

homewards, and found supper ready, and the sky, and the rosy morn broke through nothing of numerous asides, purporting

the handsome stranger so obviously ready the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from that Miss Clara never would have esponsed

to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. the summit of a high bill which he had tor- a bad man ; ergo, Mr. Selby must be a

strain, "fine scenery ;" on which the host and the church-tower of the town where and the pathway strewn with bright sum-

added, "an artist ?" when the youth, laugh- bis friend in some anxiety, awaited his re- mer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal

Canute jocularly remarked, "keen air ;" thously ascended, beheld afar off, down in worthy successor of the ancient race !

to which the stranger replied in the same the valley, the shining Ever, the bridge,

ing outright, said, "an Indifferent one, in- appearance.

Gice forth their dirge-like musis To the dashing wayes below. Third Speaker. Mr house is not like thy home ;-Tis in the city goy, Where the sound of bury human life May great new evicy day. The mighty browd goes to and fro, Like the recking of the set ; And the planning volces of my race Are unitedy to me.

My bome is very beautiful, With its marble columns fair; And all that weath and taste can give Of interry ate there, There's a stately church beside it. With its mit-toned Sobath beil;-Oh: plaint is my city home, Aud I igve-Ulove it well.

Pourth Speaker. Mr home is not like thy home : Nor is it fair to not : But these i fair to not : And it is don't for me, The in a minow alloy. Where per fail plan by: And tall dark human stand so near, T starts can see the sky. But my failer, and my my other, And my little birl, are there r And, oh I. within our little yard My grape-vine growth fair. And it is near to Sabbath school, Where I can come to bear That, lowly as but home may be, Westill to God are dear. ANTIPAL ANTI ANTIPALITY ANTIPALITY ANT

The houses of earth are very fair ;----By the graceful mountain strong, Or where, upon the wild an shore, The mighty waters glasm. Pair are they in the city street. Where weeth and fashior du

Oh! ne'er alike may be our homes, While we an ap Where we shall ever dwell in joy. Our home is Heeven

toward the Hall, as if the sufferer within the moon is those thick walls could be different by till then." "Most welcome," said Mr. Canute, cour-domesties bit is charge. "Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Pon-"Ah ha !" quoth the stranger, "if that's sonby, though her memory was still fresh kiss ?" A kiss is, as it were, a seal extheir conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstances eously. of Mr. Harwell's being their angestral land-lord, the last of an impoverished zace, but from his always having lived among them superior and beloved as an equal. Their

"You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smi-ling, and imperturbably good natured. "Not I," cried the youth : "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?". "I'll try," replied Mr. Canute. "I'll try," replied Mr. Canute. "I'le not long to atay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend ; but I diverg-it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while ; but my friend is waiting for me as the market towa eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you will give me rest "Most welcome," said Mr. Canute, cour-"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute, cour-

the way you pursue your discourse, I don't and warmly cherished among the humble pressing our sincere attachment : the pledge think I shall learn much from you. I friends in her beautiful mative village .- of our future union ; a dumb but at the same as a friend and neighbor-respected as a hope, however, that I may get a wife who Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than time, audible language of a living heart, a

The prognostication proved correct :

pomp on her way to the ancestral home

ing outright, said, "an indifferent one, in-deed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued, "are you always so economical in words? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain ?" " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night " You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smither to be a soft of the soft night be a soft of the soft of the soft night be a soft of the soft night be a soft of the soft of the soft of the soft night be a soft of the soft night be a soft of the soft of and destruction through divers parts of tant-a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed gladiator who fought for hire was held in When this was established, she was wilfor sheltering immunerable nightin gales more estimation than he who was said to ing to move. be ad ludum damanaius-condemned to the exhibition. The former was matched bad been dealt out, as thusan with his antagonist either by previous arrangement, or by the manager of the were the finest and most athletic men that Italy and other countries produced .---Dacis, Northern Gaul, and the montains of

Thrace, were famous for the gladiators, which they sent to Rome ; and these men

were fed, petted, and trained, just like the lions and tigers who shared with them the honor of amusing the dwellers of the sternal city. Gladiators fought in divers ways, and with a variety of weapons .---Some were called "Secutors," from the privilege they had of pursuing their adver-

saries around the arena ; thus a Secutor Apple. "For several years past I have been exis matched with a Retiarus; the former has a shield and a sword, the latter a threepointed hance, called a trident, and a rate or perimenting on the apple, having the net. The Retiants endevors by his net orchard of 2.000 hearing Newin Pippin to embarrass the movements of his adver. trees. I found it very unpreditable to wait will follow your example a woman of ever, still remained the village oracle ; given, is taken from us; the impression of box words, in short; she'll be a rare spec- perhaps more cherished, has of yore, in- an ardent attachment on an ivory coral flies, while the Secutor pursues, have noticed that from the extensive prostriving to kill him before his net is pre- ductiveness of this tree, it requires the inpared for a second trial. Sometimes they termediate year to recover itself-to exought in armor, with a helmet on their tract from the earth and atmosphere the heads : and at other times were dressed materials to enable it to produce again .--only in short funics, confined around the This it is not able to do, unassisted by waist by girdles of bronze. On all occa. art, while it is loaded with fruit, and the sions the contest was for life or death .--- intervening year is lost ; if, however, the We will suppose two gladiators engaged tree is supplied with proper food it will in the Colliseum. They are both trained bear every year ; at least such has been to the profession, and the prize is a sum of the result of my experiments. Three They are armed with swords years ago, in April, I scraped all the rough nnuev. and bucklers ; ferocity and hardihood have | bark from the stems of several the taken the place of generous valor. It is trees in my orchands, and washed all the no mork fight; blood must flow, and one trunks and limbs within reach with soft nust inevitably perish, unless rescued by soap ; trimmed out all the branches that the will of the emperor, or the mercy of crossed each other, early in Jame, and the people ; the last, unless under peculiar painted the wounded part with white lead. circumstances. is rarely granted to the de- to exclude moisture and prevent socay, 1 feated man. The younger combatant tri- then, in the latter part of the same month. umphy ; the elder receives a wound, and slit the bark by running a sharp pointed by dropping his arms declares himself knife from the ground to the first set of vanquished. 'The general shout, "hee limbs, which prevents the tree from being, habet !" (he has it !) subsides, and the bark bound, and gives the young wood an elder ma raises his eyes, as cuetomary, to opportunity of expanding. In Jely 1 the benches above. His fate depends up. pluced one peck of opsier shell liese under on the will of the spectators ; if they ele- each tree, and left it piled about the trank vate their thumbs, the sign of clemency, until November, during which time the he is to be spared; if they depress them drought was excessive. In November, the he dies! The young gladiator stands with his word ready to do the hidding of the as-ing year 1 collected from these trees 1700 A celebrated comedian, arranged with sembly, and the vanquished calmly waits barrels of fruit, part of which was mild in his green-grocer-one Berry-to pay him his doom. The unpropritions sign is given New York for four, and others is Indian his account long before the quarter was meets death with astonishing firmness .--- made from the refuse, delivered at the such were the cruel and bloody sports of mill two days after its manufacture. I sold the Amphitheatre, and no diversions, per- for three dollars and three quarters per bare upon the green-grocer, laboring under the haps, in which the Romans indulged, con. rel of 32 gallons, exclusive of the barret. In tributed in so great a degree to de moralize October I manured these trees with stable the mass of the people. Yet the barbor-ous smusements found abettors even a-

Gladiators at first were malefactors, captives or slaves; but, in the progress of time; freeborn citizens espoused the pro-time; freeborn citizens espoused the pro-arranger then deliberators minimed, and urged her to move, but any discussion der wonld and the str. After a passe the guild dis-stranger in the arena. "The stringer also appear in the arena. "The stringer mounted, gave ber and severe stroke with the public passion of these spectacles grew. his whip, and again resonned his most in the saddle. The many continued immoragladiators, as a necessary consequence, in-creased, until we find them in Rome, and the provincial towns, so numerous, that in the year 76, A. C., a company of gladia, tors at Capua, rising against their master, ter the third stroke, however, she was ble, but the man preserved his temper, and and retiring to the mountains, were speedi. completeld subdued, and moved forward ly joined by others of their profession, with perfect obodience.

beasants and slaves ; Spartacus led them It now became evident that the design on, and for three years they epread terror of the horseman was, to give the animal time to associate the idea of her obe-

On the reverse, if a shower of blows men would have done, the man would inave no time to reflect, and both she and games. Gladiators, as a matter of course, her rider been roused in fury. With good temper, great sayings thight be made in the article of whips.

A Fine Orchard

One of the finest orchards in America in that of Pelliam farm, at Esoper, on the Hudson. It is no less remarkable for the beauty and high flavor of its fruit, than the constant productiveness of trees. The proprietor, R. L. Poll, Esq., has hindly furnished us with some name of his exper-iments on fruit trees, and we subjust the following highly interesting one on the

Beautiful Extract

The editor of the Knickerbocker attribcertainly watchy of him. Read it without take of Ambermond was strictly entailed tears if you can :

"Last evening we were walking leisurely distant kin to the Harwells. A combinaalong, the music of chorus in three church- tion of misfortanes, and no doubt of imcs, came floating out into the darkness around us, and they were all new and that yose to us even as they were before the cometry of the soul had a tomb in it.

It was sweet old 'Corinth' they were ginor the rose color of life was blanched, and we were in a moment back again to the old village church, and it was a mer, Mernoon, and the yellow soubcame wore elementing through the west windows, and the eleven hair of the old deacon, who eat in the philoit, was turned to gold in its definition of the minister who we used to think could never die, so good was he, had tapplication' and 'exhortation, and the village choir was singing the last by mit and the tune was 'Corint

the same we dare not think bow many since then, and the prayers of David the son of Jesse's are ended, and the cittin are scattered and gone. The give with blue eyes that sang alto, and the girl with black eyes that sang air-the eyes of the one were like a clear June Heaven at noan. They both became wives, and both mothers, and they both died. Who shali say they are not singing 'Corinth' still, where sabbaths never wane, and congregations never break up ! There they sat, Salibath after Sabbath, by the square colsumm at the right of the leader,' and to our

young cars their tones were the very soul of music.' That column bears still their penciled names, as they wrote them in er days in life's June, 183-, before diversits of change had overcome their spirthe like's summer's cloud.

the thirt with the old singers most by linger in memory, and they with yet be sung in the sweet reunion of The shall use place by and by in a his way from his own cottage to the Hall, as I did the whole columns are beams of morning but with unfailing good nature and promp- mine." are all gold, and where hair never turns milways and hearts never grow old. Then mutilinisang alto, and she that sang air, will be in their places once more.

willing land The Two Angels, "There are two angels that attend unseen Back one of us, and in great books recor and and arit deads. He who writes do not an and an avery action, close any and as cande with it to God, The store force the direction of its code, The store force the direction day book open. The store that we may repeat ; which doing, the store of the action fittee hway, And issues a line of white across the page." knowledge also of the squire's decayed forsunce; and that on his death, the fine old imon of her ear !" place must become the property of a stranger, of whom rumor did not report very favorably-greatly enhanced the concern of those hereditary cultivators of the soil ;

and many bright eyes grew dim thinkin the male line, and the next heir was of and property."

family at the old hall-an intimacy coment-

ed by early associations for Mr. Harwell

and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows ;

and when a painful and lingering illness

attacked the squire, his aucient friend and

crony felt doep anxiety as to the ultimate

fate of his only child, the good and lovely

Clara Harwell. The disease was an incu-

rable one ; though the suffering might be

protracted, there was no hope of ultimate

recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over

the village of Ambermead, where once the

sweet spring and summer tide brought on-

ly sport and glee. Ambermend was noted

for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling-

delicious fragrance ; and for the song of

innumerable nightingales, whose harmone-

ous concerts resounded amid the umbra

geous groves, sheltering the hamlet on ev-

ery side, and extending beyond the old

Hall of Ambermend. But now, although

the roses bloomed and the birds sang, seri-

ous faces looked from the cottage doors

and while the younger villagers forgot their

usual pastimes, the elders conversed spart

in whispers, always directing their glances

mysteriously.

between rich and poor-it was the parting this old Ambermend-a paradise I should green arches were erected, and wreaths of

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute and more than once a day ; and on his two happy dog then !" words they hung, as if life or death were

involved in that short bulletin. "How's the squire to-day," said one. "No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara," inquired another with deep pity in his looks "Very patient," responded the old man, paused, out of breath.

still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient !" repeated several voices when sweet face ! there's patience in it if ever in old Ambermead." there was in mortal's." "And then ?"

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed "Why, then I suppose that in time I ble gate. Two Words himself, bareheadby questioning at all hours; he was wayhis way from his own cottage to the Hall, as I did when strength and youth were self on his arms, exclaiming, "Our first

titude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors-in slowly.

"Why, then-"and the stranger hesitahis own quaint way, certainly never wasting words, yet perfectly understood. The summer-tide was waning into authe course of nature, I should have to loave as he gazed from one to another, recogniztumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded all the pleasures of this life, and, like oth- ing in the gentleman the wayfaring guest flow of affection. [Sunday Times.]

more gradually than autumn leaves, when er people-die." late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, young man's face, which flushed up as he hand which Mr. Canute silently ex eight or ten months, on the voyage of matasking for a draught of water from the exclaimed with some irritation-"O hang your 'and thens!" But the ingwell before the porch.

"Ah ha !" ejaculated Mr. Canute. "But come, tell me, for the time pres sos," said the young man, suddenly becom ing grave, "tell me all about Ambermead gone by y he felt the loss even more than spoone ; a sweet-meat which does not sat-and the squire-how long he's likely to others, for he mourned a companion and isfy lunger ; a fruit which is planted and ing of poor Miss Clars, who would soon be last. For, in fact, the friend who is friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clars had been gathered at the same time ; the quickest sutes the following to Ike Marvel, and it is fatherless and almost pouniless. The es with me during this walking tour, is vasily to the good Two Words as an adopted exchange of questions and ans wers of two interested in all that concerns the place daughter. At length it was rumored that

Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon "The heir !" whispered Mr. Cannte, expected to take possession of his proper-

strange tunes but one it dueed the present proprietor to the vorge not altogether a had fellow, though he bride would accompany him. Ill reports ing to show the inconsistency and improvide was not sung as we have heard it, but it of ruin, from which he was to find refuge is considered a bit reckless and wild. But fly quickly ; and it had been circulated ability of several events described in the awakened a train of long-buried memories, only in the grave. The Harwell family he has beard of Clara Harwell's beauty in former times that Mr. Belby was wild Bible, he referred to the life of Nebuchadonly in the grave. The Harweil family he has heard of Clara Harweil's beauty in former times that Mr. Beiby was wild nezzer, and argued, that it was utterly ab-had lived for conturies in Ambermaad.— They seemed so much to belong to their poor sonby (she's Clara's cousin, 500, you know,) and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had his human instincts, and eat grave like a neighbors, who always sympathized most and he's really quite sorry to think that not contradicted such reports, so it was beast. Having stated his views, he asked fully in all the joys and sorrows of the such a lovely creature should be turned generally opinioned they were too true, the opinion of the passengers, and among "Hall folk," that now, when there was a out of the old Hall to make room for him. and had a legal foundation. With heavy the rest of a grave looking Qusker, who certain prospect of losing them forever, as He wants to know what will become of her hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermend it seemed, the parting became more than a when old Harwell dies, for all the world sommenced their rural preparations for common one between landlord and tenant, knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place; the reseption of the equire and his bride ;

> enough to call it mine." The youth rub. es benesth which the travellers' road lay. passing to and fro, as he did every day, bed his hands glosfully. "I should be a It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambermead was in its glory ; and

"And then ?" said Mr. Canute, smiling, never had the rich red roses bloomed so "Why, then I'd pull down the rickety ald profusely, and never had the chorus of the house up there, and built a palace fit for a groves been more full and enchanting prince ; I'd keep nothing but the old wine ; than on the summer evening when the I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in me : and I should sport the finest horce their holiday attire, waited to greet the Berry, would not have been such a goose, and dogs in the country." The speaker new comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door : "And then ?" said Mr. Canute quictly. the bridge just beyond, over which the

"Why , then I'd thunt and shoot, and route conducted to the Hall through ave-Four hundred and one persons were exeride, and drink, and dance, and keep open nues of greenerie, was festooned with "Patient is repeated soveral voices when ride, and drink, and dance, and keep open nues of greenerie, was festooned with cuted in Canton during three months of he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient house, and enjoy life to the full-feasting roses; and a band of maidens in white last year. The mode of killing criminals enough ; and Master Canute means a deal from year's end to year's end-the feast lined the pictures que approach. The sun there is similar to that of slaughtering bulwhen he says patient. Bless her young, of reason and the flow of soul, you know, was setting, when a carriage drove quickly locks by the Jews. The long queue of up, slackening its pace as it crossed the the Celestial is used as a handle by which

to draw his head backward, when a swords bridge, and stopping at Mr. Cannte's humshould grow old like other people, and ed, stepped forwards on seeing a lady a- inal has his ears, nose, and limbs chopped laid first by one, and then by another, on cease to care for all these things so much light who in another moment threw her- off previous to the final lopping.

> greeting must be from you, dear, dear, Mr. dinner in Metropolitan Hall, last week. T "And then ?" said Mr. Canute more Canute ! I need not introduce Mr. Selby -he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the lent and unseen, sways the mighty tide

> > who had departed so abruptly on his walk-

his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the three years previously. Seizing the "hints on matrimony."

asmuch he was the only memento remain- proces the striking of two flints against ing of the beloved Harwell, and the old one another; a crimson balsam for a love familiar faces now seen no more. He wounded heart ; a sweet bite of the lip; an raminar races now seen, no more. He affectionate pinching of the mouth ; a deli-would listen, and they would tatk, of days cious dish, which is eaten with scarlet lovers : the fourth degree of love.

A Quaker's Rebuke.

A young fop, of an infidel turn, while ty in due form ; moreover, that he was on traveling in a stage coach, sought to display steriously. "Well, well, suppose we say he is ; he's the point of marriage, and that his young in the narratives of Scripture. After tryorihail in the

sation. "Verily, friend," answered the Quaker, "I see no improbability in the story, if he was as great an ass as thou.'

A celebrated comedian, arranged

The comedian, in great wrath, called impression that his credit was doubted. I say, here's a pretty mul, Berry you've sent in your bill, Berry, before is due, Berry; your father, the elder, Berry. But you need not look black. Berry-for I don't care a Straw Berry-

and shan't pay you till May, Berry. CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN CHINA .--

man severs the head from the body with one stroke. In aggravated cases the crim-MAN AND THE MOON .- At the medical

E. Bond, Jr., gave the following toast : "Woman-to man-the moon hanging in beauty over the sea-her influence si some life in them yet, and can joke despite i their awful using up last fall.

This accounts for the ebb as well as the

The fastidious editor of the Yankee "And then ?" said Mr. Canute, fixing ing over the moonlight hills, more than Blade gives the following among other Don't be surorihand which Mr. Canute silently ox sed if, after you have sailed smoothly We shall be happy to join the Clear eight or ten months, on the voyage of mat-for a good President, or to show. Hale i ing-

mong the honorable and thinking men of earth. The succeeding sutumn they were the period, some of whom were of opinion literally bending to the earth with the finite that the gladiatorial combats went far to fruit I ever saw, while the other trees in keep up the martial spirit, which, on the my orchard not so treated are, quite banter, extinction of the Republic, threatened fast the last season having booh their bearing to decline. We cannot, however, but year. I am now placing round each week think that the exhibitions, while they one peck of charcoal dust, and propose shocked humanity, were even a disgrace the spring to cover it from the to the profligate age in which they occur-red.-Ainsworth's Magazine. heap.

HOPE

BY BISHOP BERER!

To see the stars of evening glow.

But earthly hope, how bright soe'er. Still flutters o'er the changing scene,

POLITICAL PUNNING .- The followin

its of fun show that the Whige have

The Hariford Courant tells of a mar

Whig candidate for the President, who

And looking Se-ward we can say the

ame.--- Troy Post. We shall be happy to join the

Ever-itt may be.

Reflected on the lake I love

So tranquil in the heaven above, So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all screpe :

As false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair.

My soil is a strong, desp, sandy loss an a gravelly subsoil. I culturnin my chard grounds, as if there ware an reas on them, and raise grain of every kind an cept rys, which is so very lajardies in believe three successive crops of it was destroy any orchard younger than swatt voars. I raised last year in an or outaining 20 acres, trees 10 years ald a crop of Indian corn which around 14 hushels of ears to the acre." Fruit Book.

RENEDY FOR BOTS .-- A PORTETE of the "Albany Cultivator" source ye since, gave the following recai effectual and immediate remady in herece. down east who is ready to support the next.

Half pint of Vinague,

while forming in site and which It is not the four al ist but the love of honoray.

Do., da., Gat, Do., da., Batt da Do., da., Mattan Val. shakes together and po