THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

In the saffron-tinted morning.
With Potomae's anthem swell,
Where our honored Chief is sleepig, Mingles deep the passing bell.
Slowly glides the passing vessel.
By Mount Vernon's hallowed shades, And that mournful, mellow cadence, Echoes through the dewy glade; 'Tis Columbia's tender tribute, Offered to her noblest son ; Tis the free heart's fervent homage,

At the grave of WASHINGTON! In the slumbrous hush of noontide,
With Potomac's anthem swell,
Where our honored Chief is sleeping, Mingles deep the passing bell.

Never marble mausoleum

Might such majesty impart,

Nor the loud acclaim of millions,

As this homage of the heart; 'Tis Columbia's tender tribute, · Offered to her noblest son; 'Tis the free heart's fervent homage, At the grave of WASHINGTON !

In the rosy flush of evening, With Potomac's anthem swell, Where our honored Chief is sleeping, Mingles deep the passing bell. Never King in regal splendor Won a tame so true and pure, For his name shall be a watchword While his country shall endure; 'Tis Columbia's tender tribute, Offered to her noblest son: 'Tis the free heart's fervent homage,

At the grave of Washington !

In the blue and starry midnight, With Potomac's anthem swell,
Where our honored Chief is sleeping,
Mingles deep the passing bell.
Dear the spot to patriot pilgrims—
What a thrill his name creates! 'Tis the signet of the Union! Tis the Mecca of the States! Meet such true and tender tribute, To Columbia's noblest son;
'Tis the free heart's fervent homage,
At the grave of Washington!

THRILLING CAVE ADVENTURE.

I was born and brought up in the neighborhood of the salt works of M -. My father was second engineer, and I filled the situation of assistant. The scene of our mining operations, at the time of the event which I am going to narrate, was in a narrow valley, lying resting place. In fact it was considered unsunk down gradually at either end to the level of the plain. Ascending the cliff, one beheld on the summit a wide plain, stretching off in the distance from the sharp edge of the precipice, and from that dizzy point could look down upon the works of the miners below, close under its sides.

Upon the top of the cliff which I have been describing, I was strolling listlessly, late one Sunday afternoon, thinking of a strange and sad circumstance which had happened about a year ago in our family. My only brother, a lad of fifteen, had gone out early on a summer morning to shoot plover on the heights, and from that hour had never been heard of. When last seen, he was mounting the cliff from the eastern side, and though (when alarmed at his long delay) we made immediate search and inquiry, we never gained further and my own heart grieving for my well beloved young brother, is not now my purpose; but it was the only subject of my thoughts on that quiet summer evening, when all the noise from the works was hushed, and the stillness seemed tenfold by contrast.

I approached very near the edge of the ing down its smooth sides. I thought how terrible the fall would be; but my brother could not have fallen down. In that case his I was recalled to myself by a strange sinkag of my feet. My first confused idea was that the soil had given way from the edge of

e cliff upon whose utmost verge I stood, and at I was about to be precipitated to the bottom. I became dizzy with horror, for I felt at once that I could not recover myself, so sudden was the caving in of the earth beneath I had to stop and rest before the final trial. me. I made one stumble forward, felt a ringing and crushing in my ears, and then I lost

all further sensation. isted. Sick and bruised, I was long unable to raise myself from the prostrate position in which I became aware at last, that I was living. It was quite dark, and every portion of smell of damp salt pervaded the close atmosphere. I thought I had fallen into an exhad been standing on the edge of the cliff. onse earth and stones had fallen over me. That too, I soon found equally unlikely, and, after groping about some time on my hands and knees, (every movement one of intense 1600) I became sure that my prison was a lave of some extent. Too weak to move furber, I lay down and endeavored to think of 27 position. It seemed a hopeless one. was certainly in one of those caves formed in the sait rocks, and sometimes found by miers, running far below the earth's surface. had no idea how far I had fallen; it might be but a few feet, it might be many hundred. As yet I could find no trace of the passage hrough which I had dropped, but I remembered that I had a case of matches in my pocket, and it was not long before I succeeded in lragging them out, though it was excruciag pain to my bruised limbs to move them. Having no taper, I determined to be very careful of the matches, and to improve the short moment of light, during which one sould last, I rubbed it very carefully against the sole of my boot, then harder, then furiousy-but it would not ignite! Then I tried mother with no better success. They were too damp-everything was damp; the matches were useless. With a faint hope of drying them in time, I put the box into my breast, and buttoned my vest over it. What with my my bruises, added to my terror and bewilder-ment of mind, I suffered intensely. Through became clear to me that instead of fall- now on her way to her free native State. ng over, I had fallen through the cliff-strange as it was that hollow ground should occur so hear the edge without the external wall of the never mind, I can make another just as good."

which I had tallen must have been narrow, for my body was bruised and the skin torn could feel. Oh! for a light to examine better es to ignite, and show me the size and form of the cave.

have slept. I awoke with a raging thirst, and, heard the dropping of water. I dragged my-self towards the sound, stretched out my hand, and drops from above fell upon it; eagerly I day." And having thus given his view of the swallowed a few which burned my throat; they case, Mr. Denton took up his hat, and wishing were distilled brine-salt as any impregnation of water could possibly be!

This disappointment crushed me terribly. I should die of thirst ere I had found a mode of exit. I thought of the matches, and tried them again, in vain; this time, however, they gave forth a light smoke. In time the heat I had no idea of time, save that my watch again, knowing that when it again stopped eight and twenty hours would have gone by. Again, on my hands and knees, I crept around, feeling by the damp walls, and as I continually approached and receded from the spot where the salt water dropped from a projecting rock, I discovered that the cave must be nearly round, and not many yards square. Having discovered this, I became more collected and resolute, and forced myself to a calm review of my position. I had to ac-knowledge to mysetf, that my only chance of escape seemed the hole or crack through which I had fallen; but no ray of light betrayed that spot-earth and stones must have fallen in and choked it up. Parching with thirst. and faint from bodily injuries, I was almost at the point of despair, when a distant sound fell upon my ear. I listened with intense attention. Soon, more and more distinctly, I recognized the noise of machinery, the rumbling of carts, and the voices of men; then a bell rung, and, with a throb of joy, I recognized it as the morning summons to the laborers in the works. A night only could have passed since my leaving the outer world. Had they missclose to the foot of a perpendicular cliff of ed me? Alas! there was nothing to lead them rock about one hundred feet high. On its bare sides neither grass nor shrub was to be seen, and scarce any inequality was visible, poor mother; but still I was comforted by the knowledge that only a partition of rock scalable for a distance of two miles when it separated me from my fellow men. Now I could almost distinguish their voices. I felt that it was vain to hope that my calls and not ferbear shouting till I was quite exhausted.

Then I reflected the means I could find of digging away the barrier of rock. It could not be thick-I knew that by my facility in hearing sound, and concluded that, as I had fallen close to the edge of the cliff, I had sunk straight down to the level of the valley at its foot, and possibly the wall of my prison was not more than two or three feet in thickness. But I had no implement, save my knife, and that was a slender one, quite inadequate to cutting a passage through even the soft and damp salt-rock which formed the partition. Suddenly I remembered having picked up a heavy iron ox shoe, on the wagon road, during my Sunday walk. It was still in my information. To speak of our family distress | pocket. With what joy I pulled it out, and commenced eagerly my work.

I will not detail the agonies of those days and nights, when I worked on in the darkness, sometimes encouraged, sometimes nearly hopeless. I could not find that I had made any visible progress; the sounds were nearer than at first, and I was growing hourly more cliff. I was now at its steepest part, and look- exhausted from fatigue and burning thirst. The salt air of the cave inflamed my eyes, parched my skin, and excoriated my throat, and often I had a horrible idea that I should mangled body, at least, would have been found. | go mad; but I worked on. I had wound up my watch five times, therefore it must have been the sixth day-deliverance as far off as ever. I had been trying to loosen a fragment of rock which seemed somewhat detached from the strata, (this I could only judge of by feeling). If I succeeded, I should much reduce the thickness of the barrier at that point, but

I again tried my matches. I had constantly done so hitherto, but without success, and few remained; but now the third one that I It must have been many hours before I was sufficiently conscious to know that I still ex- flame, and finally a clear red light. I held it carefully, and beheld the cavern in which I was immured. It was a small one, and sparkling from the saline crystals, as if studded with gems. Opposite to me was a dark obearth or stone that I touched was wet; and a ject, on a projection of the shelving rock, and bearing a similarity to the outline of a human face. In a frenzy of impatience, I tried the austed salt mine, but soon remembered that | few remaining matches, in vain; the last one was in my hand; more carefully I drew it was an impossibility. Then came the idea over the sand paper; it burned only for an in-I must have fallen to the bottom and the stant; but in that instant, holding it directly even with the body, I recognized the dead, pale, but unchanged face of my poor, lost brother Henry.

I was again in darkness, with the dead body, and my frenzied thoughts. After a time I resumed my labor fiercely at the rock. A few blows loosened it; a few more and the large mass rolled inwards; and from a fissure in the rock which lay behind it, came a narrow streak of daylight. I was all but mad, or I would not have had sufficient strength to effect my

By the aid of my ox shoe I soon increased the hole till it was large enough to admit my head. My shouts soon brought assistance from the works, to which, as I had supposed, I was very near, and soon from that fearful tomb were drawn the living and the dead bodies.

No one knew me till I spoke. The body of poor Henry had been preserved by the salt, and was also partly petrified. That he had been killed by the fall was evident, and had never moved from the ridge on which he fell. I never entirely recovered from the effect of the salt, which left my eyes and nose constantly red, and rendered my flesh ever after similar to corned pork.

A patriotic Ohio girl, an assistant teacher in one of the public schools of New Orleans, failure in procuring a light, and the pain of expressed her antipathy to the traitors, the weeds and pebbles on the bright shores of taining supplies from the North." other day, and was consequently dismissed dream land. Yes he was "pushing on," but from her position. With her relatives, she is | where? That was another question altogether.

"Sir, you have broken your promise." "Oh,

cliff caving in towards it. The space through | PUSH ON-A PLEA FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. | ted the best article, too, though not so particu-"Push him on, Mr. Lee-push him on; that is all you have got to do. I don't mind terms; from my side with strips of clothing; that I only you push him on, and keep him well up to the mark. And don't be afraid of giving into my miserable position; but after all, I him plenty of lessons, Mr. Lee; he's a clever, did not feel without hope. I could not lose active boy, and that's the only way of keeping the idea that I was to hit upon some means or him out of mischief. No use in sending chilway of escape, if I only could get the match-dren to school to idle their time away—that's my view of the case. Education is a fine thing, Mr. Lee, a very fine thing, and I mean Frank Worn out with pain and thought, I must to be a scholar. Hard work and plenty of it-that was the way when I was a boy. I was almost at the same time, I became sure that I kept at it morning, noon and night; and see heard the dropping of water. I dragged my- what it has done for me. Yes, Mr. Lee. push him on, and I shall be proud of him some the teacher good morning, went to his ware-

Mr. Denton was a wealthy merchant in the town of H-, a man very much looked up to and respected-a man who paid the best price for everything, and consequently expect the best article; no better material in all the of my breast would dry them-that was a hope. country than that which came into his mill to be manufactured; no better goods to be met had run down while I slept. I wound it up with any where than those turned out of his warehouse at H -. He also paid the best price for education, and in consequence expected the best article, and plenty of it, too. No advocate he for sending children to schools where they left at four o'clock, and had holidays three times a week. He was quite right when he said that education had done a great deal for him. "Hard work and plenty of it" had laid the foundation of his present standing; it had placed him at the head of one of the most flourishing concerns in H-; it had moulded his rough, firm nature, into a form somewhat more belitting the elegancies of the sphere in which he moved; to use his own words, "it had made a man out of him." What it should do for the delicate, excitable, sensitive little Frank, was a question not yet answered.

"Now, my dear, where are your books? You must work hard to-night, for we are late with tea, and if you don't mind you will not have your lesson ready for Mr. Lee by to-morrow morning."

"Oh, mamma, mayn't I just go into the garden a little first; it does look so fine, and I haven't had time to go in all day. Mayn't I go in, mamma ?"

"No my dear, you must wait till the lessons are done. You know you must push on, and have them perfectly done. Lessons first and lay afterwards, you know-that is the way to be a scholar."

Frank looked with a sigh at the grass plot, and his hoop, lying so temptingly there under the elm tree; then, fetching his books out of shouts could be heard by them, yet I could the hall, and cleaning his state, commenced operations.

"What lessons have you to-night, dear ?" "English history, mamma; parsing, and geography, and composition, and Latin grammar, and French verbs, and then this sum is fractions to prove !" and the little fellow sighed again, and looked at his hoop. There was no play to-night, at any rate.

"There, I think I know it now," said he and laying his tiny hand on the page, so as to hide the words, he began to recite his geographical lesson. The reader will not be sur- to Savannah about a year ago with his family, prised to learn that his childish pronunciation of the alien words was such as Mr. Lee's German professor would hardly have commended; neither will we inquire too impertinently into the value and permanence of the ideas they one and the latter about eighteen, together conveyed.

"The Thurigian states comprise the grand duchy of Sachausen, Weimar, Eisenach, the on to enlist in the secession army. They ethree Sachausen duchies of Coburg, Gotha, Meiningen, and Altenburg, the two Reus prin- finally finding there was no escape, Charles. cipalities of Greitz and Schleitz, and the two the eldest, escaped secretly from the city, and Schwarzenberg principalities of Rudolstadt came, by way of Memphis and Cairo, North. and Sondershausen. Their united areas are arriving in New York on Tuesday. On 4,934 square miles, with a population of 970,-000. There, I'm glad I've done with that. Now for the sum."

For a while nothing was heard but the scratching of the pencil, and a gentle rustling | The details of this barbarons brutality will, of sound, as the breeze blew the long flower starred jessamine branches across the window. finish this sum to-morrow, or ask Mr. Lee to dress as well as public outrages to punish.

"No, dear; it must be done. You know papa wishes you to push on, and learn as much as you can." And Mrs. Denton put another leaf into her Berlin work, and went on with "Onecchy,"

The little fingers closed over the pencil once more, and the sleepy eyes bent down over learn from such a computation that Augustine's their task. But time conquers most things; and when eight o'clock struck, the last lesson was mastered, the last verb learned "good time given to a privilege which we love. night, mamma," and a confused conglomera- Why should we expect to enjoy a duty which tion of Sachausen duchies, verbs, fractions, parts of speech and Latin numbers, Frank thing we do in a hurry? Enjoyment presupwent up stairs to bed.

"Lessons all prepared?" said Mr. Denton, ten do we say of a pleasure: "I wanted as he came in from business and stretched himself out in the great easy chair.

"Yes all of them. Don't you think, my dear, Mr. Lee pushes Frank a little too fast? You know he is but a child yet-not nine years old-and he does not seem well ; be- God, deliberate, premeditated, regular, which

when I was a boy, I did twice as much. I mean to ask Mr. Lee next quarter about his learning Greek. He's a clever child, and it's thoughtful duty, this spiritual privilege, this a pity he should not be kept up to the mark; foretaste of uncorporeal life, this communion besides you know, he'll never get on when he goes to grammar school without a good knowledge of the classics, and I'm determined to make a scholar of him-nothing like keeping children up to the mark.

So the subject passed. Mr. Denton was away on business all day, and when he came fractions, that he had taken the first prize in history, and could match his compositions with those of the biggest boy in school; he was going to be a scholar, a credit to the famishould be, and that was quite sufficient.

"From the centre A, at the distance A B,

lar as Mr. D. about having plenty of it. So, though Harry Dale was more than eight years old, he never went to school more than two hours in a day, and the rest of the time was spent in roving with his mamma and sister that cluster so closely round the town of H-, gathering wild flowers, ferns, and mosses, and arranging them in vases at home (Mrs. Dale was not so fastidious as some ladies are about having flowers litter the parlor.) learning their names the while, or examining their delicate structure, and listning with eager interest, as his mamma told him stories of distant lands, their trees, and birds, and flowers, and then led him on from this to the kind and loving Father who gave the forest its glowing tints, the

birds their voices of music, and all nature its loveliness. People laughed at Mrs. Dale for calling this education, and expatiated largely upon the folly of parents who sent their children to school only a quarter of a term, and yet paid full terms. Divers were the shrewd predictions as to the harvest that would be reaped from a seed-time so irregular, and many the forseeing hints which were dropped on the subject. "They knew what would become of such vagaries." "Talk of educating children in fields and meadows-such nonsense.' "Sure to make the boy idle and useless." But Mrs-Dale went quietly on; she had her own views of the case, and acted according to them. So at eight years of age Harry had never seen inside of a Latin grammer; could not, for the life of him, get further than the second column of the multiplication-table; was ignorant of geography, except from his mamma's conversation and the stray books he had picked up on the parlor table; parsing, dates, and dictations, were strange words to him; and he knew nothing of French, save the little songs Mrs. Dale some times sang to him, with an accent so pure and true. But Harry had a fresh, bright, intelligent soul within him. He would listen, with quick appreciation, as you told him of the wonders of nature and art, of the great men who lived in distant ages, of the strange inventions of genius, and the noble results worked out by patience and perseverance. He was learning to enjoy life, that when the time came he might use it wisely and well. There was a rich promise of future energy and vigor in those clear, honest eyes of his, the firm, bounding step, the guileless,

cence with which his glance met yours-promises which after years failed not to be realized. nother grave in the II- cemetery, and the neighbors as they read on the marble headstone the touching inscription, "Aged eleven soon these clever children always die ?"

unsuspecting confidence, the fearless inno-

More Southern Brutality .- There seems to be no limit to the infamous outrages of which the traitors at the South are capable. In one of the New York papers we find another shocking illustration of the treatment to which men from the North are exposed in southern cities. Mr. Charles C. Welden, who was for some time Deputy Collector, went and engaged in business as a custom-house broker. A few weeks since he went with his wife to Montgomery, leaving at home his two sons, Charles and Lionel, the former twentywith two or three smaller children. Soon after his departure the two boys were called upvaded the requisition from day to day, until, Wednesday he received a letter from his father, still at Montgomery, stating that a body of men called on Lionel to impress him, and on his resisting they killed him on the spot. course never be known. Charles and another brother have joined the New York Thirteenth "Oh mamma, my head does ache; can't I Regiment. They have private wrongs to re-

HURRIED DEVOTIONS .- Probably many of us would be discomposed by an arithmetical estimate of our communion with God. It might reveal to us the secret of much of our apathy in prayer, because it might disclose how little we desire to be alone with God. We might idea of prayer, as "the measure of love," is not very flattering to us. We do not gradge we have no time to enjoy? Do we enjoy anyposes something of mental leisure. How ofmore time to enjoy it to my heart's content." But of all employments, none can be more dependent on "time for it," than stated prayer. Fugitive acts of devotion, to be of high valne, must be sustained by other approaches to shall be to those acts like the abutments of a suspension bridge to the arch that spans the stream. It will never do to be in desperate haste in laying such foundations. This with an unseen Friend-can you expect to enjoy it as you would a repartee or dance?

DISTRESSING MORTALITY .- The family of Mr. James C. Richey, a well known citizen of Peebles township, Allegheny county, have nearly all died of typhoid fever within the past home Frank was generally gone to bed, so he three weeks. Three of the children sickened did not notice the heavy eye and finshed and died-there being scarcely a week between cheek, nor the pale forehead and trembling the date of their decease. The mother died hand; he only knew that his little boy had last week, and on Sunday Mr. Richey expired. begun to construe Cæsar and work sums in Three more children are lying ill under the same terrible disease.

A letter from a young lady residing in Savannah to a young lady residing in New York, ly, as Mr. Denton had made up his mind he says: "Flour is selling at thirty dollars per confined to cash, and planters are shipping on are said to be stronger than those of wood, barrel, and quite difficult to get at that. Our grocer has sent us a circular stating that he erty from destruction or forced loans. The and taps. The quantity of liquor remaining describe the circle B C D," murmured little will be compelled to close his business imme-Frank, as the tides of sleep drove back life's diately, on account of the impossibility of ob- the unsettled state of the South. At last ac-

Joy is heightened by exultant strains of mu-Mrs. Daie, the lady who lived at the cottage, a little beyond Mr. Denton's, was a woman who also had her own views of education, and spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls ment of South Carolina Volunteers would go in administering piety as medicine, when enealways paid the best price for it. She expec- more cheerily for his song.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

An antiquary states (writes the Roman cor-

respondent of the Times on the 13 ultimo) that a party of French soldiers, whilst visiting the catacombs last week, discovered a gallery, hitherto unexplored, and which had altogether through the glens, and woods, and meadows, escaped the ravages of the barbarians of former days and the profanations of tourists. The tombs and paintings found there belong to the first three centuries of the Christian era. These subterranean passages are very narrow (less than three feet) in some places, sometimes ascending, at others decending and communicating, on the right and left with numberless other passages, all of the same width, but varing in height. In the walls on each side are oblong horizontal niches of different lengths, according to the stature of the persons buried in them and sometimes deep enough to contain several bodies. These niches being on a level with the floor, and are excavated one over the other to the number of four or five, and sometimes as many as twelve. The number of Christians buried in the whole of subteranean Rome is estimated to have been 6,000,000. In the early ages of Christianity the Pope, in order to facilitate pilgrimages to the catacombs, had two wide staircases made getting Old Ball back unless he played his leading directly to the martyrs' tombs, and which were soon decorated with marble monuments and inscriptions by the crowds of devont persons who came to venerate those relics. In the fifth and following centuries the barbarians completely ravaged the city, and did not spare even the abode of the dead. In the most historical places of interest were left heaps of ruins, which time covered with soil and vegetation, till the special entrance to the catacombs entirely disappeared. In those recently discovered many glasses have been found entire. They are made of two thicknesses of glass, of different degrees of fusibility. Between them are designs in gold, which | you get right off, for Old Ball's gwine to do it have been so well defended by their transparent envelope, though made fifteen centuries ago, that they appear as distinct as when they left the workman's hand. The outer coat of glass is, however, rather oxydised in several places. An original bronze vase, found in the catacombs, is preserved in the Roman College. that little trick, an' he's jes' as good as any catacombs, is preserved in the Roman College. From the figures it presents, it must have belonged to the early ages of the Church, and is supposed to have been used for the baptism of neophytes.

INSTANT BLESSING FOLLOWING A SOLDIER'S "Standard" publishes a letter from a lady in Washington, in which she speaks at length of So much for Harry Dale. And the pushing | the respect and esteem felt for each other by on-wither had that tended? There was a- the New York Seventh, and the Massachusetts Eighth Regiments: She relates the following interesting incident: "There is a story told by one of the Seventh, that no one can listen years," said. 'Very astonishing, isn't it, how to without tears and a glow of pride in our New England soldiers. He says: While encamped in Maryland, I wandered off one day, and came to a farm house, where I saw a party of those Massachusetts fellows-well, no they were Rhode Island boys, but it's all the sametalking with a woman who was greatly frightened. They tried in vain to quiet her apprehensions. They asked for food, and she cried. 'O, take all I have, take everything, but spare my sick husband." 'O, darn it,' said one of the men, we aint going to hurt you; we want something to eat.' But the woman persisted in being frightened in spite of all efforts to reassure her, and hurried whatever food she had on the table. 'But,' said the Lieutenant, when she saw this company stand about the table with bared heads, and a tall, gaunt man rise his hand and invoke God's blessing on the bounties spread before them, the poor woman broke down with a fit of sobbing and crying. She had no longer any fears, but bid them wait, and in a few moments she had made them hot coffee in abundance. She then emptied their canteens of muddy water they contained, and filled them with coffee. Her astonishment increased when they insisted upon paying her.' The Lieutenant tells this with great expression. Said he, 'Their asking a blessing took me by surprise, and when I saw this I felt that our country was safe with such men to fight for it."

> THE CORPORAL .- During the American Revolution, it is said that an officer, not habited in his military costume, was passing where a small company of soldiers were at work making some repairs on a small redout. The commander of the little squad was giving orders to those who were under him, relative to a stick of timber which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in his regular vociferations of "Heave away! there she goes! Heave ho!" The officer who is spoken of, stopped his horse when he arrived at the place, seeing the timber sometimes scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. Portico in front on the street, and a Pizarro The latter appeared to be somewhat astonished; turning to the officer with all the pomp of an emperor, said "Sir I am a corporal" "You are not, though, are you?" said the officer, "I was not aware of that." And taking off his hat and bowing. "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal," upon this he dismounted his elegant steed, flung the bridle over the post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead. When the timber was elevated to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority, Mr. Corporal Commander,-said he, "when you have another such job, and have not enough of men, send to your commander-in-chief, and I will come and ing, his source of supply. He promises to rehelp you a second time." The corporal was thunder struck! It was Washington.

THE COTTON TRADE .- The civil war and blockade is likely to produce something of a panic in the Liverpool market, and will turn attention more than even to stimulate the production in other cotton growing countries. At the South they begin already to feel that evil of an interupted business with the North. State hanged for treason." The price of cotton, while it has risen about two cents a pound at the North, has fallen fully that amount in New Orleans. Sales are their own account in order to save their prop- and are furnished with ground-glass stoppers price of cotton will actually advance during in them is always visible. counts, the stock of cotton in Liverpool was about equal to five months' consumption.

North to fight, while 604 remained at home. | mies use the same article as poison.

BEN GRAY'S HORSE TRADE.

Old Ben Gray was an old toper, and Old Ball was his favorite horse. Now old Ball was a famous good riding horse, and the eye of every jockey in the neighborhood had been attracted by his fine points; but old Ben knew the value of old Ball too well to part with him. When he was top-heavy what horse could carry him so steadily as Old Ball: or, when entirely over-weighed, would so carefully select a soft sandy spot, for the rider to fall on, and then so patiently wait until sleep brought sobriety? So the efforts of the jockeys to swap or trade him out of Old Ball had been in vain. But one day Old Ball failed to select a spot free of stones for Old Ben to drop on, or became impatient for his feed and left, or in some other way angered his owner, who straightway, swapped with his neighbor Jones, receiving as "boot" a "mint drop" of the Benton stamp and the largest denomination. But before the day was over Old Ben sorely repented himself of his trade. Besides being "chiseled" absolutely in the trade, how could he get on without Old Ball? But Gray knew Jones, and he knew Jones knew Old Ball; and he futher knew that there was no chance of game "mighty slicky."

Old Ben matured his plan, and mounted his 'Jones hos," and timed his departure from the court green so as to pass Jones just as he was unhitching Old Ball from the tree to which he had been tied during the day. Reining in his horse he drawled out-

"Oh, Mr. Jones, this morning, when I was a tradin' Old Ball to you, I reckon I was a little drunk, and I didn't tell you of one of Old Bail's tricks. Now I don't want anybody hurt by anything I done; and now I jest want to tell you if ever you come to a river, and Old Ball takes a notion to lie down in the water, jest certain. Jones, of course, declared himself cheated

in the trade, and claimed drawbacks for damages. But Old Ben said he only warranted Old Ball sound, "an" Old Ball is jes' as sound man's hos." Finally, after Jones' proposal to "rue" had

been rejected by Gray, a new swap was agreed on, the Jones hos for Old Ball even, Gray retaining the X.

Accordingly, bridles and saddles were ex-'GRACE" AT TABLE.—The New Bedford changed, and each man mounted his own horse, when Old Ben gave Jones another piece of in-

> "Mr. Jones," said he, "there's jest one other thing about this hos I'd like to tell you : as long as I've been riding Old Ball he never yet did take that notion!

> THE EAR MORE WILLING THAN THE EYE .-The Moravian says, very suggestively : "Children hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and the ear, not the eye and the printed' page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers full reports of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An andience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address, which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in the book; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent, if they enjoy in childhood and youth the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents then talk much and talk well at home.'

THE CONFESSION .- There's somewhat on my breast, father, there's somewhat on my breast! the livelong day I sigh, father, at night I cannot rest. I cannot take my rest, father, though I would fain do so; a weary weight oppresseth me, this weight of wo!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father, nor lack of worldly gear! My lands are broad and fair to see, my triends are kind and dear; my kin are real and true, father, they mourn to see my grief, But, O! 'tis not a kindsman's hand can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father, 'tis not that she's unkind; though busy flatterers swarm around, I know her constant mind 'tis not her coldness, father, that chills my laboring breast; it's that confounded encumber I've ate, and can't digest.

A wealthy owner of real estate was about erecting a splendid house upon a large lot, and was disclosing the plan to a neighbor. "I have employed," said he, "a man which has eructated many buildings; and my design is, fur to have eruct an edifice with a beautiful behind with a bath-house contagious!"

Personal .- Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, an eminent member of Congress, accompanied Mrs. Lincoln from Washington to Philadelphia. She is on her way to New York, to purchase articles for the White House, and has not left in consequence of the war excitement as has been erroneously supposed.

CLOSED FOR SOME TIME .- A proprietor of a lager beer house in Richmond, Va., has closed his establishment in consequence of the blockade cutting off his communication with Readopen on the day Southern Independence is acquired and acknowledged. .

PLAIN talk by the Winchester (Ky.) National Union. "Berish Magoffin, unless he speedily changes his conduct, will soon find that he has trespassed too far on the patriotic forbearance of an outraged people, and will have the notoriety of being the first Governor of a

Moulded glass casks are made in Belgium. They are covered with an open wicker work,

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped up in thought," that he was tred