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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

## Noetry.

The Day of God.

Sain.

BY GRO. S. BURLEIGH All blessings walk with onward feet; No day dawns twice, no night comes back; The car of doom, or slow or fleet, Rolls down an unceturned track.

'What we have been we cannot be: Forward, inexorable Fate Points mately to her own decree, Beyond her hour is all too late.

God reaps his judgment field to-day, And sifts the darnel from the wheat; A whirlwind sweeps the chaff away, And fire the refuge of deceit.

Once in a century only blooms The flower of fortune so sublin As now hangs budded o'er the tomb Of the great fathers of old time.

Elernal Justice sits on high And gathers in her awful scales Our shame and glory—Slavery's lie And Freedom's starry countervails

When falls her sword, as fall it mus In red Bellom's fiery van, Let the old anarch bite the dust,

And rise the rescued rights of Man. In vain a nation's bloody sweat, The sob of myriad hearts in vain, If the Scotched snake may live to set

Its venom in our fiesh ogoin. Priests of an altar fired once more

For Freedom in His a wful name, Who trod the wine-press dripping gore, And gave the Law in lurid flat

Oh, not in human wrath, that wreaks Revenge for wrong, and blood for blood; Not in the fiery will that seeks Brute power in buttle's stormy flood,-

Go forth, redeemers of a land, Sad, stern and fearless for the Lord. Solemn and calm, with firm right hand Laid to the sacrificial sword.

The lords of treason and the whip Have called you to the dread appeal, From the load cannon's fevered lip, And the wide fla-h of bristling steel.

If now the ceho of that voice Shake down their prison-house of wrong, They have their own perfidious choice; For God is good, and Truth is strong Their steel draws lightning, and the bolt But fires their own volcanic mine; God in their vineyard of Revolt

Treads out his sacramental wine! Be this our conquest,-as they gues Their all to Treason and the Chain, We snap the letters from the slave,

mind threw upon me. Of course the actual venebourne servants, and no one else was attendance on my lady would have been my likely to be there. But yet, as I drew near, privilege in any case, but there were many there was something in the woman's figure things in which I needed skillful help, many which reminded me of Mrs. Weston. Could little offices she might have done which yet it be she? I had no time to discover, for 2 00 fell to me. For many hours she refused to before I had taken many steps, the person enter the sick room; and when at last a looked towards me, and almost directly afsharp message from me brought her, she ter the two turned down a side path and kept far from the bed, did what was re- were lost to sight. It was a wild, lonely quired awkwardly and hastily, and then spot, far from the house, and near the hurried out of the room. I was surprised | boundary of the park and a deserted old and disappointed, for I had before thought cettage, once a keeper's lodge. It seemed her a useful and clean servant at any rate a strange place to find the timid Mrs. Wes--and her excuse, that an old illness had ton, yet the likeness as the woman moved injured her nerves, seemed to me but a poor | had struck me more strongly than before. I one, and I set down her conduct as being was not curious usually, but now I felt an only the effect of jealousy at my taking the eager desire to know who the strangers chief charge. My lady had shown but little were; and leaving the avenue, I hurried sign of consciousness beyond a deep sigh over the grass, and never stopped till I now and then, or a restless movement in reached the house-door, tired and breathless. her bed when Mr. Harrington arrived .- I knew that when I left home Mrs. Weston Hitherto, I had always fancied him proud had been at work in the maids' room. If and cold, but I changed my mind when he she should not be there now, I would watch drew me aside and heard the story, and the door for her return. I went at once to when I saw the sorrow and pity in his face. the room, and there, at her work, quiet and

He thought as we all did, but still he said busy, sat the lady's maid, just as I had left no chance must be let slip; and so the her. I felt vexed at myself for my hurry country was scoured far and wide, again in and mistake. It was odd, certainly; but my eyes were dim with weeping, and per-Gradually, my lady's bodily strength haps not so good as they were in my younger

came back, though the anguish of her face days, and they had played me false. The grew deeper and more fixed each day; and next morning we left Ravensbourne Hall. on the evening after the old squire's funeral When the last moment came, and I told my she first moved into a chair by the window lady that the earriage was waiting, she and saw Mr. Harrington. His voice shook looked up at me with her sad eyes, and as he took her hand, and spoke a few words whispered hoarsely: Must I go?" My face of affection and sorrow; but she scarcely notold her the mournful truth, and she rose ticed him, and sat long gazing at the discalmly, and let me draw her shawl round tant view, the hills and woods, and the sether, and lead her down stairs, and to the ting sun beyond. At last she turned sudcarriage, where Mr. Harrington stood waitdenly to him as he stood beside her: "Have ing. All the time her trembling fingers they buried him with his grandfather, Fred?" clasped mine; but when the door closed, she asked calmly. . We had told her of the and turned away from the home where she squire's death, but I had not thought that had once been so happy, she let go her she heeded our words. Very tenderly Mr. grasp, and with a groan, pressed her hand Harrington broke to her the truth; but it to her forehead. I knew that she thought was startling to see the change which for a of her first coming to Ravensbourne. I moment came over her face, though it soon thought of it too, and my heart seemed well died away. "It runs fast," she murmured nigh breaking. She never spoke during the to herself, "to the sea. Oh, if I could go drive, and her eyes noted nothing of her too, and be lost in the waters with him."new home as Mr. Harrington and I led her After this she never spoke of her boy or up stairs, and I think she hardly knew that hinted at her loss. She let Mr. Harrington she had reached it. He had stayed with drive her out on fine days, she let me wait her to the last moment, and now he was on her and tend her, she even tried to eat, forced to hurry back to London. When he but her face never lost its wistful suffering was gone my lady turned and clung to me look, or her voice its low despairing tone. as though I were all now left her; and it One evening, when 1 left her, Mr. Harringwas long before I could still her convulsive ton followed me to say that he had written sobs, and yet longer before she closed her to Mr. Jaspar Ravensbourne to come. My eyes and sank into a heavy sleep. heart sank, and, I suppose my face showed CHAPTER V. it, for Mr. Aarrington went on: "We have Our new life at the Grange-so they called no right to keep him away, for he is the our house-was very still and unchanging. next heir." Then he asked if I thought it All the day long my lady lay upon her sofa would be best to tell my lady. I begged by the window, or in sunny weather, sat him to wait Mr. Ravensbourne's answer; under the old cedar tree, while I worked and and about a week later it came. He simply arranged, thinking and wishing for one

said that, he was shocked at the news, and

should prefer a month's delay before con-

sidering himself the owner of Ravensbourne.

So the heart-sickening search went on till

the end of the month, and then Mr. Liar-

rington wrote again, and spoke to my lady.

She heard in silence, but when he asked if

Ravensbourne; I will live anywhere in Ra-

I knew that her heart clung to the place

where her boy had last been seen, and I

believed that away from it she would die.

There was a red brick gabled house just be-

yond the village, a quiet, quaint old place,

with low sunny rooms and a bright garden.

vensbourne: but I will not go away."

road, just as a cart came rattling down the the hill; and whether she lost her balance in the jump, or was startled by the driver's shout, I don't know, but down she fell, and the wheel passed over her. I cried out, and my lady started up; and before I had time to think we were both in the road beside the little girl. She was not insensible though seemingly a good deal hurt and frightened; My lady spoke: "My house is nearer; bring her there."

sofa, while some one fetched the doctor, and I was just about to turn into the park, when my lady sat by her, striving to sooth her she stopped me with her hand on my arm: send for the mother, and it seemed as if pity you; so we'll come this way, please;" and strength. The injury proved but slight; the park pailing. A feeling of feur again and when the mother came in with a white face, and bending over her, asked tremblingly if she was hurt, the little thing was able to smile up in her face; and Mrs. Weston turned to my lady with low but earnest thanks. "Isn't she kind?" I heard the child whisper; but her mother only kissed her, and hid her face in the pillow.

"There is not much the matter, I trust," my lady said gently; "but it is a pity to disturb her: let her stay here to-night, and go home to-morrow.

But of this Mrs. Weston would not hear. In vain we reminded her that the drive was alarm was stilled, only anxious to get the child away, and insisted on returning at odd ways crowded upon my mind. The once; and half an hour afterwards they were girl hurriedly unlocked the door, whispered off in a borrowed cart.

I have said that there was little change n our life; but now, as the months rolled on, I began to fancy that there was a change which it chilled my blood to think about, for I thought my lady was dying. Little by little, she had grown weaker and thinner, and though my fears sometimes left me for a time, they ever came back. She was very patient, very tranquil now, happier too, I thought, as she feit she would soon be with her boy. She lay for hours sometimes reading a few words, but more often musing, and ever in her hand, or on her lap a sketch, made long ago, of a baby face with laughing blue eyes and flaxen curls. I was not

the only one who noticed the change; Jessie saw it; and Mr. Harrington, too, when he came from time to time. No one else ever came. My lady had been an only child, and her parents had long since died, so she

was almost alone in the world, and there would be few of her own kin to grieve over her death. But to me the fear was too terrible for words, for she was all the world to me. My own people had died; and been scattered over the world; and though I had sorrowed for each, I had always turned to her thing only-her comfort and relief. We and been comforted. I was fifty now, and heard little of what went on in the world beever since my girlhood I had lived among yond our gate. I know, indeed, that Mr. the Ravensbournes, and loved them; and of Ravensbourne came to the Hall a few weeks after we left it; but it was some time before all the Ravensbournes she was the dearest I saw him, for I rarely left my lady even to and the best.

CHAPTER VI.

troublesome work which her weakness of looked in the distance like any of the Ra- wondering how the child kept up her sprits There came over me a strange feeling that intellectual man, (not , a natural student, I every tribe, however, which he visited in-his with such a sad mother, when suddenly she I must go to her at once, spite of the hour, mean, or abstract thinker.) but one whose journey, he was uniformly taken for a dejumped from the raised footpath to cross the my lady, and everything. I could not think office it is to handle things practically and to calmly for the impulse was too strong, and bring about tangible results. His face look-I hastily wrapped a cloak around me, and ed capable of being very stern, but wore, in fastened on an old bonnet which hung in its repose, when I saw it, an aspect pleasant the kitchen. Then I paused to think. My and dignified; it is not, in its character, an lady would probably not need me for some American face, nor an English one. The hours; Jessie was fast ssleep. At first I man on whom he fixes his eye is conscious of thought of rousing her, but my expedition him. In his natural disposition, he seems er any likeness between him and any deseemed so strange that I was not very will- calm and self-possessed, sustaining his great ing to speak of it, and I might perhaps be responsibilities cheerfully, without shrink- sembled, asking him whether he was not and as others gathered round, something back before she came down stairs; if not I ing, or weariness, or spasmodic effort, or was said about carrying her to the doctor's. could explain when I returned; so I set out, dumage to his health, but all with quiet, locking the door, and carrying off the key. deep-drawn breaths; just as his broad shoul-Together the child and I went quietly down ders would bear up a heavy burden without So they carried her in and laid her on the the road till we came to the lodge-gate, and aching beneath it.

"After we had sufficient time to peruse the man, (so far as it could be done with fright. It was she who first remembered to "Mother said I was'nt to let any one see one pair of very attentive eyes,) the General rode off, followed by his cavalcade, and and anxiety had given her for the time new she pointed up a lane running just outside was lost to sight among the troops. They received him with loud shouts, by the eacame over me for a minute as I wondered at | ger uproar of which-now near, now in this mystery, and whether any harm could the centre, now on the outskirts of the could be meant me; but a second thought division, and now sweeping back towards made me ashamed of my cowardice, and I us in a great volume of sound-we could steadily followed my little guide, till at trace his progress through the ranks .length crossing a stile, we turned into the If he is a coward, or a traitor, or a humpark just within sight of the low thatched bug, or anything else than a brave, true cottage; and passing through the plantation, and able man, that mass of intelligent solcame out on to the open ground. The dew diers, whose lives and honor he had in lay thick upon the grass, and beside our- charge, were utterly deceived, and so was selves, there was no living creature stirring this present writer; for they believed in him. and so did I, and had I stood in the ranks. within sight. Our walk had been a long one, and we had met no one. Now the I should have should with the lustiest of child's pace quickened, and my heart beat them. Of course I may be mistaken; my a long one. She seemed now, that her fast as we reached the door, for now I was opinion on such a point is worth nothing, there, the recollection of all Mrs. Weston's although my impression may be worth a little more; neither do I consider the Generals antecedents as bearing very decided testimony to his practical soldiership. A me to follow, and ran up the creeking stairs thorough knowledge of the science of war into the room where I had once before been. seems to be conceded to him; he is allowed The sick women lay with her pallid face turned to the door, and as I entered she ex- to be a good military critic; but all this is claimed: "I thought you would come too possible without his possessing any positive late. I thought I should die without seeing qualities of a great general, just as a literary you." Every feature was quivering with critic may show the profoundest acquaintexcitement; but as the child flung herself ance with the principles of epic poetry withsobbing on the bed, the mother's voice out being able to produce a single stanza of softened: "Nay, Sally, don't cry. I told an epic poem. Nevertheless I shall not you it must come soon, and you've been a give up my faith in General McClellan's good girl to me, far better than I deserved; soldiership until he is defeated, nor in his so kiss me now, dear, and go down, for I courage and integrity even then." must speak to Hannah Pearce alone." The London Beggars.

little girl still lingered, till I promised to

call her if her mother grew worse, and Army and navy beggars abound, as we then she slowly went. Mrs. Weston did not speek at once, but lay with one hand more especially in parts remote from garripressed to her forchead, the other clutching son towns and from seaports. Experienced longer hope for a wooer, will even sponta the bedclothes for some minutes, then she persons can easily detect the imposture, and real soldiers and sailors soon catch them in formation is likely to elicit the remark that said feebly: "I've been ill very long. 1 knew the end was coming, but this is suddetails, for which they are not prepared .-den. Pain and trouble, pain and trouble Mr. Halliday relates that he was once walkhave brought me to it," she repeated .ing with a gentleman who had spent the There was another pause, then her lips earlier part of his life at sea, when a "turamoved and, and she broke out; "Never pike sailor" shuffled on before them. They had just bee conversing on nautical affairs, mind me; I have so much to tell you, and my head is so confused; they made me keep and Mr. Halliday said to his companion, it, but I dare not go to my grave with that "Now there is a brother sailor in distress; on my mind. Did any one see you come?' of course you will give him something." "Ue she continued suddenly. I told her not u a sailor!" said the friend with great disgust. soul had been about; that it was still very "Did you see him spit?" Mr. Halliday anearly. "Ab," she said, "if Mr. Ravesbourne swered he had. "Ile spits to the windward," knew, he would have killed you before was the reply. Mr. Halliday asked what of old fowls are best curried or stewed. A

ceased native returned to life again; and his arrival among any tribe that had neves seen a white man before was generally an event of intense interest to the natives. They would gather around him in a crowd, and gaze at him for a time apparently in silent awe and veneration-endeavoring to discovceased native whom they supposed he rethat native come to life again. And when any such resemblance was recognized, the relatives of the deceased, if not at hand, were apprised of the fact, and a scene of mingled lamentation and rejoicing, such as one might anticipate in such circumstances. immediately succeeded; the relations of the deceased native cutting themselves with shells or sharp-edged weapons, till the blood would stream down, and the supposed dead man come to life again being henceforth treated with the very best the tribe could

furnish. On some occasions, however, the black natives could not discover any resemblance between the white stranger and any of their deceased friends, and in these cases the onus probandi, in regard to the identity of his person, was thrown upon himself, as in such cases, he was asked who he had been, or what had been his name when he was a black fellow, and before he died .--This was a rather difficult question for Davies to answer, without getting himself into scrapes either by betraying his ignorance of the nomonclature of the tribe, or by exhibiting no resemblance to the individual whom he might otherwise have prentended to personate. I could not help admiring, therefore, the ingenuity with which he extricated himself out of this dilemma-for, being naturally remarkably shrewd and intelligent, his uniform answer in such cases was, that it was so long since he died that he had quite forgotten what name he had when he was a black man; and with this answer the sim-

ple natives were always satisfied.

Age .-- It is not true that every woman always objects to her age. Some women will readily own their age when they have lived to be eighty or ninety years old, and have given up the expectation of being married if single, or of getting re-married it their husbands . should die. A very aged all know, in every part of the country, and lady who has sense enough that she can, and could, under any circumstances, no

neously proclaim her age, when that in-

she is a wonderful woman. A woman will also declare her age, if she is so young looking as to be liable to be mistaken for a child. She will not mind telling her age if she looks vory old, but is not nearly so old as she looks.

The girl who, if she were much older. would not tell her age, will tell her youth fast enough, unloss she looks old enough to be considered marriageable, and is not.

Age, in meat, is corrected by cookery;

aggravate its discrepitude, whereas, if the

wearing a pork-rie hat, for the matter of

[Independent.

# Selections.

After Long Years. CHAPTER IV.

And now, in the sad hours which I spent It had long stood empty; and Mr. Harringroom, two things very different in kind and ton and I went one day to look at it, and very unequal in importance came often into one person beside myself would go with her my mind. The first of these was the strange there-the nurse Jessie. The poor girl had and terrible loss of the little heir. In the hardly looked up since that morning when with which he watched my lady, there was lady's illness and the squire's death, there was she brought back the little cloak. She never no pity or gentleness about him. When he ceased to reproach herself for little Gerald's rose to go, my lady said, looking wistfully had been little time for thought, and less for loss, and now her only comfort seemed to be at him. "You had a brother and little cloak found caught against the root of a in devoting herself to his mother. She beginephew once, Juspar: for their sakes you questioning or talking. That little red tree, far from home, had seemed to tell us ged so hard not to be parted from her, that must let me care for you." But he only all too surely what his fate had been, and I could not refuse, and promised to take her drew his hand from here, and without a with us. My lady needed no one else; nor word turned away and never came again. we had not dared to hope when his mother could she afford to keep other servants, for had despaired. Yet the child's body had not been found, and I felt now as if we could never rest till we knew more certainly what had befallen him. The stream had indeed work of making that old long-deserted house tifully he never heeded who had it. been dragged, and nothing found; but the like home. Help, indeed, came on all sides, old keeper shook his head when he saw my face brighten, and said sadly that the current was strong, and the little body might well be washed far away into the Tees before then, even if it were not locked in among the rocks, which nearly filled the at the Hall toiled hard amidst their tears in and to remember how the old squire never stream in some places, leaving only a deep narrow channel, through which the water rushed. Nothing was missing but his nightshirt, so he must have stolen out barefoot and bareheaded. If at times I strove to fancy other ways in which he might have Among the rest, Mrs. Weston stayed. She lodge-keeper at the gate, and she had her there?" certainly seemed to have no place there, little girl now living at home with her. It disappeared, to think that he might have been stolen or entired away, two things place to go to, and might get work at the gate; for my lady always said in old times stonned me. How would it be rossible for

any one to get into the house at that hour, Hall. The last afternoon came, and when all vice; and the sight of her always reminded and persuade the child to leave it without our knowledge? And then, how could that was done I wandered into the park, to find me how things had changed. I believe she little cloak have got into the stream, unless,

some relief for my aching heart. At anoth- had the place as a reward for remaining at indeed, the darling had been drowned as er time I should have thought much about the Hall; Mr. Ravensbourne had been well as stolen? The nursery window was leaving the home of thirty-five years, but very vexed at so many leaving. In spite of high above the ground; no one could possi- now I could feel only for my mistress, and her good fortune, she looked as low spirited her to the kitchen, asked why she came. bly get in or out that way, and who could with bitter tears I prayed that she might be and nervous as ever, and did not seem to wish to harm the little helpless boy? So it comforted in her miscry. I had walked find much comfort in her child, fond as she

ever came round to drowned-drowned! My far, and was turning homewards down the was of her. other thought was about Mrs. Weston. It beech avenue, when, at the further end, I I was standing at our parlor-window one any one but you. She made me come to real man than in any photograph that I havo might seem strange that at such a time I caught sight of two figures, a man and wo- day watching Sally Weston, a nice bright- you, though it was all dark, and I was so seen. His forehead is not remarkably large, should think at all about her, but she was man, standing together with their backs to-insturally brough to my mind by the really wards me. I was surprised, for neither school with her work bag in her hand, and is the side is all alone.

the village, and he never came to our house. she would go to London with him, the an-One day, however, to my surprise, she said After this change became clear to me, swer came instantly: "I can never leave to me; "I should like to see Jasper Ravensit was with much doubt that I made up my bourne." So he was sont for, and he came. mind one summer evening, about nine He was very much altered since I had last months after Sally's accident, to go to Mrs.

In the village he won no love, for he shut

seen him, and altered for the worse. That Weston's on the morrow about some needlelowering look had deepened in his face; the work which I wanted her to undertake lips were palo and compressed; and though for me. She no longer lived at the lodgehis manner was less surly, yet I liked him for some reason-I did not know what-she no better than of old. I think he was startmoved to a lonely cettage, quite on the other led when he saw my lady. When they last side of the park, and little Sally had left off parted she had been radiant with beauty and coming to the Ravensbourne school.

joy; now, as he looked at the wasted form I was sitting that night in my lady's room before him, his cheek grew pale, and he my work in my hand, and listening anxiousleaned against a chair for support. He said ly to her stless movements. It was growvery litle; and except for the shrinking look ing late, but yet I could not bear to leave her, for this evening I had thought her feebler than usual. Long I listened, and then leaned back in my chair, thinking over the years we had spent together, until, tired It was too much; I sank down beside the and exhausted by the heat, I fell asleep. I bed, and for some minutes I scemed to know must have slept some hours for when I woke, nothing.

my lady's watch pointed to four o'clock. I went sofuly to the open window; a faint gleam of light was in the sky, and a faint she would not now be rich. Those were sad himself up, except when some of his foreign breeze blew upon my brow. I stood a few

weeks which followed, while we bore our friends came over to hunt and shoot with minutes enjoying it, and was just about to sorrow with us, as we went about the weary him; and though he gave away money plen- draw the curtain, and go into my own room, when a sound below startled me, and look Up at the Hall everything was changed. ing down into the garden I saw standing for every soul in the village loved my lady, He had fitted up the rooms afresh, and had close by the gate a figure gazing intently at and grieved for her. The borders were cut down trees in the park to raise money the house. My heart gave a bound of tertrimmed, the creepers that had grown wild for furnishing. It went to my heart to see | ror, for we were three lonely women; but as over the paths were trained, and the servants the loads of timber going through the village, the person came shortly forward I saw that dark blue uniform, without enaulets, booted there was no cause for fear, though much to the knee, and with a cloth cap upon his for wonder, for it was a child who crept head; and at first sight, you might have tafitting up the rooms. Most of them were would have a tree touched. The servants silently to the door. Quietly crossing the ken him for a corporal of dragoons, of parstaying, for Mr. Ravensbourne wished to had nearly all left; all the stablemen, and room I stole down stairs, opened the door, | ticular neat and soldier-like aspect, and in keep all who desired to stay; and although among them my old enemy Foster, and though cautiously, for I thought there might the prime of his age and strength. He is a few of the old one's left, the most part most of the women; but Mrs. Weston was were unwilling to loose a good place .- still there-not in the house, though, but be others concealed, and called out: "Who's only of middling stature, but his build is very

but she said sadly that she had no other used to try me to see her standing at the ering voice answered, "Please ma'am it's fact, he is said to possess,-he and Beaureme-Sally Weston;" and as she spoke, the gard having been rivals in that particular, child came close up to me, and I saw that and both distinguished above other mon .-that I must live there when I was past ser it was indeed Mrs. Weston's daughter.

The poor little thing was trembling with dark hair. He has a strong, bold, soldierly fright and sobbing bitterly. Fearing that face, full of decision; a Roman nose, by no she would arouse my lady, I drew her in means a thin prominence, but very thick and bastily, fastened the door, and then leading firm; and if he follows it, (which I think

to guide him aright. His profile would It was some time before she could falter out: "O, ma'am, mother's so ill; the says make a more effective likeness than the full she's dying; and she would not let me fetch

face, which however is much better in the

never left my lady when I could help it; and he would have let you come to me. He that? "A regular landsman's trick," said mon or woman, that is no chicken should made me live here, to be out of your way, the true salt. "A real sailor never spits dross themselves accordingly, like old birds and he threatened dreadful things then if wind'ard. Why he could'at." So great are as they are. Stained hair and whiskers set the delicacies of the art, and so hard is it to off a withered face the wrong way, so as to I ever saw you; ah me!" counterfeit nature. I was wondering in my mind what it

But Mr. Halliday tells a story of one who fool who dyed them had let them, along, could signify to Mr. Ravensbourne, when stood a contest with his detector, and had their natural hue might have characterized to my Sally, she little thought what I had the best of it. The "turnpike sailor" was it with dignity. An old gentleman or lady, giving a vivid and minute account of an endone to her." "To her?" I exclaimed. gagement during the Crimean war, and was tast might as well eat bacon with roast beef. 'Yes," she said, solemnly; "she never knew telling an admiring circle of hearers how he or mint sauce with leg-of-mutton.

what became of Master Gerald, but I knew and his mates boarded the enemy and did only too well." A sick horror came over wonders. Mr. Halliday let him finish the considered ridiculous. Small boys are ant. me, and for a minute I could neither speak nor move. At last I gasped out: "Was it you who took him away?" and she slowly answered "Yes." I struggled and labored for breath, and got out the words, "Is he alive?" and her answer came, "He is alive." than helf a mile apart." The rogue saw wisdom, which it does not bring to every-

> papers. You don't believe what they say, ought to know."

Mr. Halliday noticed one man who search- simple minds. ed for crumbs thrown out to birds. When he found them, he mumbled and munched at them until he had attracted attention and

balf-pence. At last, one day Mr. Halliday the performance; and, after a proper allowway to a beer shop in St. Giles', where Mr. Halliday found him comfortably seated, with his fect upon a chair, smoking a long confining."-Mayhew.

Age is generally called ivenerable, and yarn, and then determined to show him up. as it were by instinct, to make faces behind "I saw" he said, "the account of the the backs of their aged relativos and preaction in the newspapers, but they said ceptors, some of whom, if they catch them nothing of boarding. As I read it, the doing so, are so inceased as to scold them, enemy were in too shallow water to making themselves, in their fury, faces still make it possible. The vessels were more more grotesque. Men to whom age bringe

his advantage, and with the utmost ccol- body, will, if their dispositions are kindly ness, replied. "The noospapers-the noos- and genial, cheerfully acquiesce in that appointment of nature whereby the temporary surely. Look how they served out old Char- absurdities of their external appearance enley Napier. Why, sir, I was there and I able them, like tops, or figures of fun, to afford innocent but short-lived amusement to

"You FIGHTS MIT SIGEL. YOU DRINKS. MIT ME."-A soldier, with his arm in a slipp. followed him. He wanted to see the end of on Monday morning, went into Bergner's beer saloon, under the Post office, to refresh ance of bird crumbs, the beggar made his himself with lager beer. The sight of his crowd that was present. A conversation ensued, in which the wounded man, in response to inquiries, modestly stated that he had we hear of all the trouble and ingenuity that fought under Sigel in Missouri. At the name is expended in deceiving us, we may well of Sigel, a little German in a corner of the feel inclined to ask, as Mr. Halliday asked a room rose to his feet. He ran up to the beggar of his acquaintance, "Dou't you wounded man just as he raised his lager to think you would have found it more profita- his lips. "You fights mit Sigle said be ble had you taken to labor, or to some hon- "you drinks mit me." The wounded suddier ester calling than your present one?" But was slightly taken back at the abruptness of the candid answer returned is suggestive .--- the remark, when the Tenton embraced him, "Well, sir, I p'raps I might." he replied, actually kissing his cheek as a man would "but going on the square is so dreadfally kiss the check of a girl. "Mein Cot, said he, "no man what fights mit Sigel pays for beer when I ish by-no, sir." The result

SUPERSTITION OF THE AUSTRALIANS .- Dur. | further was that, after the soldier had slaked ing his residence among the black fellows, bis thirst, the German went out with him, Davies had traveled as far, he thought, as proffering to him anything he might detire. 500 miles to the northward of Morton Bay; The affection felt for Sigel by the Gurman being passed along from tribe to tribe, like population of this city, is very great. - We

TO BE CONTINUED.] General McClellan. The Atlantic Monthly for July contains delightfully pleasant paper "chiefly about

War Matters," written by a "Peaceable man." The "Peaceable man" is Mr. Hawthorne. We take from the article the following description of Gen. McClellan: "The General was dressed in a simple

compact and sturdy, with broad shoulders There was minute's silence, then a quiv- and a look of great physical vigor, which in His complexion is dark and sanguine, with

likely,) it may be pretty confidently trusted