

Raftsmen's Journal.

COME AND TAKE ME.—DEVILRY.

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Poetry.

DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH XXXI.

As the whirlwinds that tend on the deadly doom
Are the sounds of the spoiler that ring on my ear,
O'er the queen of Chaldea hangs a dark veil of gloom,
A mantle to shroud her when stretched on her bier.
From the desert it comes—from a terrible land—
The armies of Elam in breasting array,
With the proud hosts of Media approach hand in hand,
To weep Babylon—weep—to the end of thy day.
No more shalt thou raise thy proud standard on high—
No more shall the nations bow down at thy shrine,
The close of thy day dream is fast drawing nigh,
And thy glories shall fade in a rapid decline.
Too long hast thou trod on the rest of the world,
And hoped that thy might would confound the same,
Yet proud queen from thy grandeur thou shalt fall,
As high in thy splendor—so low in thy shame.
The Persian draws on with his spear and his bow,
And the steeds of the Median fret for the fight—
The morning shall view the approach of the foe,
But the city's his spoil at the dead hour of night.
Look down from thy seat in the heavens, oh, moon!
And ye stars turn away your bright eyes from the scene,
From the powers of the earth a proud kingdom is
From the high throne of glory cast down a queen.

Original Moral Tale.

[WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL.]

THE

MARTYR FAMILY.

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CHAPTER XV.

In this situation she lay for some time. Her delicate and sensitive frame had been entirely overpowered by the sudden shock. Her eyes had closed, and scarcely a sign of life remained.

Valens, sitting down at her side, and leaning his back against the damp walls, had raised her partly up in his arms. Her head supported by one arm, rested against his breast; while, with the hand of the other, he had adjusted the dishevelled hair, and, in the deepest sorrow and anguish, gazing on her pale, fixed features, continued chafing her throbbing temples.

After a few minutes her eyes partly opened, looking sunk and dreamy. Her father spoke to her, but she made no reply, and they again gently closed. Again they opened slowly, and gradually seemed to fill up with returning life and animation, till, at length, they were fixed with a full, steady gaze on her father's sorrowing face that beamed over her.

"Father! father!" said she, in a low, faint voice, and seemed to swoon away again.

Presently, her eyes again opened, and, raising herself partly up in her father's arms, she began looking wildly around her.

"Where?—what?" she at length exclaimed, as if in a fright, and then fixed her eyes upon her father with a steady, wondering sort of gaze.

"My daughter! God bless you," said Valens, as his lips quivered, and his eyes filled with tears.

"What a strange place!—Why, where are we, father?—Where's mother?" inquired Vertitia, casting her eyes around the low, black cell.

"We're in the hands of our enemies. The hour is at hand, my daughter. Be of good cheer; the life to come will soon be ours."

Vertitia looked thoughtful for a few moments; and then, with a smile upon her features, she said, quickly:

"O, father! I see it all now,—it's all just flashed in my mind. The heavens will soon open for us,—won't they? But, O! what'll become of poor, dear mother?"

"The Lord will do what seemeth unto him good," said Valens, raising his eyes as he spoke, and pressing his daughter in his arms to his breast.

CHAPTER XVI.

Not a moment was to be lost. The time was at hand. Death was at the door. Angels were on their way, to carry their spirits to brighter worlds. They had but a few more hours—perhaps, moments, to live on earth. So they felt.

Hence Valens and his daughter bestirred themselves. They trimmed their lamps, and lit them up into a bright, brilliant flame.—Many were their mutual embracings, tender exhortations, and fervent prayers. The narrow, gloomy cell was filled with their songs. Heaven seemed to have begun. All fear and terror fled, and they rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.

From the moment of their arrest, Valens had been all anxiety about his poor, dear daughter. He knew her youth and inexperience, how recent had been her conversion, how many avenues the youthful mind presents to the assaults of Satan; and he had feared lest her faith might fall in this extremity.—Hence, many were his exhortations and prayers in her behalf.

"My daughter," said he, "don't be alarmed. Trust in the dear, blessed Savior; he'll sustain you, carry you through. Die in the faith, my daughter. It'll only be a momentary pang—a quick flash just—and glory, honor, immortality, eternal life will be yours forever."

"O! yes; that'll be my reward—yours too, father. I think I can suffer even death for it. Then I'll be so soon there—there where my sweet, dear sister is, and my dear, blessed Savior. O! what a joyful meeting!" said Vertitia, calmly, as if seated in the flowery arbor at home.

"Yes; joyful! joyful! Welcome death; come Lord Jesus, come!" said Valens, his eyes lifted up, and every feature lighted with the holy fires that burned and glowed in his breast.

Just at this moment, the door of the cell was dashed open, and two of the Emperor's guard entered. They cast a scowling glance at the kneeling and praying father and daughter; and then, roughly seizing Vertitia, hurried away with her.

"Farewell, father; farewell forever on earth," she had said, just as the door closed.

"The Lord bless thee; we'll meet again," she had heard faintly echoed from the cell.

This was about two hours after their arrest. Vertitia was led hastily across a corner of the square, in the centre of which great bright fires were burning, with hundreds of squalid, miserable-looking beings gathered around them—laughing, swearing, carousing, and cursing the Nazarenes, as the cause of all their sufferings and misery.

The sight of the blazing, crackling fires, and the loud shouts and curses of the multitude, terrified her; and she felt for a moment as if she would fall to the earth. But she thought of Jesus, and her terrors fled.

She was conducted along the great, broad aisle of the Forum, which was filled with gapping, jeering crowds; and, quickly, she found herself seated on a marble block, with a dozen or more poor, sighing, weeping, praying Christians. Some were gazing rapturously upward; others, with their eyes riveted on the floor, were looking the pictures of despair; while others, with their faces buried in their hands, were intently praying for mercy.

As for herself poor Vertitia felt as she had never done before. There was a joyousness in her heart, and a strength, and courage in her soul, to which she had heretofore been a stranger. Why was it? These very scenes she had often pictured out to her mind, but she had shrunk away, pale and trembling, from the thought. Now, with all real around and before her, she felt quite calm and unmoved. She thought it was her father's prayers; then, and what is more likely, that it was the real and actual presence of Christ in her heart.

As she sat, her attention, at first was directed to those of the little flock, seated, as stated, on her right and left. Her heart was touched with pity, and her tears, at length, began to flow freely in their behalf. She dried them away, however; and glanced her eyes around on the great, promiscuous throng—then at the Emperor—then at the fierce, savage monsters who stood in armor all around him. But she felt not the least fear or trepidation.

In the mean time, one of the poor Christians, a female, not far from her side, had been commanded to stand up. Her trial, all the while, had been progressing, but she had heard but little of what had been said. She had barely noticed that the woman looked pale and emaciated, and that, with her eyes closed, and her hands clasped tightly across her breast, her lips moved inaudibly in prayer. She had noticed, moreover, that she had paid no attention to the insolent questions, or the haughty, taunting threats of the Emperor.

But, by and by, hearing the Emperor, in his usual shrill, squealing voice, cry out; "your duty, soldiers!" she was startled almost to her feet, and trembled in every limb.

And then again, when, after a moment, she cast her eyes partly round, and saw two or three horrid looking monsters dragging her along the aisle, and saw the faint, despairing look of the poor woman, with much difficulty she supported herself on the block; and then, when, after a few minutes, a faint, horrid shriek from without, like the last wail of earth, fell on her ears, she involuntarily started to her feet, and exclaimed:—

"O! God—mercy! mercy!"

The only effect this burst of feeling, ejected from the depths of a warm, sensitive, and generous heart, produced, was, to throw the Emperor into a hearty laugh—then into a fit of violent sneezing; while a general titter, along with obscene jesting, passed round the vast assemblage.

There was one, however, far back in the hall of the court, in disguise, who smiled not. He had stood just inside the door as she entered, and he had caught a sight of her pale, beautiful face, and of her large, deep blue eyes, and of her long, rich, tressy hair, hanging loosely down over her neck and shoulders.

At the sight, he had suddenly started back a few paces as if horrified, and then reeling back against the wall on the right of the door, he had stood motionless as a statue. There was a wild, frenzied look in the eyes, and a jerking, twitching movement in the muscles of the face, which, one moment, was frightfully palid, and the next bloated and distorted.

The eyes of this man, had followed, with an indescribable stare, the elastic step of Vertitia as she was hurried down the aisle; and they were never once removed from off her, as she sat that long night on the marble block.

To be continued.

THE LAST OFFER.

BY MRS. HALE.

"O, love will master all the power of art!"

"And so, Clara, you have rejected Mr. Tineford—I own I do regret it," said Mrs. Crosby to her niece.

"My dear aunt, would you wish me to marry a widower, with as many children as followed John Rogers to the stake? but whether there were nine or ten has always been a puzzle to me. Do you not think Mr. Tineford could solve that question? I wish I had asked him," said the young lady, looking very demure.

"Mr. Tineford has but three children, as you very well know," said Mrs. Crosby.

"But you know, also, my dear aunt, that my imagination always expatiates in the 'Rule of Three'—that is, making three of one, which just brings out the nine, without any remainder."

"Come, Clara, pray leave this trifling; it does not become you, and Mr. Tineford is not a character which should excite ridicule," said Mrs. Crosby, gravely. "You acknowledged yesterday, that you thought him excellent, intelligent, and agreeable."

"I do think him worthy of nearly every good adjective in our language," said Clara Dinsmore, earnestly. "I esteem his character as highly as you do—but I could never, never think of marrying him."

"Oh, Clara!"

"Spare me, dear aunt, I know all you would urge in his favor, and I know, too, many reasons which your tenderness for my feelings would spare me. I am twenty-nine—O, woe is me, that I have arrived so near the verge of old maidism! My beauty is gone—nay, don't shake your head—Miss Jones says I look positively old, and that she is quite shocked, (you know her benevolent affection for me) to see such a change."

"I do not see it, my dear Clara, nor is it so. Your cheek is not as blooming as it was at nineteen, but there is at times, a more lovely expression in your countenance, a chastened thoughtfulness, which gives promise of that tenderness and goodness which I know was always in your disposition, but which, in the years of your brilliant youth, you did not display."

"Who would blame me for being vain if they knew my aunt flattered me thus?" exclaimed Clara, tears of gratitude and pleasure filling her eyes. "But I must not flatter myself that others see with your partial affection. I know there is a change; my mirror, as well as Miss Jones, reminds me of it; and the young ladies, whose were in the nursery when I came out, called me old."

"It is a great pity that girls are permitted to come out so young," said Mrs. Crosby.

"There is no use of preventative, in my case, dear aunt," replied Clara, smiling with her usual cheerfulness. "I am twenty-nine, with little beauty, and no money at all. How can I ever expect another offer?"

"My dear child, it is none of these motives which induce me to wish this marriage to take place," said Mrs. Crosby, earnestly. "But I know that Mr. Tineford loves you; and he estimates also your worth of character, or he would not, in the maturity of his judgment, when he has reached such high eminence in his profession, and acquired such distinguished reputation, he would not thus renew the homage he paid you ten years ago. I do not see how you can have the heart to refuse him a second time."

"Simply because I have no heart to give him," said Clara, with a sigh, and then gaily added, "you know, aunt, that he has been married, and appeared to love his wife most tenderly—he doubtless loves his children, so that between the regret he is bound to cherish for the memory of the one, and the affection he must bestow on the other, there can be little room in his heart for love towards me.—This second disappointment will not afflict him; so do not urge the match on his account."

"I wish it on your own, dear Clara. Since the loss of my property, by the failure of the bank, my whole concern has been for you. My annuity will cease with my life, and I feel my strength failing daily. Do not look so sorrowful, my darling, I should welcome the change, with joy, were your welfare secured. And to Mr. Tineford I would entrust your earthly destiny with perfect confidence."

"I wonder if there ever was a good mother-in-law," said Clara, striving to turn the conversation from her aunt's ill health, which she never could bear to hear named, although she could be saved.

"You would make a good one, Clara; I know your heart is over flowing with affections and tender sympathies; you would love those little children dearly—their mother was your intimate friend, and if their father was your husband, studying your happiness and securing to you every rational source of enjoyment, you could not refrain from loving his children, or rather you would feel that they were yours. I cannot bear to think you will finally refuse him, and be left to struggle alone with the hardships,

and cares, and sorrows, which a single woman, without relations or fortune, must encounter."

"How careful you are, my dear aunt, for my happiness," said Clara, gratefully. "I wish I could follow your advice; but I should wrong Mr. Tineford's generous heart if I married him when I do not love him."

"You would love him, Clara?"

"Oh! never attempt to persuade me that love can be awakened after a marriage, when there is no kindling of affection before the ceremony. I should undoubtedly esteem him; I hope, treat him with propriety, but I never should love him, and you know I have always declared that I would not marry except I loved the man to whom I pledged my faith."

Mrs. Crosby looked distressed. "I must then relinquish all hope," said she.

"You think that if I have lived twenty-nine, years without being in love, that my heart is ossified, I suppose," said Clara, laughing.

"I think when a young lady has had the numbers of admirers and offers which I know you have had, and rejected them all, that there is little reason to expect she will receive others. I have made up my mind that this is to be your last offer."

"You said the same, dear aunt, when I rejected Mr. Bellows."

"He was a good man, and is highly prosperous. It would have been an excellent match for you."

"A most wretched one—for I positively disliked him—he was so prosing and particular, he would have driven me crazy with his small fidgetings and solemn reflections. I would rather prefer living like Madame Roland, in a garret on beans, than to have married him, though he had been rich as Rothschild."

"Then, there was William Hopkins, he was a fine talented young man; I thought for a long time that you liked him."

"I did like him as a child does its rattle, for the amusement he always made me; but I could not respect a man whose manners were so frivolous—so like my own. Is not that a candid admission?"

"But what could you have found to cavil at in the character or manners of that noble young man, Lucius Howard?"

"He was too perfect for me, dear aunt," replied Clara; a blush crimsoned her cheek, and there was a slight tremor in her voice as she added—"He never offered me his hand."

"Clara, I am sure I understood at the time, that you rejected him."

"No, no, aunt—you were deceived," Clara's voice grew firmer, though her face was deadly pale; while she continued—"I have long wished, long intended to confide my weakness and disappointment to you; but it is so humiliating to own one has been crossed in love, that I never could find the opportunity when my mind was in a right mood. Now it shall be done, that you may feel convinced I do right in declining to marry Mr. Tineford—you would not wish me to vow at the altar to love him, when my heart is irrevocably devoted to another. Yes, I did, love Lucius Howard, and—loved me, but thought me unworthy to be his wife." She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Clara, my darling, this cannot be. He never could have thought you unworthy; but he might fear you would reject him," said Mrs. Crosby.

"No, no," replied Clara, in a voice of deep agony; "no, he knew that I loved him, and I believe he had little doubt that I would accept him; but he thought I permitted or rather encouraged attentions from others. You know how many admirers I had in those days, when I rejected Mr. Tineford and a dozen others; there was then no shadow on my beauty, and I triumphed in the power it gave me. Fatal power, most foolishly used to vex the noble heart that loved me, and whose love I returned. I trifled, till Lucius Howard thought me a confirmed coquette, and when he acknowledged his deep affection for me, he told me that he did it to prove to me the consistency of his principles; as he knew he had often betrayed his love, he came to make the avowal openly, but at the same time to tell me that he did not seek a return, that he did not ask my hand—he believed our dispositions and tastes were too dissimilar to allow him to hope for happiness with me. He invoked heaven to protect and bless me—and took leave of me—for ever."

Mrs. Crosby was sadly distressed and confounded by this disclosure. She had always thought that her niece remained single because she found no one to suit her fastidious taste. Never had she dreamed that Clara, the gay Clara Dinsmore, had nursed a secret and hopeless passion. Mr. Howard, she well knew, had left that part of the country entirely; he was settled in the ministry at the South—she had heard that he was one of the shining lights of the age, and she felt almost certain she had heard of his marriage, too—so she could not flatter her dear Clara with the least hope of ever renewing her acquaintance with him. But if she would be persuaded to accept Mr. Tineford, who she doubted not would be too glad to marry her, though she had loved another, the good aunt thought she might still look forward to days of happiness for her niece. So she began her work of comforting, by remarking that no person could expect an unshowered lot. She reminded Clara of the fortitude with which she had, hitherto, borne this disappointment of the heart—entreated her not to

allow the remembrance of a scene so long past to overcome her now—showed her how much of good had already arisen from this disappointment, as doubtless that improvement in Clara's character, which had been remarked by every one, had been effected in consequence of the new reflections awakened by the parting words of Lucius—and in short, the good lady proved, to her own satisfaction, that Clara was a much more estimable person from having been crossed in love, as children, habituated to the practice of self-denial are much more amiable than petted favorites, who have never learned to control their own inclinations. Mrs. Crosby hinted that if Clara would only consent to marry Mr. Tineford, and as she was well qualified to do, train his motherless children in the way they should go, and make his home the place of happiness to him, as she easily might, that she would be a heroine indeed, as much superior to the common description of those who marry at the end of the fashionable novels, as Rebecca the Jewess was to Rowena.

But poor Clara was resolute to her vow of single blessedness, and really felt that her aunt had almost compromised her dignity, when she acknowledged that she had invited Mr. Tineford to take tea that evening with them; and furthermore, permitted him to bring a friend who was visiting at his house. "I told him truly the state of my heart," said Clara. "I felt it was due to the disinterested regard he had manifested for me, that he should know why I could not return his affection. And I told him then, that I should, for the future, avoid his society, lest I might be tempted to speak of Lucius Howard. I fear he will think I have no consistency of character."

Mrs. Crosby promised to do the honors of the evening to her guests, but thought Clara must be present; and finally she consented. At the appointed hour, Mr. Tineford and his friend arrived, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Crosby. Mr. Tineford inquired with a smile of much meaning for Miss Dinsmore.

"She will be with us soon," said her aunt. "She has not been quite well to-day." The friend of Mr. Tineford looked distressed. Just then Clara entered; the excitement of her feelings deepening the color of her cheeks, till she looked as blooming as she did at nineteen—and more beautiful, Lucius Howard thought, as she stepped forward to greet her.

Poor Clara—she was quite overcome for the moment, as she looked at Mr. Tineford, and thought of the confession she had made to him, and then felt her hand in the clasp of Mr. Howard's. But all was soon happily settled, and good aunt Crosby, as she prepared for the marriage of her beloved niece with Lucius Howard, declared that this last offer was the best which Clara ever had, and she had become convinced that a woman had better live single than to marry one man while her heart was given to another.

ON GLUTTONY.—you shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac, said Mrs. Partington, as with an anxious expression she marked a strong effort that the young gentleman was making to achieve the last quarter of a mince pie. "You shouldn't be glutinous, dear, you must be careful, or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcophagus one of those days, that will kill you, Isaac (she had heard Dr. Weiting); and then you will have to be buried in the cold ground, and nobody would ever see you no more; and what will I do, Isaac? when you are cut down in your beauty like a lovely young cabbage plant in the garden that the grubs have cut off?" Much afflicted by the picture her prolific fancy had conjured up, she pensively sweetened her tea, for the fourth time, and looked earnestly upon Isaac, who heeding all that she was saying, sat gazing at the street door, revolving in his mind the practicability of his ringing the door bell unperceived, without going outside.

MRS. PARTINGTON AT TEA.—"Adulterated tea!" said Mrs. Partington, as she read an account of the adulteration of teas in England, at which she was much shocked. "I wonder if this is adulterated?" and she bowed her head over the steaming and fragrant decoction in the cup before her, whose genial odors mingled with the silvery vapor, and encircled her venerable poll like a halo. "It smells virtuous," continued she, smiling with satisfaction, "and I know this Shoo-shon tea must be good, because I bought it of Mr. Shoo-shon himself. Adulterated!" she mandered on, pensively as a brook in June, "and it's agin the seventh commandment, too, which says—'don't break that, Isaac!' as she saw that interesting juvenile amusing himself with making refracted sunbeams dance upon the wall, and around the dark profile, and among the leaves of the sweet fern, like yellow butterflies or fugitive chips of new June butter. The alarm for her crockery dispelled all disquietude about the tea, and she sipped her beverage, all oblivious of dele-tea-rious infusions.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS.—"Marrimony—Hot Buckwheat cake—comfortable slippers—smoking coffee—buttons—redeemed stockings—boot jacks—happiness. Bachelorism—Sheet iron quilts—blue noses—frothy rooms—ice in the pitcher—unregenerated linen—hellish stockings—coffee sweetened with icicles—gutta percha biscuits—flabby steak—dull razors—corns—coughs and colics—hubbard—soles—misery."

Wait.—The Student toils in the lonely attic, wearing his life away with the midnight oil, pouring over the books that
"Turn back the tide of ages to his head,
And heed the wisdom of the honored dead."
hoping for the magic power of eloquence that witchery of song, the vagaries of philosophy, or the voluminous flow of imagination, all as yet unsyllabled, undreamt of and un-sung, to startle the world.
Wait—whispers the heart. He waits—unhonored and unnoticed. He labors and despair, and sinks to rest on the right arm of his strength, while an Alexander Smith, far less of a giant in intellect, fills all the heavens with his meteoric blaze.
The sculptor chisels at the uncouth stone—destroying and reproducing—encouraged and disheartened—cursing the visions of beauty that haunt his midnight hours, and which he would give the world to catch. The artist piles his pencil in his studio—blending the yielding colors—increasing and subduing the light—now a Titan in prospect—anon Titconor in abject despair. The adventurer treads the mazes of the forest—parts the long prairie grass—gazes on the heretofore undiscovered river that stretches out its cool arm to the sleeping sea.
Wait—whispers hope and ambition. They wait. A power startles the world—a modern Tasso fills on his short cycle—and a De Soto, with his Eldorado dreams unrealized while torch-light flashed upon the wavelets here and there, is lowered into the Mississippi.
Wait—says Love, as she toys with a deep trusting heart. The early flowers open to the Sweet May sun, the autumn nuts patter on the brown leaves, the holiday gayeties set in, the brooklets again burst their joy chains. Mist and shadow thicken as the seasons roll on and a broken heart lies in the grave!
Wait, mumsers Faith to the dying Christian. His dark eye loses its lustre—his lips quiver—white-winged angels people the room—delicious strains float upon the ambient air—the silver spray from the fountain before the great white throne, seems to fall upon his fevered brow, a short struggle and he is gone.—He waited, long, and anxiously, and patiently. He suffered and was strong. His soul was refined by trial and tribulation—and while the rest who waited, and played like children with the sea-shells upon the beach of eternity, were swept away one by one—lost upon the confines of a dim and lazy shore—was at rest in that glory which at times so dimly visioned to him, when he knelt in the quiet twilight in prayer.

A BACHELOR'S VOES.—What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night, when the fierce winds blow, and when the earth is covered with a foot of snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, all encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose and his toes still encased in yarn hose, that they may not chance to get froze. Then he puffs and he blows and he swears that he knows, no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes; and with 'ah's' and with 'oh's!' and with limbs so disposed, that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze, to his slumber in silence the old bachelor goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun had just rose, from beneath the bed-cloths pops the bachelor nose, when he hears how the wind blows, and sees the windows all froze, why back 'neath the cloths pops the poor fellow's nose, for full well he knows if from his bed he rose, to put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

A GAL'S WASTE.—A school boy "down east," who was noted among his play-fellows for his frolics with the girls, was reading aloud in the Old Testament, when, coming to the phrase, "making waste places glad," he was asked by the pedagogue what it meant. The youngster paused—scratched his head—but could give no answer, when up jumped a more precocious urchin, and cried out: "I know what it means, master. It means hugging the gals; for Tom Ross is allers huggin' 'em round the waist, and it makes 'em as glad as can be."

A WHOLE HOG SPOKE.—"Tis Grease! But living grease no more!" The Buffalo Courier gives an amusing account of a gentleman who mounted a barrel of lard to hear and see, on the arrival of the Mayflower with the President and suite. Just as he was listening with great attention to the speeches, the barrel head gave way, and he slid easily and noiselessly up to his "third button" in the great staple of Ohio, exclaiming, "La-ar-d! In my state of Ohio, I am able to do it myself."

NATURE AND ART.—"Ah, Eliza," cried a puritan preacher to a young lady who had just been making her hair into beautiful ringlets; "Ah, Eliza, had God intended your locks to be curled, he would have curled them for you."
"When I was an infant," replied the damsel, "so he did, but now I am grown up, he thinks I am able to do it myself."

A DIALOGUE IN THE BACK-WOODS.—"What are you at there, you black scoundrel? Twice you awoke me from a sound sleep; and not content with that, you are now pulling off the bed-clothes. Get you gone, sir."—"Well, if you won't git up, I must hab a sheet, any how, coz they're waiting for de table-cloth!"