THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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The Songs of Yore.

Alas! the good old songs of yore
Have gone quite out of date—
Surpassed by "Old Virginia's Shore,"
And the "North Car'lina State,"
No more are heard the pleasing notes
Of "Coming Through the Rye;"
But turn you where you may, you'll hear
"Susanna, Don't You Cry."

To sing the song of "Home, Sweet Home,"
A girl could not be led;
But ask her for some "favorite tune,"
She'll strike up "Uncle Ned;"
Then finish off with "Buffalo Gals,"
Or else with "Dearest Mae;"
Forgetting that she ever knew
Some more heart-breathing lay.

Oh, give to me the songs of yore,
That come warm from the heart;
That make each pulse throb with delight,
And bid the passions start.
Sing me the song of "Hours There Were."
I'll crave not what belongs
To the list of "nigger"—pshaw! I mean,
Of "fashionable" songs.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
Give me the man who'll say,
That, when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day.
We may all command the present
If we ACT and never wait,
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late!

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
There's much to do to-day,
That can never be accomplished
If we throw the hours away;
Every moment has its duty—
Who the future can foretell?
Then why put off till to-morrow
What to-day can do so well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow!
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do
We cannot do at last!
To-day! it is the only time
For all on this frail earth;
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

SOUL TOUCHING WIT.—The Inquirer has the following: A lady residing in England, who had a number of female servants in her family, and to whom on one occasion, she gave to each a pair of cast off worn shoes, found the following impromptu on the chamber mantel, the succeeding morning:

How careful should our mistress be,
The narrow path to choose,
Since all the maids within her house
Are walking in her shoes."

... HOLMES, President of a total abstinence so... Married Mr. ANDREW HORN—the following from the Mercury:

Julia lived a Temp'rance maid,
And preached its beauties night and morn;
... her wicked neighbors said
She broke her pledge and took a Horn!

... SONG.—The following has been used ... a very pleasant substitute for a Prin... to be set to the music of the gingold dollars:

We'll gaily chase dull care away—
And banish every sorrow—
Subscribers pay your debts to-day,
And we'll pay ours to-morrow.

...GRAM.—The last Knickerbocker has the following on a poetess with red hair:

Unfortunate woman! how sad is your lot,
Your ringlets are red, and your poems are not."

HE HAD HIM THERE.—A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenburg thus:

"Mr. ———, you say we are to follow the same ... in heaven that we do in this world?"

"Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason; the Creator himself is not idle, and why should his creatures be?"

"Well, then, yer honor, do paple die there?"

"Certainly not—they are immortal as the Creator himself."

"Then, I should like to know, yer honor, what ... find for me to do, for I'm a *grave digger* in ... world."

HONEST EPITAPH.—In a country grave yard in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with this inscription:

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17th 1839, aged 19 years."

One stone more conspicuous than the rest, has this inscription upon it:

"Here lies the body of John Jones, who never held an office. An honest man."

A SAD PREDICAMENT.—A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being vehemently cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired a lodging or hay loft to stay in, and some fire to warm him. The man told him that he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lay with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted of it. In the morning the man arose to go to market, and meeting some of his neighbors, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth? Why, says he, I can't help but think how ashamed the parson will be when he awakes, *to find himself alone in bed with my wife.*

OLD MAIDS.—Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest, truest and best women we have ever known were old maids. It is a pity, nay, it is cruel to wound the largest asso one; a generous heart will not ... adapted to especially if that one be a woman. ... how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many who are sneeringly denominated old maids! Perhaps the constancy of youthful affection; the pure and deep devotion of a first and only love, has kept many a woman single for life.

A DOWN EAST SOLON.—A member of the Massachusetts Legislature, at the late session, offered a bill which provided that "no lady should be married except in the town where she resides." Another member knocked it in the head, by offering an amendment, requiring people to die in the town where they were born.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

FALLING IN LOVE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Albert Morris was a young Philadelphian of family, wealth, fine talent, considerable beauty, and, *mirabile dictu!* with all these, an honest feeling heart, acute sensibility, and pure, correct and moral principles.

It chanced that one sunny afternoon in October, this unexceptionable young hero of ours was sauntering down Chesnut st. in a listless, or rather unhappy mood, his brows lowering, and his eyes glancing about with a look of restless discontent.—Now what possible trouble or annoyance could come nigh so charming and fortunate a young man! He had but lately returned from a long summer tour, somewhat over-wearied with pleasure and excitement, and with the querulous *qui bono* upon his lips; but he had come home to a pleasant family circle, wherein he had once found his greatest happiness. Ah, I may as well tell the secret of his heart, though he at that time had never told it—there was one who had not returned from her summer journeying to her city home, one whose society he missed there, though the loss had not pressed heavily upon his spirits elsewhere. Now, to walk alone, where he had often walked with her, or to visit those places of amusement whither he had been wont to accompany her, filled him with feelings of unrest and loneliness absolutely oppressive.

He began to perceive that if not actually in love, he was on the dreamy confines of that realm, taking in the first intoxicating breathings of its delicious atmosphere. He felt that there was a young plant planted far down in his heart, nourished long by the rich soil of poetry and the pure dew of romance, which needed but to have the clear sunlight of sympathy let in upon it to take a deep, warm color, and expand into a gracious flower.

Morris had first met Miss Atwood at a brilliant party given in her honor on her return from Europe where she had spent nearly two years; and he was first delighted to find that, unlike most young tourists, she could converse without letting her sentences of good, hearty English, become disjointed by German, go off in nervous spasms of French, or faint away into Italian.

Miss Atwood was an undeniable beauty, and a belle of much celebrity. Her taste in dress was exquisite, though rather on the magnificent order. She had many accomplishments, a keen wit, and some genius; so it is little wonder that, as far as she had revealed herself, she had been enchanting to the poetical and somewhat impressible Albert Morris. It was spring when they first met, and before their both leaving the city for the summer, dreams, wondrous pleasant, in which the peerless belle always appeared, became seriously frequent with him; and in the day time I am not sure but he thought of her even oftener than on his beloved sister, once his daily companion, but now married to an officer in the army; and immured in a fort on the frontier, where alone, grand scenery, a select library, a fine band, a charming husband, and a cherub child, preserved her from dying of *ennui.*

And Miss Atwood? Why she smiled sweetly on all he said, or did, and bent herself slightly toward him, very slightly, from the pedestal of her pride. With a most comfortable faith in her own irresistableness, she evidently considered the heart of every man she met as a kind of fruit, very ripe and very soft, and only waiting the least possible shake on her part to fall into her hand or at her feet.

But let us return to that walk of our hero's down Chesnut street.

Suddenly he gave an eager look forward, his eye brightened, his cheek flushed, and his step quickened! Surely he could not mistake that form, that gait, that air—no, it was Clara Atwood! She did not see him, or seemed not to mark him, till they were almost face to face. Then she smiled, blushed, and paused a moment, as Morris, lifting his hat, inquired with a joyful air when she arrived in town.

"Only last night," she replied, and after a few words more, passed on.

Morris, his heart filled with indescribable emotion, involuntarily turned his head to look after her. As he did so, he remarked that, as she swept along with her half-nonchalant, half-haughty gait, the fringe of her rich mantilla caught on the edge of a basket borne by a poor old woman, who was hobbling along with a crutch. The basket was filled and piled up with large oranges, and as Miss Atwood gave an impatient pull to extricate the fringe, she half upset this basket—purposely, it was evident—and out rolled a golden shower of oranges. With no expression of regret, but with a frown like midnight, and a cool "You should keep out of the way!" she passed majestically on and entered Levy's inviting doors. The old woman stood the image of despair, a poor feeble cripple, jostled by the fashionable throng, she could not help herself in this sad extremity. Surprised, indignant, and shocked beyond expression, Morris, with one of his quick, humane impulses, turned back to assist her; but he was too late,—for a slight graceful figure sprang forward, and two little dear white-gloved hands began picking up the oranges and replacing them in the basket of the grateful old dame, and a sweet, kind voice said, "Oh, do not thank me; it is nothing," and then Morris caught a glimpse of a fair young face—not a beautiful face, but one fresh and sunny, and wearing an expression pure and noble and good withal. He saw large, brown eyes, filled with soul, and warm red lips tremulous with feeling, and a clear broad brow, stamped with intellect, over which waved hair of a dark, rich shade. All these he saw underneath a little cottage-bonnet of white silk, unadorned by ribband, lace or flowers, for the young being before him was that sweetest of all creatures, a pretty Philadelphia Quakeress.

At that moment the soulless statue Albert had half deified by his admiring homage, fell from its pedestal, and a fair idea of womanly loveliness, sanctioned by goodness, mounted triumphantly to its place.

Do you condemn my hero when I say that he followed at a respectful distance behind the young Quakeress as she walked up Chesnut street, then turned and passed up Seventh to Arch, and up Arch almost to Broad? Finally she ran up some dazzling white marble steps, and entered a plain but elegant-looking mansion. As Morris passed, he glanced at the door-plate. It bore his own name, and, with a feeling of half pleasure, half pride, he recollected that here resided a distant relative of his father's. There had once been some difference between the families, and all intercourse between the families had been long since suspended.

As might have been anticipated, Mr. Albert Morris suddenly became an active peace maker.—Such cold feelings of estrangement between those connected by the ties of kindred was unnatural, unchristian, and ought no longer to exist! Thus he argued until his mother (now a widow) and his nice obliging sisters set forth on a visit of conciliation, or rather reconciliation. This was perfectly successful, and soon the long frozen tide of social intercourse flowed again sunny and swift.

Oh, such times as the two families had together! Such glorious walks and rides, and then such sociable evening gatherings for all sorts of innocent and sensible enjoyment—indeed, it was much pleasanter and better, and it was more delightful every way than I can tell.

I surely need not say how glad was Albert in his heart when he listened daily to the praises of "dear, gifted Cousin Annie," from his affectionate sisters and enthusiastic young brothers, and even from his thoughtful and affectionate mother. Ah, the little heathen divinity's barque sometimes has smooth sailing, say what they will.

It happened that Annie was deep in the study of the German at that time, and Albert presently discovered that he really must rub up his recollection of that grand language. After this, what enchanted "long mornings," what charming jaw-dislocating hours, they spent over Goethe, and Richter, and Korner, and Schelling, and Schlegel, &c.

But the time came when it was away with these old fellows! and let the heart speak through lips, and eyes, and "little unobserved acts," a poetry more delicious, an eloquence more subduing.

* * * * *

"My dear Albert," said Annie Morris, now two months a wife, what possessed thee to send home that enormous orange tree? I could scarcely find room for it in our conservatory!

"Ah, Annie," he replied, "I love the orange; it is sacred fruit to me."

"Now what canst thou mean?" said the little wife, with some surprise.

"Listen to me, then, my love," he rejoined. "As by the apple Adam lost his paradise, so by the orange have I found mine. What, still mystified? Ah, bless you, and bless all crippled old orange women, say I."

"Ah, Albert!" cried Annie blushing deeply and smiling through her tears, as she wound her arms round the neck of her young husband, "didst thou see that? I was a little ashamed at the time, there was so many looking at me—but I could not help it."

"To be sure you could not help it; your hands go about such work on their own account. Help it, indeed!"

* * * * *

On the morning after the little street incident which was the stepping-stone to the happy fortune of Albert Morris, Miss Clara Atwood was seated in her most graceful attitude on a purple velvet sofa in an elegant parlor, awaiting a call from that very same gentleman. There came a ring at the door, and presently a servant entered bearing a basket, a pretty little French affair, filled with oranges, and a card on which was written—

"*With the compliments of A. M.*"

The cheek, neck, and brow of the haughty beauty became crimson as she dashed the significant offering to the floor.

Last winter she was married—well, all the world said. She had a large house on Walnut street, a fine country seat, a magnificent carriage, and her servants to sport a dashing livery—in short, luxury and display followed her. She is still beautiful, brilliant, witty, gay, and it may be happy, but I do not think that ever she cultivated orange trees in her conservatories.

The Seven-Shilling Piece.

It was during the panic of 1826 that a gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Thompson, was seated with something of a melancholy look in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit; there existed, perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was that of all others the most likely to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him: "You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and I like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir!" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not one sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask the question?"

"Because if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money dealer stared.

"You seem surprised; you don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect some twenty years ago when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was often honored by a few minutes chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate for you. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those who are benefitted by them seldom forget them. I am perhaps prolix; listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker began to feel interested, and at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you—'thank you; and the same to you: here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile in bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been getting on; your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat the stranger, throwing down his card, walked out of the room.

Thompson undid the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble, that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.—*Edinburg Journal.*

From the Boston Chronotype.

A Story of Ellen Crafts.

In a city about nine hundred miles south of Mason and Dixon's line, Ellen Crafts was held as a slave. Because we find her in this degrading condition, let it not be understood that she is a negro. Ellen Crafts, though a slave is white; or, rather to be strictly correct, a brunette. She is now about nineteen or twenty years of age, and will readily pass in any circle as a dark-colored white girl.—Girls dark as Ellen, are as often met with as those of fairer skins. We are not describing the chief attraction of a ball-room, but something more, when we say that firmness, intelligence and perseverance are distinctly and impressively marked upon her countenance. Her hair is long, straight, and dark colored, nose prominent, eyes dark, large and expressive. We are thus particular, to show her connection with the Anglo-Saxon, and to show how little there is, of any feature by which the enslaved race are so readily recognized.

In the city from which Ellen fled, she acted as body servant or slave to another young woman, probably her sister—for our knowledge of the "patriarchal institution" leads readily and naturally to that inference.

While in this situation she married. It is for the profit of the masters that early marriages should be a law of custom. The union contracted by Ellen proved to be a happy one. The husband, William—slaves have no right to other names—has proved himself to be every way worthy of her. By his industry, and by turning night into day, he contrived to procure enough money to purchase a portion of his time from the man who claimed to own him. It cost William all he had, but it procured him privileges which enabled him, by assiduous application, to lay by another store,—a larger portion of which, the lion's share, went to swell the master's ill-gotten gains,—for new and dear-bought privileges.

By dint of saving and starving, William contrived to accumulate for himself and wife, enough to purchase for each many little comforts and privileges. They were thus enabled to ameliorate their condition, and were for a time happy. Though not permitted to see each other oftener than once a week, they had many secret meetings.

These stolen interviews were sweet and precious. Were they not, ye who love the wife of your affections? Thoughts of their condition, their hard lot, mingled with unavailing regrets, without doubt, were the principle ones exchanged between them. But this condition they were constrained to endure, almost joyfully, in view of the greater deprivation and sufferings of their fellow slaves.

Privileges like these, however were destined to bear their rich harvest. Thoughts of liberty are never long absent from the slave or prisoner. Hope beckons forever, even through sorest ills. This was the great subject between Ellen and William. In the long, lone hours of the night, that were but ushering in, to them, another day of bondage, the Spirit of liberty visited them. Not inappropriate to their condition is the exclamation of David: "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

It is quite certain they could have escaped from the city in which they were. But whither could they flee? Without a place, without means of support, hunted by every slave-catcher, "like a partridge upon the mountains," surrounded by enemies, their capture was certain: and stripes, separation, accumulated woes, would be their lot.

These considerations filled their hearts with sadness. But liberty, ever bright and fair, bade them hope on. For many weeks they thought over every plan of escape which promised success, but could find none.

They had heard vaguely, of the Abolitionists of the North; but they had been represented to them as monsters more to be dreaded than the slave-driver himself, and their hopes led them not that way. Still, they would inquire concerning them, and one day sufficient was learned to determine their course. They would flee to the Abolitionists.

The star in the east had indeed arisen, but how could they follow its glorious path! The nearest city to them was Philadelphia, a distance of 1,000 miles, a weary way for fugitives from slavery. But the determination once formed, every obstacle was to be overcome. Accordingly their sleeping and waking thoughts were given to find out the way to the spot where Liberty dwelt.

The first obstacle to be overcome was to secure the necessary funds for the proposed flight. By double toil, by more than miserly saving, a sufficient sum was acquired. They were, for slaves, really rich; and now freedom or death, rather than slavery, was their joint language.

The plan adopted displays a degree of ingenuity which could not have been acquired under any ordinary circumstances of life. Solitary confinement or a life of perpetual bondage are the only incentives which bring out all the latent ingenuity of the man. The thoughts of the captive are upon one point. The whole energy and strength of his mind are directed to one aim. Let such an one see but the slightest probability of success, though it be but the fainting glimmer, and that faith, which overcomes mountains, lifts the man into the paradise he would gain. That faith secures the boon.

It was decided that Ellen should personate an invalid young man, and that William should represent the servant. The plan proposed involved a large expenditure, since young men who travel with their servants are supposed to be rich. But it secured this great, this abounding advantage. By this disguise they could take the public highway, and the most rapid conveyances. Besides the very boldness, the originality of the plan was designed to be their greatest safeguard, for who would look for a fugitive from slavery under the hat of a *pale-faced, sickly youth*, pursuing his way North, in quest of health, attended by a serving man?

So far the plan. Its execution was now the great point. Could a disguise, impenetrable to the slave catcher, whose scent is like the bloodhound's and *with* the bloodhound, be procured? Over this vital question Ellen and William pondered day and night, with palpitating hearts. But that genius which gave the bold scheme birth, was yet fertile in resources. The first idea was a prestige of its full accomplishment.

There was no point, however minute, in the habiliments of a young man, that was not studied with as much care as ever Newton or Herschel studied the heavens. This was necessary, for a young woman who first attempts the apparel of a boy is sure to be discovered at the first glance, by an accurate observer. Hence Ellen practiced nightly in her new garb until she had become thoroughly trained.

But to the dress itself. A slave cannot purchase a suit unquestioned, as another person may.—Therefore extreme caution became necessary, else the cherished scheme of months, would have been discovered and overthrown. Then they must die, for "if hope be dead, why seek to live."

William was the purchaser. At various places and different times, and under numerous pretexts he bought the required articles. The hat was a very high bell-crowned, or as he stated it, "a double-story hat." Next he bought a sack, which, on being put on, proved "a world too wide," but Ellen tho't that was no objection, as "sacks never fit!" The vest proved to be a very long one, reaching below the hips, but fashionably cut; and as it was "all the go," was adopted without demur, especially as the sack could be buttoned over and hide the disproportion of its size. Then the pantaloons were of most liberal dimensions, and boots, more easily obtained, completed this part of the wardrobe. A pair of green glasses were procured for the purpose of making Ellen look older, for, when fitted out in her new rig, she looked exceedingly young, beside her features might be recognized by any person whom they might meet, that knew them, while upon their journey.

These preparations having been made, a day was appointed for their flight. That day, so fraught with all their wildest hopes, arrived. Nothing had been omitted. Two trunks were obtained, sufficiently ponderous for a young man on his travels. Nothing had been forgotten. As it became necessary to register names at hotels and sign a certificate for the slave, "the servant who accompanied young master," a bandage and a sling for Ellen's right arm was thought of; why, Ellen could not read nor write. As impertinent travelers might scan the young man's face too closely, a convenient swelling, which required poulticing, enveloped her cheeks. As voluble and inquisitive travelers might be too particular in their inquiries, sickness, fatigue of traveling and the swelling, would be sufficient excuse against rudeness for not answering.

Thus equipped, William, having nerved his courage up, went boldly to the ticket office and purchased a "through ticket" for "young master" and myself to "filadelfy." No questions were asked and the tickets were obtained.

Next morning, the fearful and dangerous passage was commenced. At the depot Ellen was not recognized. To complete was her disguise, a porter there, one of Ellen's early suitors, addressed her as "young master." She kindly bestowed upon him a small trifle to encourage him in politeness.

Along the road, at the various stopping places, the "sickly youth" received the blessings of many for his liberality in rewarding any slight service. Their custom was to put up at the first hotels, for they determined to travel as "big-bugs."

They passed through many perils and hair-breadth escapes, but not once did Ellen's courage fail, nor her inimitable and unapproachable endurance and perseverance give way, during all their journey through the Slave States. After the cars left Baltimore for Philadelphia, William, wearied with anxiety and watching, laid himself down to sleep in the "Jim Crow car," where he invariably rode, for a slave could not presume to ride with his master. It was his invariable practice to run nervously back at every stopping place to see that "young master was safe." For this affectionate attention, he received the approbation of many passengers, and was rewarded with several presents. And from Washington to Baltimore, his devotedness to his master's health was pointed out to several Northern gentlemen as an evidence of the close bonds of affection subsisting between master and slave.

We left William sleeping in the "Jim Crow car." At Havre de Grace, where the Ferry is crossed, William remained sleeping. Ellen was called upon with other passengers to change cars. But where was her husband? Her courage began to fail and despair to seize upon her. She dreaded the worst, a woeful disappointment, so near the goal of her desires. She could not be comforted until the baggage-master relieved her, by rudely waking the "black rascal" who so neglected his master. We will not attempt to describe Ellen's feelings when she was relieved from her fears.

They arrived in Philadelphia on Sabbath morning, God's day of rest—a day of rest to them, from all their toils and sufferings! What an appropriate ending for such a journey. It was commenced on Wednesday, and they consequently traveled *one thousand miles in four days and a half*, through the enemy's country. An escape as difficult,—and to them far more glorious, than Bonaparte's journey from Egypt through a coast and sea studded with the British fleet.

MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS LIES.—A few ladies had met at the house of a friend in the city of St. Louis, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:

The child of one of the ladies, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her.

"Sarah, you must not do so."

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said—

"Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you."

But not long after, Sarah did so again. When the company were about to separate the mother stepped into a neighbor's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness into sorrow. A young lady present observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her, said—

"Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you."

"O," said Sarah, "that will do no good—my mother never tells lies."

The writer, who communicated the above for the St. Louis Observer, says, "I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget. It is worth everything in the training of a child, to make it feel that its mother never tells lies."

A TEST QUESTION.—A few months since, as a number of gentlemen were grouped around a corner of one of the great thoroughfares of Lowell, the conversation turned on the question whether the Irish really are more witty than other people or not. The contest ran high for some time, and the parties being equally divided, it was agreed to test the point on the first Irishman that appeared. No sooner said than done. As if he had been sent by special commission, around the corner came a son of Erin, apparently fresh from the bogs.

"Good day, friend," said one of the company.

"Good day, and the top of the morning to yer honer, inter the bargain," replied Pat, drawing up.

"I should like to ask you a question," pursued the other.

"True for you, an' isn't that same jist what I expected all the way till I come forninst ye?"

"Listen, friend, for the question is a very important one. If the devil should be told he might have one of us, which would he first choose?"

"Why, me, to be sure," responded Pat.

"Ah, and why so?"

"He knows he could get either of you at any time."

The club adjourned—*sine die.*

Washington.

One Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the General about one thousand pounds. While he was President one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained and execution issued against the body of the defendant who was taken to jail. He had considerable land estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia, for less, at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children preferred lying in jail to selling his land. A friend hinted to him that General Washington did not know anything of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition with a statement of circumstances. He did so—and the next mail from Philadelphia, after the arrival of the petition in that city, brought him an order for his release, together with a full discharge and a *secret reprimand* to the agent for having acted in such a manner. Poor Rouzy was, consequently restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without first presenting prayers to heaven for "their beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labors of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to pay the money, with the interest, to this truly great man. Washington, reminded him that the debt was discharged. Rouzy replied that the debt of his family to the father of his country, and the preserver of their parent, could never be discharged; and the General, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied accepted the money—only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—Most of our readers will doubtless remember an account of a shocking murder, which appeared in our columns a few weeks ago, as having been recently perpetrated in the county of Putnam. Mr. David Ross, a very wealthy and prominent citizen of that county, was returning from his factory on the Oconee river, to his family residence, about half a mile or three quarters distant, at nine o'clock on a dark night. While passing through the swamp on foot and alone, he was shot dead with a double barreled gun, in the hands of some person unknown. One of the charges took effect in the head, and the other in the body of the deceased. The assassin stood so near as to burn his victim with the powder. The Coroner's Jury, after a patient and laborious investigation, rendered a verdict, charging a son of Mr. Ross with the murder. We learn from a citizen of Putnam, that one of the circumstances which led to this conclusion was the examination of one of the wads with which the gun was loaded. It appeared in evidence, that the deceased was the only subscriber to the Macon Telegraph in his neighborhood; and upon close examination it was discovered that one of the wads was composed of a piece torn from that paper.—And we learn from another source, that the number of the paper from which the wad was torn, was found in a shot-bag which had been used by young Ross on the same day the murder was committed. The piece was compared, and fitted so completely as to satisfy the jury that the wad had been taken from the paper found in the shot-bag. This, we understand, was one of the strongest circumstances that settled suspicion on the young man.—*Dalton (Ga.) Eagle.*

RISE AND DISAPPEARANCE OF DISEASE.—Some diseases have arisen and have since disappeared. Of this description are the leprosy, and the sweating sickness. The leprosy appears to have committed the most extensive ravages and have had hospitals erected solely for its relief. It became general throughout Europe in the twelfth century, and is supposed to have been imported by the crusaders. It has not been known in Europe since the beginning of the sixteenth century. The sweating sickness is supposed to have been introduced into England by the army which invaded it under Henry the Seventh. It prevailed from 1485 to 1551, and in some years, during one month in autumn, was equal in fatality to the plague.

The diseases which have arisen, but have not disappeared, are the small pox, the measles, perhaps all other contagious and syphilis. Though the exact period cannot be known here. The diseases which have prevailed with various degrees of frequency and fatality at different periods, are plague, dysentery, internal fever, typhus fever, small pox, syphilis, scurvy, and rickets. The first plague was in 430, the last in which it was epidemic here was in 665. It was named in the bills of mortality as late as 1679. Internal fever, scurvy, dysentery and rickets have declined of late years. Scarlet fever, consumption, gout, dropsy, palsy, and all nervous diseases, have increased.—*Duncan's Essays and Miscellany.*

PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.—"Mother," asked a six foot gawkey, after two hours of brown study, "what did you and dad used to do, when he came a courtin' you?" "Good airth and seas! what den you mean, Jedediah?" "Why, I went a courtin' last Sunday night: I went to Deacon Doolittle's to see Peggy, and she told me I didn't know how to court. I axed her to show me how, and she told me to ax my marm. So now I want to know what you and father did." "La, suz! Why, Jed, we used to set by the fire and eat roast turkey and mince pies, and drink cider, and watch the crickets runnin' round the harth." "Good gracious! times aint as they used to was, mother, that's sartin." I was all slicked up to kill, and looked tearin' scrumpschus, and the only thing Peggy gin me was a raw cold pickle!"

WHAT IMAGINATION DID.—An elderly lady from one of the back towns called recently on friend Williams, to make a few purchases of Dry Goods. It appeared to be one of those raw days of which we have had so many this Spring, and the old lady was cold. She came in rubbing her hands and remarking how very chilly it was, hauled up a chair, and seated herself in front of a large salamander safe, where she sat and warmed herself some fifteen minutes, when in came her "old man," who stooped down and rubbed and warmed his hands, and then, after selecting some goods and paying for them, they started on their way remarking "what a comfortable thing a good stove is in a cold day."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

A Chinese widow being found fanning the tomb of her deceased husband, and being asked the cause of so singular a mode of showing her grief, accounted for it by saying, that he had made her promise not to marry again while the mortar of the tomb remained damp, and that as it dried very slowly she saw no great harm in aiding the operation.

A negro in Cincinnati being taken before the Mayor for some small offence, was siezed with the cholera and was in great distress. Some medicine was given him, and he was released. As soon as he got outside the door he put his thumb to his nose, twirled his digits, and ran as fast as his legs could move, which was about the quickest.

☞ A runaway couple were married at Gretna Green. The smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How is this," said the bridegroom, "the gentleman that you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea." "True," said the smith, "but he was an Irishman. I have married him six times. *He is an old customer—you* I may never see again."