TERMS.

UESCRIPTION—Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription discontinued until all arrear-ages are paid, unless at the option of the Rditor.

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

APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

Hither and thither they swang, Madeline Hays— The bloom-loaded apple-tree boughs, The rose scented apple-tree boughs, The pink-tinted apple-tree boughs— In the merry May days.

Hither and thither they swung, Madeline Hays; The blossoms and you together, Rose-tinted, and light as a feather, All in the merry May weather, My rose-tinted Madeline Hays.

Down in the wet green grass, Madeline Hays,
Where the brown bees cluster and hover;
Down in the cowslips and clover,
With the apple-tree blooms sprinkled over,
I awaited you, Madeline Hays.

Down in the wet green grass, Madeline Hays, Ankle-deep, I pleaded and flattered, While the blackbird whistled and chattered, And the pink-blossoms pelted and pattered, All in the merry May days. Come down. come down to me, Madeline Hays!

While the pink-pelting rain
And your laugh of disdain
Only answered me, Madeline Hays.

"Come down, come down to me, Madeline Hays!"
I pleaded and flattered once more,
And you laughed in my face as before,
"Till the wind blew down with a roar!—
What happened then, Madeline Hays? The wind blew down with a roar, Madeline Havs

Breaking branches and boughs in the race, Blowing blessoms and buds in my face; What else did I catch and embrace As the bough broke, Madeline Hays? Soft yellow silk hair, Madeline Hays, Unrolling its lovely Greek twist, Blowing out its goldening mist— My bloom-blushing Madeline Hays!

Then through hair all a-dazzle, Madeline Hays, Eyes and mouth, cheek and chin too, Out of the dazzle came glimmering through; What could a man do, Madeline Hays?

THE WORLD WOULD BE THE BETTER FOR IT.

If men cared less for wealth and fame, And less for battle-fields and glory; If writ in human hearts, a name Seemed better than in song or story; If men, instead of nursing pride, Would learn to hate it, and abhor it;

If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands. If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world with the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruis'd human hearts would pour it
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If more would act the play of life, And fewer spoil it in rehearsal; If Bigotry would sheath its knife, 'Till Good became more universal;

'Till Good became more universal;
If custom gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adorn it—
If talent shone
In truth alone.
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little thingsless in all their dealings

The tribute of the results of the re In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

How the money goes! is everybody's exclanation. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and the money goes in a manner no less mysterious. But to raise the wind-to procure the money-that's the question! An old ballad, written doubtless by the

most impecunious of poets, celebrates the fugacity of money in the following crisp and lively verse: ay in the following crisp and lively
Money goes! no man knows:
Where it goeth no one knoweth;
Here and there, everywhere;
Run, run; dun, dun;
Spend, spend; lend, lend;
Flush to-day, short to-morrow;
Notes to pay, borrow, borrow;
So it goes, no one knows;
Where it goeth, no one showeth!

THE WIFE-TAMER.

Mrs. Morton was a widow-a young pretty, rich widow-when Dr. Charles Strahan made her acquaintance. She was poor but very handsome when Squire Moron married her, and at his death, two years after, became sole heir, put on her widow's weeds, and pocketed her deceased husband's

gold at the same time. Madam Rumor said that poor old Morton never enjoyed a single hour after he contrition. married her; but how should Madam Rumor know? Of one thing, however, I can give my readers reliable information. Mrs. Morton had not been a widow twelve months ere she received, with seeming pleasure, very decided attentions from Dr.

Do you inquire who Dr. Strahan was title of M. D. conferred upon him, which he took pleasure in attaching to his name with a great flourish. But it is asserted that he never had half a dozen patients in as many years. He was of preposessing appearance, a ready talker upon any subject, and was, in fact, first-rate company. He played the flute and sang—was a good dancer and an excellent partner at whist; besides, he had some literary reputation. He wrote poetry and two-column sketches for the Weekly Leveller, and last, though not least, he dressed in good taste and in the height of fashion; how he did it no one knew, but then it was no one's bu-

But I must be allowed to correct one rumor which had gained considerable prevalence, to the effect that he supported himself by his literary labors: an ordinary scribbler could hardly afford Strahan's wardrobe.

Old Squire Morton had been dead but a little over a year when Dr. Strahan, despite all the gossippers could say, married the widow and her fortune. The fact was he wanted a rich wife—as to her, she was anxious to leave her weeds and go into society again, and she could divine no readier way to accomplish these purposes than by marrying. When any one spoke to the doctor about her being a shrew, he merely remarked that he should take pleasure in

taming a shrew.

For three months they lived happily together, for it was in the height of the season, and between Cape May, Newport, Saratoga and the White Mountains, they were alone with each other scarce three hours out of the twenty-four; consequently it was impossible for them to disagree. But the season was soon over and they returned to their quiet home-the place of all others to study a wife or husband. There is no unnatural excitement-no fashionable Mrs. A. to outdress, no profligate Mr. B. to outdo in squandering money; no one to see, to please, but the other half.

there necessarily follows one of extreme duliness; and when one is dull one is ea-

matter of course, both were greatly dis- length, his wife and a favorite man ser- An Hour's Struggle with Poison. pleased

It was their third day at home upon which their first quarrel commenced. How it commenced neither could clearly tell. It have 'beef or nothing.' She'd have tur-key, and thus commenced the war of the

Strahans. One ordered the butler not to have fowl, the other gave strict instructions not to have beef, while Mrs. S. visited her friends and partook of turkey.

After supper Dr. S. gave a wine supper in the room which he dignified by the name | ges,' cried the lower window. of study, a sort of variety store, in which he kept his library, writing-desk, and the doctor. spittoon. Here also were two glass cases, 'Come in one of which contained a skeleton hung on wire; in the other was an Egyptian mummy.

The walls were hung with curiosities : among them a cane from a tree which grew over Washington's grave, a snuff-box from the United States frigate Constitution, minerals, shells and fossils of all kinds, specimen ears of corn, enormous sized fruits and vegetables, cases of dried insects and ed about the apartment and voluntuous pered : French lithographs and portraits of distinguished personages were hung promisouously on the walls; a long reading table. arm-chairs, a prescription case, a mammoth bell-metal pestle and mortar completed the

furniture of the 'study.' During the same evening Mrs. S. had a whist party in the parlor.

Wine held her votaries in bondage longer than cards. Mrs. S. had dismissed her party and retired hours before her liege lord came to his chamber, and when he did come he found the door locked, himself without and her within. In vain he called like it, sir.' to her; she would not hear, and he was compelled to find a bed elsewhere, which lady again left him alone. he did, muttering to himself: 'I'll tame her yet.'

He lay all all night forming a plan to bring her to submission. In the morning he asked her to walk into the study; and there they renewed their flerce quarrel, during which Mrs. S. called her husband a heartless, brainless fellow, who married her for money. To which the doctor replied by calling her a low, vulgar woman, who was only too glad to marry a professional gentleman and author, to enable her to enter better society. After which she toyed with her fan, and finally pulled the bell cord, and ordered the servant who answered it to bring her carriage to the

'Where are you going?' demanded the doctor. 'To ride, sir,' replied the amiable Mrs.

Strahan. 'I will go with you, if you please.' But I do not please. Then I choose to go.

'Very well, then you go alone. I cannot go with you.' 'You cannot go unless I accompany you,

madam.' 'Cannot ?'

'Cannot, madame.' 'We will see.' 'Well, we will see.' The doctor walked out of the room,

locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and left the house. flood of tears, but waited patiently for the man, with coarse features, stiff, rough, servant to return, whom she had sent for sandy-colored hair and a cast of countethe carriage. When he returned, she told nance of a very ordinary type. He dresses him, through the key hole, to return the plainly but neatly, has a somewhat carehorse to the stable, and place a ladder worn look, and appears to be fifty or sixty against the study window. The ladder years of age. His private office is of was placed according to directions, and a moderate size and plain furniture. On a

appearance of her husband.

Judge of his surprise, then, when he saw Mrs. S. sitting before his long reading table; on her right hand his bell-metal mortar, in which she was roasting his mamthe fire. Thus the husband's brain-work and wooden curiosities were made to cook the dinner.

The doctor looked silently on as long as he could; then, taking the key from his pocket, he unlocked the door, and-it was bolted on the inside.

'Mrs. S.!' he shouted. Well, sir?

'Open the door.' 'I am very busy just now, and can't be

'Open this door immediately." 'I am busy, I tell you.' 'I'll burst the door in, if you do not

instantly open it.' 'Do as you please, sir; but your mumny and giant's skeleton are placed against the door, so be careful and not break them.'

The doctor was foiled. For a few moing the ladder, he hastened through the hall out of doors, leaving the door unlocked and the key in it. His footsteps had scarce died away on the stairs, before his wife had removed both cases from the door, drew the bolt and stood in the entry. It was but the work of a moment to throw the remaining letters, poems and manuscripts into the fire, remove the wine and

After a season of long-continued galety estables, lock the door upon the outside, and put the key in her pocket. Meanwhile, the doctor was raising the

vant were watching him from a lower window.

The doctor pushed up the window and jumped in; the servant jumped out of the is only known that Strahan expressed a de- lower window and pulled down the ladder. sire to dine upon roast beef, upon which In an instant the doctor saw that the bird Mrs. S, said she abominated beef, and would had flown, and he rushed back to the winhave roust turkey and oyster sauce. He'd dow just as the ladder reached the ground 'Put that ladder back again!' shouted

the doctor. 'Let it be where it is,' oried the wife from the lower window.

'Put it up here instantly, or I'll discharge you, bellowed the upper window. Let it alone and I'll double your wa-

'Do as I tell you, blockhead,' yelled 'Come into the house, John,' said the

lady, coolly.
'Put up that ladder, you villain,' persisted the wrathy M. D. 'John, do as I order you, complacently

commanded Mrs. Strahan. And John went into the house, leaving from the wood of the Charter Oak, a ship the medical gentleman heaping curses upon everybody in the vicinity, including his wife and servant.

All night long the doctor was kept a prisoner. Just before his wife retired, pickled reptiles. Stuffed birds were perch- she put her lips to the key hole and whis-Well, doctor, what is your success in

taming a shrew? No answer.

'Good night, doctor.' The next morning she came to the door and called:

' Doctor.' No answer.

' Doctor.' ' Madam ?'

'Would you like some breakfast?'

'I am not particular.' There is cold turkey left, if you would

The doctor deigned no reply, and the

During the afternoon she again stopped at the door and called: ' Doctor.'

'Well, my dear?' very humbly. 'Would you like some dinner ?'

'I should.' 'Will cold turkey do for you?'

'Anything, my dear.' 'If I let you cut will you promise never to lock me up again?

'I will.' 'And never object to my eating turkey

when I wish it?' 'Never.' 'And not attempt to tame a shrew

again ? 'Never.' 'Then-you-may-come-out.'

And the lady forthwith unlocked and threw open the door. To this day Dr. Strahan has never atempted to dictate to his wife what she shall eat, or when she shall ride, and has never been heard to boast again of ' taming

a shrew.' How the Richest Man in New York Spends His Time.

A correspondent of the Rochester Demo crat sketches the richest man in New York in this manner -

Wm. B. Astor's office is in Prince street, near Broadway, where he may be ocket, and left the house.

She did not sit down and burst into a and three.' He is a large, stout-built

turkey with oysters and pastry was brought | table are a few books, and on opening that up to her. The ladder was then removed, one which appears most thumbed you perand everything was prepared for the re- ceive that it is a volume of maps of city property, carefully and elegantly executed. Near the middle of the afternoon the and as a whole, embracing the sundries of doctor returned home, stepped softly an enormous estate, estimated at over through the hall towards the door, and \$25,000,000. Mr. Astor resides in Laypeeped through the key hole, expecting to fayette Place, in one of a row of dwellings see a striking picture of humility and which twenty-five years ago were the grandest in the city, though now they are distanced by palaces of the Fifth Avenue.

Near by is the magnificent library founded by his father, to which he has added a fund nearly equal to the endowment. Here moth specimen apples, sweet potatoes, and he spends a small part of his time, the reher turkey. Near her stood his water- mainder being occupied by his duties in the bath, in which she was cooking cysters, Prince street office. Sunday excepted, he and she occasionally stirred them with his does a full day's work every day in the Well, he studied medicine, and had the spatula; on the table stood one of the week. Thus the whole routine of life of bottles of wine which had been left from the richest man in America in a walk to the previous night's revelry, which the and from home of a half mile and close lady, for the want of a champagne-opener, attention to business. The care of Mr. had deprived of its neck with a wedge- Astor's estate is a vast burden. He has wood pestle, and using a four-ounce grad- several hundred tenants of all grades, uate for a Wine glass; she had cut up from the \$300 cottage to the \$30,000 champagne baskets for fire wood with an store. To relieve him of this vexatious Indian tomahawk. On the left stood the duty, he has committed it for years to an doctor's writing desk, which she had broken agent, who does the work well. He colopen, and scattered on the desk were ten- lects rents and makes quarterly returns, der missives of his earlier love flames, and thus pays over a sum which would be manuscript pages of tales and sketches, almost incredible, and which we may unpublished odes, and unpaid tailors bills, roughly estimate at \$3,000,000 per annum. while the lady sat reading first a sweet This man employs a small army of painters, love letter, then an ode on Napoleon, and carpenters and other mechanics, in order so on, throwing them page after page into to keep up repairs, and superintends the whole of this department. As a large and which he will not sell, he is much employed with architects and master builders. and generally has one or two large blocks

in course of erection at a time. This is a very serious burden. His son John Jacob is quite a business man, and bears a share laying hand npon the arm. of the load. Besides this, some fifteen years ago a talented and elegant young while his teeth were relaxing from their merchant, (Franklin Delano) married one of the daughters, and also affords assistwere entering a battle ; 'and don't any of ance. In addition to these labors, the attention to collection of interest on bonds, dividends, &c., is a very heavy item, since in the little brick office (which is, of course, fire-proof) there are several millions of Government and State securities. His of bystanders broke out into a loud murdaily income is computed at \$6,000. It is mur, and cries of the brute! Let the said that a certain person felicited Mr. child die in peace ! . . He is crazy—take the ments he stood and thought what course it was best to pursue. Suddenly recollect- of bonds, maps, &c., the capitalist replied him. of bonds, maps, &c., the capitalist replied; him. How would you like to manage all these for your board and clothes?" The man demurred to the idea. 'Sir,' said the other, 'it is all I get.' Mr. Astor, it is said

gives but little away. GETTING MARRIED .- ' Ma,' said a little girl to her mother, do the men want to get married as much as the women do?

Aga to carea the Lor att. Mad absorbed a

Pshaw! what are you talking about? 'Why, ma, the women who come here

I was spending some days, not many years ago, in a beautiful little country village, and in a family that had more than common attractions to one who loves domestic life as well as myself. The little circle had in it more of real interest than

number of persons. The father of the family-almost too young to feel yet that he was entitled to that honorable appellation—was a fine, frank-hearted young mechanic, with a wide world of life bounding in his veins, and energy, that when fully aroused, drove everything violently before him, and warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than it had then given him the goods of this world.

His wife, to whom he had been married some four years, was singularly beautiful. They had two children, the one a laughing brown-eyed and brown-haired little fairy of three years. Her name was Eveleen. The second was a crowing, laughing, blue-eyed, plump little beauty of less than a year, promising to have all the charms of the older at her age.

I was sitting one afternoon in a quiet little room with my feet upon two chairs, reading a pleasant little book, in a state between asleep and awake—my host away at his shop, a hundred yards off, and my pretty little hostess engaged in her household labors—when I was thrown out of my indolence by a scream that brought me to my feet like an electric shock. It was a woman's voice, and had in it an excess of agony that cannot be indicated in words, so loud that it rang over that quiet village, and brought every one forth to ascertain the cause.

I sprang to the door that separated the sitting room from the dining apartments, and saw the whole at a glance. The young mother stood at the door with her first born-our darling Eveleen-in her arms dying. A brief and hurried word from the servant told me the sad story. The little girl had accompanied a child uncle up stairs, and while the attention of the older child was for a moment turned away, she seized a bottle of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, and had taken enough to have taken away twenty such lives. The little thing had tottered down stairs, and the mother had met her at the landing with the empty bottle in her hand, and the poison oozing from her mouth, and the child all unconscious of the fearful thing she had done Was it any wonder that a

nd stood with the chi n her arms, making no effort for its relief, and indeed it seemed hopeless, for already the subtle from them in all the strength and beauty poison seemed diffused through the frame; of youth; in vain they will listen for the the brown eyes had lost their lustre, the sound of that voice whose last music for has sense enough to hold his tongue. face was blackened as in after death, and them was the sad cadence—' good bye.' the teeth were tight set in a convulsive The anxious eyes that so often gazed down spasm that evidently would not pass away. the old road will not be gladdened by the I examined the little lost darling for a sight of that dear form; and the harmony moment, saw that it was hopeless, and then turned away unable to bear that mother's agony. The little door was already half filled with villagers, and moans and lamentations over the fate of the dving child were heard in every direction, mingled with quick hurried questions, as to the manner of its occurrence, and vain attempts at head-stones! No loving hands ever plant

confusion to the sadness of the scene. The little fellow's uncle, who had been up stairs with the child, ran instantly to call the father, but a few moments elapsed before he sprang into the middle of the group. He had been told all and asked no questions. I had time to remark that his eyes were very stern and that his lip was very compressed. Others, too, remarked it, and I knew afterwards that a murmur ran round the circle of how strange it was that he betrayed no feeling.

He reached out his hands and took the child from its mother. Its eyes were now closed, and a white coze coming from between the blackened lips. Was ever death more assured? I saw him open the eyelids, and heard him give a sigh of relief. He told me afterwards that the eye was not shrunken, and so death had not begun. He then attempted to open the mouth but the teeth were tight set and thev resisted his efforts. But with a force that seemed and opened the mouth.

'Shame,' cried one of the bystanders. The father did not heed them, but motioned to a neighbor to take the child in his arms. He did so.

'Bring me the egg basket,' he spoke very sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to the servant. 'What do you want with it?' 'What can

you do with it?' 'He's crazy,' and many such remarks followed, but the basket was there in a moment. He seized one of the eggs, and broke it,

inserted his fingers between the teeth and wrenched them open by force, though they shut with so convulsive a motion as to tear part of Mr. Astor's property consists of the flesh from his fingers, and poured the vacant lots which are in continual demand, albumen into the throat. There was a slight struggle, nothing more, and the spectators were horrified at the action. ' Don't, the child is dying !' said one.

> can't live!' the mother found voice to say, 'Mary be still!' he answered sternly. cleuching, and his face as hard as if he

'Please don't hurt the little thing-i

you meddle with me; keep off!' The bystanders involuntarily obeyed with many harsh remarks upon his cruelty -but he did not heed them, and still there was no sign of life. Then the whole body

He desisted for a moment from his efforts, and turned with a fierceness which had before been altogether foreign to his nature, but no one who saw him afterwards forgot it. 'Fools,' he hissed, 'mind your own business and leave me to mine! Take her away will you! Try it!? and he went you. on emptying egg after egg down the ap-parently lifeless throat.

The mother could stand this no longer Her first born was being tortured to death slly displeased. Now Mr. and Mrs. Stras ladder to the window, and by the time he are always talking about getting married; herself on her knees before her husband's han were both remarkably dull, and, as a had got it placed and ascended half its the men do not talk so. before her eyes and she imploringly flung

'O, father, do stop him!' she gasped; 'he will obey you, do stop him. He is torturing that poor dying child.'

to interfere, for he thought the proceeding ago. an outrageous one; but he stopped and said ' Mary, let him alone. The child will die if he does not go on. It cannot more I have often seen developed in the same than die if he does. I would not say a word to him for the world. The child is

his; let him use it at his pleasure." There was silence then. In a moment more there was a quiver of the eye-lids, a convulsive movement of the chest, and the the poison began to flow from her mouth. Again and again, as the retching ceased,

but saved. Then-when the necessity for exertion wife had blessed him through her kisses the whole charitable sisterhood fled from the and tears; and all knew that under God scene, calling 'Man! man, for God's sake only such an almost fierce determination | help!' and sprinkling their way with side-

opened upon womanhood. But there is no | him to concentrate his wardrobe again. hour in my life that brings so thrilling a recollection as that of the young father's struggle for the life of his child.

"Only One Killed." Only one killed. That's all. Only one vigorous young life suddenly out short; ful prime, for they had suffered more from only one happy household shrouded in gloom; only one home-chain broken; only one wife made a widow; one group of little ones made fatherless; or perhaps one fond mother's heart robbed of its idol; one tender sister made brotherless; one loving young heart stricken down in its first great agony. How many times within the last few months have faithful comrades broken terrible shrick rang out over the quiet vilthe turt and deposited underneath the form lage, and that already the occupants of of the only one killed.' The next mornevery house near were rushing towards the ing's paper perhaps told of a brilliant spot where the mother stood. .

But a few moments could possibly have one killed on our side,' etc.; and after an affair; repulse of the enemy, with only elapsed since the poison was taken, and indifferent glance at it, we passed on to yet the effect was already fearful. After the next paragraph. And yet for some the first shriek of terror, the mother had poor hearts, the term conly one killed quieted to a calm despair for the moment, contains an immeasurable amount of sor-

row. In vain will they watch for the coming of that loved one, who went out of the home-music will ever be broken. for that voice will always be wanting .-'Neath the palmetto is a little mound, and there, quietly sleeping, is the 'only one killed.' And alas! how many such little And alas! how many such little mounds there are scattered over the sunny South-mounds that are marked by no answering, which added sad oppressing flowers on them, no loving eyes ever water them with their tears. Hands hardened by grasping steel consigned the dust, and none but eyes used to weeping gaze on those little lone mounds. We do alize the vast amount of sorrow this war is creating. None but those from whose hearthstones have been taken the 'only one killed, oan realize it.

Magruder's Gratitude.

General Magruder, of the rebel army, who has the reputation of drinking more liquor than any officer in the Confederate army, is indebted to a soldier for the following account of his exploits with Mexican aguadiente:

About the month of October, 1848, after the close of the war with Mexico, Colonel Magruder had been ordered by the General-in-Chief of the army to proceed across the plain of lower California, to San Diego. One fine Sunday morning we proceeded per almost brutal he wrenched the teeth apart order. We had gone but about one mile from the city of Mexico, the thermometer being one hundred and twenty-six degrees in the shade, when the Colonel found his copper getting dry after a hard night's drinking in the city. Observing a clumsy-looking man named Ryan with a well-filled canteen of water, as he (Magruder) thought, he turned to him and commenced the fol-

lowing conversation: 'What have you got there, sir ?' Water, Colonel.

'Let me have a drink?' 'Yes, Colonel.' Putting the canteen to his mouth, he took two or three swallows, and turning to the soldier, said:

Good water, sir, by ----, sir; do not waste it. It must be remembered that this 'water' which the Colonel praised so highly was nothing more than Mexican muscatel, commonly called aguadiente. We had proceeded but a short distance further when our gallant Colonel called to Ryan for another

swig, which he got, when the following col-

loguy occurred : What is your name, sir ?' 'Private Ryan.' 'You are hereafter Corporal Ryan.'

A short distance further, and another swig was called for and received, the Colonel's copper wanting cooling again, saying as he did so: 'Now, sir, you are Sergeant Ryan, by

-, sir, to be honored and respected accordingly. If the canteen had held out, and the Colonel had promoted at every drink, the soldier would have obtained a high rank before the day's march was finished.

A FOUL STOMACH .- My dear Horatio, I had a very mysterious dream about

What is it dear?

'I dreamt that I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot, surrounded by angels clothed in white and purple. What the cheapest at KETCHAM's, Noara Officer and cheaper than the cheapest at KETCHAM's, Noara Officer start, op posite Shent's National House, Lancaster, posite Shent's National House, Lancaster, of No and Officer start, of November next; 10 per cent, will be allowed for Cash.

It is a sign of a foul stomach, dearest."

Addition to the true foregrowth distinction with the first Dil And property for the meanth b.

Scene AT A QUILTING.—The editor of FARMER'S UNION HOTEL the Oswego Times, proverbially an honest man, reminds the local public of an inci-The grandfather started forward a step dent happening there not a hundred years ago. There was a quilting party at a certain house, divers females of uncertain age having gathered together for the purpose of discussing other people's business, and promoting the general intrest of Chris-tian society. While they were thus amiably engaged, there appeared on the sidewalk, in front of the windows, a poor, ragged, half-starved fellow, celebrated throughout the town for his Congress-like wit and teeth lost their tension. The father seized affecting poverty. On deeds of loving his child, turned her face downward, and charity intent, the ladies called the hapless scare crow in doors, and resolved to furnish him with better clothing on the spot. he repeated the experiment—the life re- A pair of shoes cast off by the good man turning still more, and the face losing its of the house, were found to fit the simpleblack color every instant. More than ton admirably; an invalided hat was kindly twenty times albumen had been adminisinduced to rest upon his head like a crown tered, and more than half those times followed by the expulsion of the poison, when the eyes opened, the father desisted, the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms, it is a constant to the sufferer lay just alive in his arms, it is a possible control of the poison, when the eyes opened, the father desisted, the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms, it is a prospect of recovery within a reasonable time. The fool was observed to show some signs of hesitancy about put time off his own rag-lan for the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of the reasonable time. The fool was observed to show some signs of hesitancy about put time off his own rag-lan for the purpose of the regulations.

Col. Commanding 19th Register. Official; L. G. Bodin, Adj't. tered, and more than half those times fol- of faded glory; and then there was proexhausted, its little life terribly shattered | ting off his own rag-lan for the purpose of trying his garment on; but, after much entreaty, off came the article, disclosing to and determination was over-when the phy- the horror-stricken quilters that the sician, had been summoned, and they knew simpleton wore no-'O no, we never that darling little Eveleen might live, after | mention it.' The charity coat was hastily many weeks of struggle between life and thrown to him, and just as he had commendeath; when the relieved friends had ac- ced to struggle into it, the twine sustaining knowledged that they had wronged him at the remainder of his costume was seen to first; when the beautiful and sorrowful snap. Like deer before the flying hounds,

could have saved the child—then the father | combs, remnants of hoops and other female sat down unnerved, and wept like a child. minutiæ. The simpleton continued his Not upon 'Little Sister Eveleen' did single combat with the coat, until an Irish the poison do its fearful office. Eveleen gentleman who had been working in the is alive to day, and her brown eyes are garden came to his rescue, and enabled A SECOND ULYSSES .- An old man of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmott, was lately brought before the police court of Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have

> himself. 'What business do you follow, Wilmott ?

'Business! None: I'm a traveler.' 'A vagabond, perhaps?' 'You are not far wrong-travelers and vagabonds are much the same thing. The difference is that the former travel without money and the latter without brains.'

the rubs of the world than the proprietor

'Where have you traveled?' 'All over the continent.' 'For what purpose?' 'Observation.'

'What have you observed ?' 'A little to commend, much to censure and very much to laugh at.' 'Umph! and what do you commend!' 'A handsome woman that will stay at

will not write too much; and a fool who 'What do you censure?' 'A man who marries a girl for her fine dancing; a youth who studies law and medicine, while he has the use of his hands; and people who elect a drunkard

or blockhead to an office.' 'What do you laugh at?' 'I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not

He was dismissed.

ROBBING A BRIDE OF HER BED.—The St. Louis Democrat has the following: At Layer's boarding house, in this city, an unusually merry wedding came off on Thursday night, and the dance was prolonged till one o'clock in the morning. The bride an groom then repaired to their apartment, but-horrible visusbed and bedding had been sacrilegiously stolen from the nuptial chamber! vindictive wretch had gained felonious ingress at the rear, and effected a robbery unparalleled in the history of matrimony. is conjectured that so fell vengeance could only have been devised and executed by some disappointed lover of the bride.

Lives there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, The seamp who stole that bridal bed Deserves to live and die unwed, With maidens old to punch his head.

The following slanderous paragraph goes unrebuked: A wag has invented a new telegraph. He proposes placing a line of women thirty steps apart, and communicate the news to the first of them as a secret.

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Headquayers, 70rt Bes'r., P. V.; Sheebyville, Tenn., July 7.1862

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