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# Poetry.

### Dead.

. The sensons weave their ancient dance, The resiless ocean ebbs and flows, The world rolls on through day and dark, Regardless of our joys or woes

Still up the breezy western slopes The reaper girls, like apples brown, Bend singing to their gleeful toil, And sweep the golden harvest down:

Still, where the slanting sunlight gilds The boles of cedar and of pine, Chants the lone black-bird from the brake

With melancholy voice divine Still all about the mosey tracks Hums at his darg the woodward bee; Still faithfully the corn-crake's note Comes to me from the upland lea:

Still round her lattice, perched aloof, In sunny shade of thatched eaves, The jusmine clings, with yearning pale.

And withers in its shroud of leaves:

Still round the old familiar porch Her cherished roses blush and peer. And fill the sunny air with balm, And strew their petals year by year.

Nor here within, one touch of change! The foot-tool-the embroidered chair-The books-the arras on the wall-The harp-the music-all are there No touch of change! I close my eyes-

I hear the rustling of her dress; I hear the footstep on the floor. I feel her breath upon my brow:

I feel her kiss upon my check:Down, phantoms of the buried past! Down, or my heavy heart must break. [Poems by a Painter.

#### The Southern Cross.

Deem not the ravished glory thine; Nor think the flig shall scatheless wave Whereon thou bidd'st its presoge shine,-Land of the traitor and the slave!

God never set that holy sign In deathless light among His stars To make its blazonry divine A seutcheon for thine impious wars And surely as the Wrong must fail Before the everlusting Right, So surely thy device shall pale And shrive! in the Northern Light!

Look where its coming splendors stream: The red and white athwart the blue— While far above, the unconquered glean Of Freedom's stars is blazing through

Hark to the rustle and the sweep, Like sound of mighty wings unfurled, And bearing down the sapphire steep Heaven's hosts to help the imperilled world! Light in the North! Each bristling lance

Of steely theen a promise bears; And all the midnight where they glance A rosy flush of morning wears! You symbol of the Southern sky Shall surely mean but grief and loss; Then tremble, as ye raise on high,

In sacrilege, the Southern Cross! O, brothers! we entreat in pain, Take ye the unblessed emblem down!

Take ye the unbiessed children of its stain,
And join it with the Northern Crown.
[Adantic Monthly

# Selections.

# Kitty Dean's Offer.

"Aunt Lizzie, Aunt Lizzie, he says that I may go!" These words burst in at the looks so very child-like now, and yet-" front door of my quiet house one morning. accommpanied by a trim little figure, a pretty face, with laughing blue eyes and is eighteen, and fully conscious of her weight er of brown curls escaped from the comb, a ray." dress of pink and white lawn, &c.

auntie; but it's so nice you know, and I was the stateliness being assumed to make strong. So don't ery." so afraid he would never let me; and just amends for her dance with the baby, which think, next week!" And this exceedingly she knew he must have witnessed. and intelligible and satisfactory speech closed with a vigorous hug, which was really all I understood of the matter.

"Now stop, Kitty Dean," I said. "Look me in the face one whole minute without speaking, and then tell me soberly and slowly all about it."

In an instant the blue eyes were looking into mine as gravely as if they had never laughed; but before the minute was up Kit-

"Why, this is it, aunt Lizzie-I have been begging father for a week to let me go to East Hampton with Mrs. Wood, and now he says I may. And we are going to spend a month, and I shall bathe in the surf every single day, and spend every evening on the beach in the moonlight."

"But East Hampton is not a remarkable place is it, Kitty? Mrs. Wood told me it write about the offer," thinking thus to dewas very stupid, but a good place to fatten babies.

"Now stop, please, Aunt Lizzie. I never went to the seaside in my life, and I want said again and again to myself, "Is he hapto go, and it won't be stupid-so!" And py? Will he ever forget?" the spoiled child looked poutingly into my face. Then, brightening again, she said, of mine. His mother and I were dear "Aunt, I'll teil you a secret. I have set my friends, and I interested myself in her boy, laugh if I tell you about it?"

had interrupted.

am going to have an offer!" What are you talking about, child?" I said, impatiently.

And I think I shall have one." Kitty gave since his disappointment. a sly glance at the mirror, then withdrawing her eyes quickly, said:

give you an account of the whole affair when I come home."

flirting, vanity and levity.

and whispered a few more words of sage ad- in low, reverent tones: vice to be thought of in the cars. She needhad so obstinately taken into her silly little be new." head the idea of that offer, that she would ment at my horror of the idea made her lwell upon it all the more.

you will be disappointed, Miss Kitty," she to a wealthy foreigner. said, as she saw the happy face of my blissplace."

emarkable, Mrs. Wood."

And Kitty tried to look as if she had been ners, and considered it somewhat of a bore to go through the annual performance .-Then, having concealed her rapturous feelto them again by snatching Mrs. Wood's sex, because one had proved faithless. youngest from the arms of its nurse, and the baby aloft, and laughing her low, musical laugh at the co:nical expression of bewilderment and delight on its tiny features, niece, and among the faces turned toward her, saying: her, was one I recognized at once as that of by us, scarcely deigning a glance at the fully." grave, quiet man; and he said, looking af-

ter ber: she, Mrs. II -?"

down on Long Island."

long since I indulged in a vacation, and the said laughingly: seaside, that I feel almost like joining your pretty niece in that very original dance of ners. I do so long for the sea."

same boyish smile peculiar to it years before. I was fairly frightened. when he was not the pale sad man of to-

"Let me introduce you to Kitty," I said.

"Oh, you must treat her as a young lady,

Kitiy drew herself up, and honored Mr. "I did'nt mean to shock you, really, Murray with an exceedingly stately how,

"Mr. Murray is going to East Hampton, can tell you whether it is 'all your fancy sick." painted' it."

"Oh, have you been there, sir? and will you tell me all about the surf, and the beach and the moonlight? for Mrs. Wood does not I wish I were sick; I wish I were dead!"-

ing-cough." experience are at your service; and if you lullaby music, just as I had comforted her will let me have a seat by your side in the when her mother died twelve years before, cars, I will paint East Hunpton in glowing and she a little sobbing child, lay in my

colors for your benefit." The bell rang, and all hurried to their seats in the cars. Kitty finding time, however, to whisper as she kissed me,-"I will

stroy my peace of mind for the hour. But I was thinking too busily of her seat mate; and as I walked slowly homeward, I

John Murray had always been a favorite

heart upon one thing. Now, won't you at first for her sake, then for his own. From his earliest boyhood he was true and honor-"Perhaps not," I said, musingly, my able. That was what first impressed memind reverting to the sewing Kitty's advent the high sense of honor which seemed natural to him, and which so few have. He "Well, I must tell you at all events. I was very frank and unreserved-boyish in this, even after he was a man in years. He used to talk to me so freely of all his

plans, his ambitions, his joys and sorrowsauntie. Helen Parker had one at the sea- through which I could look right down into "I am going to have an offer! I am, looking into my face with clear gray eyes, side last summer; and she says almost all his true heart. And it was the loss of this offer. Well, though I knew it was silly, I and you must not cry another tear, or we the girls there had them-sil the pretty ones. boyish frankness which grieved me so now could not help hoping that I might have one shall have you really sick,"

man," as the world has it. But more than the beach in the moonlight, and some one I found my brother-in-law, anxiously wait-

alone can love, a young Southern beauty, a 11 thought the prettiest speech in reply, tell-I seriously ill, only suffering from the effects be opened the day, I whispered hastile, un unless the cuetomary fees were paid. "Sure from transcept, nave and aisles.

think it my duty to spare Kitty, viz: a long and vain, but he loved her with a blind, un- never love him; would always think of him tomed. lecture, disquisition or homily on the sins of reasoning love. I shall never forget the day as a friend, and closing by asking if I had

Ah, how happy he was, poor boy! He talk of little else. And the child's amuse- went away with his lady-love, and some other friends, to travel through the summer.

transforming herself into a baby-jumper for and John Murray was thirty years old .- load of us from J.'s, Parson's, and the other its amusement and edification. As she Not a very advanced age, yet every one houses. When we reached the beach, we lanced lightly along the platform tossing looked upon him as an old bachelor, and separated, and went off in different parties. few dreamed that he would ever marry.

thought my Kitty very pleasant to look agreeing upon one point, viz: that East upon; and as I was thinking so, the cars Hampton was not stupid. I missed the litcame crushing by, and from their windows the damsel sadly, and was very glad when, I saw many a pleased look cast at my little one afternoon a note was brought me from

"Dear Auntie, I'm at home: came this a dear friend. He saw me, and leaving his noon. Father is going out this evening, seat was soon grasping my hand, and speak- and I shall be alone. Please come over ing warm words of greeting. Kitty danced right after tea, for I want to see you dread-

led to Kitty's abode. I looked up towards with those who think a man who once loved "My niece, Katy Dean," I said, with a the house, thinking she would come to meet earnestly, should never love again. He had little pardonable pride, adding, "The child me, but I saw nothing of her. Going into given all his love to a mere dream-a boy's is very happy to-day, for she is going for the the house and not seeing her down stairs, I vision-and it had all come back to his heart; first time in her life, to the seaside. Mrs. went up to her room. I opened the duor now he should spend it upon a truer, worthtake her under her wing to East Hampton, looking out of the window. She did not loved me. Oh, Aunt Lizzie, such words as "To East Hampton! Why I, too, am on turned from me, did not see me till I came short weeks we had been together, this love

"Well, Kitty, where's the offer?"

bosom, and she was crying bitterly; subbing wicked. Then he stopped a minute, and, And his face lighted up with almost the till her little form shook convulsively, and bending forward to look into my face, he

"Kitty, pet, what is it?" I asked anxious-"Do look up at me and speak."

"Stay one moment, Mrs. II ... Is she a my face. Instead of the bright, plump, that I had never gone to East Hampton. I some papers in my possession, and thus to scene, as not only to plunge a real dagger child, or a young lady? Excuse me, but she rosy face she had worn a month before, she was trembling and frightened; the story of contrive a meeting between him and Kitty. home to the hilt in his breast; but fuithfully was pale, heavy-eyed and thin. Sitting that other love had made me cry with pity; So I wrote for him. I did not tell Kitty to support his character to the last by dying, believed the asseverations of neither party down, I drew her into my lap and said, and now, how could I be the one to make what I had done. Indeed, I scarcely saw in a studdied attitude, according to the most John, or she will never smile on you. She while the tears trembled in my own eyes:

cheeks flushed with excitement, and a show- of years; Kitty, this is my friend, Mr. Mur- did you not let me know? I would have draw away my hands. But he held them ed through her paleness every time she met the Atlantic, and may not be strictly true. shortest mode of effecting his escape from gone and nursed you, if you had only sent tightly, and said again: for me. But never mind now, darling, I have you safe, and you will soon be well and

"Kitty smiled faintly, and said: 'Do I look very thin, auntie? Father thinks so, too, and has gone to see Mrs. I meant to encourage his intentions, and - shown. I spoke of Kitty carclessly, that he Kitty, and as he has been there before, he Wood about me; but, indeed, I've not been

matter? Not been sick!"

"No, auntie, I have not been sick an hour seem to remember anything about them, ex- And with another passionate burst of tears, cept that the bathing cured Johnny's whoop- Kitty laid her head down on my shoulder. I soothed and quieted her, stroking her hair, "Yes, Miss Dean, all my knowledge and kissing her forehead, and singing scraps of

arms as now. Presently she grew calmer; the sobs ceased, and at last she lifted the little wet face from my shoulder, and said:

"I'm sorry to frighten you so auntie, bu I have kept it so long, and I knew you would let me cry. I am very miserable, Aunt Lizzie."

This she said so mournfully, and with around me, and draw me close to his breast, such a piteous look on her pale face, that I held me there one little minute, whispered broke through my resolution not to question "Good-bye, my child!" then put me away her as to her trouble, and said, quickly:

"What is it, Kitty? what has happened?" Drawing a long quivering sigh, she said: the time I felt miles away from him. We Stay!" "I think I had better tell you all about had parted, and I shall never be near him know it all." So she laid her head down again, hiding for me."

her eyes on my shoulder, and began: "You know, Aunt Lizzie, the silly speeche

to tell the girls about when I came back. I So I undressed the poor little thing and tears are shed from compassion for me, I do For John Murray was a "disappointed thought it would be nice to be knelt to on, put her to bed, then left her. Down stairs not require them. I need no one's pity!"

he came to me with his face glowing radi- ever led him to think I would give him a last I began to think of-of Mr. Murray."

"John Murray, child! Why-" "Auntie, auntie, please wait; I can't bear | while John would suffer on. him think I liked him better than I did .- scarcely ever speaking except in reply to unconscious manner. How my heart bled for my boy, then! but |So I never declined any of his attentions; and some question of mine. And there grew ful niece, "for East Hampton is a quiet I could hear nothing of him. It was four I used to talk, and sing, and walk with him, such an expression of patient sorrow on the made him bitter and cynical, as such trou- dies, that I really forgot all about the offer and now she was really pining away from to the seaside every one of her eighteen sum- bles often do, he had lost that honest frank- -indeed . did, and did not try to lead him pity for John Murray. ness which was once his peculiar charm .- on to make it. But at last it came! Oh, He became quiet and reserved, though more Aunt Lizzie. I had never dreamed it would one day, as she sat in her usual place at kindly than ever before, even to women- | be like that. He was sent for to New York. ings as long as was possible, she gave vent unlike those men who condemn the whole and the evening before he went, he made up ly. Try to be brighter and happier." a party to drive down to the beach, and see It was now five years since this happened the moon rise. There was quite a wagon happy again," she said mournfully. Some set on the benches under "the bower." Well, the days of Kitty's absence went some outside on the sand, while others by, and the time of her return drew near. I walked up the beach. Mr. Murray and I ner graceful head thrown back, and soft bal two or three letters from her; but they wandered away from the rest, and soon prown hair blown back from her bright face, were short, and rather unsati factory, all found ourselves quite out of sight of all the others. Then he spread his shawl on the sand, and we sat down to watch the moon. I knew what he was going to say, I felt it was coming; and I was a little frightened, but still somewhat vain and glad. Foolish, foolish child that I was! It seems so long ago, as if I had grown old since then. He began in such a low, solemn voice, and told me about the one he loved years ago; how she trifled with and deceived him; how, Of course I went, for I wanted to see Kit- through all the long years since then, he had ty "dreadfully" too. As I walked up the never breathed her name, or spoken of her "What a pretty little creature! Who is pleasant path, lined with rose bushes, which till to me. Then he said he did not believe

took both my hands in his, and said:

"Will you be my wife?"

"Will you be my wife?"

mercy say it quickly, if at all."

Then I said, as firmly as I could:

"O, Mr. Murray, I am so sorry!"

And then she fell to crying again.

"He uncovered his face, put his arms

low, sad voice:

be your wife."

hands and said:

"Not then?" quietly. She started up.

Wood (you remember Mrs. Wood,) is to softly, and came upon Kitty sitting idly ier object. And then he told me how he heaving, her eyes like those of a frightened hear the door open, and, as her face was he spoke then! He told me how, in the must be alone with this new-found truth, my way to that quiet little village. It is so close to her, and drawing back her head, had come up in his heart, growing every thinking how I should help my troublesome day and hour, as he saw my simple, guileless nature opening before him. "Simple, In a minute her face was hidden in my guileless!" when I had been so artful and come out right.

never come together without me.

"There was my offer. O, how I wished Then she lifted her head and lookel into in that minute that I had never met him - under pretence of wishing him to examine him think all women heartless? I did not her at all for several days. Now that I approved stage rules. We confess, however, "Why, Kitty, you have been ill! Why say a word. I could not. I only tried to knew her secret, she avoided me, and blush that the story comes from the other side of

my eye. When John Murray came he seemed just "Then I tried to remember what I had what he had seemed for years-quiet, grave, meant to say, and I stammered out some- reserved; but no more so than when I saw thing about feeling sorry I could not love him last. He attended to my business with him, and hoping he had never thought that the same thoughtful care he had always O, I don't know what I said; it was all his might not think by my avoiding the subject ed in a thrilling whisper-"Mr. Young comtrifling nonsense. Shall I ever forget his that I knew his secret; asked him how he "Not been sick! Why, what then is the grieved look when I had done? He looked enjoyed East Hampton, and said my niece into my eyes a minute, and then said, in a had not been very well since her return. To which he replied, absently, that he saw Miss "Kitty Dean, if you do not love me, if Dean frequently in East Hampton, and that you will not be my wife, say so at once. I she seemed in good health while there .am no boy to have my love trifled with. In His manner, while saying this, was not at all lover-like; but then I did not expect it to

"I do not love you, Mr. Murray; I cannot stammer when in love. "He turned away, then, bowed his face in his hands, and sat so a long time, still and silent. I thought my heart would break to see that strong, noble man whom I am not worthy to think of, so bowed down with what I had made him suffer. I crept

> "Aunt Lizzie!" I turned, and seeing her crimsoned face, her half-frightened, half-reproachful look, I knew she had seen John Murray coming in. She started towards the door, but I laid my band on her arm.

and rose up. That was our parting. We walked together to join the party, but all dedly. "You shall not trifle with him again.

She stood, timid, irresolute, and he enit, auntie, though I could not tell any one again. He put me out of his heart, just as tered the room, As his eyes fell upon her else in the world; and now please don't say he put me out of his arms. This is the be started, and a faint color tinged his cheek, anything till I have quite finished the story, story. Now you may talk, Aunt Lizzie- but he bowed courteously, and held out his or I shall break down, and I want you to now you may say all the harsh bitter things hand to her (that was for my benefit who you can think of-nothing can be too bad was supposed to be ignorant of the affair.) Kitty took his offered hand without looking at him. But now the blushes had left her "I can not scold you to-night, Kitty." I face, and it was very white. As John

Then I went home, thinking very hard. Notwithstanding Kitty's grief, my heart then glanced at Kitty, whose face was still vicar. He was the most amiable of men. The morning of Kitty's departure for antly, and his eyes full of tears, and told me different reply. And I thought of this so turned away from her now to John Murray covered with the little hands which had Rather than have witnessed those gushing East Hampton at length arrived, and I went that the lady he loved had promised to be much, that when I reached East Hampton, -my poor John. Was there no one in the grown so thin since he held them in his tears for the space of one minute, he would to the depot with her, to see her fairly off, his; and how his voice trembled, as he said I looked eagerly around the table when we world for the foolish girl to play her school- own on East Hampton beach. His express- have gladly submitted to be builed alive came down to breakfast at Mr. J.'s to see girl's pranks with but my boy? I was im- sion softened, and I rushed from the room, along with the baby. A portly coachman "Do thank God for me, Mrs. II ...; I am what young gentlemen there were. But patient, and could hardly forgive my niece leaving she two shut up together. So sure was therefore summoned to accompany that ed all the advice I could give her, for she not good enough to thank Him, but I will there was not one-not a single one. So at in my heart. To be sure she was wretched was I now of a happy termination to my Irishwoman to the vicarage and ascertain about it now: but it was mere childish manocuvreing that I went coolly off to mar- the rights of the story. Mounted on a pony wretchedness, which would soon werraway, ket, and stayed away an hour. When I of corresponding bulk, John started, with it now. I did not think of Mr. Murray till But days passed by, and Kitty only look- hung in the hall, and from my sewing-room In a quarter of an hour he returned, flushed A few weeks passed, and I heard a vague he began to be with me a good deal, to walk ed sadder and paler. She seemed to take I heard low murmurs issue, which con- and discomfited. The weeping mother had Mrs. Wood, with her children, was keep- rumor that the engagement was broken .-- with me, and sit under the trees with me no interest in any one or anything. But vinced me that the lovers were yet there .-- suddenly dashed through a gap in the hedge, ng watch over the luggage, and wondering Then it became certainty; but John did not after dinner. And he was so pleasant and every day she would steal quietly into my So, before opening the door, I thoughtfully and vanished across the country. Both if the cars would never arrive, when Kitty come home. In two months I read in a agreeable, and there wasn't any one else, room as I sat at work, sit down on a cricket made a great deal of unnecessary noise with conchman and pony were too fat to follow, and I made our appearance. "I'm afraid newspaper the notice of the lady's marriage and I liked him; so it was very easy to make at my feet, and lay her head in my lap, the handle, all the time singing in the most and the unburied baby was a myth.

But when I did open it? There was John -the grave, sad old bachelor-sitting on months before he came, and he was then so till at last we were together nearly all the little face, which had always been so bright, the sofa with his arm encircling the waist "Disappointed! Oh, don't expect anything changed he was no longer a boy. He looked time. It was so pleasant to have him like that I grew sadly troubled. I had not of my niece, Kitty Dean, who, as I entered, years older; and while his trouble had not me so much, prefer me to all the other la- thought the chied had such a tender heart, looked up with a beaming, blushing face, the platform of the station from whence he and glancing at the audacious arm, said, started an affecting scene. A lady in deep

> "You must not be so sad, Kitty," I said, "He won't take it away." my feet, "it makes your father feel so badof them, and fell crying and laughing. "Happier! Aunt Lizzie, I can never b

"You must try to be, dear. It is useless to mourn so for the past. You cannot recall it. You cannot remedy the sorrow you

Mr .- well-John!" murmured Kitty.

"If I could only die for him!" she cried A new light dawned upon me. Perhaps never to tease her; and as he had no bible the sole occupant. Off went the train. The the girl leved John Murray. If so I 'elt to kiss, to prove the sincerity of his vow, he lady waved out of the window a handkersure she did not yet know it. But I thought had to substitute for the volume what hap chief moistened by her tears, and, burying it best that she should make the discovery, pened to be nearest. So he did! otherwise she might possibly reject John

again, if he ever wooed a second time. "Kitty," said I, "what was the true reason for your refusing Mr. Murray's offer?" "Reason! Why, I was not in love with

have caused by sorrowing so yourself."

passionately.

"Never, Aunt Lizzie!" "Yet you would die for him?" I said,

"What do you mean, aunt?" "That you care for him, Kitty, more than

ou have owned to yourself yet." A sudden blush crimsoned her pale face, she stood before me an instant, her bosom child; then she darted from the house. She for truth I knew it was now. I sat alone, pets out of their trouble. Now that they really loved each other, I felt sure it would

But I must have a hand in it: they would

Now John had for some years been my

be. John Murray was no boy, to blush and

The day after his arrival John went out to walk. I was sitting in my little sewingroum at my work, when Kitty came in .-She was pale and quiet, as usual, and after kissing me, "Good morning." she sat down silently at the open window. Suddenly I was startled by her exclaiming: to him and knelt before him. I clasped my

"You shall not go, Kitty," I said, deci-

pologetically:

"Ohl don't speak of that folly, please,

The Art of Weeping.

SHEDDING TEARS AT WILL-CURIOUS EXAMPLES. An English weekly paper has these pleas-

ant paragraphs: Tears of childhood and early youth are the tears of grown people are more or less gantly is either unhealthily susceptible or eyes by the pressure of some terrible calamity. We mean tears shed for the sake of appearances or with a view to deceive. We mean tears invoked by histrionic influences in private or public life. We mean the lachrymose sensibility to a doleful impression so often proved to be compatible with a cold

and cruel heart. Actors-we do not mean actors in social circles and on public platforms, of which there are so many, but bono fide actors on the stage-are of course right to cultivate selves and the spectators to realize the pas On the other hand, one of our foremost English actors-Young, the tragedian-merited severe censure when he sobbed aloud at the pathetic voice and gestures of Mrs. Siddons, and was only called to a sense of his responsstern admonition of the great actress-utter-

mand vourself." A WEEPING WOMAN.

Women have often an extra rdinary talent for shedding tears. It is well that this should be so. Tears are not without their influence on the baser sex. Even bruitish husbands-a class entering largely into the composition of society, whether high or low -are not insensible to tears, especially when sober. But women must be careful not to weep overnuch. The demonstration should be reserved for special occasions .haustible powers in this line. When retiated, and each one murmured, "Hold, enough!" As a rule, we suppose that tears secreted affect beholders as little as they

cost the lady shedding them. A CASE OF DECEPTION.

We only once witnessed an exhibition of this kind. An Irishwoman, in tattered gardens nudged each other in the ribs, and enments, with an imperfectly washed physiognomy, abruptly waylaid us at the back to him, or he to Hecuba?" But in Hecuba's and the church washed physiognomy, abruptly waylaid us at the back to him, or he to Hecuba?" But in Hecuba's and the church washed the back to him, or he to Hecuba's washed the state of the state washed the state of t door of our modest suburban residence.— case there was a tragic substratum; there was really something to cry about. All Never was passionate grief so vividly por-that was needed was the imaginative power trayed on the face of a human being as on to realize the pathos of the story. In the "I am sorry my presence distresses you, that of this excited daughter of Erin. The Miss Dean. Let me assure you, if those tears poured down her cheeks. We stop-literally "rox et practera nihill" A statistiped, almost awe-struck, to listen to her tale cal fact was uttered by the merest chance in of woe. It was this. Her baby, an inter-touching accents; the utterer was melted; esting little creature, three weeks old, was his audience was melted; action and reac-"But you must not tell father, and I'll that, he was deceived, bitterly wronged man. beg me to love him, and pity his misery, ling to hear my opinion of his pet. I quieted lying dead in the village, and the vicar dethat, he was deceived, bitterly wronged man, beg me to love him, and pity his misery, ing to hear my opinion of his fears, assuring him that Kitty was not I was in despair; and growing desperate as clined to consign it to consecrated ground propriety by an outburst of frantic hysteria

I will spare the reader what I did not belle and heiress. Others thought her weak ing him that I was very sorry, but I could of the sea air, to which she was not accus- seen by Kitty, "You foolish boy-she loves your honor will give a thrifte to get the blessed baby put decently under ground?" Now, He hesitated, looked incredulously at me, we were personally acquainted with the came home, Kitty's little straw hat still the weeping mother walking by his side .--

> A RAILWAY ADVENTURE. Our young friend Eugenius once met with

a very unpleasant adventure in a railway train. Bound for town to enjoy a week or two of intellectual recreation, he noticed on mourning, apparently young and handsome, bade farewell with ill-concealed emotion, to "I would not, indeed!" cried I, as, like a a swarthy gentleman clad in the height of silly old woman, I put my arm about both fashion, but laboring under the disadvantage of a flattened nose and a slight cast in "Kitty has had offer No. 2, Mrs. II-, to the eye. Who can account for tastee? Pity nake up for that first one which was so un- is akin to love, and probably the lady had like what she expected," said John, laugh- been touched originally by the man's extremely unprepossessing appearance. The railway whistle gives the fatal signal-there is no time to lose-the lady tears herself And "John," delighted with the sound away, and lightly springs into a first-class of his name from those lips, vowed solemnly carriage, of which Eugenius chances to be her face in her hands, wept silently and persistently. What could Eugenius do?-He could only offer the respectful tribute of an occasional sigh or a glance of modest sympathy. At Swindleburg, as every one knows, the train stops ten minutes for refreshments. Eugenius delicately offered the afflicted lady a cup of tea. She declined; allowable—nay, sometimes desirable. But but in a low, musical voice, murmured the words "A glass of stout." Eugenius flew objectionable. An adult who weeps extrava- to procure it for her. As the train approached London, he endeavored to soothe her bent on deceiving the bystanders. We do mind by other unostentatious little civilities. not refer to tears wrung from unwilling In accents of deep compassion he asked her commonplace questions. Would she like the window up? Might he offer her the loan of his railway rug? The rug was accepted with silent gratitude. Presently the

train rolls into the London terminus. Our young friend leaps from the carriage in order to procure a cab for his forlors companion. He has barely recovered his balance when a swarthy gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, with a flattened nose and a slight cast in the eve. seizes him by the throat, and communicates his intenthe faculty of weeping. It helps both thema charge of insulting the unprotected female dreadful row-his hat knocked over his eyes amidst the plaudits of an indignant mobthe interference of a puzzled policeman, who and the final surrender of all the ready money in his pocket to the swarthy man of fushion with the imperfect nose, as the the clutches of a brace of conspirators.

> A WEEPING PRISONER. Emotion may not be feigned, yet its source may be very different from what lookers-on imagine. A juil caplain strove, sibilities, as the villain of the piece, by the day after day, to awaken a culprit condemned to the gallows to some sense of his miserable condition. All seems in vain .-One night, however, on taking leave, the prisoner's manner changed. There was some slight exhibition of feeling; the clergyman's hopes revived. He paused, spoke to the man, and asked him what was on his mind? The man burst into tears, and grasping the other's hand, exclaimed in broken accents, "Sir, I should like to have a good belly-full of victuals afore I die!" A PATRICTIC PREACHER.

> Once upon a time, at a country church, the clergyman, an earnest, excitable preach-The more frugally tears are shed the deeper | er, chanced, in the middle of his sermon, to will be the effect produced. Madame D'Arb. throw a tenderly pathetic accent into a senlay described a young lady gifted with inex- tence that was totally devoid of anything approaching to pathos—a plain, sensible announcement of a solid fact—the distance quested, at a large social gathering, to from Jerusalem to Jerico in English miles, oblige the company by weeping, she would or the number of years occupied, according cheerfully comply. The process was as ful- to the best authorities, in building the Seclows: The young lady's features first he-citable man heard the accents of his own came composed and thoughtful. Presently voice and was much mored. His voice her calm blue eyes filled with tears. Then, trembled more and more, his eyes grew one by one, in endless sequence, the pearly drops rained down her serene countenance until the curiosity, of the spectators was saturable to their eyes; the Squire blew his pearly the nose violently; a heavy dragoon, who chanced to be staying at the Hall, was sensibly affected; several females in the back benches sobbed audibly; an elderly epinster groaned, nineteen charity-school childran thought it prudent, on a sign from the school-mistress, to rub their eyes with the back of their hands, and the church war-