Biterary.

A Grandmother. Isn't it a nice thing to be a grandhome: to be rejuvenated with kisses: round you, like clinging vines, and swaying you to and fro like rollicking winds, while merry Laughter and clamor for precedence breaks forth like

dashing, jubilant fountains. Isn't it a happy thing to be a grandmother? to have young hands laid in your lap when they are weary, and young ears listening for "sing a song of sixpence," and little legs astride your knee, galloping to the time of

Ride a jack horse To Barburry cross, see what Charlie can buy A penny brown loaf, A sweet sugar cake, And a half-penny apple pie

Did not our grandmother sing that same for us fifty years ago? Are we one day older just now than we were

Then to have the little pink toes come out the stockings, and put up at us temptingly, for

Hintra mintra, cuta corn, Apple-seed and apple-thor: Wire briar, limber-lock,

Five gray geese in a flock. and so on to the end of that delectable

Isn't it joyful to be a grandmother; To sit in your son's or daughter's best parlor, filling the great arm-chair in the centre, which has been set for you by such kindly hands, and looking up into the four-foot mirror on the wall, to see yourself, in the midst of a cluster of coung life-fresh as the apple blooms that surround the central stem. To see yourself-gray hairs, wrinkles, shadow and all; but what of it? You see, too, where the shine of your May-day locks have gone to, as you stroke back. Fannie's "bonnie brown hair:" and the roses which you delighted in at fifteen have only transferred themselves to her plump cheeks. Lizzie has the laughing blue of your eyes; while Charlie, as he mounts the chairback, and comes rollicking down over your shoulder in your lap, smashing your head-gear and tearing away pins and fastenings, makes you wonder how you can have one nerve of power left, with which to catch such a bundle of frolic, and save it from annihilation. He is your own again.

Isn't it a paternal thing to be a grand-To see all of yourself duplicated and triplicated, over and over; to find every missing energy, every ripple of a laugh, every flash of feeling, every atom of the I don't care, every infinitessimal pill of mischief and mirth, which made merry childhood's days to youliving, glowing, growing, and swelling into a life beyond; and worth living for

And do,we grudge our darlings thes treasures, once all ours? Not a whit more than we would grudge the candies and sweet-meats that we have no taste for, now that the uphill of life is done with, and we are travelling down to ward its sunset rest.

Isn't it a holy thing to be a grandmother? To bring the wisdom of a lifetime, like rich, ripe fruit, for the hands of those we love: to turn the young feet from danger, and fix the to guide, to guard; to sing sweet lullabies to pride and folly; to snatch the temptations of passion from unwary dungeons. With fortitude, the record

the soul to be pure and trust in God. Oh, it is good to be a grandmother, t card, and spin, and weave all that is left that is good of the old garment of our own lives into the new fabrics which shall be clothed, and adorn many others who shall stand in our places when we shall be no more. But wee unto her who makes shoddy of her work.

Sizing Down the Age of Man and Woman, The man that dies youngest, as might

be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakesman. His average age is only 2 Yet this must be taken with some a lowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in the capacity. At the same age die the factory workwoman, through the combined influence of confined air sedentary posture, scant wages, and unremitting toil. Then comes the rail way baggage man, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dress makers live but little longer. The average of the one is 32, and the other 33. The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powder-maker, the welldigger, and factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutler, the dyer, the leatherdresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar maker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver, and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows | banquet, their final funeral repast. A his breath all out of his body at 40,-Then comes trades that are active or in a pure air. The baker lives to an est viands of meats and wines were average age of 43, the butcher to 49; the | brought in. Vases of flowers smiled brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the | where flowers never bloomed before and furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to with luxury and splendor. the drover to 40, the cook. to 45, the inn-keeper to 46, the la- table. They were all men of brilliant borer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 43, the tailor to 43, the tailoress to 41. Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in down their words, their actions, their personal neatness and soap and water Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise, and not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 52, and the wheelright till 50. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of 61. The thus to meet their doom. But it was rope-maker lengthens the thread of his hilarity unnatural, and unworthy of the to 55. Merchants, wholesale and retail, men and their condition. Death is not to 52. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages 43, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 56, the ferry- ber." man 65, and the pilot 64. A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe old age of 64. Last and longest feel, and act. We shall have solved the lived comes paupers, 67, and "gentlemen" 68. The only two classes that do | mind." nothing for themselves and live on their neighbors outlast all the rest.

A CURIOUS THOUGHT .- A little boy sitting near a window where the sun shone brightly, eating bread and milk, suddenly called out, "Oh mother I'm full of glory! for I have swallowed a whole spoonful of sunshine."

Execution of the Girondist.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

During the progress of the French Remother? To have six little feet come | volution, there were two parties which pattering to meet you when you get arose, and for a long time contested for the supremacy, the Girondists and the and have little legs and arms coiling Jacobins. The mob of Paris was at the disposal of the Jacobins, and sustained them in their most atrocious measures. 'We must," said Murat, one of the eaders of the Jacobins, "strike into the hearts of our foes. It is our only safety.' The Girondists attempted to arrest the progress of the frightful massacres in which the Jacobins were engaging. They thus exposed themselves to the dangerous charge of being in sympathy with the aristocrats. The strife which ensued, a strife involving life or death, was one of the most terrible recorded in history.

Madame Roland was one evening urg ing Vergniaud to rally the Girondists party at every hazard to arrest the massacres. "The only hope of France," said she "is in the sacredness of the law. This atrocious carnage causes thousands of bosoms to thrill with horror. All the wise and good in France, and in the world, will rise to sustain those who expose their own hearts as a barrier to

arrest such enormities." "Of what avail," was the sad reply o Vergniand, "can such exertions be?-The assassins are supported by all the power of the street. Such a conflict must necessarily terminate in a street fight. The cannon are with our foes, The prominent of the friends of order are massacred. Terror will restrain the rest. We shall only provoke our own

destruction. For several days the strife raged in the Convention with the utmost intensity, between the Girondists and the Jacobins The party which could obtain the majority would surely consign the other to he scaffold. M. Roland, the Girondist Minister of the Interior, was a man of great power, but Madame Roland, with a brilliance of genius seldom surpassed. prepared for him his speeches in the onvention. France recognized her marvelous abilities; the one party regarded her with adoration, and the othe with hate. Probably never before is the history of the world has a woman occupied such a position. It soon be came evident that the rage of the Jaco bins would descend upon Madame Ro land, and she was urged to escape fron Paris. The heroic woman replied:

"I am ashamed to resort to any expedient. I will neither disguise myself nor make any attempt at street escape My enemies may find me always in my place. I owe my country an example of firmness, and I will give it. She remained in Paris, and soon per

ished upon the guillotine. The Convention consisted of eight hundred men Pwenty-one of the most illustrious men of France were considered leaders of the Girondists. The Jacobins accused them of treason, and overawing the members of the Convention by a mob, carried the accusation, and condemned them to death. It was then voted that all Paris should be illuminated in view of the triumph of the people. At midnigh the whole Convention, in procession, traversed the brilliant streets, leading, to grace their triumph, the doomed Gi rondists. They were all then consignyoung eyes upon the beautiful; to watch, | ed to the Conciergerie, there to await the final trial. Summer came and went, while illustrious men lingered in their fingers, to teach the young hands to be of which has embalmed their memories, useful, the young heart to be brave, and they struggled to sustain each other to meet that fate which they knew could

> At length the hour of final triumph ame. With the most imposing military array of infantry, cavalry, artillery to guard against the possibility of any counter revolution, the prisoners were onducted in a long procession, two by two, to the judgment bar. It was the 30th of October, 1793. At eleven o'clock at night the verdict was brought in, and hey were doomed to be led the next morning to the guillotine. As the sentence was pronounced, one of the Girondists, Valanc, plunged his dagger to his heart, and fell lifeless to the floor.-Another in the delirium of enthusiasm. shouted: "This is the most glorious day of my life!" It was midnight when the victims were conducted back to the Conciergerie. As they marched along, their voices burst into the Marseillaise Hymn, in tones which reverberated through the corridors of the prison, and echoed through the streets: 'ome children of your country come The day of glory dawns on high.

not be doubtful.

The day of glory dawns on high, nd tyranny has wide unfurled Her blood-stained banner in the sky. They were placed in one large hall, and the lifeless body of their companion was deposited in one corner. By decree of the assembly the remains of Valane were to be taken with the rest, to the guillotine, and the axe was to sever his head from the lifeless body, and all the headless trucks were to be interred to gether. Some friends of the Giro elists immediately sent to them a sumptuous large oaken table was spread. Servants entered with brilliant lamps. The richthe costly dishes appeared one after another, until the board was covered

In silence they took their places at the intellect, and most of them eloquent. A priest, Abbe Lambert, who had gained admission, with his pencil noted indications of heroism. The repast was prolonged till the dawn faintly entered the grated windows. When the cloth was removed, and the fruits, the wine, and the flowers alone remained, the conversation became animated, with occasional bursts of gayety. A few of the unbelievers in immortallity endeavored a rest, and he who attempts to so regard

it does but dishonor himself. " What shall we be doing at this tim to-morrow?" asked Dacos. "We shall sleep," responded one, "after the fatigues of the day, to wake up 10 more.

Death is but an endless slum 'No," rejoined Fonchet, "annihilation is not our destiny. These bodies perish. These thoughts never die. Tomorrow, in other words, we shall think, problem of the destiny of the human

All turned to Vergniaud as by a common impulse. His discourse was long, and has been described as the most ele quent which was ever uttered by human lips: "Death," said he, in conclusion "is the greatest act of life. It introduces us to a noble existence. Were it not so, their would be something greater than God. It would be just man inolating himself uselessly and hopelessly for his country. No! Verg-

McClellan to be Offered a Comprand-

avenge him in future ages. sleep, others wrote a last line to friends, while others gathered in groups for conversation. At four o'clock the gens d' armes entered with the executioners. saying:

"Tell her that it is the only memorial of my love which I can transmit to her; and that my thoughts in death

were hers ' Vergniaud scratched upon his watch few lines of tender remembrance, and sent it to the young lady to whom in a few days he was to be married. Five rude carts conveyed them to the scaffold. Each cart contained five persons. The streets through which the sad procession passed were thronged with countless thousands. It was one of the most splendid of October mornings. As the cars moved, the Girondists sang the Marseillaise Hynn At the end of each verse there was a moment's silence, and then the strain was renewed loud and sonorous. Arrived at the scaffold, they all embraced. They then resumed their funeral chant.

One after another ascended the scaffold. ontinuing the song till his head fell into the basket. There was no weakness. No voice faltered : on each suc ceeding moment, as head after head fell, the song grew more faint. Vergniaud at last stood alone. Long coninement had spread a deadly pallor over his intellectual features. He ascended the steps, the chorus having now died away into a solo of surpassing richness. For a moment he gazed upon the headless bodies of his friends. Ah,then,as he surrended himself to the xecutioner, commenced anew the strain

Come, children of your country, come; The day of glory dawns on high." The axe fell, and his lips were silent in death. Thus perished the Girondists. The history of the French Revolution. in all its sublime annals, has not a tragedy nore thrilling.

Family Intercourse.

This is a sore subject to touch. One feels like treading on a hundred corns ill at once. Nearly every family has its sorespot—its dark corner—its private closet, carefully locked up and the interior hidden from the light of day. It eems strange to say that most family difficulties arise from the ignorance of the different members of each other and yet it is sadly true. Many families live together for years, and separate, knowing less of each other's secret feelings, motives, and the springs which guide action, than of others who hav lived together outside the family circle. Small jealousies, petty selfishness creep in and produce estrangement, which frequently mar the happiness of a life-

There is little appreciation of the divine beauty and loving graceful possibilities of the family relation. It is so common a fact that we lose sight of its wisdom, just as we forget to be thankful that the sun shines, or that the dewand rain fall. The sweet name of mother, brother, sister, falls upon the ear with out meaning, while we are constantly associated with them, and in the habitual enjoyment of their kind offices; it is only long after, when, perhaps, some bright eyes have become dimmed, and the weary, tired heart seeks its rest among strangers, that the magic of house hold names, and the deep, tender meaning of the household relationship is

really felt. Of course, the fault of this lies with the parents. Precept is of little use without example. Some parents think it beneath their dignity to prefix a request with "If you please," or "Have the kindness," and then wonder why their children cannot be "mannerly like other people. We have known the sons of a poor widow, who on no account would have permitted themselves to sit down to table with their mother, without first arranging their toilet in the best manner their circumstances would permit, never suffered her, no matter what the temptation, to attend church or her weekly prayer meeting alone. This consideration extended to their minutest acts of their daily life, and was most charming to see. The mother, it is hardly necessary to say, was a lady by birth and education, and had carefully practiced toward her children that respect for their feelings, and thoughtfulness for their comfort. which she afterward received from

them. The great want in families is justice and reciprocity and that forbearance which it is necessary for mortals always to exercise towards each other. We willingly accept it from others, but we are not willing to give it in return. We establish a claim on some incidental circumstance, or the bare fact of relationship, and impose burthens and acrept kindness without a thought of obigation on our own part. Children nake the life of their parents one of never-ending toil and anxiety, and often refuse even the poor reward of their ove and confidence. Sisters demand id, protection and favors of all sorts from their brothers, and if asked to make their shirts, and mend their shoe or even hem their handkerchief in reurn, would have a thousand excuses or, perhaps, flatly refuse the needed

Habitual politeness is a valuable element of family intercourse. A course, rude ; speech is less excusable, addressed o a father, mother, brother or sister, than if used to a stranger or a simple equaintance, and yet how common

· All about Dimples. Dimples are the perpetual smiles of Nature—the very cunningest device and lurking-place of Love. When earth s dimpled by dells and valleys, it always eems to laugh when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it speaks with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We cannot look for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of the rosy baby. Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight o kiss them. But perfect dimples, enchanting at least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of the "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays some arch provoking sally, peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most ber

Home, Sweet Home! "Violet Vane" (a pretty name!) thus not suffer Vergniaud to-morrow to where you have been, or how gayly the ascend the scaffold but to justify and time has passed, when at last you come As the light of day penetrated the upon the familiar floors, and take your there was any winter at all in Paris dungeon, some sought a moment's seat at the family table, you rejoice .-Man is a house-loving animal to nature. You may have been in finer places, and fed on daintier viands, but the charm of ownership hangs a out your some-The hair was cut from their necks, that what faded curtains, and those tables it might not impede the axe; Gensonne and chairs, scratched by children's finpicked up a lock and sent it to his wife, gers and grazed by little restless boots; and, somehow, pork and beans, or appledumplings, taste better at home than auy fine-made dishes elsewhere, though they were superintended by a jewel of a French cook. People sleep best in their own beds also, and only look like themselves, to their own eyes, in their

own looking-glasses. Did you ever

notice that it was always so? Mrs. Jane Smith's mirror causes you to look broad and fat, and Mrs. Sue Jones' glass makes you appear long and thin. At your friend's in Boston, you always fancied one side of your face out of drawing; and when you were at your Quaker cousin's, in Philadelphia, they had a sad-colored mirror, which made you look upon yourse f as a ghost .-When, for the first time, you catch sight of yourself in your own looking-glass, you feel like saying, "How are you?-I havn't seen you for an age?" very odd, too, but to a woman, nobody's tea is like her own. There does not seem a possibility of making any great difference where people buy the same quality and use the same quantity, yet the results are as various as the dispositions of the tea brewers. You never enjoy any one's tea as you do that you make yourself, or have made. Then, away from home, you are always obliged to on your good behavior. Saucy things rise to your lips, and are choked down You feel like making a merry remark or allusion, and restrain yourself. Ten to one you would not be understood and some solemn individual among your auditors would "beg your pardon.

but would you be kind enough to say that again?" You are never in what we believe psychologists call "the sphere" of strangers, and when you reach home, after a long absence, the truth of this is very apparent. A glance s better understood then a sentence anywhere else, and "younfolks" always know when you are it fun and in earnest. Not to be obliged to sit bolt ipright and smile even if you have the icadache; to talk whether you have mything to say or not; to laugh at anything comical without hurting any one's feelings; and to be cross, if you want to enjoy that luxury, without

does not appreciate them?"

offending anybody-these are some of

the luxuries of a return home, and who

Deformity of Female Fee; in Tartary. under the title of back in Mantehou Tartary," thus de-Tartar belles: "Curiosity once compelled me to be one of a party in examining an uncovered foot. The young woman was not at first very ready to remove the shoe and the collection of bands around the limb to satisfy the request we made, but a few dollars quickly educed her reticence, and also induced another to increase the exhibition. It was no treat. The removal of bandages was like the exhumation of a half-deomposed body, and made our party close their mouths and hold their nostrils much to the augmented as onishment of the young ladies, while live stretched our necks to see all as quickly as possible. No toe was visible but the big toe: the others had been doubled under the sole, with which, after weeks of suffering and excruciating pain; they had be come incorporated and were not to be distinguished from it except by the number of white seams and scars that deeply furrowed the skin. The instep was sadly marked by the vestiges of large ulcers that had covered the surfact, consequent lump, and form as well as color was like a dumpling; whilst the limb, from the foot to the knee, was withpred and flaccid as that of one long paralyzed. The display was repugnant in every way. We fled, and have been careful ever since to be absent when any more of these iiving mummies were about to be unrolled.

One of Lamb's Best. Lambonce convulsed a company with an anecdote of Coleridge, which, without doubt, he hatched in his hoax-loving brain. "I was," he said, "going from my house at Enfield to the East India House one morning, when I met Coleridge on his way to pay me a visit. He was brimful of some new idea, and, in spite of my assuring him that the time was precious, he drew me within the gate of an unoccupied garden by the road-side, and there, sl,eltered from observation by a hedge of evergreens, he took me by the button of my coat, and, closing his eyes, commenced an eloquent discourse, waving his right hand gently as the musical words flowed in an unbroken stream from his lips. I listened entranced; but the striking clock recalled me to a sense of duty. I saw it was of no use to attempt to break way; so, taking advantage of his aborption in his subject, and, with my penknife, quietly severing my button rom my coat, I decamped. Five hours ifterwards, in passing the same garden, n my way home, I heard Coleridge's voice; and, on looking in, there he was with closed eyes, the button in his fingers, and the right hand gracefully waving, just as when I left him. He had never missed me."

Who'll Have the Money.

The following reminds the of a scene I once witnessed on a Mississippi river steamer. There was, as is usual, a large party engaged at play in the cabin-very high play—stimulated by strong passion and strong drink; and a dispute arose as to the rightful winner of the pool. The discussion was very violent, and the language used of the strongest, and intimations were exchanged that when once on shore the matter should be determined by an appeal to something besides words-when suddenly an immensely large man-so tall that he towered by a head above his fellows-arose, and drawing himself up to his full height cried out-"I'll have none of this! Here's how it's to be"-and he struck the table with his fist a blow that made it resound, "Every gentleman in this cabin has his revolver and his bowieknife; let us put out the lights and see who'll have the money!" It is needless to say how quick the proposal scattered the company.

A Peep at the Imperial Family of France. lee and begins bowing long before their

A fine autumn is nearly always one pleasantly pictures it? "There is no of the privileges of the Parisian climate, niaud is no greater than God. God will place like home, after all. No matter as a compensation for the generally bad spring; but last year the spring arrived earlier and more beautiful than usual, back to your own house, and set foot so that I could scarce remember whether and if the chimneys were built for any other purpose than a support for handsome pendules and candelabra, which must be found on every floor, for the true Parisian would sooner eat a dish less at dinner than go without his garniteur de cheminee. The train conveyed me in five minutes

from the Avenue de i'Imperatrice to St. Cloud, for it is thither I will ask the reader to accompany me. For some days the tri-color flag had been floating again from the centre of the palace; their majesties had, therefore, returned, and would remain till the end of October, when they would proceed as usual to Compliagne for the grandes chases. St. Cloud, therefore, has regained its old priviliges; the grand allee down on the Seine is still open to the public, but the rest of the park, with the garden and building, is closed. The life there is no ess busy, but of different description. Everywhere soldiers: the Guides, it their bright red and green uniforms; the Guards, in their tall bearskin caps and the Cent Gardes, with their flashing silver helmets; and all arms constantly en grande tenue, on account of the vicinity of their majesties. Altogether, about two thousand men of all arms for the protection of three persons mong them a woman and a child. But this is in strict accordance with court eremonial, "When the king sleeps a thousand eyes are awake for him;" is it surprising then, that the number of eyes ough Napoleon, as it seems, sleeps

hould be doubled for an emperor; alery little, for he has a tremendous deal oda? Who knows whether he often enjoys the blessings of home; at any rate, my friend the captain drew me to the open window, but so that we were concealed by the curtains and said, There you have an imperial family

The empress was close before us on the upper terrace, which is connected with her apartments by a light iron bridge. This bridge was entirely concealed by a wild vine, whose splendic dark red leaves were the sole thing that reminded me of autumn. The terrace was still covered with the gayest flowers, and the orange and pomegranate trees stood in the open air. In the centre, near a perfect mound of flowers, the empress was seated in one of those pretty wire-work chairs, which are so elegantly made in Paris; in front of her lay, on a similar table, a book and some needlework in a plain basket. Her najesty (I owe these details to my lady readers, and the captain's window may not be placed at my disposal again in a hurry) wore a black silk dress with lila flounces, growing wider to the bottom A work recently published in London, | and a practised female eye would at Travels on Horse-lonce have counted sixteen of them. The sleeves were very wide, and the small ace cap, placed quite on the back of th head, had very long and broad lilac ribbons, also falling down behind. On a seat close by lay a shawl, bright green with white palms, evidently a costly Cashmere production. Bright green white? many a reader will ask, as the colors do not harmonise with the lilac flounces; but I report faithfully. The face of the exalted lady was sickly and

was still the same; and so was the rich, full, light hair, but in the features there was a sorrow, and the pallor was almost painful to look on. A cheerful contrast was offered by the couthful prince; he was playing with a snow-white dog, which imprudently leaped on the lap of the empress! What does a dog know of the etiquette of a court? The prince is a remarkably handsome boy tall, and well-grown for his age, with curly hair, a round fresh face with clever eyes, and very like one of Raphael's angels; at the same time his manner is admirable, and there is on the violence used to bend it into a grace in all his movements. He wore the red trowsers of his corporal's uniform and over them a small blouse, pale yellow with blue embroidery, which be came him well. In the back-ground sat two ladies, in one of whom I recognized Madam Bruat, "Gouvernant des Enfants or slowly crossed the iron bridge; an old white-haired gentleman accompanied him; Mocquard, the chief of his cabinet.

classical in marble busts of the empress

de France." At this moment the emper The emperor said a few words to him and then dismissed him, with a kindly wave of the hand. Mocquard, after making a deep bow, disappeared. The little prince ran to meet his father, and the dog barked at the emperor most improperly. The latter raised his son from the ground, kissed him on the forehead, then took his hand, and walked with him to his mother. The empress rose, and the couple walked along the flower-beds in conversation, with the prince behind him. The emperor was in civilian dress, with hat and | be well done; for it is better to accomgloves and the traditional lilac paletot a fashion which the King of Holland left him on his visit. The emperor looked remarkably stout; his face was as usual, dark and stern, and the heavy moustache rendered it still sterner.-Still, he seemed to be in good spirits; he often laid his hand on the prince's eurly head, and pointed to several of the flower-pots, as if telling him the names of the plants. The empress soon seated herself again at her former seat; the emperor took a chair by her side, and took out a portfolio, in which he wrote, though without interrupting his conversation with the empress. The little prince was very busy with his mother's work-basket, and listened the while to his parents' conversation; the

dog, impatient as usual, had leaped on the shawl, and was lying cozily upon it. I was only able to watch this family seene for a moment from behind the captain's curtain ; a father, a mother, a sportive child, not forgetting the white ap-dog, and nothing but flowers around and a deep blue, southern sky over them, full of sunshine! The palace on the left conceals the view of Paris, that beautiful, terrible Paris, over which that plainly altered man rules, and that playing lad will rule hereafter. Who knows what the emperor has just noted in his pocket-book? In half an hour there is a council, and the eyes of

Europe are turned to Paris and this one The little prince suddenly addresse question to his father, who shakes his head in refusal; but the boy leaps on his knee, and begs and coaxes, and a last draws his mother into the embrace. At last the emperor appears to give way, and consent; the prince, at least, leaps about merrily, the lap-dog comes to life again too, and the old gentleman with lition "soldlers' friends," got the solthe waite half appears spain in the al- diere ballots in

malesties notice him. Monsieur Mocquard annonces that the ministers are sembled, and awaiting the emperor. His majesty rises, kisses his son, and seems to repeat his promise; then he offers the empress his arm, and escorts her over the bridge to her apartments. The prince remains on the terrace with the two other ladies and lapdog, while

M. Mocquard disappears again in the side allee. " It is high time for us to be off," the captain said to me, "for I have the inspection, and must fetch the parole before his majesty leaves. The emperor has ordered a phæton, and intends to drive himself.

The captain then accompanied me lown stairs and across the courtyard, to the great gates, where the porters and footmen bowed to me most politely. moment later I was standing on the outer terrace and looking down into the barrack-vard beneath, where the rappel was being sounded, and hundreds of glittering soldiers were hurriedly running about. On the same day I read the following

notice in an evening paper: "The emperor came this afternoon rom St. Cloud to Paris, in order to inspect the new Boulevard du Prince Eugene. He was in a light open plueton, and drove himself. The Prince Imperial was seated by his side-the first time he has accompanied his majesty on such a drive. The carriage was without escort, and there were only two footmen be-

hind. His majesty was received with loud shouts on all the boulevards, and the public were delighted at the pleasant salutes which the little prince offered on all sides It was this, then, the little prince had asked and coaxed from his father; a

trip with papa, and not, as usual, in a large, stupid four-horse State coach, surrounded by elattering dragoons and galloping aides-de-camp. Pretty little child! Twenty years ago the Comte de Paris was playing on the same spot, as handsome as you, and merry and envied as you. And more than fifty years ago another beautiful boy, whom his proud father created a king in his eradle, also played on that terrace. He was even called the most fortunate child in the world, because the world would be his inheritance. He has ong been dead, and his name alone passes like a pale shadow through hisfory. like that other unfortunate prince who died a wretched death in the Temple. Great France is barsh and cruel to the heirs of her throne -those flowers which the mild October has hitherto spared, a single frost can nip and kill and leave nothing but wild destruction and the child who sported under them

inexorable fate.

will then succumb, like them, to iron,

Fifteen Great Mistakes. It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and of wrong, and udge people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyments of others by our own; to expect uniformity f opinion in this world to look for judgment and experience in youth: to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances, for the infirmities of others; to consider pale, the noble profile, which appears so | everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for Time, and that when any moment may launch us into Eternity.

The Great Tragedian.

The California editors are a queer-set. A sample of their treatment of McKean Buchanan proves it. When announced to visit a certain un-country town one

of 'em spoke of him in this wise: "The Legitimate Drama. We are nappy to state that the talented American tragedian, McKean Buchanan, sup-ported by a talented stock company, will hortly pay our town a visit, etc. On the return trip, Mr. Buchanan having failed to "come down," as munificently as was expected, or having exhibited evident partiality for a rival

iewspaper, we have ; " Buckean Muchanan, with his oneorse shows, was here a few nights ago, we understand. As usual the attendance s slim. with our intelligent and discriminating ommunity.'

The Value of Accuracy.

It is the result of every days experience that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of the human progress; and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy is also of much importance, and an invari able mark of good training in a man. Accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must plish perfectly a small amount of work, | joined paragraph, advises the public than to half do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little then we may make an end tion, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. As a man eminent in practical science lately observed to us, "it is astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact. accurately." Yet in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted that often deeides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again; and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation and trouble.

-A lady, whose style of piety was more affected than attractive, once took a friend to task, for wearing feathers. 'But," said the friend, "why are my eathers any more objectionable than the brilliant artificial flowers in your own bonnet "" "O," replied the censorions lady. "Christians must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at feath-

An Abolition election board at Newton Hamilton, Mifflin county, reiected the votes of two Democrats, who had been two years out of the military service, because they could not produce their discharge papers, to show that they were not deserters, although they had paid all their taxes within two years. A friend rode sixteen miles after their discharge papers, and returned ten minutes before the polls closed, and thus having circumvented these Abo-

Miscellancons.

A Brilliant Passage. During the Northrop-Kelly debate previous to the recent election in this State, Mr. Northop, in reply to Judge Kelly's strictures on the Democratic party, introduced the following brilliant and telling illustration:

"No, sir, the Democratic party is no

dead. But if you will pardon me, sir (addressing Judge Kelly), I will allude to an illustration given by yourself, in your place in Congress, in which you typified the utter destruction of the Democratic party beyond the hope of resurrection. It is contained in a speech by you on the 21st of May, 1862. You there gave the gentlemen of Con-gress your view with regard to the gress your view with regard to the vitality of the Democratic party, and vitality of the Democratic party, and you illustrated it very beautifully—if your theory had only been a correct one! You spoke about your travels in Switzerland, and said that you had there seen a desolate vale, where no blade of grass grew; and you asked the guide what had caused all that desolation in that valley among the mountains. He told you that beneath that broken avalanche or rock and earth had once stood the little villege of Golden. once stood the little village of Golden but that suddenly a land slide had come down from the mountains completely crushing that little village with all its inhabitants. You remarked that there was nothing to induce the antiquarian to make researches into the debts that debris. Then you continued by saying so it was with the Democratic party-that it had been overwhelmed and that no human energy or enter-prise could ever resurrect it from the ruins beneath which it was buried. "Well, sir, in accidentally reading that

passage from your speech, I was reminded of another illustration which I thought would more appropriately repre sent the Democratic party. I refer to an incident which had its place in my own country, for unfortunately, perhaps, I have not been abroad. I remember, sin —you may also—that some years ago there was a little frame house that stood on the side of one of those grand old mountains in New Hampshire. The family who tenanted that little house were one day suddenly startled by a thundering noise and overshadowing darkness. Hastening to the window they saw that a fearful landslide was descending upon their humable little home. They rushed out but were speedily overtaken by that terrible avalanche of earth and stone, and were crushed and buried beneath it and perished there. The next day, however, the The next day, however, the scene revealed amid all its terrible desolation, the the round and its terrible desolation, the little frame-house, still intact, standing there; above and behind it was a rock; the moving mass when it rolled down, seeming to threaten the sure overwhelming of the freil terrible to the freil terrible desolation, the freil terrible desolation and the freil terrible desolation an ing of the frail tenement, struck that rock and divided, leaving the house uninjured—and there it remains to this day. There, in that little house, we have the fitting type of the Democratic party. Humble though it may be, it has the rock of the Constitution above it as its sure protection; and all the landslide or the war slides, that can be brought to ear upon it will never do more that crush those who may leave it.

Miscellaneous Items.

The Unita Italiana of Milan has been seized for publishing Mazzini's letter to the Italian

The Pope is well, taking his daily drives and walks as usual. Having made the circuit of Monte Pincio on oot, he descended the long stair of Trinita di Monti and entere his carriage in the Plazza di Spagna.— His Holiness has not yet given his an swer to the notification of the is still under consideration.

The Londonderry (Ireland) Scating tates that there is at present on view in the Masonic Hallof that town "Beck with's series of paintings representing the battles and incidents of the Belfasi riots, which are viewed with painful interest in consequence of the mel choly scenes which they represent!

The Prussian Moniteur contains a de ree instituting a new military decora tion called the Cross of the Assault Duppel. It is in bronze, and will be given to all the generals, officers, subofficers and soldiers who took an activ part in that feat of arms.

The President of the Republic of Para guay has sent to the Prussian Govern-ment five thousand pounds of tea for the Prussian army. The present will be de-livered by an officer from Paraguay.

A madman had been addressing lette in eypher to the King of Prussia. He could not for some time be discovered. and some consternation was felt, as n man could find a key to the cypher. He was, however, accidentally discovered and gave the required key, which showed a great deal of ingenuity in the construction of the cyphers, and that they were respectful letters and rather elegar in thought.

The famous swallow painted by Car Venet on the ceiling of the Cafe Foy Paris, is the cause of a law suit. The landlady opposed at a late bankruptcy sale of the tenant's effects the right the latter claimed to sell it. The tenant founded his claim on the fact that the swallow was painted after the lease he holds was signed and the landlord con-tends that, by being painted on the ceilbecome une proing, the swallow has priete immoblisce—i. c., a fixture. The affair has been provisionally decided in favor of the plaintiff, who, should h gain his suit, will not have much to boast of, for the original swallow has long since disappeared under at least twenty different coats of paint.

" Mary Ann Pitman."

The Detroit Free Press, in the subwho is Mary Ann Pitman, the principal witness used by Judge Advocate General Holt in his report of the Great Western sooner." Too little atten- Conspiracy. The editor of the Free Press vouches that these facts are with in his own knowledge:

Mary Ann Pitman, the Southern referred to in Judge Holt's in-Lady famous report, is a mulattogirl, and was taken from a plantation about ten miles from Fort Pillow. She drinks, chews tobacco, smokes, dresses in men's cloth ing when necessary, and is addicted to all the vices of a woman who is a reg ular camp-follower. She is shrewd, unular camp-ionower. One is shrewed, scrupulous and vicious to the last degree—will not hesitate at anything for pay.

All this must have been known to Mr. Stanton and Judge Holt, and yet they have the impudence and daring to issu such a report against a million of loyal an abandoned witness.

- He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything. Life is made up of little things. It is very rarely, that an occasion is offered for doing a great deal at once. True greatness consists in being great in little things. Drops make the ocean, and the greatest works are done by littles. If ve would do much good in the world, we must be willing to do good in little hings.

The Gardiner (Me.) Journal is xasperated at the fearful potato stories that are going the rounds, and revenges tself as follows: "A friend is digging around one forus, and will bring it down is soon as he is able to remove it. It is n a somewhat damaged condition, as a yoke of oxen had been feeding on it two lays before he commenced digging it.

- A young bride dropped dead in the streets of Hartford, the other day, from lisease of heart,

Morder Will Out-The Case of the Albany Cattle Dealer. The way in which secreterine reveals itself is wonderful. The stain of blood will not out. The very means taken to conceal it expose and fix it upon the

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suilty. Such is the conscious restlessness of guilt, It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

A case is now under examination in Albany which shows what trivial circumstances lead to the detection of the secret murderer. Owen Thompson, a cattle dealer of this city, accustomed to purchase in the Albany market, usually carried on his person \$4,000 or \$5,000 on an in the control of the control o his visits there. On the ioth diseptember he had been engaged all day at West-Albany, but had made no purchases. He went out in the evening with a strang-or to look at some cattle that had come his visits there. On the 16th of Sentem from Saratoga, and were placed in the most remote pens in the market. Next day at sunrise he was found dying, his head broken with a slung-shot it is supposed; his money, \$1,200, and a check for \$3,200, gone. Who had done the the deed? Who was the stranger that had taken Thempson of the above him had taken Thompson off to show the cattle? A man with a slouched hat had been seen with Thompson. bantered him about betting, and offered to stake thousands upon Lincoln's election. Thompson offered to put up any

ticed the stranger stuck to him all day after this One of the drovers, Genter, of Tribe's Hill, recollected the man who had asked him, "Didn't you keep bar some-wheres? Hayn't I seen you before?" But though the magistrates of Albany offered a reward of \$500, and the drovers added \$2,000 to it, there was no clue to

amount on the other side. He produced his well-stuffed wallet, and it was no

the murderer. A month afterwards, as the drover Genter was riding in the cars to Schenectady, he fell into accidental conversation with a passenger, who, after a few orief words, abruptly asked him, "Hayn't you kept bar somewheres? seen you before?" "Yes," h Havn't 1 I must have seen you at West Albany. The passenger denied this; but Genter replied, "Yes, Lam sure, and Larres you as the murderer of Thompson.' The man's slouched hat had been replaced by another, his mustache had dis appeared, his dress was different. It was the question, the accent, the tone of voice, that were the marks of identi-

fication fication.

After the arrest, other proofs came.
Gordon, arrested, had been spending money recently with great freedom. He had paid out two bills of one hundred dollars each on the Park Bank, at which Thompson had dealings. He was a shift-less, dishonest man. He had carried a less, dishonest man. He had carried a bad character into the army, and made worse there. He was traced to Sche nectady the night of the murder, and probably ran down to the depot, after the crime, and took the train. vant girl, the black barber, and others at the Drovers' Hotel, identify him with nore or less positiveness.

All countries have their traditional stories of murder detected by some such casual expression as that let fall in this case. There is an old I rish story of a servant-maid who went to steal some linen from her master to make her a shift, but her heart misgiving her, she exclaimed, "better go naked to bed, with a clean conscience!" But that same night there was robbery and murder in the house, which remained un-detected, till one day, going to the well, she saw two men there, one of whom exclaimed, "better go naked to bed with a clean conscience." Conviction and hanging end that story of course. In Auber's opera of "Fra Diavolo" the with a clean consci plot turns upon this incident. Zerling undressing for the night before the glass meanscious of the presence of the rob ers, sings:

In the morning, at the fete, Beppo and Mateo catch up the words and mockingy sing it as they meet her; and there ipon follows the arrest and catastrophe he tableaux of the robbers seized by the arabineers, and justice triumphant.

But not upon this single thread alone lid justice depend for its clue was gathering about Gordon a web woven by his own guilty hands, in which he would have been involved. Many eyes had watched him before his crime, and not a few followed his traces afterward. There is a moral to this tale of blood. This man, a dissolute, cowardly thicf in his youth, went to the vars, and came back with a lesson in blood to add to his evil knowledge. How many such characters, tempted into the ranks by bounties, are to return to their former homes, schooled in these ustructions? - World.

A Southern View. From the Savannah Republican, Nov. 3.]

We would be among the last to enourage a false hope, or to full our people ato that lethargy that naturally results from a sense of security. We haveever maintained that tifere was no hope of peace except through the success of our arms. With the tide against us there is 10 party among our enemies, not even he most confirmed of "copperheads" or slavery propagandists" as the reasonable men at the North are termed in derision, that would think for amoment of accedng to any terms of adjustment that we ould accept with honor. Victory is our sheet anchor, and the only depo our legions triumphant and our flag floating proudly in the face of a conquered foe, will be the only true harbingers of peace. The North will never let us go long as there is a hope left of restoring a Union that has made them prosperous, ich, and insolent All men at the North, not thoroughly lemented, must now see the utter hope

essness of the struggle to subdue us nack into an unwilling union with them. for nearly four years have they striven with all their vast powers and unlimited resources to make us recant the declaration that we are of right, and intend to be, a free, separate and independent people, and to-day finds us successfully sting all their attacks, and stronger by far than we were at the by far than we were at the beginning. The campaign of the present fall was to be the last throw of the die, and they gathered up all their energies for the bloody task; and yet where stand the respective armies to-day? Sherman, for awhile successful has been compelled to a while successful has been compelled to a chandan virtually all his conquests in abandon virtually all his eq Georgia, and is now engaged in a life and death struggle to save his army from star-vation on the one hand, and destruction on the other. Grant, after six months' effort, such as an army never made before, and causing the soil of Virginia to turn red with the blood of his nearly. two hundred thousand slain and wounded, is still before Richmond and Petersburg, balked and thwarted in all his plans, and for the first time confronted by a force equal to his own.

We have no doubt of the re-election of Lincoln, and believe such a result to the contest would be best for us. Again firmly scated in power, he would no motive to pursue a contest that grown hopeless, and at the same time ruinous to his government and r His interests, and the interests of his nation, will be in the path of peace, and a disembarrassed second sober thought will likely lead him to pause in his madness. He has already publicly intimated his willingness make peace provided the people will take the responsibility, and it is but one step further to take the responsibilit himself. The election of Lincoln wi at least accomplish one valuable pur-pose: with us it will set to rest forever all issues but one—subjugation or inde-pendence. There will be no other alternative. On the other hand, with all the noble spirits at his back, we confess the none spirits at many we could never contemplate the contingency of McClellan's success without an instinctive shudder at the possible sequences of such an event.

"I have a place for everything you ought to know it," said a married; nan, who was looking for his boot-jack h after his wife was in bed. "Yes, Wasaid she, "and I ought to know where you: keep your late hours, but I don't rather

high repuisi