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### Doctry.

### AVELINE.

Love me dearly, love me dearly, with your

heart and with your eyes; Whisper all your sweet emotions, as they

gushing, blushing rise; Throw your soft white arms about me; say

you cannot live without me : Say, you are my Aveline; say that you are

only mine That you cannot live without me, young and rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly, dearly, dearly; speak your

love-words silver-clearly, So I may not doubt thus early of your fondness, of your truth.

Press, oh! press your throbbing bosom closely,

warmly to my own: Fix your kindled eyes on mine—say you live

for me alone.
While I fix my eyes on thine,

Lovely, trusting, artless, plighted; plighted, rosy Aveline!

Love me dearly, love me dearly; radiant dawn upon my gloom; Ravish me with beauty's bloom—

Tell me " Life has yet a glory; 'tis not all an

idle story!"

As a gladdened vale in moonlight; as a weary lake in moonlight,

Let me in thy love recline:

Show me life has yet a splendor in my tender

gushing, blushing rise; Throw your soft white arms around me; say

That you cannot live without me, throw your arms about me,

That you cannot live without me, artless, rosy

# A Select Tale.

# A TALE OF THE PAST.

The Merchant's Daughter and the Judge. It was the land of poetry and songthe land peopled with the memories of the mighty past-the land over which the shadows of a long renown rested more glowingly than a present glory. It was beautiful Italy : the air, like a sweet odor, was to the senses as soft thoughts are to the mind, or tender feelings to the heart, breathing serenity and peace. That sweet air swept balmily over the worn brow of an invalid, giving to the pallid hue of his countenance the first faint dawn of return-

The eye of the invalid was fixed on the dark character of a book in cumbrous binding and massive clasps, which would now be considered an invaluable black letter; and so absorbed was he in its perusal, that he heard not the approaching steps of visitors, until the sound of their greetings roused him from his meditations.

The saints have you in their keeping! said his elder visitor, a man whose brow bore traces of age, though time had dealt leniently with him.

'The dear Madonna bless you!' ejaculated his other visitor, a young girl with the large flashing eye, the oval face, and the classic contour of Italy.

The invalid bowed his head to each of

these salutations.

'And now,' said the merchant, for such was the elder visitor, 'that your wounds are healing, and your strength returning, may we not inquire of your kin and coun-

A slight flush passed over the pale face of the sick man; he was silent for a moment, as if communicating with himself,

and then replied-'I am of England, and a soldier, albeit

of the lowest rank.' 'Of England!' hastily responded the merchant Of England! of heretic England!' He crossed himself devoutly, and started back, as if afraid of contamination. 'I may not deny my home and coun-

try,' replied the soldier, mildly but firmly. 'But I shall incur the Church's cen-

merchant; 'thou knowest not what pains versed that once countrified expanse new character of vicar-general, it was -Lord Cromwell the vicar-general, stood and penalties may be mine for doing thee through the city of London to Westmin-

'Then let me forth,' replied the soldier, you have been to me the good Samaritan, and I would not requite you evil; let me to wear a cheerful countenance whengo on my way, and may the blessing of Heaven be upon you in the hour of your own need!'

'Nay, nay, I said not so. Thou hast not yet strength for the travel; and, be- this heretic England.' sides England was once the brightest jewel in our holy father's crown, and she might reconcile herself again; but, I fear she will not, for your master, Henry, is a violent, hot-blooded man, and he hath torn revelry.' away the kingdom from apostolic care. Know you not that your land is under interdict, and that I, as a true son of the holy mother church, ought not now to be changing words with thee ?'

'Even so,' replied the soldier; 'but there are many that think the king's grace hardly dealt by.'

'The shepherd knoweth best how to Communications recommending persons for office, must be paid in advance at the rate of 25 cents per square.

take his pay and eat his bread, and doubtless ought to hope the best for him; and even so do I. I would that he might reeven so do I. I would that he might repent and humble himself, and then our holy tather would again receive him into the fold; but now, I bethink me, thou wert reading-what were thy studies?' .

hesitated a moment; but then gathering up his resolution, replied-

'In the din of the battle this book was my breast-plate, in the hour of sickness my best balm,' and he laid the open volume before the merchant.

'Holy saints!' exclaimed the merchant, crossing himself, and drawing back, as he held the volume which his Church had closed against the laymen-' then thou art among the heretics who bring down a curse upon the land! Nay, thy sojourn here may bring maledictions upon me and mine !--upon my house and home. But thou shalt forth! I will not harbor thee ! I will deliver thee over to the Church, that she may chasten thee! Away from him, came, in all that regal dignity, and gormy child !-away from him !'

The soldier sat sad and solitary, watching the dying light of the sun, as he passed majestically on to shine in other lands. One ray rested on the thoughtful brow of the lonely man, as he sat bracing up his courage to meet the perilous future. As he thus mused, a soft voice broke upon his

'You are thinking of your own far-off home,' said the Italian girl; 'how I wish Love me dearly, dearly, dearly, with your heart and with your eyes—
Whisper all your sweet emotions as they 'There is such a home,' replied the

soldier.

you lived not till you found me—
Say it, say it, Aveline! whisper you are only that heretics come not there! Promise 'Ah!' replied Emilia, 'but they say me that you will not be a heretic any

The soldier smiled and sighed,

'You guess why I am here to-night,' resumed the Italian girl. 'I know it by that smile and sigh. You think that I am come to tell you to seek your own land and home, and therefore you smile; and you just breathe one little sigh, because you leave this bright sun-and me.

'Am I then to leave you, perhaps to be delivered over to the power of your implacable Church?'

Emilia crossed herself. 'No, no-go to your own land and be happy. Here is money; my father could not deny me, when I begged it from him with kisses and tears. Go, and be happy, and forget us.

'Never!' exclaimed the soldier, earnestly- never! And you, my kind and gentle nurse, my good angel-you who have brought hope to my pillow, and beguiled the sad hour of sickness in a foreign land-words are but poor things to thank

'I shall see you no more!' said the young Italian, 'and what shall make me happy when you are gone? Who will tell me tales of flood and field? I have been happy while you were here, and yet we meet very sadly. My heart stood still when I first saw you, covered with blood, on your way back to Milan, after the bat-You had crept under a hedge, as we thought, to die. But I took courage to lay my hand upon your poor heart, and it still beat; so we brought you home; and never has a morning passed, but I have gathered the sweetest flowers to freshen your sick pillow. And while you were insensible, in that terrible fever, I used to steal into your chamber, and kneel at your bed-foot, and pray for the Madonna's care. And when you revived, you smiled at my flower-and when you had voice to speak, you thanked me!'

Emilia's voice was lost in sobs; and what wonder if one from man's sterner nature mingled with them !

The morrow came. The Italian girl gathered a last flower, and gave it in tearful silence to the soldier. He kissed the fragrant gift, and then with a momentary boldness, the fair hand that gave it, and departed. The young girl watched his foot-steps till they were lost to sound, and then abandoned herself to weeping.

'Thou art sad, dear daughter,' said a sure for harboring thee!' exclaimed the venerable father to his child, as they tra-

ster- 'Thou art sad, dear daughter.'

'Nay, my father,' replied the maiden, I would not be so; but it is hard always

'Thy heart is sad, thou wouldst say-'

' Nay, I meant it not.'

we entered this England-I may not say 'Hush! dear father, hush!-the winds

may whisper it; see you not that we are surrounded by a multitude ?" 'They are running madly to some

'Let us leave their path, then,' said the girl; 'it suits not our fallen fortune, or our dishonorable faith, to seem to mingle in this stream of folly. Doubtless the

king has some new pageantry.' bring back the truant smile to thy lip, and the lost lustre to thine eye. See how keep his fold,' replied the merchant hast- anxious, how eager, how happy seem this ily; 'but you are the king's soldier; you multitude! Thou mayst catch their cheer-

fulness. We will go with the stream.' The girl offered no further resistance. They were strangers in the land; poor, almost pennyless. They had come from their own country to reclaim a debt which one of the nobles of the court had incurred in more prosperous days, when the The brow of the soldier clouded, he merchant was rich in silver and gold, and merchandise. The vast throng poured on, swelling until it became a mighty tide; the balls pealed out, the cannon bellowed, human voices augmented the din. The Thames was lined on either bank; every building on its margin crowded, and its surface peopled. Every sort of aquatic vessel covered its bosom, so that the flowing river seemed rather some broad road teeming with life. Galley after galley, glittering with gold and purple, came on, laden with the wealth, and the pride, and the beauty of the land, and presently the acclamation of a thousand voices rent the skies. 'The king! the king! long live the king !' He came-Henry the Eighth geous splendor, in which he so much delighted.

And then began the pageant, contrived to throw odium on Rome, and to degrade the pretensions of the Pope, Two galleys, one bearing the arms of England, the other marked by the papal insignia, advanced towards each other, and the ficticious contest commenced.

Borne on by the crowd, our merchant and his daughter had been forced into a conspicuous situation. The peculiar dress, the braided hair, the beauty and foreign aspect of the girl had marked her out to the rude gallantry of the crowd; so that, to a limited circle, the father and daughter were themselves objects of interest and curiosity.

contest was begun. Of course, the English colors triumphed over the papal. Up er. A strange emotion passed over the and thy father, and share it. to this point, the merchant bore his pangs face of the stern judge-a perfect stillness in silence; but when the English galley had assumed the victory, then came the trial of patience. Effigies of the cardinals were hurled into the stream amid the shouts and derisions of the mob. At each plunge groans issued from his tortured breast. It was in vain that Emilia clung ined by the wars-ay, those Milan wars to his arm and implored him, by every fear, to restrain himself. His religious zeal overcome his prudence; and when, at last, the figure of the Pope, dressed in his ment. pontifical robes, was hurled into the tide, the loud exclamation of agony and horror

burst from his lips-· Oh! monstrous impiety of an accursed and sacrilegious king!' sounded loudly

above the din of the mob. was immediately consigned over to the secular arm.

Oh! sad were those prison hours! The girl told her beads-the father prayed to all the saints-and then came the vain consolations by which one endeavored to own sunny land, its balmy air, its living

beauty, and that thought was home. November came, with all its gloomthe month that should have been the grave of the year, coming, as it is does, with shroud and cerecloth, foggy, dark, and dreary; the father's brow numbered more wrinkles; the once black hair was more nearly bleached; the features more atten-

nated. And the daughter-ah! youth is the transparent lamp of hope-but in her the

light was dim.' In fear and trembling the unhappy foreigners waited the day of doom. The merchant's offence was one little likely to meet with mercy. Henry was jealous of his title as head of the church. He had drawn up a code of articles of belief, which his subjects were desired to subscribe to, and he had instituted a court, of eral, for the express trial of those whose orthodoxy in the king's creed was called merchant hope to find favor with the judge, strongly attached to the growing reforma-

scarely probable that he would show mer- before him-and stood, not with threatenpoor, unknowing and unknown, what had hope?

The morning of trial came. The fogs 'I have scarcely seen thee smile since of that dismal month spread like a dark veil over the earth. There was no beauty in the landscape, no light in the heavens, and no hope in the heart.

The judges took their places. A crowd of wretched delinquents came to receive others from committing them. This court of Henry's seemed to think otherwise; the cry ofthere was all the array of human passions in the judges, as well as in the judged. Well, and if it be so,' replied the father, On one hand, recreant fear abjured his haply the gewgaw and the show might creed; on another, heroism braved all stake were given with unrelenting cruelty.

At length, there stood at the bar an aged man and a youthful girl; the long white hair of the one fell loosely over the shoulders, and left unshaded a face wrinkled as much by care as age; the dark locks of the other were braided over a with tears.

The mockery of trial went on. It was avowed his fidelity to the Pope as a true son of the Church-denied the supremacy of Henry over any part of the fold, and thus sealed his own doom.

There was an awful stillness through the court-stillness, the precursor of doom -broken only by the sobs of the weeping girl, as she clung to her father's arm. Howbeit, the expected sentence was interrupted: there came a sudden rushfresh attendants thronged the court.

Room for Lord Cromwell! Room all the insignia of office, to assume his place of pre-eminence at the tribunal. Notes of the proceedings were laid before Lord Cromwell. He was told of the intended sentence and he made a gesture of approbation. A gleam of hope had dawned upon the mind of the Italian girl, as Lord romwell entered. She watched his countenance while he read; it was stern, indicative of calm determination; but there were lines in it that spoke more of mistaken duty than innate cruelty. Yet when entered Emilia's soul, and a sob, the very accent of dispair, rang through that court, and, where it met the human heart, pierced through all the cruelty and oppression that and how thou wert used to steal into my armed it, and struck upon the natural feelings that divide men from monsters. The land of my home! Thou art here-and followed.

Lord Cromwell broke the silence. He glanced over the notes that had been handed to him, speaking apparently to himself

· From Italy, a merchant-Milan-ruwere owing to Clement's ambition, and Charles' knavery-the loss of substance -to England, to reclaim an old indebt-

Lord Cromwell's eve rested once more upon the merchant and his daughter. 'Ye are of Italy-from Milan; is that

your birthplace.' of Lucca and oh! noble lord, if there It was enough; the unhappy merchant is mercy in this land, show it to this un- as the secret of his success, that he minded

happy girl.' To both, or to neither !' exclaimed the girl, 'we live or die together !'

The vicar-general made an answer to neither. He rose abruptly; at a sign from him, the proper officer declared the court cheat the other. They thought of their adjourned—the sufferers were hurried back turb his cogitations. to their cells, some went whither they would not; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light gleamed from a chink of the prison-walls-it came from the water. At last he ventured a reply. the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept-ay, slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to light on making money. That water would waste lids unsullied with a tear. Reader hast away and be of no practical use to anythou known intense misery, and canst thou remember how thou hast felt and to good account, makes it perform some wept, and agonized, until the very excite- useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass ment of thy misery wore out the body's along. That large paper mill is kept in power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, stupor, a lethargy bound thee in its chains? Into such a sleep had Emilia of the article of paper, and intelligence is fallen; she was lying on that prison-floor, her face pale, as if ready for the grave, the large tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant, leaning, asking passes, money is made. So it is in the himself whether, treasure that she was, which he made Lord Cromwell vicar-gen- and had ever been to him, he could wish enough money. It passes through their that sleep to be the sleep of death.

in question. Neither could the unhappy chant's ear; a gentle step entered their They want a dam. Their expenditures prison. The father's first thought was are increasing, and no practical good is atfor it was known that Cromwell was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin tained. They want them dammed up so silence; it was obeyed; his visitor ad- that nothing will pass through their hands tion; and from the acts of severity with vanced with a quiet tread; the merchant without bringing something back-without which he had lately visited some of the looked upon him with wonder. Surely- accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam

cy to one attached, by lineage and love, to ing in his eye-not with denunciation on papal Rome. Strangers as they were, his lips, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an they not to fear, and what was left for eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous,

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant; He seemed to himself as one that dreameth. 'Awake, gentle girl, awake !' said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia, Let me hear thy voice once more, as it

sounded in mine ear in other days.' The gentle accents fell too light to break their doom. We suppose it to be a re- the spell of that heavy slumber; and the finement of modern days, that men are not merchant, whose fears, feelings, and conpunished for their crimes, but only to defer fusion, formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with

Emilia! Emilia! awake and behold our Judge!'

' Nay, nay, not thus roughly,' said Lord Cromwell; but the sound had already recontingencies, courting the pile and the called Emilia to a sense of wretchedness, She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

'Look on me, Emilia!' said Lord Cromcountenance clouded by sorrow and wet well. And, encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general to prove what even the criminal did not lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and attempt to gainsay. The aged merchant revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradual shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling ever her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amazement, she exclaimed-

It is the same! It is our sick soldier

'Even so,' said Lord Cromwell, 'even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, has this day prefor Lord Cromwell!' And the vicar-gen- sided over the issues of life and death, as eral came in his pomp and his state, with your judge; but fear not, Emilia; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation thoughts. It may be, Providence hath er nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I bethink me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew, the vicar-general gave his assent the steel and rich in fragrance, which thou didst lay upon my pillow, while this head throbbed with agony of pain upon it, fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm: oor soldier hath a home; come thou,

An hour-who dare prophesy its events? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sor- and dere dey vas, shneakin along, and rowful captives of a prison; at its close, shneakin along, shoost like wolfs! Aha! they were the treasured guests of a palace.

# Miscellancous.

A Story with a Moral,

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Possil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a famil-. We are Tuscans,' replied the merchant, | iar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently upon the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to dis-

'Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a housand dollars.' Mr. Bones continued looking intently at

· Do you see that dam, my friend? 'I certainly do.'

Well, here you may learn the secret of body but for the dam. That dam turns it constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it living of hundreds of people. They get hands every day, and at the year's end The clanking of a key caught the mer- they are no better off. What's the reason? adherents of the Romish creed, in his no-and yet, could it be ?-that his judge up your expenses, and you'll soon have liquor bill.'

enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend !'-Trenton True American.

### A Good One.

Ludierous blunders will occasionally occur in eases where ignorant persons attempt the use of language about which they know nothing. The following is a case in point?

Not long since, while traveling from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, two rather verdant specimens of the female sex came on board of the boat at one of the landings, who, for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane. Now Mary had cut her eye teeth, or in other words, was acquainted with the rules and regulations which govern genteel society. Jane, the younger, had never mixed to any great extent, and was therefore in blissful ignorance as to any of the rules which govern more refined persons. Her language, too, was only such as she heard among her rustic associates. Mary was aware of this fact, and had therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and to govern her accordingly. Jane promised implicit obedience. Shortly after, while seated at the dinner table, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have. She informed him in a very polite manner that it was "perfectly immaterial." He according gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jane what part she would choose. The simple-minded girl replied, with all the self-assurance imaginable-'I believe I'll take a piece of the imma-

terial too.'

The scene that followed this declaration beyond our pen to describe. The assembled were compelled to give vent to their surcharged feelings in peals of boisterous laughter; whilst the poor girl, her face suffused with crimson blushes, left the table, declaring as she fled to the ladies? cabin, 'they won't ketch me aboard of one of those pesky steamboats soon again.'

#### Hans Sneifer and the Indians. Among the emigrants to California in

the year 1839, was a worthy son of · Fatherland,' whom we shall designate as Hans Sneifer, who having become tired gradually, lose the memory of gentler of his daily routine of hog and hard bread, had resolved to obtain some more sent thee to melt me back again into a soft- savory viand, and taking a rifle, he started out in search of game. He had proceeded a few miles from the trail, when he espied a band of buffaloes grazing in the distance. Excited by the prospects of a good dinner, he pushed rapidly forward, when he suddenly discovered a band of Pawnees, evidently bent on the same purpose with himself. Now Hans had heard dreadful stories of massacre and scalping chamber and listen to tales of this, the by the merciless savages, and was of course brought to a momentary stand-still. sound struck upon Lord Cromwell's car, how hast thou been welcomed? To a But, for fear that we may be accused of The two vessels joined, and the mimic his eye sought the place whence it pro- prison, and well nigh to death. But the embellishment, we will let Hans tell his own story .- 'Vell ven I first see the red skins, I tho't I would sthop a little and see vhat day makes dare all de vile. So I sthop and peept out behint some sthones, thinks I ven you don't see me, den I goes pack again. So I schtartes down de hill and valks pooty plamebt fast, and go back most to de trail ven I looks aroundt, and dare dev. coomst shoost like a tousant tuyfuls; so den I valked a little faster, and den looks around again, and all de Ingens was pooty closhe; den I walks again and looks aroundt, and dev was closher still. So I tinks Hans you've got in a blamebt scrape and I walked along, tinking, and byme by I got so tam mad I runs shoost like a tog.—Carpet Bag.

> Not long since one of the learned counsel in a small suit deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Samuel Butterworth, by impugning his veracity. A witness was called to the stand.

'Do you know Samuel Butterworth?'

· Yes.' · What is Butterworth ?'

'Two and ten pence a pound, although some folks have paid as high as three shillings.'

Some men possess means that are great, but fritter them away in the execution of conceptions that are little; and there are others who can form great conceptions, but who attempt to carry them into exeoution with little means. These two descriptions of men might succeed if united, but, as they are usually kept asunder by jealousy, both fail.

'La, me!' said Mrs. Partington, on reading in the papers that Jenny Lind had a fellow feeling in her bosom for the suffering and oppressed of all nations, "it was jest so with me when I was a gal!' Her companions Gen. Pierced, (fainted,) while the old lady readjusted her specs.

'You hav'nt opened your mouth during the whole session,' complained a member of the late Massachusetts Legislature to a Representative from the same town. 'Oh, yes, I have,' was the reply; 'I yawned through the whole of your speech on the