

Popular Song.

The Pilgrim Fathers. BY MRS. HEMANS. The breaking waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast; And the woods against a stormy sky, Their giant branches tost;

you a minute.' 'Well, you've been talkin' for more'n five minutes, Deaken Peabody,' says I, 'and you've said nothin' yet; now, when are you goin' to begin?'

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—We heard the other day a good one of John Check, who always had his eyes cocked both ways for justice, and perhaps too Sunday. It seems he had fined an Irishman, who having used a little too much of the crayther, was foolish enough to let the crayther use him. Pat on leaving the office met a friend to whom he held forth—

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between S. C. PATTON and JOHN SWAN, under the style and firm of Patton & Swan, was this day dissolved by mutual consent, and the books are left for collection in the hands of S. C. Patton. Those persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm will call immediately and settle up, or they will have the pleasure of paying costs.

THE RED FLAG VICTORIOUS.—The Blood Red Banner flags in triumph on the "Old Corner Store," where A. M. Hills has just opened the cheapest and most splendid assortment of goods ever displayed before this community, and graciously adapted to their many and various necessities.

PERUVIAN'S Stock is now complete. From little cases, very neat, up to those of large dimensions, suitable for high pretensions. Come on, Ladies! come on, Girls! Come on, every man of sense. And get impressions of your faces. To show your friends your most graceful. The dress is better to be dark.