

My Native Hills.

My native hills, your clouds support bright blue... My eyes looked back through falling tears...

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE SIBYL. Though we eat little flesh, and drink no wine, yet let's be merry...

THE PRISON. Upon a recent visit at Trenton, N. J., we visited the State Penitentiary at that place...

We saw the little portable carriage which conveys the food of the prisoner, trundled through the corridors...

As we passed along, the prisoners, we observed, seemed to wear near this portal, and to be in many cases looking out, as if to keep alive their relation with the world from which they are separated...

Various kinds of weaving are done here; machinery wrought, and a large business carried on in making the cane seats of chairs, backs for cars, cane rockers, sofas, &c...

We entered one of these, the occupant of which had been removed upon duty elsewhere. Here again the felon, we saw, was much better lodged than the majority of working men...

Upon a narrow shelf were a dozen or fifteen books, including a bible. Upon another was a small glass with shaving apparatus, and some rude sketches and drawings.

"Do you not fear to allow the prisoners a razor?" asked we. "No, we keep a strict watch over them, and if any of them seem to be moping like, we know they are growing lunny, and we take it away. We can always tell when they begin to lunny. We've never had any accidents."

A fount at one corner gave the prisoner an abundant supply of good water. The room was ventilated by means of an aperture, inclining downwards from the floor...

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THE AGITATOR.

Dedicated to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Healthy Reform.

COBB, STURROCK & CO.

THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

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AMUSING SKETCHES.

A Yankee Wedding in New York.

Changing to visit the office of Alderman... the other day we witnessed a hygienic ceremony that will be interesting...

"What can I do for you, my good friend?" asked the urbane Alderman, as if in utter ignorance of the objects of their visit...

"Well, Squire," answered the groom, with a complacent glance at the flaring breast pin that fastened a dashing ribbon around the lady's neck...

"Sartin, Squire; sartin. Yew see it's nat'ral. Who ever heard tell of a bachelor chippin' bird or a bachelor bobo-link? I reckon nobody has...

"Squire, you're a regular trump, you are; and if you ever come to Lynn you'll find a stopping place with me, and a routine welcome. But, Squire," and Jonathan facetiously inserted his fore finger in the region of the Alderman's ribs...

Amusing Court Scene. At the first Circuit Court in Washington county held by Judge John Reynolds, the Sheriff, on opening the Court, went out into the court-yard and said to the people, "Boys come in, our John is going to hold Court."

The Sheriff's son returned with a rare specimen of the genus "Hoosier," upwards of six feet high, with a fox skin cap light on his head, and tan-colored garments hanging loosely on his person...

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here." "Why?" asked Mr. F. "Because," said the officer, "Christ said his kingdom was not of this world."

"Jack," said a coal dealer, "what kind of a morning is it?" "Very cold sir, very." "Is the kennel froze?" "Yes sir, hard."

Intro THE KING.—Horn Tooke being asked by George III. whether he played cards, he replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

A Great Work in Italy.

Recent letters speak of an undertaking by the King of the two Sicilies, which if accomplished, will do more for his credit than anything that has yet transpired since his accession. We refer to the draining of the lake Fucine or Collano.

To those who have not ascended Vesuvius, I will mention that the steeper portion of the mountain is in two separate flights. Those volcanoes that I have seen, and Vesuvius, though not a lofty mountain, is a good type of the class, rise from the base two-thirds or three-fourths of the whole height in a pretty regular ascent, and there is a sort of shoulder or resting-place.

At the foot of it I rested for half an hour, and there I demolished the last of my solids, and had left about a pint of wine. It was a light, delicious beverage, and not the abominable mixture of logwood and mahogany juice and bad whiskey that is so often sold for 'wine' among us.

The curling smoke of Vesuvius for several days had seemed to invite me to try the ascent, and after "feeding up" and recruiting for the toil, I got ready for a start. I had got all the advice necessary from those who had been up, and fancied I could see my way clearly.

I could see tracks about, but where safety lay was more than I could tell. But I had gone voluntarily without a guide, and now I had to take it as I could find it. I picked my way carefully, now and then going nearly over my shoes, and saw the smoke burst out as I drew my foot away.

I had been alone all the way, and not a mortal could I distinguish, though my eye took in a visible horizon of at least three hundred miles in circumference. After I was up it seemed trifling, but the ascent had been no trifling matter. My last drop of wine had disappeared long before I reached the summit, and I could not, as on the summit of Hecle, take a long pull and drink to all creation, or even to "the girl I left behind me."

A GREAT and good man, once speaking of politeness, said: "I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners; they may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic. I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation."

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