ALLENTOWN, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1869.

NO. 5

said the tender-hearted mother, "go, and if

you don't succeed, do not be ashamed to return

to us. Your father's house and the arms of

Mr. Perregaux was reading a letter when

the young man was admitted to his presence,

and hardly noticed the unassuming stranger.

"Do you wish to speak to me, young man ?"

said the banker in a friendly way. "If so, tell

"Mr. Perregaux," said the young man,

looking plainly and calmly in his face, "I

have neither fame, nor rank, nor fortune-but

industry, strength, and a strong will to work.

Can you not give me a place in your great

business house ?-even the most insignificent

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Perre-

gaux, who could not keep his eyes from the

attractive features of his young applicant, and

"Eighteen years," replied the young man.

"Are you a Parisian ?" inquired the banker.

"No, sir, I am from Bayonne. My father

"A noble undertaking, young man," replied

Everything seemed to swim before Lafitte's

eyes. He scarcely knew how to reach the door.

ble staircase, and with a slow step he went

down into the street. The refusal was almost

more than he could bear. Yet he summoned

Just as he reached the street, he saw some

thing shining in the sand that had collected

near the steps. It was only a pin, yet he took

it up and stuck it in his coat. This little act,

apparently unseen by anybody else in the

world, decided his whole future. Mr. Perre-

gaux stood at the window, and, without de-

signing it, happened to see the refused appli-

cant pick something up, and wondered what

it was. When the young man stuck it in the

left breast of his coat, the banker thought it

was a pin. Men who have great knowledge

the banker; "but I regret to say that I have

'I was born on the 20th of October, 1799."

read in his clear eye discretion and fidelity.

"Jacques Lafitte," was the answer.

me in what respect I can serve you."

one would suit me."

"Your age?"

to receive von."

courage and started off.

portunity to enjoy them."

to comply with my request

"What makes you so decided ?" replied the

" From the fact that you have recalled me,"

vas the answer. "I believe you would not

Quick powers of observation, love of or

man. Go into my counting-house; I will de-

From this hour young Lafitte was in Perre-

punctuality won him the confidence of his

mployer. His zeal and progress increased

borer. He took Lafitte in as his partner, and

had more opportunity to exhibit his business-

1809 he was appointed director of the bank of

France. After that he was made President of

the Chamber of Commerce, and thus he came

into intimate relations with the most influen-

The decline of Napoleon's power brought

him into honorable political positions. He

acquired the confidence of the entire city, and

indeed of the entire country, in consequence

of his wise and judicious counsel for the gov-

ernment of the city. His dear parents in Ba-

yonne were still living, and he supported them

all the time in the most handsome way possi

ble; and after his mother became a widow he

took her to his home in Paris. Many young

men of talent owed their prosperity to him, as

he started them in business. He supported a

great many in their studies at his own expense.

before the advance of Napoleon at the begin-

ning of the "Hundred Days," he com-

mitted his entire private fortune to Lafitte

and Napoleon, too, placed his fortunes in

Lafitte's hands. Thus the great banker had

for some time in his own keeping the property

After Paris was captured, in the year 1815,

he advanced two millions of france to the state.

which was compelled to give that much to the

allied hosts. One hundred thousand francs

were appropriated to him as director of the

bank of France, but Lafitte refused to receive

it during the laborious years of the adminis

Nearly the whole time of the restoration he

was a member of the Chamber of Deputies,

and one of the most worthy of the number

and accute understanding. He always sub-

In spite of the displéasure in which the family

of Marshal Ney were, he permitted his only

daughter to marry Ney's son, the Prince of

He reached the climax of his political prom-

Louis-Philippe would never have ascended

the throne. His political opinions were very

decided, and if we can not approve of some of

them, we certainly can not help admiring his

of both rivals to the French throne.

tration.

Modena. ?

When Louis XVIII, was compelled to flee

tial people of the country.

In the last years of the empire

oung Jacques.

my application.

business to attend to."

afterward a cashier.

your mother will always be open to you."

HIDE AND SEEK.

BY ALICE CARY.

As I sit and watch at the window-pane
The light in the sunset skles,
The pictures rise in my heart and brain,
As the stars do in the skles.

Among the rest, doth rise and pass, With the blue smoke curling o'er, The house I was born in, with the grass And roses round the door.

I see the well-sweep, rough and brown, And I hear the creaking tell Of the bucket going up and down On the stony sides of the well.

I see the cows, by the water-side,—
Red Lily, and Pink, and Star,—
And the oxen with their horns so wide,
Close locked in playful war.

I see the field where the mowers stand In the clover-flowers, knee-deep;
And the one with his head upon his hand,
In the locust-shade asleep.

I see beneath his shady brim,
The heavy cyclids scaled,
And the mowers stopping to look at him,
As they mow across the field. I hear the bluebird's twit-te-tweet!
And the robin's whistle blithe: And the robin's whistle blithe;
And then I'see him spring to his feet,
And take up his shining scythe.

I see the barn with the door swung out .-

And the stacks and the bushes all about, Where we played at Hide and Seek! I see and count the rafters o'er, 'Neath which the swallow sails,

And I see the sheaves on the threshing-floor, And the threshers with their flails. I hear the merry shout and laugh Of the carcless boys and girls, As the wind-mill drops the golden chaff, Like sunshine in their curls.

The shadow of the years that stand 'Twixt me and my childhood's day,—
I strip like a glove from off my hand,
And am there with the rest at play. Out there, half hid in its leafy screen, I can see a rose-bud check, And up in the hay-mow I catch the sheen Of the darling head I seek.

Just where that whoop was smothered low, I have seen the branches stir; It is there that Margaret hides, I know, And away I chase for her!

And now with the curls that toss so wide, They shade his eyes like a brim, Runs Dick for a safer place to hide, And I turn and chase for him!

And rounding close by the jutting stack,
Where it hangs in a rustling sheet,
In spite of the body that presses back,
I espy two tell-tale feet!

Now, all at once, with a reckless shout, Alphone from his covert springs, And whizzes by, with his clows out, Like a pair of sturdy wings.

Then Charley leaps from the cattle-rack, And spins at so wild a pace, The grass seems fairly swimming back As he shouts, "I am home! Base! Base! While modest Mary, shy as a nun, Keeps close by the grape-vine wall,
And waits, and waits, till our game is done,
And never is found at all.

But, suddenly, at my crimson pane, eart and brain

The bundles slide from the threshing-floor. And the mill no longer whirls, And I find my playmates now no more By their shining checks and curls.

I call them far, and I call them wide, From the prairie and over the sea, "O why do you tarry and where do you hide!" But they may not answer me.

God grant that when the sunset sky Of my life shall cease to glow, I may find them waiting me on high, As I waited them below. -Riverside Magazine.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER. AN EPISODE OF THE LATE REBELLION.

Twelve months before the first and fatal gun was fired at Fort Sumter, bad blood had begup to show itself-even in good society. only was it causing strife between cousins and other kindred, but in many instances weakening the ties of affection in the family circle itself. Fathers were divided in opinion against

and even sisters took sides on a question, among fashionable people hitherto unheard of. It was the question of Northern or Southern ascendency, with the negro for its nucleus. A dark shadow had come over the domestic hearths of the poor, that could not be kept out of the drawing-rooms of the rich; and into many a home, crst happy and cheerful, a grim skeleton was preparing to enter.

Places of fashionable resort were not free from the infection; and perhaps nowhere more than at Newport were these dread ideas prevailing. The peaceful isle of Aquidnec, for long years a sort of neutral ground, where the best society of North and South had been accustomed to meet in friendly intimacy, be came an arena of bitterness. It was a sad change from the pleasant intercourse hitherto held between them.

The children of Boston bore it with a cer tain rational calmness; while the sons of the South too frequently exhibited a temper of the opposite kind. It is ever thus with those who

"But do you mean it, Walter Devereux I'm sure you do not!"
"If ever I meant anything, Miss Winthrop

"And you would absolutely fight agains

the old Stars and Stripes? That flag, which if it hasn't 'braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,' will ! I'm sure it will !" "If borne much longer as it is now, I'd b

first to drag it down."
"Oh, mercy me! Where is your patriot. ism? Mr. Devereux, you offend me by saying that. Do you know, sir, that my ancestor were among the first to raise that flag; and he can never be friend of mine who talks about dragging it down!"

The two individuals thus differing in politi cal opinions, were a young lady of Boston and a young gentleman of Virginia, both of the best blood in their respective sections of the country: for both were descended from

They were alone in the plazza of a pretty villa overlooking Narragansett Bay, where Miss Adeline Winthrop was at home, and Walter Devereux but a visitor. He was no stranger, for all this: as it was not the first season that their families had met in friendly reunion on the neutral ground of Newportthe younger members of both walking, dining, and dancing together.

And it was far from being the first time that the handsome Virginian had held tete-a-tete with one of the most beautiful girls of Boston -a city famed for its "ladyes faire."

It would have sorely grieved him to think it should be the last-aye, cut him to the heart of hearts: for this was in the keeping of Adeline Winthrop; as he supposed hers was captive to him.

In this he might have been mistaken; but whether or not, he little dreamt, at that mo ment, how near he was to knowing the truth Fancying himself in full possession, the last speech of the young lady nettled him. The emphasis on the word "friend" was significant of a relationship nearer and dearer; and ing conciliatory, was tinged with defiance.

"Indeed!" he replied pettishly, "I believe ambush; and this advantage encouraged him my ancestors had also something to do with to keep his ground.

the raising of that flag. What matters, now that it is becoming soiled by rank abolition-"Hold, Mr. Devereux!" The young girl encountering an enemy.
blushed red as she interrupted him. "You They were only made aware of it, when a forget that I have myself some of that blood: cause, at least, was a good one. And was it not the same as that of the Huguenots, from

"Ah! the Huguenots were gentlemen." "You do well to use the past tense, Walter in straggling shots.

Devereux, while thus speaking of our forefathers! I shall not be so severe upon yours, as to say their sons have all degenerated. There are still gentlemen among them. Yonder comes one l'

whom you claim descent ?"

The Virginian turned quickly on his heel, with a black look upon his brow. He beheld a young officer, wearing the shoulder strops of lieutenant, and the uniform of the United States artillery-a corps of which was at the time stationed at Newport. It was his own

Strange to say the shadow upon Walter Devereux's brow did not disappear; even when his brother stepped into the piazza, and saluted the lady by his side. It became darker as the conversation con-

"I'm sure the lieutenant does not share your sentiments. Do you, Harry ?"

"What sentiments?" asked the youth newv arrived. "Oh! the old story between North and South. Walter says, if things go much further he'd take pleasure in pulling down our flag. Nay, he'd be the first to do it! You would

be the last. Would you not, Harry ?" "Miss Winthrop, the button upon my coat should be a sufficient answer to your question. I'll stay true to that, if it should lose me every friend I've got."

"Bravo!" cried the Boston beauty, springing from her rocking-chair and stamping her little foot triumphantly on the planks of the piazza, "There's one you won't lose by it, and that's Adeline Winthrop!"

"Since you're so well agreed," said the elder brother, biting his lips with chagrin, "I can't do better than leave you alone. It would spoil the sport of such a pair of negro-loving ambs were a Southern wolf to remain in your company. Good-day, Miss Winthrop. I hope you won't make my brother quite as 'black' as yourself!"

A cry of indignation came from the girl. "For shame, Walter! If you were not my own brother---'

Walter did not want to hear the threat. With a sombre scowl he had hurried down the steps, and on over the lawn, in the direction of the cliffs. On reaching them, at the head of a sloping

ravine, he did not go down; only so far as to conceal the lower part of his person. There, behind some bushes, with an opera glass to his eye, he remained watching those on the piazza from whom he had parted!

Still darker grew his face-still whiter his lips—as he saw his brother take hold of Adeline Winthrop's hand, and imprint upon it a neither time nor inclination for talk.

tapering fingers had been yielded; and with plack thoughts in his breast, and a curse upon his tongue, Walter Devereux strode back to his hotel. "You have sent for me, general?" "I have, Captain Devereux. I have reason

to suspect that the enemy is not far off in our front but it is necessary for me to be sure of At is of the utmost importance to ascertain exact position; and I want you to discover their sons; brothers disputed in bitterness; it, if you can. I've been told, captain, that well acquainted with the country round here. Is that so ?"

"I was born in it, general; and have hunted t all over.' "It ought to be a reason for my not employ-ing you on this delicate duty," rejoined the general, with a significant smile, "but from

what I've heard, I think I may trust you." The young officer bowed, but without mak ing other answer. Had the general known the sacrifices he had already sustained by fight ing on the Union side-a complete ostra cism from friends, family, and home-he would have had no scruples about reposing confidence in him.

Nor did he: for, without requiring any romises, he proceeded:

"You will take twenty mounted men with you, your own artillerists, and ride up the main road. Steal quietly out of camp, and feel your way with caution. Go as far as you can with safety; and take care of being cap-

tured by a picket." The young officer smiled assuringly. . "Not much danger of that, general," he answered. "I may be killed, but not captured. In my case death would be preferable to being prisoner."

"I understand you, Captain Devereux. No doubt you will act with due discretion. Get as near the enemy's lines as you can, and, when you have finished your reconnoissance lose no time in reporting. Good-night, and God speed you !"

It was at night the above dialogue occurred and in a tent-the marquee of a commander in-chief, noted for great "strategy," and greater caution. With less of the latter? he might have taken Richmond twelve months after the war commenced; and now been President, actual or elect, of these United States Perhaps it is better as it is !

The night was not favorable for a stolen cout, such as that Captain Devereux had been mmanded to make. There was a clea moonlight, to the advantage of a picket in am ush, and against a party making approach And the moon being in the zenith flu beams upon the broad road, along which the artillery officer had been directed to make reconnoissance. 'A little later and the tall tree growing on each side, would throw their shad

ows over it, making the passage safer. Observing this, the young officer had halted his little troop at a corner; and was thinking. whether he should not stay till the moon sand a little lower down, when a sound coming from the opposite side, broke abruptly on his effections. It was the tramp of horses' hoofs, as of a troop going at a trot; and that they were armed men, could be told by the clash of and spirit you are now possessed of. steel scabbards striking against the stirrups.

"A patrolling party of Confederate cavalry !" About this there could be no doubt. The direction from which they were coming made the thing certain.

Halted upon higher ground, the artillery officer commanded a view of the approaching norsemen. As near as he could tell, they numbered about fifty sabres. pointed directly to himself. So thought he; only twenty men at his back, Devereux did so little about it, that after the rebellion came young writers of what we will call stereotyped and so thinking, his rejoinder, instead of be- not think of retreating. Instead of being sur- to an end, she changed it for another—that phrases—phrases that go floating around the not think of retreating. Instead of being sur- to an end, she changed it for another—that prised by a picket, he was himself the party in

The Confederates came on without fear. sm, and carried by your scum of Puritans.—" | the Federal lines, they had no expectation of

n my veins; though we may have changed neigh being quickly followed by some halffar from the simple Puritan standard. Their dozen others, and responded to by the horses they were riding. And then, before the shrill echoes had died away in the woods, they were taken up by sounds more indicative of deadly strife-by a volley from each side, continue

> and the "cavaliers" in gray were inclined to turn round and retreat, when one who appear ed to be their leader, and whose actions proved him to have the right, drawing his sabre, and

standing up in the stirrups, cried out:
"Cowards! would ye dare to go back? I'll cut down the first that turns tail on me. Don't you hear by their shots there's not more than dozen of them? 'After me; and let your cry be ' Death to all Yankee abolitionists! "The same to traitors and rebels !" shouted Captain Devereux, as with sabre sloped and

shining in the moonlight, he spurred boldly out into the road, closely followed by his arartillerists. In ten seconds' time the opposing parties were face to face; and after a rapid exchange of pistol-shots, came the clashing of their sa-

It would have been an unequal contesttwenty against twice their number, and both equally brave. But the first volley from the artillerists, aimed with the advantage of an ambush, had thinned the ranks of the Confederates, and otherwise disconcerted them. When the strife came hand-to-hand, they fought feebly, and under a foreboding of de-

feat. To this there was an exception-their chief who had shouted the defiant speech, and led them on to the encounter. Mounted upon a powerful horse, he had shot far in front of his followers, and looked for the leader of the opposing troop-as if he alone were worthy of

He had no difficulty in finding him: for at the moment Devereux, stirred by the same instinct, was searching for him.

Their horses, spurred to the charge, dashed against one another; recoiled from the shock; and then, at the second meeting, the sabres of their riders, striking together, commenced their deadly play. And while sparks flew from both blades, that mocked the pale shimmer o the moon, their supporters closed alongside in d strife equally engrossing. The combatants, at first clumped together

soon spread into a wider circle, extending along the road and the broad waste that bor dered it. Each with his own antagonist had enough to do, and the lenders were left to themselves.

Between them, it was in truth a duel; only of a somewhat original kind: with sabres, and on horseback! And with death-like ear nestness was it for some minutes kept up each so striving to kill the other that not word was spoken between them. They had

All at once came a pause in the combat. Captain Devereux, hitherto fighting with his face to the moon, and under a disadvantage had spurred past his antagonist, and wheeling suddenly around, obtained a superior position With his sabre drawn back for a stroke, he was about lounging down on the neck of the Confederate officer, when his blow was suddenly staved, as if his arm had become stricken

with palsy! The moonlight shining full upon his adver sary's face, told a terrible tale. He was fighting with his own brother!

"My God !" he gasped, "Walter? Brother, is it you?" 'No!" cried the Confederate leader. is Walter Devereux; but not your brother,

nor the brother of any man who wears the accursed blue. Dismount, and take it off; or shall rip it from you with my sword !" "O Walter, dear Walter ! do not talk thus I cannot do as you say-I will not! Send your blade through my breast-I cannot kill

"Cannot, cur! You could not if you tried. Walter Devereux was not born to be killed by renegade to his country-least of all by Yankee abolitionist."

"Pm that same," shouted a man on horse back, who had suddenly spurred out from among the trees; and simultaneously with his hout came the report of a pistol.

For a moment the combatants, with their horses, were shrouded in smoke. When it drifted away, the Confederate captain was seen lying lifeless in the road, his horse going at a scared gallop through the trees-along with a score of others that carried riders unon

their backs. The fall of their leader had completed the panic of the Confederates; and those still in the saddle, wheeling to the right about, went off in retreat. Besides a dozen killed, ten o their number remained prisoners to the recon

noitering party. Henry Devereux looked as if he had himsel received the shot. Dropping down from his lah, and the ascent of the pilgrims into the saddle, he staggered toward the spot where the body lay, and bent over it with a heart full of agony. He had no need touching it to tell him it was a corpse. A streak of moonlight slanting between a break between two branch es, fell upon glassed eyes, and teeth clenched

in the set expression of death ! The Union soldiers, at the command of their eloved leader, gave the last rites of burial to the body of his erring brother; and as they followed him back to camp, with hearts full of sympathy for his suffering, they looked more like men returning from a defeat, than a vic

tory ! No doubt, reader, you wish to know more of Captain Devereux, and what became of him hope you do; and so hoping, I will tell you -not all that I know, but enough to satisfy vour curiosity. Of course if I had given you is real name you could go to the army list, and find out everything, without thanking me for further information. And then you would lish language is capable, is almost entirely ook up that fine old chart, upon which are registered the names of those fine old worthies you your political independence-and along heart-the Book of Common Prayer-is largely with it much of the independence of though

And with that endeared document in you hands—a thousand times more important that the Magna Charta-you will seek for another name besides that of Devereux; for I know you will still be thinking of that beautiful Bos ton girl, who was not ashamed of having Puritan forefathers:

If I have also deceived you as to her name

t don't much matter. At all events she cared

the emblem on the buttons of his coat.

There was then but a single row of them, Knowing themselves nearly three miles from with a shoulder-strap showing but one bar. Now the breast buttons are not only double, but more gorgeously gilt, while the chevron on the shoulder displays a trio of stars. It is public-a distinction his children will appreciof a well-carned infamy.

FAULTS OF INEXPERIENCED | best fitted to represent the idea for which it is WRITERS.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE. We promised in this article to give some of the faults into which young Writers are very

apt to fall. The first is, a sort of loose, wordy indefinite. ness. This comes from not having an exact and clear conception of what they wish to say. They may feel interested, and even strongly excited about a particular subject, and have a general, vague desire to say many things about t: but their thoughts of it are brought to no precise, clearly defined point. Consequently, hey go on with a loose, uncertain, rambling talk about it, as if they were trying to make

their own minds clear. Such writing may be useful to the person himself as a private exercise—it may serve a trong and unpracticed mind in the same manner that the fermentating process does to beer ; t may enable it to work itself clear.

But writers must not expect to force readers to follow them through the process by which

hey get at their results. If you wish to tell a stranger where Mr. Simeon Allen's house is, you do not describe all the huckleberry-bushes and sumacs and mullein-stalks that grow on the road thither. nor dwell on the mistakes and turnings and windings by which you at last obtained to a knowledge of the topographical fact. But

Now, this faculty of saying one distinct thing at a time, in a pure and simple form, unencumbered by unnecessary words, lies at the foundation of all good writing. It is one of the rarest faculties in the world, one of the last the style formed by sympathetic imitation of results of culture and self-discipline; and for any one will be a bad one for you. A style which a person who intends to write cannot too soon begin to sim. We were once traveling in a chaise through

we will call West-Sutton. Seven or eight different times we were obliged to stop and propound to a man laboring in the fields the "Which is the road to West-Sutton ?" Out of the seven to whom the question was

put, only about three appeared to have cultivated the faculty of answering exactly the question that was asked of them, without unnecessary and confusing adjuncts. One man would describe all the wrong roads with great prolixness, and tell you that when

you had rid a little away, you'd come to a left hand road that would take you down to Josh Peter's mill, and then wound up by Tom Smith's huckleberry-pastur' - but that air wa'n't the road-And-so on for perhaps a quarter of an hour. Two or three hard-visaged, clear-headed

men took the question up, made a pause for a moment, as if arranging their thoughts, and told us precisely, without an unnecessary word, exactly where the road lay. These were the men, other things being equal, who ought to be sent to the Legislature.

They had the foundation element of good writing and good speaking. The next fault against which we caution our young writer, is to avoid what is called "fine

writing." Many people seem to think, when they take a pen into their hands, or when they go into ultra-refined society, that the ordinary good English which they have been in the habit of using in conversation is not good enough, and forthwith proceed to speak of everything in terms as far as possible removed from common use. They cannot think of saying "a house" —it must always be "a residence" or "a mansion." A man's mother becomes "materna

parent." In old-fashioned times, young writers, in this phase of their education, never spoke of the sun, except as " Phoebus," or the moon as 'Luna." Now, however, they call the sun "the good of day" and the moon "the fair empress of the night."

They could not for the life of them say that a bird flies through the air, but it " cleaves the liquid blue." In short, young writers are very much in

danger of stumbling into what has been popularly called the "hifalutin" style. Now, it is a fact that the simple language of ordinary conversation, purified from grammatical inaccuracies and conversational care lessness, is the best that can be got for the

expression of ideas. There is no better model of pure, good writing than the best part of John Bunyan; such, for instance, as his description of the "Delectable Mountains" of the Land of Beu-

celestial city. The reason of the excellence of these passages is that the ideas are vivid and poetical, but expressd with a solid, plain, homely sim-

plicity. It is to be remarked that that part of our language which comes from the Latin, though it is more high-sounding and harmonious, is generally less simple and definite, and appeals less directly to the heart, than that which

comes from the Saxon portion.

The "paternal mansion," for example, is Latinized phrase; "home" is a Saxon word. 'Maternal ancestor" is Latin; "mother" is Saxon. "The domestic circle" is Latin; "our folk," Saxon: "our house," Saxon. Canno the reader feel in a moment how much nearer the heart the homely Saxon always touches? The old English Bible which is the bool most nearly appealing to the heart-the book, on the whole, of the most perfect expression for all valuable purposes, of which the Eng-

In like manner, that book which comes nex the "Signers of the Declaration," who gave to the Bible in its tender relation to the human Saxon, and owes much of its power to the simple, solemn homeliness of language, now grown quaint with antiquity, and mossed ove with the associations of ages: And I would say, that one who wishes to form a rich and simple style, ought to become very familiar both with the Bible and Prayer-book. Their influence for literary culture on the mind in as

great as their influence on our moral natura A kindred fault with the one which we have just been considering, is the employment by

to be true to the flag of her forefathers, and nobody; such as "flashing eye," "eagle eye," 'noble brow," " marble brow," charms," "silken tresses," "herculean strength," and so on, ad infinitum.

In regard to all this class of phrases, we would ask a young writer to read through some finished work of a real artist, and see 'whighered' loudly in their front, his his reward for being true to them and the Re- how quite possible it is to do without them. Take Hawthorne's House of the Seven Go clate, more than crosses, garters, and other bles, for instance; notice how clearly and migifts from kingly hands, that so far from being | nutcly he paints all his pictures of objects, and badges of honor, are too often the sure stamps yet how entirely free it is from shop-work finery; how every epithet and every expression is chosen exactly because it is the one

> When he is describing a wicked man in Judge Pyncheon, see how nicely he avoids all those melo-dramatic, wholesale expressions with which unskilful writers pile up the agony on their villains. One is an exquisite portrait, wrought in by a thousand touches; the other a rough daub, with terrifying whiskers of

ournt-cork Another fault to be avoided, especially for lively and sympathetic young writers, is insensible imitation. A certain great controlling author with a very pronounced mannerism of style and obvious defects, often so completely occupies the public mind, and strikes so many sympathetic chords, that all the young writers are in danger of falling into his faults through sheer insensible sympathy. What is to be regretted in this is, that nothing but the faults are reproduced.

Thus Byron, for a time, spoiled all the young is a carpenter, and has ten children to care for. My object is to find a place where I verse-writers, who could no nothing but turn down their collars, strike on their foreheads, and declare their scorn of mankind, and their shall be able to support my father's family." ntense sense of their own superiority.

Then we had Carlyle, who imitated German writers and he Germanized his own style, and no place vacant for you. I am sorry for this. spoiled the English style of nearly all the Perhaps a later application would find me able sophomores and many of the young clergyen in this country.

Now, as a general rule, a writer should take this caution : keep yourself from those His knees trembled as he descended the marauthors who impress you too powerfully. If you put the fact itself in a dozen distinct there is a general style that is running loose through all the literature of your country and is coloring all the magazines and stories, as much as possible to lift yourself out of it, by choosing for yourself resolutely, quite another circle of reading. You may be quite sure that which is very tolerable in the original writer, of whose individual genius it may be the expression, becomes perfectly intolerable when

New-England, wishing to find a village which seen diluted through imitations. In this place it may be well to caution the young writer to avoid all imitations of French literature. Madame George Sand says, very justly, that the rendering of ideas from one language to another is like undertaking to play on one instrument music which has been written for another. The same remark holds good with regard to imitating in one language the graces of another. The French language has a peculiar genius of its own but a genius so entirely different from that of the English. that the best French literature is entirely untranslatable into the English. The attempt to imitate French in English, generally speaking, produces the most detestable of all litera-

ry mixtures. That which in French dialogue has an inexwit becomes in English mere vulgar flippancy and an English mind undertaking to imitate it reminds one of the fable of the horse who thought to make himself delightful by meet. ing his master with the airy capers of a landog.

A good English style must be studied from pure English models. There are certain authors that you may tudy, admire, and even learn by heart, with out being in any danger of sympathetic imitation. The reason of this is, that they cannot be imitated. They are wholly free from mannerism. Like a perfectly well-bred person,

there is no peculiarity about them that can be copied; everything is felicitous and just in the right place. Such a style you may find, page after page n Thackeray—simple, limpid, pure, with every word in its right place, and every word bearing the individual, peculiar shading that

pelongs to its usage in that place. So, also, with many passages of Hawthorne of Washington Irving, and Oliver Wendell

Holmes. to the Senate, compelled him to commit his Another very common fault of inexperienced writers comes from their not knowing how to dispose of their sentences. Their sentences as the sphere of the latter was now larger, he are a tangled, confused labyrinth, with a jumble of ideas in them which had better be broken and disposed into two or three. a new sphere of life was opened to him. In

The habit of introducing parentheses is one

that young writers calinot be too, much cautioned to avoid. As a general thing, it may be said that a parenthesis is never necessary at any rate; the student should always look at it as a permitted defect, and make every effort to rearrenge his sentence so as to do without it. Finally, we will say that a young writer cannot do better than to study those rules in Dr. Blair's Rhetoric which treat of style and the structure of sentences. Like many old things, they are better than many new ones; and the writer who will thoroughly master those rules will take a long step toward be-

coming a solidly good writer. Lastly, whenever, in writing, you come to the end of what you have to say, stor, then and there, as we at this moment close this article.

HOW A MAN MADE HIS FOR-TUNE BY A PIN.

[The two grand elements of a successful start in life are industry and economy. The young man who exhibits them can scarcely fail to win approval and early advancement. An illustration in point is the carly history of a distinguished Frenchman, which is epitomized in the following brief narrative.]

"Many people have inherited a great name from their parents and friends; why can not I make a great reputation by my own industry and perseverance ?"

These words were spoken by a young man of sespectable appearance, yet really in want, as he walked, one autumn morning in the year 1781, up Antin Street, in Paris, and approached the stately house of a great banker. On | His parliamentary activity was distinguished by his warm patriotism, nobility of character, ringing the door-bell, his heart beat with fear and anxiety when he was met by a servant in livery who asked him rather bluntly what he | jected his own interest to the general good. wanted. "I wish to speak to Mr. Perregaux," replied

the young man. "Is he at home?" The answer was affirmative and the porter

led him up the broad marble stairway to the upper story, where the young man was ad mitted into a splendid ante-room, ornaniented with paintings and statues. He quietly took a seat in a corner, and had hardly the courage to face the great men who went in and out o the banker's room. He thought of his home in the country, of his departure from his be loved parents, of their prayers and their bless community, and belong to everybody and ings. He recalled his mother's last words:

UPSTAIRS, ALLENTOWN, PA. ELEGANT PRINTING, NEW DESIGNS,

LATEST STYLES. tamped Checks, Cards, Circulars, Paper Books, Coust tutions and By-Laws, School Catalogues, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Letter Heads, Bills of Lading, Way Bills, Tags and Shipping Cards, Posters of any size, etc., etc., Frince at Short Notice.

WILLS & IREDELL.

Plain and Fancy Job Printers, No. 47 EAST HAMILTON STREET,

those of the king. He offered his resignation.

Tell us not in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real ! life is carnest ! 'Man thou art, to man return out !"

Life is long, and youth is flecting.
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still, like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding, marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivounc of life, e not like dumb, driven cattle! "

Trust no future, however pleasant, Let the dead Past bury its dead! Act—act to the living Present! Heart within and hope ahead!

Such examples, that another, Wasting time in idle sport,

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart on triumph set; till contriving, still pursuing.
And each one a husband get.

We seek in a milch cow, above all other qualities, rich milk in abundance; everything ter yielding? There is a limit in the nature

she has a docile, fine, nervous organizati good breeders have marked her fully up to it.

-WANTED-A life-boat that will float on a

from day to day, so that he soon excited the attention and admiration of his companions. sea of troubles.''

depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up. business largely to the hands of some co-la-

> houses to get a pair of stockings. -"Pray, madam, why do you name your hen Macduff ?" "Because, sir, I want her to

> a young man with, "Good morning, mother of donkeys." The dame meekly but smartly replied, "Good morning to you, my son." -Poon Fellow !- A young gentleman of

> all. -"Please accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl. "Sir, you had better give me the whole wig." "Madame, you are very biting, indeed, considering that your teeth are por-

> out a nail in the top of his sled, which had become loose. But the boy refused the kind offer, set the nall wrong, and split the board. Too much conceit spoils many a good effort. -When men used to be caught with black

> sons to say, "Oh, I was caught on the last ferry-boat accident !" -A Greek prisoner confined by the Turks in a fortress in Crete, having got into the

powder magazine, threatened to blow the whole place to atoms unless he were fed sumptuously, and finally compelled the Turkish commander to come down to the magazine and dance a hornpipe for his amusement every morning. -Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well of your industrious

and retired with dignity as a simple citizen of Lafitte died on Easter-day, 1844, amid universal regret. The French people had found in him a true friend, and his name will ever

A MAIDEN'S " PSALM OF LIFE."

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Finds us ucarer marriago-day.

Be a heroine - a wife

Lives of married folks remind us We can live our lives as well, And, departing, leave behind us Such examples as shall 'tell.'

A forlorn, numarried brother, Seeing shall take heart and court.

PERFECTION IN A MILCH COW.

else is secondary. The more milk, if it be rich, the better; and the richer, the better, if there be enough of it. Such a cow is a machine formed for converting fodder into milk and butter, chiefly " by art and man's device." The original cow was very different; she fed, and laid on flesh and fat, and bore calves, and produced milk, and roughed it in all weathers, and was half-starved half the time, Man's necessities and the art-of breeding have produced the change. . Where shall we stop? What is the limit of milk production and butof things; and if that be reached in one case, we shall strive to breed so as to bring the average given by all cows of the breed as near as possible to it.

Several months since Charles L. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, an enthusiastic admirer of Jersey cattle, sent us a magnificent " imperial photograph" of his beautiful cow "Duchess," the finest picture of a milch cow we ever saw.

of human nature, like Mr. Perregaux, understand the meaning of seemingly insignificant The cow is eight years old and was imported things, and how far small actions go toward last spring with eight others. She calved on the interpretration of character. So he said shipboard two weeks before landing, and two. to himself: "The man who will not refuse to weeks after landing, gave 21 quarts of milk per day, on grass alone, and in two separate pick up a pin must certainly have some habits that will be of great use if he ever have an optrials of a week each, on the same feed, made 13 pounds of butter. Many a cow may be fed He quickly opened the window and called up to give more milk, and a few may make more butter, with all the oat-meal, roots, and The young man quickly returned, hastened grass, they can eat, but we have never known it done on grass alone. She is therefore a up stairs, and was soon again in the presence good sow, and her picture shows her to be no less beautiful than good. We give Mr. Sharpof the banker.
"Do you have the goodness," said Jacques, piactic and we believe truthful de scription: "Size, below medium-would be called small; color was dark, but has been growing lighter, and is now fawn; skin, yellow and mellow; hair soft, with satiny coat: inside of ears, bag, and teats, deep orange; have done it, if you had not wished to accept iorns, semi-transparent, not amber, but butter-colored; hoofs, yellow; eyes, full and der and economy," replied Mr. Perregaux, in a friendly way, "will make a good business soft; neck, very thin; crops, thin and sharp; capacity of the barrel enormous, in contrast with her fine head, neck, tail and legs: and scend as soon as possible and give you a little Such an animal must come very near the standard of perfection in Jersey cows. Some aux's counting-house. His industry and fidelity helped him in every respect. His

-American Agriculturist.

-" Professor of the accumulative art" is the In a few years he became a book-keeper, and California term for thief. The French revolution broke out, and the -All men who do anything must expect a new order of things which called Perregaux

> -A man from the verdant regions yesterlay went into one of our Fire Hose Company's

lay on !" -SMART REPLY.-An old woman driving a four-footed troop into a city was accosted by

our acquaintance, on being asked, a day or two ago, whether he didn't very much admire Dickens's "Carol," said that he greatly preferred his own Carol-ine! -Repose beautifies the heart and adorns the life. It is to labor what the shadow is to the sun. It is there one will find the views of nature sparkling and pure, if he finds them at

celain.' -"Let me show you how to drive it," said carpenter to a little boy, who was about to

eyes or bruised noses, they ascribed the phenomenon to an accidental hit of the pumphandle, but the pump having gone out of use hereabouts, it is the custom now for such per-

inence in the July revolution. Without him, nother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as he can; and if a bad boy honor and integrity. He was a member of Louis Phillipe's ministry, and had charge of laughs at your appearance, say nothing, but walk on. We know many a rich and good the finances of France; yet this lasted but a short time, as his views did not agree with man who was once as poor as you.

What will you do in Paris, my son?—stay here. You have your home, though it is a the country. poor one." And then he thought his own answer : "Let me try my fortune, dear mother, in order that I may share it with 'you and ny dear friends." "But," answered she, e held by them in great respect. Fortune does not always visit those who eck it." To this he replied: "But it never ecks those who never seek it." "Well, go,"