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Viterary.

The Mill in the Sea. In olden times there once lived two brothers, one of whom was rich and the other poor. When Christmas was near at hand, the poor one had not so much as a bit of meat or a crust of bread in the house, so he went to his brother and begged him in God's name, to give him something. Now, it happened that this was not the first time that the rich brother had given to the poor one something, and he was not particularly de-

lighted when he saw him coming. If you do as I tell you," said he to the unwelcome visitor, "you shall have a whole ham that is hanging up to be smoked."

The poor brother said he would do what he told him, and thank him too. "There it is," said the rich brother, flinging him the ham, "and now go to the infernal regions. "Since I have promised it, I must,"

observed the other, taking up his ham and going his way. After wandering about the whole day, just as it grew dark he perceived a bright light at no great distance from

"It must be here," thought he. On going somewhat further into the forest however he found an old man with a long white beard, who was cutting

"Good evening," said he with the ham. "Good evening," replied the man

"whither may you be going?" "Oh, I am only going to the lower regions; only I don't know whether I've come the right way," replied the poor simple-hearted man.

Yes, you are quite right, said the old man, the entrance is just here;" and then he added, "when you have got down below, they will all want to buy your ham, for swine's flesh is a great rarity there; but you must not sell it for money; but rather exchange it for the old hand-mill that stands behind the door. When you come up again, I will teach you what to do with the mill; for it has its use I can tell you."

On entering the underground dwelling, everything happened just as the old man had told him. All the imps, great and small, gathered around, and began outbidding each other for the

"I had intended feasting upon it, on holy Christmas eve, with my wife,' said the man; "but as you seem so bent on having it, I'm willing to part with it; but I will not take anything in exchange except the old hand-mill that stands behind the door."

The chief impdid notatall relish parting with his mill, and he began to hag gle and bargain with the man, but the latter remained firm; so at last the imp was fain to let him take the mill away When the man had emerged from the underground dwelling, he asked theold nen he told him, he thanked and returned home; but, let him make what speed he would, he did not reach it until twelve o'clock at night.

'Where in the world have you been all this time?" said his wife, as he came in: "I've been sitting here and waiting hour after hour, and I had not as much as a couple of splinters to lay across leach other under the gruel pot, to cook Christmas dinner."

"Oh," replied the man, "I could not come sooner, for I had some business to mind and was obliged to go a long way about it. But you shall see what I have brought with me."

He then placed the mill on the table, and made it grind, first of all candles : then a table cloth: then food and beerin short, all that was wanting for a Christmas feast and whatever he called for, the mill ground it immediately. His wife stood by, and crossed herself many times over, and was very anxious to know how her husband had come by the mill. But this he took care not to tell "It matters not how I got it wife," said he, " you see it is a good mill, whos water does not cease to flow, and that's enough."

And then he ground eatables and drinkables, and every possible dainty for Christmas week; and on the third day he invited his friends to a banquet. When the rich brothersaw what a feast was in preparation he turned hot and cold with vexation for he grudged his brother the least windfall. "On Christmas eve," said he to the

other guests, "he was so miserably poor, he came to ask me for a trifle in God's name, and now all of a sudden, he is as grand as if he had become an earl or a king." Then turning to his brother, he said: 'Where on earth did you get all these

"Behind the door," answered the

other, who had no mind to let the cat out of the bag. But towards evening, when he had taken a drop too much he could not keep his counsel any longer, but brought out his mill. 'Here is the golden goose that has

brought me all my riches," said he, and made the mill grind first one thing and then another. On seeing this, the brother wanted to buy the mill of him, but the other would not hear of it at first .-At length, however, as his brother seemed to wish for it so very much, he said he would take three hundred pounds for it, only he bargained not to part with it till harvest time; "for," said he, "if I keep it till then, I shall be able to grind enough for many a year to come."

During this space of time, we may easily imagine that the mill was not allowed to grow rusty, and when harvest time came the brother had it given him, only the other had taken good care not to tell him how he was to manage

It was evening when the rich brother brought the mill home, and on the following morning he told his wife that she might go into the field with the reapers, and that he would meanwhile prepare the dinner. Towards mid-day, therefore, he placed the mill on the kitchen table.

"Grind away," said he, "and let u of the best sort." So the mill began to turn out herrings and milk, till all the dishes and pots and pans were filled and at last the kitchen was completely flooded. The man kept trying to stop the mill; do what he would, the mill did not cease grinding and at length the milk had risen so high that he was in danger of being drowned. He now tore open the chamber door, but it was likewise inundated; and it was with difficulty that he could wade through the milky tide, and manage to unfasten the latch of the house door. No sooner had he opened the door, than out he rushed, still pursued by a torrent of milk and herrings. And on he ran till he reached his brother's; and then he entreated his poor relation for God's sworn.

sake, to take his mill back; "for if it goes on grinding for another hour," said he, "the whole village will be inundated with herrings and milk." But the brother refused to take back

his mill unless the other counted him out three huudred pounds more, and as there was no help for it the rich man was fain to pay him the money. So, now far handsomer than the one his rich brother lived in. .With the help of the mill he collected so much gold that he could cover the walls with plates of gold, and his house stood near the sea shore, it could be seen shining from a great coast were sure to anchor in the neigh-

wonderful mill. One day a captain, who, like somany quired, after looking at it, whether it could grind salt?

"Yes, it can grind salt as well as anyhing," said the man. The captain then wanted to buy it at any price; "for," thought he, "if I had this mill I should not be obliged to sail so far over the rough seas to fetch

salt.' At first the man would not hear of selling it, but the captain teased so long, that he consented to part with it for many thousand pounds. As the captain had obtained the mill, he took care not to remain in the neighborhood, for fear the man should repent of his bargain; look ten years older; so the neighbors so without even stopping to inquire said. Ten years passed away-"ten how he was to manage the mill, he went of unalloyed bliss," as Mrs. Jones was back to his ship and sailed away. On | wont to say, and George was attacked mill, and cried, "Grind salt, and let it

be prime stuff!" it split and cracked again, when the to stop the mill, but in spite of all his endeavors, the mill went on grinding, and the heap of salt grew higher and higher, till it finished by sinking the ship. So now the mill stands at the bottom of the ocean, and keeps grinding on at this very day, which is the reason that sea water is salt.

Would'nt Marry a Mechanic. A young man commenced visiting a

young woman, and appeared to be well oleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to enquire where he had been. "I had to work to-night," replied the young man.

"Do you work for a living?" enquired the astonished girl. "Certainly; I am a mechanic," he replied. " My brother doesn't work hard, and

I dislike a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose. This was the last time the mechanic visited the young lady. Now he is a wealthy man, and has one of the best who digliked the name of mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool-a reg-

ular vagrant about grogshops-and she, poor miserable girl, is obliged to support herself and her children. Ye who dislike the name of mechanic, whose brothers do nothing but loaf and dress, beware how you distrust men who work for a living. Far better discard the well fed pauper, with all his rings and brazen-facedness and pomposity, and take to your affections the callous-handed, industrious, intelligent nechanic. Thousands have bitterly repented the folly, who have turned their backs to honest industry. A few years of bitter experience taught them a serious lesson. In this country no

man or woman should be respected, in our way of thinking, who would not work mentally or physically, and who curl their lips with scorn when introduced to hard-working men.

"Beastly" Intoxication. The most remarkable case of intoxi cation we ever heard of is related by the Troy Times. About a month age an illicit whisky distillery was in full blast on Green Island, near Troy. One night-it was a "still" night-the man running the machine had made eighteen gallons of whisky, and put it out in the open air to cool. Along came a cow .-She was thirsty, and the beverage looked inviting. She swallowed every drop-eighteen gallons of unrectified whisky, warranted to kill at forty The cow has been drunk ever since. She staggered home and is now in the fourth week of a grand old bender. The cow eats nothing; falls down whenever they try to raise her up; and has become as lean as a crow instead of a cow. This cow besides, had a young calf, whose strange behaviour first led to the discovery of the state of the mother cow. It reeled round and round, and lifting three legs and a tail in the air, actually spun on the fourth leg. The owner of the cow was an orthodox deacon, who had been led by Gough to leave off intoxicating beverages. Being of scientific habits he tasted the milk of the cow, to see what had produced such strange symtoms. He found it was milk punch, and having once tasted, he continued drinking, and it was the quantity thus taken from the animal by man and calf that made her "as lean as a crow." Chemical analysis proves that the casein had all changed to whisky; but the deacon will have to relate his experience to a consistory of farmers to have his story believed and recover his upright position. Whether the cow will ever get sober or end her life in a fit of delirium tremens, is a question to which we shall look anxiously to see the solution of.

A Court Scene. ' William, look up: tell us, William,

who make you. Do you know?" William, who was considered a fool screwed up his face, and looking thought ful, and some bewildered, slowly answered-" Moses, I s'poses."

"That will do," said counselor Gray, addressing the court, "the witnessays he supposes that Moses made him. That certainly is an intelligent answer, have some herrings and a mess of milk more than I suppose him capable of giving, for it shows that he had some faint idea of Scripture: but I must submit that it is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving

> " Mr. Judge," said the fool, ax the lawyer a question." ' Certainly," said the Judge.

"Wal, then, Mr. Lawyer, who do e spose made you ?" 'Aaron, I spose," said Counselor

Gray, imitating the witness. After the mirth had somewhat sub sided the witness drawled out: "Wal, neow, we do read in the good book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd a a thought the darned critter got in here? The Judge ordered the man to be

The Three Husbands. Mr. Paul Dennett died in a fit of apoplexy. Mrs. Dennett was, of course, a widow. People pitied her, and sympathized deeply with her; and she administered to herself large doses of effectual consolation in the shape of black crape and bombazine. After two years of mourning (sincere we have every reason to believe!) Mrs. Dennett laid it that the poor brother had money as well as the mill, he built a house that was a side (it had begun to grow a little rusty), and substituted lavender, and in due time lavender gave place to green; and then the handsome widow of twentyeight conceived the idea of adopting a boy to run errands, do chores, etc. The urchin whom Mr. Dennett had taken distance at sea. All who sailed near the into his family, four years before his death, had grown to be borhood, and pay a visit to the rich man | a young man of twenty, and the girls in the golden house in order to see the all pronounced him a fine, handsome fellow, and on their authority we venture to recommend him as such. Others beothers, had come to see the mill, in- side the girls thought so; Mrs. Dennett herself had long been of the same opinion; and as she was both rich and handsome, Mr. George Jones valued her estimation of his virtues very highly, and after the installation of the new boy, Jim Snip, he offered the widow the benefit of his name. Mrs. Dennett blushed—shed a couple of tears over the memory of the "dear departed," and

ing of Mr. Jones. A very happy life they led to all appearances-the widow (now Mrs. Jones) became rejuvenated; and George's whiskers and aquilline nose made him reaching the main sea, he took out his with pneumonia, which ended his career in a brief period. At his death he was laid by the side of the first husband and

straightway gave herself into the keep-

And the mill began to grind salt till again was black crape in requisition. The two years of stipulated mourning captain found his ship was full, he tried | over, and Jim Snip, now twenty-two thought he could do no better than proffer himself for the widow Jones' consolation. Widow Jones was "lonely-like without anybody to keer for," and she, appreciating his kindness, accepted his proposition, and became Mrs. Snip. Shortly after their marriage Mr. Snip, who, by the way, was somewhat afflicted by that terrible disease known among the French as "faimeantise," deemed and," as he jokingly said, " for Mrs. Snip's fourth husband!" Mrs. Snip, on being consulted, thought it expedient to take a girl too, while they were about it: " as it would save her a sight

of steps, and be handy to have round." The choice fell on John Hawkins, a lad of fifteen, the son of a poor farmer in the vicinity; and Mary Smith, an orphan. John was an exceedingly smart fellow, and Mary was a pretty little blue eyed lass of twelve years. The children agreed wonderfully well, and Mrs. Snip declared "they was a mighty savin' about the house."

Six more years fled swiftly on, and a wood cutter how to use the mill, and of women for a wife. The young lady sudden cold did the business for Jim "shuffled off this moral coil, and left his amiable lady a disconsclate (?) widow! Again, mourning dresses were the order of the day, and Mr. Snip was laid in quiet by the side of his illustrious predecessors

At the expiration of fifteen months Mrs. Snip, having got "in the marrying way," proposed to give John Hawkins a life interest in her estate as junior partner. She gave the astonished young. man two days and one night to consider the proposition, and John, who was deep in love with Mary Smith, scarcely knew whether he was living or dead .-He really did not know what to do; it was a tempting offer-the widow was rich, and only twenty-six years his senior, and John was "on the fence" ready to jump either way, but could not exactly make up his mind which. So he asked Mary's advice.

Now Mary Smith was a sensible girl and she loved John Hawkins passing well, but she knew that Mrs. Snip possessed the power to turn them both upon the world without a farthing-moreover, Mrs. Snip was troubled with asthma and had frequent spells of the cholic, and was rich to boot-so she told John it was best for him to accept the widow's offer, and trust to Providence that she would in time be taken from the evil to come. With this very pious decision their confab came to an end. John went directly to Mrs. Snip and testified himself ready to take the vacant place of poor master Snip, whereupon the widow issed John's chin, and the bargain was sealed.

Three weeks of manufacturing pies ouddings and sweet cakes, (people had victuals worth eating in those days), and then there was a grand wedding. Through it all Mary Smith went about inging as merry as a lark—Mary's trust n Providence was miraculously strong!

Five long years glided by, and Mrs. Hawkins was taken sick one day, with dysentery. Mary flew round the house ike a bird—she thought the hour of de liverance was near at hand. Alas! for the fallacy of human hopes. Mrs. Hawkins' hold on life was strong, and what was more, she was determined itshould always continue so. Four weeks of violent illness-the physician pronounced her case hopeless-when, lo! as if by magic, the death-struck woman rallied, grew better, sat up, and in a fortnight was as well as ever.

Mary Smith talked of going to the factory, but John, ever hopeful, told he to waita little longer. So Mary tarried. Two years more, and returning from church one Sabbath with a vicious horse, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins were thrown from the carriage, and Mrs. Hawkins was so badly injured that her ecovery was considered extremely loubtful. But just as Mary began to look with a reasonable degree of com placency to the comfortable berth of Mrs Hawkins 2d, Mrs. Hawkins premier be gan to improve, and it was not long be fore she was fully restored.

Sick with hope deferred Mary again suggested going to the factory, and again John persuaded her to wait a little longer. So still Mary tarried. She had had numerous offers of marriage, but she had refused them all, hoping that her patience would in time be rewarded. Vain

Ten years flew along, and Mary, now an old maid of nearly forty, still remained at the house. Most of her rejected admirers were now married and had families.

In spite of innumerable burns, scalds eezes, blisterings, broken bones, fevers, and apoplectic fits. Mrs. Hawkins still continued, and to all appearance got smarter every day. Poor John began to decline as she grew young. Some of the superstitious neighbors asserted that Mrs. Hawkins was a vampire, and sucked the very life out of John; while others, not so romantic by nature, did not hesitate to declare that John's debility came of his sucking the cider- it, Sir Fletcher."

mug. These latter people were right as it afterwards appeared, for poor John died very suddenly in "a spasm of highsterricks," as Mrs. Hawkins said, but the physicians gave it as their opinion that he perished from "excessive

absorption." Whether from bodily or spiritual absorption they did not decide. After the funeral, Mary Smith went to the factory, and is there now, for ought we know to the contrary. The last we heard of widow Hawkins she was looking out for another boy to adopt, and we expect every day to receive an invitation to her fifth wedding. So much for the tenacity of life in a "lone widder woman."

The Bath of Blood. About the year 1610, Elizabeth Bathori, sister to the King of Poland, and wife of a rich and powerful Hungarian magnate, was the principal actor in the nost singular and horrible tragedy menioned in history. She occupied the castle of Csejta, in Transylvania. Like most other ladies of that period, she was surrounded by a troupe of young girls, generally the daughters of poor but noble parents, who lived in honorable servitude-in return for which their education was cared for, and their dowry secured. Elizabeth was of a severe and cruel disposition, and her hand-maidens led no joyous life. Slight faults are said to have been punished by most merciless tortures One day, as the lady of Csejta was ad-

miring at the mirror those charms which that faithful monitor told her were fast waning, she gave way to her ungovernable temper, excited, perhaps, by the mirror's unwelcome hint, and struck her unoffending maid in the face with such force as to draw blood. As she washed from her hands the stain, she fancied the part which the blood had touched grew whiter, softer, and as t were younger. Imbued with the redulity of the age, she believed she and discovered what as many philosophers had wasted years in seeking for. She supposed that in a virgin's blood she had found the elixir vitæ, the fountain of never failing youth and beauty. Remorseless, by nature, and now urged on by irrepressible vanity, the thought no sooner flashed across her brain than her resolution was taken—the life of the it prudent to adopt a boy to wait on him, luckless hand-maiden was not to be compared with the precious boon her death promised to secure.

Elizabeth, however, was wary as well as cruel. At the foot of the rock on which Cseita stood was a small cottage inhabited by two old women; and be tween the cellar of this cottage and the castle was a subterranean passage known only to one or two persons, and never used but in case of danger. With the aid of these old crones and her steward, Elizabeth led the poor girl through the secret passage, and after murdering her, bathed in her blood. Not satisfied with the first accomplices and the secret passage, no less than three hundred maidens were sacrificed on the altar of vanity ind superstition

Several years had been occupied in this pitiless slaughter, and nosuspicions were excited, though the greatest amazement pervaded the country at the disappearance of so many persons. At last however, Elizabeth called into play against her two passions, which were stronger than vanity and cunning—love and revenge became interested in the liscovery of the mystery.

Among the victims of Csejta was unggirl who was beloved and betrothed to a young man in the neighborhood. In despair at the loss of his mistress he followed her traces with such perseverance that, in spite of the hitherto successful caution of the murderess, he penetrated the bloody secrets of the castle: and, burning for revenge, flew to Presburg, boldly accused Elizabeth Bathori of murder, before the palarine in open court, and demanded judgment against her. So grave an accusation brought against a person of such high rank demanded the most serious attention; and the palarine undertook to in vestigate the affair in person. Proceeding immediately to Csejta, before the murderess and her accomplices had any idea of the accusation, he discovered the still warm body of a young girl whom they had been destroying as the palarine approached, and had not time to dispose of it before he apprehended them. The rank of Elizabeth mitigated her punishment to imprisonment for life. but her assistants were burned at the

stake. Legal documents still exist to attes the truth of these circumstances. Paget a distinguished traveler, who visited Csejta abont twenty years ago, says: With this tale fresh in our minds, we

ascended the long hill, gained the castle, and wondered over its deserted ruins The shades of evening were just spreading over the valley, and the bare gray walls stood up against the red sky; the solemn stillness of evening reigned over the scene, and as two ravens, which had made their nests on the castle's highest towers, came toward it, winging their heavy flight, and wheeling once round each cawing a coarse welcome to the other, alighted on their favorite turret I could have fancied then the spirits of the two old crones condemed to haunt the scene of their former crimes, while their infernal mistress was cursed by some more wretched doom."

Evil Company.

The following beautiful allegory translated from the German: Sophronius, a wise teacher, would no suffer even his own grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose

onduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father said the gentle Eulalie o him one day when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal rom the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it." Eulalie did so, and behold her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened.

and as it chanced, her white dress also "We cannot be too careful in hand ing coals," said Eulalie, in vexation. 'Yes, truly," said her father: "you see, my child, that coals, even if they lo not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

-Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say, "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person; I myself have too little manners." The iudge immediately interposed, with one room-laughed, and at her request, proof his blandest smiles, "We all know ceeded to give the details of my ford ad-

How I Began Life. I began life by running away from home. Boileau, we are told, was driven into his career by the hand of fate and the peck of a turkey. Attilla started in life with no other cause and capital than an old sword, which he was adroit enough- to palm off for the divine veapon of Mars; and Robespierre owed his political career to wetting his stockngs-and there heard "words which burn," that fired his soul, and determined his course in life. My running way from home arose from a minor nortification, caused by carrying a oretty girl over the brook.

Donald Lean and myself were good friends at fourteen years of age, and we both regarded with a little more than friendship pretty Helen Graham, "our oldest girl at school." We romped and danced together, and this lasted for such length of time, that it is with feelings of bewilderment that I look back upon the mystery of two lovers continuing friends. But the time came, as come it must, when jealousy lit her spark in my boyish bosom, and blew it into a consu ming flame.

Well do I remember how and when the "green-eyed" perpetrated this incendiary deed. It was on a cold October evening, when Helen, Donald, and myself were returning, with our parents, from a neighboring hamlet. As we anproached a ford where the water ran somewhat higher than ankle deep we prepared to carry Helen across, as we were accustomed to, with hands interwoven, "chair fashion," and thus carried our pretty passenger over the brook. Just as we were in the middle of the water-which was cold enough at the time to have frozen anything like feeling out of boys less hardy than ourselves -a faint pang of jealousy nipped my heart. Why it was, I know not, for we had carried Helen fifty times across the brook ere now without emotion, but this evening I thought or fancied that Helen gave Donald an undue preference by casting her arm around his neck, while she steadied herself on my side by holding the cuff of my jacket.

No flame can burn so quickly or with o little fuel as jealousy. Before we had reached the opposite bank, I was wishing Donald at the " bottom of the sea." Being naturally impetuous, I burst out with:

"Ye need na haud sae gingerly, Helen as if ye feared a fa. I can aye carry ye lighter than Donald can half of ve.' Surprised at the vehemence of my tone, our queen interposed with an admission that we were both strong, and that she had no idea of sharing my powers. But Donald's ire was kindled, and he utterly denied that I was at all qualified to compete with him in feats of moral courage. On such topics boys are generally emulous, and by the time we reached the opposite bank, it was settled that the point should be determined by our singly carrying Helen across the ford in our arms.

Helen was to determine who had caried her most easily, and I settled with myself privately in advance, that the one who obtained the preference would really be the person who stood highestin her affections. The reflection stimulated me to exert every effort, and I verily believe to this day, that I could have carried Donald and Helen on either arm like feathers. But I must not anticipate.

We suffered all the rest of the party to pass quietly along, and then returned to the ford. I lifted Helen with the utmost ease, and carried her like an infant to the middle of the water. Jealously had inspired a warmer love, and it was with feelings unknown before that I embraced her beautiful form, and felt the pressure of her cheek against mine. All went swimmingly, or rather wadingly, for a minute. But alas, in the very deepest part of the ford; I trod on a treacherous bit of wood, which rested I suppose, on a smooth stone. Over I rolled, bearing Helen with me, nor did we rise until fairly soaked from head to foot.

I need not describe the taunts of Don ld, or the more accusing silence of Helen. Both believed that I had fallen who was as heavily loaded, and was from mere weakness, and my rival demonstrated his superior ability, by bearing her in his arms for a long distance on her homeward path. As we approached the house, Helen, feeling dry and better humored, attempted to conciliate me. But I-preserved silence. was mortified beyond redress. That night I packed up a few things

and ran away. My boyish mind, sensitive and irritated, exaggerated the negation which it had received, and prompted me to a course which, fortu nately, led to better results than usually attends such irregularities. I went to Edinburgh, where I found an uncle, a kind-hearted, childless man, who glady gave me a place in his house, and employed me in his business. Wealth years on the continent, and finally remrned to Scotland, rich, educated, in short, everything but married.

One evening, while at a ball in Glasgow, I was struck by a young lady of unpretending appearance, but whose remarkable beauty and brightened expression indicated a mind of more than ordinary power. I was introduced, but the Scottish names had long been unfamiliar to my ear, and I could not catch hers. It was Helen something, and there was something in the face, too, that seemed familiar-something suggestive of pleasure and plain. But we became well acquainted that

evening. I learned, without difficulty, her history. She was from the country, had been well educated, but her parents had lost their property, and she was now a governess in a family of the city. I was fascinated with her conversation, and was continually reminded by her grace and refinement of manner that she was capable of moving with distinguished success in a far higher sphere than that which fortune seemed to have assigned her. I am naturally neither talkative nor assigned to confidence; but there was that in this young lady which inspired both, and I conversed with her as I had never conversed with any. Her questions of the various countries with which I was familiar indicated a remarkable knowledge of literature and an incredible store of information.

We progressed in the intimacy, and as conversation turned on the reasons which induced so many to leave their native land, I laughingly remarked that my own travels were owing to falling with a pretty girl into a ford.

I had hardly spoken these words ere the blood mounted to her face and was succeeded by quite a remarkable paleness. I attributed it to the heat of the venture with Helen Graham, painting

in glowing colors the amiability of my Miscellaneous.

Her mirth, during the recital, became irrepressible. At the conclusion she re marked: "Mr. Roberts, is it possible you have forgotten me?"

I gazed an instant—remembered—and

was dumbfounded. The lady with whom I had become acquainted was Helen Graham herself. I hate, and so do you, reader, to need lessly prolong a story. We were married, Helen and I made our bridal tour to the old place. As we approached in our carriage, I greeted a stout fellow working in a field, who seemed to be a better sort of laborer, or perhaps a small farmer, by inquiring some particulars relating to the neighborhood. He answered well enough, and I was about to give him asixpence, when Helen stayed my hand, and cried out in the old style:

The man looked up in astonishment It was Donald Lean. His amazement at our appearance was heightened by its style: and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could invite him to enter our carriage and answer our numerous queries as to old friends Different men "startin life" in differ ent ways. I believe that mine, how ever, is the only instance on record, o

'Hey, Donald, mon, dinna ye ken

a gentleman who owes wealth and happiness to rolling over with a pretty girl in a stream of water. "Eat Your Brown Bread First." It is a plain but truthful saying, " Eat

our brown bread first," nor is there a better rule for a young man's outset in the world. While you continue single you may live in as narrow limits as you please; and it is then that you must be gin to save, in order to be provided for the more enlarged expenses of your future family. Beside, a plain, frugal life is then supported most cheerfully. It is your sown choice, and it is to be justified on the best and most honest principles in the world, and you have nobody's pride to struggle against, or appetites to master but your own. As you advance in life and succeed, it will be expected that you will give yourself greater indulgencies, and you may then be allowed to do it both reasonably and

Reforming a Scold. In the early period of Methodism some of Mr. Wesley's opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a wagon load of Methodists and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awk ward silence; at last one of the accusers said: "Why they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning till night. The magistrate asked if they had done any thing else? "Yes sir" said an old man, "a'nt please your worship, they convarted my wife, Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town.'

A Capital Evasion. Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial.

One of them, upon hearing the usual question asked "What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion, and said : "I do not like to tell my age; not that I have any objection to having it in all the newspapers.'

known: but I don't want it published "Well, said the witty Mrs. will tell you how to avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay."

Fellow Traveller.

"Will you help me out of this mud hole." said a travelling druggist, who had just been compeled to stop his team, because they could not pull it out. "No I can't stop," said the Yankee,

fearful that he would be too late for the I would take it as a great favor, be sides paying you," said the former.
"What are you loaded with?" said the Yankee.

Drugs and medicines," said he. "Well, I guess I'll try and get you out then, for I'm loaded with tomb-They were seen travelling after that.

Character of the "Census-Takers" of New York----War Widows, &c. In the State of New York, "Enumer-

ators" are appointed by the Secretary of State, to take the census of their districts. The returns of some of these "Enumerators" have been recently published. They show that the schoollowed in upon him. I became his masters, as well as something else, is partner-went abroad-resided four much needed among the Republican officials of the Empire State. Of the character of some of these reports, the following, from the Schoaire Republican will be sufficient:

To the question-"What other changes in the social condition of the people have you observed since 1860?" the Enumerator of the town of Conesville returns the following answer: "A majority of the people have not

been as sociable or as companionable as previous to the commencement of the war. They charge Republicans and Abolitionists of being the cause of the war and prophesied their success and a divided country. But a change has come over the spirits of their dreams, they now appear sullen and disappoint d and say little or nothing about the Mr. Wm. E. Ritchmyre, the Enu

merator for the above town, tells us that since he commenced to "tak" the cenus, the number of deaths' varied much," although there have been twelve or fifteen cases of small-pox. He is of the opinion that the effect the war nas had upon crime has been to les Pauperism has increased but while credit has been lessened: differ ing somewhat from W. H. Albro. the ing somewhat from W. H. Albro, the Enumerator for the Second District of the town of Middleburg, who says:

"Ques. What other changes in the social condition of the people have you observed since 1860? Ans. The past four years, though pregnant with history in all parts of the country, have witnessed fewer changes in rural dis-

witnessed fewer changes in rural dis tricts than in the large villages and cities. In this district there have been no very great changes in the social con-condition of the inhabitants. There were times in certain localities, where, perhaps, the war-widow was a little too sociable to be at all times within the bounds of Charity, and while the brays husband was alconia-

the brave husband was sleeping upon the bosom of Mother Earth, the sky for a covering, and his knapsack for a pil-low, the Fair one at home might be entertaining guests, and playing the part of Potepher's wife. But now that the Brave Boys are coming home, it is to Boys are coming nome, sumed that virtue will be pre-Eve's daughters will covet less that which they are forbidden to taste.'
Jerusalem! What census-takers

Grand African Jubilee.

of Beecher's church, held a grandemancipation jubilee in "Myrtle Avenue Park," Brooklyn, on the first of August, the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. A correspondent of the World, who was present, says the Park was overspread the same time that it was redolent of odors stronger, if not so sweet, as the spicy breath of "Araby the Blest." 'Down the far-stretching vista," says this correspondent, " could be seen knots and lines of sable intermingling with all the colors of the rainbow—black faces under bonnets, and above shawls and dresses of every showy hue, huddled together in earnest intercourse, or stumping it rapidly along, jolly, goodhumored faces every one of them, of every quartering and half-quartering. from "noir de Congo" to "milky octoroon;" the men chiefly attired in unearthly integriments of limp and devastated white, as though the tint deserved an extra wrinkle or two of contumely, anyhow, and the ladies "got up regardless of expense." In fact, the 'femuales," as the sour man outside the toll-gate irreverently or by a twist of dialect did term them, were simply gorgeous. "Waterfalls," "rats," "cats" and "mice," and all the other horrors of head-dress, were here to be seen on their loftiest scale and grandest profusion. They were not the "lillies of the field," and yet

"Solomon, in all his glory, Was not arrayed like one of these Corn color and spotted mousseline

predominated. The skirts were rotund and expansive, "with an undulating and expansive, "with an undulating grace," and hats and bonnets towered grace, over them with a plenitude of lace and artificials that gave the "toot-in-sample." as the linguistic Partington might term it, the look of a japanned coal-scuttle half covered with moss and flowers. But say what you will, incredulous opponent of African supremacy, brown

and black orbs, large and lustrous, glistened and flashed like brilliant upper pheres, above ranges of ivory as white as the mountains of New Hampshire in the gloomy glimmer of a winter dawn.

Massive trombone music and wild
"H'yah, h'yah's" of delight came from the depths of the woods as we exultingly advanced and "scups" to the right of us, "scups" to the left of us in fine; scups, skirts, and "Spanish ankles" in the air on all sides, we hurried to its

What has color to do with obesity? Does the Africanization of the rainbow endow all its shades with a quality for fatness. Once in a while there was a little mite of a brother, so intensely black and shiny that the effort made him thin, but, as a general thing, rotundity was the glorions result from jet to jessamine color We had no objection to our brethren, only that they were so much our brethren and sistern too, we may add, with a retrospective remembrance of the perspiration. Dry goods were wet-goods on that platform, at all events! And around as far as the view extended, tables under the trees were spread with bles under the trees were spread with deriving the perspective from spacious baskets, and the perspective from spacious baskets. picnic fare from spacious baskets, and benches beside them held the lovely fig-ures of Afric's belles and beaux.— Among them were many who had the wavy hair, the soft, rounded, and yet well chiseled features of Italian beauty with here and there a cheek where the blood of the Caucausian race glowed up on a silky surface, like the blush on the

side of the seckel pear that first receives the kisses of the morning.

The assembled crowd taken together. mounted in all, including picaninnies as well as grown folks, to about 4,000 and a merrier crew never graced the bister-hued ballrooms of New York, or rolled in the grass "away down South on de ole plantation." The morning. rom about 11 o'clock, saw them co streaming in—a glistening tide—unti noon, when the main spaces near the pavilion, not forgetting the scups, swinging from a hundred trees, were lacquered with dusky sheen. A bar to the rear of the main is and was a foun tain of rejuvenescence in the shape of 'lager beer" and "lemon soda," and around as a center, the night-blooming boys and beautics congregated at mani-fold tables and piped their sweet Anglo African lays. Here it was that, at a festive board more decorated than the rest, "a yaller flower of the forest" thus

rehearsed, in the language of a distinguished fellow-citizen, an appeal to the chosen people : "MANSIPATED BREDDREN: Did enny ob your ebber hear wot the Reberend Massa Cox, of New York, sed bout the blessed Lard? Nebber. I tought not. Most ob you habent got no dichshinary larnin, and is as ignorant as ground-hogs. Well, he sed the good Lard was dark-complected, sed the good Lard was dark-complected, same as you and me is. An'd de white folks in New York—blame thar ugry picters—dey mobbed him for speakin de troof. Yes, I say de troof! For, bein born in Africa, how could he be white? De fust white man ebber seen in Africa was a misshinary, and dear warn't no misshinaries no where predere warn't no misshinaries no whars previous to the year anna domino, for that was there was nuthin to preach about tell he cum. Tharfore, Reberened Massa Cox was right; and now let ussing the follering him which I hab rote for this interestin 'cashin.'

The deep feeling with which this superb exhortation was received, grand and imposing as it seemed, was but a whimper to the grand intonation given by all hands (for they clapped them) and hearts, for you could almost hear the latter beat, to the subjoined "hyme," as the "yaller flower" obstreporously announced it. The composition emanates from the same high source that bestowed the sermon :

"We's nearer to de Lord Dan de white folks an' dey knows it, Walk in darkies troo de gate Hark de kullered angels holler Go'way white folks, you're too late, We's de winnin kuller. Wait. Tell de trumpet blows to foller.

Hebben bress good Massa Cox!
He took down dem proud Kawkasians,
No more Lards with auburn locks,
Kullered Shepherd—woolly flocks—
We's de bressed Lord's relashins. Hallelujah! tanks to praise, Long enough we've borne our crosses, Now we's de superior race, And wid Gorramighty's grace We's goin to Hebben afore de bosses.' But the earnest part of the programme as now announced, and all attention vas concentrated on the platform of the

in a magnificent dress of black and white, with a button-hole badge of yellow and red, and surrounded by the committee of arrangements. A moment afterward, he introduced the orator of the occasion: PROFESSOR WILLIAM HOWARD DAY, who is fond of having it understood hat he holds among the colored folks the position as an orator, conceded to the late Honorable Edward Everett. The professor favored his audience with an elaborate and quite lengthy address, delivered with much real power and earnestness, and devoted to a thor-ough review of the great events in the

Pavilion, where, at two P. M., the invincible Trower made his appearance

history of the African race, and a fer-vent eulogy upon President Lincoln and his memorable emancipation measure. But the announcement that the great olored champion in oratory and poli-FRED. DOUGLASS. was present, was hailed with a perfect e of cheers and hurrahs, as though

all Africa had come back again from the desert to the civilized American Douglass, however, made but a very

The Herald, which also gives an ac-The Herald, which also gives an ac-count of this great African jubilee, says patriots; and who doubts the latter title we are indebted to the inventive genius

evoked on this occasion for a new meth od of applauding. It says: On the gallery behind the speaker was Grand African Jubilee.

The free Americans of African descent who live within sound of the bells situated a drum major—a drum major of the eight Pennsylvania (colored) regiment. To say he did not understand the nature of his profession would be to malign him in a most shameful manner.—
When the orator made a hit, instead of testing the appreciation of the audience the drummer played a succession of beats; if the orator took a glass of water or paused to draw his handkerchief across his brow, the beats were increased; when the orator mislaid his manuscript by a "darkness that might be felt," at | the drum major beat a tattoo, and when the orator concluded, he performed a march with a skill and regardlessness of time which would compare favorably with the performance of a crack drun corps. Sometimes, of course, awkward mistakes were made, when the drummer, mistaking his cue, struck in while the orator was in the middle of a pathetic passage, and only paused for breath; but, altogether, the performance was as creditable as the idea was admirable. For

Treason and Traitors.

of the matter.

cheers, therefore, in the course of the

above speech, read "rolling of drums,' and you will have a proper conception

The celebrated Count Joannes, who scillates between Boston and New York, and indulges in the luxury of a suit for libel against some unfortunate newspaper editor about once every three months, has addressed a letter to the President of the United States upon treason and traitors. The following extracts show who are and who are not traitors, in the opinion of the Count: WHO ARE TRAITORS?

1. A traitor must in every case owe allegiance to the nation, or sovereign, charging him with treason; thence a traitor against this country must be a citizen of the United States at the time

of the alleged treason.

2. A traitor is a citizen who, in time of foreign war, shall adhere to the public enemy, either as a soldier or sailor, and fight against the United States.

3. A traitor is a citizen, who shall aid and abet a foreign enemy in levying war. He could not be an agent, but one of the principals, for treason being a crime of the highest character, and its penalty death, all traitor citizens would be principals; upon the rule, that in crime there can be no legal agents, as in

commercial contracts.

4. A traitor is a citizen who, residing abroad, or within the republic, should adhere to her public enemies, then at war with this country, by giving them aid and comfort, by loaning them money to "levy war against the United States, or by furnishing ships or the munitions of war, such as powder, weapons, pro-

visions, etc.

5. Fraitors would be those citizens who, during a foreign war, should fi out a privateer and aid the public eneout a privateer and and the public ele-my by fighting against this country or its citizens, by the destruction of prop-erty upon the high seas. They would not be pirates, because they war not not be pirates, because they war not against all mankind, but against a single nation. Thence the Alabama was not a pirate, nor Raphael Semmes a traitor, because he fought as a rebel in our own civil war; and, having accorded belligerent rights to the rebels, we are estopped from truly calling them traitors, and thence

6. A traitor would be a citizen, who, the country, by correspondence, in furnishing plans of forts, number of regiments, their position on the eve of a battle, etc., or in any manner as a species of spy, adhering to the enemies of the Republic by giving them serviceable intelligence.

7. A traitor, in time of war, would be a citizen, soldier or sailor who should lesert the flag of the country and join the common enemies, thus aiding them to "levy war against the United States." By the law of this country there is no such crime as constructive treason, as in England; therefore, by an amendment of Franklin's in the conventional debate, "no person can be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt (public) act, or confessions in open court.

WHO ARE NOT TRAITORS. It is self-evident that, before a citizen can be convicted of being a traitor, must first be proven that treason existed, upon the legal principle that no person can be tried for murder until the homicide has been proved and the body In the trial for treason of Col. Aaron

Burr, in 1807, he pleaded his own cause pefore Chief Justice Marshall, with Inc he estopped any attempt to prove e was a traitor, until the Government first established that treason had been committed. The Chief Justice ruled that he was right, and no act was proved which was treason; for revolution or at-tempted revolution was not treason, and Aaron Burr was acquitted despite the earnest wish and endeavor of the then President to hang him. versal prejudice against Colonel Aaron Burr for his killing General Alexander Hamilton in the duel (though fairly fought) did not prevent "twelve good men and true," under the charge of the great Chief Justice Marshall, the friend of Washington, from acquitting the prisoner. Thence Aaron Burr was not prisoner. Thence Aaron Burr was not a traitor, though he attempted to dismember a portion of the States and Perritories and erect a new republic This is precisely what Jefferson Davis attempted, and, like Aaron Burr, failed. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Massa-chusetts, and Governor Caleb Strong were not traitors; the former forthreatening the secession of New England as reserved right, and the latter fusing to aid the Government with State troops. The Constitution may be so amended as to make it treason; but no ex post facto law can be enacted. The ex post facto law can be enacted. The Hon. John C. Calhoun, the nullifier revolutionist, was not a traitor, because nullification was but another word for. rebellion, which is revolution. I desire, your Excellency, especially to call your attention and reflection to this case, and the learned opinions thereon by my once celebrated living tutors; and who, though now dead in body, "still live" in word and spirit! In 1841 I was deputed bearer of important dispatches to our Minister at the Court of St. James, from the President and his Secretary of State, as also embassadorial communications from them, and the new Secretary of State under President Harrison, the Hon. Daniel Webster. In a conversation with that patriotic statesman, following one I had with

President Van Buren, upon the theme of the then apparently approaching war with Great Britain, and treason of citizens only in a foreign war, the Hon. Daniel Webster distinctly stated to me that "if President Andrew Jackson had hanged the Hon. John C. Calhoun as the nullifier, as he threatened, it would have been an Executive murder, and for which the President could not only have been impeached and removed from office, but indicted for murder, according to the Constitution, for nullification, like secession for independence, was revolution for the same constitutional issue, and could not be treason!" Therefore, the Hon. John C. Calhoun was not a traitor. This opinion of Daniel Webster was confirmed to me by the Hon. Henry Wheaton, in 1864, our Embassador at the Court of Berlin, during my visit to the late King of Prussia. Upon the foregoing premises in this letter, it follows that no person engaged in the late unsuccessful revolution can

he a traitor. I care not for their names -be it the chivalric Stonewall Jackson or some one unknown to fame. If Stonewall Jackson was a traitor, then is Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee; but neither of them can with justice be termed so, except in ignorance of contitutional law and our own rights as failure does not make them traitors, if if they had succeeded?