

POSTRY.

For the Democrat A Remembrance.

BY S. H. DURAND. wa fair and youthful maiden once, Who dwelt among the mountains. Free and wild As her true native air, yet mild she was, And gentle as the evening. In her eye The light of lore was seen, and on her cheek, There gloved the mantling blush of beauty. Gaily she trilled her happy song, -her voice Itself was music. Her sweet face beamed ever With a pleasant smile that told a sunny heart, And her light brow bespoke a lofty mind. Hopes, bright as youth can make them, shon

Her pathway and lit up her future with Their starry gleamings. Many friends she had; who loved her well; and she was worthy of

Again I saw her in he lapse of time; but oh! bow changed! The

ad faded from her cheek, and in her eye he life-light had gone out. The hand of death lad touched her, and on that fond countenance His seal was set. Around that cherished form he shroud was mantled, and a coffin was

Heart-sick I turned away. And is this all !" I said, "must life all come o this? Are not e'en youth and beauty free? ire they no taliaman to ward away he subtle archer's arrow? Death, oh! Death! hy didst thouset thy mark on this young ished one, when life was in its sweetest bloom d when the hand of fond affection would ave held her back ! Methinks that one so

nd lovely should have claimed indulgence

Methought I heard a lowly voice nish me. "Hush the rebellious murmura the heart! indulge not thus the grief, chide with death. The God thou worship

ood and just. Month not that He, in His Providence, has taken her hence to dwell th Him in heaven. She was a flower too lovely this Earth-too frail to encounter redestorms of life, and to endure many cares and troubles, and her home with angels in that bright and busselul n, where cure is not, and sorrow

Long I mused upon the course of life, dwhen I turned again to mingle with busy care and strife, methought it looked More gloumy than before, and had lost One half its charms. Wealth, power, and family And all the glittering pageantry and pride That fils our hearts, are but illusive dreams, And-death will surely end them.

Years have passed, And often yet, in pensive solitude, think of that lost maiden-but as one Back to this cold, cold world. Hennick, Pa., July, 1851.

Evening Hymn.

Pather supreme! Thou High and Holy, To Thee we bow ; ow, when the labor of the day is done. Desoutly now.

rom age to age unchanging still the same. All good Thou art ; fallowed and holy be Thy reverened name, In every heart.

Then the glad more upon the hills was spread, Thy smile was there : w, as the darkness gathers over head, We feel Thy care.

ightspreads her shades upon another day, Forever past:

So, o'er our faults Thy love, we humbly pray, A veil may cast.

illence and sleep, o'er hearts by earth distressed, Now sweetly steaf: io every fear that struggles in the breast, Shall Faith conceal

Thou thro' the dark wilt watch above our sleep, With eye of love And Thou wilt wake us when the sunbeams peep

The hills above a, may each heart its gratitude express As life expands;

And find the triumph of its happiness In Thy commands.

Vulgar and Refined.

VULGAR. If I had a donkey as wouldn't go. Do you think I'd wollop him? No! No! No! I'd give him some com and cry gee wo,

REFIXED. If I had an animal averse to speed, Do you think I'd chastise him? No, indeed, I'd give him some oats and cry proceed,

Geo up Neddy.

Go on Edward.

THE LADIES OF GETTYSBURG. May they

MISCELLANY The Owl and "Enlalie."

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!"

Steadily the rain beat against the easement, and the wind, hushed to a soft, sighing sound, made mournful melody with it and the plain-tive river-song, to the ear of Augustine Vere, as he sat, long after it grew dark, by his studyso continually across the heavens. It was a — i fool, I do not offer my love anew. I oncomfortable, pleasant place in which the gently pray you, answer me."

I one of the own that the consequence of the own that the cons by the pictures and medialions, the pretty caror chatting with his wife—he should have given the penalty he was condemned to pay for en the twilight that was just past to telling transgressions of his youth.

his children fairy-tales. Alas! poor man, he had neither wife nor child in the world; he "My Drag Augustiss.—Your letter, the

tornienting him, suggested by a miserable you in my thought, and have longed to concrete in living form—it-came in the shape of a chattering owl, which, with its eternal "You not if it were the author of those lines to which, with the eternal in and out till the victim began to grow desting perate. That afternoon that was just passed the great gray thing had perched on the every trough just above the library window, piping its voice onse more to that monotonous tune, which, till the rain began; it gave no token of intention of bringing to aclose. Many a time, I repeat it, had it made itself Mr. Vere's guest passionate outbreak from a heart that funcied in my stagmant heart a new tide of life is flowing my stagmant heart a new tide of life is flowing my stagmant heart a new tide of life is flowing my stagmant heart a new tide of life is flowing which till the rain began, it gave no token or intention of bringing to a close. Many a time, them not with the eye of a critic,but as a mere intention of bringing to a close. Many a time, them not with the eye of a critic,but as a mere my stagmant heart a new tide of life is flowing passionate outbreak from a heart that funcied that it was broken and wretched forever.

"Go with me for a moment to the past. It would again, and I also am young once more for you have forgiven me, and the woman is

Through all life's darkness and we part, my frien

I have so trusted, then hast so deceived. 'T was such a ble-sed thought that on this earth Thy loving aid was mine. I am bereaved! The balance-dust outweighs my future's worth.

For we are nevermore as we have been; Yet will I faint not in my hope's recoil; I cru look up, for nothing danute my ken-I have no more heart-geme the world can spoll.

Farewell! farewell! it is a prayer to speak In parting, when a hope lives with the sorrow The dark cloud hipding me wilt never break-There is no suurise for my soul to-morrow. ETLALIE.

manner of one inspired, he drew his writing ourselves too well, to speak such things in an-materials toward him, and dashed off the fol-other spirit than it's right for us to speak.

"The importance whisperings of a voice in which left no trace in my memory, save that my soul impel me to write to you, 'Eulalie,' the sole hope living in them was, that I might the suggestion of my heart would long ago have led me to do this, but reason, and shame, as a rational being, the very thought of fame and regret, that equalled my remorse, have and the love of life were over. Had the Anforbidden; they restrain me no longer; the spirit of the past, the very distant past, is upon me. I have a confession to make, a recording to the reason. I see in that next a regord and analysis of the reason. I see in that next a regord and analysis of the reason. ciliation to crave. I see in that past a record and once-I remember that day well-in the of my wretched mistake, my miserable misdo- overflowing anguish of my heart, in the bittering; and believe me, they have worked on me ness of my disappointment, I did write those

their unhappy results to this hour. you. It is an idle homage to pay at so late the heart; that the soul which experiences I have lived till of late, Enlalie, in my own shad- the verses were written, were printed, and I

were the author of those lines, "A Farewell," you at once, yes; I am content with my lot—
which afterward came to me—if you address. I could not wish it otherwise. Were I not And the whisper gathered strength and force which afterward came to me—if you address. I could not wish it otherwise. Were I not And the whisper gathered strength and force, ed them to me! It is with no tide corriosity happy content, I would scarcely dure ask you and went out abroad into the world, and smilled that I ask. I am but seeking a knowledge and yours to come here. I should fear an ing fips repeated it, and hearts lent it credence, that I ask. I am but seeking a knowledge and yours to come here. I should fear an ing fips repeated it, and hearts lent it credence, other awakening of old memories than that till it came back at last in all its terrible, eximple and reproach keener skill. I am alone, and which your letter has caused. Will you are interested to E Pluribus. Then she died!

am forgiven? You are wise: God has brill-tantly gifted you; it will be a comparatively And of that levely day, when we to sther easy thing for you to pardon what, only in the Through the will woods and fields went merrily. As blithe were though that bright summer seal seemed a wrong to you. Perhaps you have Rollands to deep sapphire sky; window, watching the lightning which flashed lived to rejoice that I proved false and fickle

lights are brought in, and the curtains drawn, night; but the bird only hesitated, paused in And how toos waters creept so thorn what a tasteful look is imparted to the library its duty, on account of the rain. Day by day, To the high wall; how leaping far, they guided: by the pictures and medallions, the pretty curfor the succeeding three months of summer, as
pet, and tables, and those large easy-chairs—
it had been during all the spring, t continued a
But with such a care-full expression on his frequent visiter at the cottage-eaves; and nothDost theu rememberface, and his evident unrest, Mr. Vere should ing prevented its coming to a speedy death but Remember us to we are gone ular, not have remained alone on such a dreary eventhe superstitions idea which haunted Mr. Vere, That day and I, and summer hours are ended; ning; you say; he should have been reading that listening to the creature was but a part of Dear love, tred bepeath another star; the penalty he was condemned to pay for the

daughter, died long ago.

Such thoughts as, I suppose, never trouble married men and fathers, had been for days tormenting him, suggested by a miserable withoughts and based on thoughts and that the temperature of the suppose in the suppose of th "My DEAR AUGUSTINE,-Your letter, three you in my thought, and have longed to con-

helplessness of her orphange—and the rehelplessness of her orphange—and the reown power of constancy—and so were bemembrance of her was a grievous reproach to
him.

We trusted too much to that
him.

He has revehed near foot to the particle of the p helpissness of her orphanage—and the remembrance of her was a greecous reproach of her was a greecous reproach of her was a greeced o who was more brilliant, more attractive, more engaging and lovable than a simple countrygirl, whose way of life had kept her nature from developing; which had made her quiet and reserved. As to the charge of inconstancy, I will not even wrefer that. I know the power of temptation, and happily recollect too well my own entire want of beauty and conversational talent.

The outer darkness or forward through the than any of his kind. The thought of eating the coin is summer time, and the remark it would create, came over me, and at every swallow I could feet the perspiration ozing out of me the court and jury to look with favor on your eating the one.

There was reparation such as the deserted as though I was placed over a steam bath—or their side glances and smothered giggling information, and happily recollect too wished, visited on Augustine Verd in the answer which he speedily received to his appeals ing note.

versational talent. Why, it was strange; something very like a tear fell on that printed leaf as Mr. Vere pushed it away from him; and much in the individually through too much, have learned

lines of which you speak. It has been said "I have a longing to humble myself before that a woman never writes such verses from

loved devoutly, are not here to make a fiction of such words as I am writing!

so mingled with my regret; for I knew by my own for youth, it is my shame and disgrace that we did not fulfill it—its repetition was our last uttered word in parting—tion was our last uttered word in parting—what followed? Oh, Eplalie! self-reproach! I cannot waive it.

self-reproach! I cannot waive it.

self-reproach! I cannot waive it.

so mingled with my regret; for I knew by my own for Fourth of July celebration of the Pennsylvaduced on you. I would ask, if I dared, if you asked the are you happy? I could answer

"The Ladies of Germanning Pa.:

"The Ladies of Germanning

Through the will woods and fields went merrily.

As blithe wert thou as that bright summer weather. Oh, dost remember how the sun that mornin

A dearer friend or day I shall not see-

Remember us ? the sunshine will come back, And if the shadows spread glong thy track.

ing note.
-1 am distressed beyond measure—I cannot "I am writing of these things as they seem forgive myself—am astonished, annoyed I to a woman—honestly, as they seem to me would say, but the word expresses too lightly

er, arouse and act! Come into the world, come here if you will; I shall be glad to see you and proud to show you my husband and children. Llong to know of you as taking that place among honored men which you are justiyou. It is an idle homage to pay at so late the heart; that the soul which experiences an hour; but I must pay it—must pray for such sorrow is the last to proclaim it. No wo say, what I will not write, for I must not ready your forgiveness. I wish to extenuate nothing; it was my base selfishness, my contempt that one who had seen seventeen years only, and I will speak, knowing well that spirits unifiely middle, my unholy, impure, polluted ambiness of her desolation have done it, I prove; defield and pure listen. We are children no longer, we are laborers in one vineyard, are work, can counsel and guide. You must not said I. said I.

that was ever in my grasping? How else can I account for it, that I am alone and solitary—
I account for it, that I am alone and solitary—
unblessed, unblessing? That you, whom I learned that you be independent of the pursuit of fame. A thought loved devoutly, are not here to make a fiction of such words as I am writing?

"The yow of our youth, it is my shame and disgrace that we did not fulfill it—its repeticular tompout that you were that seemed, guiding gratery and the common of the rather never panted for the fountry alive with the percents as a lunuple tergods of earth than were given her in her down home, fier children and her husband were with the percents as a lunuple tergods of earth than were given her in her down home, fier children and her husband were the fountry alive with the percents as a lunuple tergods of earth than were given her in her down home, fier children and her husband were the her gods of earth than were given her in her down home, fier children and her husband were the like met. Coons were at a premium with the like common with the like one at a premium with the like common with the like one at a premium with the like one at a prem

A soft light tone and low, Yet barbed with shame and wo."

again. There is much that I would explain, "It is long since I have poetized; when I Would that the grim, gray owl might haunt I was willing to give up all my bank notions much that you might find to palliate in my of wrote these verses which I send you, I was forever the homes of those whose poisoned rather than to be forced to enta coon in mid-thinking only of you. They will come to you arrow found her gentle heart! Would that n summer, and from that day, henceforth, I reheard of you five yours ago in your old home.

All heart was also in your old home. heard of you five years ago in your old home. fraught with another tone man me renewed provided the still winning honors, loved and you have mentioned. My heart was glowing ness that made her life so precious to the dear famous. I would seek you there had I the with a true, friendly feeling for you when I courage to do it. If I may not come to you wrote them—can you call to mind that day of again, will you not write to me, and say that I which they were written?

When the graph of the courage it, would prove, teaching again, will you not write to me, and say that I which they were written?

The provided here it is so precious to the dear hearts of home," might fall on them, (an uncourage to do it. If I may not come to you which they were written?

When the graph of the course with a fall reset that made her life so precious to the dear party. And this was how I became a Demoness," were due: "They know to who! to who!"

How I happened to turn De-

into the board moorat, to dele It is not every man, Mr. "Spirit," that can give a good reason for his political predilicathe masses in proclaiming their adherences, to one or the other party. Some are Democrats as some Whigs, because of association, or secident or fancy; but few, very few, as party

moral of our sketch prove, because of, rational and intelligent adherence to principle. The moral of our sketch proves this fact.

""You ask how became π Democrat," said a sleek; well-cled, ex-official to a gaining crowd, and now, that I am out of office. The other proves. "and now, that I am out of office. I'll tell you. if it's only for a loke. In '40, in Virginny, I was a back man. I thought banks made money plenty, and as that was what I desired, I ould not see the iense of opposing them.

My folks were all Democrats; but as I was for banks, they all said I was a Whig—and so ranked myself. Just before the election, I uppened to go on a visit to the country, and when there had nothing better to do, I went cond, hunting. I captured a fine, fat, rank old fellow, and brought him home. I knew he and the prisoner was folled upon for his desired the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired by the prisoner was folled upon for his desired the prisoner that as soon as fellow, and brought him home. I knew he and the prisoner was called upon for his dewishot fit to eat at that season, but concluded fence. nitwithstanding, that I would have some for

my credit, I was again forced to eat an unpul-

place among honored men which you are justimint, mint, in triumph. The
fied in occupying. I long to see you: I can
say, what I will not write, for I must not reakitchen, and that will be the end, of it." In hozzas. der my words liable to misconstruction-come, and the evening, I chanced to stumble upon the and I will speak, knowing well that spirits undefiled and pure listen. We are children no inquirity of the old lady after the fate of the inquiring of the old lady after the fate of the

to perform my part in the ceremony and chanced to be posted near where the head of a column was formed. One of the first objects that met my view was a fat, sleek, rank old coon perch

O A grown before which the first later and the advention of the control of

the man and the comment and its and its after the control of the c

How many of your readers are there, Mr Editor, who can give a better reason for their party allegiance and association? SATCHEL

A Painful Case.

The Courier des Eint Unis, given us an account of a recent trial at the Old Bailey, in London-Lord Chief Justice Tindal, presi-

ding :- George Hammond a portrait puinter, was placed at the bar, to be tried on an indictment found against him by the grand jury for wil-ful murder, with make aforethought, of George Baldwin, a rope dancer and mountsb.mk. The prisoner was a min of middle upon the heads of the people—you owe them height, but slender form. His eyes were blue that baptism. Look at the boy in the gutter.

In one way.

Arrived at home, I threw the coon down on the doorwey, and remarked to the old lady of the house that I'd like to have it cooked for dinner.

"What!" exclaimed she, "cook that coon and text it at all seasons."

I had no expectation of finding my joke carbin field into effect. I only expected to give the text of the my proportunity to talk a little concerning cannot bo described—you cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning. "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." "All dogs the suffered cannot cannot comprehend to one of the trees this warning." mover, till now, had it proved, such an une scionable bore; for, the train of thought, only suggested in past visitings, was now arriving it by no flowery path I led you back. I was not on account of any.

"See with me for a moment to the past, It suggested in past visitings, was now arriving it by no flowery path I led you back. I was not on account of any.

"Loved and last Leones," Level and last the read, My life has been of latter years exceedingly barren of incident—there are white past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure came with that reproachful interrogative, that inclandedly "to who!" to look up the guide-boards. But this is most dreaming along, to count the mile-stones, farther back than that page of his heart-book, on which the names of his dead wife and child worm in the world around another one written, his memory, went; his thoughts circled around another one whom he had deserted in the loveliness of her youth and the screen of any one of constance, and the readure of the past, and the world again, and i also am young once more "What I've exclaimed she, "cook that coon land pleased God to recall to himself. Lost for joint the thick his ignorance leads to misery; and be eat it it all seasons."

"Yes," I replied, "Lam fond of coon and there we find the world of connection of finding my joke carried into effect. I 'only expected to give the base of latter and the read to all the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past years, and be, as in our youth, and the readure of the past ooted tribe. Several ladies were at the table; one that the sound I was forced by politeness to ask them to bortake of my coon.

A maxim of more than any advertisements in the newspapers. At length on Friday the Smithaeld of the several ladies were at the table; on the several ladies were at the table; on the several ladies were at the specific man and on our reas; and it is not an any advertisements in the newspapers. At length on Friday the later remember to have seen, was thrown out by a British statesmen, a man who

over, and my imagination working upon my You know not, I knew not then, the whole discourse, short of memory and most things, too, load.

When Ingain met the ladies I was in bet

py marriage while a casual remark on "yes-terday's wind," has often proved the first reph-

What is With

What is Conscience ! Something that guilty men feel every time t thunders What is Knowledge !

To be away from home when people come borrow brooks or umbrellas What is Contentment?
To ait in the house, and see other people

stuck in the nurl locother words, to be a little better off than our neighbors. What is Justice?
The opinion of twelve drunken jurymen.

What is Ambition? A desire to become possessed of a vellow-pine leg and a half-soled eyebrow.

A Thrilling Appeal.

BY J. ORVILLE TAYLOR. Men of wealth, of learning, pour instruction height, but slender form. His eyes were blue, and mild. If is whole being gave evidence of and milds, and midnecholy resignation, a part of our sovereignty. Should be not restricted as a part of our sovereign seducation? Should be not voice, and his appearance and maner bore testiminary to his being a man of distinguished in the powerty of his detection in spite of the poverty of his detection in spite of the poverty of his dress.

On being called on to pleed, the prisoner habituate the people to make a right use of the admitted he did kill Baldwin and he deplored

ence.
The prisoner then addressed himself to the statue of diemnon, it sent up music. It is effective and jury.

A Plea for Short Women.

AV HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

I am brief myself; brief in stature, brief in to a woman—honestly, as they seem to me now. It costs me more of a stangele to go back again to the past myself, in my own spirit, as it was mine when young, to tell you how the sudden tidings of your marriage came to the deserted girl. Yet! feel strong to do it, and in a lover light! Do you man it when you say you have ventured your future happiness in a thought of me? I deplore this fatal eventually in speaking thus together of an event so long gone by. We are too old, have passed individually through too much, have learned ourselves too well, to speak such thingsin another spirit than it's right for us to speak.

There are days and weeks that went by the formulation of the love and together of an event so there spirit than it's right for us to speak.

There are days and weeks that went by the loss of damper, more of a stangele to go the people brought the real grief that I feel in reading your letter. When I again met the ladies, I was in better model, and manifeed to explain my propent the manifeed to explain my propent. When some compassionate people brought the real grief that I feel in reading your letter. When I again met the ladies, I was in better my prison she was no long when some compassionate people brought the rain mind. All the delicate viands that the my dangelic as formerly—accompand to support my child. She was no long dinners. All the points the propent when some compassionate people brought the rain mind. When I was no long dinners. All the points the propent of the my dagliter in my prison she was no long dinners. All the points the propent of the my dagliter in my prison she was no long dinners. All the points the propent of the my dagliter in my prison she was no long dinners. All the points the propent of the my dagliter in my prison she was no long dinners. All the points the propent of the my dagliter in my prison she was no long dinners. All the points the propent of the my daglit wife—a mother? It is four years since I mar a good supper. But I was disappointed, there verdiet? It is four years since I mar a good supper. But I was disappointed, there verdiet? I understand you, gentleman, the more dead weight of time would turn the trusting to your own and my integrity, I was seated, and opposite that was the veritable but law mast take its course. I must sum up balance of my resolves. I am partial to thort glad to hear from you, glad that you thought con. The lady of the house temarked that the case and then you will retire to deliber ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps that the case and then you will retire to deliber ladies, there I shall be told, perhaps that the glad to hear from you, glad that you thought coon. The lidy of the house temarked that the case and then you will retire to deliber ladies. Here I shall be told, perhaps that the my friendship worth the asking—I did not im as I was fond of coon she had kept it for my agine till the letter came which has so trouble cating."

Seated, and opposite that was the told, perhaps that the case and then you will retire to deliber. Greeks include size in their ideal of beauty; agine till the letter came which has so trouble cating."

Chief Justice, having summed up the that all Honers fair ones are large, and come agine till the letter came which has so troubled me, that you had other thoughts than of What could I do? To admit that I desired case, the Jary refered and in an instant after by and that Lord Byron has expressed his reconcilement. My friend, I have but one to play a joke on her by bringing the coon prayer to offer for you. He a dreamer no long home, wouldn't do; therefore to preserve my guilty.

The Chief Justice, having sammed up the that all Homers fair ones are large and come to play a joke on her by bringing the coon returned into the Court, with a verdict, not very true; but what is it all to me, arouse and set! Come into the worlds me to guilty. guilty. Very true; but what is it all to me? Women On the discharge of Hammond, the sheriff are not ideals, nor do we love or admire them ntable supper. was over, I congratulated. The eroud of men and women was immense. as his heroises his heroes tall as well. When supper was over, I congratulated. The eroud of men and women was immense. as his heroises) there cannot as Falstaff says, myself upon the final disposition of the various was determined to carry him off be better sympathy. And as for his lordship. In triumph. The crowd followed him all the when I am the Grand Turk he shall choose for way to his loddings with destening shouts and me. I revere the sex as much as any man, but herzes.

I do not like to look up to them. I had rath-Crumbs for all kinds of Chicknine," than with the 'youngest ween of
nine," than with any daughter of Eve whose
morning stature was taller then my evening
shadow.) Wintever such an Amazon might ow. There are minds (yours is one of themis) read them, when every word came with a pang work, can counsel and guide. You must not it has developed as your girlhood promised in the thinder-cents the light. My recovery from that shock was sudden and strange. Trecollect it well. Even while I was weeping and lamenting most bittery. If wond of each or, apprehension slowly on their causes: therefore hite for you be taken in a fer so many years have passed, I is that I count feet, for the first time, seeing my self at your feet Six Anything that is wrong and unprofit condescend to say to me, it would sound of dolor; I am declared by signs infullible an old bachelos ejeck; mis, the covert of the brook. leap on my knees; that samey knave, called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the What is Eastion !

Dinners at midnight and head sohes in the omen : candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff of them, and no sweet voice will chide my waywardness; but should I wed her. ed on a pole. The history of my trials, when led noises and broken heads.

forced to sat just such a coon, came in all its what is idleness?

What is idleness?

Working yallor mountains on a plak substitute of their duplicated standing gear me—

Have we got to sat that coon, to day?

What is Joy?

What is Joy?

What is Joy?

What is Joy?

To count your money and find it overrun is being on a plak substitute of their stalls, would erry after us, was the ready response; "it is what is Joy?

To count your money and find it overrun is being, but it was asstaling very energy.

A change came over the spirit of my dreams. Sundred dellars. That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pul. I must "attend the push of every boardless vain