Selected Poetry.

When this Cruel War is Over.

Dearest love, do you remember, When we last did meet, How you told me that you loved me, Kneeling at my feet? Oh! how proud you stood before me, In your suit of blue, When you vowed to me and country, Ever to be true. Weeping sad and lonely, Hopes and fears how valn-yet When this cruel war is over, Praving that we may meet sigain,

When the summer breeze is sighing, Mournfully alone Or when Autumn leaves are falling Sadly breathes the song ; Oft in dreams I see thee lying on the battle plain. Lonely, wounded, even dying, Calling, but in vain. Weeping sad. &c.

If amid the dia of battle, Nobly you should fall, Far away from those who love you, None to hear you call; Who would whisper words of comfort, Who would soothe your pain Ah ! the many cruel funcies Ever in my brain, Weeping sad, &c.

But your country called you darling Angels cheer your way, While our nation's sons are fighting, We can only pray: Nobly strike for God and freedom. Let all nations see How we love our sturry banner, Emblem of the free Weeping sa t and lonely.

Miscellnneons.

RECAPTURED.

A Story of St. Valentine's Day.

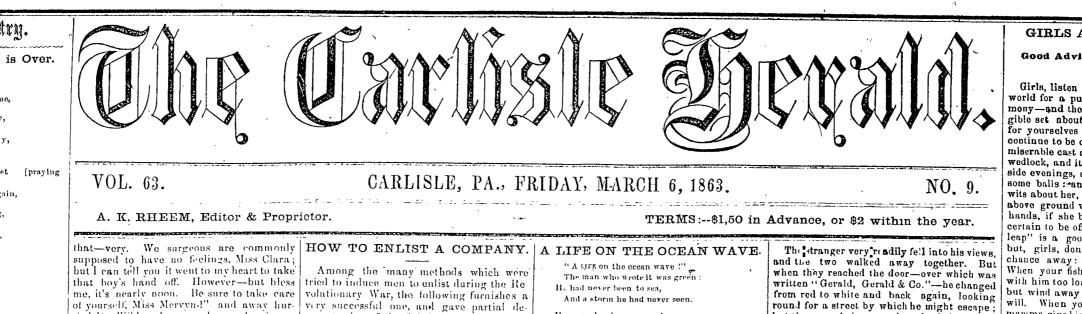
A SUMMER twilight under the green awning the warm violet sky-it Clinton Audley had lovers ! lived to be a hundred years old, he never would have forgotten the dim, indistinct beauty of the dusty lan lseape. No: for all r and key at home. that happened on that summer night was branded upon his heart in lines that Death itself had no power to efficie ! "Not yet. Clara; do not speak so firmly!

Remember that it is my life's doom you are Information of the second seco now he was a coward in the presence of that

tender, blue-eyed girl! "It is useless," said Clara Mervyn, with a cheek whose color never varied, and firm. pitring eyes; "my answer would be the same did I take a whole year for deliberation. . I am rery sorry, Chinton, but-"

"Nay," interposed Audley, with a cold, constrained voice that scarce hid the angry emotions in his heart, "do not waste your pity on me. The matter is unfortunate as I am concerned ; but I cannot see why you should grieve. I have been a mad fool, that is all. Good evening, Clara !"

He lifted his light military cap and was gone; and Clara Mervyn sat down on the strength." rustic garden seat and had a good cry !--Surely it was not her fault that Clinton Aud. ley was so foolish-he might have known she didn't care for him !



very successful one, and gave partial deof yourself, Miss Mervyn-I" and away hurmonstration of the fighting qualities of the ried Dr. Wilde, who never knew what it was captain : Clara was left alone, her head drooping During the Revolution, Captain E----, a on her breast. The next instant she rose

member of one of the first families of Charlesup and looked at her own slender right hand ton, having lost, in a skirmish, most of his men, went into the interior or South Carolina "Oh, if I could have given my useless for the purpose of enlisting recruits Havhand to save his!" she moaned. "If I had | ing appointed a rendezvous, he spent a day but the right to cheer and comfort him 1 Ah or two in looking about the country. At the me ! what can a woman do but endure ?' time and place appointed, he found a large number assembled, not one of whom would Clara was learning a hard lesson in Life's enlist. After some hours spent to no purp ise, he appointed a rendezvous for the next She started at the words. He had never day, and left the ground. Next day came, called her "Chara" since their parting under and with it the same crowd, but he met with no more success than the day before. What could the matter be? It was the first time "Not particularly so; why do you ask?" during the war that a recruiting officer had have so unsuccessful. Something must be a little while. I feel conversational just wrong, and he determ had to know what it was. Calling one of the rastics aside, he

" Are you better this evening, Lieuten int-

"You don't thick," said the countryman, "I think so. The red, glorious sunset has " that we are going to "list under such a done me good. Did you know that this was clooking man as you are? You are dressed

' In those days knee breeches and silk of low-branched linden-trees -clove-pinks "Do you believe in the goodly offices of stockings were fashionable, and the captain mary characters, and be ring all the marks "Do you believe in the goodly offices of stockings were fashionable, and the captain mary characters, and be ring all the marks ices of spice and stars just trembling into "W faith is limitless in the patron saint of popularity. He turned to the countryman, this was later in due, and appeared to have uot remarked :

> cruits. Next day the same crowd had assembled, had assembled, Captai - E ---- stepped out "My triends, 1 understand that you object to me because I am dr ssed a rathe fract than yourselves. You think I am unable to fight on that account. I will whip as many

the understanding that every man is to en-

and well made, and a superior hover. The out the captain in a few moments. He mistook his man, however, and soon measured "It the woman you love be worthy of the his length upon the grass. A greater bully

countrymen stared ; they had no idea that such a man could fight; he had, however. 'enlisted two men, and must not be allowed , to go further. The bully of the crowd now Wr ting a love-letter for Clinton Audley to Estepped in to take the gontleman in hand, While the young officer, restlessly pacing another woman--it was a strange duty--jet He was a stout fellow weighing about 200

And a storm he had never seen He never has been aroused From his morning's gentle done

As it falls from the horrid hose He has never heard a man Scrubbing right over his head, With a noise sufficient to rouse

While people look carelessly on Though in tears the women may be Only the foll the sea ,

That man way have sailed in a beat, In some jud fle or on a sound ; Such a song, heldescrives to be drowned.

The bank of Messrs tierald, tierald & Co., ty, had extensive dealings with the bank of

been written on the steamer. "GENTLEMES - A clerk of our establishwere more than the advertised number) the banker added : , ment has absconded, be tring bills and notes "It is well for you that I have not the abto the value of four thousand pounds. We solute power of showing or withholding merhave traced him, by unfrequented routes, to cy from you: and it is little credit to the house of Dorival that you are to go at large Are Boulongs, where he embarked for England. . He is a nephew to the principal, who is in you willing to go to Australia ?" in the greatest consternation, and his charac-"I will go anywhere to hide my disgrace " ter was hitherto unimpeachable. As it is "Then be ready by to morow, and by your prohible he will buine hitely seek to change too lentent, unjust uncle's command, which it his hils into each, so far as he can, (though does not s dit me to disubey, you will go free, many are valueless anywh re but here) use and with four hundred pounds But if you are found here longer than neces ary for an out no delay in seeking for him. He is sure to come direct to London. Beyond this, you will ht, you will yet be prosecuted. To morrow. know best the most likely place to find him, when I have gone through these bills, present and 1 am instructed to say you may pay him thatorder at the counter yonder, and you will four hundred pounds if he will de iver the bills into your hands and go to Australia have the money. Now begone."

He was about to reply, but the unwavering, frowning face of Mr. Gerald made him glad to pass through the open door without a word That night the recovered bills were sent off to Mr. Dorival, with an exact account of the entire affair from Mr. Gerald's own pen, and a strong reproof against this "mistaken generosity," as he chose to term it. That night, too, after bank hours, Mr Gerald received a note, the contents of which were as follows "SIR-There is a vessel starting for Aus tralit to morrow, and by traveling to night may go with her : therefore, if you can pay which cannot be hidden, and by this you may u.e. 1 will call to night. Oh believe me it was be sure to recognize him. He also stutters, my first crime, and I long to hide its remembrance forever by mingling honorably in the work of a new world. If you mention me to my uncle, say that I shall always pray God to

bless him for his kindliness and torgiveness of An l here followed a concise list of missing might have it, and an hour after paid the sum

reluctantly into the banker's chamber; where

he was still more afraid on observing the gen-

tleman in whose company he had just seen

Gerald, and who now whispered to his prin-

the duped clerk : " my name's not Dorival "

Frankford Bank. Here is a description of

your appearance. Have you not an egg-shaped mole below the left ear? There it is,"

"You've made a mistake, sir," stammered

"Your name is Jules Dorival, late of the

inal and then left them alone.

GIRLS AND MATRIMONY.

Good Advice to our Marys, Janes, and Emmas.

Girls, listen to me. You all came into the world for a purpose: that purpose is matri-mony—and the sconer all of you that are eli-gible set about getting a husband, the better for yourselves and those who otherwise will continue to be cigar suckers, toddy-drinking, miserable cast aways. Winter is congenial to wedlock, and it is here with its long cozy fire-side evenings, and bustling parties and frolic-some balls: and any girl, with her proper wits about her, need not see the spring flowers above ground without an engagement on her hands, if she but half embrace the chances certain to be offered her. " Look before you leap" is a good old grandmother's saying: but, girls, don't throw the half of a good chance away: it may never offer again .--When your fish is fairly hooked, don't play with him too long or he may break your line: but wind away on the reel, steadily, with a will. When you have him near to land, let mamma give him a slight jerk : then slip your hand-net underneath and flop it over him, when he finds himself in it! Cook him almost directly. Men are very much like fish they don't keep fresh long after being caught. Have nothing to do with erratic bipeds with no fixed intentions. Such fellows there are who will loll on your sofas, turn the leaves of your music books and your heads with silly nothingness, at the same time monopolize you for all the fancy dances, play waiter behind you at supper, be your humble servant at theatres and concert rooms, and terenale jou through a two or three years' campaigahave nothing to do with them.

Whistle such dangers off. Cut them dead, after taking them on trial for a winter and a summer, and begin afresh on a novelty. If a man does not come to the "popping point" after a winter's dancing and a summer's riding and ice creaming, he won't do it at all -He is not a marrying man, and you hand bet ter for your own sakes, had such over to your young sisters, just out of short dresses and pantaletts, smelling nice and fresh of bread and butter, who have time to waste on triffes. You have done.

Mind, I don't say, don't wait for a man if you are sure of him. Never care if he is poor "I have but to ring this, and an officer of poor and worthy. Your father was a poor man ten to one, when he married your mother. If you love the fellow, and the merits it, love Jules Dorival admitted all, and produced on : wait until he is in a position to make the put boil, keep it builing : and then some afternoon, when your father is happy in himself and at peace with the world, throw yourself upon his heart ; wait until his dinner is digested, and then put dear Harry's love for you scraight at him.

Prograstination is the thief of time. Don't let the men prograstinate. Make them clear-ly define their positions. "To be, or not to be, that is the question.', I admire a warmhearted, loving girl-one who, when her love is well-bestowed, is not ashamed to let the world see her happiness ; but I hate matchmiking mammas, and despise girls who spend four or five of the best years of their lives in knitting purses, working slippers for a set of fellows whose hearts are in their tailor's pat. tern books These are the men that are killng the purpose of your lives-they are stealng away that fresh goodne s of heart, and pure impulse of thought and action, which every gill should bring her husband as a dowry. They will hang around you until you are thirty if you make up well, can bear the test of gas light, and have friends in a set they cannot affor i to cut, they will keep away from you plain, honest and sensible men, (quali les the daughters caunot clain,) who would make old age happy Look for one of these latter class, then you will preserve your pure womanly nature : your love for him will spring up again to you tea-fold, in your children, and be perpetuated in your husband's grateful heart. If you cannot find such men, and live alone with yourself until you are world hacked, why then victimize one of the dinglers. When he is sited, and has proved the vanity of all, he will come to you : marry

him, and think yourself well off. But many, girls, marry-your mission is matrimony. Think of forty-five spectacles, with a cat, knitting needles, chess-board, and chronic rheumatism-and shudder. Dream of this, and then of a home, fireside, dear Harry romping with Harry, Jr., you teaching a small copy of yourself her letters, mother rocking a miniature masculine in the cradle, and Mary, sweet little Mary, your eldest. playing "Sweet Home" on the piano. Look ou that picture, old, lone, forgotten, forty, five maidenhood Dream on it by night, and by day, too, and when Harry says "Will you ?" say you -" Yes!"

" Then come and sit beside my pillow for i then said : "Why is it I get no recruits?"

to time to be much of a fighter.' " The 13th of February-so it is !"

Clara smiled as she remembered all the "So you object to my dress, do you? -, time worn "valentines" she kept under lock Come here to morrow, and I shall have re-

"I contess to a little superstition on the subject," she said, coloring, for she feit that anyious to know what idea, the dandy caplinton's eves were fixed on her downcast (tain had got into his h a l - After the crow "Very well, then: you won't consider me hand sud, in a clear and distinct vote: mawkishly sentimental if I ask you to be so kind as to act as my right hand for once."

" Will you write a St. Valentine's loveof you as a ill come out, one at a time, with "Stop, though ! Answer me one question | list after he is whipped. Pick your men and first, frankly and fully. Do you think it send them out." would be a piece of presumptious folly in me-

After some consultation, a huge, broad M. Derivat will not hear of a prosecution, if shouldered tellow came out. The Captain it is possible to obtain the papers by other drew off his coat very coolly. He was large means; but it you had him, and he will not deliver them entire, according to the list sent countryman rushed up, intending to brush herewith, he is to be given into custody. " flis name is Jules Dorival, and he is five

feet seven mehes high, of tair complexion, light curly hair, and a handsome moustache name, you will be far dearer to her now than than the first stepped out to take his place, ever you were in the prime of health and and soon took his place on the ground. The of the same color. He will probably have shaved this off, and otherwise have disguised himself, but there is a large brown eggshaped mole immediately below the left ear. slightly when excited, but otherwise speaks good English

to and fro, thought of the dark wyed soldier Cara Mervyn west through with it with a pounds, and bragged that he had never been nate enough to obtain the papers, forward to and fro, thought of the dark wyed soldier whose head he had supported at Manassas sort of mechanical calmies, heedless of the whope 1. He knew nothing, however, about them without a mails decay, as they are of the back

but there not being one, he pleaded a previously forgotten appointment. By the sound of splashing water, Mr. Gerald turned round and said, planting himself before the path he was starting on, "Jules Dorival, I must speak with you. Come in. Don't make a disturbance here.' The person he addressed was evidently as-tonished to find himself known, and entered

From the grave, the slumbering dead He Las never seen a fat woman Growing thinner day by day, And leaning over the vessel's side, Throwing herself away;

And unfeelingly say it is nothing at all,

But if h - has been to sea and wrote

said Gerald, raising the hair at the wonder ing ex clerk : "and here is a list of the bills you desire me to discount Is it not so ?" The stern unflinching manner of his accu ser, the sud lenness of the charge, and the guil-The Stolen Bills. ly conscience were too much ; and after a feeble attempt to stammer out a denial, he was interrupted by Mr. Gerald's taking up a bell

M. Donival, Frankford. One morning direct and adding : from Frankford, came among other corresjustice will appear.' the missing documents, pleading for mercy. When he had delivered them all (and there

he not have died in that boy's stend? The e to the dregs ! was no heart to break for him !

"The illedream is ended!" he said, aloud: "and now for the realities of life. We shall never meet again."

Could he but have looked forward to the time when they two should meet again !

"Only my right hand, doctor? Pool never mind; there's many a poor fellow woise off than I am."

"A very philosophical view to take of matters," said the surgeon, half smiling, "but at the same time an unusual one. Hold still half a minute, can't you ?"

"Well, what does it matter after all? I've neither wife nor sweet-heart to fret about my disfigurements."

"But I suppose you expect to come into possession of one or both of those articles some day ?"

Can't say that I do. There, I am comfortable enough now. I say, though, doctor I' " Well ?"

"Could you persuade that fat old nurse to get a pair of shoes that squeak in a minor

key? Every sick man has his trials, and mine are those calf-skin shoes. Possibly I'm nersous, but I can't help it!" The surgeon laughed good-humoredly.

"Don't annoy yourself on that score; there will be a change of nurses to-night, and I do not think the shoe question will trouble you further. Try to sleep awhile now.'

Clinton Audley tried to close his eyes, and strove to forget the sharp spasms of pain that racked his poor wounded frame, while the fire shone ruddily on the walls, faintly illumining the long rows of narrow white beds on either side, and the gray dusk blackened into night, and-

"I must have been asleep !" he thought, with a sudden start, as the little clock chim-"Yes, L must ; but who on earth ed eleven. is that? Oh, the new nurse, I suppose .---She don't wear calf-skin shoes, at all events -moves like a shadow!"

For like a shadow she had glided to his bed-side.

"I think your draught was to have been taken at eleven, sir !" and she glanced at her written directions.

And as Clinton Audley silently extended his left hand for the slender vial, he knew that the 'new nurse' was Clara Mervyn. She recognized him at the same instant-there was a slight start, but neither spoke.

Fate had brought them together once again ! The January snows melted away-from the

purple Maryland hills, and February's blue heaven smiled overhead.' Spring was nigh at hand, yet the lost roses had not blossomed again on Clara Mervyn's cheek.

Don't overwork yourself, Miss Mervyn,' said the kindly surgeon; "there's no earthly occasion for it. They are all doing well, except that young Audley !"

The color rushed in a scarlet torrent to Clara's cheek, then receded, leaving it cold as marble. Will be die, sir ?"

"Die ? oh no! not the least danger of his of this war is, that it will make many widdying. What I meant to say was, that his ows, who will be fierce to get married, and

break when she hears of it ! -- oh. why could drunk yet-a cup that must be swallowed a man from the city! They could hardly realize it, and stood motion ess.

"Thank you, Miss Mervyn. I won't trou-"Well, my friends, are you satisfied?" ble you to direct it. Ah, if I were but certain that St. Valentine would speed my suit I" He smiled; but it would have been diffi-

to have a moment's leisure.

" Miss Mervyn f"

She obeyed silently.

St. Valentine's Eve?"

the linden.trees.

now.

lashes.

etter for me?"

" Certainly."

though very low tone:

sume the role of amanuensis?"

Audley 1

with a shuddering, sobbing sigh.

saddest school-to suffer and he silent.

" Are you very busy to-night ?"

"I should be so glad. But how-

to ask a woman's love to bless a maim d.

useless wretch like me? Nay, do not spare

Clara Mervya was silent for a moment:

"You have taken a great weight from my

heart. Miss Mervyn ; and now will you as-

and when she spoke it was in a distinct,

my teelings. I wish to hear the truth."

cult to tell which was paler -- the cheek that lay against the follows of the hospital palcrowd. let, or that shadowed by Clara Mervyn's

brown tresses. Sh · gave him the folded lotter, with its carnest words of pleading, and then wont away to her own room ; for, fortunately, the night-watch," as it is called, had been confided to another. And only the quiet stars saw the convulsive bursts of grief that shock her frame, ere at last she sobbed herself to sleep, her flushed cheek lying on her drench-

ed hair, and the hps quivering even in her dreams! How gloriously the crimson banners of

St. Valentine's dawn were draped along the sky, when at length she opened her eveshow radiantly the morning lighted up those blue, far-off hills ! Unconsciously her lips formed themselves into a smile, and thenah, then the old pangs of heart-ache came back to her!

She was nearly dressed before her eves fell upon a tiny bunch of violets, dew-besprinkled and fragrant, that lay on her toi let-table-she caught it up with an exclamation of delight, and a note tell from i.s. blue heart-a note directed in a strange, straggling hand.

"Some hospital directions," she murmured, and smiling at Dr. Wilde's eccentricities, she unfolded the paper.

"Great Heaven I can it be possible?" she faltered, as she recognized, her own handwriting. "Did he mean to ask me to become his wife? Oh, it is too much, too for the times have changed, and there is but much happiness !"

She clasped her hands over her eves for a moment, then sank to her knees beside the little white bed, half uncertain whether it were not all a dream.

Five minutes later, Clinton Audley held out his left hand to the blushing little nurse who had stolen softly to his bedside.

"Weh?" he asked, scanning her face smilingly.

"Oh, Clinton, I am So happy I"

And then she burst into tears : it was well that there were not many patients in the that stole softly in, and sat down in a pew convelescent ward |

"Are you really captured, my little, shy, remulous bird ?" he whispered. " Nay," said Clara, shaking back her curls

with a spice of the old mischief, "it is you who are re-captured, brave soldier though you deem yourself."

"And had you no suspicion of the destination of that valentine ?" " If I had known it would have spared me

a great many tears. But oh, Clinton, I think I shall never shed any but happy tears hereafter!"

With the radiant dawn of St. Valentine's Day had risen the morning-star of Clara Mervyn's life and love 1-Harper's Weekly.

An old maid, who has her eyes a little sideways on matrimony, says: "The curse

ging convalescence. A fine young fellow will stand no chance at all."

have whipped three of your best men. suppose you have no eligection now to fel low their example ?" "Not a bit of it,' responded one of the of him. The elder tierald was on 'Change "You'll do to tie to, old fellow ! Come,

boys, fall in !" They did so, and in a short time the captain had his company filled, and he had ofters of more than he could find room for.

THE OLD CONGREGATION. - The members as it were by accident, passed him. He had of the old congregation have gone up to no moustache, nor could be observe signs of loftier courts, and we shall see them no more. ; the mole mentioned ; but in other respects he The grandmothers in sober black, that came tottering in with their white handkerchiefs smoothly folded and laid on arms : the fairbrowed girls that sang the alto and the air : he children with the sprigs of caraway and dill; the deacon, whose beard blossomed like an almond-tree, hard by the pulpit-door: away the women that in winter brought the tin foot stoves for a solace; the little paper fans

that waved, when days were summer, like so many little wings about the church, as if the old minister had a family of cherubim for the audience; the old doxology they used to sing last in the afternoon; the trembling benediction, like the blessing of a patriarch. they received -these we shall never see and hear again as they were.

No longer, in Sabbath noons, do they sit upon the grass beneath the old poplars, and talk in tones subdaed, while taking their that is since a 'cemetery,' and contemplate ' the stone willows that never put forth a leaf;

of them, to the feast of the Lamb, where the of them, to the feast of the Lamb, where the ''Not in the least,'' said Mr. Gerald, nod-

poplar, is blooming forever. The deaf who sat on the pulpit stairs in those old times, can hear the waving of a seraph's wings to-day : for the 'daughters of music' have been litted from the dust wherein they were lying. The old blind man whose doubtful feet young eyes did guide, lives now in morning light. And old black Jonah, beside the door, has been made white at

last, and bidden to come up higher. We think it ought to be set down upon a

map somewhere, the old church was very near the 'house not made with hands'- onl the graveyard's breadth removed. We think ing over a few hats, and leading their ownt ought somewhat to be written, 'The house that they builded of old, let it remain for er," or, rather, "my hat," the friendly wind ever.' Give to Time the silvering of the lifted the tuft from Jules Dorival's check, and wall they have hallowed; let the wind end the songs the dead singers began, and the satisfaction of Mr. Gerald. Again the stranrains gently fall on its echoless threshold .- " Benjamin F. Taylor.

13 Throw a piece of meat among bears, and a piece of gold among men, and which will behave most outrageously-the men or the bears?

bills of every denomination. Acting upon the instituted inquiries everywhere; but they were utterly truitless. Nothing could be heard of a man answering the description.

A week hid elapsed, and nothing learned and talking to a junior partner of the bank. when his attention was attracted by the rather singular conduct of a stranger, who, after addressing a number of members in a most un Engish way, was sauntering up and down. apparently very well pleased with his own personal appearance there. Mr. Gerald fixed his eye upon hun, and purposely thought

answered exactly the description given. In

passing him again he purposely stumbled against him. Beg parlon, sir," said he. "G g-granted sir; I think the fault was mine," was the reply, as Mr. Gerald moved 'It's the man," he said to his companion,

when they were out of hearing. Keep your eye upon him till we near the gate, and then leave me, and take a detective to my chambers at the bank and keep him in the inner room, unless I ring the bell. I do not like this in Dorival, and he ought to be prosecuted. Perroaal feelings should be subservient to the public duties where the justice and well being of the world is concerned."

"We can't afford to lose Dorival's business," said the junior, with a keen eye to profits.

"I know." was the rejoinder, "and shall frugal meal : no longer do they linger among act as desired ; but I do not like it. Here he the old gravestones of the burying-ground, is again Now, use speed, and I will devise some means of bringing him." Then he added, aloud, "Good morning." "I trust I did not hurt Mous-you, sir,"

one sermon a day, and those who brought said the stranger, opening a conversation Mr. their dinners of old, have sat down, the most | Gerald was puzzling himself to find a pretext

ding, and changing his side from right to left, ostensibly for the purpose of speaking to some one, but in reality the better to observe his companion and look for the mole. The hair was so arranged as to hide the left car and part of the cheek "

There were many speculations as to Gerald's intercourse with a stranger whom half the members present had, been ridiculing and whose appearance there at all was an enigma; but still that gentleman walked up and down by his side, endeavoring to discover the sign which would prove his identity.

The wind freshened, and " It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good ;" so, after turners some pretty gaines at " Follow my leaddisplayed the egg shaped mole, to the entire gor relieved him of introducing a difficult matter.

"I have some Frankford bills I want discounted," said Jules, blushing up to his brow. " If you will call at our office we will look at them," said Mr. Gerald.

"What address ?" "What address ?" down, and you can walk with me," Gerald re-

into his hands. He seemed so thoroughly readvice contained herein, the Messrs. Getald pentant that Mr. Gerald was induced to think less hardly of Dorival's overlooking it, and giving him a start in the world.

By return of mail came back the bills and a letter of inquiry from Dorival. We shall best explain its import by an extract :

"We know nothing of these bills - they are forgeries-and cannot understand your letter. No clerk of ours has absconded. We never had one who bore the name of Dorival. You seem to answer a letter we did not write, and also, we fear, to have paid on advice of the forged letter the sum of four hundred. We can only hope it is not so. Yours,

M. DORIVAL." But it was so. The firm of Gerald, Gerald & Co. had been swindled!

THE PRESS AND THE DEAD-HEADS .- Railroads, steamboats and stage-coaches, complain of dead-heading-that is to say; of preachers, editors, and brethren of the craft, riding so much without pay. The newspaper press endures more of this dead heading than all three of these modes of conveyance combined. The pulpit, the bar and the theatre, corporations, legislative assemblies. societies-religious, benevolent, agricultural -mercantile establishments, railroad companies, stage lines, and every variety of individuals, including political parties, draw largely upon the liberality of the press. The press is expected to yield to all these interests, is requested to give strength to all weak institutions and enterprises; it is asked to puff some preachers into overshadowing pulpit orators; to puff small politicians and unprincipled demagogues into great men and patriots; to magnify incompetent railroad officers into railroad kings; it is expected to herald abroad the fame of quacks of all classes, bolster up dull authors, immortalise weak Congressional speeches; it is required to give sight to the blind, bread | osity to see a Dutchman.

to the hungry, talents to the fools, and honor to thieves and robbers; it is asked to cover up the infirmities of the weak, to hide the faults of guilty men, and wink at the fraudulent schemes of scoundrels; it is expected to flatter the vain, to extol the merits of those who deserve nothing but the scorn and contempt of all good citizens; it is required, in a word, of the newspaper press, that it becomes all things to all men; and if it look for pay, or sends out its bills for subscription or advertising, it is denounced as mean and sordid, and its conductors are wanting in liberality. There is no interest on the face of this green earth that is expected to give as much to society, without pay or thanks, as the newspaper press of the country. The little-souled man, who inserts in your columns a two dollar advertisement expects you to write out at least five dollars worth of editorial notices." And the obscure and niggardly man you have written into a position of importance far beyond his merits, considers that his name adorns your columns, and gives circulation to your journal.

nor-If the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has; they serve, him better than any others, and yet receive no pay; what is still ney-Beauty unquestionably has its privi- plied, hurriedly; for he had nearly befrayed more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell than the sincerest Christian to go to heaven.

SACRIFICE OF A BARBAROUS KING TO A-VERT AN EARTHQUAKE .- In July last there was a severe earthquake in Africa. The King of Dahomey, imagining that it was the perturbed spirit of his father, speaking in his wrath, appeased it by ordering public sacrifices of human beings. The first day three chiefs were beheaded, the next day twenty-four persons of less degree, the next day twenty four others. The fourth day was devoted to feasting, but on the succeeding day sixteen women of Sierra Leone, attired in European dress, after being paraded about and exposed to studied indignities, were beheaded with blunt knives, with as many horses and an alligator, sacrificed with them, and with whose blood theirs was mingled. One was crucified against a tree, to which he was fastened by nails driven through his forchead, his heart, his hands and his feet, and, with a horrible touch of the grotesque, a large cotton umbrella was stuck in the corpse's grasp. In the market, the King was seated on a dais, making war speeches to his assembled subjects. Around were rows of gory heads-the heads of prisoners slain during the night after being frightfully tortured. All this is testified to by a Dutch merchant, Mr. Euchart, who had been invited to visit the King, as he had a great curi-

WILD GAME .- A few days ago a steam boat stopped at a landing, somewhere in Arkansas, to wood. A customer on board the boat took his gun and stepped on shore, hoping that during the hour they were likely to stop he might bag a few birds. After travelling a few rods, he came across a rough looking fellow, and the following dialogue ensued :

"How are you?" "How are ye, stranger?" replied the Arkansas man. "Have you any game in these parts ?" " Oh, yes, plenty on 'em." "What sort of game?" "Well, most any sort, but principally brag and poker !"

man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God and man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspirarion like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength. r.;=")

Bo A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

----A CLEAR CONSCIENCE .- How bravely a