Selecteal Boctry.

From the N. Y. Tribune. Treason's Last Device.

" Who deserves greatness,

You common cry of curs, whose breath I leathe As reek o' the rotten fens. "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark. [Nursery Rhyme Sons of New-England, in the fray,

Do you hear the clamor behind your back? Do you here the yelping of Blanche, and Tray, Sweetheart, and all the mongrel pack? Girded well with her ocean crags, Little our mother heeds their noise; Her eyes are fixed on crimsoned flags; But you-do you hear it, Yankee boys?

Do you hear them say that the patriot fire Burns on her altars too pure and bright, To the darken'd heavens leaping higher, The' drench'd with the blood of every fight; That in the light of its searching flame Treason and tyrants stand reveal'd. And the yielding craven is put to shame, On Capitol floor or foughten field?

Do you hear the hissing voice, which saith That she-who bore thro' all the land The lyre of Freedom, the torch of Faith, And young Invention's mystic wand-Should gather her skirts and dwell apart, With not one of her sisters to share her fate: A Hagar, wandering sick at heart:

A Pariah, bearing the Nation's hate Sons, who have peopled the gorgeous West, And planted the Pilgrim vine anew, * Where, by a richer soil carest, It grows as ever its parent grow, Say, do you hear - while the very bells Of your churches ring with her ancient voice, And the song of your children sweetly tells

How true was the land of your fathers' choice; Do you hear the traitors who bid you speak The word that shall sever the sacred tie? And ye, who dwell by the golden Peak, Has the subtle whisper glided by? Has it crost the immemorial plains. To coasts, where the gray, Pacific roars, And the Pilgrim blood in the people's veins Is pure as the wealth of their mountain ores!

Spirits of sons who, side by side, In a hundred battles fought and fell; Whom now no East and West divide, In the isles where the shades of heroes dwell; Bay has it reach'd your glorious rest, And ruffled the calm which crowns you there

The shame, that recreants have confest The plot, that floats in the troubled air? Sons of New-England, here and there; Wherever men are still holding by

The honor our fathers left so fair ! Say, do you hear the cowards cry? Crouching amongst her grand old crags, Lightly our mother beeds their noise, With her fond eyes fixed on distant flags; But you-do you hear it Yankee boys?

EDMUND C. STEDMAN

Washington, Jan. 19, 1863.

Miscelluneous.

THE £1,000 NOTE.

Mr. Douglas was in business. Not so far from the Bank as is Snowdon's summa from its base was Mr. Douglas's establishment, which he contemplated with great satisfaction-as, indeed, he well might, for the windows displayed an amount of jewelry and costly articles "unequalled" (as might be learned from the covers of contemporary mag. azines) "by any house in the world '-" in the world, sir!" would Mr. Douglas say to his acquaintances, putting the expressive noun in large capitals.

Mr. Douglas had risen from the ranks to his present position, and it was his wont to boast he had never made a had debt, or was done!' I once remarked, in his hear ing, that to get the best of him one must rise very early in the morning. Whereupon Mr. Douglas said. "They mustn't go to bed at all. sir; and then they couldn't do it!" We have shown sufficient of Mr. Douglas

for the purpose of the present narrative. -He was but the type of hundreds of shrewd tradesmen. It was noon: he was in his counting house, and the broad thoroughfare was thronged with equipages, one of which drew up before his door, and a mild-looking gentleman in undress naval uniform alighted from the carriage and walked into the shop. Mr. Douglas looked over the curtain of his counting house window, and, being too late to see his customer, he fell to examining his vohicle, by which, not less than the man, he cal-culated the quality, and weighed in his mind the necessity of personal attendance. After a careful survey he returned from the window, laid down the pen he had been writing with saving the while to himself, " Plain-cer tainly plain; but it has the air about it " And, the key. repeating this observation, he passed into the shop, where his customer, a good looking man, but extremely staid and delicate for a sea captain, was awaiting bim; but this delicacy became quite natural as the result of recent injuries and consequent ill-health, from which he was evidently still suffering, as his right arm was in a sling.
"Good morning, sir," said the bland

tradesman; "pray be seated. What can I show you sir?"

"I have injured my watch, and some gentlemen present when it fell, recommen $1\cdot \overrightarrow{d}$ me to you both for promptness and efficiency," said the gentleman in uniform, taking from the chain at his breast a gold repeater.— "Indeed, sir, I am sure sir they did me great honor; but we do please, sir-we study to do it, and we succeed. Returned from the

"Not very; but this is the first time I have been out, in consequence of my wounds," said the captain-for such he appeared to be

"External injuries," said the obsequious Douglas, bowing, while he examined the watch.

"Yes," said his customer.

"External and internal also." "Why, yes," again ejaculated the captain, rather surprised at the interest taken in his

"Indeed, we might say the vital chord is severed.

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope!" was the response, accompanied by a feeble smile. "Quite, sir, I assure you, quite. We can get no motion-none whatever.

And he gave the watch a twist. "Oh, the watch-ah, to be sure," said the relieved but much mistaken captain.

"Yes, allow me to hope your injuries are not of so serious a nature. This shall be attended to during the week, sir. And now, may I make bold to inquire who of my friends were kind enough to say a good word for me? Lyons? Dundas?

"Well, yes, certainly they were present; but it was Captain Berry more particularly. "Ah, my friend Captain Berry. Is he still of the 'Achilles,' and has he escaped unhurt?" said the shopkeeper, whom the reader will perceive to have a becoming love for great

"He's true to his old boards, and had his vusual luck-much glory and but little danger?" said the captain, evidently chagrined

at Berry's superior fortune, and rising to go. "Can I do nothing more for you to day?" "Why, being about to retire, I do want a little plate; but another time-"

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A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:--\$1,50 in Advance, or \$2 within the year.

"No time like the present: allow me to show you some;" and the courteous Douglas led the way into the show room, where he was more than ever convinced of his custo mer's genuine gentility, by the costly selections he made, and the evidently superior mire articles he was not ashamed to confess low, extremely low for the quality and workmanship. There has been but one of the pattern sold yet, and that to Lord A ____, so universally known as a patron of art."

"Thank you, no; my circumstances would not justify it. I have already purchased more than I intended. Make them into a parcel that will do for the rail ' "What name, sir? and will you call and affix the address?"

"Yes-Douglas," said the naval gentle-

"Douglas!" repeated the silversmith. "Yes, sir, a namesake. I remember, when Berry told me I should recotlect whom I wanted by that coincidence. Dundas said I ought to support the family name."

"He might have said family without the the Douglases, though that is scattered now through all the known world, and every coun ty of England has its branch. May I ask to

which you belong, Capt. Douglas?" "My family are of Derby," was the reply of the naval gentleman, who was evidently pleased with the shop keeper's civility. 'Ah! they may be found everywhere; but

hey are all descended from the Scotch "Oh, Scottish, certainly, and I am proud o bear the illustrious name

"I do not doubt you will adl glory and honor to it: the Douglases were ever braze. "Can you give me the invoice of my purchase?" asked the captain, not liking the fulsome compliment.

"Directly, sir," said the jeweler, and conducting his customer to a private room behind the shop, he went to give the necessary

Meanwhile the naval Douglas helped him self to sheary from a decenter on the table, and taking up the newspaper lolled back on the ottoman comfortably.
"Would you like them to go to night?"

asked the silversmith, presenting the bill "I think not; they will be safer here till we go down to Derby, which will be very shortly, for London doesn't agree with me -In the meantime a friend, who is absent in the north, has placed his establi liment at my disposal," said the captain, taking up the d, and then continuing, "one thousand two hundred and fifty. Discount for ready eash?' "Yes, sir," said the shopkeeper descend-

ant of the Douglas, "certainly. "Oblige me with materials for writing. | must send to my wife: I never circ to carry notes of value with me : said the navel Doug las, preparing to write with the left hand but after several vain attempts he threw down the pea in disgust.

"Deuced awkward to lose the right hand " "You may say that," sail the silversmith His customer inwardly thanked him for. the kind admission, then sail aloud:

"Just write for me. Though my servant is as trusty as any in England, I think it shame to throw temptation in his way." "Just so."

"And, by the way, where do you dine tolay? Come, you are a new found relative say you'll come with me; do now."

"Well, I thank you for your frankness; and, not to be behind hand in courtesy, I "Done like a Douglas," said the captain;

and now for the note."

The silversmith took up the pen. "Will Thus he dictated, while the unsuspecting

wide-awake" Douglas wrote: "DEAR WITE -I have found a new relation, he will dine with us to day. And I have made a rather large purchase of plate. You will find a roll of notes in my desk; send me one thousand pounds by bearer, who has Yours,

"D Dot GLAS." And then taking out a bunch of keys he so lected one, and dispatched the servant bidding him to drive quickly, and lose no time in returning to him there. The two Douglases then returned, and talked and drank a bottle of wine very amicably together.

"I see Berry is promoted," said the captain, taking up the paper again.
"He deserves to be," was the reply.

"That he does. What an audacious fraud on the bank, that." "Terrible!" I am sure nobody knows

when they may trust a servant." "Indeed they don't. Did you ever suffer?" "I have been very fortunate," said the

shopkeeper, with a complacent smile. "Ah! shrewdness is the Scottish characteristic, and the English would do well to copy,

rather than sneer at it." "I have often said so, and felt grateful; for it has saved me more than once from the Philistings "

"Really you cannot depend upon servants even for a triffing errand; how long Green has gone to be sure," said the captain.

"Why, yes, he is a long time; but perhaps Mrs. Douglas herself was absent, or twenty things might detain him."

"O yes, certainly : but I think I'll walk out to meet him, while you finish business, ready to accompany me. So au revoir. He can't be far away now," said the naval geutleman, while the silversmith bowed him out, and then returning, he added, in the hearing of the shopkeeper, "You might get those goods packed: I may send for them to-night.

"They will be ready, sir," was the reply; and the feeble captain limped slowly down the street, where he was presently joined by an inferior officer of his ship, with whom he held an earnest conversation, that resulted in their calling a cab and driving rapidly to an obscure

street. Mr. Douglas has finished his business, had given the final orders for the night, and freshened himself up," to use his own phrase, ready to dine; and, it being past his usual hour, he was impatient for the stranger's return; but another hour flew by without his re appearance, and thinking it possible he might have been detained by unexpected circumstances, he determined to go home, and, as he rode along, it was comforting assurance that he had left the goods at the shop; that was a source of great satisfaction to him, but he now suddenly recollected that he had not forbidden their being taken away, and that his foreman heard the purchaser's final order, should be return: it would make assurance doubly sure, and yet he could not doubt the with an unpleasant shock

honesty of his customer, or the correctness of his own estimate of that gentleman's character. and while he mused on these things he was drawing near to home, where he determined to go, have a hearty dinner, and return to the taste and judgement which allowed him to ad- he was far from easy about the matter. It was not late, the city dines so early, and he elegant!" said he, changing his position to examine a silver ewer from all sides—" very." er classured him, and he ascended the stairs "Allow me to set it down: the price is into the dining room and his wife's resence, w, extremely low for the quality and work tolerably good humored and well contented with the day's business But it so happened, for particular reasons, Mrs. Dauglas wanted to dine early that day, and here was an hour later than usual, and she consequently out of temper. They ate in silence; but, as the dinner drew to a close, Mrs. Douglas thawed

"How came you to buy to day?" she ask-

ed. "To what?" "To purchase a thousand pounds worth of plate.

"Good God, wife!" he shricked, rather than said, and, like a madman, the shrewd, wide awake' Douglas raved about the room -the light had burst upon him in a moment, and had overwhelmed him. His wife sat and looke ! name. There never was but one family of aghast; unable to guess the meaning of his strange behavior. "You gave it to him?"

"Yes, the thousant pounds -here is your note, and here the key of your desk," said his wife, raising.

"It isn't mine," cried he, putting out a bunch to compare them. Alas! they are alike,

hough. I am ruined forever! It was a long time bettre he was sufficient y calm to explain, and ere he had had done so, the last words of the departing captain, spoken in the foreman's hearing, recurred to him and he rushed frantie illy out of the house. back to the shop; but it was too lat . But few minutes chipse I between his leaving the shop and the temoval of the hamper in a carriage with the one armed sea captain, who had doubtless watched his departure. All efforts to trace the nautical Douglas proved fruitless. Nor could any clue be attained to his mysterious possession of the key, or knowledge that the notes which were only in the deak one day, and would have been in the bank the next, were in the keeping of Mrs. Douglas. Thus in one day was the man, who vaunted his shrewdness, "done" out of one thousand pounds and an equivalent in plate. When he next hears it said that a man must rise early to get the best of him, we doubt if he will reply as before, that the must in a go to bed at all, and then it could not bedone." Neither will be claim so close a reluionship to a closuce customer bearing the illustrious name of Doug-

Skating into Matrimony.

What a clear cold day it was! the earth all rapped in white, sparkling snow -the frozen ever gleaming in the distance like a ribbon of steel! How the wind shook the cedar hough: drooping over the strained glass basements of Mr. Arkweight's library-but it bould green no entrince to the pleasant room, with its crimson walls and ruby velvet ear-pet, and polished grate, heaped high with glowing anthracite!

Mr. Awkwright looked up from his book · Come in!

'It's only me, sir! I called to see if Miss Ariel would like to drive down to the river and look at the skaters this afternoon! * L . Lat them! repeated Mr. Arkwright good humoredly. Why, she's one of the per-

formers, instead of being a spectator! wen' down an hour ago, with Tom Havens! · Tom Havens!

Mr Felix Fetherbee's whiskered underjaw dropped-he fingered nervously at his eye-Why yes -Tom's rather handy on a pair

of skates, and he's been teaching my daugh ter. I'm glad you are here, Felix, added Mr Awkwright, 'for to tell the truth, I don't exactly like Ariel to be so much with Mr Havens. Not but what he's a fine fellow, but then you know he depends solely on his profession, and Oh, well you understand all these things, Fatherbee!'

'Certainly, sir,' said Felix the perfumed 'And I ve suspected this long while that you were a little interested in Aciel 'I adore her, sir,' said Felix energetically.

. Then off to the river with you, quicker . O, yes, sir -that is, I've never tried, but

it's easy enough, I don't donnt!' Havens drove him wild.

There they were, in the centre of the merry multitude of skaters! Felix recognized them with a vengeful pang as he scrambled down the slippery bank - Tom Havens' fur cap and | calculation." straight active figure - Ariel Arkwright's gol-

den, floating curls and brilliant color! . Hauged if I don't have some of this fun! muttered Felix. 'Hallo, Dormer! do you know where a fellow can raise a pair of skates?'

'You may take mine, if you choose, groaned the young man addressed, who was limping towards the shore, rubbing his abra-

'I'm very much obliged to you.'

'Oh, not at all!' said Mr. Dormer, thinking within himself that Felix Fetherbee would not be very much obliged after he became acquainted with the shippery nature of ice.
Hallo, Fetherbee! hailed Havons, in a clear, loud voice, as he shot up to the shore, hand in hand with that dimpled, panting, radiant lutle Ariel : Are you going to join

'Yes,' said Felix, importantly jerking his straps. Mr. Arkwright requested me to come down and take charge of Miss Ariel?' 'Take charge of me!' ejaculated the young

ady, while Tom opened his black eyes wide. Indeed it isn't necessary, I don't wish to rouble you, Mr. Fetherbee! 'No trouble at all. What does make these

things so shaky!' 'It's because you have not screwed them on. Shall I assist you?" But Felix scornfully rejected the friendly overtures of his rival.

· You'd better just take hold of my hand-I am afraid you are new to skates!' persisted Tom, as Felix rose totteringly to his feet. 'No, I thank you,' shid Felix, clutching at the shore as those treacherons steel runners walked off themselves, taking his feet with them and landing the rest of him on the ice

"Oh, dear!' said Ariel demurely. I am fraid you're hurt!

'Pray let me help you up,' said Tom.
'I—am—not—a—bit—hurt!' gasped Felix,
spasmodically rubbing the back of his head, shop. It must be all right, he said, and yet he was far from easy about the matter. It Now you're all right!' encouraged Tom. 'Hallo ! there you go again! You are in too

great a hurry Mr. Fetherbee!' 'It isn't me !' gasped Felix, hanging to a pine branch in abject terror, 'it's these confounded slippery skates. It may be great fun, but I must confess I don't see it!' 'Oh, you'll alter your mind soon!' said Tom.

'Just see how simple it is.' Away be glided in marvellous curves and angles and came up again, with sparkling eyes and flushed checks

'Ariel! shall we try it again!" Excuse me sir,' said Felix, loftily. 'Mr Arkwright wished that I should skate with

Miss Ariel!' 'As she don't purpose skating on the palme of her hands or on her head, I don't see that your plan is practicable, said Tom, provok ingly as he and Ariel vanished.

'Hang these skates!' said Felix, "they won' stand still! Well if Tom Havens can send about in that fashion, I don't see why I can't And Felix, rashly desperate, 'struck out' as

he had seen Havens do. Alas, for our hero blindly confilent, he came to griof, with his nose prone against the too. It isn't agreeable for any young man to

have the damsel of his a loration, behold him in a sitting posture on the ice. staring hopeleady around with his hat, knocked in, and his cost sleeves bally torn. So Fetherhee felt as Ariel shot by him leaning on Tom Havens arm and cailing out: "Tell paper I li be home before dark!"

'Miss Arkwright!' he shouted 'Miss Ark

No answer-she was gone !

Could be but have seen her, dashing over the ice, stil on Tom Havens' protecting arm, post the solemn pine thickets-under the shadows of still promontories-miles flying past like inches! Could be have heard Tom's whisper:

'Courage, love! We are almost there!' There -- but we anticipate!

Sunset glowed readly across the scene, as Felix crawled stiff and sore up the bank. 'O, my head! my bones!' he groaned. 'Take your skates, Dormer! I shan't bor-

row 'emagain, you may depend!'
'Well, where a Ariel?' said Mr. Arkwright, as Felix stumbled into the library.

'I don't know, sir; but one thing I do know. The extent of Fetherbee's knowledge re mained a mystery, for at the same moment nother door opened, and Ariel tripped in, all blushing, followed by Tom the audacious,

'Papa! you will forgive me. I know ' 'There's no help for it now!' added Tom. 'Eh!' ejaculated Mr. Arkwright. Papa! I'm married to Tom We skated

down to the minster's - and ----This there came a shower of tears-then kisses—and ultimately a free pardon, of course. And not until this stage of affairs vas reached did they remark the absence of

Mr. Fetherbee.
It was just as well however—since Tom and Ariel had shated into matrimony his little comdy was played out!

WANT OF COURAGE.

Sidney Smith, in his work of moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for the want of a little brass, as it is termed: "A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would. in all probability, have gone great longths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then to live to see its success for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular than a Flash, my boy! Of course you can friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty five years of age; that he has lost much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends; that he has no time left to fol Mr. Arkwright raised his brows rather low their alvice. There is so little time for doubtfully, but Felix had disappeared. The over squeamishness at present, that the opidea of Ariel Arkwright's skating with Tom | portunity slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober

the melancholy bill poster as he pursues his homeward way! Suddenly a sound tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia.

Throw open the lattice love, and look | crable villain—his time had come. down upon the easement, for I, your dear Frederick am here.

'What brings thee at this time of the night, when all is still and gloomy?" my soul I love thee-truly, wildly, pas- | head up from the foot of the bed. sionately love thee. Dost thou recipro-

'Ah,' cried he, and the face of our hero up for the occasion. it up with a sardonic smile, thou lovest another!'

'No! no! no! cried Florence. 'Then why not rush to this bosom that s bursting to receive thee?" ' Because,' replied the innocent, but

'There, there,' said the chagrined hus-

A vanu is word signifying to be, to do or to suffer. Woman's life is a vorb.

Blue Laws.

Among the blue laws formerly in force in Connecticut, we select the following. They are amusing specmens enough of blue legislation. No man shall court

a maid in person, or by letter without first obtaining consent of her parents; five pounds penalty for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

No one shall read common prayer books, keep Christmas, or set days make mince pies, dance, play eards, or perform on any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet or jews-harp.

No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted, and a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the selectman, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, except reverently to and from meeting. Whosoever publishes a lie, to the preudice of his neighbor, shall be set in the stocks, or be whipped ten stripes.

No Roman Catholic priest shall abide n the dominion; he shall be banished and sufter death on his return.

No one shall travel cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished and not suffered to return but

on pain of death. No food or lodging shall be offered to

Quaker, adamite, or other heretic. None shall buy or sell lands, without permission of the selectmen. No woman shall kiss her child on the

Sabbath fasting day.

How to be MISERABLE.—Sit by the window and look over the way to your neighbor's excellent mansion which he has recently buit and paid for, and sigh out-Oh that I was a rich man!'

Get angry with your neighbor and think you have not a friend in the world Shed tear or two, and take a walk in the burial ground, continually saying to yourself, When shall I be buried here?

Sign a note for a friend, and never forget your kindness, and every hour of the day whisper to yourself-"I wonder if he will ever pay that note."

Think every body means to cheat you. Closely examine every bill you take, and doubt its being genuine till you have put to sell it, for it's all the good she could lieve every nine pence passed you is but a sixpence crossed, and express your they'll cut you up, dead or alive. venture to take it.

every man you trade with to be a rogue. Never accommodate if you can possibly help it. Never visit the sick or afflicted, and never give a farthing to assist the poor. Buy as cheap a you can, screw down to the lowest mill. Grind the faces and hearts of the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talents, and believe that at no very distant day you will come to want. Let the workhouse be ever in your mind with all the horrors of distress and poverty.

Follow these recipes strictly, and you will be miserable to your hearts content | impatiently waiting the arrival of the mail. -if we may so speak -sick at heart and at variance with all the world. Nothing will cheer or encourage you -nothing throw a gleam of sunshine or a ray of warmth into your heart. 🙃

A SMART WOMAN. - A nice, respecta- bring them, at all, at all? ble lady, not a thousand miles away, had long noticed, to her dismay, that her the best of it, asked him what he went to worser half' was growing foolishly suspicious and jealous of her. She resolved to teach him a lesson. Some evenings since, as be was leaving,

she told him he need not hurry back-she would not be lonely-she wished her ducky to enjoy himself, etc. Benedict smelt a veritable mice, under that hypocrisy, and resolved to be avenged. A. bout 8 o'clock, 'an individual,' about his ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.—"Tis past the size, might have been seen creeping cauhour of midnight. The golden god of | tiously along to the door, and noiselessly day, who yesterday drove his emblazoned Benedict peeped in. Just as he expect- Some men with ten thousand dollars a chariot through the heavens, has ceased ed, there they were—a pair of boots—a shining on the earth, and a black pall coat on the back of a chair, and a hat on others with but three hundred. The reareigns over the lower section of our city. the table. Benedict shivered like an aspen son is, the richer man has artificial wants. Nothing is heard save the distant step of leaf, as he stopped, pulled off his boots, and drew a pistol from his coat pocket. It he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and With 'resolution flashing from his eye,' | he suffers enough from being dunned for breaks the stillness-it is the voice of he made tracks for the bedroom. There unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A Frederick William calling in plaintive he was kneeling at the bed-side, coat and man who earns a dollar a day and does vest off, and his head on the pillow. Mis-

is short'—and a flash and a report told that the bullet had sped on its fatal mission, 'Help! murder! Watch! Oh, is wealth; but there are thousands upon 'I come to offer thee my heart. Upon that you?' and Madame popped her little thousands, with princely incomes, who

Benedict seized the body, and it was-a miscellaneous collection of old coats, vests, The maiden blushed as she hesitated. pillows, handkerchiefs, and the like, made | working people, than among those who 'I say, my dear, what does all this

mean?' exclaimed the husband, with a blank, sheepish look. 'Well, dear,' replied the wife, 'I did

get lonely after all, and just amused myself by dressing up that puppet, and makstill trembling damsel, 'I AM UNDRESSED!' ing believe you were at home. I'm sure, I didn't think you'd suspect.'

was a robber; dear oreature, I'm so glad it didn't hit you.'

Benedict repeated, 'Now I lay me,' etc., and went to bed, resolved not to watch any more at present.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.—Go my son, said the Eastern sage to Talmore, go forth to the world; be wise in the pursuit of knowledge-be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name-what a responsible office? She must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife! She must be the guardian angel of his footsteps, on earth, and guide them to Heaven: so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon his firm foundation: so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile. Such, my son, thou seekest in a

wife and reflect well ere thou choosets. Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose not thy head on the breast that nurseth envy and folly and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untained; and expect not honor from her who honoreth not the God who made her.

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes and the countenance of royalty beam upon thee-though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name honored from the East to the West, little will it avail thee if darkness and disappointment, and strife be in thine own habitation. There must be passed thine hours in solitude and sickness-and there must thou die. Reflect then, my son, ere thou choosest, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in other things-little will it avail thee if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

I AIN'T Dead -A Beston lady having a drunken husband, resolved to frighten him into temperance. She therefore engaged a watchman for a stipulated amount, to carry 'Philander to the watch house, while yet in a state of incensibility, and to "frighten him a little when he revived."

In consequence of this arrangement he was waked about eleven o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a strange dim apartment. Raising himself on his elbow, he looked round until his eye rested on a man sitting by a stove, and smoking a cigar.

"Where am I!" asked Philander. "In a medical college," said cigar smoker.

" What a doing there?" " Going to be cut up !" "Cut up !-how comes that?"

"Why you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we have brought your body here to make anatomy." "It's a lie-I ain't dead !" " No matter; we bought your carcass, any how, from your wife, who had a right

ever make out of you. If you are not dead, it's no fault of the doctors, and "You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot. "To be sure we will-now-immediate-Put confidence in nobody, and believe

ly, was the resolute answer.

have something to drink before you begin?" A SMART MAN. - My friend lives three miles from the post office; and one stormy night last winter he told his new help to

"We'll look o'here, can't you let us

harness the horse, go down to the office, and see what there was in the box, giving him the number. In due time Jerry returned, and put up his horse at the library door of Mr. C -, who sitting in gown and slippers, was

"Well, Jerry, what was there at the post office for me?

"Two letters and a paper, sir." "Well, hand them to me! What are you standing there for ?"

"Indade, sir, and you didn't tell me to

the office for.

Jerry replied: " You tould me to go to the office and see what was in the box, and haven't I done it, sure!" Jerry had to harness up again, and take

another ride in the cold, muttering as he

went that he wished his Honor would "be

afther meaning what he said next time." POVERTY.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. year, suffer more for want of means, than His income is ten thousand, and by habnot run in debt, is the happiest of the two. Very few people who have never 'Say your prayers, villain-your time been rich, will believe this, but it is as true as God's word. There are people, of course, who are wealthy, and enjoy their never know a moment's peace, because they live above their means. There is really more happiness in the world among

> Dr. Beeswax, in his "Essay on Women." remarks, with some truth, that "Boauties, generally die old maids."

are called rich.

"They set such value on themselves," he says, "they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties who have come out within the last eighteen years, cleven are still single. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool, while their evenings are devoted to low band, say no more about it; I thought it spirits and French novels.