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FREMONT AND FREEDOM.

Tune—The Merrillian Hymn.

Behold! the [illegible]
Which [illegible] rolling,
The Dogs of War are [illegible]
And [illegible]
And shall we calmly view the ruin,
While traitors [illegible]
Subversive [illegible]
In guilt[illegible] blood his [illegible]
Arise, arise, ye free[illegible]
And let our [illegible]
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
Fremont and Victory!

Oh, Liberty! can he [illegible]
Who once has felt thy [illegible] flame!
Oh! [illegible] minions or hell confine thee—
Or where thy [illegible]
No! by the heroes [illegible] over us!
[illegible] Shall be man!
Oh, [illegible]
Then let the [illegible]
Ring out from sea to sea,
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
Fremont and Victory!

Hurrah! Hurrah! from hill and valley,
Hurrah! from prairie wide and free!
Around our glorious Chieftain rally,
For KANSAS and for LIBERTY!
Let him who first her wilds exploring,
Her virgin beauty gaze to bask,
Now sees her from the grasp ye shame
Which Slavery o'er her soil is pouring.
Our Standard Bearer then
The Brave Pathfinder be!
Free Speech, Free Press, Free Soil, Free Men,
Fremont and Victory!

Political.

Secretary Marcy's Opinion of Colonel Fremont.

[From the annual report of the Sec. of War, Dec. 5, 1856.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, Dec. 5, 1856.

[Extract.]

In May, 1845, John C. Fremont, then a brevet captain in the corps of Topographical Engineers, and since appointed a lieutenant-colonel, left here under orders from this department to pursue his explorations in the regions beyond the Rocky Mountains. The objects of this service were, as those of his previous exploration had been, of a scientific character, without any view whatever to military operations. Not an officer or soldier of the United States army accompanied him; and his whole force consisted of sixty-two men, employed by himself for security against Indians, and for procuring subsistence in the wild, desert country through which he was to pass.

One of the objects he had in view was to discover a new and shorter route from the western base of the Rocky Mountains to the mouth of the Columbia river. This search, for a part of the distance, would carry him through the unsettled, and afterward through a corner of the settled parts of California.—He approached these settlements in the winter of 1845—46. Aware of the critical state of affairs between the United States and Mexico, and determined to give no cause of offence to the authorities of her province, with commendable prudence he halted his command on the frontier, one hundred miles from Monterey, and proceeded alone to that city to explain the object of his coming to the commandant general, Castro, and to obtain permission to go the valley of the San Joaquim, where there was game for his men and grass for his horses, and no inhabitants to be molested by his presence. The leave was granted; but scarcely had he reached the desired spot for refreshment and repose, before he received information from the American settlements, and by expresses from our Consul at Monterey, that General Castro was preparing to attack him with a comparatively large force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, upon the pretext that, under the cover of a scientific mission, he was exciting the American settlers to revolt. In view of this danger, and to be in a condition to repel an attack, he then took a position on a mountain overlooking Monterey, at a distance of about thirty miles, entrenched it, raised the flag of the United States, and with his own men, sixty-two in number, awaited the approach of the commandant-general.

From the 7th to the 10th of March, Colonel Fremont and his little band maintained this position. General Castro did not approach within attacking distance, and Colonel Fremont, adhering to his plan of avoiding all collisions, and determined neither to compromit his Government nor the American settlers, ready to join him at all hazards, if he had been attacked, abandoned his position, and commenced his march for Oregon, intending by that route to return to the United States. Deeming all danger from the Mexicans to be passed, he yielded to the wishes of some of his men, who desired to remain in the country, discharged them from his service, and refused to receive others in their stead, so cautious was he to avoid doing anything which would compromit the American settlers or give even a color of offence to the Mexicans authorities. He pursued his march slowly and leisurely, as the state of his men and horses required, until the middle of May, and had reached the Northern shore of the greater Tlamath lake, within the limits of the Oregon Territory, when he found his further progress in that direction obstructed by impassable snowy mountains and hostile Indians, who had been excited against him by General Castro, had killed and wounded four of his men, and left him no repose either in camp or on his march. At the same time, information reached him that General Castro, in addition to his Indian allies, was advancing in person against him, with artillery and cavalry, at the head of four or five hundred men; that they were passing around the head of the Bay of San Francisco to a rendezvous on the North side of it, and that the American settlers in the valley of the Sacramento were comprehended in the scheme of destruction meditated against his own party.

Under these circumstances, he determined to turn upon his Mexican pursuers, and seek safety both for his own party and the American settlers, not merely in the defeat of Castro, but in the total overthrow of the Mexican authority in California, and the establishment of an independent government in that extensive department. It was on the 6th of June, and before the commencement of the war between the United States and Mexico could have there been known, that this resolution was taken; and, by the 5th of July it was carried into effect by a series of rapid attacks by a small body of adventurous men, under the conduct of an intrepid leader, quick to perceive and able to direct the proper measures for accomplishing such a daring enterprise.

On the 11th he captured 200 horses for Castro's camp, with an officer and 14 men, were surprised and captured by 12 of Fremont's party. On the 15th, at daybreak, the military post of Sanoma was also surprised and taken, with nine brass cannon, 250 stand of muskets, and several officers, and some men and munitions of war.

Leaving a small garrison at Sanoma, Col. Fremont went to the Sacremento to rouse the American settlers; but scarcely had he arrived there, when an express reached him from the garrison at Sanoma, with information that Castro's whole force was crossing the bay to attack that place. This intelligence was received in the afternoon of the 22d of June, while he was on the American fork of the Sacramento, 80 miles from the little garrison at Sanoma; and at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 25th, he arrived at that place with 90 riflemen from the American settlers in that valley. The enemy had not yet appeared. Scouts were sent out to reconnoitre, and a party of 20 fell in with a squadron of 70 dragoons (all of Castro's force which had crossed the bay,) attacked and defeated it, killed and wounding five, without harm to themselves; the Mexican commander, De la Torre, barely escaping with the loss of his transport boats and nine pieces of brass artillery, spiked.

The country north of the Bay of San Francisco being cleared of the enemy, Colonel Fremont returned to Sanoma on the evening of the 4th of July, and, on the morning of the 5th, called the people together, explained to them the condition of things in the province, and recommended an immediate declaration of independence. The declaration was made, and he was selected to take the chief directions of affairs.

The attack on Castro was the next object. He was at Santa Clara, an entrenched post on the upper or south side of the Bay of San Francisco, with 400 men and two pieces of field artillery. A circuit of more than a hundred miles must be traversed to reach him. On the 6th of July the pursuit was commenced, by a body of 160 mounted riflemen, commanded by Col. Fremont in person, in three days, arrived at the American settlements on the Rio de los Americhnos.—Here he learnt that Castro had abandoned Santa Clara and was retreating south towards Ciudad de los Angeles, (the city of the Angels,) the seat of the Governor General of the Californias, and distant 400 miles. It was instantly resolved on to pursue him to that place. At the moment of departure the gratifying intelligence was received that war with Mexico had commenced; that Monterey had been taken by our naval force, and the flag of the United States there raised on the 7th of July; and that the fleet would cooperate in the pursuit of Castro and his forces. The flag of independence was hauled down, and that of the United States hoisted, amidst the hearty greeting and to the great joy of the American settlers and the forces under the command of Col. Fremont.

The combined pursuit was rapidly continued; and on the 12th of August, Commodore Stockton and Col. Fremont, with a detachment of marines from the squadron and some riflemen, entered the city of the Angels, without resistance or objection; the Governor General, Pico, the Commandant General, Castro, and all the Mexican authorities, having fled and dispersed. Commodore Stockton took possession of the whole country as a conquest of the United States, and appointed Colonel Fremont, Governor, under the law of nations, to assume the functions of that office when he should return to the squadron.

Thus, in the short space of sixty days from the first decisive moment, this conquest was achieved, by a small body of men, to an extent beyond their own expectation; for the Mexican authorities proclaimed it a conquest, not merely of the northern part, but of the whole province of the Californias.

The Commandant General, Castro, on the 9th of August, from his camp at the Mesa, and next day "on the road to Sonora," announced this result to the people, together with the actual flight and dispersion of the former authorities; and at the same time, he officially communicated the fact of the conquest to the French, English and Spanish Coubsuls in California; and to crown the whole, the official papers of the Mexican government, on the 16th of October, in laying these official communications before the public, introduced them with the emphatic declaration, "The loss of the Californias is consummated." The whole province was yielded up to the United States, and is now in our military occupancy. A small part of the troops sent out to subject this province will constitute, it is presumed, a sufficient force to retain our possession, and the remainder will be disposable for other objects of the war.

W. L. MARCY.

To the President of the United States.

LEAN DIET.—A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee, that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the steward,—"*You preach for money!* I thought you preached for the good of souls." "*Souls!*" replied the minister; "I can't, *eat* souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as *yours to make a decent meal!*"

READER, do you know that every column of a newspaper contains from ten to twenty thousand distinct pieces of metal, the misplaceing of any one of which would cause a blunder or typographical error? With this curious fact before you, don't you wonder at the general accuracy of newspapers?

Gossip about Children.

"They are curious atoms, these children, very unfathomable little fountains of being, and do and say very strange things.

"They are all eye, all ear, some locomotion, part tongue, and considerable philosophy.

"Give them promises, and away they go on world-circling tracks of ratiocination landing logically somewhere out in infinite space, where older spirits find it difficult to keep companionship with them, or logically to break away from them.

"Teach one of them that God is omnipresent and hears prayer and admits to conference with him even a child. The first you know, you are surprised at the practical application of the doctrine.

"A merry little girl whom we know, now just turned of four, wandered into a vacant and silent room of her house, with a singular look of solemn adventure in her face, and closed the door behind her. Her mother, who had caught a passing glimpse of her countenance, followed softly after, and paused before the door in listening. Presently she heard a little limd voice say, "God!" "God!" Then came an interval of silence. Then the voice again somewhat louder "God!" "God!" Another pause—longer. Once more the voice earnest but faltering—and very entreating in its tone—"God!" "God!"

The mother entered the room.

"What is it, Anna?"

"Oh, I wanted to see"—

"To see what?"

"If—!"

"Well."

"If God would speak to me. You told me God was everywhere. You said I could talk to him and he would hear me. I was trying if he would only say 'Anna'."

There was only room in that little brain for one or two more lessons about God—which the young mother did not fail to impart.

We know a little boy about the same age as Anna, who seemed to have tried something of the same experiment, and with better success. He was eager for some of his toys on the Sabbath, in particular a drum, that gave out under his hands quite a volume of martial sound. His mother told him he couldn't drum on that day. And when he wished the reasons she explained to him the sanctities of the day. Young "Ned" marched out of the room, and after a brief absence returned with a very grave and composed countenance, and coming close to his mother, said,

"Mamma, I can play to-day."

"How so, my boy?"

"It isn't Sunday."

"I believe it is."

"No—for I went away and asked God. I said God is it Sunday to-day? And God said, 'No, Eddie, it isn't Sunday to-day, you may drum a little.'"

Need, possibly, of a little tuition there also, on one or two points of practical morals.

There was in the same city another little boy a trifle older, who had received the best of orthodox indoctrinating. His mother had taken special pains to discourse to him of heaven and hell. Among other matters she had rather insisted upon the scripture that "all liars should have their part" in the latter place.

One twilight of closing day, just about bed time, our little hero wanted a favorite toy for a little recreation previous to retiring. But the mother judged it best for him to seek his pillow at once. He found it something of a trial to yield the point. So she told him that he should have the toy the first thing in the morning; that she would place it by his bed side, so that he could lay hands upon it when he should awake.

It chanced the next morning that the mother rose with the sick headache, and finding herself unable to busy herself about nursery matters, went into another room, in a distant and silent part of the house, and lay down—giving directions to the maid that she should not be disturbed. The little slumberer soon after opened his eyes. Almost instinctively he stretched out his hand for the promised toy. It was not there. It was nowhere to be seen. The maid was summoned. Hasn't she seen it? No, she had not seen it. Where was mamma? The maid was not very sure. Hadn't mamma given the toy to the maid to give to him. The maid was confident she had received no such trust.

"Tell me where my mamma is."

"I can't tell you."

"Don't you know where she is?"

"N—n—o, I don't know where she is?"

"Hasn't anybody seen her?"

"I believe not."

"Then I know where she is,"—and he drew solemnly near to the maid, and put his face towards here—"She's gone to hell—for all liars go there, and she said I should have my playthings the first thing this morning, and she didn't get them."

Room for a lesson there—for somebody. The pupil has turned teacher. Well, if the teacher turn pupil and learn the lesson. These young sensibilities are so easily injured! Who can be careful enough, prayerful enough, wise enough under such responsibility. God help us to treat tenderly, healthfully, discreetly, these germs of being, by and by to be transplanted, we hope to the gardens of immortality!—*Congregationalist.*

HOOPANIA.—A lady, whose garments formed an immense circumference, entered a store in Boston, and in doing so prostrated some dozen flower pots, containing valuable plants, which were ruined. The storekeeper intends to sue the lady for damages, so that the law may settle how large a space a lady's circumambients may occupy.

A Sermon from Grace.

At a late lecture given in Albany, by the Temperance Lecturer, J. B. Gough, the following passage occurs, which affords an illustration of his style:

"Some who began the work, some are living to-day, and I should like to stand now and see the mighty enterprise as it then began them. They worked hard; they lifted the foundation—prepared the bed in which to lay the first corner stone—they delved and persevered and toiled—they worked under the surface, and men almost forget that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure, column after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned "Love, truth, sympathy, and good will to all men." Our men gaze upon it, as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope stone set upon it. Meek eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of the superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen, ascending and descending mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle fields waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase mankind, when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase, when they shall come up to the last distillery, and destroy it to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift it up to stand where God meant that mankind should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters, and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains; then, ah! then will the cap-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world."

HOUSEKEEPING.—We will give to intellect, to immortality, to religion and to all virtues, the honor that belongs to them. And still it may be boldly affirmed that economy, taste, skill and neatness in the kitchen have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous.

Nor is it dispensably necessary that a house should be filled with luxuries. The qualifications of all good housekeeping can be displayed as well on a small scale as on a large one.

A small house can be more easily kept clean than a palace. Economy is most needed in the absence of abundance.

Taste is well displayed in placing the dishes on a pine table, as in arranging the folds of a damask curtain.

Skilful cooking is as readily discovered in a nicely baked potato or a respectable johnny-cake as in a nut brown sirloin, or a brace of canvas backs.

The charm of good housekeeping is in the order, economy and taste displayed in attention to little things and these little things have a wonderful influence.

A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many a one from home to seek for comfort and happiness somewhere else.

Domestic economy is a science—a theory of life which all sensible women ought to study and practice. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.

See to it, all ye who are mothers, that your daughters are all accomplished by an experimental knowledge of good housekeeping.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

AN UNCLERICAL CLERGYMAN.—What a power the clergy would be in this country if all clergymen were as unclerical as Henry Ward Beecher! Speaking of Col. Fremont's marriage by a Catholic priest, Mr. Beecher says:

"Col. Fremont personally solicited several Protestant clergymen to perform the marriage ceremony, but on account of Col. Benton's opposition to it, they were unwilling to do it. A female friend, in this exigency, said that she could find a clergyman who would did without fear, and brought in a Catholic clergyman, who married them. Like a true lover and gallant man, Fremont said he did not care *who* did it, so that it was done quick and strong. Had we been in Col. Fremont's place, we would have been married if it had required us to walk through a row of priests and bishops as long as from Washington to Rome, winding up with the Pope himself."

How strange to hear a minister talk like a human being!—*Life Illustrated.*

LOVE is the most exalted, the most fervent of the human passions. As rivers roll to the ocean, so with lovers do all their thoughts, instincts, and self-denial roll to that might ocean, the human heart. Love is the binding element of existence, and the world would be a chaos without it.

A JUMPER.—Since Mr. Buchanan has been nominated for President, at the Baltimore market and other places a ten cent piece is called a "Jimmy," it being the price for a day's labor that he said would spread blessings and benefits over the country.

Communications.

The Wellsboro' Cemetery.

The "Wellsboro' Cemetery Company" have at considerable expense purchased and laid out some eight or nine acres of land as a cemetery. The ground is better fitted by nature for the purpose than any equal number of acres in this whole region. The surface is beautifully undulatory and susceptible by reason of its irregular and diversified undulations, of great embellishment. The Company are improving upon these natural advantages by laying out and grading carriage drives and walks over and among its knolls and hillocks; and bordering them with trees and shrubbery. Along and between these winding roads and walks the lots are laid out with unusual care and taste. These lots are large, (many of them large enough for two families,) and are to be disposed of at as low a figure as possible. The soil is light and dry, free from rocksand from a hard clay subsoil. Under these circumstances, and with these advantages, it is confidently hoped that our citizens will encourage the enterprise, and make this cemetery not only a pleasant burial place, but the standing proof of their public spirit and their regard for the dead.

The act of incorporation provides that the managers together with such other persons as may become purchasers of lots &c., be and are hereby made a body corporate under the name, style and title of the Wellsboro' Cemetery Company.

The managers are to be elected annually, and every lot owner is entitled to a vote and is eligible to office under the act.

No street is ever to be laid out through it.

All laws protecting burial grounds, tombstones, monuments &c., from injury are extended to this cemetery.

The lot or lots not exceeding four in number owned by one individual are exempt from taxation and from liability to levy or attachment under legal process.

These various provisions in the act of incorporation enable the lot owners to rest securely in the belief that the burial place of their departed friends is not to be desecrated by laying a public highway over their bodies—makes them part and parcel of the corporation, and vests in them a title, inalienable except by their own act, to the lots they may select. Now then, comes the question—the managers have expended several hundred dollars already upon this cemetery—they have fitted it for use as a cemetery—and are preparing to make still further improvements upon it—now, shall they be sustained? Will our intelligent citizens aid this enterprise or must it be abandoned! CIVIS.

The *Pennsylvanian*, the most bitter Buchanan organ in the country, is compelled to acknowledge the ability and political consistency of Mr. Dayton, our candidate for the Vice Presidency. Speaking of Mr. Dayton's nomination it says:

"He has experience, is a fine writer, an accomplished lawyer, and a man of position in New Jersey, but he is in the Black Republican party a sort of high priest.

We shall never forget DAYTON's attack upon the annexation of Texas, during the administration of Mr. Polk, and some of these days we may refer to it, for the purpose of showing how successful the abolitionists have been in selecting a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. It was one unpausing torrent of nivective against the South, and of detraction of the acquisition of that fine region of country, an achievement which has reflected credit upon our countrymen throughout the world."

Thus, by the enemy's showing, our candidate's antecedents are all right, while his great abilities and high character are unquestioned—nay, are conceded.

Mr. Dayton was not opposed to the acquisition of Texas, but to the dishonorable mode of acquiring it, and to the purpose of extending and fortifying slavery for which it was acquired.

The more Mr. Dayton's political history is examined, the brighter shines his character for undeviating consistency. He has been always, at all times, the earnest opponent of the slave Oligarchy.

In announcing Buchanan's nomination, the Buffalo Republic thus correctly and justly Daguerreotypes his position:

He approved of the petty display of administrational dignity and of the national disgrace incurred by the bombardment of Greytown; he sanctions the armed invasion and subjugation of Kansas by the ruffians of the border counties of Missouri, and upholds their total destruction of the elective franchise; he approves, unhesitatingly, of the robberies murders, and arsons without number, committed upon the people of Kansas by the residents of Missouri and South Carolina. In short, Mr. Buchanan is pledged to favor that line of policy which converts the Missouri river into a receptacle for printing presses, the Streets of Lawrence into a desert, and the Senate Chamber into a slaughter house—not forgetting in his haste to sustain piracy in the Gulf of Mexico, while witholding appropriations for the suffering commerce upon our Western Lakes.

The issue is no less distinct with Buchanan than it would have been with Pierce.—And his success will be a verdict of approval of the whole catalogue of outrages which has rendered Pierce's Administration infamous.—*Alb. Journal.*

A Clergyman was once asked whether the members of a church of which he had the care were united. He replied that they were perfectly united—"frozen together."

WATER.—Water, says Professor [illegible], exists around us and to the extent and under conditions which [illegible] the marvel of every observer. A [illegible] of the dry, [illegible] pounds each of alum, carbonate of [illegible] soda, can be obtained in exchange for the [illegible] less than forty-five pounds in the shape of water. Even the transparent air we breathe contains in ordinary weather, about five gallons of water for every twenty-five pounds, more than one good bucket. [illegible] water contained in the [illegible] of the earth's surface, [illegible] of the solid crust of the earth. [illegible] about one thousand two hundred and at least four hundred feet in water, and over of the great mountain chains with which the globe is ribbed, billions of tons are water solidified into earth.

FREMONT A SUBTERFUGE!—This is the latest falsehood of the Doughface press. Senator Hamlin, in a speech at Worcester, referred to it thus:

John C. Fremont is an anti-slavery man, and has always been one from his childhood. Although a native of Georgia, and brought up in South Carolina, in spite of his early associations he was ever for Freedom. When embarking on his western tour, he was asked if it was not his intention to purchase a slave, as a domestic for his wife.—His reply was, "*I never owned one dollah in human flesh*, and while reason holds its sway in my brain, I never will! I love my wife with the most ardent affection, but that wife must toil with her own hands, rather than own the first dollar in human flesh!"—From a man thus educated, and thus true to our principles, we have the highest assurance that with him at the helm of the government, if he can prevent it, not one inch shall slavery be extended over the National Territory.

A NEW MOTIVE POWER.—The London Morning Chronicle announces that a great experiment was recently tried at Vincennes, in the presence of General Lahitte and the officers of the fort. The Chronicle says: "The secret of compressing and governing electricity is at length discovered, and that power may therefore now be considered as the sole motive henceforward to be used. A small mortar was fired by the inventor at the rate of a hundred shots a minute—without flashing, smoke, or noise. The same power can, it seems, be adapted to every system of mechanical invention, and is destined to supersede steam, requiring neither machinery nor combustion. A vessel propelled by this power is said to skim the water like a bird, and to fear neither storm nor hurricane.—The inventor has already petitioned for a line of steamers from L'Orient to Norfolk, in the United States, which passage he promises to accomplish in eight and forty hours!"

THE INDIANS IN FAVOR OF THE FREE SOILERS.—At the Anniversary of the American Congregational Union, the Rev. Mr. Knight of Kansas, said the Missourians universally cheated the Shawnees in trade, had inspired those Indians with disgust for the Christian Religion. But since New Englanders and opponents of Slavery had settled in Kansas, confidence in the firmness and justice of white men had returned. The Shawnees will go fifteen miles to buy of a free soil merchant, instead of trading with the Southerners in their own settlements.—For the first time, they find one price put on goods for red men and white men. The Delawares also were so impressed by the kind and just treatment of the Free State people, that they offered last winter to send in their warriors to Lawrence, and make war on the Ruffians. What a testimony is this, in behalf of Freedom and against Slavery.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—We copy the following extract from a new work entitled "The Old House by the River:"—

Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections. Go reason with trees or hills, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who believe that because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words, "my wife," we may not clasp those sanctified forms in our arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you that annihilation would be Heaven, if I could believe that when my weary head at length rests on its coffin pillow, and my lids sink to the silence and repose of death, those loving eyes will never look into mine again, that pure clasp never be around my neck, that holy caress never bless me more.

"WHAT are you digging?" "I am digging for money." The news flew—the idlers collected. "We are told you are digging for money?" "Well, I ain't digging for anything else!" "Have you had luck?" "First rate luck! pays well, you had better take hold."

All doffed their coats, and laid hold most vigorously for a while. After throwing out a few cart-loads, the question arose—"When did you get any money last?" "Saturday night." How much did you get?" "Four dollars and a half." "Why, that's rather small!" "It is pretty well; six shilling a day is the regular price for digging cellars, all over town." The spades dropped, and the loafers vanished.

SARCASTIC WIT.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says Judge Kellogg, a venerable citizen of Michigan, arrived in that city on Saturday evening. It was his first visit to the Federal Capital, and when the cars stopped he was a little uncertain where he was; but as he noticed that all the passengers were leaving the cars, he followed suit. As he entered the main hall of the depot, he saw a man engaged in caning another ferociously, all over the room. "When I saw that," says the Judge "*I knew I was in Washington*, immediately." The sarcasm of the remark is as biting as the wit is pungent.

A Man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, resembles a person taking off his shoes because he is to walk upon thorns.