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#### LADY BYRON'S REPLY TO LORD BYRON'S and he is called the Snow-Eater. The two FAREWELL.

Yes! farewell-farewell forever! Thou thyself has fixed our doom, Bade hope's fairest blossoms wither, Never again for me to bloom. Unforgiving thou hast called me-Didst thou ever say torgive? Poor the wretch whose wiles beguiled thee, Thou alone didst seem to live.

Short the space which time has given To complete thy love's decay; By unhallowed passions driven, Soon thy heart was taught to stray; Lived for me that feeling tender Which thy verse so well can show, From my arms why didst thou wander! My endearments why forego !

Oh! too late thy breast was bared, Oh! too soon to me 'twas shown, That thy love but once I shared, And already it is flown. Wrapped in dreams of joy abiding, On thy breast my head hath lain, In thy love and truth confiding-Bliss I ne'er can know again.

The dark hour did first discover In thy soul the hideous stain-Would these eyes had closed forever, Ne'er to weep thy crimes again. But the impious wish O, heaven I From the record blotted be ; Yes, I yet would live, O, Byron, For the babe I've born for thee!

In whose lovely features (let me All my weakness here confess, Whilst the struggling tears permit me) All the father's I can trace-He whose image never leaves me, He whose image still I prize, Who this bitterest feeling gives me, Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rather When our child's first accents flow, I will teach her to say FATHER, But his guilt she ne'er shall know. Whilst to-morrow and to-morrow Wake me from a widow'd bed, On another's arms no sorrow Will thou fell, no tear wiit shed

I the world's approval sought not, When I tore myself from thee; Ot its praise or blame I thought not-What's its praise or blame to me ! He so prized -- so loved -- adored, From my heart his image drove, On my head content of has poured, And preferred a wacion's love.

Thou art proud, but mark me, Byron, I've a heart proud as thine own; Soft to love, but hard as iron When contempt is o'er it thrown; But farewell! I'll not upbraid thee, Never, never wish thee ill-Wreched though thy crimes have made me, If thou canst be happy still.

#### The Press and Dead Reads. One of our exchanges speak a great deal

Railroads, steamboats and stage-coaches

of truth in the following:

complain of dead heading-that is to say, of editors and clergymen, riding so much without pay The newspaper press endures more of this dead heading than all three of these modes of conveyance combined. The pulpit, the bar and the theatre: corporations, legislative assembles, societies, religions benevolent, agricultural, mercantile establishments, venders of quack medicines. railroad companies, steamboats, stage lines, and every variety of individuals, including political parties and politicians, draw largely on the liberality of the press. The press is expected to yield to all these interests; it is required to give strength to all weak institutions and enterprises; it is asked to puff small preachers into overshadowing pulpit orators; to puff small politicians and apprincipled demagogues into great men and patriots; to magnify incompetent railroad officers into railroad kings; it is expected to herald abroad the fame of quacks. of all cases, bolster up dull authors; im mortalize weak Congressional speeches; it is required to give sight to the blind, bread to the hungry, talents to fools and honor to thieves and robbers; it is asked to cover up the infirmities of the weak, to hide the faults of guilty men and wink at the fraudulent schemes of scoundrels, it is expected to flatter the vaio, to extol the merits of those who deserve nothing but the scorn and contempt of all good citizens; it is required, in a word, of the newspaper press, to become all things to all men; and if it look for pay, or send out its bills for subscriptions and advertising, it is denounced an and sordid, and its conductors are wanting in liberality. There is no interest on the face of this green earth that is expected to give so much to society, without pay or thanks, as the newspaper press of

THERE is a certain amount of indelicacy and want of consideration in crowding material and external happiness on those who have emerged from a sombre condition, to which we know they are destined certainly to return. Sometimes the bright spot cheers the memory, but more often destroys con-

the country.

A Toast-"The Ladies! They divide our sorrows, double our joys, and trable our you sure of the horses?" "Are you sure of

The Russian Wolf Hunt.

We transate the following story from a late number of M. Alex. Dumas' newspaper. It is an extract from one of his letters from St. Petersburg:

"Wolf hunting and bear hunting are the favorite pleasures of the Russians, Wolves are hunted in this way in the winter, when the wolves being hungry are ferocious .paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows:

One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 is any sort of a carriage drawn by three Three or four huntsmen, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, get into a troika, which horses-its name being derived from its team, and not from its form. The middle horse trots with his head hanging down, others have only one rein, and they are fastened to the poles by the middle of the body, and gallop, their heads free-they are called the Furious. The troika is driven by a sure coachman, if there is such a thing in the world as a sure coachman. A pig is tied to the rear of the vehicle by a rope, or a chain (for greater security) some twelve yards long. The pig is kept in the vehicle until the huntsmen reach the forest where the hunt is to take place, when he is taken out and the horses started. The pig, not being accustomed to this gait, squeals; and his equeals soon degenerate into lamentations. His cries bring out one wolf, who gives the pig chase: then two wolves, then three, then ten, then fifty wolves-all posting as hard as they can go after the poor pig, fighting among themselves for the best places, snapping and striking at the poor pig at every opportunity, who squeals with despair. These squeals of agony arouse all the welves in the forest, within a circuit of three miles, and the troik is followed by an immense flock of wolves. It is now a good driver is indispensable. The horses

> The huntsmen fire as fast as they can The pig squeals-the horses neigh-the wolves howl-the guns rattle; it is a concert to make Mephistopheles jealous. As long as the driver commands his horses, fast as they may be running away, there is no danger. But, if he ceases to be master of them; if they balk, if the troika is upset, there is no hope. The next day, or the day after, or a week afterwards, nothing will remain of the party but the wreck of the troika, the barrels of the guns, and the larger tones of the horses, huntsmen, and

have an instinctive horror for wolves, and

go almost crazy; they run as fast as they

Last winter Prince Pepnine went on one of these hunts, and it came very near being his last hunt. He was on a visit with two of his friends to one of his estates near the steppe, and they determined to go on a woll hunt. They prepared a large sleigh in which three persons could move at ease. three vigorous horses were put into it, and tney selected for a driver a man born in the country, and thoroughly experienced in the sport. Every huntsman had a pair of doublebarrel guns, and one hundred and fifty ball cartriges It was night when they reached the steppe; that is an immense prairie covered with snow. The moon was full, and shone brilliantly; its beams refracted by the snow gave a light scarcely inferior to

The pig was put out of the sleigh and the horses whipped up. As soon as the pig felt that he was dragged he began to squeal. A wolf or two appeared; but they were timed and kept a long way off. Their numbers gradually increased, and as they gained in strength they became bolder. There were about twenty wolves when they came within gun range of the troika. One of the party fired; a wolf fell. The flock became alarmed and half fled away. Seven or eight hungry wolves remained behind to devour their dead companion. The gaps were soon filled. On every side howls answered howls; on every side sharp noses and brilliant eyes were seen peering. The guns rattled volley after volley; but the flock of wolves increased instead of diminishing, and soon it was not a flock, but a vast herd of wolves in thick serrid columns. which gave chase to the sleigh.

The wolves bounded forward so rapidly they seemed to fly over the snow, and so lightly not a pound was heard; their numbers continued to increase and increase, and ncrease: they seemed to be a silent tide drawing nearer and nearer, and which the gons of the party, rapidly as they were discharged, had no effect on. The wolves formed a vast crescent, whose horns began to encompass the horses. The numbers increased so rapidly they seemed to spring out of the ground. There was something weird in their appearance, for where could three thousand wolves come from in such a his under lip hanging down. A dandy, desert of snow? The party had taken the ripe for a scrape, tipped nods and winks pig into the sleigh; his squeal increased all about saying: "Now I'll have some fun, the wolves' boldness. The party cominued I'll frighten that green horn." He vjumped their ammunition, and but two hundred cartriges left, while they were surrounded by three thousand wolves. The two horns of the crescent became nearer and nearer, and threatened to envelope the whole party.

If one of the horses should have given out, the fate of the whole party was sealed. "What do you think of this, Ivan ?" said the Prince Repnine, speaking to the driver. "I would rather be at home, Prince." "Are you afraid of any evil consequences ?"-"The devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more wolves you'll have." "What do you think is the best thing to be done?" "Make the horses go faster." "Are

He quickened the horses, and turned their heads towards home. The horses flew faster than ever. The driver excited them to increased speed by a sharp whistle, and made them describe a curve which intersected one of the horns of the crescent .-The wolves opened their ranks and let the

will Blean descontages

The Prince raised his gun to his shoulder. "For God's sake, don't fire!" exclaimed the driver; "we are dead men if you do!" He obeyed Ivan. The wolves, astonished by this unexpected act, remained motionless for a minute. During this minute the troika was a verest from them. When the wolves started again after it, it was too late, they could not overtake it. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of home. Prince Repnine thinks his horses ran at least six miles in these fifteen minutes. He rode over the steppe the next day, and found the bones of more than two hundred

Scenes at Palermo. at Palermo, who have lost their all in the stay him, and I'll win the fight be sure of bombarment by the Neapolitan troops, is that. His hands will go in a lit le while, clearly shown in the following extract of a and then I can take him as I want to." letter from Palermo; "This morning I was Morrissey is full of confidence, and wants determined to witness with my own eyes only, as he says, once more to face his old the distribution of bread which is made antagonist on the turf, to teach him that he daily in Garibaldi's house at 8 o'clock, and is still his master. Morrissey has many which takes place literally in his antecham- triends, who are equally confident with ber. The poor creatures enter at one door himself, and who, with him, will stake ev-- two or three at a time-each receiving a ery dollar they can raise on the issue of the loaf weighing about two pounds, and then fight. Experienced fighting men also dethey go out at another. It was indeed a clare their belief that Merrissey will win heartrendering scene; for often some one the fight, and they found their assertion on of the poor sufferers wept bitterly, and, the same theory that is propounded by crying, begged for yet another loaf, for a Morrissey, that Morrissey can stay longer son, or father, or husband, or wife, who had than Heenan, and take all the punishment been wounded by the falling in of the bom- his adversary can inflict, and can then go barded houses, and who was unable to come in and lick him. in person to ask for his or her share of the charity. You saw mothers with two or even have the most implicit confidence in their load; there is no necessity to take any aim. three children in their arms, just a month champion, and will risk on him every dol old, or a year, or very little more, a prey to shame as they ask for two or three loves : but a few days ago their little business, or ered from the disease that disabled him at the industry of a husband, was sufficient for their support, and now five of the bombardment has utterly beggard them, and made miserable victims of these orphans,

these mothers and wives. id, bashful expression, he assured me that in the hope of obtaining an audience with Garibaldi. I offered to speak to the sentinels for that purpose, that he might pass sooner and more easily : but, with an air of embarrassment, he declined the offer, so that I could at once perceive he was waiting only to receive charity, like the rest .-At that very moment his turn came, and he received three or four loaves, which he hastily concealed under his coat. Being aware that I had observed him, he said to me, with tears in his eyes, "You see, Sir, to what I am reduced by the cruelty of the Bourbons." On questioning him further, he told me that he had five children, all girls, the eldest only six years old; that he kept a draper's shop, which had been burned to the ground, as well as his house, and that with the greatest difficulty, he had succeeded in saving the lives of his little ones by adversary out of time in three rounds, for hiding them behind a garden wall, where they remained for three days, with no other food than a little fruit.

"All the property that he had in the world was destroyed, and as ill-luck would have it, on that day he happened to leave even his purse, which he usually carried on his person, in the shop, so that he was left literally without a single farthing, and the two or three relatives to whom he could have applied for aid was absent from Palermo .-I asked him to let me accompany him on his return to the hovel where, I understood him to say, his children had now found shelter. They were five sweet-looking little girls, and it was indeed a touching sight when their father gave them the bread, for which they had been anxiously waiting -Unobserved by him, I slipped a trifle into the hands of the eldest girl, and, greatly moved by the spectacle, I walked away, following up a train of reflection which many others I suspect, will, share on the blessings of a Bourbon dynasty and the benefits of a despotic rule. Every morning Garibaldi distributes in this way about 3 000 loaves. The like is done by a Capuchin Convent, which gives also a small cup of

Scene on the Ohio .- Our boat stopped o take in wood. On the shore among the crowd, stood a remarkbly stupid looking fellow, with his hands in his pockets, and ashore a drawn bowie knife, brandishing it in the face of the "green 'un" exclaiming :

"Now I'll punish you. I have been looking for you a week." The fellow suddenly started at his assilant. He evidently had not sense enough to be scared-but as the bowie knife, came near his face, once of his hugh fists suddenly vacated his pocket, and tell solid and heavy between the dandy's eyes, and the poor fellow was floundering in the river. Greeny jumped on board our boat, put his hands in his pockets, and looked around. "May be," said he, 'there's somebody else that's been looking for me a

The Germans would have made Adam of old when she

Another Great Fistic Event.

Heenan and Morrissey, it is announced, are to have a ring fight in about two months, the tenth of November being the day designated, for which both men are in training. The New York Sunday Mercury says:

In conversation at Saratoga, one day last week, Morrissey was asked : "Shall you fight Heenan again ?"

He at once replied : "I certainly shall, and I shall lick him

He went on to say that he wanted the challenge to come from Heenan, as Heenan, having been defeated by Morrissey, ought, of course, to issue the defiance. He siad he should at once, accept the challenge, and, added he, "It you've got any money to bet on the event, put it on me and I'll win it for you. He continued: "1 am confident that I can lick this man Say. ers would have licked him easy, if he had fought him as I shall fight him. He can't stand body punishment, and I shall give him my head to hammer away at, while I The wretched state of the poor sufferers make my fighting at his body. I can out-

On the other hand, the friends of Heenan lar they can muster. Heenan himself is in admirable condition; he has entirely recov-Long Point, and is leading a sober and temperate life. He does not touch a drop of liquor, no matter how pressing may be the invitation of his friends. The constant exercise he has with Ottignon, Aaron Jones "I accosted a well dressed man, who was Ed Price-all sparrers of the very first waiting there with the others. With a tim- class-keeps him up to the topmost mark of pugilis ic science. He learns something he was waiting till the crowd cleared away, every day, for who could fail to improve under the instruction of constant experience with the most eminent professors of a given sicence that the day affords? He tho always a marvel of agility and quickness, becomes more and more quick and agile every day; his wind is improved by his constant exercise; and when he steps into the ring to fight Morrissey, he will prove by far the most formidable antagonist that veteran pugilist has ever yet put up hands before. In a conversation with a friend, a few days since, Heenan said : "The next fight won't be a short fight. The next man that fights me has to fight me three hours."

It would seem from this that he has gain ed unbounded confidence in his own pow ers of endurance, or what is termed his staying abilities. In his former fight with Morrissey, his only hope was to knock his he expressly stated to his backers that he could not effect that consummation, he could not win. He knew that after the firs keen struggle was over, his lack of condition would tell fearfully against him, as proved. Accordingly, he expended all his energies on the first two or three rounds, hoping to so far stun Morrissey by that tre mendous cannonade of blows he adminisable after that time to face the scratch -Probably no skull in the world other than Morrissey's, could have received that tre mendous pounding, and have recovered from it to answer to the call of "Time." But Morrissey did recover, did answer to call, and Heenan failed, as he had predicted, and the result is known. Heenan afterward challenged Morrissey, but the defiance was not taken up, for reason herein before stated. From that eventful day to this. Heenan has been anxious to again confront his conqueror, and try once again the chances of battle with him. The time has nearly come. Heenan is aware that Morrissey stands ready to accept his chal lenge, and soon as his present engagement is concluded, he will issue the defiant doc

Like Morrissev, Heenan expresses the most undounded confidence in himself. In deed, he looks upon the battle as already decided, although he knows too well the temper of his valliant foe to hold him undu ly cheap. Confident as Heenan is, he will throw away no chance to secure the victory. He will train with the utmost care. to the field in the best condition possible He will do all his work most scrupulously and abide in all things by the commands of his trainer, who will be Jame Cusick, as

It is ruinous to the young to demand of them more than you are quite sure that they can accomplish with moderate industry; it not only tends to make their minds superficial, but, what is still less thought of their characters slippery, slip shod, and slip-slop.

daughter, was five hundred and eighty years | ing my husband-how's that ?" 'All right,'

THE RIVER PATH. BY JOHN G WHITTIER.

No bird song floated down the hill. The tangled bank below was still : No rustle from the birchen stem : No ripple from the water's hem. The dusk of twilight round us grew, We felt the falling of the dew. For, from us, ere the day was done, The wooded hills shot out the sun. But on the river's farther side We saw the hill-tops glorified. A tender glow, exceeding fair, A dream of day withou its glare. With us the damp, the chil, the gloom; With them the sunset's rosy bloom; While dark, through willowy vistas seen The river rolled in shades between. From out the darkness where we trod. We gazed upon those hills of God. Whose light seemed not of moon or sun, We spake not, but our thought was one. We paused, as if from that bright shore Beckoned our dear ones gone before; And stilled our breathing hearts to hear The voices lost to mortal ear ! Sudden our pathway turned from night; The hills swung open to the light,

Thro' their green gates the sunshine sho'd A long slant splendor downward flowed. Down glade and glen and bank it rolled; It bridged the shaded stream with gold: And borne on piers of mist, allied The shadowy with the sunlit side "So," prayed we, "when our feet draw

The river, dark with mortal fear, I near And the night cometh chill with dew, Oh, Father !- let thy light break through So let the hills of doubt divide, So bridge with faith the sunless tide! So let the eyes that fall on earth On the eternal hills look forth;

And in thy beckoning angels know The dear ones whom we loved below!"

#### Romance at Cape May.

A New York paper relates the following incident, in connection with the trip of the

been connected with one of the illustrated papers, and whose talents have gained him some celebrity, was among the excursionists who first landed at Cape May. Quite them our artist, who, unfortunately, is not an experi swimmer, and having ventured out too far, became exhausted.

He was in the most imminent danger of being drowned, and every one seemed incapable of rendering him assistance, when a lady whose scarlet bathing dress, and daring behavior in the water had attracted much attention, darted out through the mighty waves, seized the drowning man by the collar of his flannel shirt, and conveyed him salely to the shore, amid the deafening cheers of those who looked on admiring the spirit that prompted the hu-

This brave and noble girl is a member of an excellent family, belonging to what is called the "best society" in New York -She first learned to swim perfectly at her father's country's seat on the Hudson river. and many old watering places habitues well remember her extraordinary skill and self possession in the sport of surf-bathing The acquaintance between her and the artist, thus romantically begun, prospered favorably on the passage home, and already the gossips say that the parents of the heroine have been successfully consulted on an interesting subject, concerning the future condition of the lady that will result in tered to his head, that he would not be speedy union of talent and beauty, in the way of marriage al a mode, at Cape May.

THREE MEN SUFFOCATED IN A WELL .-

In Atlegheny city on Friday, as we learn from the Phispurg Coronicle, three men named William Bottles, James Vance and Alfred boules had sunk a well in the rear of Herman Hendal's beer hall, corner of Federal street and Central alley, the object of which was the draining of a privy vault in the viscinity. The well having reached a sufficient depth, Alfred Bottles descended the ladder and proceeded to tap the vault. A lew moments sufficed to open a communication between the vault, and this effected a quantity of foul air rushed into the former, evenowering Bottles, and causing him to fall helpless to the bottom of the well. Vance, who saw him fall, hurried to his aid, but had not descended more than four or five feet when he too was overcome and fell a senseless mass on the body of blow up a mommoth man-of-war named his colaborer below. William Bottles now the Kaiser. An account says: The attenattempted to descend, and was overpower- tion of the sentinel on guard over the powed and dropped off the lacder to the bottom | der magazine of the Kaiser having been in the same way. A Mr. Ja mes Taggart at- attracted by a faint, grating noise, seeming tempted to rescue them but failed. Alfred to issue from the wood work, he gave the Bottles and James Vance were dead when alarm. A search was made and crouching taken out. Taggart was yet living, but he survived only a few minutes, and was ta an individual, who, having succeeded in ken to his home a corpse. William Bottles boring an auger hole into the powder magwas also alive, and was taken to his home azine, was already inserting the wire to on Kilbuck street, wither a large crowd fol- which was fixed the match which he had lowed him. He was thrown into convul- destined to blow up the vessel with every sions during the evening, and was so low soul on board, the whole of the ship lying that his recovery was deemed highly improbable. He survived throughout the night, however, and may now be considered out of danger.

"Why doctor," said a sick lady, "you ENCOURAGING TO THE GIRLS - Naomi, Enoch's give me the same medicine as you are giv-

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

Land St Encoler 12 Ma Horis

I believe the only time I laughed, except at the jokes of a greater man than myself, a himposition. There's been more people during the period I remained an object of himposed upon by that air word than by all envy to millions, said James Madison, was the professional swindel in natur. It's a on an occasion I shall never forget. I was gros, a uniwersal himposition; and it's called out of my bed early one cold winter on'y werry wonderful to me that ain't long morning by a person coming on business ago been hexpunged. A gal says she loves of the utmost consequence, and dressed my- yer. Werry well ; but are you consequentself in great haste, supposing it might be a lially obligated to make a fool o' vourself ! summons to a Cabinet Council. When I No? you've on'y got 'er hipisydixy, and came into my private office I found a long vot's the good o' that? Marry 'er, and you'll sided man at least six feet high, with a lit. werry soon see how sweet's the love as tle apple head, a queue, and a face criti- meets return.' But arout that, look 'ere cally round, as rosy as a ripe cherry. He of'y just for an instance, a gal loves a solhanded me a letter from his excellency, the ger-vich they all do; it's reglar; he's a Honorable to my patronage. I was a lit- private; still she loves 'im-oh! hout and distinction between man and man.

"Why-y-y, I'm not very particular; but somehow or other I think I should like to be a minister. I don't mean of the gospel, but one of those ministers to foreign ports." "I'm very sorry, very sorry indeed; there is no vacancy just now. Would not something else suit you ?"

"Why y y," answered the apple-headed man, "I wouldn't much care if I took a situation in one of the departments. I wouldn't much mind being a controller, or an auditor, or some such thing "

"My dear sir, I'm sorry, very sorry, indeed, but it happens, unfortunatley, that all | chance! and all, in course cos I'm single. these situations are at present filled. Would not you take something else?"

My friend stroked his chin, and seemed struggling to keep down the soarings of his high ambition to the present crisis. At last he answered:

"Why y y, y es; I don't care if I get a good collectorship, or inspectorship, or surveyorship, or navy agency."

I, "I regret exceedingly that not only all Erin-false to its poetry, and false to that these places, but every other place of con- love of liberty which beats in the breast of sequence in the government is at present Irishman everywhere." A certain well known artist, who has occupied. Pray think of something else ?

He then after some hesitation, asked for a clerkship, and finally the place of messen ger to one of the public officers. Finding no vacancy here, he seemed in vast pernumber of those who went ashore indulged plexity, and looking all around the room. in a plunge amid the breakers, among fixing his eyes at length on me, and measuring my height from head to foot. Then putting on one of the drollest faces that ever adorned the face of man, he said

Mister, von and I seem to be built much alike-haven't you some 'old clothes

Oh, what a falling off was there! from a foreign mission to a suit of old clothes. which the reader may be assured I gave with infinite pleasure for the only honest laugh I enjoyed for years afterward.

# The Man who Won't Pay the Printer.

May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to wander over gunpowder.

burr for an eye-stone.

tic than the Dey of Algiers. May be never be permitted to kiss a pret-

May he be bored to death by boarding school misses practicing their first lessons in music, without the privilege of seeing

May his sheets be sprinkled with cows

May 2:40 night mares trot quarter races Philadelphia, Baltimore, and some of the over his stomach every night. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and

his fishing lines break. May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders. May his friends run off with his wife,

and his children take the hooping cough May his cattle die of murrain, and the pigs destroy his garden. 1 May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank

and hungry, dog his heels each day, and a regiment of cats cattawaul under his win-May the famine stricken ghost of an editor's body haunt his slumbers, and hiss

"Murder" in his dreaming eye. May his cow give sour milk, and his churn rancid butter.

In short, may his business go to ruin, and he go to-the Legislature.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A MAN-OF-WAR .-During the celebration of the Emperor's fete in Vienna, an attempt was made to in the neighborhood, the Archdoke and all his company, including, besides, the greater part of the town itself. The culprit be longed to the Kaiser, and turns out to be the officer called in the Austrian service. Second Captain, which answers to First Lieusenant in our own. He was of course. immediately seized, but before he could be

Joe's Opinion of Love.

Love observed Joe, scarcastically, 'love's' tle inclined to be rude, but checked myself, hout! Werry well! don't yer think shi'd remembering that I was the servant of such | giv im up for an hofficer ! Vy cos it 'nd men as my visitor, and that I might get the be a better chance. Has for love, vickedreputation of an aristocrat, if I made any nest, the swindelinest, himposition as is .-The chance is vot gals look out for. The "Well, my friend, what situation do you on'y question with them is it a good chance! If it is they'll have it; if it ain't, they won't unless tasn't got noothing better. It's the deadest take in, is love, ever heard on : a deader vas never hinvented. You take my adwice, and don't be toozled. Venover ver 'ear the vord love, always wiew it as a gros himposition. Hif yer don't you'll be done, and on'y find out the difference ven it't too late. Look at me; jist for hinstance. I was sixty-two in Jennewerry last; look at that! Sixty-two, and I ain't done yet. I'm inwited to all the parties; I'm never forgot. There's the old uns as is married, a setting their darters upon me; it 'ud be sich a

### Republican Appeals to Irishmen.

In a speech, a few nights since, from the steps at Berlin's Hoter, to a Republican meeting in this place, Edgar Cowan Esq., made a strong and earnest appeal to Irishmen to cast their votes with the Republi-

"Irishmen," said he, "who vote with the Democracy are false to their own Green Isle of the Ocean-false to the literature of

We call the attention of Irishmen to the urgent and burning lauguage in which they have been besought to turn their backs upon the party which not long ago stood beween them and proscription, and then. we add, as a fit and proper commentary thereon, the fact that, on last Saturday night the Republican Torch-Light procession. which paraded the streets of Greensburg. and was addressed by the same gentleman. whose remarks we have quoted above,kept sep to the music of the "Boyne Water."

Irishmen should remember that even as they were appealed to to desert their party. they were met with an open shameless insult,-and that the faith of their fathers has been derided by a party that profess the most enlarged liberality. They would be "false to their own Green Isle of the Ocean -fase to the literature of Erin-false to its poetry, and false to that love of liberty which beats in the breasts of Irishmen ev-May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut erywhere," if they failed to feel the keen and cutting taunts, which has thus been May every day of his life be more despo- thrust into their very faces. - Greensburg

> COAL OIL MANUFACTURE -The extent to which the manufacture of oil from coal is carried on, will surprise many of our readers. The number of coal oil companies

and firms in this country is said to be fiftyseven; the works being principally situated in this city and Boston, the valleys of the age, and bed bugs and fleas be the sharers Ohio and its tributaries. Besides these there are a number of small coal oil works in Western cities, owned by individuals. The quantity of coal oil produced is estimated at 30,000 gallons per day, or nine millions per annum, worth about 70 cents a gallon, or over six millions of dollars in the aggregate. The capital expended in coal oil works and cannel coal mining is estimated at lour mil ions, about one-fifth of which has been invested in the Kanawha valley alone. This is independent of the petroleum or oil wells which continue to shed their liquid treasures in abundance. Fears had long been entertained that the whale species would become extinct, and thus the world be obliged to progress the best way it could without lubrication; but the oil wells and the oil manufactures promise a supply adequate to all our wants. Already the persons employed in this new department of industry may be numbered by thousands .-Pittsburgh paper.

A SIGNAL INSTANCE OF LINCOLN'S HONESry.-The New York Courier and Enquirer startles its Republican readers by cititing a signal instance of Mr. Lincoln's honesty .n a word or two, it seems that Mr. Lincoln who was a Postmaster in a little town in Illinois, while Mr. Barry was Postmaster General, resigned his small office, retaining in his hands about two hundred dollars of Government funds. Owing this money he ought to have promptly paid it up when he resigned, but he kept it

When Mr. Kendall became Postmaster General, he "drew on Mr. Lincoln for the amount standing against him on the books of the department." Wonderful to tell Mr. Lincoln honored the draft and paid the money. He paid two hundred dollars which he ought to have paid before, and the argument is that for paying this money he ought to be made President!

It would seem that the Courier and Enquirer expected nothing less than he should have stolen it. Its surprise at finding that he did not, is a significant indication of its want of confidence in the men with whom it is associated. Had he stolen it, in the eyes of the Courier and Enquirer, it would have been the most natural thing in the