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THE EVENING HEARTHSTONE.

Gladly now we gather round it
For the toiling day is done,
And the gray and solemn twilight
Follows down the golden sun;
Shadows lengthen on the pavement,
Stalk like giants through the gloom,
Wanders past the dusty casement,
Creep around the fire-lit room;
Draw the curtain, close the shutters,
Place the slippers by the fire—
Though the rude winds loudly mutter,
What care we for wind-spit's ire!

What care we for outward seeming,
Fickle Fortune's frowning smile,
If around us love is beaming!
Love can human ills beguile.
'Neath the cottage rude and palace,
From the peasant to the king,
All are quaffing from Life's chalice,
Bubbles that enchantment bring.
Grates are glowing, music flowing,
From those lips we love best—
O! the joy, the bliss of knowing
There are hearts on which to rest.

Hearts that throb with eager gladness—
Hearts that echo to our own—
With what care and haunting sadness
Mingle ne'er in look or tone.
Care may tread the halls of daylight,
Sadness haunt the midnight hour,
But the wiered and witching twilight
Brings the glowing hearthstone dower.
After of our holiest feelings,
Childhood's well-remembered shrine,
Spirit yearnings, soul revealings,
Wreaths immortal round thee twine.

Almost a Duel, Or THE JEALOUS TAILORS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Jared Milliken was the tailor of Blytown. He was a young man, but an excellent tailor. The people liked his fits, and his custom was on the increase. Jared sat upon his board all alone, with part of a coat on his knees, and his thimble upon his finger; but Jared was not at work. His head drooped, and his bosom heaved. Ever and anon a low sigh would escape him, and his hand would be pressed upon his heart. Ah, Jared was in love. He was deeply, passionately in love. But he was not unhappy. No, no, far from it. The charming girl had promised to be his; or at least, he looked upon it as a promise. He had talked to her of love, and she had smiled, and spoken of love in return. And then he had tasted the nectar of her sweet lips. Yes, he had kissed her a hundred times, and she had kissed him in return.

So Jared Milliken was very happy.—If he sighed, it was for love; and if he had a wish unfulfilled, it was that he were already married.

Thus Jared sat, when the door was unceremoniously thrown open, and a man entered. He was a small-sized man, but yet a man. And as for that matter Jared was small sized too.

'How d'ye do?' said the new comer.

'Eh, Jerry, is it you?' cried Jared, throwing aside the part of a coat over which he had been sighing.

'Yes, it's me.'

'Why, Jerry Hopkins! I am glad to see ye!'

'And I am glad to see Jared Milliken returned Jerry Hopkins.

Now, Jerry Hopkins was a tailor, too. He was the tailor of Bimtown. Bimtown was only fifteen miles away, and a stage ran from Blytown to Bimtown twice a week.

'How's business?' asked Jerry.

'Pretty good,' returned Jared. How is it with you?'

'Never was better. But what has happened? I thought you looked sort of glum when I came in.

'Glum! Pooh!'

'Oh! I didn't know but your business was slow.'

'Never was better in the world.'

'I'm glad of it.'

'What's the news?'

'Oh, nothing strange. I'm the newest thing there's out'

Jared looked at his visitor, and there was a cast of pity in his countenance.—For some time, the conversation turned upon matters of business, until finally, there came a silence, which was at length broken by Jared's asking.

'What brought ye up into this section?'

'Ah, said Jerry, with a dubious shake of the head, 'you'll laugh at me.'

'Laugh? No, I shant laugh. What was it?

'It was a female.'

Aha-aha-ha, he,' laughed Jared. 'Aha ha, ha—you been and did it Jerry. Oho, aha—why—why Jerry Hopkins—you've been and foltowed me.'

'You said you wouldn't laugh, you Jared Milliken.'

'But I couldn't help it, Jerry. You've been and followed me. Aha, ha, ha!—You've done well! But say—who is she Jerry?'

'You must know her, Jared. She belongs here. But she is a beauty. Oh, pursued Jerry Hopkins, 'she is a treasure! Short, fat, rosy; dimpled cheeks and chin; blue eyes; golden hair, teeth like pearls; skin all rose and lilly; laughs like an angel, and is as happy as the days are long!'

Jared Milliken looked very much surprised. His visitor had described his own charmer to a point. His angel was exactly like the one Jerry had so glowingly pictured.

'What d'ye think of her!' asked Jerry.

'Why—she must be—a—just the mate for ye. But what's her name?'

'Aha—that's telling. But you must know her.'

'Never mind. Tell me her name.'

'Well her name is Lizzie Pingleton.'

Jared Milliken turned as pale as death. It was the name of his own angel!

'Why, what's the matter, Jared?' asked Jerry in astonishment.

'It's—a it's only a touch of the cholic. I have it awful. Oh! O! Oh-a-o-o! shall be better soon.'

'Well, I'll see you again. I'm in a hurry now. I havn't called at Mrs. Pingleton's yet. How is the old lady?'

'*I don't know!*' thundered Jared in fury.

'My eyes! Why, you're terrible, Jared.'

'It's the cholic, I tell ye. I shall be better as soon as I'm alone.'

'Jerry Hopkins wanted to honr no more and telling his friend that he would call in again to-morrow, he took his leave.

As soon as the door was closed, Jared leaped on his feet, and clasped his hands above his head, throwing himself into just the position which Ajax assumed when he defied the lightning.

'Ye Gods!' he cried with magic power. 'And has it come to this?' Mu-t I see my beloved caught away by *such* a thing? Shall a miserable tailor of Bimtown steal away from me my love? Shall Bimtown send forth a curse upon me? No! never! Bimtown may keep its tailor, but it shall not receive among its wives the idol of my soul! Never! never! *He* love Lizzie Pingleton! *He*, the *Bimtown Tailor!*—By the powers of earth, of air, of water, and by the spirits of darkness, too, I swear, that Bimtown's tailor shall not leave this land alive, if he thinks to wrest from me the hand of my adored one!—*Hear me, ye winged winds, for I swear it!* Death! death! before dishonor!'

Jared looked out upon the green earth, and he saw that the sun was almost down. He put away his goose, and then put on his cravat and coat. After this he composed the raging tempest that worked in his soul, as well as he could, and then walked forth. He turned his steps now in misery, as he had so many times turned them in his seasons of hope and promise. He walked toward the house where lived his charmer and her widowed mother. Could it be possible that that charmer was faithless? Wait

Jared reached the house, and he turned his gaze up to the old piazza. There, upon the long settee, sat the Bimtown tailor, and by his side sat—yes, it was! It was Lizzie Pingleton! Oh! what a blow! Jared looked—he looked long and eagerly. He saw the whole scene! The faithless charmer rested her head on the Bimtown tailor's bosom, and the Bimtown tailor's arm was about the faithless charmer's waist.

Then the Bimtown tailor kissed the faithless charmer, and the faithless charmer kissed the Bimtown tailor. Aye! a sweet loving kiss! Jared saw it all, and then he turned away.

On—on—on—walked Jared Milliken; his brain on fire, and his soul in a tempest! On—on—on—on, to the bank of Blytown River! The dark tide rolled sullenly on, for the sun was down, and the deep shadows fell aslant the cool waters. Jared placed his hat upon the sand, and then removed his coat. His cravat was taken off, and as he laid aside his vest, the cool breeze of evening struck his heated bosom. He stopped and meditated.

'Shall I sleep to night within the embrace of your dark tide? No, I'll see *her!* I'll see and speak with her. She shall know what fury she has stirred to life within this soul, ere I bid adieu to earthly life!'

With this decision, Jared walked back to his shop. He did not go to his boarding place, for he could not eat. He sat within his shop till the moon arose. Then he went down, and just as he reached the side-walk, a man passed. It was Jerry Hopkins! Jared's fists were clenched, and his teeth were set. But he restrained himself. He did not annihilate the Bimtown tailor then.

'I'll go to the presence of the faithless one!' he muttered; and with quick steps, he hastened away.

He reached the gate that opened to the widow's yard, and there he hesitated.—But why should he fear? He had been deeply wronged. He ascended to the piazza, and knocked at the door. Lizzie herself answered the summons.

'Why, Jared, how do you do? I'm glad to see you. Come—ain't you coming in? I'm alone.'

Jared was puzzled. Could Lizzie be a hypocrite? Could she be so kind to him with the Bimtown tailor's kisses fresh upon her lips? He walked in and took a seat.

'Miss Pingleton,' he said, choking some but gaining courage as he proceeded, Jerry Hopkins is in town. Perhaps you know Jerry?'

'I have heard of him,' returned Lizzie, in surprise; and I have seen him a few times.'

You have seen him to day, Liz—a—Miss Pingleton. You have seen him to day.'

'Well, Mr. Milliken, what of it?'

'What of it? Can you ask *me* what *of* it? I passed here just as the sun was sinking to rest. I passed here—and I saw a sight that made my heart ache.'

'What did you see?'

'Do you not know what I saw?'

'Surely not.'

'Then I'll tell you. Listen: I saw Jerry Hopkins upon your piazza—a female was by his side—her head upon his bosom his arm about her waist—they were talking of love—he kissed her upon the lips, and she—*she*—returned them!—Oh! do you ask me *now* what I saw? Oh! what a blow! Where now is your faith? where your honor? Oh! Lizzie—wretch! vixen! deceiver! breaker of my heart!'

Lizzie Pingleton smiled, and turned away her head, and it was some moments ere she dared trust herself to speak. But finally she said, in a penitent tone,

'Jared—my *dear* Jared, I am sorry you have suffered I did not mean to wrong you, indeed I did not. Pardon me this time.'

'Then you don't love Jerry Hopkins? You don't care for the Bimtown tailor?'

'No, indeed, I do not.'

'And you won't kiss him again?'

'I won't if I can help it, but—

'But what, Lizzie?'

'If he should ask me some time?—He might bother me, and I couldn't help it.

What! does he force himself upon you? Does he annoy you?'

'I fear he will.'

'Leave him to me!' cried Jared, starting to his feet. 'I'll settle his hash! By the total sum of the never-ending Jerusalem! I'll annihilate him! Bimtown's tailor shall be among the things that were, but ain't now!'

Lizzie thanked Jared for his magnanimous pledge, and then they went on to the subject of love, she avoiding the other subject.

At nine o'clock Jared arose to depart. Lizzie addompanied him to the gate, where they stood and talked a-while longer. The moon was shining brightly, and Jared urged his charmer to go and walk with him a little way. He put his arm about her, and drawing her upon his bosom, he gave her a smart kiss. The sharp report had just broken upon the air when Jared started at the sound of a step close by, and upon looking up, whom should he see but the Bimtown tailor!

'Lizzie!' gaspped Jerry Hopkins, in a frightened tone.

'Go away, Mr. Hopkins. Go away, sir,' she said promptly.

'Aye—go away, sir; and on the morrow I will see you sir!' pronounced Jarad, deeply and threateningly.

The poor Bimtown tailor gave one more earnest gaze into Lizzie's face, as though he would assure himself that he was not mistaken, and then he turned away, and was soon lost amidst the distant foliage.

Lizzie evaded all her lover's questions, only giving him such answers as he could make nothing of; but when she consented to walk a short distance, he forgot all his jealousy.

On the following morning Jared Milliken arose early. He slept in his shop, so he was ready for visitors at an early hour.

'I think the Bimtown tailor is a coward,' he said to himself. 'I think the very sight of a pistol would start him out of his boots.'

Jared resolved to act upon this idea. He never once thought that Hopkins might cherish the same thought. He had a pair of pistols, an enormous pair, a pair he had taken for a bad debt. He once made a false suit for Mr. Slashaway Slambang, and those pistols were all he ever got for his pay. He brought them forth from an old chest, but the sight of them did not terrify him, as he knew they were not loaded. He tied a sash around his waist, and having stuck the huge weapons beneath it, he pulled his hair down so as to give his face a strange look, and and then crushing on his hat, he started forth.

Jared Milliken strode across the village green, and was passing into the street when he came plump against Jerry Hopkins. The two tailors recognized each other simultaneously, and at the same moment each gave a frightend start backwards.

Jared's two great pistols looked fierce enough; but not a whit more so than did the two enormous cutlasses which Hopkins wore suspended upon one belt.

'*Take care!*' gasped he of Bimtown, drawing a cutlass with a quaking hand.

'Ah-a-a-*Look out!* burst from the pale lips of him of Blytown, at the same time managing to get a pistol from his sash.

'W-w-w-ha-hat you want? stammered Jerry Hopkins, retreating a step, and holding the ponderous cutlasses up before him.

'I I-a-a-want to talk to ye.

'Then put up your pistol.'

'I will if ye'll put up your sword.'

The weapons were put up, and both men breathed more freely.

'Now, what ye got to say?'

'I want to know what for ye plague my girl?'

'Who do you call your girl?'

'Lizzie Pingleton.'

'She's my girl.'

'*Your* girl? She is *mine!* She's my promised wife, persisted he of Bimtown, with snapping eyes.

'Did you see a girl with me last night? asked Jared.

'Yes. I seen my girl with ye. And I seed you kiss her!

'And I seed you kiss her yesterday afternoon. You was standin' on my piazza.

'Sartin I was; and don't that prove that she's my girl?

'No. It proves that you was a tryin' to get away my girl.

'*Your* girl! D'ye s'pose Lizzie Pingleton 'd have anything to do with you?—She knows better'n that.

Jared could'nt stand this. He drew a pistol, and took a step forward. Jerry Hopkins whipped out a cutlass, and Jared took a step back.

'You daresn't go right down to the widder's now, cried he of Bimtown, starting forward under the force of the thought.

'Yes, I dare it, returned Jared, leaping back under the fear that the other's sudden advance meant mischief.

'Then come on. By the piper's cone, we'll have this hash settled! I know she kissed you last night, for I seed her; but that was only to wool ye. Lizzie Pingleton knows too much. Come on!

And away they went. Both were confident, and both were very wroth. With steps as long as two such little men could take their strods on, Jared's pistols dragging wearily upon him, while the steel scabbards of Jerry's two cutlasses clanged together with a ring that sounded far and wide.

At length they reached the widow's cot. They approached, and both rapped in concert. Lizzie came to the door

'Ah good morning, gentlemen. Walk in. Will you have—have—Aha! ha ha-ha-ho-ho-ho e-e——

And agin the bright eyed girl laughed till she was faint.

'Miss Pingleton, spoke he of Bimtown, may I ask the meaning of this?'

'No, no, you mustn't ask me anything, she replied; and then turning towards the hall, she cried out, in a loud and merry tone.

'Lizzie! Lizzie!

'What!' came from a distant apartment.

'Here come and take care of your tailor! Come quick! He's got deadly weapons with him, and looks as savage as a meat axe!

In a few moments more light feet were heard pattering upon the floor, and soon a second girl made her appearance. But who was she? A ghost? Surely she must have been. She was a Lizzie Pingleton. Jerry looked, and Jerad looked. There stood Lizzie and there stood Lizzie. They were two, and yet they seemed but one. Which is which?

'Which is yours, Jared? asked one of them, smiling.

Poor Jared looked first upon one, and then upon the other, and gradually the truth burst upon him. He knew that Lizzie had a sister, but he did not know that she was a twin sister, he never having seen her before. But he began to detect a difference.

'You are mine, he said, holding out his hand to the one who had answered their summons.

'Yes, Jared, yours fully and forever, she replied, giving him her hand.

'And you are mine, cried Jerry Hopkins,' turning to the other sister.

'Yes, I'll be as true to you as my sister can be to Jared, she said,' allowed him to draw her upon his bosom.

Ere long the enigma was solved. Eliza and Elizabeth Pingleton were twins, and so near alike where they in form, in size, in feature, and in voice, that their most intimate friends were often at fault when the sisters were apart.

Some years before Eliza had gone to Bimtown, to work in a relatives family there; and there Mr. Hopkins had wooed and won her.

Jared had often heard his Lizzie speak of her sister Eliza, but he had never seen before, he having been in Blytown only a few years. The people with whom Eliza lived like the name of Lizzie, so they had called her thus; and thus she was called in Bimtown.

And poor Hopkins had been as ignorant as had Milliken. He had followed Eliza from Bimtown, according to arrangement with her, and when he called upon her first at her mother's house, her sister was out, so he did not see her.—He sat upon the piazza with his own charmer, and thus Jared had seen him. Later in the evening, when Elizabeth came home, Eliza went out; so Jared saw his own charmer, and she, wicked girl that she was, saw his error, resolved upon sport.

But all was joy now. These two tailors cast aside their engines of death, and shook hands with a right good will.—When another summer came, he of Bimtown visited Blytown again; and this time there were great doings at the widow's cot. The minister came and performed the part assigned him.

And then Jerry Hopkins, Tailor of Bimtown, introduced to Jared Milliken Tailor of Blytown, Mrs. Jerry Hopkins. And after this Jared went through the same operation.

'Jared, said Lizzie—his *own* Lizzie—after she had been introduced as Mrs. Jared Milliken, 'Hopkins want to kiss me.

'Let him do it,' cried Jared, in high glee. 'I've kissed *his* wife.

The Art of Printing.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise, whose details are less understood by intelligent people than "the art preservative"—the achievement of the types.

Every day, their lives long, they are accustomed to read the newspaper, to find fault with its statements, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roguish and acrobatic types that get in a frolic and stands upon its head; or some word with a waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspapers is made; of the myriads of motions and the thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less.

They immagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they talk of the fair white carpet woven for though to work on, of the rags that fluttered upon the back of the beggar yesterday.

The Meanest Man in the World.

Who is he? Why the man who, after enjoying the privilege, with his wife and children, of reading a newspaper every week for months and years and obtaining therefrom instruction and amusement, leaves town for—no one knows where; without settling for his paper, and compelling the postmaster to order it stopped. We have felt bad on knowing that just such a miserable creature as this has been in the weekly receipt of our paper! We hope for decency's sake, that there is not another such a worthless personage on our subscription list—if there is we may give his name and residence a gratuitous insertion in our columns.

Members of the fraternity, do you know of a meaner man than one who acts thus?

In our opinion,
"If you should take a fine-tooth comb,
And rake down all creation,
You couldn't find a meaner man in
This here mighty nation."

—*Olive Branch.*

AN INCIDENT ON A WESTERN RAILROAD.—*True of Course.*—As the lightning express was coming out of Indianapolis, last Saturday morning, on the Bellfontaine Railroad, with a pleasure party of two hundred, the engineer discovered a couple of Ohio bullocks fighting on the track. Instead of reversing his engine or whistling down the brakes, more steam was applied and the engine, running at the rate of forty miles an hour struck the bullocks in a very *peculiar* manner; throwing them sufficiently high in the air to allow the whole train to pass under them. Their motion in the air reversed their position so that when they struck the ground they were headed in a different direction, and each marched on, supposing he had sent the other high in the air. The train was not detained a moment.

☞ "La me!" said Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks First I was seized with a breeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflamation of the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like health, particularly when you are sick."

☞ At a public sale of books, the auctioneer put up "Drew's Essay on Souls," which was knockep down to a shoemaker who to the great amusement of the crowded room, asked the auctioneer "if he had any more works on shoemaking to sell?"

A QUESTION.—The following curious notice is posted at the City Hall. No name or address is signed to it:

"Is there any work in New York? If there is, have the kindness to leave directions where a fellow can get it—in order that starvation may not set in.

New York, Dec. 2. 1857."

☞ The worst feature in a man's face is his nose—when stuck into other peoples business. Remember that are in the habit of bobbing around.

In describing a used up horse a dealer said he looked as if he had been editing a daily newspaper.

☞ Epitaph—on a lamb just killed—'*Peas* to his remains.'

The voice of dead Nations.

Mr. Alger, in his recent celebrated oration, uttered the following impressive passage, which ought to be written on the statute books of every State in the Union:—"The dead nations whose giant skeletons now lie bleaching and crumbling on the sands of time, all died of sin. It was their crimes that dug their graves, and pushed them in. Licentious luxury sapped the foundation strength, and rotted the live virtue of one—and it disappeared beneath the green pool of its own corruption. Brutal war made a business of and carried in every direction, drew upon another the combined wrath of the world—and it was dashed upon the rock of its own barbarous force. Domestic bondage, grown enormous, trodden under foot, and goaded to madness, rose on another—and buried it in the conflagration and slaughter of its own provocation.—Internal antipathies based on sectional differences, fed by selfish interests and taunting debate, finally exploded in the quarrelsome parties of another—and hurled its dissevered fragments to ruin by the convulsive eruption of its own wrong and hatred. Of all the mighty empires whose melancholly ghosts now pace the palid margin of oblivion, not one ever sunk but its own fall was through internal iniquity in some way or other. Shall the stately shade of republican America too go down to join the doleful company of crowned spectres, moving them beneath to rise up at her coming with the sardonic mock, "Art thou also as we?" If we would avoid their doom of vengeance we must not tread their path of guilt."

"You Haven't Have You."

While in a certain store, the other day, we noticed a neat looking old lady enter, with a basket on her arm and spectacles on her nose, looking, for all the world, as if she had just popped out of a band-box, so clean and tidy as was she. She stepped up to the counter, and the following dialogue took place between her and the clerk:—

Old Lady—"You haven't a little butter, have you?"

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am some nice and fresh, just received."

Old Lady—"You don't sell it at twenty five cents, yet do you."

Clerk—"That's our price madam."

Old Lady—"You couldn't let me have a couple pounds, could you?"

Clerk—"Oh, certainly." Taking the plate, he weighed out the butter, and she threw down half a dollar, which he scrutinized closely.

Old Lady—"You don't think that's bad, do you?"

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am, I do."

Old Lady (much excited)—"You wouldn't take this truck back again, would you?"

Clerk—"How do you know I wouldn't?" and taking the butter, he dashed it back into the firkin. The old lady seized the plate and the bogus half dollar, and started to leave, but when she got to the door, she turned around and said, in the way of a final clincher:—

"You're not in any ways riled, I reckon are you?"

An editor thus advertises his missing hat:—"The gentleman who inadvertently took our new beaver and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindnes by returning our own, and he shall receive our warmest thanks, and two apologies—an apology for the trouble we have given *him*, and the "apology for a hat" be left *us*.

☞ A clergyman of a country village desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to *officiate* with another clergyman. The clerk, as soon as the service was ended, called out:

"I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. L——is going *fishing* with another clergyman."

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last fifteen years by only knitting new feet to them every winter and new legs to them every other winter.

Miss Bland says the first time a young man squeezed her dress, she felt as if she was in the land where rainbows come from. How poetic a little hugging makes some people!

☞ A silly fop being in company, and wanting his servant, cried out:

Where is my blockhead?

Upon your shoulders, replied a lady.

☞ "I say Pat, what are you about, sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat. "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

☞ The boy that undertook to ride a horse-radish, is now practicing on a saddle of mutton with stirups.

☞ An Albany man advertises for his runaway wife—who is but fifteen years of age and of a loving disposition, and had on three rattan hoops.

☞ Mrs. Cunningham and her two daughters are reported to be in Paris.—Better there than here.

What is best to prevent people from despairing? Echo—*Pairing.*