything would tempt you to remain, now that you have een that hateful, disagreeable---

'Nellie,' interrupted Jennie, crimsoning as she remembered her words. 'Well, I won't then, but you must let me laugh. Just think of your both run-

ning in the same direction and to the same place!' The ringing laugh that burst from Nellie's lips was too contageous to be re-

sisted even by those at whose expense it was raised. This merriment was followed by a general good feeling, and a pleasanter

tea party never gathered around the social board. We need hardly say that Russell did not take the stage the next morning, nor did Jennie seem at all disposed to cut short her visit on account of her cousin's

unexpected appearance. When they did go they went as they came-together. Mr. Wilder's astonishment was only

equalled by his delight, on looking out of he window, to see the two walking up the path towards the house, arm in arm, and apparently on the best of terms. As for Russel and Jennie, they seemed regard this unexpected meeting as an indication of their manifest destiny, accepting it as such, much to the joy of their uncle, whose darling wish was ac complished in the marriage of the two

thus made happy in spite of themselves How to Admonish.-We must con sult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; for advice must not fall like a violent storm bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; a fair, sweet face, lighted by a pair of the softer it falls, the longer it dwells are rare stones and rank with the diawondrously bright black eyes, with a upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mond in value and antiquity. The shades mind. To probe the wound to the bot | which are most seen are deep red and tom with all the boldness and resalution | what is called rose color. A perfect stone The sudden starting of the coach, of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet in these shades is very expensive, and it which sent some of the lady's parcele with all the tenderness of a friend, re- is said that its value increases with its

monds, Pearls, Emeralds, Sapphires, Rubies, Garnets.

In commenting upon ladies dress it is not too much, indeed, it is perfectly safe to say that there is no article of adornment so much sought, so really coveted by all classes and grades of women as

jewelry. In all ages, in all countries, and thro' all time, jewelry has been considered the most appropriate and, in nine cases out of ten, the most accentable present which the majority of ladies receive. Many a oor unfortunate may attribute her downfall and doom to the inordinate and all-powerful passion for finery and jew-

George Eliot in her powerful novel of 'Adam Bede,' describes the feelings and emotions of Hetty when she realizes that he is the owner of a gold locket, enameled on one side, and on the other a delicate little ring of her own dark hair lovngly blended with a golden lock from the head of her lover and the giver, Arthur Donnithorne.

The description is, without doubt, the nost delicately minute and charmingly written of the many subtle analyseses of female character, for which we are inalways according to its value is jewelry pretty: very often a simple set of jet or plain gold is more becoming than the aighest priced and most precious stones. Lovely little sets of plain gold beautiful ly finished, at very reasonable rates if companion which made the rosy cheese at retail the less said about the price the better for the dealers.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Notwithstanding the much-talked-of hard times,' jewelers say that the demand for precious stones and rare jewels is very nearly as great the presen season as it was during the early years of the war, when the purchase of costly jeweiry seemed the only outlet for too easily acquired riches of the hitherto un known and vulgar, of which, thanks to the war, we have a goodly sprinkling in this and the other city to-day.

DIAMONDS. As is well known, the first requisite of a fine diamond must be its colorlessness, as the faintest shade or tinge de tracts from its value to an astonishing extent. The proportions should be perfect, and, of course, the slightest flaw or speck is at once considered a grave defect and lessens the value very materially. Diamonds are daily increasing in value, so dealers say, notwithstanding the recent and much talked-of diamond discoveries in Africa. The jewelers say ecasion warranted. 'When I saw who it is all nonsense, and continue to ask and get just as great prices as ever for what seems to an unpracticed eye very trifling article. However, diamonda are sold by weight, not by eye value, so in Pelisted ... amoutistire very primary and by gaslight are said to outrival the pure

> THE OPAL with soft, creamy complexions and large, spiritual dark eyes. A real opal shows all the beautiful rainbow colors, and i

white stones; this, however, is simply a

matter of taste, and all who know the

difference would certainly prefer an un-

at once beautiful and attractive. Genuine opals are readily told from the imitations by the ever-varying and beautiful display of colors so peculiar to this

Opals and diamonds look beautifully when set together, although they are not as fashionable in this style as they formerly were; still, a more charming combination was never devised, as the beautiful color of the opal reflets tenfold the usual brilliancy of the other jewel.

PEARLS

are costly articles of adornment, and, after all, there is very little real value to the majority of them. They are very easily displaced and broken, and in very rare cases are, they becoming, so it wil be seen that these pretty things are the least satisfactory of any of the expensive | ry of the Virgin and the fg tree. jewels. Undoubted authorities say they are very becoming to angels of the pure are seen outside of Miss Braddon's novels, the assertion is open to doubt. A handsome set of pearls will cost from two to five hundred dollars, and are usually considered the right things for brides. It may not be out of place to state that out of every hundred brides who wear pearls two may look tolerably well, and the rest would look better in any other kind of jewelry, or else none. It requires a peculiar complexion to contrast well with the dead white of pearls.

EMERALDS in price are entirely controlled by fashion; when they are much worn, as they have been and are now, the highest prices are obtained for them, and at one time the demand for fine ones more than equalled the supply. Emeralds can be o successfully imitated that it is almost a pity that such prices are demanded for nem, as the imitation is frequently unobserved until occasion is taken to baye it reset; then, of course, all is known, and the stone is almost worthless. Diamonds make an exquisite setting for emeralds, and when delicately and handsomely mounted are regal in their magnificence and brilliancy. It is said that none of the high priced precious stones are so full of flaws and visible de fects as the emerald; but a careful workman can, in the setting, hide many if not all the defects, which would be very noticeable previous to mounting. Fine emeralds are rare; still they do not increase in value in the ratio of the diamond and other precious stones. Fashionable caprice, it may be said, places this stone in the high place which i holds to day. Opals and emeralds are sometimes set together, but they are not as effective as the diamonds with emer-

mond itself. The poorest imitations of lof type in this column.

these stones are seen, but almost any one can detect the imposition. In the family of precious stones the sapphires are well thought of, and a gem not to be lespised is the Oriental topaz. The AMETHYET

is a gem which can be initated, although there are some of the lovellest sets of pin and earrings; mounted in the most ex quisite and expensive baids of dead gold. with abundant flagree work. Such set tings would make any sone look well, and none more so than the beautiful violet of the amethyst.

Sapphires look lovely when set in the three or four different, slades of gold so fashionable at present.

THE FLOWERING OF THE FIG.

To the uneducated eye the fig is a wonder. The fruit seems to come out in the place where flowers ought to be; and the appearance is that there are no flowers before the fruit, as there are in other plants. It was the habit in the past ages to attribute something miraculous to every appearance out of the ordinary course of nature, and to take the occasion to connect these marvelous appearance with some individual whom they wished to venerate and esteem. So this fig tree narvel came to be associated with the flight of Mary into Egypt with the infant Jesus. The Spaniards tell us that in her flight she sheltered herself one night under a fig tree. In recommense for the se curity afforded, she blessid the tree, and bestowed upon it marvelous power. In foreign countries it produces two crops a got at the manufacturers, but if bought year, and this was one of the blessings then conferred. But in order that the tree might be fertilized—or even in those days it was known that flowers were of wo sexes-the tree put forth, by her command, one magnificent white flower of rare beauty. It was pure white, and shot forth rays of phosphorescent loveliness. This fructifies the whole tree, and renders any other flower unnecessary.-This flowering still continues every year on one night only-St. John's night. It opens for a few moments at midnight. and whoever could see and secure this flower, though at the expense of the whole future of fig culture would possess himself of a charm which would enable him to procure anything be might desire in this world. The Virgin Mary, knowing this, caused the fig, for this evening of its flowering to be guarded by all kinds of horrible things. There are snakes, lizards, bloated toads, birds of ill-omen wild beasts, and venomous reptiles o every description, so that no one has eve been able to get near enough to see this

niraculous and wonderful flower. This story is firmly believed in by al. those old Latin races, whose chance for life is cast in those regions where the figree dwells; and has always been a sufficient reason to them why the fig-tree has I ried in the neighboring graveyard. Manever any flower, as they think.

What a pity it is that the cold hand of past, that the fig has flowers like unto iny other plant, but the flowers are inside what we call the fruit. All flowers rest on something. Take the apple for instance. The flowers, are set on small Macarthy, if it was not far off, to show globular productions. The floral parts, him the way to it, and point out the grave the petals, and stamens, rise out of the of their cousin. Macarthy readily concentre of this globe; and after they die sented, and, as the potatoes were not away this globe swells and becomes the quite boiled, it was agreed that they apple which we eat. The fig is pretty much formed in the same way. The lit- time for supper. tle globe which we see pushing from the axle of the leaf, and which afterwards ecomes the fruit, is filled with floral parts, just as we see in the apple; but ly fenced with a loose stone wall, lichen these parts never project up through the stained and often partly overgrown with entre so as to be seen by vulgar eyes.— There is a small orifice at the apex thro' which the pollen is drawn and that is all that is known to any one except of the nore curious class. The curiosity is rewarded, on breaking open a young flower, by finding it filled with a pink, spongy substance; each of the little proections composing it being found by a small pocket lens to be a small flower.-Thus the mystery ceases. The fig is really a little community in which hundreds of individual flowers dwell, and thus ends, in hard cold faits, the myste-

RICHES AND HONORS .- 1 distinguishblonde type, but as very few of this sort | ed man lay on his death bed, when a great mark of distinction and honor was brought to him. Turninga cold glance on the treasure he would once have clutched with an eager gasp, he said, with a sigh, 'Alas! this i a very fine thing in this country; but am going to a country where it will be if no use to me.' Who can reflect witout sadness on the closing moments d the gallant-Gen. Neil? His life long dram had been to obtain the little baton ad ribbon of marshal of France. He cold not sleep after seeing it conferred onMcMahon as reward of valor in the balle of Magentold his friends that this the he would win the prize he so much oveted. The conflict was over, and the sought him anxiously upon the gor field. They found him alm ost crushd beneathhis war horse, and the practice eye of the surgeon told him that lifewould soon be over. Word was sent to the emperor, who quickly arrived, at taking from his breast the badge of he marshal of France, he placed it above the heart of his faithful follower. The life-long dream was realized, and with a single throb of exultant joy aid gratitude he threw his arms around the neck of his sovereign; the next instact he fell back in the embrace of King leath.

Oh, how can we strugge and toll, and distract our hearts from the one great purpose of life, simply together about us ons which, though they may b very fine things in this country, will be of no use to us in the country we are so shortly going to?

A PREACHER, whose cutom it was t indulge in very long sermons, exchanged with one who preached short ones. At about the usual time or dismissing, the audience began to go out, until nearly all had left, when the sexton walked up to the pulpit stairs, and said to the preacher in a whisper: When you have got through lock up,

dence, next to the church.

THERE are one hundred and sixty lines

DEAD IN THE SIERRAS.

BY JOAQUIN HILLER. His footprints have failed us,

The grizzly may pass By his half-open door; May pass and repass On his path, as of yore. The panther may crouch
In the leaves on his limb;

May scream and may scream.
It is nothing to him. Prone, hearded, and breasted

And tall as a pine—.

As a pine overthrown! His camp fire gone, What else can be done, Then let him sleep on Till the light of the sun I Aye, tombless ! What of it?

A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT. [From All The Year Round.] evening, when the rustic hour of supper tnown in Ireland as 'strong farmers usually inhabit, a stranger dressed in the then peasent costume, corduroy and with a black-thorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered with the usual salutation, 'God save all here,' and asked if this was not Dennis Macar thy's house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and invited him civilly to sit down 'and take an air of the fire;' and with this invitation h complied, entertaining his new acquain tances the while with such news as he had collected while on his journey. The man was dark-featured, of middle stature, and of a square and powerful build In a little while Dennis Macarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Chap-

and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain, prayers, accord ing to Irish usage, over the grave of common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was bucarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told petoinist tue out on me nome ware force ne, :e so all this the stranger consented, and T as he was unacquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked

should set out at once, and return in In the south of Ireland burial places probably of immense antiquity, contain ing no vestige of a sacred building; rude ivy, with perhaps two or three baw thorns, and an ancient ash tree growing within them, are frequently to be me with. Possibly these small and solitary enclosures were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn o Christianity broke upon the island. A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancrossing, at a short distance from Macarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or rattle of car wheel. Macarthy

burial ground. At this stile they came to a pause. 'Go on,' said Macarthy'.

little peremptory, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of e botherin; what are ye afeard of ?' in-

sisted Ryan. stand what you're at, but devil a foot I'll go over the wall till you go over it first, aid Macarthy, dogedly.

'To be sure I'll go over it first, if that'll lase ye, and what does it matter who's first or who's last?' he answered surlily. But you're the biggest omadhoun I ever

pointed out the grave, and forthwith the stranger kneeled beside it, according to Irish custom, and began to tell his eads and say his prayers—an observanc which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour. When the prayers were ended the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farmhouse where the stranger had his supper with the family, and in the morning, after eating his breakfast, he took his leave and set out on his homeward journey. Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant ranks make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of the way. Macarthy, in compilance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mileaway from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest and bade him farewell. But his his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kineman to some drink, which he insisted on doing will you, and leave the key at my resiin the village public house, the door of which stood open close by them.

him. They sat down at a table, and the i merit being rescued from oblivion.

Where berries are red,
And madroons are rankest,
The hunter is dead!

About six years ago a remarkable cas was tried at the criminal side, in the county of Cork. The writer wishes to oledge himself at the outset to the literal uthenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the eminent Queen's counsel, George Bennet, at the time a junior in the Muneter Court, and imself an eye witness and attentive listener at the trial. On a fine summer was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of where the porter had fallen was also ex-

paghmore, in the county of Limerick

tion of which and the stile by which i was entered were familiar to him. He was to have allowed Macarthy to cross

and the stranger walked up the ancien and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned. There, under the shadow of an old twisted thorn

tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the

'You go first,' replied the stranger, 'Go first yourself,' said the farmer, Arra, man; go on, can't ye, and don't

The man laughed and looked angry.

et eyes on.' And, speaking to this effect, he cross

ed the stile, followed by Macarthy, who

while it lasted.' nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is in any se, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by visitor would not part without testifying | was also, if I remember rightly, convict-

stranger, having ascertained what his porter, making some excuse for not partaking himself. When Macarthy raised the pewter pot to his lips, a sudden pain ticularly, in the back of his neck, compelled him to put it down untasted. The stranger urged him to drink; and without explaining the cause of his hesitation he a second time raised the vessel to hi mouth. Precisely the same thing occurr ed again. Once more the stranger exostulated, and pressed him more veh nently to drink; and again he tried i but with exactly the same result. 'What alls ye?' and why don't yo

the stranger demanded. "I don't like it?" answered Macarthy the bluff. The officers stood around in a getting up, 'and I don't like you, nor semi-circle, while the major went up and your ways, and, and in God's name, I'll have nothing more, good or bad, to say the howitzer. When the fuse was ready

drink your liquor? Don't you like it?

"To the devil I pitch you and it,' said the stranger, breaking into undisguised fury, and at the same time through the open door he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road. Without another word, in this temper, the unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown cut, he saw a white sediment a the bottom of it. He and the publicar put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit. It so happened, however, that the physigian was in attendance at the dispensary only a few yards away, and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to e arsenic. The mud upon the road

mined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it. Upon these facts and the short infornation sworn by Macarthy, a neighboring magistrate at once issued his warrent, with which the police pursued the niscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his journey, quite at his ase. He was arrested, and 'duly committed to prison. The animus and purose of the helnous, enterprise aferwards came; to light. The pretended ousin, whose real name was Mara, had een bribed to put Macarthy to death, by person interested in the termination of lease in which Macarthy was the last ife. The attempt to poison was only resource in reserve. The primary plan; and that relied upon with good reason vas of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned. Macarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mara to the lonely graveyard, the posi-

the stile first, and following him closely as he descended at the other side. he -- to have dealt him, with his heavy looded tick, such a blow upon ground, and, as he lay stunned in the graveyard, he would have easily dispatched him. The sounds of violence in that sequestered place no ear could have heard, and no human aid would

The women, who, in a large barn-like oom were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, had caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might not very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of Macarthy, if he had been murdered was concealed. It might have lain un der the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brough people into its solitary enclosure. At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously deternined Macarthy, without any motive of which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. Macarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a reasonable chanc

of the intending assassin's success. When the trial was over, Mr. Bennett my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speak ing to the prosecutor, and ask him som questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence depose ." What passed was to the following

effect: 'You state that you were prevented from drinking the porter by a pain in him this will show. the back of your neck. Did that pain affect all the back of your neck; and if not, to what part of your neck was it

'It was in one spot only, close unde the skull, under the hear The worse I ever felt. 'Had you ever had the same pain be-

Never any pain like it before of since. 'Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like?' 'It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet.

Did the pain last long ?'

It came whenever I raised the porter owards my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again; and I Some person will account, upon natu ral, though complicated theories, for the mental and physical impression, which, they may suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor, Macarthy, from a deeplaid scheme of murder. Others will see

mysterious premonition that I have ever met with.
The bired assassin was convicted, and although his intention had been defeated, the crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him

ed and punished. I relate this story with a very exact recollection of the terms in which it was told to me, and with a conscious anxiety to reproduce the narrative accurately. It | again.' Macarthy accordingly went in with is extraordinary enough, I think, to

Rates for Advertising

VOL. 58.--NO. 39.

MULE ARTILLERY.

ime ago, the major conceived the idea

that artillery might be used effectively

in fighting with the Indians by dispens-

ng with gun-carriages and fastening the

cannon upon backs of mules. So he ex-

plained his views to the commandant

and it was determined to try the experi-

strapped upon an abundance mule, with

the muzzle pointed toward the tail,-

When they had secured the gun, and

loaded it with ball-cartridge, they led

that calm and steadfast mule out on the

bluff and set up a target in the middle of

the river to practice at. The rear of the

mule was turned toward the target, and

ne was backed gently up to the edge of

nserted a time-fuse in the touch-hole of

the major lit it and retired. In a minute

or two the hitherto upruffled mule heard

the fizzing back there on his neck, and it

made him uneasy. He reached his head

around to ascertain what was going on,

and, as he did so, his body turned and

the howitzer began to sweep around the

horizon. The mule at last became excit-

ed, and his curiosity grew more and more

intense, and in a second or two he was

standing with his four legs in a bunch,

making six revolutions a minute, an

the howitzer, understand, threatening

audden death to ever man within half

mile. The commandant was observed

to climb suddenly up a tree. The lieu-

tenants were seen sliding over the bluff

into the river, as if they didn't care at all

about the high price of uniforms; the ad-

utant made good time toward the fort

the sergeant began to throw up breast

works with his bayonet, and the major

rolled over the ground and groaned. In

wo or three minutes there was a puff of

smoke, a duli thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? 'A' solitary jackass

might have been seen turning successive

est at anchor, finally, with his howitzer

at the bottom of the river, while the ball

went off toward the fort, hit the chimney

n the major's quarters, rattled the adobe

bricks down into the parlor, and fright-

They do not allude to it now, and no re-

port of the results of the experiment was

ever sent to the War Department.-[John

HENRY CLAY AND THE GOAT .- For-

nerly a very large, well-known, and

omewhat noted billy goat roamed at

arge in the streets of Washington, and

the newspaper boys, boot blacks and

street imps generally made common

ause against him. Henry Clay never

liked to see dumb animals abused or

worried, and on one occasion while pas-

sing down the avenue, a large crowd of

these mischievous urchins were at their

usual sport. Mr. Clay, with his walking

tick, drove them away, giving the As

sound lecture in the mean in every

Chaption, Billy, seeing no one but Mr.

him. Clay dropped his cane and caught

his goatship by the horns. The goat

would rear up, being nearly as high as

the tall Kentuckian himself, and the lat-

be could conceive of no way by which he

could free himself from the two-horned

out to the boys to know what to do. One

back: 'Let go and run, you d-d fool!'-

Clay always maintained that though he

ıld buli him dowr

ened the major's wife into convulsious.-

omersaults over the bluff, only to

rted at a liberal reduction on the above radvertisements should be accompanied by LASH. When sent without any length of poblided for publication, they will be consulted for publication, they will be consulted out and charged accordingly.

 $^{(i)}$ $^{(i)}$ $^{(i)}$ Job printing. CARDS, HANDRILLS, CIRCULARS, and every of description of Jos and Card Printing.

THE LADIES OF BASDAD.

The wives of the higher classes Bagdad are usually selected from t most beautiful girls that can be obtai ed from Georgia and Circassia; and, their natural charms, in like manne with their captured sisters all over th East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hand and feet dyed with henna, and the hair and eyebrows stained with th rang, or prepared indigo-leaf. Chair of gold, and colors of pearls, with var ous ornaments of precious stones, decor ate the upper parts of their persons while solid bracelets of gold, in shape resembling serpents, clasp their wrist and ankles. Silver and golden tissue nuslins not only form their turbans but frequently their under garments. In summer the ample pelisse is mad of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogethe very becoming; by its easy folds and glittering transparency showing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler female: generally move abroad with their faces invelled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down their shoulders. while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Beorgians. But to the ladies of the nigher circles in some gay saloon in Bugdad. When all are assembled the evening meal, or dinner, is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare for the entrance of the show, which consists of music and dancing, continuing in noisy exhibition through the whole of the night. At twelve o'clock supper is produced, when pi laus, kabobs, preserves, fruits, dried sweet-meats, and sherlets of every fabric and flavor engage the fair convives for some time. Between this second anquet and the preceding the perfumed narquilly is never absent from the rosy lips, except when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laugher, at the freaks of the dancers, or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers: and, during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire to temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carnet that is her seat; and thus she remains, sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the

Who is HE?-A jolly young fellow named Corcoran, when he arrived in this country, some years since, pronounced a Yave shortened that olineral's have -durcoran went up to the office for his first oapers.' The deputy was a serious old chap, who, without ever looking up, occeded to the formal interrogatories.

nummud were spread in her own

'John Corcoran.' 'Your age?'

sort of sport soon became tiresome, and 'What nativity?' 'Well, that's what bothers me-I'il tell you, and maybe you can make it out. My father was Irish, my mother Engdilemma, so in his desperation he sang lich, and I was born on a Dutch brig,

waters. Now how is it? The old clerk looked up aghast, shoved signed the treaty of peace at Ghent, yet his spectacles on his brow, and slowly

that ragged boy knew more than he did. VALUE OF A GOOD REPUTATION .young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill with the money, and asked him to pay it. When he returned

home at night she said: 'Did you pay that bill?' 'Yes.' he answered.

In a few days that bill was sent in a 'I thought,' she said to her son, that you paid this bill ?! 'I really don't remember, mother: you

know! I have so many things on my mind. 'But you said you did.'

'Well,' he answered, 'if I said I did, I He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opionion was held of

'I am quite sure,' she said, 'that my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it, but he told me that day that he and, and he says if he said then that he but if he ever said he did, he did.

A TRAVELER in Utah gives a clear lescription of some peculiar features of the scenery in that section of countrypeculiarities of which it is difficult to give an Eastern reader any idea. For example, what are called the buttes are impressive and picturesque. By the word butte (pronounced so as to rhyme with mute) the traveler to the far West learns to understand a mass of red sandstones rising abruptly in the midst ould not drink or hold the vessel up of a level plain to a height, sometimes, of 2000 feet, often as broad at the top as at the base, and level above, it may be, as a floor; or carved, as it rises, into most fantastic shapes, that project from its edges and overshadow the desert below. This sandstone, moreover, is not firm in contour, but seems loose and friable, and is worn and rounded, and gullied by wind and rain, so that its hapes stand half disclosed in a veil of shifting sand, which is sent whirling before its sharp, uncovered features in every gust of the summer wind.

> BAY, Mister, how do you sell sugar to 'Only twenty cents a pound, sir.'

'Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar, and kiss my wife for sweetening, Good day.' Good day, sir. When you get tired of that kind of awestening, please call round

He called next day.

'What is your name?' he demanded.

of the smallest in the crowd shouted under the French flag, in the Flemish

> 'Young man that is too much for me.' WHIPPING DOES NO GOOD .- Nervous children suffer untold agonics from fear, when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonesome room to such children. A little delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father used to come in and whip him. He mistook his perti-

nacity for obstinacy, and he thought it is duty to conquer the child's will .-One night he said: 'Why do you always scream so, when you know you will be punished?' 'Oh, father, father!' said the little fellow, 'I don't mind you whipping me, if you only stay with me.'

The father's eyes were opened from

that moment. He saw that a human

peing cannot be governed by dead

rules, like a plant or an animal. WASHINGTON PASTRY -- A sojourner n Washington sends the following: I am particularly fond of lemon pie and ce cream for dessert. At --- hotel I went on peaceably for a couple of weeks. lid not like to make objections. Finaly I called a waiter and said :

'John, I have nothing to say about the ce cream, but what kind of a pie is What kind of a pie did you order,

sah ?' 'I ordered lemon pie, but this appears o be dried apple. 'Dat's a lemon pie, sah. You know

day has a way of mixin dried apples in the lemon ples here, sah, to dat extent it requires a man of ability to 'stinguish 'em apart, sab. De lemons is scase, you know, and dey has to 'conomize 'em so as to make one lemon do for sixteen 'MOLLY shut the door, its getting aw-

Lafayette husband as he hung his coat on a hitching post, and prepared to retire on the curbstone, under the impression that he had arrived at home. Eight out of every ten tobacco chewers in the region where the plant is raised use the natural leaf twisted up into

ful cold in here!' was the remark of w

Georgia, and when one of the pupils nisbeuaves, the manumitted teacher keeps him in at noon and eats his din-

hanks and free of honey, liquorice juice,

or other modern adulterations.

Up jumps our devil in a rage to set two lines to fill this page.