_A Kymu.

INVITATION HYMN

[BY REQUEST.] Wo're travelling home to Heaven above, Will you go! will you go! To sing the Savior's dying love. Will you go? will you go Millions have reached that blessed abode, Annointed kings and priests to God, And millions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go? We're going to walk the plains of light, Will you go? &c. Where perfect day excludes the night, Will you go? &c. Our sun will there no more go down, In that blest World of great renown,

Our days of mourning past and gone, Will you go? &c. We're going to see the bleeding Lamb, Will you go! &c. In rapturous strains to praise his name

Will you go? &c. The crown of life we there shall wear, The Conqueror's palms our hands shall bear, And all the joys of Meaver we'll share, Will you go? &c. We're going where tears will never flow Will you go! &c.

And sorrow we no more shall know, Will you got &c Tis there the saints will-die no more, But live with Christ in Heaven secure. Their God and Savior to adore,

Will your go? &c We're going to join the Heavenly Choir, Will you go? &c. To raise our voice and tune our lyre, Will you go? &c.

There Saints and Angels sweetly sing, Hosannas to their God and King, And make the Heavenly arches ring, Will you go! &c.

Ye weary, heavy laden come, Will you go! &c In that blest house there still is room, The Lord is waiting to receive,

If thou wilt on him now believe. He'll give thy troubled concience ease, Come believe, O believe, Come, O backslider, come away, Will you go? &c

Return again to Christ and say, 'I will go! I will go! Then lie will all backsliding heal, His love again he will reveal And pardon on thy conscience seal

Will you got &c The way to Heaven is free to all, Will you go! &c. For Jew and Gentile, great and small, Will you go! &c.

Make up your mind, glvg God your heart, With every sin and idol part, And now for glory make a start, Come away! come away!

Interesting Sketch.

MY COURTSHIP AND ITS CONSE-QUENCES.

We make the following extracts from the recently published biography of Chevalier Wikoff, which will be found to embody the substance of his most unique, most erratic ,and singular book-one perhaps that has no equal in the "curiosities of literature"of the literature of love, at least:

"Mr. Wikoff, as our readers are aware, is a gentleman of much note in the world, in eral, and of no inconsiderable note in the literary world, in particular. His book is written in a free and easy and graceful style -and in most respects has all the charm of a novel-while there is no doubt that the great body of it, if not all, in fact, without the faint of fiction, unless it be the coloring. It has, too altogether the charm of a novelty in literature-with the exception of Rousselau's Confession we do not remember to have read any such self-anatomization of love and the lover. The writer takes the public right into the secrets of his own courtship, if not intahis own heart; and he has had in the fair Miss Gamble his unquestionable equal if not superior, in cut and thrust, and in all the arts of coquetry and flirtation. The book, therefore, has all the attractions of the record of a title of Knight Errants-with this addition, that one of the combatants is a woman, a species of heart-endowed Amazon-

Mr. Wikoff had been in much of the best society of London and Paris, if not of the United States, as his acquaintances show, and as he proves by letters from them. . He has befriended even, and corresponded with the present Emperor of France, when he was a prisoner at Ham. In 1836-'37, when at-.tached-a very vague word by the way-to the American Legation in London he became acquainted with Miss Gamble, a Maryland or Virginia woman—the adopted protege of a Scotch merchant retired in London who had grown rich in the American tobacco trade. A species of love was cherished, but not pressed from this till 1851, when the ocquaintance was recewed, and our love biography begins. Meanwhile Miss Gamble had become an heiress, and Mr. Joshua Bates, (Baring & Brothers) had become her trustee.

In 1851, the lovers, then both in ripened years began in earnest. Miss Gamble tempted Mr. Wikoff to a watering place in England, and according to Mr. Wikoff's account,

opened a battery of coquetry and scenic love upon his heart-that; no heart could well withstand-especially when the battery power was an heiress. In short, Mr. Wikoff fell this love melodrama upon the stage of Genoa in love, too, or thought she did-which is -but the public here are pretty well informabout the same thing-but the love did not ripen into a declaration, or a promise of marriage. Mr. Wikoff seeined to have it in his the courier entrapped Miss Gamble into head that the way to win the fair lady was them-and then scenes ensued-but accordto get up a "sensation" with her, to fly off ing to the best testimony in Wikoff's book, and on, and it would seem as if the coquette with whom he was dealing, could only be entrapped. Her maid Mary was with her kept at times by those species of fire and re most of the time, and Wikoff's vallet de place treat, advance and fire again. Miss Gamble | was looking on. She ate and drank with grew "serious and meditative," complained him-and she did not raise any hue and cry stimulate his love, he would affect to go away, rooms, and with propriety but nevertheless and would not go away, and then they would exhibiting great intimacy and kindness. flirt and quarrel, and make up again, as all lovers do. But whenever Mr. Wikoff would would resort to rejoinders, rebutters and subrebutters, like any old fox of a lawyer. She a sketch of some of the preliminary skirmishing :

"Neither look nor word had ever once petrayed my thoughts or feelings, and I was certain that bomb, falling at the feet of my startled companion, would scarcely astound | We have full details of the trial, with humor her more than an abrupt offer of marriage on my part. As I failed to screw my courage to the 'sticking place,' I resolved to skirmish a little, thinking my secret might slip out in that way. Suddenly Miss G. directed my at | koff was sent to the "St. Andrea," among tention to a fine view on the right, but instead | all sorts of prisoners, to while away fifteen of it I regarded her, saying, there were other objects I had more pleasure in contemplating.' Finding my eyes fixed on her, she blushed and asked me in downright astonish ment, 'what I meant.' To my shame I confess, I was unable to tell her. Another chance occurred; for, taking off a 'kerchief' she found too warm round her neck, she gave it to me to pocket. I took it, and retained her hand in mine. Another look of excessive surprise upset me again, and her gentle admonition 'to be quiet,' was quite unnecessary. My strong and varying emotions at last made me hungry, and I sat down to lunch with great relish."

A lover hungry, and lunching with great relish—that will do.

Well, separation took place and Mr. Wikoff went to Paris. He was there, it would seeem, a figurante in the diplomatic circles: Lord Palmerston, according to his account, had employed him to keep up a friendly spirit between England and France, and the United States-and in Paris was "doing it." That he was in some way in the employ of the British Foreign Office, there can be but little doubt; for he publishes letters from Mr. Ad dington, H. B. M. Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, about his pay and salary, But the lover could not stay long in Paris, but hastene back again to London to brethe the air of his inamorata. She had written him in substance to come back, and back he came-but to be "friends," in hot words-to be lovers, in his reckoning. He was pretty well satisfied, he says, Miss Gamble had called him over to give him her hand, and he hurried to take it. Then commenced more cupid skirmishing-more mining and countermining, all of which Wikoff narrates with the skill of an artist in such matters, but they all ended in nothing, and Mr. Wikoff again went off in dadgeon. Meanwhile, Mr. Wikoff was working Miss Gamble up into the belief that he would cut his throat, or blow out his brains-and she seems to have been afraid that he would, and so at times took pity on him.

Miss Gamble returned home to London, and Mr. Wikoff to Paris-with an understanding on his part that he was soon to go gar on the mantle-piece; he cought it, and rope. over to London and marry her; but when Mr. W. went to London to complete his hap- gravely to light it at the candle. He drow give his concent. Mr. Wikoff seems to have "fibbed," as Mr. Bates writes he did no such | to bed." thing-he would not interfere between lovers. or have anything to do with their love making. Miss Gamble, however, played fast and married him and loved him enough to marry him, if there had been no Ellsler escapades: he thought.

Miss Gamble then went to the continent

formed of Miss Gamble's movement en route. -Without entering into further particulars, we will come at once to the grand finale of ed of all that.

Mr. Wikoff took lodgings in Genoa and Miss Gamble was more than half willing to be of not sleeping quite so well," and "her ap- | She even went late at night, with her maid petite fell off," all symptoms, Mr. Wikoff | Mary to a hotel not her own, and there the seems to think, of her love for him. To party all took lodgings in three different bed-

Something happened afterwards-what, is unwritten,—for Miss Gamble, as a British come to the "declaration", his fair inamorata subject went to the British Consul, and made great hue and cry about "seduction," and menaces," which had compelled her in would not "face the music," as we say, or Wickoff's lodging to sign a promise to marry come up to the stand point, as the Germans | him, or to forfeit half of her estate. The have it. The following will be amusing as British Consul took up the complaint ravenenously, and brought the matter before the police. Wikoff was arrested and tried, and came near being sent to the galleys-but he got off with fifteen months imprisonment in a very miserable and dirty Genoese prison. ous and tragic sketches of Wikoff's court scenes and prison scenes. The American Consul took up his side warmly, but the British Consul had more influence—and Wimonths of precious life.

Meanwhile, what did Miss Gamble do?-Did her heart relent? Not at all! If she had only asked for Wikoff's pardon, the King of Sardinia, it is believed, would have granted it; but she would not only do no such thing, but took grounds against his being pardoned, to keep him out of her way; so Wikoff says she said to the American Consul at Genoa. Wikoff pined in prison, and Gamble travelled in the Tyrol and in Italy.

THE BED.

The French romancer, Clemence Robbert, expresses thus warmly an appreciation of one of these everyday (night) comforts, which in the frequency they are enjoyed, are sometimes less highly valued than they deserve

"A bed is certainly the most precious and another. the most favorable asylum to be found here below. In fact, when I look at it and when I think, as I step into it, how one is suddenly, as if by enchantment, rid of fatigue, cold, wind, dust, rain, importunate visitors, tedious conversations, common-place remarks, pomp ous assertions, bragging, putting forth head strong opinions, contradictions, discussions, travelling stories, confidential readings of a poem or a whole tragedy, explanations of consternation prevailed, amid which the besystems in long words, interminable monologues, and that in place of all these one has pictures, thoughts, memories to be called up, that he is in the midst of a chosen society of phantoms and visions, just to his mind, and all these dreams, which a foreign writer calls "moonlight of the brain;" when I think of all this, as I look at a bed, I know not what words to make use of to express my enthusiasm and veneration, and I am almost ready to bow in adoration be-

Time to go to Bep.—Joseph was a bad boy. He had succeeded in blinding his mother for some time as to his imbibing propensities. One night, Joseph came before the old lady retired. He sat down, and, with that look of semi-intoxicated wisdom, began conversing about the goodness of the crops, and other matters. He got along very well until he espied what he supposed to be a ci placing one end in his mouth he began very piness, the inconstant had changed her mind and puffed until he was getting red in the Mr. Bates, she said, ther Trustee, would not face. The old lady's eyes were opened, and she addressed him; "If thee takes that tenfeared that in this respect Miss Gamble penny nail for a cigar, it is time thee went pull, and a pull altogether."

A very green sprig from the Emerld Isle entered a boot and shoe shop to loose again. Poor Wikoff was made happy burchase himself a pair of brogans. After by one note, and then miserable by another. overhauling his stock in trade without being It would seem as if Miss Gamble would have able to suit his customer, the shop-keeper hinted that he would make him a pair to or der. "And what will yer ax to make a good The lovers parted-finally, so Wikoff says, pair iv 'em?" was the query. The price was named; the Irishman domurred, but, after a "bating down," the thing was a trade. again, and when Wikoff heard of it he made Paddy was about leaving the shop, when the a dash after her-and on his way to Turinhe other called after him, asking: "But what overtook her-he in the Diligence, and she size shall I make them, sir?" Och," cried with a courier—her maid Mary and Miss Ben- Paddy, "niver mind about the size, at all; net, but prior to this, the gourier had been make them as large as ye convaniently can corrupted by Wikoff-and kept him well in. for the money."

Miscellaneous.

THE MAN IN THE CHIMNEY.

The Syracuse Journal relates the following s an incident, happening the other night, at the Empire House, (hotel,) in that city .-"Help! help! I'm suffocating! Get me

out. Quick ! quick ! or I shall die." Such were the words uttered in sepulchal tones, that resounded through the apartments of the Empire House, after the boarders had retired to their beds last night. Of course they struck terror to the souls of the sympathetic inmates, and aroused their dormant energies to instant investigation as to the source from whence the sounds proceed-

ed. Men soon rushed to the windows, and undressed women to the halls. Bells were rung, and servants and guests joined in the

"Help! help! Tear down the house .-Get me out," continued the same mysterious

"Who are you?" "Where are you?' What shall we do?" "Where can we find où?" were the interogatories uttered by the bowildered searchers in as many different books for purpose of knowledge. It is thereparts of the house.

"Here in the chimney! choking, suffocating, head-foremost down the chimney. Do

From room to room, and hall to hall, the philanthropists rushed, calling to the unfortunate to be patient, and they would extricate him as soon as possible. A dozen stove pipes were removed, and four mouths were applied to the smoke holes, inquiring the where-abouts of the helpless being, who could not-be-expected-to-hold-out-long-in-such-a dangerous position. But still the voice was from a distance.

"It is higher up," said one.

"He must be lower down," said another. "He is in the top of the chimney," said a third; and away they rushed to thestair-case, and speedily the male members of the crowd were on the roof of the Empire, inquiring at the tops of several chimneys.

"Where are you?" timidly inquired one of the females en dishabille cautiously venturing near the chimney-hole in her room. "Down here, close to these women," re-

turned the voice. The inquirer rushed down stairs, her steps hastened by the pitcous appeals of the sufferer for help.

"He is not here," said one.

"He must be toward the next room," said

"Why don't they get him out?" uttered a delicaté voice, whose owner had not dared to venture out of her room before.

" Is it a man?"

"Is it a woman?" "Who is it?"

"What is it?" passed in quick succession from one to another, and general alarm and

"I'm dying, dying, dying!" faintly muttered the mysterious voice, and the death-rattle was heard, as though the poor victem was about to give up the ghost.

"Courage, man! we'll have you out! Here take hold of this rope," and the searchers on the house- top let down a long rope procured for that purpose.

All was now in a state of excitement unsurpassed. The anxious searchers heeded not the cold night wind. There work was one of mercy and like true-hearted men, they were determined that no effort should be spared to rescue a human being from such an awful fate if possible.

voice, and lower and lower down went the

"More rope, a little more, more yet!" and the hearts of the rescuers leaped for joy, and their spirits rose in anticipation of success, while all gathered closer, prepared to ated to justify, and give a right to the lane lend their energies for "a long pull, a strong lord to the taking away of the corn at an

"A little more rope," implored the sufferer, but, alas I the whole length of the rope had been let down. A few minutes, however, sufficed to procure another, which, after splicing, was let down till the voice re sponded.

"Enough! There, now pull." Cautiously, and with palpitating hearts, the searchers commenced raising the ropeyards and yards of the fibrous manufacture were raised, but there was no weight at the

What is the matter?" He is not on!" remarked the director of cerimonies.

"He must be dead, and let go," was the

"Hello!" was returned from the lowes

"Why don't you take hold of the rope?" "I'm out!" Who is sold?" cam e back ecompanied with a loud laugh.

The searchers could not believe their ears and some one remarked—"We've been hoaxed-regularly sold."

All hands at once gave up the search which had contitued nearly an hour, and made their way down stairs, when they dis covered that a vaggish fellow in one of the stores on the first floor, had caused the great "commotion" "the Empire through," by poking his head into his stove, and talking up the chimney until he got tired, and thought it time to go to bed. A more successful hoax has seldom been played upon a household.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN-

Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said, that even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something be did not know. Conversation is frew fluently more useful than fore, a mistake to be morose and silent, among persons whom you think ignorant for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist owes not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone mason and working in a quarry.—Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold-digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talk with the first person you meet.

A RUSSIAN'S OPINION OF THE WAR.-A Constantinople letter gives, as from a Russian prisoner, the following explanation of the origin of the present war :- "The Turks massacred the Russian Bishop and several Russian priests at Jerusalem. God, in his wrath, sent a squadron of angels to carry away the tomb of Christ, which remains at this moment suspended in the heavens, and he commissioned the Czar to avenge the Pagan sacrilege. When the Emperor Nicholns shall enter Jerusalem a conqueror, as by the aid of heaven, he certainly will do, Christ's tomb will be restored to its place.-The phalanx of angels will line the road along which the conquering Russian army will pass, and will present arms to them .--Then the Czar will be master of the whole world, which will renounce its errors, and become converted to the orthodox faith."-This story is implicity believed by the Russian serfs.

MELANCHOLY CASE OF CRIME.-In the Bucks County Court of Quarter Sessions on Tuesday last, Henry Carver a wealthy farmer of near sixty years of age, and the father of. a family of grown up children, was placed upon histrial for the petty larceny of stealing corn from his own tenants. The offence was fully proven upon him, and the Jury returnded a verdict of guilty. The trial produced an intense excitement, and the court room was densely crowded during its progress. "I can't reach it!" faintly echoed the The prisoner was defended by able counsel. who in his defence produced the lease made between him as the landlord, and the prosecutor, his tenant, in which there was at interlinlation made by his son who drew i up, and who is a member of the Bur, calcu time before a division of it should be made between the contracting parties. This inte linlation the prosecution contended had bee surreptitously inserted by the son in order save his father from a merited punishmer If this were so, it should be charitably 1 garded as that filial affection, which in tir of sorrow might tempt an honorable man save the parent who gave him birth fre that deep degradation which would nece arily follow upon a conviction, and inevital entail its miseries upon his happy family.

An English paper says, that it is an fallible criterion, as far as it goes, of a go nn, to ses a clean mustard pot. If tha in proper order, you may be sure that reply. / in proper order, you may be sure that beds will be aired, the sheets clean and the etceteras properly looked after.