D. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS [illegible]

[illegible]

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[illegible poem]

Cannon's [illegible]
O'er Chepul[illegible]
War [illegible]
Fields, still [illegible]
Spr[illegible]
Slope [illegible]
Mountain [illegible]
Answering [illegible]
O'er [illegible]
Wh[illegible]
Wounded [illegible]
A [illegible]
Low [illegible]

[illegible]

CITY OF MOSCOW.—[illegible] read [illegible] expedition, was [illegible] and now [illegible] is situated [illegible] are mostly [illegible] sheet iron [illegible] the walled [illegible] round [illegible] and a [illegible] Within th[illegible] ings. The [illegible] is a palace, is [illegible] its name signifi[illegible] was built as a de[illegible] surrection. It could [illegible] by powder than [illegible] church which stand[illegible] bell weighing [illegible] eclipsed by a great bell [illegible] the foot of the tower. This is [illegible] 65 feet in circumference, [illegible] and weighs 400,000 pounds [illegible] A large piece has been [illegible] it is sometimes used as a chapel. Around the city stretches a public garden of Boulevard, and outside of this a wall of [illegible] 30 or 40 feet in height. Three hundred churches, each with five or six domes are pear-shaped, and surmounted by a star and a cross, with the crescent beneath it. They are painted sometimes brown and often a bright blue color, with large spangles of gold. As there are from 1,500 to 2,000 domes in the city, the effect, when the sun is shining upon them, is extremely brilliant. About nine-tenths of the city was burnt by the Russians, when they evacuated it in 1814.

A WIFE IN TROUBLE.—"Pray tell me, my dear, what is the cause of those tears?"

"Oh, such a disgrace!"

"What—what is it, my dear? Do not keep me in suspense."

"Why, I have opened one of your letters, supposing it myself. Certainly it looked more like Mrs. than Mr."

"Is that all? What harm can there be in a wife's opening her husband's letters?"

"No harm in the thing itself. But the contents! such a disgrace!"

"What! has any one dared to write me a letter unfit to be read by my wife?"

"Oh, no. It is couched in the most chaste and gentlemanly language. But the contents! the contents!"

Here the wife buried her face in her handkerchief and commenced sobbing aloud, while the husband eagerly caught up the letter and commenced reading the epistle that had been the means of nearly breaking his wife's heart. It was a bill from the printer for *nine* year's subscription!—*Sandy Hill Herald.*

THE DONATION VISIT.

[illegible]

[illegible] were [illegible] very good [illegible] people [illegible] They liked their minister [illegible] it did seem to them that [illegible] power of money [illegible] The [illegible] very [illegible] hundred dollars a year, besides providing [illegible] with [illegible] enough [illegible] yet, [illegible] this, the [illegible] it was [illegible] extravagant [illegible] but he was a good man and preached the word faithful[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] his real wants; and the deficit had every year, to be made up by the congregation, and this came to him as a half-grudged gratuity, and, therefore, its reception always wounded him. After all, the members of the church had to meet his expenses and it cost them quite as much to do so after the fashion they had seemed to prefer as to have paid him a sufficient salary at once, and left him to provide, in true independence, for his family. This was seen and felt by Mr. Edwards, and it fretted him whenever his mind recurred to the subject.

Some time during the latter part of the year succeeding that in which the donation party, just referred, took place, Mr. Edwards had a hint from one of the "officials," that another affair of the kind was likely to come off before a great while.

"Brother," said the minister, when this hint came, bending to the ear of the person he addressed, and half whispering, "if you have any influence, spare me another 'party.'"

The brother looked surprised.

"Or, at least," added the minister, with a meaning smile, and a humorous twinkle in his eye, "let it be understood that no one who intends coming shall fast from breakfast-time."

It took the rather obtuse-minded brother [illegible] to comprehend the meaning of Mr. Edwards. He then saw it clear [illegible] on the occasion referred to [illegible] that he had, quite naturally, a [illegible] of sympathy for those who came together for purposes of festivity, particularly as they had brought their own provisions.

[illegible] providing a good supper [illegible] good appetites to the entertainment," said he. "Besides, you know that each one brought something."

"Yes, I know that. One lady, who came with her two daughters, brought a pint of cream and a cotton night-cap; and another—but," the minister checked himself, "I must not refer to these things. All I know [illegible] is that, without speaking [illegible] you will assure [illegible] to save me from the infliction of [illegible] party."

[illegible]

[illegible] provision, to last you three or [illegible] wood and clothing."

[illegible] could have bought with five dollars more [illegible] really useful to the [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Edwards [illegible] no reply; but it did seem to him now that his wife had suggested [illegible] it would be patent to all [illegible] Mr. Jenkins [illegible] boys in a present [illegible] clothes [illegible] for the boys [illegible]

[illegible] was tacitly settled in the minds of the minister and his wife that Harry and Joseph were to be supplied with new suits of clothes from the factory of Mr. Jenkins.

From the bonnet and the satinet, the minds of Mrs. Edwards went farther. Shoes were very much needed by the children; and, as for herself, she hadn't a pair that was fit to go to church in. These would, of course, come. In fact, there was scarcely a want existing in the family that the minister's wife did not, in imagination, see amply supplied; and her mind was thus eased of a portion of its weight of care and anxiety.

Dinner was ready an hour earlier than usual, and hurried over in order that all might prepare to receive the visitors, who were soon expected to arrive. Mr. Edwards took his place in the parlor about one o'clock, and tried to compose his mind to read. But his eyes wandered over the pages spread out before him, without his mind perceiving the sense. His heart beat slowly and heavily, and there was a sense of oppression on his feelings. Hope struggled with humiliation.

At length, the first visitor appeared. He was a sturdy old farmer, living a couple of miles from the village. He came with his waggon, and brought a load of wood, which his man threw out while he came in to shake hands with the minister, and inquire after his health.

"I've brought you something with which to drive Jack Frost away in the coming winter," said the farmer, as he entered the parlor of Mr. Edwards.

"You are very kind," returned the minister, as he took the hand of his parishioner, and invited him to sit down. The little talk that succeeded was rather constrained on both side. The farmer felt embarrassed, for he was a man of excellent feelings, and some knowledge of human nature; and Mr. Edwards was equally constrained. As soon as the last log of wood was thrown from the waggon, the farmer rose, and bid the minister farewell, retired. He didn't feel altogether pleased at his part, for there was a preception in his mind that the minister's natural independence had been hurt. He knew how it would be with himself, if their relations to each other were reversed.

Soon after the farmer retired, one of the ladies of the congregation came. She brought a pair of knit gloves for the minister. Her ability wasn't great, she said, but what she could do was done cheerfully. Hoped all would do as well, taking their means into consideration. Next came a little bag of doughnuts; next a ham, next a pair of stockings; and next a cradle quilt for the baby. The latter was brought by the hands of one of the ladies fixed upon by Mrs. Edwards as the donor of her new bonnet. Immediately after her arrival, Mr. Jenkins, who owned the factory, and to whom had been mentally assigned the privilege of furnishing satinet for the boys' new suits of clothes, pushed open the door, and entered with a large roll—no—with a fine fat goose in his hands! The sight of the bird, in spite of his immediate effort to bring into exercise a due portion of Christian philosophy, had a decided effect upon the minister's feelings. [illegible] to make [illegible] the desires which the appearance [illegible] [illegible] And poor Mrs. Edwards! how heavily [illegible] disappointed [illegible] when the [illegible] community [illegible] and [illegible] present [illegible] goose [illegible] man who was doing an [illegible]. To the self-satisfied Mr. Jenkins, [illegible] in quick succession; and so the current was kept up until the sun went down, when the man [illegible] their treasures and [illegible] returned to their homes, well satisfied [illegible] plenty were sending guests at the parsonage, and would not spread their wings of [illegible] months to come.

The sober [illegible] there was [illegible] barrel of cider, three [illegible] seven geese, live chickens, three turkeys, [illegible] pig [illegible] sausage links [illegible] pounds of mutton, three pairs of stockings [illegible] one of the right size for the minister, a dozen tallow candles, two wooden night-caps, one comfortable, a pair of blankets, four jars of jellies, [illegible] pots apple-butter, two jars preserves, [illegible] a barrel of salt pork, two sacks of flour, six barrels of apples, a bushel of doughnuts, twenty pies, and over a bushel of cakes, good, bad, and indifferent; besides a variety of other matters, which, being of no use to the owners, were of little [illegible] due to the minister, or any of his family. But there were no clothes for the children, no bonnet for Mrs. Edwards, no shoes for the feet that scarcely had a covering. There were piles of fresh meat and poultry, instead, that could not be eaten; [illegible] which it would be a crying offense to sell. Four-fifths of this would have to be given away, to keep it from spoiling.

And all this abundance of good things the minister sat thoughtful while his good wife [illegible] grievously disappointed [illegible] could not keep back her tears.

The day following was the Sabbath. A [illegible] satisfied congregation had not assembled [illegible] the little church for a long time. There was a smile of pleasure and self-approval on nearly every face, as the minister entered and ascended the pulpit. His family did not come in with him. This was unusual; and many, who noticed that the minister's pew was empty, wondered as to the cause.

There was more than usual gravity in the voice and air of Mr. Edwards, as he read the service. Many wondered what it [illegible] and felt chilled by something about the minister that was not clearly understood. When he took his text which was in these words: "The laborer is worthy of his hire," it was with an emphasis that plainly enough showed him to have something more than ordinary on his mind. The sermon was short, and, for the most part, general in its bearing.

"I purpose," said the preacher in conclusion, "to make but a single, brief, practical application of my text. It is this:—When you hire a minister, pay him, out and out, a fair living salary; don't starve him on three hundred dollars, and then insult him with a beggarly donation visit once a year."

There was a buzzing in the hive, it may be reasonably inferred, at this: and the people who came out in the morning in a most excellent and self-complacent state of mind, went home from church with their feelings down to zero. Words, such as "outrageous," "ungrateful," "shame," "insulting," and the like, we heard in all directions.

In the afternoon, three of four of the leading members called upon Mr. Edwards for an explanation of his strange conduct. He met them with the utmost composure; and when they opened the subject of their visit, he answered by inviting them to walk with him into the adjoining room. There they found the entire results, save the two loads of wood, of the donation visit.

"Here," said he, after he had closed the door, "are poultry and fresh meats enough for a dozen families as large as mine; here are cider (that I don't use,) and pickles, and preserves, nuts, apple-butter, night-caps, gloves, and fifty useless things besides, while my wife has to stay away from church for want of a bonnet and shoes and my children cannot be made decent enough to appear in the house of God."

The minister paused. Those whom he addressed looked at each other with a crest-fallen air.

"Simply take a report of what you have seen to those who think themselves aggrieved," said Mr. Edwards, as he opened the door again and passed with his visitors into the parlor. "Tell them, that if they think the laborer worthy of his hire, to pay him in a direct way, and without grudging. Donation visits and parties are little less than outrages upon the feelings of the minister and his family, and I, for one, will have nothing more to do with them. If you like me well enough to give me an independent support, I will remain with you. If not, say so at once, and I will remove to another place."

The Rev. Mr. Edwards is still in the old parish and is paid, in money, a salary that he finds equal to the comfortable maintenance of his family. His congregation is quite as self-satisfied as in the times of donation visits and parties and there sister [illegible] a great deal more so. The plain speech of an independent man, though it disturb and wound the self-love of many, is usually productive of good. It was so in this case, and would be so in hundreds of similar cases, if those who are wronged as he was, would speak out as plainly what is in their minds.

The Fat Girl's Jump;

OR, HOW TO RECTIFY SOMNAMBULISM.

I was just twelve years of age and the [illegible] that "Old Kentucky" could produce. It was at this time that I was sent to a country boarding school, some thirty miles from my birth place [illegible] and an agreeable school it was [illegible] two departments, and they simply consisted of male and female [illegible] tutoress were the kindest souls in [illegible] never [illegible] a heavier punishment than that of sending the culprit one to bed supperless, or depriving him or her of the privilege of [illegible] Then there could be no one to [illegible] good nature—but to an adventure:

There was only a door (that, of course, locked) that separated the dormitory of the boys and girls; but the kind builder had not omitted to place a ventilator over the door, and, as luck would have it, the good mistress had covered it with a small [illegible] After enjoying a fine dance upon the green, and that, too, under the particular [illegible] every one, we were assembled in the chapel to prayer, and then sent to our separate dormitories—the girls, some fifteen in number, taking one flight of stairs, while we, eighteen or twenty of the greatest scamps alive, took the opposite direction—our master and mistress returning to their own room. A few moments found all in bed and strange to say, perfectly quiet. We had lain so but a short time, when we heard a sudden creak, like a bedstead put to violent agitation, and this was followed by a suppressed, but general titter.

"By golly, boys, there's fun among the gals," I exclaimed, "and I'll see what's going to have a peep at 'em."

In a moment every bed showed a sitting figure. I bounded out and commenced by to the key-hole—but the girls had stuffed it with a rag, and that was no go.

"Never mind boys; easy now, and I'll give you all a sight."

I softly drew a table and placed it against the door, and with the greatest difficulty stood a chair upon it—the table being small, the chair made almost too great a trade for it. However, I mounted, and raising one corner of the curtain, the which scene was visible to me.

The girls had placed two beds some six or eight feet apart, and laid a feather bed on the floor between them, and they were then exercising themselves by jumping from one bed to the other. There was one fat girl, about as broad as she was long, and in no way calculated for physical exertions, but she had got upon the bed and stood swinging her arms to and fro, making every indication for a desperate jump. By this time I was out on the floor, and my place at the curtain supplied by another sprig of mischief. He leaned down and whispered—the fat girl was going to jump.

"Oh, golly!" said he, "if Fan only falls, won't she roll over me?"

I was determined to see this: and climbing up again, we both occupied the "tottering pile." With one hand over our mouths, and pinching our noses, to prevent a burst of laughter, we stood breathless; awaiting the awful calamity.

"There she goes, by jingo!" I exclaimed. She didn't do it, though—for her feet just resting on the round of the bed, she balanced but for a moment, and fell backwards, head down and feet in the air, rolling and puffing like a porpoise, but displaying no mean agility for so *embarrassing* a situation.

We could hold in no longer, but shook with laughter. The chair tilted, and down all came together, with a crash like a young peal of thunder.

"To bed—to bed, boys," said I, "and leave the rest to me."

In an instant all was quiet; every body was in bed and sound asleep, with the exception of myself. Oh! such attempts to snore as might have been then heard—but we were all used to playing the 'possum, and I now concluded to give the approaching tutor and wife a sample of somnambulism.

"Now don't laugh for the world, boys, and see me do the thing."

I raised the table on its legs, and getting on it, was concluding my speech that I had written and committed to memory for the day—and here the training of young ideas entered, but still I continued.

"Friends and fellow Students. Overwhelmed as I am, with gratitude for your kind attention I cannot refrain from expressing thanks, yes, warm and heart-felt thanks; and to you, dear sir, (this of course meant the tutor, and at this point my vacant staring eyes were upon him,) will my heart ever yearn. I look upon this moment of my life with a pride that swells my young bosom almost to bursting; and when manhood shall close my youthful career, and my country shall call me to her halls of legislation, there will I exercise every truth and virtue instilled into my heart by your kind and fatherly tutoring. These boyish tears of joy will yet swell to a gushing stream of ambitious glory—and then will I look back to these days, and with you uppermost in my thoughts, exclaim, 'Twas you, yes, you, sir—that made me what I am!'"

"Bravo! bravo! my boy," they both exclaimed.

I got off the table now, seeing I had the game in my own hands, and walking slowly up to the window, gave myself up to deep sobbings, and really appeared much affected.

The tutor approached me and called me softly by name, but I answered him not; and turning slowly from him, I walked to the other side of the room, avoiding the rays of the lamp which the mistress was directing upon me.

"He is asleep, my dear," exclaimed the tutor, "and it must have been the dragging o' the table over the floor that made such a rumbling noise. Give me the lamp, and go bring me a basin of water—I will [illegible] a lasting cure upon our young somnambulist."

I heard many suppressed titters, and could see sundry corners of sheets going into sundry mouths. This nearly destroyed my equilibrium; though I recovered myself, and again went to the window. Though the mention of the basin of water caused a tremor of my skull to shoot through my whole frame.

The good dame returned with what I imagined but an uncommonly large vessel of water; but it was no delusion—for in her haste she brought the "filterer," and I knew certainly it was a cold ducking I was to have. Could I escape it? I would try. I walked first to one bed, then to another—the tutor following with the filterer, his wife playing "torch-bearer," while the heavy breathing of the 'possuming sleepers added to the solemnity of the scene. I still walked on, turning away every time he [illegible] me. They had commenced [illegible] to my own bed, and I saw at once I should have to take it. I walked boldly out, and placing myself before him, he upset the contents of the pig upon me.

I gasped, caught my breath, tottered, and played the fright and boy so well, the deception was complete. I heard a merry laugh in the next room—my schoolmates on their beds rubbed their eyes and enquiring the matter.

"Where am I?" I asked, "what awful thing has happened? Did I come near drowning?"

Then looking up, my eyes encountered those of the mistress. I hung down my head, crouched my little form together, for I was minus my night-continuations. She sympathized with me and left me to the care of the tutor who afforded me every facility for drying my drenched skin and changing my *robe de nuit*. I betook me once again to sleep. We were alone again; but never did I pass such a merry night—and not till long after the old upright clock had told the midnight hour did we close our eyes.

Upon awakening next morning, I tho't of the last time of the laugh I heard in the girl's room; and on going to the door through curiosity, *I found the rag was gone from the key hole!*

The Man of Integrity.

We love to gaze upon some beautiful planet in the heavens, and watch its course every night as in majesty it travels on among the stars. We are filled with admiration, and like ourself thousands are gazing on the same planet, filled with inexpressible emotions.

Like a planet in a dark sky is a man of unbending integrity. We look upon him with the same feeling of love and admiration, as we watch his daily course among his fellow men. In troubled times his light goes not out, though it may burn feebly. He still exerts the same glorious influence, and hundreds gaze upon him with delight. No seats of honor dazzle him, no wealth seduces him. He pushes straight onward in the path of duty. The fear of God is continually before him, and he feels the importance of every moment's work to lead mankind to the fountain of truth and purity. Behold the man thus fired with true love to God and his fellow creatures! Every act tells nobly for the cause of justice, of humanity. Every deed is a living epistle to the truth.

Would you share in his glory? Labor in the same field. Would you lessen the toils of humanity, and assist immortal beings to reach the skies? Imitate his example, and walk in the same virtuous paths.

"Twenty-two carats? They make a great fuss about California carats! I've got mor'n fifty in my garden as good as they've got there—and my blood beets—don't talk to me of your twenty-two fine carats." And Mrs. Partington looked into her jar of pickles with the utmost complacency.

It annoys us abominably to see boys on the sidewalk at night, smoking cigars and insulting ladies who happen to pass by them. At such a time we involuntarily look into futurity and picture to ourself what such a boy is going to make—a life of rowdyism and loafing, with a prison in the distance presenting itself.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

FARMER THORROW.—Years ago—and for aught we know, it still exists—there was a statute in vogue in New Hampshire, legsiting the annual election of hog reeves throughout the towns in that State. The office was a lucrative one in some places, though it was generally made opprobious, and the most obnoxious individuals in the community were usually selected to fill this post.

Farmer Thorrow resided in a small town above Nashua, and prided himself upon the neatness of his cattle, the cleanliness of his fields, the symmetry of his fences, and the thriftness of his orchards—but farmer T. was a nervous man, penurious and close fisted.

Waking early one morning, he discovered on a sudden, from his chamber window that four large hogs had broken into a nice young orchard of his, just below the house and in his usual excitable manner, he hurried on his clothes and made the best of his way down to 'Squire Looksharp,' (the hog reeve was called 'Squire') whom he quickly aroused, with his vociferous complaint.

'Now, Squire,' he said, hurry up.—There's four o' my neighbor's hogs got into my little apple orchard, and 'f you'll hurry, it'll be a good job for you; they're fat ones, and no mistake.'

'I'll be right straight along,' said the Squire, who remembered the details of the law relating to this sort of seizure—one half to the hog reeve, and the other half to the poor of the town—and within half an hour he had peaceable possession of four animals such as the neighborhood couldn't otherwise boast of.

The seized hogs were quickly slaughtered by the town official; and were hung up today in the Squire's storehouse. Farmer T. righted up his broken fence, and then repaired to his yard to see that all was snug at the pig pen; he had no idea that his hogs should trouble his neighbors—not he—when lo! he found that a board had forced from the side of the enclosure, and the sty was empty!

In the meantime, Squire Looksharp had the seized hogs dressed; and now he sent for his good wife, who appeared at the storehouse door.

'Betty,' said the Squire, 'the statute provides in case of seizure, that one half the pigs shall go to the official, and the other half to the poor. Now Betty, who's poorer than you are?'

'Sure enough,' said the Squire's wife, obediently, 'sure enough! if anybody's poorer'n I am I'd like to hear about it.'

'Well—so I cal'lat. An' thairfore, one half these pigs goes to the poor, (that's yeou,) and the other half, as I said afore, goes to the officer—an' that's me!' and the four hogs very soon found their way into Squire Looksearp's pork barrels.

An hour afterwards, Farmer Thorrow arrived at the Squire's, sprang over the stile, into the house, through the back kitchen, out again into the yard, where he encountered the Squire quietly at work.

'I say, Squire'

'Hello?'

'What are you doing?'

'Bout what?'

'Where's the pigs?'

'Destributed 'cording to law'

'*What?*'

'Half to the hog reeve, half to the poor.'

'*They're mine!*' Shouted Farmer T. half crazed at his loss. 'They're mine, Squire—broke out of my pen'

'You made the complaint yourself.'

'I know—but'—

'An' its too late, farmer; the property's duly divided—can't go behind the statoot.'

The farmer squirmed, and threatened to be revenged on somebody at the first opportunity; but seeing his mistake, at length returned home; and from that day forward had no occasion for a similar lesson. He never afterwards complained of his neighbor's hogs!—*American Union.*

ARISTOCRACY.—There are men—we blush to call them men—who turn up their noses at the mechanic and the humble laborer. Being liberally educated, as it is called—they look down with a sort of contempt on those, who in some cases have contributed to their support. "You need not despise a spinning wheel," said an old lady, to her pompous son, one day, "for many a night have I worked at it to get money to send you to school." There are women, too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious, who learn trades, or work in factories, for a living. "La! how unrefined they are," she says, with a scornful smile, as she lounges on the sofa, reading the last pink novel. We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly belaboring a poor, hard-working girl, calling her low and unrefined. "Why," said she, "her father was nothing but a low mechanic." "Yes," remarked a woman present, "her father was a mechanic. I knew him well, for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother, when she went out a washing."—There reader, if you had been present, you would have seen a strange confusion of face, and heard a vain attempt to utter something too prickly to come out. It stuck in her throat. When we hear men or women speak lightly of the industrious part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman, the daughter of a wash-woman.—It betrays a lack of good sense to condemn or look with contempt on any virtuous person; however poor he or she may be.—The wise and good respect and love goodness wherever it is found.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—I saw a mourner at eventide standing over the grave of one dearest to him on earth. There memory of joys that were past came crowding on his soul.

In this hour of his agony, the form of Christianity came by. He heard the song and transport of the great multitude, which no man can number, around the throne: there were the spirits of the just made perfect; there the spirit of her he mourned.—Their happiness was pure, permanent and perfect. The mourner then wiped the tear from his eye, took courage and thanked God. "All the days of my appointed time," said he, "will I wait till my change come." And he turned to the duties of life, no longer sorrowing as those who have no hope.