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BY GEO. SANDERSON.

TERMS.

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JOB PRINTING—Such as Hand Bills, Posters, Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c., &c., executed with accuracy and on shortest notice.

"A PERFECT MATCH." The jewels dangle in her ears,
The diamonds glisten on her hand;
And as she swings along she smirks,
"I'm going to catch a dandy man."

His hat is of the latest style,
He totes his cane with dainty hold;
And as he struts about he says,
"I'm going to wed a fool for gold."

They come together at the ball,
They dance and jig, they waltz and whirl;
Her dress is rich, "demnition foine,"
His purse is lank, his hair in ourl. They flirt it here and flirt it there, They promenade and lemonade;
"O. cracky, what a gallus pair,"
The newsboys shout, "go in and wade."

2

"He is so nice," "she is so rich,"
He lacks for sense, she wants for brains;
He flatters her, she dazzles him,
They call each other "pretty names."

With gouty curse papa says "yes,' Mamma says naught, mamma is dead; His debts were large, her purse was deep, The fop and fool together wed.

A marriage of convenience quite,
"A very recherche affair;"
"It's just the thing," his friends aver,
"It's just the thing," her friends declare. They live up town, in free-stone front,
The halls are grand, the rooms are hi
The beau mode in the conches pause,
Before the great palatial lie.

They do not love, they do not hate, Their only bonds are those of law; They frequent operas and plays,
And scorn the "dirty rabble—ah!"

He held the cards, she held the stake, The lead was brass, the trump was gold; A perfect match, and even pair! For he was bought and she was sold.

I RATHER THINK I WILL. Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow,
Of a fellow I have seen,
Who is neither white nor yellow,
But is altogether green.
He has told me of a cottage, Of a cottage on a hill;
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.

Now the tears the creature wasted Then his name it isn't enarming,
For its only common "Bill;"
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will;
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think 1 will.

Oh, he whispered of devotion, Of devotion pure and deep, But it seemed so very silly That I nearly fell asleep! And he thinks it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will.

He was here last night to see me, And he made so long a stay, I began to think the blockhead Never meant to go away. At the first I learned to hate him, And I know I hate him still. Yet he urges me to have him, But I hardly think I will.

I'm sure I wouldn't choose him,
But the very dence is in it,
For he says if I refuse him
That he couldn't live a minute!
And you know the blessed Bible
Plainly says, "we musn't kill,"
So I've thought the matter over,
And—I rather think I will!

THE LAW OF LOVE. Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth;
It will not fail, until Thou failest vessels to prove Which it may largely fill. Make channels for the streams of love,

Where they may broadly run; And love has overflowing streams, To fill them every one. But if at any time we cease

Such channels to provide, The very founts of love for us

For we must share, if we would keep The blassing from above; Ceasing to give, we cease to have; Such is the law of love.

PRETTY MEGGY HEYWOOD.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE. On a sombre and sunless morning, in the month of February, 17 --, the population of the town of Lewes seemed to be covered by an unusual agitation prevading them. They might be seen hurrying along in groups of twos, threes, and more, all apparently making head for one particular spot, as if by mutual and common consent they had engaged to meet there, or had been summoned there by some imperative or very extraordinary circumstance.

In effect, it was to witness an execution. which took place in front of the gatehouse of the old castle. The county jail had not been built, nor for many years. after that dismal occurrence.

ing, can scarcely be imagined. The as- by ____! Beak, harman-jack,' and then semblage, which began with aggregated disappeared. crowds, grew into a multitude—a dense spectacle; whether pity or anger, or a a fact. stern determination to see retributive

lain, and followed by the hangman and sure to die of a broken heart. other officials, appeared—and the shudder of horror which ran through the assembled thousands was easily accounted for.

The condemned was--a woman! A woman, young and fair—comely, to have verged upon the beautiful. Even although her face was as white as the snow, although her eyes were purple, and her lips livid; even crushed, and wan as she looked, she could not be beautiful, though lowly maiden, to the to her. despoiled of the evidences of an unusually awful death of the murderess. attractive face. The brown hair was shooded

nocent. And what a terrible responsibility judges and executioners! On the other ness of heart and utter depravity did she at the foot of the scaffold she was about to mount?

The sight was inexpressibly dismal. The cold, gloomy morning, the lowering Meggy should escape the inevitable shaft at all events. tragical spectacle about to be afforded the lookers on-formed one of those haunting nightmare exhibitions that hang about one for hours, for days, even after the atrocious

yell of execration, had she not at that in- have a protector, and her choice was ac- sion. But at last, the day of trial came, stant lifted up her meekly bowed head, cordingly made. and with her large blue beaming eyes | Not all at once, though. Meggy was looked upon the thousand eyes devouring neither rash nor wilful. If she had any fiant a manner, that awed or cowed, as it wards one over another-any hidden prefwere, and fascinated into submission. The erence—she did not exhibit it at once. grave followed.

She mounted to the scaffold, step by step, slowly but firmly. The grim official was by her side and pursuing the manipulong, keen, anxious glance around the upon her a little more pityingly and tenderly than did the stony eyes she met. She was rewarded; for on a mound there stood a young man weeping bitterly, unnerved to prostration—her lover probably—who extended his clasped hands towards her.

He, too, was rewarded; for a sweet, rapturous, grateful smile, a smile of affection and of thanks, broke upon her thin, pale lips. She kissed her hands, waved them towards him, and then surrendered minister of justice.

grew the heaving crowd; she was about to to it,' and so on. confess her guilt! Clear, calm, distinct, like the tone of a silver trumpet, came her words :

'I am innocent-INNOCENT-I declare it in the name of God, and with my last

was going to be hung for a dreadful and appaling murder that had been committed murder committed under circumstances of the deed brought home against her. But her last words had come upon them like a thunder clap.

In five minutes, the fair, comely creature was dangling in the air, a collapsed, strangled, degraded corpse, and strong men swooned at the sight. Strong men turned white, and sick at heart, though not all—not all. There was one—a young, genteel looking man, dressed with some elegance, though it was of a foppish order
—whose face, though pale to lividness, and working nervously, still bore upon it no expression of pity. It was on the contrary, of an exulting character-the smile on his lip, the gleam in his eye; and as his look wandered from the victim before him that swayed to and fro-a hideous, abhorent and damning sight—to the sobbing youth who stood far removed from him, his smile became absolutely fiendish, as he muttered to himself, 'We are quits now, my proud, pretty madam!'

A third individual may also be indicated -a hirstute, brawny, thick-set, powerful darkly in the air, like a tenebrous veil off; but, as he departed with the dispersing hope, never to be awakened more! drawn over the face of the sky. Anything crowd, he stuck his tongue in his cheek, more dreary, chilly, and shudderingly in and muttered with a sneer, and in a slang keeping with the proceedings of the morn- known only to himself, 'Queer cuffins, tle money-chest which she kept in her bed

Strange to say, also, there were women pushing throng, packed and massed, at last, into one vast human tumuli, as if it looked on without shrinking—who beheld The formed but one expectant anxious creature; that ghastly death with some fearful sense and one could scarcely tell what kind of of satisfaction! Envy and spite, and even town, and wailed and boomed all night. emotion moved its breast—whether the the stern propriety of justice, might actu- The wind went howling through the

justice dealt out, actuated that enormous nomenon occurred. As the last shudder in the pauses of the storm, as if the blast ran through the corpse the sun burst forth were gathering its forces together for an-with a rich meteoric effulgence, and bathed other wrathful outburst, people in their as the very density of the crowd forcibly with a rich meteoric effulgence, and bathed the poor victim's head with a glory that startled slumbers fancied they heard one The gibbet was erected in front of the gate-house. The sheriff's javelin men was almost unearthly. The crowd melted of those awful cries which at times, startle away, cowed, abashed, ashamed, as if it the tear of night, and which can be none lined the short distance that led from the had been engaged in some infamous act. other than that of 'Murder!' or of Fire!' gate-house to the platform of the grim and Something like fear, something like reghastly doomsman. The hour was at morse, began to work among them; with took place—strict and zealous, though, hand. A murmur ran through the assembated breath, speaking of the ill-fated bly—a thrill of uncontrollable horror—a Meggy Heywood, just done to death in so nock, keen, electric, and universal, was cruel a manner, and of poor Charley Dean, felt to actuate the mass. The door opened her sweetheart, who had been carried away: the prisoner, walking beside the chapin strong convulsions, and who would be

Then followed a long lapse of time-gosain died away pretty Meggy, all but forgotten, and Charley Dean, a sad, moody man, had quitted the place and had not man, had quived singe been heard of

haggard trophe had come about, and brought the

up. She were a garment of coarse white lane, turning out of an old-fashioned depend entirely and solely upon the evilinen; whether it was the custom to do so, street in the town of Lewes; there dwelt dence of circumstances; but which evior whether it was to express her innocence keeping a small shop, and thriving and dences have so repeatedly proved them—the rumor of the poor Dame's little heard than when any other music meets your ear. well-to-do enough in a small way an aged selves fallacious, false, and contradictory sioned vehemence up to the last moment, widow, known to the townsfolk as Dame even; that the wonder is that men will and was re peating in a firm, unfaltering Keymer, and living with her housekeeper, venture to arrive at a conclusion termina-

LANCASTER CITY, PA., TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 16, 1861. THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. her the last consolations of religion as she woman, whose comliness brought her as | Circumstantial evidence went wofully opened it committed the murder and

atmosphere, the chill ghastliness of the of love. Some suitor, it was clear, she must accept, not only because, like every other pretty girl, she had possibly no valid the anxiety that arises in people's minds to objection to a sweetheart; but, because, have a doubt resolved. People began to having once decided upon accepting one, "carnival of the gallows" is passed over. it would relieve her from much annoyance not confess. Folks looked doubtfully upon It was evident that the crowd felt an she was subjected to; and the fact once interest in her. A murmur rose, and known that she had made her choice, deepened, and broadened, as she advanced; would be a sufficient signal for others to he never ceased to visit her in her imprisand perhaps it would have grown into a hold off. Once appropriated, she would onment whenever he could obtain admis-

her, with so firm, so collected, but not de- secret leaning, any latent sentiment tomurmur died away, and the silence of the Among the number who made advances, under honorable pretences, was a young spark, son of an opulent tradesman in the town, who, on the strength of his better dress, rumored means, extravagant habits, she prayed, she rose, and then she cast one dandy, at last became her torment, her tance. The sum of his evidence amounts pest and bane. Dame Keymer herself to this:--crowd, probably to exchange a last look could not keep her patience at seeing Mr. with some one or other who would look Francis Palmer entering her little shop, morning, noon and eve, and under the pretence of purchasing some trifle or other, seeking every opportunity of ingratiating himself with pretty Meggy.

It would become town-talk, a scandal. the gossip of the whole neighborhood.-'What could he want with Meggy, forsooth? Was he, with a rich, hard-hearted sort of a father, who was looking up to the aristocracy of Lewes, in order to find a match for his son-was he (Master Franherself into the hands of the so-called cis) likely to marry her-Meggy-the prettiest low-born lass, though she might darkening twilight favored him, he followed She advanced a step. She lifted up her be, in a day's walk? Nonsense! Pooh! head, as if to claim attention. Breathless She wouldn't have it—an end must be put ced himself, overheard a conversation

end to it, for she accepted the suit of a spoke of their marrying soon -of a prosworthy and industrious young artisan of her own station in life; and while Charley ding, that if he could muster some fifty or Dean, who worked at one of the factories sixty pounds, he could commence at once. on the Ouse, was transported and out of The prisoner replied, that there would not She was a woman, or rather a girl- his senses with joy, Mr. Francis Palmer, be much difficulty about this matter, as woman, for her age was not twenty. She on the other hand, was livid with rage and her godmother had some such sum by her, jealousy, and swore that, some way or other, he would have his revenge. And in the town some few months back—a Mr. Francis Palmer was just the very man to do so; for under his fair spoken with the most fatal effect. Here was a great atrocity, and she was to be hung for manners there lurked a malignant and evil motive to the consequence—a reason for spirit, which was not to be turned aside the act-a condition answering to the refrom a purpose once formed.

Days, happy days-weeks, happy weeks, passed by, and the young lovers were happy. Charley was a prudent and moneysaving young man, and was known to be factory, on his own account. Dame Keyqueath to her god-daughter some day-a The poor Dame was murdered-and Megpiece of news that soon spread abroad gy Heywood was hanged! among the neighbors, who speedily generated a report that Dame Keymer was rich, and that Meggy, on her marriage-day, would come into the inheritance of some fabulous fortune. Meggy Heywood was very happy, and

thought of little else than her own bliss. Mr. Palmer did not cease to persecute her, but she put him aside with a quiet gravity that made him furious. As for Charley he was happy, too-devoted, tenman, clad in the coarsest garb of the poor, der and truthful. He beheld in Meggy yet bearing little or none of those industrial the aim and end of all his hopes and traces which mark the working man. A wishes, and wewed, internally, that if a bold, blustering, semi-savage air, stamped loving, faithful heart, and industrions by dissipation, with its indelible traces, set hand, and an inventive brain could reward him apart as one not to be on familiar terms her, these should not be wanting. All, in with. He gazed with a blood shot eye on fact, was going on cheerfully, pleasantly, the ghastly tragedy performed before him, delightfully; when, suddenly, as by earth from beneath the rim of his broad felt hat, quake, or eclipse, the whole was darkened, which was pulled down over his brows. absorbed, and lost forever—in Not a muscle quivered, not a nerve stirred, the hideous calamity, the unutterable hor-Hoar-frost lay on the ground, snow hung in his iron frame, as the poor girl turned ror, that obscured and entombed every

One morning, Dame Keymer was found with her throat cut from ear to ear!-her litroom broken open, and her little hoard vanished. Meggy was the first to give the alarm, and the utmost consternation pre-

The night had been wild and stormy; morbid appetite to behold so revolting a ate this, but it certainly was not the less streets, beating the chimneys, banging to loose shutters and doors, and drowning all At the same moment a singular phe- other sounds, if sounds they were; while An examination of the premises now

principle of analogy and deduction which characterizes the 'detective' of the present day. Doors and windows were securely no one from without could be the perpetrator of- at least it was apparently so .-The only living creature in the house besides the cat, was Meggy Heywood, and certain sanguine marks found about her bedchamber door led to the conclusion We must now retrace our steps a little, in the next hour she was saiely lodged in taken, and that Meggy. Heywood was inno-spring is the season when they make the in order to show this dreadful catas the old castle, on the charge, until further examination should bring the proof home

As a matter of course, the whole resol-In an old-fashioned house, in a kind of ved itself into one of those cases which side, and who continued to administer to wood, a remarkably handsome young ples of judicial murder before their eyes. Lat the back to the widow had opinion on the subject.

walked, step by step, to the scaffold.
For his part, the clergyman was even more deeply agitated than herself. Her composure was apparent enough, but it was of a dreadful order, and might have been that of despair as well as of resignation.

His agitation arose from two sources—the one was that, in the anomalous probability of things, though the evidence against her was the provent of the part of the part of the province was apparent enough but it was sought after by the humbler townone was that, in the anomalous probability of things, though the evidence against her was even the provinces—the one was that, in the anomalous probability of things, though the evidence against her was the plander of the murder and many suitors as envious rivals. Of a against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the murder and modesty, against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the murder and modesty, against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the murder and with the murder and modesty, against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the murder and modesty, against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the murder and modesty, against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the murder and with many suitors as envious rivals. Of a against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the catch of the murder and modesty, against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the murder and with many suitors as envious rivals. Of a against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the catch of the catch of the window falling within having prevented think what the change of their noise, just the catch of the window falling within having prevented the murder and with the moder and roberty-had escaped—the catch of the catch of the window falling within having prevented the murder and with the obstration to obstrain the obstrain the rober against her obstrain the obstrain the policy against poor Meggy Heywood; and yet, the clear of the catch of Merry and light-hearted, she treated amining her boxes, not a coin, nor a trinkhad been most damning, she might be in- these flatterers in a manner that was, in et could be traced connecting her with the every respect, creditable. Mirthful, with- deed. Still the proceeds could have been on earth. was that to lie on the shoulders of her out levity, Meggy Heywood knew how to handed without, and suspicion pointed to reply to, or repudiate, any advances; and Charley Dean as an associate. He, howhand, if she was really guilty, what hard- if one more presumptuous than another ever, was soon exculpated nothing was ventured to presume upon a frank famili- found on him, or at his home; and as he not betray in persisting in that lie, even arity, she possessed the art of making him was working through the same night, at keep his distance, and of knowing his the foundry, inthe modelling-room, with place,' in a very uncommon degree.

Other men, an unquestionable alibi freed bim from every suspicion of the murder, other men, an unquestionable alibi freed

> Suspicions that lack confirmation only seem to grow into greater certainties, from grow angry with Meggy, because she would Charley, because he protested his belief in her innocence, day and night, and because and great was the commotion in the town. Let the reader imagine all the formalities and preliminaries over-Meggy in the

circumstantial! Yet this only wanted confirmation. At last, Mr. Francis Palmer is called. He has, it is stated, some important evidence to communicate. It is a breathless moment, and he comes forward slowly, and lation of his infernal trade. She knelt, and other characteristics of a fast young makes his statement with evident reluc-

'dock'—the prosecution opened—every

tittle of evidence adduced, and all still

'That he had entertained an affection for the young person in the dock, and being jealous of the preference she had displayed towards a rival, he-although he could not defend the act-had, out of this instinctive jealousy, carefully watched them both; not having any clear reason, beyond that, why he did so." Here he paused a moment, in some embarrassment, and then, urged by the counsel for the prosecution, went on with his evidence.

'On the evening of the murder he had seen his rival and the prisoner at the bar, walking towards the castle, and, as the and, from the corner in which he ensconwhich threw some light, however sinister, And thus it was that Meggy did put an upon the case in question. Her lover which it would not be difficult to obtain. The effect of this evidence as it came slowly forth, began to tell, little by little,

quirements of the case-a confirmation that closed up the last link. But where was the money? None knew. It could not be traced. The lovers had soon parted. Charley was at his work, looking out for a small business, in the and had not quitted it until the deed was same artisan line he was following at his consummated. These were the good old days of hanging. Somebody must be hung. mer was pleased, which was a great point Meggy Heywood was found guilty. We gained, and hinted more than once, that do not follow the trial through every phase she should have a small legacy to be- and transition, Meggy was found guilty

> Ten years had passed away. Meggy Heywood's fate was only a dreadful story to tell round the winter's fire. Charley Dean had gone away and been forgotten, and Mr. Francis Palmer was a married, respectable, exemplary, thriving townsman of the venerable borough of Lewes. One day a dusty, travel worn man might

'Fiat justitia,' etc., etc.

have been seen halting suddenly before the gate-house; and while his lips quivered and the tears filled his eyes, by his heaving breast and agitation it might have been easily gathered that something of an unusual nature had occurred to him in the shape of reminiscence or memory. He s.ood on a particular spot. He ejaculated a name—he covered his face with his hands. and sobbed alond. 'Oh, Meggy, Meggy!' he murmured;

all this weary, weary time to wait, and no clue yet!-nothing to prove your innocence yet!' 'What's the cove maundering about?'

said a hoarse drunken voice at his ear.-I've seen a little game played out here myself, some ten years ago or thereabout; out, burn me, if it makes me move-not a

The first comer lifted up his face, and looked full into a bearded, grimy, haggard and debauched ruffian face. The flush of liquor was on his cheeks, its fire in his eyes, and he laughed a short, idiotic laugh as he met the startled look of the man.

'Ay, you may stare,' he said, with his air of reckless bravado, but which, nevertheless, could not hide a certain undercurrent of feeling which it is impossible to define; but it is the sort of restlessness which brings murderers back to the scene of their orime—that forces confusion from hardened hearts, out of the very recklessness that has made life a daily hell to them.

She was a woman, too—a girl a'most the fools!—the fools! and as innocent or sorrow, the tender affection of love or as the babe unborn !

fastened; and, so far, it was apparent that time. ' Enough! I arrest you on the spot. Oh, you cannot escape me! Were you twice as burly, and ten times as strong, you would only be a child in my gripe! The struggle was brief, for the wretch would now escape. In vain! Soon came a crowd, soon came constables, soon it ran that she must be the murderess! and with- about the town that the real murderer was to hear the matin song of the year. The cent.

enterment of the first to zerout as a refund And they had hanged her be printed as

Let us hope poor Meggy met with a judge far more merciful than she met with

The murderer—the double murderer-

paid the penalty of his turpitude; and that concludes all we know of the matter.

The Last Days of School. The following amusing paragraph from the Knickerbocker, will be readily appreciated by all those who have taken part in the fast exhibition, at the close of

school days: grand affair is expected. Our parents, brothers and sisters are to be there, and we look forward to the day with joyful What great preparations we make!

aking attitudes and making grimaces before the glass; rehearsing our pieces, out behind the wood-shed, and up on the hayloft; vainly attempting to catch the intonation and superb gestures of the large boy who has been to the city, and says that is the way they do at the theatre: putting on our new trowsers, dislocating our vertebrae in trying to get a rear view of them, and only succeeding in making out an indistinct, baggy outline. At last the long-looked-for evening comes, and the little country church is brilliantly illuminated with tallow candles, and gorgeously decorated with sprigs of asparagus. The scholars, highly polished by much washing and redolent of dubiously-flavored soap, are seated on the platform, and the performance begins. It consists of decamations from Webster, Burke, Spartaous, Rienzi, and other eminent men; with essays on 'The Seasons' (taken individually and collectively,) on 'Napoleon' on 'The Revolution,' on 'Our Country,' etc., interspersed with moral dialogues and choral inging.

'It passes off pleasantly enough, although some of the boys find themselves victims of misplaced confidence in trusting to their memories; and in their embarrassment make all sorts of irrelevant

boys; this very incident may rouse his gress.

ogizes: the scholars begin to titter; and the teacher turns around and frowns ter- forty acres of land. ribly, incontinently squelching a small boy who is rising up to obtain a better view of the proceedings.

'The young ladies' essays embrace every topic, from 'Dress' up to 'Patriisms, generally misquoted, and diminu- and enjoy this home. The land I desire lake 'gently gliding boatlet' is alluded to, years.' wherepon a crusty old cus-tomer, who is deacon in the church, and a practical if he continues drinking ardent spirits to man, suggests to his neighbors that skifflet excess?' would do just as well.

'The large boy from the city gives us Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar's body in what we suppose is the most approved theatrical style. He astonishes and cap-tivates the scholars, especially the weaker vessels to whom his anointed locks, citymade clothes and 'miwaculous tie,' are irresistible: but he by no means pleases the older portion of the audience. His antics are likened to those of a wet hen, a shorttailed b-ovine in fly time, and other ludicrous objects, familiar to rustic eyes. Unfortunately his vehement efforts disturb the slumbers of one or two infants, whose cries do not at all enchant the tragic effect, but are much too violent for the occasion being quite audible though smothered under shawls and partially jolted down by a vigorous trotting on maternal knees.

And now the last piece is spoken, the doxology is sung, the wheezy old sexton coughs out the candles and looks the door,

Song or Birds .- Song is the bird's mystery, and its different degrees are almost endless; some think they understand these sounds. What a range of tones between the cawing of the raven and the voice of the nightingale or the mocking-bird! The shrill cry of the osprey is terrible as he swoops upon his prey, but how tender and alluring is the cooing of the turtle-dove'! Wonderful are the accents of a single bird's voice-now rapidly prattling, now drawn out long and soft, then fine with sudden stops, or again shrill and disjointed-expressing, in fact, the feelings of content the rage of jealousy. Need I here refer Enough,' shouted Charley Dean, for it to the delight which the earliest greeting was he worn, haggard, aged before his of the lark awakens in us? We instinctively repeat-Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings,

and school days are over.'

and welcome that refreshing feeling which pervades the heart, when after the cheerless days of winter the spring sun beams. have many songsters already upon our beautiful island, and now is the best time whole country one orchestra. While the morning is yet cold, there are only a few The man was taken into custody, and chirps; but enough of music in them for under the evulsion of circumstances, made my ear to make me desire their repetition. a full confession of the crime. He, in As the day gets warmer the air is filled conjunction with another whose life had with cheerful melodies, and you feel more of wealth: By a skillfully planned and Many have amused themselves in making and was re peating in a firm, unfaltering Keymer, and living with her housekeeper, venture to arrive at a conclusion terminated to administer to wood, a remarkably hardsome with a course, is a difficult matter, as no two perside, and who continued to administer to wood, a remarkably hardsome was at her in fact, her goddaughter. Meggy Heyting in Guilty, with so many past example ladder laid transversely from an out-house sons can be exactly of the same car and daringly carried out scheme, during the imaginary scales of birds' notes. This, of i ditter un tente e de la crista de cette con la conferencia de la cette de la to bring it to a speedy consider, (if no ben- a nation)

Troublesome Children.

nature's lung exercise, and if you do not wish for it in the parlor, pray have a place devoted to it, and do not debar the girls from it with the notion that it is improper for them to laugh, jump, cry, scream and proper f Of the future fate of Charley Dean we have nothing to record. As little have we proper for them to laugh, jump, cry, soream proper for them to laugh, jump, cry, soream and run races in the open air. After a while one gets used to this juvenile music secutively with it than without it, provided it does not run into objugatory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study window, and he generally made a continuous stream of roar to the school house and back again .-We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by some one, and had wasted considerable compassion on the wrongs of infant innocence; but, on inquiring into Well, a few years pass, and school days are coming to an end. The last performance is to be an exhibition, and a position, therefore couldn't laugh and shout, and so nature in her wise compensations, had given him more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallooing, however, are to be preferred, unless a child shows a deci-

ded incapacity for those exercises. Our eye alights just now upon the following touching little scrap, written by an English laborer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam:

Sweet laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But ch! its sunshine gi ds no more
The glad ess of thy brow;
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye. Thy mother by the fireside sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears downward fall:
Her little hintering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on.

A Story for Boys.

Business called me to the United States Land Office. While there, a lad, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, came in and purchased a certificate of forty acres of land. I was atruck with the countenance and appearance of the lad, and inquired of him for whom he was purchasing the land. The reply was: 'For myself, sir. Feeling an increased desire to know

something more about the lad, I asked him whether he had any parents, and where they lived. At that question, he took a gestures, and shuffle about in a most disconsolate manner.

seat, and gave the following narrative:
I am from New York State. I have One, in speaking of the Past and Fu- there living a father, mother and five brothture, forgets what gestures to make and ers and sisters. I am the oldest. Father keeps his arm oscillating while he tries to is a drinking man, and would often return what to say next, and retires, blushing would not abstain from drinking liquor. I with mortification. Don't laugh at him, resolved to make an effort, in some way, to relieve mother, sisters and brothers, from spirit; and you at your rustic fire-side may | want. After revolving things in my mind yet read his eloquent speeches in Con- and consulting with mother, I got all the information I could about the far West .-Between the parts, an officious gentle- I started from home for Wisconsin with ten man, in attempting to snuff one of the can- shillings in my pocket. I left home on dles with his fingers, pulls it out of the tin sconce, and drops it into the lap of an worked my way to Wisconsin, where I got old lady in bombazine: whereat the old an axe and set out to work, and earned lady is incensed, and the gentleman apol- money and saved it until I had gathered fifty dollars, and with it I can now pay for 'Well, my good lad, '-for by this time I

had become much interested in him-'what are you going to do with the land? 'I will work on it, raise myself a log house, and when prepared, will invite faotism,' and abound in cuphuistic aphor- ther, mother, sisters and brothers, to come tives in let. In describing a sail upon the for mother, which will secure her declining 'And what will you do with your father,

O, sir, when we get him on a farm he will feel at home, and be happy, and be-

come a sober man.' I then replied, 'Young man, these being your principles, I recommend you to improve on them, and the blessing of God will attend you.'

By this time the receiver handed him his duplicate certificate receipt of his forty acres of land. Rising from his seat on leaving the office;

he said : 'At last I have a home for my mother. Lynn News.—

GOOD COOKING NOT INCONSISTENT WITH PIETY.--'I've nothing to say agin her piety my dear; but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Tryan's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It's right enough to be sperital,-I'm no enemy to that; but I want my potatoes mealy. I don't see as anybody'll go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner-providin' they don't die sooner, as maybap Mr. Tryan will, poor dear man!'-Adam Bede. That was a wise negro, who in

speaking of the happiness of married peole. said. 'Dat'ar pends altogether how dey enjoy themselves.

An old maid in Missouri owns 3,000 acres of fine land on which she employs 30 hands. Why done the old lady marry ?she certainly has good grounds for marrying.

An old soaker in Boston being

found in the gutter on a rainy night, the water making a clear breach over him from head to heels was asked by a passer, what he was doing? 'I agreed to meet a man here,' was the reply. In reply to an advertisment headed.

'Use Cooper's Tooth Brush,' a western editor says: W'e'll see Cooper hanged first, the dirty fellow! How would he like to use ours? og fat delar e blass**et e**m

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