

ger boliest, richest heritage would be s not her own, each talent that God gave still her master's, she a purchased slave. recdom! the bitter mockery of that word, those who all their life the name have heard, To those who an end the the name have heard, Yet know and feel with agony of heart That in its blessings they can have no part; Who while they see the care of church and state To make the white man prosperous and great, feel all the misery and degradation Which slavery fastens on this boastful nation, ecdom ! the cry from east to western wave, no redress, no justice for the slave.

ObLife! a precious blessing to the free the bondman finds no charm, no hope in thee ; omy the future, as the dreary past, labor and fetters, this year like the last. thall ranks and stations comes one hour, ind out and slavery bend beneath one power. ind ou! to her the hour that ends this strife ful not be Death, but the first dawn of Life, & Everlasting, peace beyond the grave There there shall be no master and no slave, VIRGINIA

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT,

OR, THEY JEDEDIAH BROWN BECAME A TEETOTALER. BY LOUIS N. BURDICK.

h was eleven o'clock at night, and Je dah Brown had not yet returned to his le was a circumstance which raised in the

and of Mrs. Brown mingled feelings of inignation and surprise.

Among the mental qualities of the lady in pestion, were an abundance of those genmure of termagancy, and she was not aclined to allow any infringement of her trimonial rights with impunity. That she ally entertained for her sterner half a deep fection, to say the least, all who are nyways acquainted with the domestic affairs withe Brown family, can truthfully attest. hat Mrs. Brown had a very exalted idea of er own merits, and was constantly endeaving to inspire her husband with a due sense the priceless treasure he possessed in her. In the language of a celebrated Romanlightly modified for present application: Not that she loved Jedediah less, but herself

Allowing the extreme view, that Mrs. hown took in regard to the course of conbet pursued by Mr. Brown to be the true that individual was deserving of the ongest censure,

The impatient lady sat before the cheerful n'e in the little parlor, the sharp outlines her features fully exposed by the ascendfames, deeply ruminating upon the subof her woes. Presently she arose and

cold, and it may have been that which moved him. Certain it is, that he appeared at length to come to the conclusion that justice to his own self demanded that he should find some more attractive quarters.

Accordingly, he assumed as erect an attitude as possible, and, by a marvelous stroke of good fortune, succeeded in reaching and grasping the door knob.

Then from his pocket he procured a latch key, and set about effecting an entrance.

To form a determination to do a thing, and to effect the "consummation devoutly to be wished," are two distinct affairs. So Jedediah Brown discovered on this occasion. The door was large, and the key-hole was small; the night withal, was not one of the lightest.

"This is a singlar thing," muttered Jedediah, in a very thick tone of voice, and with exceedingly long intervals between some of his words, "this is a dreadful singular thing : I think, I really do think, that on the whole, ite about the most sing'lar thing that ever I knew, where the key hole has gone and hid itself. I know I left it here when I went away, I am sure I did-and now where is it !"

He ceased from his endeavors to find the missing orifice for a few moments, as if the last sentence he uttered had awakened weighty thoughts in his mind. Then he made another futile attempt to discover it. "Its gone, sure," he said ; "the key-hole ain't there. P'rhaps somebody's stole itit was a brass key hole, and somebody may have took it for gold and stole it. Or else," he mused, as a faint idea of a wrong perpetrated against him on the part of his wife crossed his confused mind, "or else she's took it inside to keep me out; shouldn't wonder at all."

Concluding to make one more effort, he this time succeeded in finding what he had searched for so long.

"Well, well !" he uttered, "this is a go; the key-hole was there all the while. Jedediah Brown, if you wasn't such a respectable person as I know you to be, I should be tempted to say you were drunk !"

He entered and after stumbling over a hall table and oversetting the hat stand, he managed to grab hold ot the stair banisters. Then, with a fresh exertion, he gained the parlor doors.

The fire was still burning bright in the grate, and Jedediah Brown thought it flickered up reproachfully as he advanced into the room. So he turned his back to the blaze, and steadied himself with a chairback. Happening to raise his eyes, he was astonished to behold a man at the further extremity of the apartment. The thought of thieves at once entered his mind. "Who're you, I say ?" cried Jedediah, in louder key. Still the importuned said not a word. "Now, look here, you vill'nous, thieving, ugly-looking scoun'rel, if you don't answer my question, I'll sacrifice you, I will. Do vou hear ! What business have you in my house at this time o' the night ?" As the last inquiry elicited no reply, Jedediah, moved by his rising passion, without further expostulation, seized a footstool, and employed all his strength in the effort, he fired it at the head of the fancied burglar.

and the direct indignation against the unlucky Jedediah arose within her breast.

She was about to vent her wrath against him, when a brilliant thought struck her. She would not recognize him ! The officers believed him to be a bufglar, and she would not undeceive them. It would be a glorious revenge.

"What a horrid looking man he is!" she uttered, in a tone of apparent alarm. "Hold him tight, don't let him get away."

"He is rather a hard 'un, that's a fact." replied the officer, "but don't be frightened, ma'am he can't escape."

"What a blessed thing it was you came as you did. I wouldn't have had him found me for the world. What should I have done if he had?"

Jedediah gazed at his wife wih open amazement pictured upon his countenance. He became a little sobered by what had transpired, and was sensible enough to wish himself well out of the embarrassing position he was in.

"Why, the horrid wretch, he knows my name !" screamed the lady. "Know your name ! Well, I rather think

I'd ought to know your name, seeing as how gave it to you."

"Oh, you wretched man."

"Now, look-a-here, Mrs. Brown, don't come it too strong; don't pretend that you don't know who I am."

"How should I know? Thank goodness, don't keep company with such as you." "Ain't I your husband ?"

"Oh, take him away, do-the scandalous creature."

"Come," said the officers, grasping him, by either arm, "you can't remain here any longer ; come along."

The injured Brown resisted this appeal as well as he was able.

"I tell you you're wrong !" he cried, grasping the door with both hands.

"Oh, of course we're wrong-of course ve are; but never you mind, and come along with us, and it will be all right." "But this is my house, I say, and that is my wife and she knows it."

The officers, however, were not inclined to credit his words, and insisted more strongly cherubs, and the truth concealing epitaph ! than ever that he should accompany them. But only by carrying him bodily along could he be removed.

"Tell'm they're mistaken in the man," I am and they'll let me go."

was so disguised, that I was unable to recognize him. Jedediah Brown said not a word. He

knew full well how the matter stood, and he felt not a little shame for the ridiculous part he had enacted. He retired with his wife, very passively, vowing in his own mind never to be caught in alike scrape again. And that is how he became a teetotaler !

Tombs. of the English Kings,

The correspondent of the N. Y. Chronicle, writing from London, describes his visit to Westminister Abbey, and reflects, with a great deal of truth, as well as republican severity, upon the vices and follies of royalty.

"The walls of the cloisters, the aisles and the chapels of the cathedral, are everywhere crowded with inscriptions and monuments of the illustrious dead. For nearly a thousand years this has been the final resting place of England's statesmen, warriors, authors, divines, nobles and kings. Here the nation's monarch's have been crowned and here they have been buried. The very chair in which Edward the Confessor received his scepter, and the rude block of unhewn granite on which the kings of Scotland were invested with power, stand here as they have stood for centuries. More than twenty are known to have been crowned in this rough old oaken chair, from the founder of the Abbey down to the little delicate woman who now sits so quietly on the British throne.

It is among the tombs of the kings that the ostentatious pomps of this world are bro't into most striking contrast with the solemnities of the next. Here is perpetual winter; here the cold hand of death keeps down rebellious spirits, who, while living, brooked no supremacy ; here rivals in life are brothers in the grave ; here the heartless Elizabeth sleeps side by side with Mary her victim.

"Drop upon Fox's tomb a tear. Twice trickle to his rival's bier."

"What now, to these royal skeletons, and mouldering ministers of state, are all these solemn mockeries ; the cold stone ; the gilded effigy ; the statue of eloquence with dumb lips; fame blowing a noiseless trampet; a pair of broken-winged, blubbering marble

"After all, was it for this, that the dust below us kept the world so long in such a pother ?- Tell us, Buckingham and Cecil, and Richmond and Villiers-and you, dukes, implored Jedediah, appealing to his wife princes, bishops, generals, courtiers, was it when he found that he could not otherwise merely for six square feet in this well-proporconvince them of the truth. "Tell 'em who | tioned bone house that you toiled and intrigued, and flattered and fought ? And you, Tudors, Stuarts, and Plantagenets, were the "wars of the Roses," and the long and bloody feuds between you all merely for the honor of rotting in a royal tomb? And you, heartless old woman, down below-whom lying custom has styled "good Queen Bess,"-was it eaten by neighbor worms, that you imprisoned and persecuted, and finally murdered, that poor sister Mary of yours? No answer? Ah, well ! Sleep on quietly, old bones !-Nobody cares to "torment" you "before the Do time." What is left of you is no better than you hear that, Mrs. Brown ? I'll take the common plebeian earth. The dead beggar at St. Giles can answer questions quite as well as you, ye marble coffined carbonates of

That the Deacon finished the one-l Now in building of chaises, I'll tell you what There is always somewhere a weakest spot-In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill, In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,-lurking still Find it somewhere you must and will,-Above or below, or within or without,-And that is the reason, beyond a doubt, A chaise breaks down but doesn't wear out

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou,") He would build one shay to beat the taown 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; It should be so built that it couldn' break dagwn: -"Fur," said the Deacon, "I's mighty plan That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain; 'o' the way i' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest To make that place uz strong uz the rest." So the Deacon inquired of the village folk Where he could find the strongest oak, That couldn't be solit nor bent nor broke. That was for spokes and floor and sills; He sent for lancewood to make the thills : The crossbars were ash, from the straightest (rccs) The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese, The hubs of logs from the "Settler's Ellam," Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em," Never an axe had seen their chips, And the wedges flow from between their lips, Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips; Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, Spring; tire, axle, and linchpin too, Steel of the finest, bright and blue: Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide; Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide Found in the pit when the tanner died.

Do! I tell you, I rather guess She was a wonder, and nothing less ! Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, Children and Deaconesses dropped away, Children and grand-children—where were they But there stood the stoat old one hoss shay As fresh as on Lisbon carthquake day ! EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ;- it came and found The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound Eighteen hundred increased by ten;-"Hansum kerridge" they called it then. Eighteen hundred and twenty came;-Running as usual; much the same. Thirty and forty at last arrive, And then came fifty and fifty-five. Little of all we value here Wakes on the morn of its hundreth year Wakes on the morn of its hunarctin year Without both feeling and looking queer. In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree and truth. (This is a moral that runs at large;

Take it .- You're welcome .- No extra charge. FIRST OF NOVEMBER .- the earthquake day .--There are traces of age in the onc-hoss-shay, A general flavor of mild decay, But nothing local as one may There couldn't be-for the Deacon's art Had made it so like in every part That there wasn't a chance for one to start. For the wheels were just as strong as the thills, And the floor was just as strong as the sills,

The Young Men.

The N. Y. Express touches, in an inimitable manner, a very delicate subject in the following paragraphs. They should be read and pondered upon by all classes of readers :

"Our young men are a painful study. As they lounge about the streets with bold, leering faces, poisoning the air with oaths, or whirl madly along, behind lashed horses, or loom up dimly amid the smoky glare of haunts of folly, sin and shame, it is sickening to think that with them rests the future of the country, and in them lies its hope. It is no wonder that the hearts of fathers and mothers and sisters are filled with dread and grief .---No wonder that the perpetual and earnest advice to the young man is to go into "ladies" society." The advice is good. There is positively safety for him in the society of a modest, gentle, kindly and sensible girl .-There is comparative safety for him in the company of a vain, giggling, trifling girl. -'The most empty-headed and empty-hearted of coquettes, is a more harmless companion for him than a cursing, tippling fellow, who thinks mainly of all manner of silliness and sin, and will travel fast, although hell yawns at the end of the road. Yes, your yoing man's salvation is in the sweet smile and voice, the beautiful graces and accomplishments of some fair creature, attractive alike in mind and body. But your young man dare not go and see a young woman he fancies, and make a friend and companion of her. Will not all the Mrs. Grundies think and sny that it means something, and immediately and vigorously set to work to whisper their suspicions loud enough for the worldincluding the respective families of the young persons-to hear them? Is not your young man a flirt, a desperate fellow, in whom there is danger, if he is known to go and see a half a dozen girls at the same time? Has not this fine propriety which pervades our modern life, something to do with the terrible outlawry and viciousness of the young men? Has not rigid, ghastly eliquette driven them from the parlor to the rum shop and worse ? In the days when some of us were boys and girls, it was not a proof that two young people were engaged to be married, that they were often together, happy in the interchange of interest and sympathy and all kindly feeling. And somehow there were better boys than there are now; and girls, too, for that matter.'

fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertise-ments of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged to-Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising :----

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kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices', Consta-bles' and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and

Telegraphic Instruments.

As the electricians are supposed to be experimenting at Trinity Bay and Valentia. with the various recording instruments in use it is of interest to know what are the chief differences between them?

The Morse Instrument, in common' use from the first in this country, transmits messages by the alternate breaking and reconnecting of the electric current. The current allowed to flow a moment produces a dot, if a little longer a line. The operator taps on a single key, and the messages are recorded by an alphabet composed of a combination of lines and dots, thus : In the hands of an expert, the speed of this

instrument is about twenty words a minute.

The Cook and Wheatstone instrument is the one that, until lately, has been generally used in England. A needle on a dial plate revolves, pointing out the letters, which are inscribed around the circumference like the hours on the face of a clock. This is a much more infelligible process to outsiders, but it is slow, accomplishing, at the fastest, only about fourteen words a minute.

The House Instrument prints the message in Roman capitals on a long strip of paper, by the revolution of a type wheel, the operator playing on a key-board like that of a piano, with a key for each letter. The printing is done by clock-work, the use of the electric current being to preserve equal time so that the letters of one machine may correspond to those of the other. This instrument prints twenty-five to thirty words a minute.

The Hughes Instrument is a combination of the Morse and House inventions. In the Morse Instrument, two or three pulsations of the electric current are required to indicate one letter. In the House Instrument, it requires from one to twenty-eight pulsations .----In the Hughes Instrument, it requires but a single pulsation for each letter. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is simple, though the principle on which it is pased is complex. The type wheels at the respective stations revolve to print the message, and their revolutions are governed by vibrating springs. These springs cause them to revolve in exactly the same time, There is an acoustic principle involved, viz : that two springs which give the same musical tone while vibrating, vibrate the same number of times per second. The springs are therefore chosen and regulated by sound. This instrument, it is evident, economizes both time and elecric power. Its exceeding sensitiveness to the least perceptible pulsation of the electric current adapts it especially for long lines and submarine cables. It is cnpable of writing forty words a minute with about one-tenth the battery power of other instrument, and sends messages both ways at once! At least, so its inventor claims, and it is to be tested on the Atlantic cable .- Albany Eve. Jour.

Rates of Advertising.

with malignant grasp the unoffending oker, and fiercely attacked the glowing oals. It would seem that she stirred up at e same time her anger, for its flames burst ssionately forth.

"It's too bad !" she exclaimed aloud, "it's bad-it's really abominable, that Jedediah maild so far forget himself, and me as to act this atrocious manner."

She glanced at the clock, and then seating self, continued :

"This is-let me see-three, four times, as a living soul that he has similarly out ed my feelings within a single month; then he has the audacity to excuse himon the ground of 'political excitement. * I should just like to know what reasons le can be for a man to make a beast of melf, because a new President is to be ecied soon."

And as a supplement to the question, she red upon the unconscious cat who was eping on the corner of the hearth, such a guinary look as must have thrilled that me quadruped with feelings of the insest horror, were its faculties of the huin order, and it met the gaze of its mis-

"But I'm not going to allow this state of ngs any longer! I'll teach him that the le of his bosom is entitled to a little more "peci! It's a shame—a burning, everlastshame, that he should leave me to spend evenings neglected and alone, while he teveling in scenes of wickedness and

Again she slarted to her feet.

"Ill not wait for him another minute; no t if his hie and future happiness depend a ii. I'll go to bed !"

lis due to the veracity of the lady to Oncle the fact that her assertion was not

^{¶rs, Jededialı} Brown took a lamp and

mght have been an hour, it might have somewhat more, when Brown approachlis residence. Ile did not, however, ^{e up to} the door, after turning the corner that dignified stateliness that usually Verized him, nor did he reach it as st as might have been expected; for, like Reel beating to windward, he tacked sevumes, running from curb-stone to curbat and more than once being seriously in en of wrecking himself in the gutter. agh he was happy enough to make port

dr p anchor on his own doorstep.

The tremendous crash of broken glass which followed, awakened the deluded man to the important fact that he had shivered

into fragments his wife's costliest mirror, and that the imaginary thief was simply its reflection of himself.

Before he had time, however, to make many reflections upon the matter, he was startled by the cry of "Thieves! Murder! Police !" and a variety of other frantic screams in the shrill voice of his wife, who, awakened suddenly by the noise, had arose

and thrust her head from the bed room window overhead. "Police ! police ! help !"

Again it rang out upon the still night air. "What's the muss !" cried a vigilant guardian of the public safety, as he made his appearance.

"Burglars !" screamed the lady in white hysterically.

"Where ?" "Below in the parlor-I hear them now, help, quick !"

"Another policeman at this moment arriving, the door was forced open, and two entered.

Mr. Jedediah Brown, becoming alarmed at the manifestation he heard, was reeling towards the door.

"Ha, here he is !" cried one of the officers triumphantly. "Nab him !" exclaimed the other.

"Why, blow me if he ain't drunk. He's

been below among the wine." "Stand off !" cried Brown, assuming what

he intended should be a dignified attitude. "Stand off! Do you take me for a thief ?" "Well, now, I shouldn't wonder at all," said a policeman number one, in an ironical this case ?"

But the good lady only shrunk back, and uttered a small scream, as if shocked at what she heard.

The rage of her husband was redoubled by this act of perfidiousness.

"Woman !" he vociferated, turning a last look upon her as she stepped upon the stairs, only to moulder in the next cellar, and be 'beware what you do, don't trifle with a desperate man! Speak to these men or your doom is sealed. "You won't ? Very well; the consequences be upon your own head. I'll have a divorce-I'll separate from you; yes, madam, and I'll take the children ! children to myself, and leave you a ruined, destitute, wretched, heart-broken female being !"

It didn't occur to the infuriated Brown just then that he had no children. He had ever cherished strong hopes, however, of having an infinite number of those useful household ornaments, and his ideas were not as clear, by any means, as usual.

Before he could utter more, he was upon the sidewalk, and the door of the house was closed and fastened. Mr. Brown, upon his arrival at the station house, was thrust ignominiously into one of the dark cells, and leading from it in various directions. One left to meditate at his leisure up on his humiliating position.

When, the pnext morning, Mr. Jedediah Brown made his appearance before the ma. the long path, and were fond of it. gistrate, escorted by his captor of the night previous, he presented an aspect fruly deplo-rable. He was not the Jedediah Brown of former times, and it would have puzzled his nearest friends to recognize him. The working of his mind, and the liquor he had drank had left him in a miserable plight.

The justice, putting on his severest frown inquired into the particulars of his case Turning to the prisoner, he said.

"So you were caught in the act, were you" Well, burglary is a serious matter, as you'll find out. What is your name?"

"Brown," replied Jedediah ; "but there is a mistake."

"Brown, eh ?" interrupted the justice; been fourteen burglaries, not to speak of other crimes, committed in this district by men of that name within the present month."

my own house they arrested me." "Everybody is innocent that's brought here, of course! But we'll soon see how

THE LONG PATH.-The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table is in a happy vein this month, and with reason. He proposed to the sweet young school mistress, and was accepted ! It was done on Boston Common. thus:

dukes, and phosphates of queens and kings !'

"It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches of these runs downward from opposite Jay street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boyleston St. We called it

I felt very weak indeed, (though of a tol. crably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, "Will you take the long path with me ?" "Certainly," said the school mistress "with much pleasure." "Think," I said "before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more !" The school mistress stepped back with a sudden movement as if an arrow

had struck her. One of the long granite blocks used as scats was hard by, the one you may still see close by the Ginkotree. "Pray, sit down, I well the name's against you; there have said. No, no, she answered softly, I will walk the long path with you !"

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of "But I'm an innocent person; it was in the long path, and said, very charmingly, 'Good morning, my dears."

> "Boy where does this road go to?"-"I um here every morning."

And the panels just as strong as the floor, And the whippletree neither less nor more, And the back cross-bar as strong as the fore, And spring and axle and hub encore. And yct, as a whole, it is past a doubt In another hour it will be worn out!

First of November, 'filty-five ! This normous, 'hity-five! This morning the deacon takes a drive. Now, small boys, get out of the way! Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay, Drawn by a rat tailed, ewe-necked bay. "Huddup," said the parson.-Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,-Had got a fithly, and stopped perplexed At what the-Moses-was coming next. All at once the horse stood still. Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill. -First a shiver, and then a thrill. Then something decidedly like a spill,-And the parson was sitting upon a rock, At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock Just the hour of the carthquake shock ! -What do you think the parson found, When he got up and stared around? The poor old chaise in a heap or mound, As if it had been to the mill and ground ! You see, of course, if you're not a dunce, How it went to pieces all at once,-All at once, and nothing first .---Just as bubbles do when they burst. End of the wonderful one-hoss shav.

End of the woncerner one-man Logic is logic. That's all I say. [Atlantic Monthly.

SOMERODY'S DEAD .- There is black crape on that door ; somebody's dead. Yes, within has fallen another chip from the block of humanity, and the axe-man Death, is swinging his weapon for another blow. There the bell is tolling, somebody's dead; slow roll the sounds, and how they resound, reaching clear into the heart of the thoughtful! The coffin maker is fixing a coffin; somebody's dead. That beautifully polished box must soon moulder and rot; the worm will crawl over it-worms, the only witnesses of mortality drooping away, departing from shape and substance. There goes the hearse; somebody's dead; all the time mankind are dying; and earth is our producer and consumer, and will tie no crape upon her door and wear no black in mourning for our loss. While we are dying she smiles and laughs and dances on in her perpetual joy.

"FELLOW CITIZENS !" said a North Carolina candidate, "I am a Democrat, and never was anything else. There are three topics. that now agitate the State: the Bank the tification ensue;" replied. "When you pop Tariff and the Penitentiary. I shall pass the question and are answered 'No.' over the first two very briefly, as my sentiyou stand. Where is the complainant in don't think it goes anywhere. I always see ments are well known, and come to the Penitentiary, where I shall dwell some time !"

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mor-

He who turns spy for plensure would not stickle to be hangman for businesss.