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TERMS.

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THE OLD BEGGAR. He sitteth in the open street,
Day after day be sitteth there,
Unmindful of the Summer's heat,
Or Autumn's chilling air;
His faithful dog between his feet,
And his crutch beside his chair.

He sitteth there from morn till night, That man of many years; His few thin locks are scarce less white Than a silvery thread appears, And his meek old face is channeled deep, As it were worn with tears He holdeth out his shrivelled hand

He holdern out his shrivelled hand
To every passer by,
And the idle boys that all day stand
To laugh at his bleared old eye;
And if a penny ls dropped therein,
He smiles, and looks on high. He smiles, and looks on high, for well He knows how good a sight,
To Him, who once on earth did dwell,
Has the poor widow's mite;
And be feeleth grateful for everything,
And to all who give aright.

He smiles, but seldom speaketh he. Climbs carelessly up his tottering knee, And utters its prattle wild;
Or a grey beard friend tells o'er the tales—
The tales that their youth beguiled. And then the blood mounts to his cheek, And his eye looks bright again, While he talks of many a merry freak, Of the days ere they were men; Of the glad, glad hours of other years, And the tryst-tree in the glen.

But his cheek grows pale, and his old eye dim, When the name of one is spoke,
And his very sight doth seem to swim,
And the thought his breath to choke;
For the fearful hour comes back again,
The hour that his brave heart broke.

Then suddenly be looks on high, Up where the blue sky sleeps,
And the light comes back to his dim old eye,
Though yet he sobs and weeps;
For there he meeteth a gentle glance,
That still its vigil keeps.

But when the heaven is overcast,
Clouds gather round his heart,
And the low wail of the northern blast
Maketh his nerves to start;
For he feareth that sho is sorrowful,
Till the clouds above depart.

And when the daylight fadeth out, He taketh his crutch and cane; And casting his eye on all about, With his old grey dog close by his side.
He limpeth down the lane.

And there in a hovel, old and torn By the showers of many a year, He lifts his heart, and a prayer is borne To Him who loveth to hear; And then he closeth his eyes in sleep, And fears no danger near.

And thus he liveth, day by day,
That beggar, old and lame,
And thus he waitath by the way,
Till death shall speak his name,
And call him up to dwell with Him
Who loveth all the same.

Who loveth all the same, and gives To him who begs, as him who lives 'Mid mines of wealth untold; And careth not for Power or Fame, More than a Beggar Old.

## Wagner.

A BLOODY NIGHT ASSAULT AND REPULSE. Correspondence of the New York Tribune

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 19, 1863. Again Fort Wagner has been assaulted and again we have been repulsed, and with, I regret to say, a much more formidable loss in killed, wounded and missing than in the first attempt.

The first assault failed, as I stated in the Ninth Maine to properly support the successful assault of the Seventh Connectle with the whole rebel garrison.

In the assault of the 11th inst., but one brigade, and that a very small one, under the command of Gen. Strong, was engaged; in that of last evening a whole division, consisting of three full brigades, were drawn out in line to take part in the action, but on account of some misunder- ness, and mutterings of thunder and flashstanding of orders but two actually par-

ticipated in the fight. Since the engagement of the 11th Gen. Gilmore has strained every nerve to discern, had made his line of defence im-

Three-fourths of the island is in our possession; five batteries have been erected in all containing nine 30 pound and four 20-pound Parrotts, and ten 10 inch mortars on the left, with two 30 pound Parbatteries of light artillery on the night. The earthworks protecting these gues have all been erected by the New York Volunthe action of yesterday, Lieut. Col. Jackson, Chief of Artillery on Gen. Gilmore's, of the bayonet." Langdon of the First U. S. Artillery, right rests on the ocean beach, the extreme left on the edge of a swamp, about 500 yards from the small creek separating

Morris Island from James Island. The whole line of batteries sweeps in the form of a semicircle, and is at all point about 1,800 yards from Fort Wagner. Nearly all the guns upon the left are about 4000 yards from Fort Sumter; but being of light calibre compared with the one on that formidable structure, were not brought to bear upon her at any time during the action.

General Gilmore designed to commence the bombardment of the fort at daylight morning, delaying the work of the engiaction did not open until half-past 12 .- pointed work. At that hour Admiral Dahlgreen signaled the fort, and, with intervals of but a very men into battle nor been under fire, took of Col. Littlefield, of the Fourth S. C. and

up into the air, making one huge sand my letter of the 17th. heap of that portion of the fort facing the

Fort Wagner mounts thirteen rifled guns fourth Massachusetts, Colonel Shaw, (colof heavy calibre, but during all this fu- ered regiment), the Sixth Connecticut, Col. fired at a distance of but 1,080 yards, had rious bombardment by land and sea, she Chatfield, the Forty-eighth New York, not injured them in the least. Only the condescended to reply with but two; one Col. Barton, the Third New Hampshire, parapets of the fort had been knocked into upon the whole fleet of iron-clads, and one Col. Jackson, the Seventy-sixth Pennsylupon the entire line of land batteries .- | vania, and the Ninth Maine, Colonel Emour one hundred, but I think even that stant, the line was seen slowly advancing Davis, the Chippewa, Capt. Harris, the number is a large estimate. There were in the dusk toward the fort, and before a Paul Jones, Capt. Buger, and the Ottawa, no casualities on the Monitors or Iron- double-quick had been ordered, a tremensides, and but one man killed and one dous fire from the barbette guns on Fort slightly wounded within the batteries .- Sumter, from the batteries on Cummings's The firing was almost entirely from our Point, and from all the guns on Fort Wagown side. With the most powerful glass, ner opened upon it. The guns from WagThe amount of shell thrown at Fort own side. With the most powerful glass, ner opened upon it. The guns from Wagbut very few men could be seen in the ner swept the beach, and those from Sumfort. At half-past two, a shot from one ter and Cummings Point enfiladed it on sides. of our guns on the left, out the halyards the left. In the midst of this terrible

fluttering to the ground. lowered their flag and were upon the point flag, which the Army of the Potomac has fight with the enemy, and for nearly half had no hope of being admitted to the habso often had defiantly shaken in its face, an hour held their ground, and did not fall itations of the blessed. One wife, he had was run up about ten feet above the par- back until nearly every commissioned offi- been repeatedly informed, was a blessing apet, a little cluster of men rallied around | cer was shot down. As on the morning of | far beyond her merits while in the flesh; appeared, and were not again seen during men were exposed to a most galling fire of the day. Fort Sumter, the moment the grape and cannister, from howitzers, raking he presented himself at the gate of heaven, rebel rag came to the ground, sent a shot the ditches from the bastions of the fort, to his great surprise, greeted him with a over our heads to assure us that it had been from hand grenades and from almost every lowered by accident and not by design. other modern implement of warfare. The In this shot she also desired us to distinct- rebels fought with the utmost desperation, ly understand that before Fort Wagner and so did the larger portion of General suffered enough upon the earth, so be of surrendered she herself would have to be Strong's brigade, as long as there was an consulted. With the exception of this lit- officer to command it. tle episode almost profound silence, so far heavy cloud of smoke and sand, occasion- Major Pimpton, of the Third New Hamped by our constantly exploding shells, hung shire, was the highest commissioned officer over the fort all the afternoon, and it was to command it. Gen. Strong, Col. Shaw, only when the wind drifted it away that we were able to see the amount of damage | Col. Jackson, all had fallen, and the list I we had done. In a few hours what had send you, will tell how many other brave neer, and the beautiful sodded embank- about that this regiment and that regiment of sand with great gaps and chasms in all

sides of the fort exposed to our fire. about the same height, and situated a short to enumerate. distance back of the batteries, it seemed as if no human being could live beneath so fight and were not exposed to perhaps the soldier, blandly, as if he was making a

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON. every gun, that the 15 inch shells had stars was obscured by the blackness of a such as no words can express. She did Land and Naval Attack on Fort and that if there had been a strong in- be distinguished from our own men only by the cat to her bosom and fondled it pasmade it impossible for them to remain the howitzer and the musket. there, and had slaughtered them by hundreds. But there were a few later developed of Gen. Strong, failed to take the fort.

slaughter back to our intrenchments. ticut, who were left alone on the parapet roar of the big guns on land and sea grad- killed, and nearly all his officers wounded, and within the ditches of the fort to bat- ually ceased. Slowly and sullenly the and no reinforcements arriving, that his Monitors, with the exception of the Montauk, moved back to the anchorage ground of the morning. The music of the sublime billows, forever hymning their sublime chants, was again heard along the shore; the sun went down, not in golden

es of lightning. strengthen his position on the Morris heaven opened all along the western hori- er under so deadly a fire, and the thought Island, and so far as human foresight can zon, and in peal after peal demonstrated of surrendering in a body to the enemy how insignificant is the power of man when | could not for a moment be entertained. pregnable before advancing to the attack. compared with that of Him who holds the

elements in the hollow of His hand. For eight hours the Monitors and the Ironsides have kept up a continuous fire, to rise again. and Fort Wagner has not yet surrendered. For eight hours fifty-four guns from the rots, ten 10 inch mortars and three full land batteries have hurled their shot and shell within her walls, and still she flaunts

the red battle flag in our face. "Something must be done, and that too, teer Engineers under the directions of quickly, or in a few days we shall have the individual companies, to say nothing of the Captain Brooks and Lieuts. Mirche and whole army of Virginia upon us," said an Suter, of Gen. Gilmore's staff. During officer high in command. "We must storm the fort to-night and carry it at the point

staff, commanded on the left, and Captain In a few moments signals are made from the top of the look-out, and soon Gen-Company M, on the right. The extreme erals and Colonels commanding divisions and brigades, were seen galloping to the headquarters of the commanding General. kets, but recovered in time to get away A few words in consultation, and Generals Seymour, Strong, Stevenson, and Colonels fighting to get into the fort and terrible Putnam and Montgomery, are seen hastening back to their respective commands .-Officers shout, bugles sound, the word of the fearless. Even if they surrendered, command is given, and soon the soldiers the shell of Sumter were thickly falling around, upon, and under the sand hills of Morris Island, spring from their hiding places, fall into line, march to the beach, are organized into new brigades, and in solid column stand ready to move to the deadly assault.

yesterday morning, but on account of a cavalry and artillery at supporting dis- difficulty you can urge your horse through terrific thunder storm, which commenced tances, but in solid column, on the hard to Lighthouse Inlet. Faint lights are glimearly in the evening and continued until ocean beach, for half a mile before reach- mering in the sand holes and rifle pits to ing the fort, in plain sight of the enemy, the right as you pass down the beach .neers and dampening the ammunition, the did these three brigades move to their ap-

General Strong, who has so frequently the Montauk (his flagship,) the Ironsides, ed death in its many forms of attack, was the Catskill, the Nantucket, the Wechaw- assigned to the command of the First Bri- sunken eyes tells that their kind services ken and the Patapseo moved into line in gade. Col. Putnam, of the Seventh New are all in vain. the order in which I have named them, Hampshire, who, although of the regular and commenced burling their heaviest shot army, and considered one of the best offimencement to its close, General Gilmore, shot and shell around, upon and within cers in the Department, had never led his his staff, and his volunteer aids, consisting

THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER. but just at the close of the engagement, in the First Brigade, and the Second South | inforcements. All that human power could vast clouds of sand, mud and timber high Island, an account of which you have in the moment our men touched the parapets

sea and dismounting two of the heaviest the scene of the afternoon and the evening, General Strong rode to the front, and or-Deserters and prisoners tells us that dered his brigade, consisting of the Fifty- We then found to our sorrow that the 15-She may possibly have fired one shot to ery, to advance to the assault. At the inon the flagstaff and brought the rebel flag shower of shot and shell they pushed their way, reached the Fort; portions of the In a moment almost before we had begun | Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, the Sixth Conto ask ourselves whether they had really necticut, and the Forty-eighth New York, dashed through the ditches, gained the and short-comings while upon earth, of surrendering or not, the old red battle parapet, and engaged in a hand-to-hand that he believed in them devotedly, and

it, cheered, waved their hats and then dis- the assault of the 11th inst., these brave

When the brigade made the assault, as the rebel garrison themselves could General Strong rode at its head. When maintain it, prevailed within the fort. A it fell back, broken, torn, and bleeding, been the smooth regular lines of the engi- officers fell with them. Stories are flying ments, became rugged and irregular heaps | broke and run; that but for the frightened should have carried the fort; that the From my point of observation a wooden Ninth Maine did not reflect much honor lookout, fifty feet high erected for General upon the gallant State she represents, and

terrible a fire, whether protected by bomb most deadly fire of the war, when so many proofs or not, and in this opinion I was officers and so many of the rank and file sight. fully sustained by every person around me. were killed. It must be remembered too, There seemed to be but one opinion, that this assault was made in the nightand that was that we had silenced nearly a very dark night-even the light of the driven the rebels from the bomb-proofs, heavy thunder storm, and the enemy could fantry force in the rear of the fort we had the light of bursting shell and the flash of

opments that their opinion was the correct It was now the turn of Col. Putnam comone, who said this profound silence on the manding the Second Brigade, composed of rebel side was significant, not of defeat and the Seventh New Hampshire, the Sixty is a peculiarity of mine which I am sure disaster, but of ultimate success in repuls- second Ohio Col. Steele, the Sixty-seventh ing our assault; that they were keeping Ohio, Col. Vorhees, and the One Hunthemselves under cover until they could dredth New York, Col. Danely, to make look into the eyes of our men, and send the attempt. But alas! the task was too bullets through their heads, and would much for him. Through the same terrible then swarm by thousands, with every con- fire he led his men to, over and into the my last letter on account of the tardiness ceivable deadly missle in their hands, and fort, and for an hour held one half of it of the Seventy-Sixth Pennsylvania and drive us in confusion and with terrible fighting every moment of that time with the utmost desperation and as with the First The afternoon passed, and the heavy Brigade, it was not until he himself fell men fell back, and the rebel shout and cheer of victory was heard above the roar of Sumter and the guns from Cummings's

Point. In the second assault by Col. Putnam's brigade, Col. Turner of Gen. Gilmore's glory, but in clouds of blackness and dark- staff, stood at the side of Col. Putnam when he fell, and with his voice and sword urged on the thinned ranks to the final charge. In the slight interval between the ces- But it was too late. The Third brigade, sation of the cannonade and the assault at Gen. Stevenson's was not on hand. It the point of the bayonet, the artillery of was madness for the Second to remain long-

To fight their way back to the intrenchments was all that could be done, and in this retreat many a poor fellow fell, never | His wife, moreover, made him go down

from our own fire. The darkness was so mit the bloody deed. intense, the roar of artillery so loud, the flight of grape and cannister shot so rapid and destructive, that it was absolutely impossible to preserve order in the ranks of done it the first night.'

regiments. More than half the time we were in the fort the fight was simply a hand to hand one, as the wounds received by many clearly indicate. Some have sword thrusts, some are hacked on the head, some are stabbed with bayonets, and a few were knocked down with the butt end of muswith swollen heads. There was terrible fighting to get out of it. The cowardly stood no better chance for their lives than around them in the darkness, and as prisoners, they could not be safe until victory, dscislve and unquestioned, rested with one

or the other belligerent. The battle is over; it is midnight; the ocean beach is crowded with the dead, Not in widely extended battle line, with the dying and the wounded. It is with In these holes many a poor wounded and bleeding soldier has laid down to his last that he was ready, and in a few moments since his arrival in this Department, bray-staunch their wounds, or bind up their

In this night assault, and from its comcommand of the Second, and General Ste- Major Bannister and Styker, of the Payuntil one hour after the sun had gone venson the Third, constituting the reserve. master's Department, were contantly under fleet lay about one mile off from the fort, ed), Col. Shaw, was the advanced regiment the courage of the troops and urge on re- politeness.

and but a few moments before the first as-sault was made by General Strong, the last regiment of the reserve. The se-to have been done. No one would have sault was made by General Strong, the Admiral ran the Montauk directly under the guns of Fort Wagner, and, within 280 to lead the charge was undoubtedly made yards, fired round after round from his 15 inch gun, sending, as every shot struck, vast clouds of sand, mud and timber high inch gun, sending, as every shot struck, had displayed a few days before on James | bomb-proof the rebels had erected. But

of the fort 1,300 strong men streamed from Just as darkness began to close in upon safe hiding places, where they had been concealed during the day, and fresh and inch shot from the monitors, even when

sand heaps. In their proper places I forgot to mention that the gunboats Wissahickon, Capt. were also engaged in the bombardment at long range, and that during every day of the week, from the 10 to the 17th, had Wagner would almost build another Iron-

Persian Stories of Husbands. A married man presented himself trembling and sorrowful at the gate of paradise. He had heard so often of his faults how, then, could he hope for the smiles of seventy houris? But the prophet, when smile of ineffable compassion. 'Pass on, poor martyr,' said Mahomet. 'You have indeed been a great sinner, but you have good cheer, for you will not meet your wife

A man who had hitherto crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently and presented himself to the prophet, upon the ground that he had been twice married. ' Nay,' said the prophet, angrily, 'Para-

dise is no place for fools.' A ruffling young fellow married the widow of a great Kahn. On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt when he came into the ante-room, and sat luxuriously imbedded in rose-leaf Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (negro), we cushions, caressing a large white cat, of which she pretended to be dotingly fond. She appeared to be annoyed at her hus-band's entrance, and looked at him out of Gilmore and staff upon a sand hill of a thousand other reasons which I care not the corners of her eyes with a look of cold disdain. 'I dislike cats,' remarked the young

casual observation, 'they offend my If his wife had looked at him with glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now

not even deign to answer him, but she took sionately. Her whole heart seemed to be in the cat, and cold was the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the sneer upon her beautiful lins.

'When any one offends' me, continued the gallant, gail ., ' I cut off his head. It will only make me dearer to you.' drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off its head, wiped the blade, sheathed it, and sat down continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened. After which, girl. says tradition, she became the most submissive wife in the world.

A henpecked fellow meeting him next day as he rode with a gallant train through the market-place, began to condole with

'Ah!' said the henpecked, with deep feeling,' you, too, have taken a wife, and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were.-I pity you from my very heart.'

'Not so,' replied the ruffler, joyfully, keep your sighs to cool yourself next summer. He then related the events of his wed-

ding-night, with their satisfactory results. The henpecked man listened attentively, and pondered long.

'I also have a sword,' said he, 'though it is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond of cats. I will cut off the head of my wife's favorite cat at once.' He did so, and received a sound beating.

upon his knees and tell her what genii, Without a doubt, many of our men fell or evil spirit, had prompted him to com-'Fool!' said the lady, with a vixenish smile, when she had possessed herself of

the henpecked's secret, 'you should have MORAL .-- Advice is useless to fools.

A HAPPY WOMAN.—Is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help itwhose smiles even the coldest sprinkle of of the world and its trials, the one in misfortune cannot dampen? Men make a peaceful rest forever, the other to wake terrible mistake when they marry for beau- with the morning light, to encounter the ty, for talents or style. The sweetest wives re those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difbubbles up just as musically in their hearts. brighter than the splendid gilded chanthe sunshine of a happy face falling on the turbid tide would not awaken an answering gleam-why, these joyous tempered people don't know half the good they do.

Farmer R. — was sitting in the country church. He had been working hard in the harvest field; hands were scarce, and Farmer R --- was dozing .--The loud tones of the minister failed to waning, the good man closed the lids of the Bible and concluded as follows:

'Indeed, my hearers, the harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few.' 'Yes,' exclaimed Farmer R \_\_\_\_, ' I've offered two dollars a day for cradlers, and can't get 'em at that.'

Pat Doolan, at Inkerman, bowed his head to a cannon ball which whizzed past The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (color- fire and doing all in their power to sustain says Pat, one never loses anything by PUMPS vs. HYDRANTS.

Spoiler! spare that pump!
Touch not its liquid spout;
In youth it quenched my thirst,
And is not yet played out.
"Iwas my forefather's hand
That placed thee in this spot;
Then, spoiler, let it stand—
Its waters harm thee not.

That never-failing pump,
Whose waters bless the town, That gushes pure and free—
Wby would'st thou take it down? City fathers make no laws To fill up these old wells: Oh! spare the city pumps!

For in them life, health, dwelis.

When but a poor school boy
I saized thy ladle dear,
In all its dripping joy,
And quaffed thy waters clear.
Here my mother washed my face,
And scrubbed my little hand;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old pump stand.

When hydrants pour forth mud From reservoirs impure, And good wives scold and free ch evils to endure-To thee we turn, old pump, For water cool and clear, When clay streams fill the plugs, Then thou art still more dear.

To thee bright buckets bring
And pitchers, tin-oups, send.
Drink from thy crystal spring,
The poor man's only friend.
Dear pump! thou shalt remain On this old watering spot, Altho' 'tis very plain Improvement loves thee not.

DEAD. Dead! The weeping girl, kneeling in sorrow Legide the bier, gazed on the pale with happiness, never open and gaze upon his darling child again? In vain she clasps the icy hand, whose touch strikes coldness to the heart, and covers it with burning kisses; in vain she murmurs the name of 'father' in his ear! He is dead to the transient joys, the manifold sorrows of this world—dead to the eestatic hopes and despairing grief—dead to the cheerful voice of his daughter, to the kindiy embrace of friends. No more, as in the days departed, would he clasp his darling to his heart—no more will his rich voice be heard at twilight in songs of praise—

Mand the DIS of mortar taken away in the owner has nothing to do but enjoy his fine house and his affluent fortune, then comes the vacuum, nothing to do. The old man finds years have changed his body, and the toy tires the old man ever sooner than it tires the child. There is no contained the tegat and consultational rights of incomes the vacuum, nothing to do but enjoy his fine house and his affluent fortune, then comes the vacuum, nothing to do but enjoy his fine house and his affluent fortune, then comes the vacuum, nothing to do. The old man finds years have changed his body, and the toy tires the old man ever sooner than it tires the child. There is no contained to the transient joys, the manifold sorrows of this world—dead to the destation between building a house and despairing grief—dead to the cheerful voice of his daughter, to the kindiy embrace of friends. No more, as in the days departed, would he clasp his darling to his heart—no more will his rich voice be heard at twilight in songs of praise—

RATHER BIBLICAL.—Some young ladies who had been attending an evening party, desired to return home, but had no male attendant. The master of the house re
RATHER BIBLICAL.—Some young ladies who had been attending an evening party, will receive due attending, and of the Republic.—It will be so conducted as to make the owner has nothing to do. The constitution of the Republic.—It will in all things, and defend the legat end consultutional rights of t be heard at twilight in songs of praise.

no more will his smile illumine that lonely home. Well does the maiden remember. years ago when, a little child, she sat upon his knee, as he rested at evening on the nade use of a Scripture name. What was his knee, as he rested at evening on the fairy-land that he had stored in his brain:

Jeroboam—Jerry beau 'cm.

Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman

Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman

Justine And that he had stored in his brain:

Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman

Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman

Jerry proving reluctant, the gentleman fairy-land that he had stored in his brain; and the many tears she had shed as he told her of her gentle mother, who had passed from the earth long ere her child

could remember. Through all these long her, uniting all the gentle tenderness of a another son. What was it? beloved mother with the strong energetic care of a doating father. No wish had remained ungratified, no desire unsatiated, little heaven below ' to her.

But now how altered! The manly form, once upright and robust, now lay prostrate, and the glee and happy sunshine | guests? it had brought to that hearthstone, were gone forever, the dark shades of gloom and despair usurping their place. Alone, all alone in the world, to buffet its angry waves and chilling blasts, was the orphan

She could not realize the stern reality. He lay there as beautiful in death as he had been in life, and it seemed only a deep slumber from which he would awake with the morning light. But she remembered that with the mornow would come the shroud, the long, narrow coffin, the solemn-looking hearse, the concourse of friends and neighbors, and the last sad scene of all—the dark, yawning grave, and her tears fell like spring rain, as it greets the bursting blossoms. A few brief weeks, and the grass would wave in silence above his breast, the greedy worm would prey upon his cheek, so often blest by a daughter's kiss, and a few crumbling bones and all your words and actions should write he would awake with another of the sumposition to point he letter and take sons to console the young lady for her dispensed to make those shift notes and drafts without so multiating the senvelope as to insure detection.

Fighth-Advantage therefore to the Government; by the fictual destruction of very stamp in its first use.

Sweetness of Temper.—'I cannot for bear pointing out to you, my dear child,' said General Jackson once to a young lady in whose welfare he felt a deep interest, the greet bank notes and drafts without so multiating the senvelope as to insure detection.

Fighth-Advantage therefore to the Government; by the envelope as to insure detection.

Fighth-Advantage therefore to the Government; by the envelope as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp, when once properly placed in this window, as the stamp with deen slumber from which he would awake ter's kiss, and a few crumbling bones would alone remain to tell the ead tale that he had once mingled in the scenes of earthly care and trial.

The unconscious sleeper still slumbered on, and the bereaved daughter still kept her vigil by his side, while the busy world hurried on, never heeding, never caring for the one dead slumberer, the one last drop in the bucket of life.

'Dead!' 'No, not dead, but sleeping,' was the soft and gentle whisper that fell upon her ear, seeming an echo from the choir in the celestial sphere above, and, listening to the melodious strain, the maiden slowly bowed her head, and the angel of Sleep, filled with pity for the daughter's grief, east her dark mantle o'er her, and she slept.

Side by side, the dead father and the sleeping daughter, both alike unconscious ills of life,—Ex.

F'Sam,' said a late minister to his man of all-work, 'You must bottle the ference—the bright little fountain of joy cask of whisky this afternoon, but as the vapor from the whisky may be injurious, Do they live in a log cabin, the fire that take a glass of it before you begin, to preleaps up on its humble hearth becomes vent intoxication,' Now Samuel was an old soldier, and never was in better spirits deliers in Aladdin's palace. Were the than when bottling whisky; and having stream of life so dark and unpropitious that received from his master a special license to taste, went to work most heartily .-Some hours after, the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, unconscious of all around .-O, Sam!' said the master, 'you have not taken my advice, and you see the consequence. Rise, Sam, and take a glass vet : it may restore you.' Sam, nothing loth, took the glass from the master's hand, and arouse the farmer, until at length, the time | having emptied it, said: 'O, sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've taken, but I'm no better.'

Say what you will of old maids their love is generally more strong and sincere than that of the young milk and water creatures whose hearts vibrate between the joys of wedlock and the dissipations of the ball room. Until the young heart of woman is capable of settling firmsix inches above his bearskin. 'Faith,' ly and exclusively on one object, her love is like a May shower, which makes rainbows, but fills no cisterns.

Change of Habits in Old Age. A man may change his mode of life if he is on the youthful side of middle life; the meridian line once passed all such radical change is attended with the peril of death. Have you ever ncticed in the burying grounds or in the neorological columns of newspapers, how often husband follows wife, or wife busband, with brief intervals of time between their departure, when they have long lived together? The ageworn constitution is unable to react against bereavement, and to adapt itself to the new circumstances in which it is placed. The usual form ln which death invades the body of those aged person demonstrates this truth, for they die either of apoplexy or of paralysis of the brain. The mind shrinking instinctively from death, exerts all its powers of recovery, to rally

every attempt. Have you never heard the vulgar remark that the builder of a house dies almost as soon as the house is completed. The observation has some foundation in truth, but the cause of the effect is not 'black,' it is the very inability of the aged mind to react against all habits lost. Men rarely build houses until they have amassed something like independence of fortune: in other words, they are generally in the afternoon of life, and they build the house for a harbor from the cares of business, where they may twirl their thumbs and enjoy life by oppressing themselves with idleness. As long as the house is building, all goes well; they don't miss the absent shop or counting-room. There is the bricklayer to be scolded, and the carpenter to be overlooked, face of the inanimate form beside her, the and dicussions to be held with the archiclay of him she had once called father, tect; and money to be paid out; in fine, and gave vent to bursts of passionate there is something to think about, some-

Would those features, so often lit thing to worry over or to fret about, it is the by the smile of paternal love, never relax old round of life, in minature if you will, from their rigid sternness? Would those but still it is the old round which has been lips accustomed to words of encouragement and of love, never again be parted?

Mould those ares, that used ever to beam with happiness, never open and gaze upon his darling child again? In vain she class to the owner has nothing to do but enjoy his classes the liev hand, whose touch strikes fine house and his efficient forms. But when the house monwealth.

It will freely and fairly discuss all legitlmate subjects of newspaper comment, including, of course, and pre-emit the last coat of paint has been removed, and the last chip has been removed, and the bits of mortar taken away; when the last coat of paint has level in the last coat of paint has newspaper comment, including, of course, and pre-emit the tist time, all questions connected with the existing unhappy condition of our country. It will fearliestly criticise the public acts of public servants, and defend the legal and constitutional rights of including to the last coat of paint has been removed, and the last chip has been removed, and the bits of mortar taken away; when the last coat of paint has been parted? It will freely and fairly discuss all legitlmate subjects of newspaper comment, including, of course, and pre-emit the last coat of paint has been removed, and the last chip has been removed, and the bits of mortar taken away; when the last coat of paint has been removed, and the last chip has been removed.

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It will fearly and fairly discuss all legitlmate subjects of movement, including, of course, and pre-emit has been removed, and the last coat of paint has been removed.

Jerry proving re desired another son to act as escort. What Scripture name did be uttor ? Lemuel-Lem you will.

Still there was a difficulty, and a like years he had watched over and protected request was made in a similar manner to Samuel—Sam you will.

Sam having consented, the parties took their seats in a sleigh for the purpose of until her pleasant home seemed like 'a going home. It was found that there was plenty of room for one more. What Scripture name did the old gentleman use to induce another son to accompany the

Benjamin-Ben jam in. The driver was requested to start in another Scripture name. What was it ?

Joshua-Josh away. When the sleigh was fairly off, it was discovered that one of the young ladies had been left behind. There was no possibility of rescuing her companions, so the old gentleman asked still another of his sons to console the young lady for her discovered had been left behind. There was no possibility of rescuing her companions, so the old gentleman asked still another of his sons to console the young lady for her discovered his better and extended to the console the young lady for her discovered his notes and drafts without so mutilating the envelope as to insure detection.

Never forget that you are a gentlewoman; and all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but it is a misfortune, which, not having been suffia misfortune, which, not having been suffia misfortune, which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue my impetuosity than anything I ever undertook.' Let these words of the venerated sage be taken to heart, not only by young ladies, but by every one. Strive by all means to cultievery one. Strive by all means to cultivate sweetness of temper.

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