I MISS THEE. ST MAR. M. A. STEVENS. I miss thee at home beloved one, I miss the at home belowed one, At our blaing firenide; When i willight creeps our the meadows And at quiet eventide. When i will get the meadows And at quiet eventide. When i will core fire, home to the wildwood, I have a sigh for thy gentle presence, shild Note information and the standard of the Note information of the standard of the When have to the standard of the standard of the When in the standard of the standard of the When in childhood the state home, lote, Where in childhood the state home of the Note innowed my shild but God. The standard at hing thy memory is Note in the standard at the the state. Do grange bands amoulhe thy hair, lore, So gently upon thy brow ? I know their barois is not galleless

For the Agitator.

As mine has been seen and a second and a second a second

Then hasts to my find embrace, child, Then hasts to my find embrace, child, They tous of the world is not so dear As the faithful hearts at home. Its mile will change from the sunny one When they bidget His chast'ning red. Then fly to the arms that would fold thec-Home will will change from the sunny one How well, hone knoweth but God. -----

For the Agilator. PLL PBAY FOR THEE.

Ab, yes, though you may never have One thought of me; When morn's first ray's peep forth; I'll pray for thee.

If thou art on a foreign shore Or roam the restless sea ;

At poon, I'll seek some ione retreat And breathe a prayer for thee. And if to one more fair you tell

The words once told to me, At calm and holy twilight hours I still will pray for thee.

In future years in weal or woe Whate'er thy lot may be, At morning, noon and night Montal. I'll ever pray for thee.

DOMESTIC STORY AN EVENING AT HOME.

The wood fire burned cheerfully in the little Franklin stove, and the polished brasses reflected its bright light. Not a shred was to be seen on the rag carpet. The plain table was covered with a neat cloth and strewed with books. The muslin curtains were snowy white, and the plants that stood on the little stand were thrifty and well cared for. On a small lounge, covered with cortain calico, sat a lady who might have been twenty-five. She was not beautiful, but her soft chestnut hair was braided so becomingly, there was so much expression in her dark eye, with its long lashes, such a simplicity and neatness in her attire, that one could scarce behold her without pronouncing her a lovely woman. By her side sat a plain but intellectual looking man, some five years her senior. One arm encircled her waist, and his brown hand clasped hers as he bent towards her, and his tones were low and tender, while ever and anon those eyes looked up to his confidingly.

The twilight deepened, and the flickering flame cast but a faint light; still the lovers, (for such they really were, though twice twelve months had passed since they took the vows that united them,) noted not the coming shadows....

"It is so pleasant to be at our own home again," said Ellen.

"And it is quite as pleasant to have you here once more," answered her husband : "I ever consent to have you leave home



believe you cail them covered with rich velvet, and the lounges, the solas, the wrought ottomans, and the other elegant things of which your humble husband does not even know ther names."

er names." "No, no, Edward," said Ellen, "you are not quite so ignorant, as you profess; but, it is of no copsequence, for it will be a distle while before the fashionable world will be obliged to have a new style, of furniture, because we country people have learned the names, and are beginning to imitate the style -But we were speaking of Isabella. ... Ithink she is not as happy in the midst of this splendor as I am because I am always' busy. It is not necessary for Isabella to labor, and it requires considerable decision of character to keep one's self employed where there is no incentive.

one to disarrange it, and I am more than repaid by the pleasure I take in seeing it tidy. If I stitch the wristband, or darn the stocking, I know this will add to the comfort of him I love-if I weed and water my flowers, they always smile upon me in return. Bven in cooking, which so many count a drudgery, I am always thinking how I can make the best article with the least expense and trouble .--At cousin Isabella's, the servants do all this, and she takes no interest except to scold them occasionally, when things are too bad. When bring after life's wearisome pilgrimage'l Beauin company Isabella is the personification of using alter into a wearsound primage i Lean-galety, but I suspect there are many fights sleep restores again to the oft repeated strugwhen she sits alone in her splendid apartment, when she sits alone in her splendid apartment, and sighs, though she cannot tell why. I am wilt reveal the Unseen, because eternal. far more inclined to pity than to envy her, I

am sure." "But you say they love each other. Surely when evening comes, when the brilliant chanperiodicals, then Isabella must be happy." 5. 5. 5. 1.

"Yes, her dreamy eyes light up; and as William puts on his embroidered slippers and. seats himself beside her, kisses her fair cheek, and plays with her jewelled fingers, and calls her all sorts of fond names, she looks perfectly happy, but after a short time he takes a newspaper (the only reading he seems to have any taste for,) and she looks over the last magazine, or does a little fancy work, and so the evening passes, varied perhaps occasionally by some trifling conversation, or a dish of fondling."

"You do not disapprove of affectionate manners altogether, do you, Mrs. Howell ?" said the gentleman, with mock 'gravity. "No, you know I do not," said the wife, smiling ; "but it is like rich cake; a little, mingled with plainer food, is delicious ; but were I to live upon it I should soon get cloyed.-

• 150 SO 5 Ah 1 so beautiful is sleep to life giving ! She takes us from the world, from which we heavily upon soul and body ; toil, grievous lo pering amid the boles of stately frees, and spirit and fiesh ; uses unholy, because uncongenial; contacts repugnant 'and wearhome; passions that ennoble or mislead ; affections bleeding in their intensity; and with an opinte touch, a loving: motherly touch, she lays us prone in forgetfulness; ? Or if it be possible, she does more than this; 'she' careses the worn faculties to oblivion, and keeps awake those that else might be dwarfed by inactivity. Beautiful sleep 1. When the good father fash-ioned us with such nice and wondrous calculation of adjustment, not the least wonderful is this goodness of his, in giving us to thy "If I set my pantry in order, I have no keeping, in appending thes nurse to the child-.man !

Oh, sleep I beautiful sleep I if thus thou art to us a tender mother, timely and fairserving, how much more lovely must be thy child, Death i. If thou art able to take us, world-wearied, and can'st so balm, refresh, recreate, that we rise daily with new life, how much more grateful will be that ministry of death, that shall anoint the spirit to a new waking | How downy seem the shadows that veil thy face, and the repose that thou shalt sleep restores again to the oft repeated strug-Thou will restore, not to the old anguish, but

to the divine peace, the serene beatitude, the pure good which is at the bottom of all this discord-which is the meaning of all this delier is lighted in the hall, and the parlor is yearning-the spirit of all this letter of groans illuminated-when the heated air is diffused and tears, by which the soul testifies its ab-so sofily, when they draw around the splent horrence of evil; its right to the perfect; its did centre table, strewed with engravings and response to the beautiful. Therefore, O Death with but a wing closing the portal that separates two worlds. I bless thy beautiful ministry, and fold myself to the arms of thy parent Sleep, till such time as she will lay me in thy bosom, an o'erwearied, but trusting child.

Beautiful Death ! Thou art but a period, a check in the one aspect, a revelation in another. I look to the heavens-thou art not there. Matter goes on with its laws of eternal import. Stars and constellations grow dim in their courses, but only because they belong to relations universal. Those that shone on the solitary studies of the Magii, are now no longer visible, having passed to other spheres. The Pleiad-lost beauty of the

night's coronal-has but gone to other skies, taken, it may be, another shape, yet a Pleiad still. The earth struggles for the beautiful, and calls to all the elements to crown her with glory ; and the tree and the blossom come, No, Edward, when, after having been busy and the water gives the lily and the rainbow all day, the evening comes, and we sit down as its nearest response to the call. The in our own little sitting room, and read to- mountain shames the dull plain, and the riv-

THE ETCHES BY MARS. H. OAKES but only by the brutally deprived, or those whom a becaulty for evil has left them no choice of locality. Nature has her calm, holy book of rebuke, deterring crime. She has her ancient Pans, and Satyrs, and Pauns, peering amid the boles of stately trees, and glding along cool valleys and tealy glades. Great echoing voices break her awful silence, the rustling of her leaves have a solerin im-port, the swaying of her branches are tokens of warning, the stately tread of the wild besat mocks the beast like aspect of the intruder, and the upspringing bird is a measuring rily-ing heaven ward with the fale, while the hoof-ing night-out averages forth detectation, and ing night-owl screams forth detestation, and with horrible cries of retribution. No, no, God is in the woods, and go not there with the work of demons; go to the city, where every face is marked with forbidden longings for deadly knowledge, and the brow is stamped with the seal of Cain; go there where man is, and not God, where the idea is preserved only by stately churches, closed six days in

About fifty years ago in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years; her only daughter was grown up and married, living at a distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone in her conscious, innocence, and trusting in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful ; did her work quietly during daylight, and at even tide lay down and slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends-especially to her daughter. With her spent

the greatest part of the day : and to her she repeated the recital of her apprehension .---The daughter as often repeated that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, I cannot think any one would injure you, for you have not an enemy in the world.

As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her house, but expressed the same feelings as she left her daughter's house.

On the way home she called on a neighbor who lived, in the last house before she reached her own. Here she made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. You have harmed no one in gether, occasionally laying aside the book to ers become harpstrings to the cathedral hymn your whole life time, surely no one will disor molest you, go home in quiet and Ro-

STRANGE QUARREL, RESULTING IN THE STRANGE QUAREREL, RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF A MAN. -- We have learned from a gentleman of montgomery, in this country, the particulars of a most storydal quarter, which took place in that town on Thursday evening last, which terminated in the death of one of the particular quarty and manual bled at the house of Mr. Simenn () Garew, to withere the marriage of his steplanghter. Among other persons present, was Mr. Eli Millepaugh, a respected and wighting farmer, of the town of Monigomery, thuring the course of the evening, and the chart and his larity to which the convival occusion and his lart an rise, the said Millspaugh poured a giase of hot punch down the back of one of the guesta, Thereupon Mr. Carew's son Henry put Mills paugh out of the bouse by main force, and the party terminated without further interrup.

The next day, however, Millepeugh, in censed at the treatment he had received cal-led at the house of Mr. Carew and demanded satisfaction. He first accessed young Carsy, with a blow, which the latter returned so right lently that Millspaugh was knocked down He then fell upon him and beat him until, and the result showed, he, had recomposed, the blow he had received, with the life of his as-sailant. Sad to relate, Millspaugh rever propounded the following query : "I say, watchy are you pretty sharp at conundrums I. Why am I like a blacksliding christian I. That's a pretty tough one you apoke afterwards, and died in about ien minutes. The age of deceased was about 41 years. Carew is still at large .- Newburgh Gazette , MA A ... MAR & Markat

> THE Local Editor, of the Buffelo Reput lic has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery which be has recently, made, of great importance, to mothers. It is an infallible myans of keep-ing babies, from two to ten months old, per-fectly quiet for hours. The modus operands is as follows:

child up, propped by pillows, if it cannot sit alone and smear its fingers with thick molasses. Then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the young one will sit and, pick the feathers from one hand to the other, until it drops asleep. As soon as it awakes, more molasses and more feathers, and in place of ever-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable 1"

TIME TO GO TO BED .- Joseph was a bad boy. He had succeeded in blinding his mother for some time as to bis imbibing propen-sities. One night Joseph came in before the old lady had retired. He sat down, and with that look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began conversing about the goodness of the crops and other matters. He got along very well until he espied what he supposed, to be a cigar on the mantel-piece ; he caught it, a cigar on the thatter piece; he caugue ha and placing one end in his mouth, hegan, ve-ry gravely to light it at the candle. He draw and puffed until he was getting red in the face. The old lady's eyes were opened, and shead. dressed him : "If thee takes that tenpenny pail for a cigar, it is time thee went to bed."

EVERY popular orator should receive the applauses of large assemblies with the same patience and equanimity that he would listen to the noise of the ocean waves. He should be careful not to spread the sails of vanity to catch the popular breeze, lest he be wafted from his moorings, and find his bark stranded on the shoals of self conceit and folly. His business is to convince, instruct, enlighten and persuade his audience into the pursuit of truth and virtue; not to seek after the empty bubble of human applause, which breaks and dies with the occasion that gives it birth,

CHEATING DEATH .- Gumbo during the prevalence of an epidemic, was in constant dread of a call from the grim messenger. A nearing him at his prayers one night spoke to him in sepulchral voice through a · ,' knot-hole i 1 A W Oak "Gumbo !" ., "Who dar ?" said the affrighted darkey, "Whát hệ want 1" "Death ?" ",Want Gumbo." such nigger heah. Dat nigger been dead dis two three week." "I FEAR," said a country curste to his flock, " when I explained to you in my last sermon that philanthropy is a love of your species; you must have understood me to say specie, which may account for the smallness of the collection, You will prove, Phone by your present contribution that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake, PHILOSOPHY without religion is like the dull, cold light of the moon. It may enable us to perceive important truths with some dej gree of clearness and accuracy ; but we shall find that the life, the beauty, the warmth and the vividness, which true religion alone is car pable of imparting to them, will be wanting,

seven, because men do not like to retain God in their hearts, but all through the six days the incarnate Satan goes up and down unrebuked."......

Terrible Betribution.

yourself as could be picked up in a year's Iravel na a a A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG. front of Col. Wood's Museum, when the cordury man once more addressed the man of the mace and rattle. luck next time. Why is the Quaker Giant and myself like the god of marriage ?"

for a whole week again. Why there has been a shadow upon everything. Ah, Ellen, you are the light of my home. But say dearest," and a slight shade passed over his open brow, "did you not sometimes sigh and amid the splendor of your cousin's dwelling, when you thought of your plain home, and still plainer husband ! And when you reflected that her splendid mansion might have been yours, but for your girlish recklessness, to prefer a plodding farmer to a city merchant ?"

"Oh I Edward !" answered his wife, a tear dimming her eye, "how can you speak so? You know I never loved William Spenceyou know I gave you my whole heart and have never repented it."

"No, my love," answered her husband soothingly; "I did not mean that; I have never for a moment doubled your affection. But when you saw your cousin surrounded with all the luxuries and elegance of life, with servants to do her bidding, and her husband dressed to the best advantage-and then thought of your own low roof, with its simple furniture, with only your own self to be the maid of all work, when you saw Isabella always at leisure, or only employed about some pretty piece of finery, did you not think of the scrubbing, the cooking, the patching, the darning, and all the elceteras that engrossed your time? And then your laborious husband with his work a day attire-did not one eigh escape ?" and he looked half play. full, half earpestly into her face.

"No, Edward, never. I never loved William, and of course could not have been happy with him in any situation. Isabella does love him dearly, and her husband dotes on her, yet I doubt whether they have half the real happiness that we enjoy. Isabella is a little, a very little fretful, and her servants often vex her. Then cousin William is so particular about his food, and an overdone beefsteak is no more palatable from a silver fork, and heavy cake is no nicer from a sil. ver basket. I am glad you are not annoyed by trifles, Edward. I shall know how to appreciate you now."

"And are you quite sure that I am not annoyed by triffes !" asked her husband arch-

ly. "Certainly, have I not proved it by two years' experience ?"

"A am not sure of that Ellen. You have never'tried me 'with' such' trifles. 'Let me have my food half cooked and ill-seasoned from the hands of a slatternly girl instead of the plain, well cooked dishes prepared by any neat handed wife, and see then-but I interrupted you. I am sure Isabella must be very happy all the day, in the splendid parlor, with a carpet so dainty that it seems a breach of propriety to step on it, those enormous mirrors that betray all one's awkward movements, then those 'antique chairs,'-I has been arrested for stealing.

nterchange thoughts, and give expression to of many waters, and the than Isabella ever knew."

"But look, it has grown quite dark since linked to the eternal All. Beautiful. we have been idling here. Let me go till I bring lights, and then I will take my knitting work, which I have scarcely dared show at Cousin Isablla's, and you will read to me thinly coated with reeds and tall, rank weeds, from those charming Miscellanies of Macauley's once more."

The next morning, when Mr. Howell saw his wife in a neat morning dress, tripping and so all tread softly, knowing that while he lightly about the house, and hearing her mu- hides his neighbors, weak spot, he covers his sical voice singing-

"Tis home where'er the heart is," Where'er the loved ones dwell,"

he felt quite sure the heart contained a wealth of happiness, which money could never have bestowed .:

THE EXPERIENCE OF A SENSITIVE MAN IN NEW YORK .- I diped one day at the Irving House. The man next to me said to his neighbor, "How's flour to-day ?" "Why, rising; we made a nice thing of it

this morning-a few thousands."

Dined next day at the Astor. Man next Erie ?'

"Oh! down-dull; but there's money in it."

Dined next day at St. Nicholas. Man next to me said to his neighbor, "Shipping business bad, isn't it ?"

"I should think so; you can buy a ship for a few thousands less than you could two months ago, and freights are awful low." Dined next day at the Metropolitan, Man next to said to his neighbor, "What's the news from Europe ?"

"Consols have fallen one half, and money is tight."

Dined the next day at the New York Hotel. Man next to me said to his neighbor, "By Jove, that's a pretty girl yonder."... "She is so, and besides she is worth a hundred-----' أبيأ الجربية التردان والأرجان والمراج I at once left the table. Heavenal exclaimed I, is there no spot in this great city where a man can eat without, having such talk crammed down his throat with his food 1 Money-money.

In the present age, when diffuseness of words is generally substituted for poverty of cellence of character, if she be not interrupted ideas, that man deserves the highest credit. by the cankering cares and baser gratificawho can condense his thoughts within a nar, tions of every day; and of loathing for the sympathy of the other woman who loaned row compass, Brevity and perspiculty are heartlessness, the artificiality, the corrupting her dog, and the certain but silent watch of generally the best syldence of a sound under, tendencies of compacted life in attention, the neurophiles in the degrading in the central out mere watch of events standing. Xou can see much better through is a loving spirit-a sober religious feeling in which brought the nurders's blood upon his one pair of clear; transparent glasses, than if the passage, which must have welled up from own head, and which are difficult to be exyou had a dozen saddled upon your nose,] a devout heart :

ideas and feelings we might never have had, fection, and interprets this great soul of beauif the reading had not given rise to them, 1 ty. Nature is now content; for with man ensure I enjoy a more exalted happiness came death, the ultimate of change, and she felt now that she was no isolated creation, but

METROPOLITAN SOCIETY.

"Society is a stagnant, pestilential pool, upon which man treads warily. He does not like to sink his foot within, lest he exposes his own rottenness and that of his neighbor, own also. At some time, however, one less cautious than the rest, exposes his part of the pool, and then there is a hue and cry. Then respectability is up in arms; then men de nounce, and condemn, and tell of the good society, and, the necessity of an example to deter others from a like exposure. Then editors publish the fall from Dan to Beersheba, airing their dull pen with virtuous maxims, and wise old saws and warnings, in their sudden religion they talk of the Bible and the church, and the rising generation. Oh this paper picty, this tonguey virtue, is a thing to to me observed to his friend, "Well, how's make the fiends laugh, for it sets every sinnex, man and woman, black and white, to multiplying guards, and cautions, so that the pool may be better bridged, and they with their secret vices and smoothly covered sins, may pass it over with an easy, decorous footing. Then the profligate oils his tongue and gives forth psalms, and straightens his cravat. and rents his pew; then the defaulter multiplies his checks and balances, and keeps a sharp look. out, so that only suspicion looks him in the face, but not fact; then the false husband looks well to his night key, and grows munificent to the wife, wheedles her with shows and tickles her with finery ; then the treacherous wife walks haughtily, and studies conventionalities, and lolls in her carriage, and scatters her malaria, but does not violate the rules. And society is a nicely adjusted balance, and it is very well that the holder of the scales is hlind of sight."

COUNTRY AND CITY.

10/2018

Here is an honest response to the emotion which every virtuous bosom must cherish, of love for nature in her. broad uninterrupted fields, with faith in her power to inspire ex-

" Men who have an evil work to do, never A young lady who took everybody's eye seek its perpetration, amid the solenin haunts beads, watches the sparrow's fall, and shapes of nature, True, crimes are committed there our ends, rough bew them as we will,

ver shall go with you. Here Rover, (said she to a stout watch dog that lay on the floor) here Rover go home with Mrs. Mozher and take care of her. Rover did as he was told : the widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an

instant, when she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down upon the out side of the bed. and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chiding herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so light, however, raising of a window near the bed, which was like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawnig of the dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed without baving growled or barked at all,

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet

not deaming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there hay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with a grasp of death ; and neither man nor dog could us ter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son in law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle and her land.-And instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but, made this stealthy. visit to do the deed of darkness in the gloom of night. A fearful retribution awaited him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves. by what unseen power we know not, the plained without reference to that Providence who overrules us, numbers the hairs of our

"Why,", said the incorrigible, offender, "why is a small bob tail horse, with a blaze face, like Gov. Bigler ?"

A Conundramical Loafer.

A fellow in a complete suit of faded cor,

duroy, and very dirty withal, tumbled off the steps of St. Andrew's church, just as the

watchman arrived at the spot, and making

two or three revolutions on the pavement, stopped lace spwards before the officer, and

think 1 Well dont puzzle. It's because I fell

away from the church, and am likely to be

the infernal compliment, picked him up.---

On the route down Chestnut street, the cap-

"Because you are a same scoundrel."

The watchman, without thanking him for

"Watchy, I'll try you with another. Why

"No, because I am attended by a black-

"And because you are as big a blackguard

Nothing more was said till they came in

"Dont get out of heart, watchy. Better

"Bah ! no. ...Because we are high men .-

"Yes, I do. I'm pretty high, I think ; if

ten swallers of whisky can make me so. Be-

sides I'm a trump; an ace of trumps, and

"That's the game I was playing when you

"You were playing low, I think ; for you

were flat on your back. But I'll play the

deuce with you, and that will be low enough

if you dont get along without any more talk."

"You are not as bright, old fellow, as

thought you were; but here's one I guess that

you can chaw. Why are you like sugar can-

"I cant exactly say," replied the watch

"Well, it's because I'd like to lick you, i

I had a chance," said the prisoner at the very moment he was thrust into the cage.

This morning, when the conundrum-ma

ker answered to the name Simon Pearce

the watchman's evidence was heard and a

commitment for vagrancy was speedily made

"Certainly," answered the Mayor.

"Can I say a word or iwo ?" asked Si

man, a little flattered by the sacharine com-

"Ay, in the game of All Fours."

"Do you call yourself a high man?"

picked up by the the devil at last.".

tive addressed the captor again : ---

am I like the Emperor of Hayi 1"

"Because you are humbuga."

vou know that's always high."

guard."

(Hymen·)

came across me."

parison.

out.

mon.

"Take him away," said his honor, and the last conundrum remains without solution to exercise the guessing faculties of our readera. 🕠

Poor FELLOW .- A most definite mark of cold weather was presented at Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, last week, as we learn from one who knows the fact. On one of the cold nights, a person having a bag of meal more than he could manage threw it over a high outside the house. It was so light, however, railing to rest until the next morning. There that she was not aware of being startled at appears to have been another apprised of the all, but heard, as she awoke, a sound like the fact, and in the course of the night, when all was quiet he went forth with felonious intent: in a room on the ground floor. The dog After disturbing the contents of the bag, the neither barked nor moved. Next there was thief heedlessly touched his tongue to the frianother sound, as if some one was in the gid iron bar over which the bag was hung. room and stepped cautionaly on the floor,- That was a contact from which there was no The dog neither barked nor moved. Next release. His tongue was at once frozen to there was another sound, as if some one was | the iron, from which no effort could extricate in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor, it. His whole body was swung off, and by The woman saw nothing; but now for the its weight dangled back and forth, starting the first time felt the dog move, as he made a vi- tongue at its roots-but the frost was inex. olent spring, from the bed; and at the same oroble, and would not relinquish its hold. In instant something fell on the floor, sounding this horrible manner the thief was hung until life was extinct. Many the next morning witnessed the sad catastrophe of a thie brought to the iron bar of justice, and hung, not by Jack Cade, but by the veritable Jack Prost himself! This is probably the first mouse which ever thus came to his end.

> RESURBECTION .- We find an account in the East Brooklyn Times, of a new method of "raising the wind," as well as the dead, in that city, which takes down anything in the diddling line of the season, and indicates the pressure of the hard times. A female called few days since on a lady of some influence in Brooklyn, and told a sad and plaintive story of suffering and privation, and moreover, that her husband had just died and that she lacked the means of a decent burial. Her tale of woe so wrought upon the lady that she proceeded to visit her immediately, to satisfy herself there was no imposture. On entering the apartment she beheld the coffin, and was satisfied all was right, and not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, she left her a considerable sum of money, and immediately departed:" After passing two or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the strange complexions to which we are liable, she missed her pocket handker. chief and returned to see if she had not dropped it in the house. The stairs were ascended hastily and the room entered without much ceremony, when what did she behold the woman's husband sitting up in the coffin counting over the money. The de passed

"No professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a deptist,

Nor he who talks the most, accomplishes the greatest amount of labor. All the noise of the elements will not make a single blade of grass grow. But let the dew fail cons. tanily, silently, and imperceptibly, and you will see the whole vegetable kingdom of any ture revive and flourish under its mighty in. fluence. .,

CHILDHOOD, Childhood, is merely a ques. tion of time. If I had come into the world twenty years before my father, I might pose sibly have been his father. Ah, indeed. And according to this mode of argument, if you had come into existence. twenty years before that, you might have been your own great grandlather.

HE who thinks wisely, may rise high ; he who speaks wisely, still higher; but he who acts wisely, may reach the highest station in life. To sum it all up-thinking, speaking, and acting wisely, at all times, constitute the highest degree of human perfection,

CONTEXTNENT is no offering of formitous circumstance ; neither can it be neguined by severe mental discipline and training i much less by the acquisition of much wealth, It is the fruit of a meak and quist spirit, and is the inseperable companion of godliness 1 as

GERATER and more perficious are the tempiations that there, the proving of the sons of the rich that those which theory the rugged footway of the children of the poor. Give me neither poverty nor riches," was. one of the wisest prayers that was ever utleted and they to the road of the an