

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 22. 1853.

Bits of Thoughts.

From Peterson's Magazine for April. THE TWO GRAVES.

VOLUME XXIV.3

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER. There are two graves, far, far apart, And the deep sea rolls between ; ()'er one they've piled the marblo high, O'er one the game grows green.

In the one, within a gorgeous fane, Lies she whom I culled my bride; Before whose feet I knelt of old, In her father's halls of pride.

In the one behind the village church, Where wild flower's nod in prayer. Is resting the shade of the purest dream That brightened my life of care !

The one was a maiden proud and high, With the waves of h r jetty h**a**ir All braided up with jewels rich, And pearls and diamonds rare.

The other had curls of sunny light, And a smile as faint and mild As those which the olden attists paint In their dreams of the young Christ child. tone.

depart."

ever !

One awed my heart with the prideful glance From her darling orbs that fall, The eyes of the other were purely blue, As the home where the angels dwell

One brought me a title proud and high, And pearls, and gold, and lands, With series to bow at my lightest word, And go at my first commands-

The other brought but the earnest love That glowed in her starlight eyes. And blest my heart like the downward rays From the distant Paraduse !

I wedded the one with stately pomp, In a proud cathedral aisle, And hells were ringing in high church towers,

A sounding chime the while. I weilded the other as Quakers wed, In the forest still and deep, When hushed were the sounds of noisy life,

And the flowers had gone to sleep. Oh ! blithe was my night-haired love, and fair, And proud washer darling eve.

But dearer far was my cottage girl, With her angel purity. But the demons wandering over earth,

For the one spun out a shroud, And they laid her low where wax lights glow. In the old cathedral proud.

The other, when hely stars shine down, Was hearing the angels sing, And a truant scraph folded her In the clasp of his viewless wing !

They told me the one was lying dead, And a tear came to mine sys-But joy dreams chased the gloom away, And a smile went filting by.

They told me the other had gone to sleep, nd I sought the ballte allafrile. For I hated the light of the rosy day, And I cursed the light of life

The one lies still in her far-off tomb. Where the tall wax tapers gleam. And their rays fall down on the marble shrine With a fixed and ruddy beam.

But over the other the night-stars swine. When the light of day has fled, And the wild winds sigh her gentle name Till I wish that I were dead

CARRIE ARMAND.

BY C. MONTGOMERY. Think not, beloved, that time can break

spell around us cast ; Or absence from my bosom take The memory of the past. My love is not that silvery mist. From summer blooms by subbea

and scattered leaves, and placed them in most entrancing harmony; and the air | A short Sermon for young Men. was laiden with the incense of a thousand his bosom "Oh ! they are torn and faded-you flowers of every hue.

taking from her hair a white rosebud half as Clifton with his sister and Carrie Ar- hatred. Abhor it with an entire and ab- well and rather showily dressed man, shall have something prettier," she replied mand entered the saloons. unfolded.

I will look at this when alone, and think Every eye was turned upon them, but of a far lovelier flower," said he, taking it the reigning belle of the last two seasons and carnestly pressing the hand that gave passed unnoticed, as her cousin moved pendence, keep out of debt. As you old ragged son of Erin, (a recent imporit, while those dark eyes beamed upon the gracefully along.

"Who is she ? who is she ?" passed young girl, with a light so eloquent with love and truth that her heart beat with new from lip to lip. "Beautiful ! divine !" whispered the and undefined emotions. "You will

not forget me entirely, when I am gone, gentlemen. The flush upon the young girl's check Carrie ?" said the young man, in a sad decpened as these praises fell upon her "Forget you, Earnest !" replied the ear, and with downcast eyes she passed on

fair girl, quickly ; "oh, never." again sounded, and the floor was rapidly all the voices of its melody. It furrows not O'Nayle. "Bless you ; bless you for those words," he answered. "But time flies, and the filled with dancers. Suddenly a familiar voice attracted her long shadows of the trees tell me I must attention. She turned and beheld Ida led

"So soon, Earnest," said Carrie Ar- away to join the dancers. The band struck of his laugh and all stateliness and freedom mand, sadly. "But will you not some-up one of Struss's most inspiring waltzes. times think of Avondale ?" "And of thee. Round and round' floated the charmed cursed domains. Pathy it as you would that's ded' an, gon', wasn't ye're father, Carries, interrupted her companion. "Yes; never shall I forget the blissful form of ida encircled by the arm of Ern-tours that I have passed in this quiet val- est Fairfax. Her breath fanned his about the pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to Baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to baltimore, pass by a leper, or base smitten by the nather ? an' ye didn't go to baltimore, pass by a leper, or baltimore, pass by a leper, or balt times think of Avondale ?" "And of thee, Round and round' floated the charmed Carries" interrupted her companion.

beauteous face will ever haunt me. Fare- face radiant in its own beauty. Poor Car- men, keep out of debt-[London Merrie ! a faintness came over her as she well, Carrie."

He took her hand, held it between his gazed. Yet what was Ernest Fairfax to her ? own, and gazed earnestly upon that sweet Maybe she was entirely forgotten. She face and downcast eyes. "Farewell," murmured the young girl, raised her head proudly, and smiling on ver.

in a voice scarcely audible.

Many were the eyes that followed that streams, or linger benefit the shade of form; for the soft, enchanting grace with these old trees?" said Earnest Fairfax, in a sad voice, "Carrie, farewell !" He reserved the livel the liv He pressed the little hands fervently to ped fairy feet. The dancers almost flew. his lips, and the next moment he was gone. Carrie Armand sunk down upon the earth and burst into a passionate flood of ing in the recess of a deep window. She

the hearts of both. Gone-perhaps, for- flushed brow. "Carrie !" said her sweet voice. She is in this world follows labor. Were "Au' is that it ? Ye've niver an O to might be found

The sun had long since sunk to rest, and the shades of night were falling, ere she | side was Ernest Fairfax, his beautiful, dark no progress in either science or art. - keine to Ameriky ?" rose from that damp earth, and pursued eyes bent full upon her face. "Miss Armanda, Mr. Fairfax," said 1. her way homeward. Ernest was gone ; 1 da, in her easy, careless manner. and her bright and blissful dream over !

In the splendid dressing-room of a city voice, and the half extended hand was mansion are two young girls. One is warmly grasped and-retained. standing before the full-length mirror, "Ernest," murmured the sweet girl. surveying her form attired for an evening "Once more," said he, "do I behold the It is not the most show that does the most 'soft impeachment."

party. She is very beautiful, and there is little valley of Avondale, and the leafy service. Still water often runs deep .a certain high-bred air visible in every boughs of that old sycamore. Oh ! Car-

HAD NO "O" TO HIS NAME .- We wit-TEXT: Owe no man anything. - Keep nessed a scene at the Railroad station a out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, short, time since, which afforded much awould the devil. Hats it with a perfect musement to the bystanders. A very

solute abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break with a very prominent nose, alighted from stoned p eddle in tin ware, do anything that the cars, and stood watching their deparis bonest and useful, rather than run in ture, when he was bluntly accosted by an debt. As you value comfort, quiet, inde-

value digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid tation,) who still retained the freize coat temper, a smooth pillow, sweet sleep, and corduroys, and was evidently but pleasant dreams, and happy wakings little Americanized, in the following afan-

keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest iner : but all task masters, the most cruel of all op-"Arrah, an' be me soul-is this yerself It spreads a cloud over the whole firma- Mr. O'Nayle ?" The gentleman (?) looking first surpris-

ment of man's being. It eclipses the sun, 'I'he gentleman (?) looking first surpris-it blots out the stars, it dims and defaces ed-and then shocked-and lastly indigthe beautiful blue sky. It breaks the har- nant, replied-"Ye're mystayken, sir-r, me name is to the upper end of the saloon. The music mony of nature, and turn's to dissonance

> the forehead with prenature wrinkles, it "Me name isn't O'Na yle."

plucks the eye of its light, it drags all no-"Isn't it now ! an' ye're not an O'bleness and kindness ont of the port and Nayle, an' yees didn't come from Skib- Home's not merely roof and room, bearing of a man. It takes the soul out bereen-an' ye're not the son of the widder Bridget ? au' may be Patrick, poor feller.

To raise good catile, a farm should be Jidge and jury, an ivery sowi that was storie. The mother had heard of his arth such a state that it would produce mit. goody corn, good cabbage, or good clo-

ped fairy feet. The dancers almost flew. prove a better security to our republic was altered aquil to yees any ye're not Carrie saw that Ida and per partner had can institutions them all the windy patriot- an O'Nayle, au' 1m thinkin' ye're not an

what cared she for the music of the thrill of joy pervaded her frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she moved—she frame. birds, or the rustling of the winds around her she was vociferated very rapidly. birds and in a tone of deep indignation, as the ing himself beside her, gently fanned her the hearts of burb. Commershape for dentities for the gallows. birds are she her she was vociferated very rapidly. birds are she her she was vociferated very rapidly. birds are she her she her she her she was vociferated very rapidly. birds are she her and the gallows. "Me owne All the true honor of happiness there to the name."

looked up. There stood Ida, and hy her it mot for working-men, there would be ver name ! Did yees lose it atter yees Working-men are earth's true nobility.

Those who live without work are all pau- to mename." a, in her easy, careless manner. For the community to honor our who mind the time, Mr. Nayle, when dure was turned on its hinges. The door opened is not of the entered, and being the lery of "inniversed, and the time, Mr. Nayle, when dure was turned on its hinges. The door opened is not of the entered is and the time, Mr. Nayle, when dure was turned on its hinges. The door opened is not of the entered is also being the lery of "inniversed" is the entered is also being the lery of "inniversed" is also being the entered is also being the lery of "inniversed" is also being the entered is also being the lery of "inniversed" is also being the entered i ing a hog in silk stockings. A horse and cart through Mirth and vanity are known like a bot- ye've done with it since."

BY WHITTIER With silence only as their benediction,

Yet would we say, what every heart approvath, Our Father's will.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angel

The good die not !

This lutled the suspicion for the time being, though many of our citizens could not divest themselves of the belief shat he was the mur-dersr. Among the articles found in Mr. Rink's store, which attracted the attention of the Mayor's police, was an old umbrells. This they laid estefully away, in the hope that it might lead to the detection of the eriminal. On the second heating that took place grows What he has given : They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly

HOME.

Though with pictures hung and guilded ; Home is where affection calls,

neath the heaven above us-Sailing 'neath the heaven above Home is where there's one to love,

it needs something to endear it ; Home is where the heart can bloom.

wid that nose to the fore I'd take the Bi-ble oath t'yees in open Court, before the 'stormy Cape,' encountered fireadful

raised her head proudly, and smiling on ver. then, tisn't azy denyin' in -ye to the to see the solid. Just the second reprint the fields, it will the focket, and the focket, the market price, and the consumer is more see! Our sure I heard how grand ve ship was in the most dangerous place.

Irishman nather !- Mebbe 'us a Yankee now he wept aloud. The mother observed, withdrawn from the floor and were stand-ing in the recess of a deep window. She felt that his eyes were upon her, and a pursuit of agricoliture is doing a good work doubts it, an' ye're not an O'Nayle, 1'il things well;' and again, in a subdued and felt that his eyes were upon her, and a pursuit of agricoliture is doming a good work doubts it, an' ye're not an O'Nayle, 1'il things well;' and again, in a subdued and felt that his eyes were upon her, and a pursuit of agricoliture is doming a good work doubts it, an' ye're not an O'Nayle, 1'il things well;' and again, in a subdued and there is a good work doubts it, an' ye're not an O'Nayle, 1'il things well;' and again, in a subdued and there is the more is of one is a good work doubts it, an' ye're not an O'Nayle, 1'il things well;' and soltened spirit bowed, commended her for the morals of society a hundred years sugare yer ain't an Irishman nath r-an' and soltened spirit bowed, commended her

"Me name is Neik sir-r, but I've no O and anxiously waited for the morning, ho- tion of him as the man he saw rinning from ping at least that some relig of their lost one

keme to Ameriky ?" "No, sir-r, I did not. I never had an O hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively regarded, under the circumstances, as more to me name." "Do yees tell me that ? Well, thin, I the itile gate in trout of their dwalling mind the time, Mr. Name, when there was the internet on the internet on the strengthenergy find the stren horse on' cart through-whatsumever before them ! The vessel had been driven !

Foot Rot in Califie.

own fully. Mr. Reed, the District Attorney, has been in New Yerk, for a day or two. On his.return, it is presumed that he will thorough-ly investigate this matter, and give all the facts to the public. It is highly important that they should be given. If this crime is fixed upon Arthur Spring, it will relieve his son entirely from suspicion of heing connected with him in the perpetration of his fleridish murders. Re-sides, it will throw open the prison thors to Evolve and Toron him.

der. Mr. Ragan, his brother in law, with whom he boarded, was under the impression

that he was in the house on that afternoon. This lulled the suspicion for the time being,

On the several hearings that took place, grow-ing out of the accusation of Jerome Feckert,

ing out of the application of periods it was this umbrella was not mentioned, and it was almost forgotten, when the family of Mr. Rink, firmly convinced that Arthur Spring was the murderer, obtained the umbrells from the police office, and showed it to Mr. Ragan, who at

once identified it as one he had lound to Spring

about the dime of the murder, and which he had oot seen since. The identification, we are in-

formed, was most complete. formed, was most complete. There are several marks and patches en it. which "ankie assurance doubly sure." and show that the suspicion in regard to Spring's successful of that bloody deed, was well

commission of that moory user, and that founded. Mr. Ragan further remembers that

founded. Mr. Ragan further remembers mar. Spring was out on the afternoon of the murder, and that, too, at the time of its commission. These developments will relieve Feckert of the supplicion that fastened to him, and which, more than anything cisc, was the result of his own folly. Mr. Reed, the District Attorney, hear hear in New York, for a day or two. On

Statement of Spring, &c.

PHUADELPHIA, April 14th. -Early this mornthis time preserved a sumer encode, and now he wept aloud. The mother observed, ing the various persons who saw the man, sup-ing the various persons who saw the man, sup-posed to be the murderer of Rink, leave his things well; and again, in a subdard and softened spirit bowed, commended her son, and Ler parmer—in an an-lible voice, broken only by the bursting of a full heart to Goil

the store. Sublequently, Spring sout for the grand Jury, and volunteered the following statement of his connexion with the Rink murder, which is before them ! The vessel had been driven whickors rushed by him into the struct. If into one of the many harbours on the coast, says he found Rink lying on the floor, and that the of beer; but wisdom and virtue by their abundant products for lasting good. It is not the most show that does the most service. Still water often runs deep.— Granite Farmer. Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There, "Boy you" of the runs deep.— Dying Barners There There There There There There There There the runs deep.— Dying Barners There There There There There the runs deep.— Dying Barners There th

The Angels of Grief. The Rink Murder-Extraordinary De The Rink writer extractionary be-A soon as the murder of Elten Lynch and Honora Shaw had beer fastened on Arthur Spring, suspicion of the murder of Joseph Rink fell upon him, and the police set to work to as-certain his whereabouts on the day of the mar-

God's angels come, Where, in the shadow of a great affliction. The soul sits dumb.

Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth, Is morey still.

Hath evil wrought ; The funeral anthem is a glad evangel :

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly

As in His Heaven-

Home's not merely four square walls,

Filled with shrines the heart both builded ! Home !--- go watch the faithful dove

Home is where there's one to love us ! ...

Where there's some kind lip to cheer it ; What is home with none to meet ?

None to welcome, not to great us ? Home is sweet, and only sweet. When there's one we love to meet us ?

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

A weather-beaten sailor, on making

rival outside the Cupe, and was awaiting "An' so ye're not an O'Nayle ? well, with the anxiety a mother alone can know. then, 'tisn't azy denyin' in-ye're the to see her son. But now the storm, had

The father, an unconverted man, had till this time preserved a sullen silence, but

to God e Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not to rest, of the winesses, was positive in his identifica-

The morning came. The winds were

novement of her graceful person Too fugitive to last ; A fadeless flower, it still retains

The inightness of its earlier stains

of angelic beauty. Beautiful creature : and polished arms, are not more brilliant who can describe that living intelligence than the light of those large melting eves. that compells the beholder to look ! to re- Leaning against the elegantly carved collect even in day-dreams, and in dist- Italian marble mantle, is a sylph-like ant lands to see thee in the visions of the form ; her brow shaded by her little hand. night! to wake and find thee gone, though The silvery chimes of a French clock a fixed forever in the memory.

Sweet Carrie Armand ! thou art a being head. to worship and to love. There is a dreamy sweetness in thy countenance-a mystery that fascinates beyond measure.

filled with brightness, thy lovely counte- wreaths of bright leaves and snowy buds nance becomes radiant with smiles-thy are twined amid her golden curls. thrilling voice is turned to highest mirth, while the gladness that fill thy heart o'er- but a softer, more subdued light beams in flows, as does light from the sun, impart- her dye, while her manners are more gening to all around its genial warmth. Tru- tle, and perhaps somewhat more pensiv ly thou art the Lily of Avondale, thy than before ! Carrie Armand ! bright valley home; and never fairer lily "How beautiful you are, sweet cousin !" lifted its sweet head beside meandering said she, as she gazed upon the duzzling stream, or in secluded glen. Come with me to the shade of that old forest that waves its leafy boughs in the summer gilded mirror, and twining her arms about breezes.

Leaning against the huge trunk of a towering sycamore is Carrie Armand .--The playful zephyrs are nestling amid her soft curls and coquetting with the wreath night; for even Clifton Macauley, my of bright autumn leaves that bind them haughty, fastideous brother, has owned its from off her brow.

Her white robe falls in graceful folds around a form of the most perfect symmetry, and a straw hat with its silken strings of corulean blue hangs upon her round arm. A faint rose color gleams upon her cheek, and the beautiful bouquet of wild flowers she has gathered is spangling the earth with a variety of soft and lovely hues, torn, in apparent unconsciousness, by that fair hand.

Before her stands a young man of some three and twenty. He is possessed of a slight but elegant figure ; and there is a world of melancholy beauty in that pale face, with those dark. lustrous eyes, and marble brow.

One by one the delicate petals continue falling to the ground.

rie ! have you forgotten that bright au-Her robe of pale blue velvet, with its berethe of rich Brussels lace falling around How shall I describe thee, Carrie Ar. the sloping shoulders, is in admirable mand ? Beautiful, bewitchingly beauti- | keeping with her delicate loveliness ; while ful thou art, with thy soft, beautiful eyes, the diamonds that gleam amid the braids and golden curis, clustering around a face of her dark hair, upon her arching neck

were at their height. Waltzers. wake her from her revery. She lifts he

We have seen that sunny face before on a bright autumn day, in the old woods in the profound sensibility of thy nature, of Avondale. She is arrayed in no costly velvets, or sparkling jewels; but a garland Art thou gay ! thy beautiful eyes are of gossamer floats about her form, and hefore.

She is as beautiful, as childlike as ever

loveliness of Ida M'Cauley.

The young creature turned from the the speaker, pressed a kiss upon her staiuless brow.

"Darling Carrie," she murmured, "my witching loveliness will win all hearts to power-and he loves thee, Carrie, my

sweet, wild flower ! loves thee, with a devotion of which I thought his cold nature incanable."

"Oh ! say not so, dear Ida," gasped ously. Carrie Armand. "I can never be aught to bim."

Ida Macauley marked not the blanched check of the trembling girl to whom she was so gaily speaking, but throwing her rich furs around, they descended to the drawing room, where Clifton was awaiting

thom. They entered the carriage. The blinds were closely drawn to exclude the frost air, and they rolled away, to a scene of mirth and revelry.

"Why Carrie ! Why do you spoil that gaiety and elegance. Every part of the

mired and carressed by all. Carrie Armand cared but for the hom-age of one fond, trusting heart. Ida Ma-of its certain attainment, it would be folcauley would have scores of worshippers at lowed by all. Thousands would follow her feet. Morning had dawned in the grey east, tule for securing eternal life.

ere the cousins sought their pillows. One days, you can avoid shortening them. to dream of new conquests and golden- Cease from sin. Go to Christ for pardou tinted prospects of a splendid future ; the and for grace, that you may not die other to dream of her home, sweet Avon- your time, and that death, when it must the promised time of his coming ; and it

birds-and Ernest How, long years before, they had stood How he placed in his bosom, her parting

Sleep on, sweet one. May the angels

guard thy slumbers. The last rays of the setting sun are of a fool, or of a man who desires to make streaming with all their glorious effulgence a show, but of which the interior constructhrough the stained windows of the little tion shall be extremely well cared for, and chapel of Avondale, and resting lovingly the exterior air very simple." upon the sunny tresses of the fair being at about men, as well at watches, "the inthe altar. Her white weil floats like a terior well cared for, and the exterior air mist around her form, clad in snowy robes, very simple !' Boys and girls. remem and the bright wreaths of autumn leaves ber Washington's watch, and be like it

have given place to dewy orange blossoms. yourselves !" * By her side is a noble and familiar fig-

words hover upon the tongue of the white- among gases produced from water, said : robed priest-soft responses come from the 'Yon don't catch me putting much water exquisite boquet that you so carefully cull- vast apartments was bathed as it were in lips of those to whom he has spoken, and into my liquor after this ; I had no idea ed ? May I keep these, Carrie ?" said a flood of roseate splender. A band of mu- sweet Carrie Armand, the lily of Avon- before that water was so dangerous; though the young man, as he gathered the torn sie poured forth continued strains of the lale, is the bride of Ernest Fairfax.

I never liked to take much of it.

DVING BEFORE THEIR TIME. that she understood her obligations to o and it is a second of the seco had given her a great many. "Yes," said thoughts-My mother prays-Uhristians

wise.'

But their departure was not noticed either "I shall die when my time comes !" by Ernest Fairfax or Carrie Armand .- was the flippant reply. The hours wore on-midnight came. Persons sometimes die before their

Those brilliant strains of inspiring music "I do not see how that can be possible," said the careless one, who left the room "Will you dance. Carrie," said Ernest in order to avoid further conversation on

Fairfax ; and they glided in among the an unpleasant subject. That many may die before their time is

Clifton Macauley stood apart from the word of God. There are many who evi- and she will not, perhaps, be rude and ungay revellers, in moody silence, watching dently shorten their days by their vices. kind to me again.' How admirably did saved. very motion of Carrie Armand. He had But in addition to the physical conse- she then obey the command to overcome

loved the sweet girl with a wild and pas- quences of some sine, there is a connexion will with good. herween sin and shortness of days. It is; sionate love, but a love that he knew was between sin and whe three wicked shall not expressly said that the wicked shall not opeless. She was but a bright vision that live out halt their days. Again, God says on too. rossed his path to leave it gloomier than to the sinner, "Why shouldst thou die be- similar circumstances, "go and do like- from it, and that many of them are loos-

fore thy time !" Ecc: vii, 17. Who would wish to die before his He turned from her, and his gaze fell, Who would wish to the unseen time ? Who would enter the unseen time ? Who

with a brother's pride, upon the beaute- world, and stand before an angry God beous Ida, who seemed that night to be in fore his time ? Who would wish to taste her gayest and wildest mood, followed, ad- of the agonies of his second death before his time ?

Carrie Armand cared but for the hom - All desire length of days. All anticipate endurance.

it implicitly, who utterly disregard the Reader, if you cannot lengthen your before

dale, with its purling streams, its singing come, may be an introduction to life. Washington's Watch.

The Christian Watchman relates the beneath the old sycamore, on that clear, following striking anecdote of Washingautumn day, when the sun shone brightly, ion, in illustration of the practical good character of the Father of his Country .gift, that he had since guarded so preci- "His personal friend, Governor Morris. was about going to Europe, and Washing-

ton, along with several letters of introduction, gave him this charge, "To buy him, at Paris, a flat gold watch ; not the watch

What a

An old toper, who had lately attended The magnifficent saleons of Mrs. Craf-ton presented an appearance of unusual gentle eyes with joy unutterable. Holy caused several explosions to take place

the child, "very indeed ; and she gave me prayers are answered, and I may be saved. more than that, and I have given some a- This reflection, when almost exhausted The mother inquired to whom with faugue, and ready to give up in deway." she had given them : she answered, "I spair, gave him frosh courage, and, with gave them to a girl who pushes me off the renewed effort he labored till the harbour path, and makes faces at me." On being was gained. Christian mother, go thou and do likeasked why she gave them to her, she rewise. Pray over that son who is likely plied, "Because I thought it would make.

a truth taught by observation and by the her know that I wish to be kind to her, to be wrecked in the storm of life and his prospects blasted forever. He may be

> A tear stood in the eye of little Charles. A correspondent wishes to know, how and he promised his mother to try and do Will the little readers, under

WHAT HOPE DID

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease ; and the sufferer's frown became a smile-the emblem of peace and

It went to the house of mourning, and from the lins of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the man, which was stretched forth at the command of unboly impulses, and saved removed to a dry situation. Then wash him from disgrace and ruin the part affected with warm water and

and led him onward to works which his

enemics praised. It snatched a maiden from the jaws death, and went with an old man to Hea. poultice, and if the discharge is offensive,

ven. No, hope ! my good brother. Have it. Beckon it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may depart not. It will repay your and vinegar. pains. Life is hard enough at hest-but ope shall lead thee over its mountains, and sustain thee amid its billows. Part with all beside-keep thy hope.

"Dou't count your chickens before they re hatched is now rendered Orarious computations, undertaken autocedaneously vil. to active incubation, are very apt to prove Few know that in every seven minutes a bortive." in the day a child is born in London. and

A New Orleans paper advertises a raffle for a splendid horse and a negro girl Sarah-the latter valued at \$900, Delightinl picture of New Orleans morality.

Ninety-six millions of letters passed through the various post offices in the United States, during the year 1852.

He that take what he knows will also falk what he knows not,

tants die.

niume.

other people happy.

More about Arthur Spring

Every day serves to develop some per facta either with regard to the participation of Arthur Spring in the Sederal street tragedy. the Rink murder, or some long forgotten crime. Within the last twenty four hours the murder of William Hope, of Kingsessing, which was commit-ted about twelve years apo, has been trated pretty closely to Arthur Spring. Hope was proprietor of a trick farm at the Move named proprietor or a tracks marn at the mouse maneu places and kept a stand in Markes sived (hear Juniper, inunciately in front of the stars of Ar-thur Spring, from which he sold the produce of his farm. Ho was a kind hearts, house than, and became acquainted with Spring. Report goes on to say that he had lent Spring mony at different times, and the greatest fomiliarty

A correspondent wishes to know how to cure this disease. He says the cattle in that region are suffering very much from it, and that many of them are loos. Ing their hoofs. The disease which our correspondent describes is analogous to the "foot rot" in sheep ; it is prevalent in cold, low, marshy countries, and is the consequence either of feeding in wel pastures during the winter months, or permitting animals to wallow in their filth. TREATMENT.—Of course the first and great leading indication of cure is to move the cause. This done, the cure is easy ; indeed, it is often all that is required. First of all, then, see that the animal is removed to a dry situation. Then wash

women on Spring. Mr. Hope had a considerable amount of mon-It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming; and it save her from desolation, and the "care that killeth." It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him onward to works which his boye the fetlack. As soon as a tree discharge of matter takes place, shandon the

kaid that his father told him that he killed a man, expecting to get a "large sum of money, but did not get a d--d cont." It is quite likely that the weetched father in that conversation alluded to the murder of Mr. Hope. Indeed, when the facts are taken into con-sideration that Spring used to visit the farm, and was seen there on the evening before the morning the murdered body was found, and that he has been proven to be the uan who committed the annelling, butchery of two wowash the cleft morning and evening, with salt, water, or what is perhaps better suit If the animal's general health appears committed the appalling, butchery of two wo-men in Federal street, together with his extrabad give the following mixture at a done. and occasionally repeat ;- Flour of Sulordinary acquisitiveness, seem to make out quite as strong a case against him in this, as in the murder of Mr. Rink. We also learn that phur, half an ounce ; Pawdered Sassafras bark, one ounce ; Burdock, (any part of in the murder of Mr. Runk. We also team that an old lady who still lives at Kingsessing, ri-members some of the facts, but she is too old and feeble to give anything like a connected ac-count; such as would warrant a conviction of the plant,) two oz.; Steep in a quart of boiling water and when cool strain .---The Plow, The Loon, und The An-Spring .- Phila. Argus.

The is a little singular, (says the Portland Adgertiser,) that of five of the Presidential that every nine minutes one of its infiabloandidates-one. WEBSTER, is drud; snother and the successful candidate, lost his little boy, The happiest people in the world are soon after his election, by a most distressing those who do the most towards making accident, and his own and wife's lives were saved almost miraculously : while the third, Sense is the belast-with is but the fourth and Mith, viz: Fillmons, Cass and DOUGLAS, have each had to mourn the loss of their wives since the canvass. Survly, desta

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By trilles are the qualities of men disstrikes in high places. ouvered as well as by great actions.

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