

VOLUME XXIII.

|child, and sitting upon the rude seat, held | kieses and tears upon the emaciated little

For a while the child mused thoughtful- | it did come to his knowledge that little

The man arose from his seat-a deadly lar outrage promising at the same time to

child.

paleness settled upon his brow, his lips be a guardian and protector of so lovely a

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUMAS 网络小麦卡 医静脉切开

INUMBER 33.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FBIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 29, 1852.

form. The latter was shocked at the al-

teration in the child ; her eves were suu

ken, but her fair curling air was the same.

closer, she whispered, "I did so love you,

God would fetch me to you. He did,

The noble (?) lord who had been thus

guilty, repented of his crime ; his search

fered all the agony of remorae ; but when

Carry was restored to the humble washer

women, he fitted up a box of beautiful pre-

sents, and confessed his fault to her, beg-

ging her to accept the gifts for her child,

and to be under no apprehension of a simi-

He kept his word ; the mother is now

above want; Carry, more beautiful than

which his body is the repulsive form ?-

lamb is imbodied innocence. And how

Thoughts on Autumn

BT J. J. WRITTIZH. Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,

And gone the Summer's pomp and show, And Autumn, in his leafless bowers, Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

I said to Earth, so cold and gray, "An emblem of myself thou art:" "Not so," the Earth did seem to say, "For Spring shall warm my frozen heart."

I soothe my wintry sleep with dreams Of warmer sun and softer rain, And wait to hear the sound of streams, And songs of merry birds again.

But thou from whom the Spring hath gone, For whom the flowers no longer blow, Who standeth blighted and foriorn, Like Autumn waiting for the snow

No hope is thine of sunnier hours, Thy Winter shall no more depart : o Spring revive thy wasted flowers, Nor summer warm thy frozen heart.

The Angels' Bridge.

Whene'er a rainbow slept along the sky, The thoughtful, child expected anget hands Would glide upon its gorgeous path of light, With halffurled wings and meekly folded hands

For he had dreamed the rainbow was a bridge, On which came bright ones to the far-off shore A strange and pleasant dream-but he believed-And his young heart with love's sweet faith ran

How full of dreamy hopefulless his face. How many tender welcomes filled his eyes, When for celestial visitants ho watched,

In mute and holy converse with the skies. The saintly child grew very wan and weak ;

And as he lay upon the bed of pain, One day of storm, he only gently said— "When will the 'angels' bridge' reach down

again ?

In musing trance while gazing on the clouds, A flood of sun-light lit the humid air, And springing forth as if from God's own arms.

A lustrous rainbow shone divinely there. A tender smile played oe'r the child's pale lips-

Down the bright arch the white-robed angels

come, O, see their shining pinions !---their sweet eves !' Hosaid-and, 'mid their soft embraces, floated home.

The Dead Babe.

"Willie is dead !" whispered George Al-

the coachman to drive on. len, mournfully, as he took the hand of his little sister, "come, Julia, mother says we may go and look at him now." Silently they entered the chamber where

the dead boy was. It lay in its cradle, and looked as if it was sleeping. George wept bitterly, and Julia gazed wonderingly at him.

fore the sound of wheels was again heard, "Why do you cry ?" she asked, "is anyand again the same carriage swept along, thing the matter with Willie? He is only asleep, isn't he !" and she put her findirection. ger gently upon the baby's brow. Sud-It stopped, as before, directly opposite denly starting back in affright, she exclaimlittle Carry, who now let her book fall, and ed. "O ! it is cold-cold as ice ! What makes Willie so cold ?" of alarm upon her features.

"He is dead," replied George, "and to-"My child," said the gentleman, with morrow they will put him in the deep, cold beautiful, winning smile, that put her ingrave, and we shall never see him again." stantly at ease, "who are you ?" "Dead ?" repeated little Julia, "what is

it to be dead ?

her face.

[From the Boston Olive Branch. THE STOLEN CHILD.

it so that Carry might look within. "Oh, how pretty !" she exclaimed. It was indeed the counterpart of the washer-Little Carry took her pet bird on he woman's child; the hair laid so white and and as she nestled up closer and closer, and arm, one morning, and laughing merrily glossy over the pearly brown that it reback at her mother, who stood at her wash sembled nothing but snow drifted upon the mother, that I couldn't stay; but oh ! it edge of a meadow, and under a clump of petal of a lilly; the eyes, dreamy looking, was a weary while walking, and my feet ing-tub, ran to her favorite seat near the large and blue, had just her long golden ached, but I said my prayers, and I knew lashes, and the arms were scarcely whiter

majectic elme. This place was not very far from the humble home, but owing to a than hers; for she was an idel above God, didn't he, mother ?" roundabout circuit by a little hill, and the in her mother's heart, and she being proud prominence of the hill itself, it seemed at of her exceeding loveliness, had taken much greater distance. Nothing was to great pains to preserve the delicacy of Car- for the child proved fruitless, and he sufbe seen near the child, except dewy meadry's complexion. ows spangled with flowers : tall tufts of the lady's elipper, and sweet beds of camomile, with the bright fox glove, crimson clover buds, and wild thyme grew directly about the place where she sat. A long, wide to; "I'm going to take them off," she said road stretched by and away in the disartlessly, "I can't leave mother." tance; very little was it travelled, and only one cart, loaded high with fragrant hay, had passed little Carry that morning. were asby. Suddenly an elegant barouche with two milk-white horses, and driven leisurely, appeared in the distance; Carry allowed her book to drop upon her knee, and sat

curiously watching it. Seldom indeed had so elegant a carriage been seen in that obscure country place. As it came on and neared the pretty natural bower, she saw that it was occupied by one gentleman and coachman in livery, who managed the two spirited animals with great skill. At a gesture of the gentleman, the scr-

vant drew up before the child; the former seemed unaccountably affected ; he mumured "Emma" several times, in a low, distinct tone; and then exclaimed "the very face and form of my dead child-God forgive

me the thought, he added quickly, and forget, my lord." pulling his hat hurriedly down, he ordered Little Carry gazed at them with innocent surprise ; she was too young to think

deeply, being nearly nine, but she felt with her child's heart, that the gentleman was in great sorrow, and unconsciously pitied Five minutes had scarcely elapsed be-

this time more swiftly and in the opposite round what appeared to be the body of a dead child.

The sun beat down upon her unprotected form, and laid in the tangled masses of her is a form of affection ; the sparrow of our stood looking up with a slight expression hair ; her little cheeks so wan and white, affection, the dove of another. And this

her poor, tender feet and emaciated arms, are when we ook at another."

"I am little Carry Elliot, please sir," she answered, with a courtesy, as was her and horror in the breast of the rudest churl from the lamb? Is it not his affection, of a child."-N. N. Journal of Commerce.

I Remember. remember, Tremember When I just began to creep, How I crawled straight into mischief-How I pulled the table line

With its contents on the floor; How my mother spanked me for it, Till my tender flesh was are. I remember, I remember When I used to go to school, How I kept a watchful eye on

The master's rod and rule; How I cut up monkey-shines Every time his back was turned... How I sometimes used to catch it, When I'd not my lesson learned. I remember, I remember

When I went a hooking peaches, How a dog came out and caught me By the surplus of my breeches; How I hung on to the bushes-How the dog hung fast to me,

Till my cryings brought a man who Flogg'd me most "orful-s." I remember, I remember

When the girls I used to kiss, How I thought it rather funny, But it gave no extra bliss; Now it seizes me with rapture, Now it fills my soul with joy ; Yet with manhnod's blissful pleasure, Would that I was still a boy.

A Common Falschood.

There's not a meaner or more abject slave Than the poor wretch, scarce half a man, w a poet's ideal, is growing up to womanhood : and she thinks so much of her will

And reason are at variance; who still guardian, that it would not be any great Gives the excuse-invention of a knave-For doing evil : "Though I know 'tis wrong, wonder if the lived under the roof of his birth to whom a worshipped wife had died, his stately mansion yet, for Lord En-Yet I can't help it." Out upon the lief There's not a living mar. who, if he try To curb his evil, will not grow more strong Daily and hourly over it. The first laid in their ancestral tomb; but, as if to gel has a sen, who looks with poculiar facomfort him, near him sprung up, as it vor upon the sweet blossom, the gentle,

Firm blow, given with a will, makes his He is victorious, and all the worst And vitest of his foes come covering Around his throne, beseeching him to give

Their need some service small, by which they still may live. Hugh Bridgesson.

"NEVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD."-These vords affect me deeply. They came to me through the grate of a prison door from a young man about twenty-five years of age, of good form and intelligent countenance, but quivering and trembling from the effects of intemperance. "When were: you brought here ?" "Yesterday." what charges ?" "Drunkenness and disorderly conduct." "Whereare you from ?" city ?" city ?" pation there?" "Some years ago, I had a very good place in a draper's store, but I was taken up and put in jail." "Were you religiously brought up ?" "Not by

"It is because their lives are differen parents ; but I had religious instruction in that their bodies vary in appearance ; each the Sunday school." "Then you have attended Sunday school ?" "Yes sir."-What were your first steps astray ?"-Going about in the evening and taking walks into the conntry on Sunday." "Did you drink when you went on those excurtions ?" "Sometimes we did, sometimes

we didn't." "Have you been in the habit brambles had torn them, awakened pity "Oh, 10! What makes the wolf differ of praying to God ?" "Never since I was

SURNE IN INDIA STREET, BOFTON .--- One The Wisard "Dene Brown," Sunday afternoon, not long sgo, two young As Professor Anderson was looking odry goods clerks, finically dressed, and ver the various American and European. dry goods clerks, nucally orceased, and for the several which are to be found in the with the down of incipient manhood care-newspapers, which are to be found in the fully cherished upon their upper lips, ob-1 pitblication office of the Boston Daily. served a countrymen standing on the side-Times, he saw that he was closely struwalk, with both hands thrust deep into his tinized by a gentleman of tall stature, and pantaloons pocket, gazing intently up to the Custom House dome... This individual, after a short,

"Here's game," observed one of the time had elapsed, at length mustered cour-clerks; "a Jonathan come to town. Only age and thus addressed the "Wizard": "I see the patrimonial swallow tailed coat. say, are you Prof. Anderson, hey?' . Yes and pants in the shape of two inverted air.' . Wall, yop're a tarbation smart inair Good afternoon. Jonathan," he I hear. You sin't got that, built of yourn bags added, having approached near enough to with ye, are you ? 'No sir' Wall, I'm salute the Yankee. 'You do not often from down East, having been raised it see such chapels as that in the country, I Maine, and I should like to purchased a dd suppose. The countryman gave the interrogator plicate of that ere bottlesan I am about go-

The countryman gave the interrogator ing out stumping for. Pierres, Sud Figures a quick, sharp glance, as if to measure if I had your bottle, or its twin brottler 1'th - soon, swamp the Scotties, without talking his calibre, and, relapsing into a position of awkward listucssness, answerhottle with me, nor have I a schiplienset of

"No-sir; I-tell-you ! That are heap it.1 Sorry for that sir,! still the Pipros of stone must have cost lots of money,stomper; howbver; he continued, . lowas They must be Seven-day Baptists that once inight a trick, when a boy, but fals go to meetin' here ; "cause I notice most forget haw the darned thing was the doors have been closed all day. Here's done now. I'litell you how is many with an where Mr. Philip Greely preaches, an't ger, as near as I nam I untif to like at red cent and turn it into a ston dollar gold piece." "Oh,' said the Prolessor, that is

"We do not know the preacher's name.' quite simple ; a more trick of wight of

"Don't know the preacher's name, hand.' Well I know it is not very diffin and pretend to be decendants of our Pilculi, but as I forget how, will you show grim Fathers ! Ah, shame on ye, you deme ?' at the same, time handing a levis 1: 14 generate sons ! as Deacon Simpkins, up the Wizard. in our lown, used to say. Look here: 'O, yes, sir, if it will oblige you, t will: when I came over to the Finchburg road, show you in a moment. Hold out your yesterday, I see two monuments-one of hand,' said the wizard. SThis is your's brick and thother of stone. Linow what cent is it not ? Yes sir.' Close your the stone one's for; it is on Bunker Hill : hand.' The Down Easter closed his mail but what's the brick i [releving to the fast. Are you sure you have it i' mild the ginss work's chimney in East Cambridge.] Wizard ; 'I guess I have,' said he, 'said It's on lower ground, but it is the higher I'll bet a dollar you can't change it into a

ten .dollar gold piece." Allone." mid the "That is to commemorate the battle of Wixard. Now hold fast." 'Yes, "sire". Waterloo.'

I reckon I will-but stop ! down with "So 'tis, I didn't think o' that, But I seen your dollar ! here is mine." shid that Yansmoke on top. I spose they use it for a kee. The Wizard covered his dollar, On much did this chapel, as you' call it, cost ?" "Can't tell." "Do you know what order of architecture 'is ?" "No." "Have you said the ge came here and became intoxicated, and of the State House was laid ?" "No." "I see I must answer all my own ques-State House was laid on the 4th of July, mation to his proboscis, saying, 41 1795. And now youngsters, I would ad- there ain't anything green about this child ! vise you to post yourselves up a little bet- and left the Professor in utter amazement ter in the affairs of your own city. Your at his coolness .- Roston Times. ignorances raly makes you appear redicu-

a beacon to navigate Charles river, don't Now, sir, are you ready ?' said the Wizer they ?" "Gertainly." "Didn't the tide ard. I ain't nothing else !' suid the Dawas use to flow clean up by where we stand ?" Easter. Change, said the Wizard. Now "We never heard that it did," "Wall, it air, open your hand." He did so; and th' did. "That's what the books say : it used his uter astonishment he held a bona fide to flow e'namost up to Faneuil Hall. It ten dollar gold piece ! . Well, sur, sadd must have cost some to fill in the dirt and the Wizard, you see you have lost your make all these streets, any how. Say, dollar !' 'I guess I have,' said he'; handhow many inhabitants are there in this ing over the two dollars. Now,' says the: city ?" "We don't know." "How Professor, "I'll bet you another dollar I'll change the ten dollar piece into your centagain, and much quicker." No yerslon't," of architecture 'us ?' "No." "Have you said the generation and an ever hearn tell what year the corner stone dollars in the politet, and bustoning up-of the State House was laid ?' "No." tight, I'm much obliged to pour Profession "I see I must answer all my own ques- gor, but I reckou, I'll leave it us it in tions ; so he they are all asked together. Good morning, old hose I will he, walk-I'll answer them the same way: 136,750 ing out of the office, and, terning sround inhabitants ; \$1,076.000; the Doric order the door he thread his digitals in a peculiar of architecture ; the corner-stone of the position, will the thread in close approxi-

QUALIFICATIONS .-- Somebody very truly lous in the company of educated men." The clerks withdrew under a very strong remarked, that a good wife exhibits her conviction that they had caught a Tartar ; love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his and the Yankee, who was realy an educated man, and had assumed for the moment comfort. the character for which he had been mis-A poor wife "dears" and "my loves" taken on purpose to quiz the quizzers, her husband, and wouldn't sew a hutton. on his cost to keep him from freezing, withdrew to enjoy the joke. A sensible wife looks for her enjoyment at WORKING GIRLS .- Happy girls-who home-s silly one abroad. cannot love them I which checks like the A wise girl would wise a lover by practirose, bright eyes and elastic step, now cheerfully they go to work. Our reputa-tion for it, such girls will make excellent wifes. Blessed, indeed, will such men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live rose, bright eyes and elastic step, how A good girl always respects hernelf, and the bread that they eat, or the shoes they therefore always possesses the respects of wear ; who are languid and lazy from one others, weeks end to another. Who but a simple-

THE DEAD DOVE. "It is only a bird, Ada," said the young lover of agentle girl, "why should you grieve over its death ?" "If the song-sparrow had died, or the little wren, or even the robin," replied

Ada, sadly, "my heart would not have felt.

her eyes half closed and sunken, her little is the reason why, in looking upon one shoulder bare from her tattered frock, and we are affected differently from what we

all covered with blood where briars and "A strange doctrine, Ada, is it not ?"

were, on the vorge of this wild country, besutiful Chrry Elliot. her counterpart; every way as beautiful, if not as stately. As the child of the commoner, she was nothing to him. As his protoge, the inheritor of his wealth, his beloved companion, how she would fill the void in his heart-and just at that opportune moment came the words, "children

lv. then she laid the miniature upon her

lap, and smiling, half archly, she began to

unclasp the bracelets, or rather endeavored

"Children forget, my lord," ventured

the coachman with a sly leer. At any oth-

resented, but now the heart of the bereaved

narent was filled with wild and passionate

feelings; the child of his love, in giving

er time such familiarity would have been

That night Lord Engel stopped at an inn

in a little English town, and he bore from the carriage an unconscious child, whose little breast heaved even now with the

heavy sobs of a terrific sorrow; he allowed no one to touch her but himself; and

as he walked the apartment wherein she laid. conscience forced him to say, "it was a cruel thing-an unmanly act."

A group of peasants had gathered a-

wren." "No, nothe same, Henry." "Wheren lies the difference?"

"Are not the bodies different ?" "Oh, yes!"

the pain that now oppresses it; but to look

upon a dead dove touches my feelings deeply." "But why should you feel more pain

because a love has died? Its life is the same as the life of a robin, a sparrow, or a

George could not answer-he sobbed as if his heart would break. Julia bent over her baby-brother, and called him foudly by his name

direction of the cottage. "He doesn't hear me," she said tear-"What does your father do ?" fully. "Won't he never wake again ? O !

bright gold chain, and in my Emma's

"Must I go without mother ?"

tell me what it is to be dead ?" in washing." Just then their mother came into th "You are like a beautiful daughter that room. She laid her hand upon her little daughter's head, and Julia looked up into the Carry smiled and blushed; "I wonder up if you cau,"-and the woman, looking of the dired aature of those affections in if your mother would let you go and live in those dim eyes as they opened a little,

him.

"Won't dear Willie ever wake again ?" with me, and be a lady ?" she asked. "won't he ever love us more, "No sir, no sir," replied the little girl, mamma ?" slowly, with a profound expression; "a "No, my child," was the reply. "not in great dancing master wanted me once, and

this world. Willie has left us-he is not he offered mother ever so much gold for here. He will never come back, but if we me, and she cried dreadfully at the very love God we shall go and meet him in thought ; then a rich lady in London, that heaven. This is not Willie in the cradle, hadn't any little children, said if mother it is only his body. The spirit that used would let me go, she would make me her to love you so-the spirit that looked out own daughter, and mother said no ; mothfrom his eyes-the happy spirit which dwelt er loves me, and I love mother, and I a saucepan fall from her hands. in this little body, is now in Heaven. It wouldn't leave her if she was willing." is only the frail body, Julia, that dies-"Not to live in a beautiful great house, -our Willie will live forever." and have servants to do everything for you,

Julia's face grew bright, and George and drink from a golden cup, and cat from dried his tears. Their mother led them a silver dish, and to have the very richest round the neighboroood three days screamto a seat, and told them of God and of dresses, and laces, and jewels, and dia-Heaven. She told them of the beautiful monds, and do just as you like, and have augels who had welcomed the soul of Wil. everybody love you ?" lie to the Paradise above. Then she knelt, The child looked bewildered, but still face ; if there wasn't a bushel of tears fell Can I hei thinking of woman's trusting and they beside her, and she prayed that shook her pretty head. ber Heavenly Father would bless and pre- "There," said the stranger, taking a case serve her children, and keep them from from his pocket, and drawing out a flashthe evil of the world, and bring them at ing chain of brilliants, "see how beautiful bed up stairs, and, far as we can find, the last to meet Willie in Heaven.

Beautiful Thought.

"A strong man will carry me over the mountains." These were the words of a lets"-and he clasped the glittering gems says, though the merciful Lord knows best. evect fulle dying boy in the city of Bos. around her snowy wrists ; "see within this I can't hardly credit the child. Say, farton, a few weeks ago.

About the middle of the night in which the died he asw comethidg beautiful which feet ! the resemblance is perfect." he could not very well understand. He A strange yet beautiful sight was little feels." was much delighted with the vision, and Carry, standing amidst the solitude of nahis parents assured him that God had giv- | ture, with jewels flashing upon her round en him the glimpse of heaven. But they throat and arms, looking with a childish soon perceived that the vision was some- pleasure, now at one, now at the other, and what marred, by the appearance of mon n- then turning her innocent eyes to the tains which he saw before him. Almost in stranger, asked, "did you say these were she longed to lay her little aching head on a moment, however, after they were discov- mine ?" ared, he exclaimed, "A strong man will] "All, and much more, if you will go carry me over the mountains ." Gentle with me ; you shall have a watch, with a

child 1 and gentle faith 1

dressing case at home there are pearl Starch up, brush your whiskers, (if you chains, and topas and emerald, much more have any.) dress fashionable, and lay in a beautiful than these." plentiful store of soft nonsense, and the siels will call you a nice young man.

"Yes, but you will never know the want Never condema a friend unheard, or of her care ; kind ladies, those who nurtured HEB. will be to you as a mother," without leving him know his accusers or his crime. and he kissed the miniature of his dead

wont. there. "Dead." cried one as he touched timid- The woll is embodied cruchty, and the "And where do you live ?" ly the pale forehead. "Over there," and she pointed in the "Living," exclaimed another, a father, good is or all-wise and merciful Creator as he pressed his hard hand against the in thus facing before our eyes, in this scarcely beating heart, and tenderly, care. world, eabodied affections, that we may "He's dead, please sir, and mother takes

cottage near by, saying to his wife-"Mil- good quaities! When we look upon a laid in the cold ground, last week;" lit- ly, here's a cosset hardly alive, nurse her cruel beast we have a more perfect idea

> felt all the sympathy of the mother, and laid her carefully upon her own bed. good affectius." "They're making a great fuss about a

mer, casually, as he carried half a cheese new eves wuld I look around me on the son. into dame Barton's pantry ; "two dollars visible forts of nature, if I could believe for this, mistress." as you beliec."

"Bless my soul, its the girl I've got "I canng believe otherwise," said Ada. then," replied the good woman, letting as she lifte her eyes from the bird in her hand, and joked tenderly at her lover. "And the dove-to what affection does

"Why ! dame, have you found one ? well, bless me, you don't know how glad I it correspond, and why are you so deeply touched bits death ?" be ;" and he rubbed his hands-"her mo-

ther's nigh 'bout crazy; why ! she run "Need ou ask, Henry? Is it not the embodiedorm of a pure, confiding lovesuch loves only a woman's heart can ing and screeching at the top of her voice, feel? Af do you wonder that I am 'Iv'e lost my child;' and there wasn't a

in them days, then I aint no judge of good heart betyed ? of affection trampled out wheat, that's all." under thfoot of neglect and wrong ?"----And tearcame into the eyes of the pure-"Yes, there's a poor sick creter on the

hearted rl. "Dearida," said the young man, earthis will look upon your neck-these I little thing-she sint more'n that highbought for her," he murmured bitterly to walked fifty miles or more, to get away nestly, 4hy will you let such painful bimself; "and here are two costly brace. from from somebody that stole her, so she thoughtscome into your mind? They have no susiness there; your heart will never kiw betrayal; your affection will box the bright, shining stones ; they shall mer Luke, when you come along to-mor-

all be yours, and many, many more-per- row, just bring the wat with you, won't foot of nelect." "I do it think of myself," replied Ada, you ? I'm a mother, and know what she

quickly #I thought only of others." "Guess I will, mistress ; poor soul, she's hardly alive, for she keeps taking on so and the their eyes dropped from each that we're afraid she'll go dement, now." It was not a hard task to prepare the little girl for this visit; faint and helpless, the maternal bosom ; but the distracted

mother, on hearing that her child was perhaps found, fell into a fainting fit which lasted nearly through the night, and in for an isant, from its affection, may the the morning, before sunrise, weak as she form of to dead dove present itself, and was, insisted upon going with the farmer warn bi of the ruin his infidelity would to Elma, to clasp her darling to her heart occasion and then die; so in her strong language she expressed herself.

We will not attempt to portray the

meeting ; hew (larry clung to, the almost library, f the poor. It may sumulate ne frantic mother, and the mother showered profound

Whittier with One Boot. Whittier gave early indications of poetic

nowers. Several of his juvenile poems, having found their way into the newspapers and magazines of the day, attracted the attention of some literary gentlemen. who appreciated the merits of his producfully lifting the light form, he bore her to the more fully understand their evil or tions, any resolved to make their author a visit to offer their assistance in introduc. ing the "Quaker Poet" to literary noto-

> nely. Accordingly they took a conveyance our heartschich originate in self-love ; and that soon set them down in the picturesque town of Weare, New Hampshire, the reswhen we tok at an innocent lamb, or a idence of the young poet. With some difficulty they found the dwelling of Whitgentle dot, we perceive the beauty of

tier, and they were ushered into the best "Your's is a beautiful theory. Ada: room of the house, by his mother, to whom lost child down in Riverdeen," said a far- and, if trus how full of life ! With what they made known their desire to see her All this time young Whittier was work-

ing away at the certainly very unpostical business of cleaning out the pig sty. He plied his shovel with right good will, totally unconscious of the honor that awaited him. Judge of his astonishment when Lizzy, his sister, come running from the house, and informed him "that it was full of very great people who were waiting to see him.

"What shall I do ;" cried the poet agony. "Run, Lizzy, and get my boots, while I wash me in the brook.'

The boots were brought, but the wet feet of Whittier refused to enter. At soul that seen her could keep a straight pained toee the death of such a love ?-- length, after a deal of tugging, one was drawn on ; but, oh horrors ! the other would not go on, neither would the first bove the earth. come off. .

"A pretty looking spectacle Ishall pre sent for their inspection," murmured Whittier. as with one boot in his hand and the ions to immortal man, and not play-things other on his foot, he entered the house .and dolls. In no other way can one be But in a short time, the flattering words of his guests made him forget the awkwardexistence. ness of his attire.

It is sometimes said that an editor fritlovely ? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant never berampled out under the crushing ters away his best thoughts to no purpose, smiles, as she passes along-who has a but here is a paragraph that treats the matword of kind sympathy for every buy or ler sensibly -- on the principle, we suppose. that what can't be cured must be endured. girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand A contemporary whilst contemplating the who never sculds, never contends, never The ying man pressed his lips to hers, high position and great usefulness of a newspaper editor thus launches forth : teases her, nor seeks in any way to dimin-

"A newspaper may be destroyed at ish, but always to increase her happiness. night it may light a cigar, it may curl a Would it please you to pick up a string of lady's hair. Ah ! only think of that, girls. pearls, crops of gold, diamonds or precious An editor's thoughts, completely, sweetly, stones, which can never be lost ? Take "Neveshall her heart feel the pangs i en cuint a magnet damp of neglet, never, no, never!" said the yes, nestling down with you in your mid- sad and dejected. Strive everywhere to strayed to parts unknown. We presume night slumbers, to gently guard and peace- diffuse around you sunshine and joy .--fully keep watch over your happy dream. If you do this, you will be sure to be be-Jerusalem ! who would not be an editor.' laved.

PREJUDICE .-- New doctrines, however The proprietors of a toll bridge across true and however beautiful, never please the river at Augusta, Me., allow females on men of the old school. (They like to facey

foot to pass free. In noticing this, the that the world has been losing windom, New York Evening Post remarks that instead of gaining it ; ever since they were. "the Down Easters don't believe in tolling young.

The arms of a pretty girl wound tight The number of caule in Kentucky, as round the pack is monitorially efficacions of the wicked. like diverging lists, have a reported for taxation, is 589,756; value, in cases of soce throat. It beats paper the greaterialistance between then at there a a bout \$3,000,000. tên.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS .- Who is

The spirit of "Legree."

ton and a popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a com-Uncle Tom's Cabin, says the Pliftadetpanion ? Give us the working girls .- phin San, is considered to be too highly They are worth their weight in gold .---colored, by our southern friends, and You never see them mincing along, or have thought that Logree too great's field jump a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider to be natural. We, however, momettifies or a fly. They have no affectation, no see a symptom of his unchristian apfrit. silly airs about them. When they most For instance, a negro named Fleming had you, they speak without putting on a doz- a quarrel with Mr. and Mrs. Poe, at en of silly airs, or trying to show off to Richmond, about some trifling money matbetter advantage, and you feel as if you ters, and fleming becoming excited, acted were talking to a human being, and not to very outrageously. He was arrested, and the Mayor was directed that the prisoner

a (painted or a fallen angel. If girls knew how sadly they miss it, should have thirty-nine stripes well laid while they endeavor to show off their deli- on, one day, and thirty-nine more the cate hands and unsoiled skins, and put on next, and then ordered his commitment for a thousand sirs, they would give worlds twelve months in default of \$500 security for the situation of the working ladies, who to keep the peace and be of good hehavior. are so far above them in intelligence, in The Richmond Republican says, "our honor, in everything, as the heavens are a- only regret is, that his Honor could not have assessed the punishment at three hun-Be wise, then, you who have made dred lashes, well laid on with a hot rod, to

fools of yourselves through life. Turn o- | be repeated twice a week for twelve monther ver a new leaf, and begin, through life, to Such a desperado , should no more be live and act as human beings ; as compan- permuted to go at large than a mad dog.

Mr. Partington, in illustration of the I happy and subserve the designs of your proverb, that a soft answer turneth away of wrath,' says that 'it is better to speak garing gorically of a person than to be all the time ve flinging opitaphs at him ; for no good nover comes to nobody that speaks no. goult of no one',

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman, to a triend, "why did you betray that seto help her companion out of difficulty, eret that I told you ?"

"Is it betray you call it ? Sure whilme." er I foutid I wasn'r shie to kasp'n mireoff, didn't I do well to tell if to some on that could kasp it ?"

30.00 RIGHTA AND LEYTS .- A. Mes. Bootsp the pair are rights and lefts. We caupot ! say, however, that Mrs. Boots is wright." but there is no mistake that Mr. Boots is "left."-Hartford Times.

Not less than 50,000 barrels of fish will be shipped this year from a single district in the south end of Lake Michigun. Vale ue, \$250,000.

The way of the righteous, and the way terminstion.

May 1 words prove a true prophecy

and if, jafter life, his heart sworve, even "Truly, who !!!

The iwspaper is a law-book for the the bells," indolena sermon for the thoughtless, a library, f the poor. . It may stimulate the

other's, id rested upon the form of the dead dov "Nevishall her heart feel the pange lover, inarnest self-communion,