In field and wood and mound and vale and cave, In the deep solitudes and savage haunts, If y gently murmuring stream and in the rush Of wildest esseade, in the ocean isles.

And where the breakers dash doon the reef, And in the oral depths of the deep sea.

And worshippers are on the leafy sough.

Carolling sweet songs, or citrling in the air.

With insect hum, or howling in the depths Of the lone wood, or baying on the plain Or lowing in the pastures green, or on The leaseporting amid the fragrant grass, Or bounding o'er the orag, or high aloft Whirling in circles on the buoyant air Till lost from sight, or in the lonely hut Covered with rags, or pining in cold want Is field and wood and mound and vale and cave. Covered with rags, or pining in cold want Overed win rags, or pining in conductant And starving penury to pamper wealth
Or in the swelling buds and opening flower
And waiving grain and bending bough,
Or the tall soughing pine, hymning His praise
Iti never ceasing souly.

His altars rise

On every spot, where mockery has not built A temple to earth's Mammon God and there By every alter bow the worshippers Of the Eternal God, whose spirit breathes In every thrill that warms to life and love.

AN APPRETING STORY.

NANNIE NEAL.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

I am a Bachelor! Don't smile or pass judgment rashly upon me-I must tell why

I am what I am. . I can scarcely remember when my father removed to the new village of Brookville.

It seems, too, that there is a dim remembrance of an old house by the lake. It is all vague, dim and uncertain, however. Yet I sometimes find lingering within me a vision of an old brown building, with elms in front, and a sleepy lake down in the vale, and such, I have heard my father say was our home. These impressions seem to me as much like dreams as realities, and no wonder, either, for the footsteps of long years have marched over them. But I do remember distinctly a broad river that we crossed on our way to our new home, that is the most distant of all-its silvery waves flashing around the flat we crossed over on, are not to be forgot-

The streets of Brookville were not cleared of stumps when we entered a little cottage on Main street. There was a newness and a freshness about everything there. It was not long before it begun to assume a busy appearance, as new settlers came in, and new shops and new stores went up. My father was a bricklayer, and I carried some of the bricks and mortar that went into what is now called "the old Court House at Brookville," and I helped to rear its old walls! Time flies.

Among others who came to Brookville, was a man named Neal. He had been a merchant in one of the seaport cities, but failing by injudicious speculations, he had retired with a little wreck of his fortune to the new village, either to recruit, or spend the evening of his life in quiet. I never knew which. He had been a hard drinker during the last five years—the demon in the wine glass had been the main rock on which he wrecked his all; and his wife he left in the city, in the graveyard behind the steeple church-sent there by his abuses and cruelty. So said the old shoemaker who came with Neal from the city.

Nannie Neal was a bright star gleaming in the storm-night among the clouds. She was the only child of the new comer, and a lovely being she was! She was just my age, or nearly, not quite—from April to June was the difference, I believe.

Neal managed to get a house a few rods from ours: and he with his daughter: a sour old dame of a housekeeper, both of whom came with him constituted the family.

fast friends; we met, one Sunday afternoon down in the clearing at the brookside, after which the village was named, and there for a full hour we played "captive's base" among the broad walnut and poplar stumps that stood like watching sentinels in the vale.

The very next day we went out together on the hills, with our baskets, and gathered whortleberries and talked and played among the rocks, and when we grew tired she sat down and told me of her mother-of how she used to weep while she sat at her feet. and then died in the cold night with consumption and a broken heart, and that the Priest said she went to heaven to dwell with the Virgin Augels. I have since thought that her mother was a Catholic, but of this I

Neal put up a tavern in Brookville, and the settlers gathered there and drank. I remember the first night there was a noise there and laughing, fiddling, dancing and singing, and I thought it must be something very nice, but my mother told me it was a very wicked place, and that I must never go there. I often wished my mother had never told me that, for my Naunie was there, and she was my dearest friend.

Years passed as others had, and Nannie and I grew up; she was one of the loveliest creatures of female beauty I had ever seen. She was as gentle as the whisperings of the white winged zephyre among the April flowers, and as pure as the littly that bent beneath reared among the wrecks of a father's for. own pure child away to one whose heart is are chickens to crow over,

and the fide in several afterition.

devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Pealthy Reform.

"THE ACITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BESTRAINS OF WISDON, IT has proved to g

tune and tad beard time after time, the rude, to-day as black as any purgetory, after prom. THE POOR WASHER WOMAN! on the line, and was just about emptying her coarse jest, and drubken ribaldry of drubken lining your poor dead wife to be both father. men, around the little ban her father kept. and mother to her dear child!".

Nannie was happily in possession of the A drunken curse came from the hot lungs

virtues which enoble and beautify woman's of the father against the shoemaker and his characters. Showar kind and cheerful, neis own childs "better than the wife of an infather wild not molestcholy, yet the lovely calm mous hod carrier / of the countenance was tinged with a shade | I saw the old woman's pitted face grinning

all the passionate ideletry of my young man-book. Not a whisper of love had will pus

ship, We were often together, in the wild at us. The weapon flew close by Rob's ear, nook where we had gathered berries when and struck the head of my poor Nannie children; along the brook where the waves With a low murmur of "mother, mother!" danced o'er their pebbly path that led to the she sank in my arms to the floor. The two river; in the old woods, where oak and pine strangers fled forever from Brookville. I calpointed their taper spires up to Heaven, we ed again and again to Namie to tell me she rambled and decamed and loved in silence; had not fied from earth to heaven; but she with none but nature with us. For hours we kept her blue eyes fixed upon me, and a have sat on the brink of the brook, watching changeless smile rested upon her damp face. the frisking fish gliding like golden creatures | And all this time, the old housekeeper kept among the crystal waves, and the mellow her hideous face pressed against the glass, sunlight trembling on the tree tops, and fading away behind the hills, and all the time we felt that our hearts held sweet converse in breathless whispers—thus a holy tie was again to Nannie; and like a child, whispered weaving woof and web into our life and hopes in her ear that I loved her still; but the and destinies.

intimacy, and became enraged. One evening, when I had gone to spend a few hours with Nannie, at her home, (at an inn as it was, I could no longer stay away,) the old man lit so softly and tenderly, examining the livid came to the little sitting room, where we were spot half hid by her auburn hair, where the and steroly ordered me away. I arose, and a tear drop hung upon Nannie's eyelid. I er; I whispered "Doctor, is Nannie gone? took my hat, and as I went out, the old man sung after me-"Hod carrier."

The old housekeeper flattened her uglyface against the glass door between the two rooms, and echoed the chorus-"hod car-

The old shoemaker stopped hammering his leather, as I went out, and spoke low, and said he would see me that evening.

The rabble in the dram shop, through which I had to pass, caught the notes of deri- steps, and had marked his last going out. sive taunt, and shouted it after me-"Hod The shaft of the pale Archer had struck him Carrier !" The infernal taunt yet rings in my ears.

That evening the old shoemaker saw me. and told me Nannie loved me, and that: we should see each other clandestinely. I then thanked him, and through his interference Nannie and I met almost every day, and talked and loved.

And in this way we spent some of our happiest hours, dreaming of the bliss that was to be ours in a few short months, for when the summer was past we were to be married. solitudes about Brookville, we dreamed of its | such terror that I shrunk from them. And the white clouds riding on the blue ocean of me a monster, and command me to carry her the sky.

was in the sky with a storm in its bosom, too, but we saw it not.

Christmas day we were to be married None knew it however, except the old shoemaker and Rob Lincoln. Rob was to convev her to a neighboring house in a new sleigh, and I was to meet him there, with the village parson. Such was the arrangement.

The day before Christmas the hills and houses were covered with snow. Brookville sky had burst upon us in a winter storm that was all life for the enjoyments of the season. That morning two strangers appeared in our midst. None knew from whence they came. I met them on the street early in the day. I disliked their looks and turned aside. There at the D---- Asylum, a harmless, dreamwas a larking look of sin lingering about the face of the eldest-a heartless looking wretch. The younger appeared but little better.

All day long the revel increased in and about Neal's house. Once or twice there came near being a fight. Just after sundown. I met Rob Lincoln running towards his father's house at full speed. I had no time to ask Name and I were not long in becoming him a single question. There was the wildest terror flashing from the brave young away." man's eves.

"Run with me to Neal's-run-dreadful times there !" and he grasped my arm and started to drag me. I tore myself from his grasp and bounded away with him.

Hist! the wind blows now just as it shricked by my cars as I ran up the snow covered street of Brookville on that fatal evening. Draw your chair closer; I wish to speak in whispers now. Within Neal's house, when we reached it, was this scene.

The old housekeeper stood with her chapped hands in her yellow apron; with her face flattened against a dirty pane of a glass door, looking into the tavera. A few of the village sots were staggering around the room, or half dozing on the pine beaches round the fire. The old shoemaker seemed pleading with Neal, who was nearly drunk, to revoke some decree of his; and my own! Nannie was struggling in the arms of one of the two strangers, while the other stood a little way off, grinning with grim satisfaction ! My blood boiled in every knowed vein. What I sprang into the arena, old Neal stammered

into a drunken slang. Nam to a city gentleman t and he held up a roleau of gold coin. A low laugh gurgled up from the throat of the infernal purchaser. "Nannie sold?"

I grew dizzy the room with its tragedy seemed to whirl around with me. I heard the summer breeze to the kiss of the rippling the familiar voice of the old aboundary cry waves of the meadow rill, and yet she was out:— Mr. Neal, how can you harter your

of seducition look; tone, deed, were against the glass; and then I saw the midd gentle as the appropriate subseme glimmer. Due eyes of my poor, helf distracted Name against the glass; and then I saw the mild gentle as the appropriate. Name glimmer blue eyes of my poor, helf distracted Name almost starting from their sockets, and her was the loved one in Brookville.

I loved her when we were children playing grasp, held out imploringly to me for help on copies and beath—on rock and dell; and she screamed my name. I rushed to her now that we were grown, I loved her with the passionite idelates of inv rounce when

"Draw your chair closer,"
Old Neal was spraged that we should dam sed our lips; and vet the secret was written to resche his child from the infamy to which in and fondly oberished, by each hidden heart. he had sold her, and grasping the old shoe-Ah! we were happy in the secret heart wor. maker's hammer from the bench, he hurled it grinning through the scene. And old Neal stood with his arms folded, clutching in one changeless smile was the only answer. The Old Neal became aware of our growing old shoemaker ran and brought the village surgeon. He came and knelt down by her on

the tavern floor, and took her pale hands in his. I loved him more than ever for holding hammer had struck. I could bear it no long-I could not say dead, but worse!

And he laid his finger significantly on his noble brow.

Rob Lincoln, the doctor and the old shoemaker carried Namoie from the tavern to the doctor's house, and I followed.

And the blood of the victim fell, drop by drop, on the pure white snow.

The next day old Neal went to eternity The Angels of Retribution had watched his to vex, and then destroy. In the battle strife with the demon of delirium tremens he was overcome, and his spirit shricking with fears, went to be judged by him who weighs Inmortality in the eternal balance of Truth.

He was buried beneath the snow-web that lay on the yard behind the village church, and no eye in Brookville wept.

Day after day I watched by the bed side back to Brookville to her own dear-Our dreams were like the clouds. A cloud Oh! how agonizing that was! To hear her call my own name, and link with it the fondest endearments-vet look upon me as the monster who had bartered gold for her love-

> Thus, days and nights passed, and the faithful surgeon all the time endeavoring to call back her wandering mind. It was all in vain!

The cloud that had drifted in our summer

knew no spring time in life! My poor loved and lost Nannie Neal! She sits in the broad flock of sunbeams that fall

through her window in one of the little rooms ing Lunatic! And there she will sit and chatter to her

bird and her straw until the good angels beckon her away!

I have sat by her side in that neat little cell, looking into the dreamy eyes, many a lonely hour, but she has never known me! She sometimes calls to her kind-hearted matron, and bids her, "take the stronger

And I have sometimes seen tears in that ciad-hearted woman's eyes as I have departed at the same time urging her to treat poor Nannie kindly.

And now fair readers, do you wonder that am a bachelor.

Believe this for me, there never was but one Nannie Neal, and she yet lives, but a

Rum did all this!

A Sharp Boy.

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald says that on the last night of the Vermont legislative session, while the school bill was under discuss ion, a member complained that schoolboys had lost their politeness and their respect,-Mr. Barlett, of Lyndon, said:

man's remarks. I was once forced to take off my cat skin cap to every passer-by. Now, no boy uncovers his head. A few vents since I was riding through Orleans county in a sleigh, and overtook a boy who had attained the age of nine years. He stepped out of the road to let me pass. There he stood crust, erect, bold and aspiring. He did not propose to doff, his beaver not her. Said I, My lad you should at. ways take off your that to a gentleman,"--Said he, "I always do sir "

They have got to growing chickens so large in Massachusetts, that farmers have to sell them by the quarter, like pork,

le of bad-quilts, saying. 'As you have so small

VOL. 1. WELLSBOROUGH, TIOGA COUNTY, PA, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1855.

BY MRS. CAROLIS A. SOULE. Lol declare I have a mind to put this bedquilt into the wash to day, it don't really need to go, neither, but I believe I'll send it down. Why, you see, aunt we have a very small wash today; so small that Susan will get through by our of two o'clock at least, and I

that you were in the situation that Besau is colliged to told as hard over the wash-up at days out of the seven for the wash-up at of life, wouldn't you be glad once in a while, before dark, to have a lew hours of daylight to lawe for yourself and lamily, or better still, a few hours to rest! Mary, dear, it is a

hard way for a woman to earn her living; begrudge not the poor creature her half a dollar. This is the fourth day in succession that she has risen by candle light, and plodded through the cold to her customers' house. Let her go at noon if she gets through. Who knows but she may have to come from the sick couch of some loved one, and that she counts the hours-yes, the minutes-till she can return, fearing even she may come one too late. Put it back on the bed, and sit down while I tell you what one poor, washer woman endured because her employer did as you would, to make out the wash."... And the old lady took her spectacles and wiped away the tear-drops that from some cause had gathered in her aged eyes, and then with a tremulous voice related the following story.

"There was never a more blithesome marriage than Adaline Raleigh's. There was was never a maiden that went to the marriage altar with higher hopes or more blissful inticipations. Wording the man of her choice, he, whose loved tories had ever filled her heart like a music-gush from the land of light, a young, talented, noble fellow, one of whom any woman might well be proud, it was no wonder that morn seemed a gold waif from Eden. Few indeed have a sunnier life in prospect than had she.' For ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her house was one of beauty and rare luxury, her husband the same kind, loving man as in the days of courtship, winning laurels every year in his profession, adding comforts to his home and joys to his fireside. And besides these blesstood by her bedside—its tenant a rosy baby boy, the image of its father, and dearer to those wedded lovers than aught else earth could offer.

"But I must not dwell upon those happy day: mys story has to do with other ones. It was with them as oft it is with others, just when the beam is the brightest, the clouds begin to gather. A series of misfortunes and of poor Nannie, and whispered to her and reverses occurred with startling severity, and they began to see the sunlight of prosperity shine again on their home. But a little while and the shadows fell. The husband sicken- dom have-time to weep. ed, and lay for months on his couch languishing, not only with mental and bodily pain, but ofientimes for food and medicine. All that she could do, the wife performed with willing hand. She went from one thing to another till, at length, she who had worn a satin garb and pearls upon her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. Long before light she would rise every morning, and toil for the dear ones at home, and then many at kiss upon the lips of her pale companion and sleeping boy, start out through the deep, cold snow, and grope her way to the too often smoky kitchen, and toil there at rubbing, scalding, rinsing, starching-not unfrequently wading knee deep through the snow. to fasten her freezing clother upon the line. And when night came, with her half dollar, she would again grope through the snow to her oft-times lightless and fireless home.and oh, with what a shivering heart would she draw near to them, fearing ever she would be toughte. It is a fact that for six weeks at one time she never saw the face of her husband or child, save by lamplight, except only on the Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have had once in a while a small wash gathered for her l

"One dark winter morning, as she was busily preparing the frugal breakfast and getting everything ready before she left, her hus-band called her to his bedside. "Adu," said he, almost in a whisper, "I want you should try to get home early to-night-be home before sundown-do, Ada."

"I'll try," answered she with a choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strong desire to see your face by sunlight. To:day is Friday : have not seen it since Sunday; I must look upon it once again." " "Do you feel worse Edward " asked she

anxiously, feeling as she spoke. '" "No, no, I think not; but I do went to see your face once more by sunlight I cannot

wait till Sunday,"
"Gladly would she tarry by his bedside till

the sunlight stole through their little window, but it was not to be. She was penniless, and in the dusk of morning must go, forth to labor. She left him sweet kisses, given and ta-ken and sweet words whispered in the sweetest love tone. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A beautiful smile played over her wan lace as she assorted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock, and perhaps if she hurred, by one. Love and anxiety lent new atrength to

aswash to day; Adeline, I think you may do these wet. A wait of agony, wrung from the keenest fountain of the heart; gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she again took up the board and rubbed and shall have to pay her just as mitch as though she worked till night; and so worked till night; said the old lady she aged martyr sobbed."

"An house too late," continued she; after a gently, "stop a moment and think. Suppose on pause," If it husband was dying yes

ulificet gone. " He had strength given to white per a few words to his half fruntic wife-to tell her how he bad longed to look upon her face, and how that until the clock struck two, he could see, but after that, though he strained every herve, he lay in the shadow of death. One hour the pillowed his head upon her suffering breast, and then-he was at rest."

But for the gradging or thoughtless exaction of her mistress, she had once more seen the love-light flash in her husband's eyes, and he have looked upon her who was so dear.

Mary, Mary, dear, be kind to your washer woman. Instead of making her work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it.

Pew women will go out to daily washing unless their needs are terrible. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way, and be sure, my niece, if constrained to do so, it is the last resort. "The poor woman, laboring so hard for you, has not always been a washer woman. She has seen awful trials, too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her pay her all she asks, and let her go home as early as you can.

"You have finished in good season to-day, Susan," said Mrs. Merton, as the washer woman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant chamber to ask for her

"Yes ma'am, that I have; and my heart so afraid I should be kept till night, and I am. needed so at home."

"Have you any sickness?" asked aunt Hannah, kindly.

Tears gushed to the poor woman's eyes as she answered. "Ah ma'am, I left my baby most dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it, I've seen it too many times, and none but a child of nine years to tend it. Oh, Lanust go, and quickly." And grasping the hard earned money which she had toiled for while her baby was dying, that when dead it might have a decent shroud, she

hurried to her home. They followed her-the young wile who had never known sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble-followed her to her home; the home of the drunkard's wife, the wretched home of the drunkard's babes. She was not too late. The wee dying boy yet knew his mother, yet wet her dry lips with water. She mostly lay with her languid eyes closed, but when she Love with us was now a reality, and in the did open them they started out after me with distant situ began about Brookwille me decompded in form, shut the bright eyes, straightened the bliss, as together we watched the drifting of she would point her finger at me, and call and strongly did they struggle, and at length tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and wrapped about it the pure white shroud. Yes, and did more. They gave what the poor so sel-

"O, aunt," said Mrs. Merton, with tears in her eyes, as, having seen the little coffined pabe borne to its last home, they returned to their own happy one, "if my heart blesses you, how much more must poor Susan's .-Had it not been for you, she would have been too late-the baby would not have known his mother. It has been a sad yet holy lesson. I shall always be kind to the poor washer woman. But, aunt, was the story you told me a true one-all true I mean?

"The reality of that story whitened my head when it had been but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of the keenest sorrows. It is not strange that I should pity the poor washer woman. Adaline and aunt Hannah are one and the same,"

SUPPOSE a flock of fluttering birds were bound with strong colds to a barren rock in a dark valley: High above them towards a mountain, illumed by the sunbeams, and fragrant with the perfume of cedars and aromatic groves. Now, a being whose countenance beams with celestial benevolence, descends from the mountain, and cuts asunder the cords that bind them. Presently the freed birds, with exulting joy, fly aloft, and neatle among the evergreen branches, and make the air vocal with their artless melodies. Just so, Christian friends, God deals with you,-He cuts asunder the ties that bind you to a sin-darkened world. He removes your dearest friends and relations, that you may prenare to follow them to a higher and brighter sphere, where all is fragrance, immortality and glory.-Ward.

SEVEN FOOLS .-- 1. The Envious man, who sends away his mutton because his neighbor is eating mutton.

2. The Jealous man, who spreads his bed with nettles, and then sleeps in it.

3. The Proud man, who gets wet thro' in a rain, rather than ride in the carriage of an interior.

4. The Litigious man, who goes to law in the hope of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself. 5. The Extravegant man, who buys a

herring, and then forthwith proceeds to hire a cab to carry it home.

6. The Angry man, who learns the Orphicelyde, because he is annoyed with the

music of his neighbor's piano. 7. The Osientatious man, who illumipates, the outside of his house brilliantly, and sits loside in the dark,

LITTLE opportunities of doing good are negher weary arms, and five minutes after the lected by many who are waiting for an occaclock struck one, she hung the last garmont sion to perform great acts of charity,

An Ameren Arena

A late French journal relates the following

etory, which it, will be seen, is French all over, beside being immensely funny; While Mone. Godard was filling an immense, balleth in the Champide Mars, he amused the speciators by sending up the creat the speciators by small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of Mr. Thiers without the specificles. The littlemen being filled with gas, rose majesti-cally into the air, and was soon loss to view among the clouds. His novembers which became known the next day, were curious.— Thanks to a strong and favoring gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon. man arrived the same afternoon in the night of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of her tollet, with was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the perk; and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of a corset lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly started by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise, and immediately the casement was thrown open and our little balloon-man enleted her chamber unanounced. The fadv otters a cry of terror, and throws a showl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, acreaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself, under the bed.

Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice. says to this novel Don Juan : "Ab t-Monsieur, go away, or you will ruin me in the husband furiously rushed in crying : "Ah ! the wretch, I have him now!" and goes in search of his sword to run him through the

The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates. in the midst of sobs: "Fly I fly ! Monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful-trag-

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger.

While two of his friends hold the husband. a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who, for good cause, utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when to? Monsieur Balloon no longer, held down by the bedside, raises himself erect, swells out, and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators, while the poor jealous husband slinks away, sword ma'am is relieved of a heavy load. I was and all heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

An Illinois Judge.

I knew one judge, who presided at a court n which a man named Green was convicted of murder, and it became his duty to pronounce sentence of death upon the culprit.-He called the prisoner before him and said to

"Mr. Green, the jury by their verdict say you are guilty of the murder, and the law says you are to be hung. Now, I want you and all your friends down on Indian creek to know that it is not I who condemns you, but it is the jury and the law. Mr. Green, the law allows you time for preparation, and so the court wants to know what time you want to be hung ?"

To this the prisoner replied:

"May it please the court, I am ready at any time, those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul; my preparation is made, and I am ready to suffer at any time the court may appoint."

The judge then said:

Mr. Green, you must know that it is a very serious matter to be hung; it cannot happen to a man more than once in his life. and you had better get all the time you can get; the court will give you until this day four weeks. Mr. Clerk look at the almanac and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday."

The clerk looked at the almanac, as directed, and reported that, "that day four weeks came on Thursday." The judge then said :

Mr. Green, the court gives you this day four weeks, at which time you are to be hung." The case was prosecuted by James Tur-

ney Esq., the Attorney General of the State, who here interposed: "May it please the court, on solemn occasions like the present, when the life of a human being is sentenced away for crime by an earthly tribunal, it is usual and proper for courts to pronounce a formal sentence in which the leading features of the crime shall be brought to the recollection of the prisoner

and he be duly exhorted to repentance, and

warned against the judgment in the world to come !" To which the judge replied: "Ob, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter as well as if I had preached to him a month!" He knows he bas got to be hung this day four weeks, You understand it in that way, Mr. Green, don't

von ?" "Yes," said the prisoner. Upon which the judge ordered him to be remanded to jail, and the court adjourned.

A lady of our acquaintance has recently had a remarkable experience with a new Irish giel.

"Biddy," said she one evening, "we must have some sausages, for tea this evening; I expect company." "Yes, mam."

Tea time arrived, with it the company; the table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no sausages appeared. "Where are thd sausages, Biddy?" the

lady inquired. "And sure they're in the tay-pot, mam. Didn't you tell me we must have them for tay T"

A fact. A DELICATE INSTITUTION .- A lady's heart is a delicate institution, and should be treated as such. There are some brutal specimena of cordural that seem to think the little beater made to toss about like a joke, a glove, or a boot-jack. Young men, if you dont intend to take it to the milliner and parson, just les

Miss What's her-name's heart alone right off,