The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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TERMS,

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DEAD.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The following piece of poetry contains as much of the true essence of the beautiful as anything we have read of late. Its mournful numbers touch the sympathetic emotions of the heart:

An angel came for our bird, last night,
Last night at the midnight noon,
As we smoothed the curls from the forhead white
And sang a low, lullaby tune;
And we thought she had only fallen asleep,
Worn out with her torturing pain,
And that soothed by a slumber so calm and sweet
She would wake and be merry again.

But alas! in her innocent beauty she died
In the chamber up over my head,
The waxen lids cover the laughing blue eyes—
And they say that our darling is dead!
Our own, and our only! kind heaven gives strength!
God is good; but the drifting winds blow—
And bowed by the storm we are clinging at length
To the love that has chastened us so.

In the years that are bound in the beautiful Past,
I have pitied poor hearts that were torn
By the death of a child; but at last, oh! at last
I know what it is thus to mourn.
Do not come to me now with a sigh, a word
Of cold sympathy—leave me to weep
For the meeting caress of the little white Bird
That lieth above me asleep!

You are kind—but your kindness can ne'er lift up
The pall that is over my heart;
And your hand cannot take from my lip the dread cup
Or from my wrung bosom the dart!
O! was it for this that I suffered and loved?
For this that I cherished my flower,
Till the strength of a mother's wild love I had proved
And the charm of each thrice blessed hour?

No, no! God forgive me, if blinded by tears,
I see not his outstretching hand,
And the bow which is linking these grief-laden years,
To the shore of the heavenly land.
Forgive me, if stung by this terrible woe,
I walk in the blackness of night—
And see but a lip, and a forehead of snow,
And a dimpled hand, stiffened and white.

TO-DAY.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Lo, here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid;

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

THE OCEAN DEPTHS.

A DIVER'S TALE.

The life of one who explores the mysteries of the sea, is not more perilous than fascinating. The charm of terror hangs around it, and the interminable succession of exciting events renders it dear to its professor. Not to the common diver of the East, who can remain but for a fraction of time beneath the wave, and grope fearfully among rugged ocean-mounds, but to the adept in the civilized mode of diving, who, in his protective armor, may remain submerged for hours, and wander, with impunity, for miles along those unknown regions far below the sea. To him are laid open the horrors of the watery creation, and he may gaze upon such scenes as Arabian story tells us were presented to the fearful eyes of Abdallah. To him the most thrilling occurrences of the upper world seem frivolous; for, in his memory, he retains thoughts that may well chill the soul with dread.

I am a diver—a diver from choice—and I am proud of my profession. Where is such courage required as is needed here? It is nothing to be a soldier: a diver, however—but I forbear. I will tell my story, and leave others to judge concerning it.

An appalling shipwreck occurred, not long ago, upon the wildest part of the coast of Newfoundland. The tidings of this calamity reached the ears of thousands; but, amid the crowd of accidents which followed in quick succession, it was soon forgotten. Not by us, however. We found that the vessel had sunk upon a spot where the water's depth was by no means great, and that a daring man might easily reach her.

She was a steamer called the Marmion, and had been seen going suddenly down, without an insant's warning, by some fishermen near by. She had, undoubtedly, struck a hidden rock, and had thus been, in one moment, destroyed.

I spoke to my associates of the plan, and they approved it. No time was lost in making the necessary preparations, and a short time beheld us embarked in our small schooner for the sunken ship. There were six of us, and we anticipated extraordinary success.

I was the leader, and generally ventured upon any exploit in which there was uncommon danger. Not that the others were cowards; on the contrary, they were all brave men, but I was gifted with a coolness and a presence of mind of which the others were destitute. As two persons were needed, in order to explore the Marmion, I had selected as my companion a young fellow, whose steadiness and dauntless courage had several times before been fearfully tested.

It was a calm and pleasant day, but the southern and eastern horizon looked deceitful. Small, suspicious clouds were gathered there, ill of aspect, and 'sneaking fellows, regular hang-dog fellows,' as my comrade, Rimmer, remarked to me. Nevertheless, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness in the sky, but boldly prepared to venture.

So deep was the water, that no vestige of a ship's mast remained above the surface, to point out the resting place of the Marmion. We were compelled, therefore, to select the scene of operations according to the best of our ability. Down went the pails of our schooner, and Rimmer and I put on our diving armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly, and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

'It looks terrible blackish, Berton,' said Rimmer to me.

'Oh,' I replied, gaily, 'it's only a little mist—all right!'

'Ah!' He uttered a low exclamation, which sounded hollow from his cavernous helmet.

'All ready,' I cried, in a loud voice, which they, however, could not easily distinguish. Then, making a proper sign, I was swung over the side.

Down we went, I first, and Rimmer close behind me. It did not take a long time for us to reach the bottom. We found ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping downward, toward the south, and rising slightly, toward the north. Looking forward they, a dim, black object arose, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock.

I motioned to Rimmer that we should proceed there.

I cannot tell the strangeness of the sensation felt by one who first walks the bottom of the sea.

There are a thousand objects, fitted to excite astonishment, even in the mind of him who has dared the deed a hundred times. All around us lay the plain, covered by water; but here the eye could not pierce far away, as in the upper air, for the water, in the distance, grew opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. There was no sound, except the incessant gurgle which was produced by the escape of air from the breast valve, and the plash caused by our passage through the waters. We walked on at a good pace; for this armor, which seems so clumsy up above, is excellent below, and offers little inconvenience to the practised wearer.

Fishes in crowds were around us. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no matter where they turned. They swam swiftly by us; they sported in the water above us; they raced and chased one another, in every direction. Here a shoal of porpoises tumbled along in clumsy gambols, there a grampus might be seen rising slowly to the surface; here an immense number of smaller fish flashed past us, there some huge ones, with ponderous forms, floated in the water lazily. Sometimes three or four placed themselves directly before us, staring at us, and solemnly working their gills. There they would remain, till we came close up to them, and then, with a start they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward, along the bottom of the sea, while above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see our boat slowly moving onward upon the surface of the water. And now, not more than a hundred yards before us, we could see the towering form of that ebony rock which had at first greeted our eyes from afar. As yet we could not be certain that this was the place where the Marmion had struck. But soon a round, black object became discernible, as we glanced at the rocky base.

Rimmer struck my arm, and pointed. I signed assent, and we moved onward more quickly.

A few moments elapsed: we had come nearer to the rock. The black object now looked like the stern of a vessel whose hull lay there.

Suddenly, Rimmer struck me again, and pointed upward. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. There was a momentary thrill through my heart, but it passed over. We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming on!

But should we turn back now, when we were so near the object of our search? Already it lay before us. We were close beside it. No, I would not. I signalized to Rimmer to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged, dismal. Its rough sides were worn by the action of the water, and, in some places, were covered by marine plants, and nameless ocean vegetation. We passed onward, we clambered over a spur, which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer.

The Marmion—there she lay upright, with everything still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position, among the rocks, that she stood upright here, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of a swift-approaching danger. What was to be done, must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Rimmer rushed to the cabin. I went forward, to descend into the hold. I descended the ladder. I walked into the engineer's room. All was water. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with the works of man. I went into the freight-room. Suddenly, I was startled by an appalling noise upon the deck. The heavy footsteps of some one, running, as though in mortal fear, or most dreadful haste, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly; for it was a fearful thing to hear, far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

Pshaw! it's only Rimmer.

I hurriedly ascended the deck by the first outlet that appeared. When I speak of hurry, I speak of the quickest movement possible, when cumbered with so much armor. But this movement of mine was quick; I rushed upwards; I sprang out on the deck.

It was Rimmer!

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin.

I attemted to go there.

He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gestures, to go up.

It is appalling to witness the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible, and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

'I will go!' I exclaimed. I sprang from him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

Good heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver. I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin door. I entered the forward-saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt came to me. Rimmer shall not come with me again, I thought. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depths of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed with the shrieks of the drowning passengers. Ah! there are thoughts which sometimes fill the soul, which are only felt by those to whom scenes of sublimity are familiar. Thus thinking, I walked to the after-cabin and entered——

Oh, God of Heaven!

Let not my hand clench the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women—caught in the last death struggle by the overwhelming waters, and fastened to the spot, each in the position in which death had found him. Each one had sprung from his chair at the shock of the sinking ship, and, with one common emotion, all had started for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. Lo! there—some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin—there they all stood. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped upon one another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking, madly, to gain the outlet. There was one who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet been relaxed; but each one stood and looked frantically to the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me they were looking! They were glancing at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes! Eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death. Eyes which still glared, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning; for the soul had gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life; for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. He upon the table seemed more fiendish than the others; for his long, black hair was disheveled, and floated horribly down—and his beard and mustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon. Oh, what woe and torture! what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glance of those faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions, while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in these awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with ten-fold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses. Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell.

At this the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fled, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise.

My weights could not be loosened—I pulled at them with frantic exertions, but could not loosen them. The iron fastenings had grown stiff. One of them I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my passage-way through the machine rooms. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength, and almost my hope, in vain efforts to loosen the weights, and still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

Where was Rimmer? The thought flashed across me. He was not here. He had returned. Two weights lay near, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Rimmer had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down into the machine-room, to go back, so as to loosen my tube. I had gone through passages carelessly, and this lay there, for it was unrolled from above as I went on. I went back in haste to extricate myself; I could stay here no longer; for if all the gold of Golconda was in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead!

Back—fear lent wings to my feet. I hurried down the stairs, into the lower-hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place into which I had first descended. It was dark; a new feeling of horror shot through me; I looked up. *The aperture was closed!*

Heavens! was it closed by mortal hand? Had Rimmer, in his panic flight, blindly thrown down the trap-door, which I now remembered to have seen open when I descended? or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprung towards me——?

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go; I must escape from this den of horrors. I sprang up the ladder, and tried to raise the door. It resisted my efforts; I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it; the rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the door was not raised. my tube came down through it and kept it partly open, for it was a strong tube, and kept strongly expanded by close-wound wire.

I seized a bar of iron, and tried to pry it up; I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get it up further. I looked around, and found some blocks; with these I raised the heavy door, little by little, placing a block in, to keep what I had gained. But the work was slow, and laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had it raised four inches.

The sea rolled more and more. The submerged vessel felt its power, and rocked. Suddenly it wheeled over, and lay upon its side.

I ran around to get on deck above, to try and lift up the door. But when I came to the other outlet, I knew it was impossible; for the tube would not permit me to go so far, and then I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have ventured again so near the cabin.

I returned to the fallen door; I sat down in despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She had been balanced upon a rock, in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over.

She creaked, and groaned, and labored, and then turned upon her side.

I rose; I clung to the ladder; I pressed the trap-door open, while the steamer lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground.

I sprang out, and touched the bottom of the sea. It was in good time; for a moment after, the mass went over back again. Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weight which kept me down; I jerked it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell. In a moment I began to ascend; and in a few minutes I was floating on the water—for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men! They felt me rising; they saw me, and came and saved me.

Rimmer had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He never went down again, but became a sea captain. As for me, I still go down, but only to vessels whose crews have been saved.

It is needless to say that the Marmion was never again visited.

How I Came to get Married.

It may be funny, but I've done it, I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oysters stewed, brandy cocktails, cigar boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt buttons, whist and dominoes. Shadows present—hoop skirts, band boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chaise, cradles, bibs-pap, sugar teats, paragoric, hive syrup, rhubarb, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, senna, salts, squills and doctor bills. Shadows future—more nine pound babies, more hive syrup, etc. etc. I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakers every time I saw a pretty gal approaching, me, and I'de cross the street any time rather than face one; 'twas'nt because I did'nt like the critters, for if I was behind a tree looking through a knot hole, I could not look at any one long enough. Well my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around the house whistling 'Old Dan Tucker,' dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked a bunch of cigars, and as it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed. 'Now,' said I, let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out!' And cuddling under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me. I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and was having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. Rap again. I laid low. Rap, rap rap! Then Lib sings out 'Jack, are you there?'—'Yes,' says I.—Then came a roar of laughter. 'Let us in,' says she. 'I wont,' says I, 'can't you let a fellow alone?' 'Are a-bed?' says she. 'I am,' says I. 'Get up,' says she. 'I won't,' says I. Then came another laugh. By thunder I began to get riled.

'Get out, you petticoted scare-crow!' I cried; can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't, so you may clear out.' And throwing a boot at the door I felt better. But presently, oh! mortal buttons! I heard a still small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said: 'Jack, you'll have to get up for all the girls' things are in there! Oh, Lord, what a pickle! Think of me in bed, all covered with shawls, muffs, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stopped to think I could have pancaked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry. 'Smash' went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark, for there was a crack in the door, and girls WILL peep—and the way I fumbled about was a death to straw hats.

The critical moment came. I opened the door and found myself right among the women. Oh, my leghorn!' cried one.—My dear, darling winter velvet!, cried another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears; and one bright eyed little piece, Sal——— her name was—put her arms around my neck and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature couldn't stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time that I ever got a taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julias Cæsar to the 4th of July.

'Jack,' said she, 'we are sorry to disturb you' but won't you see me home?' Yes, said I, I will,' I did do it, and had another smack at the gate, too. After that we took a kinder turtle-doving after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other. 'T'was at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hogpen— the chickens were going to roost; the bullfrogs were commencing to sing their evening songs; the pollywogs in their native mudpuddles were preparing for the shades of night, and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated backlog, listening to the music of nature, such as tree toads, roosters and grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks; and came laden with the delicious odor of hen roosts and pig styes: the last lingering rays of the setting sun glancing from the brass buttons of a solitary horseman show through a knot hole in the hog pen, full in Sal's face dying her hair with an orange peel hue, and showing off my thread-bare coat to bad advantage; one of my arms was around Sal's waist, hand on the small of her back. She was toying with my auburn looks of jet black hue; she was almost gone and I was ditto. She looked like a grass hopper dying with the hickups, and I felt like a mud turtle choked with a cod fish ball.

'Sal', says I, in a voice musical as the notes of a dying swan, 'will you have me?' She turned her eyes heavenward, clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings clear out then, and squatted in my lap; she corkscrewed and I curflummuxed and rolled in it. I hugged her until I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions she had eat the week before. Well to make a long story short she set the day, we practised for four weeks every night how we would walk into the room to get married, till we got so we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovie ducks.

The night, the company, and the minister came; the signal was given, and arm in arm through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when down I went kersap on the oil cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some ouss had dropped a banana skin on the floor, and 'twas me. I split an awful hole in my cassimeres right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out, so clapping my hand over it we marched in and were spliced, and taking a seat I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her until I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh, horror! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me, and pulled my shirt through a hole in my pants, had pinned it to the chair, and in jumping up I displayed to the admiring gaze of the astonished multitude, a trifle more white muslin than was finally put to bed, and there all my troubles ended.

The Man who Knows Everything.

A mighty knowing man was Caleb Page, who kept the grocery at the fork of the road, near Woodchuck creek, Sprag Hollow, in the village of Hornville. No occurrence had taken place, of all the particulars of which Caleb did not possess a thorough knowledge in the minutest detail. All matters in the prospective were anticipated, discussed, arranged, and satisfactorily disposed of by Caleb, long before they took place. If a neighbor rushed into the store to communicate what he believed to be a very recent piece of news, he would have the conceit taken out of him by being told by Caleb that he 'had heard of it a week ago.' Events of the past, present, and future were all the same to him; his ubiquitous knowledge grasped and covered them all—to him they were all 'stale news.'

A small bet was made one evening between Si Stevens and Joe Stubbins. Si bet Joe couldn't nonplus Caleb with any piece of intelligence—real or imaginary. Joe took all such bets as that.

The following evening Si and Joe, accompanied by two or three more of the 'boys' of the village who were to 'help the thing along,' and 'fill in,' proceeded to Caleb's store. After being comfortably seated here and there on barrels, boxes, etc., Si opened the evening's amusement by asking, in a manner that indicated he was continuing a conversation commenced before they had entered the store:

'So you say, Joe, that they caught him at last?'

'Yes, sir, about seventeen minutes past eight.'

'Well, Joe, how far up the creek was it?'

'On a careful consideration, I should say it was about three miles, or three miles and a quarter, or perhaps a half, up the creek.'

Caleb, who had not lost a word of the conversation, dropped his sugar-scoop with astonishment, and opened his ears, for the boys were talking about a matter in which he was not 'posted up.' The conversation continued:

'Well!' says Si, 'that couldn't a' been far from Deacon Hunt's.'

'Jest so,' answered Joe, 'it was about eighty rods from Deacon Hunt's hog-pen, in a slanch-wise direction.'

'Did you hear Joe,' with a face as solid as a gravestone, 'how much ile they got?'

'Yes, I did,' replied Joe, with another face as solemn as two gravestones; 'I hearn that they got nigh about sixty barl's of ile.'

The wags observed that Caleb was getting exceedingly uneasy, and 'piled it on.'

'Well, Joseph, how long was the reptile?'

'Well, Silas, the insect was about eighty-two feet long, and twenty-eight feet odd inches broad—thick in proportion.'

'I thought, Joe, there was two on 'em.'

'That's a fact; there was a pair on 'em, but they only caught the he one.'

At this point of the dialogue Caleb became so desperately excited that he could contain himself no longer, and snappishly demanded to know 'what'n the thunder they were talking about?'

'Why,' said Joe, with well-feigned astonishment, 'don't you know about their catching that are—'

'That are what?' peevishly snarled Caleb.

'Why, that are whale!' seriously answered Joe Stubbins.

'A whale!' exclaimed the bewildered Caleb, have they caught that whale up the creek?'

'They haven't caught anything else,' said the imperturable Joe.

'And how much ile did they get?' inquired Caleb, as he recovered his wits.

'Ninety-two barl's' replied Joe, forgetting the amount he had previously mentioned.

'Well,' said Caleb, with slow deliberation, and a satisfied look, 'I'm glad they caught that whale, for I heard they were arter him.'

Getting Old.

Did you ever consult the mirror to ascertain whether you are growing old—to detect, if you could, a pair of feet, and a crow's at that, at the corners of your eyes to see if that gray hair somebody charged you with having yesterday was nothing but a peculiar reflection of the light, and not much whiter than the ace of spades after all? But the mirror is nothing to go to for information; it reflects to very litte purpose. If you would know what age is doing for you, look upon the face of a friend you have not seen for ten years, and the story is as plain as a pike staff! There is something or other about him you cannot quite understand; his features are a little sharper, the expression of his eyes a little colder, of his brow a little harder, of his mouth a little firmer. To be sure his laugh hasn't gone, but then a tooth or two has. He is the same, yet not the same, but yet somewhat harder and rougher, and not so much of him as of old. But the strangest of all is his hand. That has grown old faster than his face. How soft and smooth it used to be, you remember, and plump as a partridge. There was a tracery of blue veins upon the back of it, and you and he used to read each other's fortunes and life journeys in the meandering currents that flowed on so quietly just under the surface; but it is more like a crow now, as if he used it in digging; then it is brown as October; the full, rounded muscle has shrunk away from the veins, and they stand out like ridges in a fallow. Veins, indeed, they look like a handful of whipcord. There is a knotty look and a knotty feel about the joints, as if you were grasping a handful of walnuts. Then again, his hair has grown wiry, or bristly, or gray, or thin, or something that it was not, for the truth is it is growing upon an old head. You think, as you look at him, 'is it possible,' and he keeps you company with his wonder 'how can it be,' and in that look you have seen yourself as we see you, as they all see you, as you are.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.—This Lord is generally regarded as the paragon of politeness; and as some people think that the orders given by military officers, from a colonel down to a corporal, as a general thing, are entirely too harsh, a correspondent who has paid much attention to military etiquette, sends us the following, which plainly shows that even in warlike times, those little amenities incident to first class gentlemen, are not to be forgotten. Our correspondent, who is a member of the Home Guard says:

From the fact that the usual mode of giving command, by military officers, falls so harshly upon the ears polite of sensitive privates, the following style has been adopted by some of the companies attached to a regiment of 'Reserved Grays;' and is appropriately termed the

CHESTERFIELD MANUAL,

BY A COMMANDING OFFICER.

1. Gentlemen, you will please give me your attention!

2. You will be kind enough to cast your head and eyes to the right, and endeavor to observe the 'immediate bosom' of the third gentleman from you.

3. Oblige me now by casting your visual organs to the front.

4. Allow me to suggest the propriety of coming to an order arms!

5. Gentlemen, will you condescend to order arms?

6. You will confer a special favor by coming to a support.

7. If it meets your approbation, I beg leave to propose that you carry arms.

8. Now, gentlemen, you will please present arms.

9. I shall consider myself under an everlasting obligation if you will once more oblige me by carrying arms.

10. Having a just and high appreciation of your intrinsic worth, as well as your exalted position in society, I humbly trust that I am not infringing upon your good nature, when I request you to trail arms.

11. Gentlemen, for the last time, permit me to remark that it is my earnest desire that you should come to a shoulder arms.

12. If it is not too laborious, I shall be delighted to see you change your position, by coming to a right face.

13. To conclude your arduous exercises, I will still further trespass upon your well-known affability, by desiring you to come to arms port!

14. Gentlemen! soldiers! blood-stained heroes! If congenial to your feelings, you may consider yourselves dismissed. I beg to remark, however, that should it suit your convenience, you will be kind enough to hold yourselves subject to be again called into line, which you will be made aware of by the repeated and vigorous tapping of the 'spirit-stirring drum,' recollecting, at the same time, that the *first* vibration of that sweet instrument, that strikes the tympanum of your ears, is merely precautionary. Allow me to exclaim, in stentorian voice—sover the ranks march!—*Daily News.*

☞ A broker, not long ago, when escorting a fair damsel home, asked her what kind of money she liked best. Of course the blushing beauty instantly suggested matrimony. 'What rate of interest does it bring?' inquired the man of current funds and wildcat documents. 'If properly invested,' lisped the fair charmer—'if properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years.'

☞ On the banks of a rivulet in the North of Ireland is a stone with the following inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that road:

'Take Notice, that when this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river!'

The above inscription is something similar to the famous finger-post which was erected by order of the Surveyor of the roads some years ago in Kent, (Eng.)

This is a bridle path to Feversham: if you can't read this, you had better keep the main road.'

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Surplus	51,453 03	$275,253 03
Received for Premiums	$91,565 45	
Received for Interest, Rent, &c.	7,825 49	$99,390 94
Paid Losses, Expenses, Commissions, Re-Insurances, Returned Premiums, &c.		$70,383 00
Increase of Fire Premiums over last year's	$14,699 59	
Decrease Marine Premiums	10,426 74	
Nett Increase		$ 4,272 85

ASSETS.

Real Estate, Bonds and Mortgages,	$141,240 00	
Stocks, (Par, $80,310,)	47,915 00	
Bills Receivable	59,385 78	
Uninsured Premiums and other debts due the Company	17,823 02	
Cash on hand, and in the hands of Agents	9,389 28	
		$275,253 03

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