## JULICULUS.

## Decent Contract.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Poorality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

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Most, & Corner.

I Wait for Thee. What a beautiful figure is the following!-Ah it would almost make one throw away even the pen, and hurry home to his wife-i he has one. What shall repay the loss of such a welcome as this to the bachelor? Not even the luxuries of negative cares not the silent hours of study-not the independence as a man! For without the love of Woman in the gentle corner of the heart, all welcomes are indeed cold.

The hearth is swept, the fire is bright, The kettle sings for tea; The cloth is spread, the lamp is light, The musins smoke in napkins white. And now I wait for thee.

Come, love, come home! thy task is done; The clock ticks listeningly; The blinds are shut, the curtains down, The warm chair to the fireside drawn, The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come; his deep fond eye Looks round him wistfully, And when the whispering winds go by, As if thy welcome step were nigh, · He crows exultingly.

In vain-he finds the welcome vain, And turns his glance on mine - So earnestly that yet again His form unto my heart I strain, His glance is so like thine!

Thy task is done—we miss thee here; Where'er thy footsteps roam, No heart will spend such kindly cheer-No beating heart, no listening ear, Like those who wait thee home.

Ah, now along the crisp walk fast That well-known step doth come! The bolt is drawn, the gate is past, The babe is wild with joy at last-A thousand welcomes home!

> From the Banner of our Union. O! Think Me True.

Say, if then do'st not love, Say that thou can'st not feel And that my heart would strive to prove, All that my words reveal; Breathe not a thought of bliss to ber

A sigh I might construe. As one thou could'st have meant for me, But think, O! think me true?

Nay, do not doubt that I have loved, Or that I love thee now; For think my heart has truent roved. Or shrined another's vow; But coldly though thou turn'st aside, However I may sue: ·O! do not scorn me in thy pride, But think, O! think me true.

If thou shalt find, in loves cares, The years glide smoothly on; Nor grieve, 'midst all thy happiness, For moments that are gone; O! THEN, when purest bliss is thine, And hopes thy heart renew, With joy which never can be mine, O! think, still think me true. J. B. MURPHY.

Gratitude is the music of the heart, when its cords are swept by the breeze of kinduess. Great country, that California-vegetation grows with such richness, that all their horse

radishes have switch tails. The soul of liberty is the love of law, says the German Philosopher, Klopstock. A truly. hoble sentiment.

remaining a diamond. L Nature teaches us that we are all dependent

that we are like cog-wheels pushing each other along by filling up mutual voids.

loving him afterwards, is like going to sea in a storm in the hopes of fair weather.

every false step.

While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone; and death, though perhaps they rebeive him differently yet treats alike the fool and philosopher -- Hume

There is nothing made so great, but he may

Dodge says that an editor while attempting to throw himself upon the indulgences of his readers last week, fell through, and was taken up in a stupid condition

The expanding mind of man, as it goes out liorace was there. She set at the tion that nature's author is a being of good sonder

by; but on the other hand, one that goes day she felt conder

From the New York Organ The Create Wite.

> A Romance of the West. BY MRS. M. A. DENISON. CONCLUDED.

Rosa was to be united as soon as the char cellor returned from England, whither important business had summoned him.

For some years they had been devotedly attached to each other. Charmed at first sight he made her acquaintance, and in process of time she informed him of, the one absorbing purpose of her life and its results thus far.-She had already decided upon visiting Amer

The young man who so pleased your fancy to-day was at the table, Rosa; and there he stood with folded arms in the shadow, also was such an air of abstraction and melan- gazing with the crowd, but with how different choly about him, I could not forbear noticing emotions!

"It is strange, mused Ross; but she said

Here comes the postman, and Blanche three letters; 'two from England, one mailed West ladies. These are for you; and she placed the parcel in Rosa's hand.

'Thank God!' she exclaimed, perusing one from home since I have been here, and moth- and he playfully shoot his whip at her. er is better;-still fancies, poor heart, that he will come back to her. He was not worthy indignation usurped every other feeling. The other is from my brother, I suspect, said Blanche.

'Yea' was the reply.

The following day Horace set out for the know I will. Hermitage, as Judge Stanton's residence was

He found Herman wearied and much disspirited; he had been watching by his poor child all night, and she had seemed more wandering than usual. Silently the two wended

their way to the lonely cave. They, entered. The poor girl had sought her couch, and now thoroughly exhausted, was and nervous, scarcely able to sit upright. quietly asleep. Her cheeks were flushed high with the fever of excitement; her delicate li parted, her even and pearly teeth glenmed through the lines of soral.

Horace stood transfixed as if before a divin-

Grace had grown very beautiful, and his heart beat with a stronger and purer love as he gazed on the slight form that reposed at

She murmured half audibly. Horse bent lower above her. It was his name. Sleeping or waking he was not absent from her

Yielding to the tenderness that welled in his bosom, he knelt beside the sweet girl and imprinted a burning kiss upon her brow. Starting, she opened her eyes slowly and ton. dreamily, full upon the yearning glance of her lover. For a moment they rested there:gleam after gleam of intelligence passed over her face; then with a cry, thrilling with its intensity of delight she sprang toward Horace, and with a wild, hysterical sob, fall upon

With what yearning love did be clasp her there and hold her with both his strong manly arms, resolved that no human power should tear her thence

Placing both hands upon his shoulders, Grace threw back her head and fixing her beaming eyes upon him, sald, with mournful tenderness. Why did you leave me !- why have you deserted me so long. Horace !-- oh. why? then, before he could reply, some A man of genias, by too much dividing his thought gave an expression of horror to her attention, becomes diamond dust instead of fair features; she strove to release herself from his grasp, and shaking her head; murmured slowly, You should not have come hither, Horace; leave me, leave me ! and she shrank from him as she strove to hide ber face. am not fit to be touched by you not good Marrying a man you dislike, in the hopes of enough for your eyes to rest upon me. Leave me!" and she struggled wildly to unlock his

Let your watch words be constant activity implored poor Horace. I have come back and daily contemplations of yourself and the unchanged, loving you better than beforeway of God. These-will guard you against better than my life, Grace. But still she strove

to disengage herself.
Grace, my darling, it is true, murmured the anguished father. Believe him, Grace. After this tirst acene of approw, by the ad-

vice of her physician Horace continued to visit her. By talking spothingly with her, and meaning her constantly of his unalterable love. need the help and service, and stand in fear of she soon began to regard him with less exciof unkindness, even of the meanest mortals.— ted feelings, and at lest waited for his soming with anxiety and met him with evident pleas-

> Rosa was rapidly gaining strength, and one fine day in the begining of August she de- gorgeous beauty of the sunset sky, her institute cended to the distance coess, leaning upon the eyes wandered at will. The distant hills cloth arm of Blanche.

in the investigation of nature, and the laws nearly opposite him. There was no mistaking as fleecy as the clouds, that every where preside in her ordinary do the glance he threw upon her; it cardied the the brilliant heavens. main comes back; bringing with it the convic. blood in her veine; and the proud worms self. Everything in nature was calm and again. She was now concluded that this ole. git she too fell some pange of remorae. wrong may be the means of misleading a whole mainly regretted now that it was me late heighborhood; and the same may be said of the said and sa

more about Grace. It was very strange that him, and murmured, 'My father.'

everything was kept so still and secret. She had learned that her father often inquired after her, and it somewhat softened her heart joy, the judge bent above her, till his white

horseback. I am dying of ennil. True to her intention, Rosa prevailed upon the chancellor, after his-return, to accompany her on horseback as far as her favorite resort. Away they started; nor did Rosa perceive the pale, stern face of the young American, as

Over the smooth road, lived on each side with towering oaks, and away beyond, where the tops of the trees leaned over against each other, whispered their love in language of the eagerly, with letters, perhaps, for both of us. leaves, they galloped on, and afar, where the Yes, she continued, as a servant handed her woods sheltered the sweet little ravine-Ro. sa's 'first love,' as she termed it.

'Rosa, I implore you to be careful, exclaimed the chancellor, as she dashed forward, eager to be the first to enter the charmed prewith absorbed attention. It is the first letter cincts. Do not go on at such a mad rate;

"I am bent on an adventure," she merrily answered back. I am free once more, and of you, my mother, she harshly exclaimed, as I'll enjoy myself to my heart's content. Oh, this glorious day! this warm, rich sky!"

'But, my dear; you are not strong enough to bear this exertion,' he repeated.

The brow of her companion grew dark -Her resistance occurred so often that he some times found himself doubting if, after all, she

cared a tittle for any one's happiness besides her own. He ceased to expostulate; it had not the slightest effect; she did have her own he had predicted she would be, faint, giddy old. Obliged to rest frequently, their journey

minution of their ride

within, almost fainting with the exertion. A gentleman entered the front foom imme-

In the tall, gaunt figure, with its melan-

Rosa hid her face in her lover's bosom.

Anywhere but here! Oh, take me hence he exclaimed, in a tone of entreaty. Rosa, do you yet forgive not? have you yet

asked the judge, sternly and calmly. Does sa: did she die of a broken heart?

mind lessen your fierce resentment? The proud woman trembled and clung still closer to the chanceller, who whispered to her

oothingly. 'Hear me, daughter,' he said again, in solupon you as you deal with those who have

injured you. Speak, Rosa, murmured the chancellor,

moving gently back, that she might disengage herself from him, but her head fell heavily forward. She had fainted entirely away.

CHAPTER IX.

"Canet thou minister to a mind diseased? Or pluck out rooted sorrow from the heart?" The Reconciliation—A Secret Revealed—Ro sa's Visit-A. Wedding and a Journey Happy Reunian-Conclusion.

The wind soft as the breathing of an Eoli an harp, lifted the slight curtains, in that rude chamber, and from the vase of early flowers in the window sill, bore a sweet fragrance to Grace's apartment, and fitted up with taste that in every little arrangement told that delicacy invested the spirit of that gentle one with a awestness that all her friends called angelic. Against the white walls hung little victures of her own drawing—far from perfect were they, but they spoke of genius and imagined the beautiful; every chair was adorned with her embroidery, and the table covers and bed-

Rosa laid very motioniess her pale face turned towards the window. All over the ed in faint purple loomed up to twice their size in the misty haze, and the white moon as fleery as the clouds, sailed softly through

sed, dered not lift has gree to his face ful not calm was the heart of this once proud you think? Could I look in upon her unobher bedside, set down with her hand in his the name, fattile in expedients. Put on my own And Ross suffered him, and offered no shawl, my bonnet and my thick green veil; I

Revenge was far from sweet now she had rowed brow, the hollow eyes—the grey hair, row, exclaimed Rosa, putting back upon the when I saw her stand before his portrait and and his attentions and exertions for her health ever before her; that mournful reproving sol- ever compressed by painful thought; all the emn glance haunted her; and, do what she love witheld for years gushed at that moment would, she could not banish them from her in her heart, and yielding to an impulso she memory. She longed to know something could not control she lifted both arms towards

It was the first time that tenderness had hallowed those words, with a wild throb of locks mingled with the bands of her silken 'As soon as Stephen comes home,' she ex- hair. Then she flung her arms around his claimed, one day, I mean to have a ride on neck, and felt as he pressed her to his breast, how sweet it was to forgive.

You are better, my child, he said, as soon as his emotions would allow, the flush has cone, and your hand feels cool and healthythank God, you are better.

'Yes, father, better in body and soul,' she answered, in a subdued manner that seemed books and sewing upon the little stand. The not her own; I wish I could always have felt cave was acropulously neat and looked quite thus, and yet ---.

And yet how could you? interrupted the judge; 'you had much cause for what you did, cations of lunsey except one, when Grace sud- new made grave, I vowed to follow after this up in every apartment. hou have much, very much to forgive in me denly turned with outstretched arms, her inno-cruel father; to pur sue him relentlessly, to my poor child."

O! forgive me. I need most to be forgiven, murmured Rosa, hiding her face in her know she was the dear Savjour; then the im- cherishing such feelings towards his innocent which she pressed upon him, saying that he 'No, poor child,' von have been a life-long

sufferer—you and that—. Father, interrupted Rosa, almost wildly, I needed not to be so vindictive—I shall nevter you left Cuba did you marry?

ton, musingly; Grace came the next year dark vision, with fiery eyes, came and laid that was seven and over-in two years we these burning coals upon my brain, and told But my dear, you must let me have my were— he stopped with a troubled look, and me I existed only by her favor, and so her own way, was the laughing response; 'you then added; in a manner sudden and painful, malice might be poured out upon me. I am

Nine years, my child. my power to save you so much sorrow and feel an impulse to sing sweet music : and then ing at him steadily, she added, your first wife seven little batoful letters written on them.

He had no preser to speak, to move, till he spirits, but why should they haunt me? brother to poor Grace. miles from home, the chancellor proposed a and her tears note this sect. Weing slowly: laugh springing towards him nearer route. Rosa languidly turned her hor-like one in a dream, though his strength was se's head in that direction, longing for a ter- weakness, he lifted his arms high, and with After a few turnings and windings, they prayer; then turning to Ross, who sat up in for wings and there is a good angel comes reached a dwelling-house, and Rosa, complete the bed, awe struck at his manner and appear to me then and lends me wings. I think it ly exhausted, was lifted tenderly and borne ance, he said- Reproach not yourself, my must be my mother, she muttered to herself, to stay, he added quickly, noticing her flashhands of Him who humbled me-of God, then, round her finger.

not the run, the wreck of my child's pure Your name was last upon her lips—she own emotions. It was the first time poor soon arranged, Madam Leiand was to journey window, concealed his emotion. Before he

blessed you-forgave you-implored me also Grace had alluded to his dead wife. to love you-but my heart was not like hers: from my earliest years I studied for revenue, veil. She could control herself no longer but nently lodged in the asylum. more, she exclaimed, with a sudden gesture, she gave free vent to her pont up grief in loud emn, thrilling tones; God will have mercy I am happier now but I dare not dwell up. sobs. She was startled by the appearance of been about you, exclaimed Blanche bissing and forgiven. Yet in reviewing his past life on those patient days my heart is still very Horace, who asked in alarmed tones, what Rosa tenderly, why love, what a strange ad- in the light of the present he fell a quiet hapwayward. Where is Grace-where is my sis. has happened, Madame Leland!-what of venture you have had. ter! she asked, timidly.

'Ah! you do not know, then and the judge sighed heavily.

cion of the reality crossing her mind.

He replied, 'I mean the harp of a thousand

And I, I have been the wicked cause, she plore the part I have taken in this mournful cried, wringing her hands; why oh, why affair. have I done this? Sweet girl, how had she the bed of the sufferer. It was originally injured me? I understand not his glances of more in pity than in anger, for his own deep of Good, good, rejoined the latter, claspin

. We fear it is a case of hopeless maniacy Some have said that if she could be under the care of medical men who understood diseases of the brain, she might be restored; others, that her insanity is of such a nature that no human skill can avert the dreadful calamity. But how could I send her from me, perhaps kinued: apread-had all been fashioned by her nimble to die in a land of strangers? for I am advised that she must go almost zlone that new scenes and new faces, with the journey, may a little child, I was taunted by other children New York; he disliked publicity and ostents. have a favorable effect upon her malady." Command my fortune, father. Oh, let her

go. I would accompany her—but she fears me, you say, perhaps she hates me.

'If I could but see poor Grace,' said Ross. when well enough to ait up and take breakfast with Madame Laland. Is it possible, do

the now; the hed forgiven him, told am se tall as you, therefore they will fit; be-

'I know not what I said.'

silent, as, should Grace recognize her, she might be violent, they set out together for the fortune, one who had never felt the paternal perfectly reatored.

Rosa had expected to behold in Grace a and loathing, say hatred, if you will, for that in his arms, she was the bride of Horace Southwasted, emaciated creature, with a wan hopeless countenance. She was almost startled to see her quite cheerful, and humming a little love-song. She gazed with surprise upon the comfortable, though the atmosphere felt chilly to her, excited as she was. Rosa saw no indi- his death-bed, above his coffin !id, beside his to his former home, now most superbly fitted golden hair, and asked her father if he did not ces of his crime, though God forgive me for pulse faded as soon as spoken, and she turned child. to her glass again to resume her occupation.

The winds have given me a carpet, father, she said, pointing to a few leaves that had blown in upon the rocky floor, 'I am a witer forgive myself-I have told you the truth, ling; I am myself, and yet not myself. I have smile. but not the whole truth-father, how long af- lived two lives: one was a merry, happy life, when I never thought an evil thing, when I away from you. "I had been in the wilderness over six years lived and was beloved; the other, when I crept when the first settlers came, said Judge Stan- in dark corners and hid my face, when a in a strange tumult often; I cannot press thro' Father, said Rosa, softly, will you forgive the thick clouds that fold about me; and then me that I did not tell you before? It was in again they are all lighted up with stars and I pain; you have not asked after my poor moth. the stars melt slowly, slowly, and nothing reer, she continued, decaly affected; then look, mains but two glaring, steadfast eves, with way, and when about to return home, was as was laid in her grave since I was eight years I am angry then, and if I could I would tear brother; who else have I to love but my fath-Like one stricken into marble sat the judge, through them. I think they must be bad where you say, only still, I implore you, be a

What, my darling? Why, only that I am happy sometimes solemn emphasis uttered a most touching and as light as a bird. I want wings-I long child, you have been but an instrument in the twisting the ring, the pledge of her betrothal, ing eye. Now sister Grace, you shall be a

diately after, evidently annoyed at this intru- ask forgiveness-but oh! my child and he 'Yes, I think it must be my mother. I will only consent to journey with me to my sank on his knees at the bedside, 'it is as if know she was here one day, and sung me a native city for a while.' heaven opened to me. Lelia, if thy blessed sweet song, and told me when I was a little choly forehead and sunken eyes, both Rosa spirit hovers above us now, witness these tenrs babe she came from heaven and sang it to me and the chancellor recognized Herman Stan- of joy that, through the mercy of the Infinite, -for I was pure and good then But she in she exclaimed with imperturbable gravity, thou wert not dishonored. Grace, gentle an- truded'-a sudden fary convulsed her features go with you to New York and alone? gel! if thou didst suffer for my wrong, wit- - the dark woman came, and told my moth. Then you fear to trust me, murmured ness my repentance. Almighty Father, eter- er what I was. O! how mournful, how cruel. Horace, chidingly. nity will be too short in which to thank Thee to tell my angel mother and send her back to 'O! no, no, no, she replied, with energy, no for that over-ruling providence, that mercy heaven, weeping for her lost child. Since my brother, I trust in God and you. no pity in your bosom? does the dark spirit that kept me from sin-Thou hast chastened then, she sobbed, she has not been to see me of revenge yet dwell in that woman's heart? in mercy. Now tell me of your mother, Ro. again. The dark fiend drove her from me.

saw her tade and die, remember; say no hurried from the cave. Once in the open air,

Grace ?- is she worse ? I am not Madame Leland, murmured Rosa, in a subdued tone, checking her tears as Yes, yes, so I suppose I heard all about The woman started from her pillow and she recognized Hornes; but Rosa, the daugh- the reconciliation, and so forth, from Philip; Oxex.—The Rev. Ephraim Judson, a clergygazed searchingly in his face; what awful ter of Judge Stanton,—the woman whom you and believe me, it has made me esteem you man in Norwich City, Conn., in 1771, was an thing can you mean? she faltered—a suspl. must have known, and learned, perhaps, to des the more. Now, how is it? It is true that exceedingly quaint and original preacher. spise. And I wonder not if it is so can ca. Judge Stanton's little Grace is really a mani. Remarking at one time upon the excuses sily forgive you if you hate me worse than ac? strings is irretrievably shattered, we fear; my the verriest reptile in your path, oh! believe She is harmlessly insane, answered Ross, child has no longer the light of reason to guide me. I knew not of this dire calamity till yes in an absent manner. terday; and from my heart, God knows, I de-

The young man stood sliently regarding her Blanche all her plane. hate oh! no wonder, no wonder; how he sorrow had taught him sympathy for others, her hands, then Stephen and you can go on She had blasted all his hopes, and still he re and get married in New York in one of the fine garded her with strange though not ungentle churches there ? I hate the idea of a private

only above the small, dimpled mouth and the this poor girl from day to day, oh I will it not time, when we have no occasion for the softly curved chin, the beautiful woman con- be delightful?

tification on my father's account. Yes, when agree that the ceremony should take place in with the mocking words. Ah! your father tion; so they were married in a private parlor ran away and left your mother and you be in the hotel, and the same day the parties set cause he didn't love you. Do you wonder the out upon the Northern tour. canker-sore grew daily at my heart, or that I Horace, with his company had precherished thoughts of dark import?

all mention of my father, she thought my resolute will was brought into subjection to her a man of strong nerve, and resolute mind. silent teachings for oh, this great surrow made. Full of sympathy for the suffering, his least her meek as a lamb, was it broke her free prompted him to do the utmost for so melanspirit, and brought her mind into most great while saubject; he inquired with the most bondage. And schen, sir, I saw her from day to day grow more sorrowini, when I behald attending the commencement of her mainty those happing yes fixed often on vacancy when I heard har repost as with a horizon fliently bromistic source. the example we individually set to those a mile many for the promise a continuous of his could but attenuated feature, at the fur-

enjoyed it to the utmost. That pale face was silvered with care not age; the lips white and table the untasted morsel, and rising with the unrour to it in a soft plaintive voice, then were unremitting; and by little and little she sink languid and listless upon her couch and · You was not in your right mind dear; you weep like an infant, as she felt that all hope. By degrees they began to introduce Rock if and not trolp it, and the kind nurse, sooth. had departed, when I heard my stern grand- their conversation, and though at first almost ingly. 'Think, now for a moment would father murmur deep curses upon my father, as violent, she soon listened with composure, and you have uttered those words with deliberate be stood above the corpse of his only child, finally, though with trembling, consented to almost in despair, with the tears coursing meet her formally. down his time-stained cheek, could I think of "I thought so, dear."

my father and love him? nay, rather could I there was no further fear, once divested of the supposition of her six ter's deadly have and

> unhappy man? O! I see, I feel you are beginning to pity

violently affected. And then at last my poor old grandfather town died, mourning for bis unhappy child. Over cent face shining like a serap's through her make him and his feel the bitter consequent ed, now beautiful she had grown. He could

> Why are you come so early? asked Grace, s Horace entered her primitive little home: and she bounded towards him with a sweet Because I am sad every moment that I am

You promised me you would talk no more in that way, she said, her face instantly sobering, I am happy if you only call me sister: you know, she added mournfully, I can nev-

r, never be aught else to you. Grace, dear, you tell me you love me as brother; are you certain you love me? The bright blood rushed to her cheeks, and her glance was so full of sad reproof, that his heart smote him for asking the question. 'It is almost cruel of you to ask me that.'

she murmured. you know-you must know how purely and tenderly I regard you, dear them from their sockets; but my hands pass |er and you. Come, to please you, I will live

succession.
Yes, he replied, still cautiously grave, yes, the cavern is too gloomy for me; it depresses my spirits; but I have something to propose to you better even than returning to your fathlife long, a dear a sweet sister to me, if you

'I go with you? I whom every body shrinks from, and even abhors? You must be crazy!

Overjoyed at his success, Horace sought the

Yet a happy one in many rest Blanche?

I don't wonder, continued Ross, young Southerland loves her, but I trust she may yet be restored to right mind; and she told

motions. Hitherto he had shrunk from ha wedding in this obscure place no show, no ceremony-I like the thing vastly, this go Lifting the murky vell partly from her face, ing to New York, and then you can hear of

But she was doomed to be disappointed "All my life have I been subjected to mor her calculations the chancel lor would not

My mother was a gentle creature, a loving before the chancellor, and the journey seemed up. Whenever he feels like garing he man, and when I grew bilent and avoided quite to have benefited the dear invalid.

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This trying ordeal once safely passed and ament, self-willed, the spoiled, petted child of desire to injure her—she might be accounted ss, cherish other than feelings of repugnance. When the judge again clasped his daughter

As the truth became known old friends ame back and gathered around the judge. I do pity you, whispered the young man Honors were proffered him, but he declined them all, intending to remove away from the

He was much affected when Rosa carried him

'It is yours, father, she said. How changmust not open it till she had left with her hus-

band for England I have lived a life of sorrow. said the udge, referring to his previous life; but as God's great mercy, I am happier now than ever before. Tranquility is once more minepurified as by fire, he would murmur, abstract. edly, a sweet tranquility lighting up his dark

The parting of father and child was a

Little did I magine, when I reached shores, I should leave them thus, murmured Rosa, her eyes filled with tears. You will come to England, dear father, when I send for you and Grace and Horace ; it may be as soon as a year; promise me.

If our lives are spared, exclaimed the judge affected beyond power of control. When the little casket was opened it was found to contain fifteen ten thousand dollar bank notes, to be distributed equally between

the judge, Horace and Grace. Would our readers like to look

two beautiful women are meeting after a long absence. They throw their arms each over the neck of the other, and fears mingle with er's. I am going home to New York, but not loy on ther bright faces. Then they move together towards the cradle of a sleeping infant; and the younger-sweet Grace-whispers, leaning her head upon her sister: I have lost mine. Oh, he was so much like him!

An old man enters—tall, diguified, an almost augelic repose upon his noble features. Again, Rosa, with a shrick of joy, flies towards him, exclaiming, My dear, dear father ! Ou, my husband, this is a happy day for us! and she turns to the smiling chancellor, who stands arm in arm with Hornce, Southerland. Suddenivall is hushed. The judge moves with folded arms before a portrait draped in j.dge and communicated his plan of removing in her youth and beauty. Solemnly the old white crape. It was that of Lelia Velasquez Judge Stanton turned away to conceat his Grace and taking her to the North. All was man turned away, and standing by an opposite with them, and to remain with and take the retired to rest, Ross laid a folded paper in his Rosa was weeping silently hidden by her sole charge of Grace until she was perma hands. He read it in his chamber. It was a little, simple poem, beautifully written, original, and signed by the fair hand of his wife. Dear me if you knew how anxious I have In that he learned all that she had suffered piness which was never again clouded by sor-

A COMPARISON. DRAWN BY WOMEN AND

made by the guests invited to the wedding feast he observed that the one who had bo't 5 yoke of oxen, simply entreated to be excused, while the one who married a wife absolutely declared that he could not come-Hence learn, said the preacher, that one woman can pull harder, than five yoke of exen.

The sun is all very well, said an Irishman, but in my opinion the moon is worth two of it: for the moon affords usilisht in the night time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us in the day

een introduced into the douncils of that city. for daguerrectyping and hanging up all past

sides in lows. As a sample of his inertia, we would mention that the only resson he don't them they arrived at New York same days got married a because he is too lazy to the

ployas little boy to pull his mouth grees. EN SCUBIY LIKE AND A SECOND

port profit h**e or four mailes that** gton

Le expering vill mistorem les