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The Beautiful.

BY C. D. STUART. Thou can'st not clasp the beautiful And call it all thine own: The beautiful is given for all

And not for one alone: It is God's love made visible In earth, and sea, and sky,
A blessing wide as time and space
For every human eye.

The form that crests the ocean wave And sparkles to the light.
The star dist desirs the trow of morn And glorifies the night.

The brook, the flower, the leaf, the bird,
Whatever glads the sight.

Is God's own living gift to all,
The beautiful and bright.

And blessed tis, and beautiful That this one gift at least, Defies the crack tyrant's power
And bands wicked priest,
For, spite of chains, the slave can see
God's fore is whit him here. In beauty's light in heauty's joy, And beauty's blessed cheer.

And God be praised! forevermore, For this, His blessed boon,
The BEAUTIFUL—which all may share, And none can share too soon; The beantiful, which purifies-And leads us up to Him, Who is its source, its life and light, From flower to seraphim.

True Freedom.

A Tyrant needsth not a throne
To win the listed name;
Who releth not his household well, Must own the Tyrant's name.
Who tramples down of slaves but one, Is e'en a worthless thing; No matter be his title great, Or he he one of small estate, Or master, lord, or king.

The husband loving not his wife-Parent to child unkind-Who shuns his home for brutal joys, To suit a brutish mind:
Whoever harms a brutal thing, Whate'er may be its name The see that bears its daily toil, Or meanest worm that crawls the soil Must own the Tyrant's name.

When pence prevails—in every home, When kindred love is found— And each to all shall feel the tie, Brother to brothers bound; When none shall dare a deed to do Which others' wrong may be; But each shall govern well his heart, And shun himself, the Tyrant's part, Then—then mankind is free.

The Sailor and the Actress.

"When I was a poor girl, said the Duehess of St Albans, working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our major theatres; and in my character, I represented a poor friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail ! for her. The girl replies then I have no hope; I've not a friend in the world. "What! will no bac be bail for you to save you from prison?" asks the stern creditor. "I have told you I have no friend on earth," was the reply. But just as I was utfering these words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery epringing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights and placed him-self beside me in a moment. "Yes, you shall have one friend at least, my poor young woman," said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance; "I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you, (turning to the frighten-ed actor,) if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows." Every creature in the house rose: the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheets from his tawny messmates in the gallery, prepara-tory scrapings of the violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, "the poor dis-tressed young woman," and breathing definince and n against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager attempting to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes.

Too GREAT A HURRY.—A poor woman, in one of the middle States, who lisped, carried her child to church for baptism. Being asked its name by the Bishop, she replied:

thy, sir. What!" says the doctor.

Luthy, sir."
Lucifer! Lucifer! That won't do," says the Bishop, and baptised the child George Washington. contil near the church door, when she told the par-

Caures por ALL MINDS OF CHICKENS .- He is ill clothed who has nothing on but his suspenders, and yet this is the fashionable summer dress in some parts of Brazil

Water Water Water Water Water Water What, eir I'm

comething to draw Weiter - Draw what -the touth or the ache?" Old Great The tooth booky" ted whench, cork aggw and, a tood jack a fisch slees, with a blue edged plate following white inclused and of a side door. I walk to sold the

And American in England discribing the residence of durling at home, fundmed up with,

" They wan fight with degrees to a more pitch-"Is it possible?" exclaimed a thunderstruck John

Peniste, crefuried the Yankee, "why, I've

A TALE OF REAL LIFE. BY MISS SEDOWICE

*I am going round to Broad street to inquire of Ross, the glover; about little Lacy Wendall."

*Lacy Wendall who is she!"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite to me in that bit of a little dwelling, that looks like a crack or a seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it, but they had been outbargained and ont-witted till they were reduced to this little tenement some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant was my little friend Lucy, appetty, fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyeil girl, of a most modest, quiet, engaging dependent. For many months after we moved to State street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as the eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of this household.
Their only servant Minerva, (the goddess of wisdom should have known better.) used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar: their only carnet was shook every Saturday; the steps were scoured daily and I never, in my life, saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such work of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E-used to say, it must be hard to think of "turning to dust."

Lucy had no visitors, no companions; and of the only indulgence of the old people, which was sitting on the stoop, every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom, she never partook: She never went out, excepting on Sunday to Church, and then she reminded me of one of those bright pretty flowers, that hang on the crag-ged, bare stems of the cacus. I pitied her; her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily.— My pity was misapplied; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her serene and sweet counter nance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; -to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of the duties Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts or strength in seeking to do good, or to obtain pleasure beyond your sphere.— This is true wisdom; and this was Lucy Wendall's At last there came to this obscure family, what comes to all, death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, non nis wing died winnin a few days of each other, of the influenza that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the pretty orphan induced me to go to the house. She received me gratefully, and as an old friend; and though we had never ex-

changed a word together, there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods-those little humanities that bind even strangers together.
On inquiry into her affairs, I found that she was left almost penniless, but a discreet and kind feunale friendthad procured a place for her in Ross' glove factory: Lucy was skilled in all the art and handi-craft of the needle. Ross, it seems is a very thriving tradesman; and to the warm recommend ations of Lucy's friend he had promised to board her in his own family, and allow her sufficient com-

pensation for her labor. In a fewtdays she removed to her new home.-It is now fifteen months since she left our street She came once to tell me that she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reproving, my lady mentor. I have been intending for some time to call at Mr. Ross' to make inquiries about My story has brought us almost to the shop, John Ross, glove manufacturer." This must be the place Stop one moment, Grace, and look through the window: that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be cast where it would. He would have made a resolute general, a sufe statesmen; but here he is

an honest, thriving glover, and that perhaps is just as well; nothing truer than the trite old couplet: How and fame from no condition rise; Act wen your part, there all the glory lies.

"The old man looks as though he might be a little tyrannical thought Heaven grant poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physi "The only customer is coming out; now we have

a clear field, let us go in.

Mr. Ross, I believe. "The same, ma'am."

"I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas." "I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am. "The old man's humor requires me to be expli

cit. Hermaine, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendall." "Av, Lucy Wendall did come into the factory about that time." There was 'an expression on Ross' face at the

mention of her name that might betide good, and it might betide evil of Lucy. "I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether she still remains with "Was you a friend of Lucy Wendall, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but could hardly claim that name. She was my heighbor, and interested me by her correct deport ment, and uncommon dutifulness to her parents." Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the

bundle and laid it on the shelf. "You seem disposed, Mr. Ross, not to answer my inquiry. I am afraid some accident has hap-

pened to the poor girl." "Would you like to know, ma'am, what has happened to her?" He leaned his elbow on his de and seemed about to begin a story.

Certainly I would." "Well, you-know when Lucy Wendall came to me, she was a little demure thing-not a beauty, but so comely and tidy that she was a pretty restour so comerly and tray that see was a pretty rest-ing place for the eye of old or young. She was as greaf a contrast to the other girls in the workshop as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one con-ner, and minded her work, and took no part in their galbring. You know what a parcel of girls are, ma'am, dinging away from morning till night, like forty theusand chimney swallows. Lucy was ery different; she made herself neat and tidy in the inorning, and did not lose half an hour at noon when the prentice boys were coming to dinner twitching out curl papers and furbelowing ber liair The boys and garls used to have their joke about her and real her the little person; but she only prached in her actions and that its what I call ractical preaching; ma'ann Bhe was a little maser worldnan at her needle. I never had a match for ber since I begun business ; but (you know there's always a but in this life) she gave me great offence. She crossed ins. where I could toast hear to be mosted, you bran someoned and all the

Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross You shall bear, maam. 14270 an only an John Ross-a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin Amy Brice. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and half a pretty fortune in hand chough to set John up in any business he fabried. There was no reason in the world why he should not like

that will not mind spur nor bit. I never mistrustthat will not mind spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that anything was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's scat; and then I remembered that John asked me for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted it for, he looked sheepish and made no answer. I thought it prudent before matters went any further to tell John my wishes, about his cousin Any. My wishes, ma'nm, I have always made a law to my children. ma'am, I have always made a law to my children. To be sure, I have taken care for the most that they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful, I own; and children obey your parents, is the law both of scripture and of nature. So I told John— I did not hint my suspicions about Lacy—but told him this marriage with his cousin lie could have no objection to, and to set about it without delay on the court of the court peril of my displeasure. He was siledt and look-ed downcast, but saw that I was determined, and I believed he would not disobey me. A few eve-nings after, I saw a light in the work-shop after the usual time. I went to inquire into it. I had on my slippers, and my steps made little or no sound. The upper part of the door was set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son saw Lucy finishing off a pair of gloves—my son is was standing by her. It appeared that they were for him; and he misisted upon her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble.—

The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they have the standard of their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were: I burst in upon them. I asked Juhn if this was his obedience to me, and I tool Lucy to quit my service immediately. Now the whole matter past, I must do John the justice to say he stood by

her like a man. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him-him who was not worthy of her love. He said too, something of my being a kind father and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first case of my doing a wrong would be to the or-phan girl whom Providence had placed under our roof. Ma'am, you will wonder that I hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is a short madness, and so it is; and besides, there is nothing makes us so deaf to reason and true feeling as the

makes us so dent to reason and true feeling as the strong sense we are wilfully doing wrong. I was harsh, and John lost his temper; and poor Lucy cried, and was too frightened to speak: it ended by my telling Lucy she should not stay another day in my house, and John; that it he did not obey me my curse should be upon him!

"The next morning, they had both cleared out and everybody thought they had gone off to get married, and so I believed till night, when John came in life a distracted man, and said he had been all day seeking Lucy; in vain—that the only friend she hid in the city knew nothing of her and when I abswered so much the better, accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as should never pass between father and son; and it ended in turning him from my door.—I do not wonder you turn away—but hear me—Saturday night, three days after John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man. He was as humble as if he only an attered man said in a serious tone saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as if he only had been wrong. He begged pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bruce. 'I give up Lucy, father,' said he, but I cannot marry any one else.' I forgave him, from the bettern of my heart. I humana him, and I leave the bettern of my heart. the bottom of my heart I forgave him; and I longed to ask him to forgive me, but I have not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duly. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy: she had persevered in not seeing him; but such a letter, ladies. If ministers could speak so to the heart there would be no sin in the world. She said she had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers. the kindest of masters. Then she spoke of the duty a child owed to the parent-said she should never have any peace of mind till she b we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper blistered with tears from the top to the bottom; but saving and excepting nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me: I found her that very night, and without loss of time brought her back to my house, and there," he added, walking hastily to the farther end of the shop and throwing open a door that led into a back parlor. "there, madam, is the long and short of it." And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty dutiful friend become a wife and mother, her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the first intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness then the spring is consecrated in virtue.

L. Martin and the Lawyer.

We heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer a few days ago, which we remember to have met with in print, but which is so good that it will do to tell again. Martin was on one occasion riding to Annapolis,

in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young lawyer just commencing the practice After some familiar conversation, the voung lawver said:

Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession-few men have gained so many -will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wondrous suc-

"I'll do it, young man, on one condition, and that is, that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days at Amanolis

Willingly," replied the young man, hoping thereby to profit greatly by the communication.

The secret of my success," said Martin, "may be discovered in this advice which I now give you, namely: Dany everything and insist on proof. On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel: the substantials and general refreshments whre despatched in manner quite gratifying to mine host. The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the

bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who running his eye over it lazily, returned it with the utmost gravity.

"Don't you'intend to pay it!" said Martin. "Pay what?" said the young lawyer.
"Why, pay this bill. Did you not pro-

the route downward that you would defray my expenses at the hotel My dear sir, "said the young gentlemat, " deny everything, and insist upon proof. Martin at once saw that he was caught, and eye

ng his young friend a monient or two, he said oung man you don't need any counsel from me. A lawyer on his death bed willed all his proper y to the Lumitic Asylum, saying, as a reason so doing, that he wished his property to return to the liberal class who land patronized him.

The western papers state that the Mississip pi has raised one foot. When it raises the othe foot it will probably run. Exchange. It has raised one Foote now, which is enough to Ain. That kept my wishes to myself because I It has raised one Foote now, which is end fine hild coins toke love it like an unbroken colt make any ming rau.—Broome Republican.

MYSTERIES OF MESMERISM. A Scene at a Social Party.

BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

A merry party was assembled in the parlor of a good friend of ours, not long since, and a merry time had the guests, if we may judge from the continual excitement which was kept up by the principal spirits of the occasion. Many a good joke was perpetrated, and many a bad one was enjoyed

at the expense of some one present.

Among the fairer portion of the guests was one Miss Sarah H———, who is beloved and admired by all for her accountilishments and natural kindness of heart, while she is dreaded for her keen satire, and her aptaess at the execution of cruel and practical jokes

hall reigned supremely during the evening, and nearly every guest present had sufficed from her wit. Among those whom she had treated in the most cruel manner was Charley E. ed to her you, if I git married at all—I'm not in who was not had at such innocent amusement himsuch a despert hurry, nither—I mought see some self, and who resolved to repay Aliss Sarah in her own coin.

The conversation turned upon mesmerism.— Charley said he put to sleep any quantity of pretty young ladies, and strong minded young gentlemen, in the day, and facetiously remarked that he flattend himself on being as good at it as Parson F.

With a pair of plates, sail Charley "I can accomplish as much in the putting-to-sleep line as the parson can with one of his dullest sermons."

"Monsense!" cried Miss H. Sonsense!" echoed Charley, assuming a suddescentioness; " perhapas you think I can't put

you to sleep."
"Perhaps I do!" laughed Miss II.
"I think I could convince you in a few minutes!" "That you could put me to sleep!"

Trans you could put me to sleep! "Yes," exclaimed Charley with admirable enthusiasm. "And if you will let me try, I pledge myself to accomplish the task, or to furnish the ordiers for the company."

The oysters ?" cried Miss H., "I take you at

year offer!"

And you will give me a fair trial!"

a rery sober face, and said in a serious tone—

"I couldn't find any plates to suit me exactly,
but I mean to have a trial at any rate. The best
I could find were some dirty lones, piled away in
one corner, which Mrs. S. is washing for the pur-

one corner, which are S. Is be asong by the puppose. While she is producing them we may as well make choice of a good position, Miss H."

"Sir is said Miss H., pertly."

"Tou can hold your countenance, I believe?"

I rather think I can. Well, you must, or I cannot put you to sleep. "I rather think I can." If you laugh the charm is bloken. The company may laugh at the oddity of my motions, and I pre sume they will, but you must not, for if you do, I shall be under no obligation to produce the oysters." Miss H., thinking the whole trick consisted in his, and supposing Charley felt sure of making

her laugh by the ludicrousness of the scene, readi ly entered into the arrangement. Charley then placed two chairs facing each oth-

"According to my improved method of mesmerising," said Charley, with imperturable gravity, "you will be required to look me intently in the eye and to limitate my motions invariably."

"Yes, sir," said Miss H.
Charley then took hold of her wrists, and look ed her in the eve, while the ladies and gentlemen

present gathered about them, eager for the fun.
"The plates" echoed Miss H. with equal gravity. Mrs. S. came forward with a pair of the required article. Charley took one and held it on his hand in his lap, Miss H. made a similar use of the other, still looking Charley in the eye.

After a pause, Charley withdrew his right hand

from beneath the plate, and with a slow, mystical motion, passed his fingers across his face. Miss H gravely imitated the movement. As she

drew her delicate fingers from her brow to her chin. a yell of laughter burst from the spectators. Without smiling Charley replaced his right hand under the plate, and rubbed the left over his face. Miss H. as gravely followed his example, and another burst of laughter followed. | Charley then turned the plate around in his hands, and with his fingers made passes across his brow crosses on his chin, a long line down the middle of his nose, circles about his eyes, and all sorts of imaginary grotesque fig-ures on his cheek, changing his hands occasionally as if to invest the ceremony with additional mystery. Miss H imitated him with scrupulous exactitude and imperturable gravity, while the mirth of the speciators became more and more excited, and it seemed that some of them would die with laugh-Some rolled upon the sofas, some hung pow-

criess over the chairs, almost dead with mirth, and others fell upon the floor and held their sides. Charles continued to make the mysterious passes cross his face, and Miss HI to imitate his movements; until the mirth rose to such a pitch that the poor girl began to suspect that it was occasioned by something besides the mere oddity of Charley's motions. She grew uneasy. She feared some trick played upon herself. The mirth increased. She could endure it no longer. She resolved to ferfeit the oysters. Amid roars of laughter from the spec-

tntors, she cried out—
"There I've withstood this long enough! Now I'm going to know what there is to laugh at."

"Look in the glass! Look in the glass!" cried the mirth anfivented spectatory.

Miss H. was before a mirror in a moment. A cry of despair and chame burst forth from her lips .fice! her pretty bewitching face! it was cov ered with black streaks of every imaginable char acter! Over her nose, around her eves, across her forehead, up and down, diagonally, and crosswise, or chear, up and down, diagonally, and crosswise, or referr portion of her face, were the marks of her deficient them on her delicitie that the smoked.

The hottom of her plate had been smoked.

While Miss H. covering her features with her handkerchief, retreated to another room, and while the state of the smoked in a smoked to another room, and while the state of the smoken in a smoked in a smoken to the state of the smoken the smoken the state of the smoken the smoke

the company was near giving up the ghost in a perfect cestacy of laughter, Charley said without a I won the time but I high I can afford the oys-

ters at any rate. The ovales were brought in at Charley sexpens Charley said he could not think of eating his util
Miss H. re appeared, and sent a committee of the
girls to being her in. These reported that the fau

victim had not succeeded in getting the smoke off her face, upon which Charley bade them return

From S

and bring her in at any rate.

In a few minutes the committee once more returned, ascompanied by Miss H.——. The smoke still showed itself upon her face in spots, and her eves glistened with tears; but she advanced with admirable frankness and a cheerful smile, and took Charley by the hand, acknowledged the fairness of the joke, and complimented his ingenuity and skill.

The merry company then sat down to the over-

ters, which none enjoyed with a keener relish then she who had contributed so much to the entertainment of the guests that night.

Yankee Courtship.

"Now darn it Sall." I say, "where's the use" this cternal sparkin. You know me, and I know you, so now if you've any notion of gitting marsuch a despert hurry, nither—I mought see some feller that 'nd take the shine clean off 'o you, afore

I'm twenty."

"Now Sal, that's smart, I swow. So you're jist holdin' onter me, tu hev a fool to fall back on, when you can't git nothing better. I tell-you now, I sint o' goin' to stand that. You've either got to take me now, or say, good by e fer ye. A feller' t. It take the shine off 'er me, I'd like ter see him."

"So'd I Jonathan, for raly he'd be worth seein',

"So'd I Jonathan, for raly he'd be worth seein, I dont think ther's many cud du it. But if there be one, of course I'd like ter hev 'im."

"But soein' yo'r not sure o' such luck; Sal, would'nt it be better to take up with a good offer, than to wait for the chance of a better, which 'en to one, you'll never get. "A bird 'in the hand is worth two in the bush: now I tell you."

"Well so it is, Jonathan, but raly we'd better wait a little. Than got my sheetin bleached, aur my dhaper wove; and my kiver lids are in the

wait a little. Tha'nt got my sheetin blenched, aur my dhaaper wove; and my kiver lids are in the loom yit. Besides I have got four bed kivers tu quilt, and a bed tick ter make up, bolsters, pillows and all. I can't git ready under three months, at any rate. Let's see—its June—July—August, September. That'll bring the weddin' intu the season o' fruit, and we can have things nicer, without so much expense."

That's good arguin', Sal, but you see, harvest. is comin', and mother's gittin old, and can't du the work for the hands, through the hot weather. Now if we cud get married about the first o' July, it ud save me lurin' a gall, and the money I should au save me mrin a grai, and the money I should have tu pay for wages and buy us a sit o' cheers."

"That's true, Jonathan. "I'll tu hard for yu're good old mother ter haftu du so much work. Mae be I can get ready by July—I kin leave the soin, and sister Su'll help me with the weavin, and coultry." quiltin'."

· How many cows du you milk this summer !" "Why, we've tu 'nt gives inilk, and tu heifers, I'll come in July, Likely it'll be some trouble to break them to milken. But you understand sich things, and I heard you say, yu like ter feed calves." "And Sal, I've got a pair o' the new kind er chickens, as big as turkeys, an' I'll lay a dollar ther's no nicer sheep in the state 'n mine."

"Mother says I've got all I need, but a wife, an' she says she'd ruther hev you'n any other gal she knows; and ye know I'd like ter marry tu please mother, as well as myself."
"Now one world for all—Sal, is it a bargain?"

"Well, Jonathan, I don't see as I kindu any better. Besides, yer mother needs my help, more'n my mother dus, who has tu good gals, besides me. So I think we'll fix it, for the fust of July." "That's right Sal! and won't we have a glorious

A SHORT STORY BY DICKESS - Dickens tells the following story of an American sea captain: On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions-a phrase I use as one being entirely new er, directly in the centre of the room, took his seat and one you never meet with in the newspapers in one of them and requested Miss II. to occupy This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in turn she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any very particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend, the captain. The captain being of an original turn of mind, says

to the young lady—
"Jump overboard, and marry the man who

jumps after you." The young lady struck with the idea, and being raturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, is it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat ready manned in case of ac cident. Accordingly, next morning, the five lovere being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lover were got out again, she says to the captain.

wet it

"What am I to do with them now, they are s

Says the captain, "Take the dry one!" And the young lady did and married him.

THE LOCOFOCOS AND THE BANKS.—It is really amusing to us to look over the yeas and nays, in the proceedings before the House of Representa-tives the past session, in relation to the banks, to find that out of thirty nine votes cast in favor re-chartering these Monstens twenty three were Locos, while but sixteen were Whigs. We do not find fault with our Locofoco friends for going for the Banks, but we consider it very ungenerous them in trying to throw all the responsibility upon the Whig party, for chartering these institutions. About a dozen of Banks were re-chartered at the last session of the Legislature, not withstanding the Locofocus had a majority in the House of nineteen.

PROBABLE MURDER IN DANVILLE.—The citizens of Danville were thrown into quite an excitement during the past week, from the suspicion carrent that a man had probably been murdered. understand that a stranger named Wood, came to that place about three weeks since, and endeavored to obtain work at the Rolling Mill; and also inquired for one of the men in the mill with whom was personally acquainted. He went with his friend to his house, and has not been seen or heard of since. The general impression is, that he has been murdered. The supposed murderer was arrested on Saturday, but for want of evidence was To the state of the other of the discharged.

CONJUGAL LIBERALITY. A man in the city who vas prosecuted lately for beating his wife, delcared that he loved her dearly better than anything except rune!. The woman, too, ayowed that, her husband was usually kind, and, as the was in good health, and able to ondure an occasional drubbing. the hoped the justice would forgive him and let the frame of the grant of the

"Children and fools," says the old adage, " al-Mother sent me," said a little gift to a peigh-or, to ask you to come and take tea with her his evening."

his evening."
Did she say at what time, my dear? "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind; that The all the said

Log rolling at the West. An Englishman who was lately traveling on the Mississippi river told some rather tough stotics about the London thieves. A Cincinnatichap named Care, heard these namitives with a silent but expressive humphi and then remarked that the pressive humphi and then remarked that the western thieves beat the Loudon operators all lich-

How so !" inquired the Englishman with sur-prise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the

west to Not a great deal. I undertook to at up bist ness at the Desmoines Rapids a white ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welch miner ran off with my wife. " Good God " said the Englishman And wo

never found her i".
"Never to this day. But that was not the worst Worst! Why what could be worse than steal-

ing a man's wife?

Stealing his children, I should say said the implicable Case.

implacable Case.

"Yes, a nigger woman who hadn't any of berown, abducted my youngest daughter, and sloped and fined the Ingina."

"Great heaven; Did you see her do it?"

"See her? Yes, and she hadn't ten reds the start of me; but she plunged into the late; sand swam off like a duck, and there want a sande to follow her with."

follow her with.

The Englishman laid back in his chair and called for another mug of all an all while Case anoked his citar and his credulous friends the same time.

most remorselessly...
"I—I shan't go any further west—I these the excited John Bull rength observed the excited John Bull.

Labould not advise abycone to go, and Case quietly. My brighter once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the

country."
"What business was he in, pray?"
"Lumbering—had a saw mill."
"And they stole his lumber?"

" Yes, and his saw logs, too." "Saw logs!"
"Yes. Whole dozens of fine black walnut rewere carried off in a single night.

"True npon my honor, air. He tried every may to prevent it; had men hired to watch his logs; but it was all of no use. They would whip emissing as easily as if there had been nobody there are not of the river; out of the cover and name out of the river; out of the

They would steat them out of the root of the mill ways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there; continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, just to give you an idea did you ever work in a saw mill!"

weer work in a saw mill weer.

"Never."

"Well my brother, one day, brought an all is fired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to watch it all night. Well they took a demijoht of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side hill above the mill, and built a fire, and then work down on the log to play keerds just to keep awake you see. Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. / Well, as I was sayin, they played the gan to grow light, went to sleep a stradle of the log. About a minute after daylight George went over to the mill to see how they got on, and the left was gone?

was gone?

"And they setting on it?"

"Setting on the bark! The thieves had drown an iron wedge into the butt eend, which pinter down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on, and pulled it right out, leaving the shell and the Scotchest setting a straddle of it fast asleep."

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cital stump into the spitton, and looked at his water still be the well and one of each and see his still to the well and one of each and see his.

said he thought he would go on deck and see ho far we'd be down the river before morning.

RECIPBOCITY OF SENTIMENT Mrs. Smith," st Mrs. Brown to her next door neighbor, lately, Sal makes a common practice of throwin he right down in front of my door, and I don't like it "Well, Mrs. Brown, since you have spoken about it, I must say that your Bill does more than that he chuck dirty water in my Sal's face, and er

tore her dress a few days ago."

"Well, dear knows, Mrs. Smith, you needs, to nothin about my Bill, for your Sal is the wust clay in the neighborhood; all the neighbors say so, a

what all says must be so." "All the neighbors say so, does they I and w does they say about your Sal, Ed like to know Take care, Mrs. Brown—don't put me in a passe or I may say more than you'd like to hear. Fi ple that live in glass houses oughtn't to the

"Say what you please, Mrs. Smith, but t care and don't violate the law, or I'll put where the dogs won't bite you." "Ab ! you will, will you ? you dirty huzzy!

put a decent woman in prison, will you! Be take care you don't get there your self; it's will you ought to have been, long ago, if what eve dy says is true." "There, I'll make you prove that—I'll mal rove that yes, I will. Sal, get my bonnet shawl. I'll see if there's no justice for me!"
Mrs. Brown hastened off to a magistrate to g warrant for Mrs. Smith. The magistrate abo constable were the only persons who made

A Delhi (N. Y.) correspondent of the Spithe Times gives the following illustration of

thing by the operation. These scenes are

human natur':"
There is no pleasure like that of de the moralist, and the same person has been to maintain that there is no delight so exquis enjoyment so ennobling and pure, as that a perience in the bestowment of our charities, the poor and needy—the lame, the halt are blind. "The heart leaps kindly back to kind

do. Let me give you acase in point. On my my room, the other day, I met a poor cripples extended his shrivelled hand and asked in pr tones for a little something—his father was had scarcely a ray to his back, and not a of meat ne floor, and himself, unable to was invited him to my room, and gave him a go two pairs of half worn boots, a coat, vest, an pairs of old pants—all of them is reasonable wearing order. After waiting until he beca isfied I was thro', Mr. Lockwood, without a ee' turned and walked hesitatingly to the opened it, hesitated, passed but, hesitated the door, partly re opened it, and inquired havint got a light summer cest have, you

"Ali, doctaw, does the choleraw awfect the er ordaws I", usked an exquisite of a celc physician in New Orleans "No," replied the doctor, "but it's death of and you had better leave the city imm

The fellow aloped of the same and A NAME.—The Astoria (Oregon) Pice The little stream which skirts our town seat is called Occumeoccases go. This name significan lampess. It is