And waited with a jealous eye, To catch her first approving smile. And when she bloomed a maiden fair, The promise of her budding grace, I often stroked her golden hair,

And wooed the rose to her face

And once beneath a maple fair, When we were dreaming side by side. Sweet girl, I drew her close to m And told her she should be my bride

No whisper from her lips replied, But in her eyes the answer shone; She nestled to my side,

And pressed her heart against my own. Twas all we said, what I have told, The while beneath the maple tree And yet a volume would not hold

The meaning of those words to me. We parted there at even-tide, To meet as we had met before; Nor heard the breezes when thy sighed

Their raven cry of "Nevermore! Ah! fatal winds that bore away My bark upon the worldly tide! I floated 'mid the fair and gay,

And she became another's bride But now I hear across the street, A youthful mother's roundelay: And echoes in my heart repeat The ditty of another day.

The shouting of a cherub boy, Commingled with the mother's glee; How time has vivified the toy She rocked upon her mother's knee!

I breathe no idle well away, Nor longing sigh for other's joy; But while I hear that roundelay, I love, I love another's boy.

> The Homestead. BY LADY SPENCER.

It is not as it used to be When you and I were young ; When around each elm and maple tre The ho eysuckles clung; But still I love the cottage whe I passed my early years, Though not a single face is there That memory endears.

It is not as it used to be: The mess is on the roof, And from their nests beneath the eves. The swallows keep aloof. The:robins—how they used to sing When you and I were young; And how did flit the wild bee's wing

The opening flowers among!

It is not as it used to be! And the forms that we were wont to see, No more? Alas, we look in vain For those to whom we clung, And loved as we can love but once When you and I were young.

Miscellaneous.

THE LAST FAIRY.

PROM THE FRENCH, BY M. J. E. BROWNE.

I had passed my sixteenth year when she appeared to me for the first time.-It was, I well remember, one beautiful evening in May. I had gone alone out of the city; I went with no purpose across the fields, dreamy and restless, without knowing why. I had some time been in this mood, and solitude was de-

I saw the sun sink into an abyss of purple and gold: the shadows descended from the hills into the plains; the stars were kindled one by one in the deep blue of heaven. The frogs chirped on the borders of the ponds; the thrills of the nightingale burst forth at long intervals. Was it not a dream, indeed? I heard also the quiver of the agitated leaves, and the tall shrubs bent under the breeze, with a murmur sad and soft. The moon, which had risen deep red in the horizon, slept, white and radiant, on a pearl-colored pile of clouds, whence its rays tell in silver waves on the shoulders of Night The tepid air was laden with intoxicating odors, and I heard along the flowery hedges the low cry of birds ca-

ressing each other in their nests. I was going along, opening my soul to all these perfumes, when I perceived a troupe of young girls, who with clasped hands were singing, on their way to the city. They sang in chorus, of spring time and love; their fresh voices vibra ted through the silence of the slumbering fields like the noise of a distant cascade. I hid behind a cluster of hawthorn, I saw them pass, like a swarm of those white shadows which assemble in the night around lakes, to form those light dances, and vanish at the first break of the dawn. I distinguished by the light of the stars their brown or blonde heads-I heard the rustle of their robes; I inhaled in long draughts the mysterious emanations they left behind, and which had an effect on my senses more intoxicating than the

perfumed breath of the evening.
When they had disappeared, I felt myself seized with an unknown disquietude, and having seated myself on a hillock by the side of the meadow which and remained plunged in a profound rev. depressed in soul, I knew not why. erie, listening, seeking to comprehend the arose within me. I am unable to say what I experienced. I felt my heart oppressed and ready to burst. There was last leaves of the trees. The hedges had slain me before my time. I have worn

what pleasure in my tears. I rose I saw at some distance before me and there, from spray to spray; black crows a smile. A tunic, whiter than the lily, | slowly moved away in the gray evening fell in graceful folds over her person, and air.

her neck, her cheeks had the freshness er. Being seated at the foot of a leafless and brilliancy of the flowers which shrub, I saw pass me two old women, plation. No doubt she came from Heav- bloom.

The Unisit Truil.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1863.

NO. 43.

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

NOT NOW.

BY ALICE CARY. The path of duty I clearly trace, I stand with conscience face to face,
And all her plans allow! Calling and crying the while for grace,

I know 'tis a demon boding ill, I know I have power to do if I will, And I put my hand to th' plough;

My peace I sell at the price of wee-In heart and in spirit I suffer so, The anguish wrings my brow; But still I linger and cry for grace-

The work I must do I will do to day; I will make to the Lord a vow: And I will not rest and I will not sleep Till the vow I have vowed I rise and keep, And the demon cries, " Not now!

And so I register lie upon lie, And break with Heaven my vow; For when I would boldly take my stand, This terrible demon stays my hand-"U, not to day-not now i"

We hear a good deal about the worth

Pennsylvania Dutchman in camp at Tri- to live in, and a good place to die in. But bune, Tennessee, somewhat noted for a his neighbor only sees one more link in dry humor and shrewdness. A group of the golden chain of wealth. It was only crowd under this grand impression, when He thinks much of himself on account of openly proud of money is secretly con-

Greece.

nme way A penny means a stick of candy; a sixpence is but another term for a ball, shilling means kite, and fifty cents a jack knife.

The young 'Crack' sees in his money a skeleton wagon and fast nag, a rousingtrot, a jolly drink, and a smashing party. But many and many a weary soul sees every shilling, bread, rent, fuel, clothes. There be thousands who hold on to virtue by hands of dollars : a few more save them : a few less and they are lost Their gay sisters see feathered hats and royal silks in their money, or rather in

The poor scholar passes daily by the stall where books tempt his poverty.-Poor clothes he is content to wear; plain and even meager diet he is willing to subsist upon; and as for all the gay dissipations and extravogant wastes of fashionable life, he looks upon them without even understanding what they mean, as a child looks upon the milky-way in the heavens, a glowing land of far-away and unexplored wonders. But oh, those books! He

with a gentle covetousness at night. 'nes new devices for earning a He ponders whether there is not so ... w economy which can save REAL GENTLEMAN.—A waiter was a few shillings. And when good luck at examined the other day before one of our last brings a score of dollars to him, with a fervor of hate does he get rid of them, "Yes, sir, Robert Flunkey." "Well, fairly running to the stall, and fearing at Mr. Flunkey, you say the defendant is every step, lest some fortunate man should no gentleman. What makes you think seize the prize. Wasteful man! that so?" "'Cause, sir, he always says thank night saw too much oil burnt in poring you, when I hand him a mutton chop, over the loyal treasure. Books are what or even a bit of bread. Now, a real gen. his money is worth. But others see diftleman never does this, but hollers out, ferent visions. Money means flowers to Here, Bill, get me a mutton chop, or I them. New roses, the latest dahlia, the new camelia, or others of the great Houri band of flowers that fill the florist's para-

Some men see engraving in money; some pictures; some rare copies of old books; some curious missals. Others, when you say money, think of fruit trees, much reduced, lately read in a medical of shrubbery, of aboretums, and pluctums, and fraticetums. And we have reason to believe that there are some poor wretches us to know if we can inform him 'who who, not content with one insanity, see

to be seen, through the golden lens of en, for her beauty had no semblance to I hid my face in my hands, and men- thy arms, press me to thy bosom; it is dollar a week upon rum and tobacco? ed, the school founded, the village lined was the quiet reply.

with shade trees, a free library established, and a thousand such things. A man is not known by how much he has, but by what that money is worth to him. If it is worth only selfishness, meanness, stinginess, vanity, and haughty state, a man is not rich if he own a million of dollars. If it means generosity, public spirit, social comfort and refinement, then he is rich on a few hundred. You put your hand on a man's heart to find out how much he is worth, not into his pocket.

Never Despair.

"While there's life there's hope,' is an old adage; therefore, never despair .-The prospect may be gloomy, the sky clouded, the face of fortune averted, yet never despair. The worst circumstance have been surmounted, the greatest per il passed by enduring energy and faithfaith in the future, that there must or might come a brighter turn of destiny's wheel. It is always darkest just before, day-dawn; there is never a thunderbolt or tempost but the atmosphere is made purer thereby. So with our lives; overclouded and stormy they may be, but it is either of our calling and for our dispersement, or it is the work of a provilence wiser than we, as we shall see, if we only buffet the gale out. Despair is an impulse; it is a token of our superiority to the brutes that perish that listen to reason, and reason connects life, in all its moods, with duty. Duty calls us to struggle and to submit—to submit to the order of Providence, and yet struggle to achieve the highest thought that is in us Life is given us, not to be cut short or aid down at our pleasures. Virtue is born of doing and forbearing, and hero-

ism oftenest achieves through suffering. Heroes were cheap if victory were forcordained and never failing; but our human record marks him the greatest hero-who-could-turn-defeat to victory:-Fabius conquered by retreating-Wash- up. ington was not discontented because he could not always "forward march." A less wise and heroic man would have halted where he advanced, fallen back where he stood firm, and despaired where he gathered fresh hope. In whatever strait, let us do whatever manhood and duty did, and we shall conquer; even though we fail. Lawrence felt the true inspiration when he sent forth his deathery, "Don't give up the day !"

PICTURES .- A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures, differ about as much as a room with windows and a room without windows Nothing is more melancholy, particularly to person look at one another. who has to pass much time in his room. musical to the ear,—though he loves even better yet to 'call it half a million! The better yet to 'call it half a million! The the soul, leading to other scenes and to "The proud and haughty car". ble relief to a person engaged in writing or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, when fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness, they are a relief to a juded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the

> leaves. An awkward bashful man who was getting into a coach at Norwhich a few days ago pushed his foot through the hoop skirt of a passenger. In the course of several ingenious expedients to extricate himself he only succeeded in putting his other foot through the hoops of another lady. Sinking back in seeming despair he shouted, "Hullo, driver, hold! I thought I was getting into a stage, but I find myself into a cooper's shop!

KENTUCKY SCHOOL .- 'First class in Geography come up; Bill Toots, what is

'A thing that mother wears over her shoulders. 'What's a plain?

'A tool used by carpenters for the moothing of boards

'What's a desert? 'Its goodies after dinner.

'That'll do, Bill, I'll give you the 'goodes after school.

'You say Mr. Jay, that you saw the plaintiff leave the house Was it in haste?" "Yes, sir." Do you know what caused the haste?' 'I'm not sartin, but I think it was the boot of Mr. Stubbs, the gentleman he boards with?" 'That will do, Mr. Jay. Clerk, call the next witness."

'Plcase, mister, give me a bundle of hay?" Yes, my son. Sixpense or shilling

bundle?' 'Shilling.

'Is it for your father & 'No, guess 'taint-it's for the hoss, my father don't eat hay!'

'I wish you would not smoke cigars! said a plump little black eyed girl to her lover.

'Why not I smoke as well as your chimney? ' Because chimneys don't smoke when

they are in good order.' -He has quit smoking.

A gentleman riding through Sydencomfort in old age; a young man helped ham saw a board with "This Cottage for in an affray Luckily the ball came through college or established in business; Sail" painted on it. As he was always a friend extricated from ruin, a poor wo ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing b man saved from beggary, and made a sup woman in front of the house, he stopped pliant before God for mercies on your and asked her very politely, "when the bear Did you ever know a man too poor head, every day that she lives; the sick cottage was to sail?" "Just as soon as

lumb brutes can understand.

vided we come by it honestly?

kiss but not to publish it.

orget both God and the doctor.

his age is to fail in business.

A change of heart now-a-days is brought about by the change in the pocket.

Lust is a precipice over which thousnds are virtually rushing to destruction.

hen he got up too late for breakfast. You're a queer chicken! as the hen

Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark? On the head.

nenal Death and the sun have this in common—few gaze at them steadily. Censure is the tax a man pays to

the public for being eminent. Never marry a woman for her beauty,

Some professors of religion thirst more after the spirit of rye than after the spirit

The greatest number of our most tried friends are these who have been tried and

found guilty. People should keep their marriage cerificates in their casket and not on their

as beautiful persons are generally the most

We should always put the handsomest face on everything without to the ugliness

now-a-days, but it is generally in the whiskers When the dearth of adversity comes up-

our friends, our charities generally dry We are the only things that can fly without wings, as the most of us can fly

If we would have glorious dreams when

hea. The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

of one's accomplishments is greater.

When men are together they listen to one another; but women and girls

subject to the conscription - because thee and haughty can never

Flattery if not cunningly used will.

like the flail, be almost sure to thrash

ing than receiving, especially with the doctors if they should happen to take their own medicine.

If these persons who are always in search of news would only read the bible they would find the very latest news to

SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor "stop the press to announce,

THE HEIGHT OF PANIC.—When the Germans got scared at Chancellorsville.

list and become their "companions in

an occurrence every night for a sentry to An inscription on a tombstone at the

Soldiers must be fearfully dishonest,"

says Mrs. Partingten,, " as it seems to be

"Madam, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the

crying of your baby. Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts?" A Frenchman, wishing to say of a

A chap down in Connecticut, after the conscription act, got married to evade the draft. He now says, if he can get a divorce he will eulist, as, if he must fight,

he would rather do so for his country. Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arrived at an inn, called out, "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or indi-

vidually ?" "Sir, replied the knight of

A yankee poet describes the excess deotion to his true love:

I sing her praise in poetry; for her at morn and evo; And wipes them with my sleeve.

Hear the outpourings of an honest heart in regret for the dilapidated condition of his unmentionables:

Parewell, farewell old trousaloons, Long time we've stuck together-Variety of scenes gone through, And braved all sorts of weather.

ber when he lifts his hat to make a fine bow to a sister across the street to have a pack of greasy cards rain down over his face to the pavement.

A. K. RHEEM, Editor & Proprietor.

around her an atmosphere which enveloped her like a luminous vestment. "Who, then, art thou?" I exclaimed

at last, distractedly scretching out tow-

VOL. 63.

ards her my arms. "Friend," she replied, with a voice

the stem, I will abandon thee in the midst of the way, of which the first half we shall travel together. That day is not far distant young friend. The rose which sees only one morning is the symbol of my destiny. In order to love me, expect not that thou mayst lose me; for neither thy tears nor thy regrets will reanimate me when I shall be no more. Hasten! my hand is armed neither with the magic wand nor the enchanter's rod, and I have no other adorning than the flowers mingled with my hair; but I will heap upon thee more treasures than ever benevolent and prodigal fairy lavistied upon a royal cradle. I will place on thy forehead a coronet which many a king would esteem himself happy to purchase at the price of his own; I will collect for the a retinue, such as is rarely seen in courts or palaces. Invisible and present, I will follow thee my fruitful influence; I will embellish the places where thou must pass, at night I will embalm thy couch; I will give my soul to all nature to smile each morn at thy awakening. Ah! we will have beautiful fetes! Only these blessings which I bring thee, child, learn to know them, seize them before they escape thee; know how to grasp them without withering them; to enjoy them without exhausting th.m; make provision for the other half of the way which thou must achieve without me. Friend, I have told thee I have little time to live, but it de-

pends on thee to prolong my frail but precious existence. I am like those rare plants which must be tenderly exposed to sun and rain. My feet are delicate, fatigue them not in following thee. The glow on my cheeks is tenderer than the of the years which God still grants thee, creeper on the hedge; if thou wishes not to see me, only one day, such as thou to see it tarnished in a day, expose me sawest me first. Thou askest bitterly, not to too lively heats, draw me under where are the blessings I have promised only deep and cooling shadows; watch thee? I have kept all my promises; but that no remorse poison the regrets which my loss will leave thee; may my memo- treasures which I have lavished upon thee ry be good, may I still enliven thy heart with sweet reflection, long after I have I placed on that forchead the freshness,

ceased to illuminate and warm thy life!' that bends over a cradle, she leaned towards me her light head, and I felt her poverty! I have made it so smiling and ips press my forehead, fresher, more perfumed than the menthe which grows on the border of fountains. I opened my their palaces and their opulence. Thy arms to enfold her, but the white apparition had already vanished like a dream.

I continued to go across the fields, sometimes running like a lunatic, sometimes throwing myself on the turf, which I wet with scalding tears; sometimes I pressed to my bosom the slender stem of the birches, which I believed I telt trembling and palpitating under my wild clasp; sometimes I extended my arms towards the stars, and spoke to them with love. I talked with the flowers, the trees, the shrubs: I felt within me a torrent of vigor which everywhere overflowed and of all the felicity I have scattered along spread over all nature. The barrier was broken; the stream had pierced the rock. I laughed, I wept, I swam in an endless sea of joy unutterable, and happiness without a name. When the East began to-grow white with morning, it seemed to me that I assisted for the first time at the awakening of creation. My heart swelled; I breathed the air with pride; I believed a moment that my soul had disengaged itself from my body, to fly away free and light through space mingled with the soft vapors which the rising sun detached from the hills. From the height of the mountain which I had ascended I measured the horizon with the glance of a conqueror; the earth had just

been created for me, and I was master of the world! I was not thirty when my fairy ap peared to me the second time. It was, I recollect, an evening in October. I had spread out at my feet like the ocean of verdure, I buried my face in my hands, without purpose, across the gloomy fields,

had been a long time thus-and without confused and trembling emotions that any taste for it, I sought again solitude. The sky was low and overcast; an icy north wind beat with a sinister sound the something within it like a hidden spring only their berries for ornament. Some which seeks an outlet-like a captive mournful barkings which came from a lowing thee. Vamly I asked for mercy. wave which seeks to expand itself. I distant farin, and a thread of bluish smoke cried out, I wept, I found I know not which rose above the branches, alone revealed that there was life in these desert-How long did I remain thus? When ed fields. Still a few wild birds flew here a celestial creature, who regarded me with spotted the plain-battalions of cranes

left to be seen on the turf, which they scarcely grazed, two naked feet, and white as Parian marble.

I went, mingling my soul with nature, in mourning. For long time I had taken, like her, that cold melancholy which Her light hair fell in freedom around accompanies the close of the lovely weath-

her hands reposed upon her breast, while moment, I had seen go by long ago a the other seeined to invite me with a troop of young maidens, their hands

earthly loveliness, and I saw shining tally reviewing the days that had rolled from thy heart I drew my life, it is on over me, between that evening in May and this evening in October, I was soon lost in a sad and profound reverie. When I rose, I saw a few paces off a pale face which looked at me with a sad expression. She was so changed that I scarce sweeter than the night zephyr, "I am the knew whether I recognized her. There her, but she had already slipped from my fairy which the King of the Genii laid | was no more around her that atmosphere slumbering in thy breast at the hour of of brightness which enfolded her first apthy birth. This morning I slept there pearance. A woolen tunic exposed her still; I have just awoke at the first an-guish of thy heart. My soul is bound her arms fell listlessly adown her emaci-had retained its perfume. up with my life; I am thy sister, and ated sides. The azure of her eyes was will be thy companion until the day when, marbled with black, tears had worn furdetached from thee, like a flower faded on rows in her withered cheeks. The unfortunate creature could scarcely sustain herself, and like a lity withered on a broken stem, seemed to bow towards the

"What wishest thou of me?" I demanded. "Friend, the hour is come when we must separate; before leaving thee for-

ever, I have desired to bid thee an eter-

nal adieu," murmured she in a plaintive voice, sadder than the wind of winter. hast thou done for me? Those blessings they? I have vainly sought them on my oughtst to have laid at my feet? I have no avail; life's lesson we must all learn, found only poverty. What has become life's burden we must all bear. of the diadem with which thou offeredst to erown my brown My head has conly worn the crown of thorns. Where is the everywhere; everywhere thou shalt feel | brilliant throng thou promised st to gather nius of sadness, what has there ever been be true that thou hast everywhere fol-

lowed me, and everywhere I have submit-

ted to thy influence, go away, accursed, for surely thou art the apict of evil." "I am neither the Spirit of Evil nor the Genius of Sorrow," replied she sadly, only after having lost me! to know the no more time to enjoy them. Friend, the hope and trust of years? thou hast been ungrateful like thy brethren. Thou accusest me, and I pity thee. In a moment thou shalt know me, and then, alas! thou wilt wish, at the price thou, thou hast disdained them, those with an unsparing hand. For a diadem, At these words, like a guardian angel morning; for a retinue, I gave thee Love, powerful would have exchanged it for solitude! I have peopled it with enchanting dreams. Thy despair! I have made thee love it, and there has been such an intoxicating pleasure in thy tears, that thy greatest misery henceforth will be, not to be able to shed them. When thou walkest abroad, I awoke around thee sympathy and kindness; thou didst meet only friendly eyes and fraternal hands. Henvbeneath thy feet. In thy turn, answer pen some time after the world's burnt -what hast thou done with the gifts of my munificence? How hast thou rewarded my largesses? What remains to thee

> ing of it, is it I who has taken it away from thee? If thou hast enjoyed nothing, must I be accused?". At these words a tardy light illumined ny being. I felt a veil fall from my eyes, and I remained struck with terror n seeing clearly down into my own heart. "Stop! stop! go not away!" I cried with a supplicating voice; "restore to me those blessings I have contemned; my eyes open upon the true light. Restore to me love and illusion, restore to me faith and hope. Let me love only one day .-Let me believe only one hour, and who ever thou art, I will bless thee with my

thy way? If thou hast preserved noth-

dying breath." "Alas!" she replied, "it is I who am about to die, and dost thou not see it? Look at me I have deeply suffered-1 am but the worn shadow of myself. Long time a sickness has consumed me; a devouring breath has dried my bones and drained in my bosom the springs of life. The blood no more flows through my heart; touch my hands; thou wilt feel the icy dampness of death. Still, if thou hadst wished it, I would have before me length of days! It is thou, cruel one, who hast out my strength, and torn my feet in fol-Thou criedst 'march on !' and I went forward. I went exhausted breathless, rending my hopes on the brambles by the wayside, burning my brow in the noonday heats. Thou wouldst not grant me time to renew my girdle, and to bind anew my crown of flowers, already withering. Vainly, if we met some sylvan asylum, some mysterious basis, I said. 'Here is happiness! Friend, here must we pitch our tent!' Thou continuedst thy mad career, dragging me without pity over arid sands Is there an outrage from which thou didst preserve me? a growned her head; on the rose-tinted al. who walked slowly, each one bent under storm from which thou didst protect my abaster of her face, her eyes shown like a bundle of pine fagots, provision for head How many times have I not sat two open peri-wrinkles on the snow, winter, which they were carrying home. down, weary, discouraged, determined to warmed into life by the first kisses of Strange memory! whimsical conjunction! abandon thee. But ingrate, I loved thee; April. Her arms, were naked; one of From the very spot I occupied at this and when, astonished to feel me no more near thee, thou returnedst to call me with voice or gesture, I rose and flew to thy kindly gesture. I remained for some clasped and their voices united in song! side. Now it is done! Friend, I can do minutes in silent and motionless contem- I was sixteen then, and the shrub was in no more. My blood stops, my eyes grow dim, my limbs falter beneath me. Open

embrace and disappeared, and I per-

thy heart that I will die !

them all up, but alas! I found not one

What lessons are embodied in thy teachings! stern lessons, as we in our days of hope and happiness could never think of encountering as we set sail under sunny skies, and our bark glided pleasantly over smooth waters; we did not dream of the clouds, the storm, the tempest that came all too soon and awoke us from our

Time, the great monitor of all hearts teaches us the undeniable and stern truth that change is written on all things; but "Away! away! false Fairy! What the saddest is death Oh how terrible is the wreck of hearts and homes, when the which thou didst promise me, where are messenger, resistless and unerring in his silent march, takes from our homes the way. Where are those treasures thou brave and strong; prayer and tears are of

Who has not seen some of their loved ones wrapped in the cold cerements of the grave and borne to the innumerable city of the dead! When we rememfor me? I have had for a cartege only that in our wonderings through life's paths solitude and despair. Thou speakest of | we should meet them no more, see their separation; but, unless thou art the ge- | kindly beaming smile, heard the loved no more, have we not, in anguish of soul, in common between us? Ah! if it may uttered the wail of a bleeding heart, "let me die, for all this broad earth, I have nought to live for;" but we cannot die when we wish most; we may weep at

many a grave before we reach our own-Who has not wept over broken hopes and severed ties? Who has not seen. but it is the destiny of man to know me | One by one, life's cherished dreame depart, its golden chalice turned to bittervalue of my blessings only after there is | ness; or snatched rudely from our grasp

CONFEDERATE SCRIP.—There was farmers were, one day, in his presence discussing the merits of the currency so liberally issued by the Richmond Government. Sam, upon being appealed to, expressed the decided opinion that every dollar of it would be redeem according to the obligations assumed upon the face of the note. This made most of the the light, the peacefulness of a spring company open their eyes with equal astonishment and pleasure, as they generally had their pockets filled with the ariele, in exchange for wheat, pork, &c so beautiful that many of the rich and last fall. Sam was about leaving the one of them called him back for further

"Squire, I'll give you a thousand dollars for that gray colt of yours, payable en smiled upon thee -earth grew flowery at the same time. The ewent will hap-

> PLEASING EVERYBODY .- Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever saw anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him. You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; submit to the tyrannical; he a tool for the ambitious, and he care ful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbor. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you, and talk against you for your success; and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant, do thus because they do not fear your rival ry; they may smile upon you outwardly and yet inwardly entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do that whic' s right, be diligent, do the most you car paying no regard to faultfinders, and you

> man may desire. sociated with too many of them at the race course.''

M.A poor invalid gentleman, very paper something about 'letting blood.'-The unhappy weakly creature writes to lets it." and whether he can on moder. pretty much all things by turns. ate terms hire some for a few years. We

ing my arms to receive her: "but, strange creature, speak! Who, then, art thou? I am no more—I was thy youth !" she said, and at these words I tried to seize ceived in her place only some withered lowers, fallen from her hair. I gathered

"Thou shalt not die!" I cried, open-

Life and Love.

fond security.

"Why are you sure that these notes will be redeemed?" "Why, sir," says Sam, "you see they promise to pay six months after the rati-sand dollars means Europe. Two thousand dollars means Egypt, Palestine and wreation of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States."

explanation.

will find as many friends as any sensible few courts. We annex his testimony :or even a bit of bread. Now, a real genwill throw this pepper box at your head.' You can't deceive me with a gentleman, your worship. 'Cause why? I have as-

refer to the Lancet.

"Some other time, and some other place— O, not to-day—not now!"

I have fair, sweet seeds in my barn, and lo When all the furrows are ready to sow, The voice says, "O, not now!"

Some other time, and some other place— O, not to-day—not now!" I talk to my stubbern heart and say,

And so the days and the years go by,

Worth of Money.

of property. A house is worth ten thousand dollars; that lot is worth five thousand dollars; a farm is worth eight thousand; a horse three hundred, and so on endlessly. This is all very well in its way. But ought not the question, sometimes, to be put the other way-how much is a man's money worth? There is a wider range in the value of money than most persons think. And, upon a little inquiry, suspect that it will be found that all persons who possess it, have a way of neasuring it, not by dollars, but by its value in some sort of pleasure or article. One man carns a thousand dollars, and says to himself-there, that puts me one step out of debt Money to him is a means of personal liberty. A man in debt is not a freeman. 'The borrower is a servant to the Inder.

Another man sees in a thousand dollars sung little homestead, a home for his children, a shelter to his old age, a place thirty-nine thousand last month, he is worth forty this. And his joy is in the growing numerals. He imagines how it will sound, full round and hearty, when men say, he is worth a hundred thousand dollars. Nay, when it comes to that, he thinks five a better sound than one, and five hundred thousand is a sound most word million cuts a great swath in men's-other-spheres. It is such an inexpression imaginations. All this estimate of mon ey is sheer ambition. The man is vain. money, not of character. A man who is

temptuous of those who have none. Another man wishes to see the world

Boys dealing in small sums reckon the

their fathers' and their husband's.

looks longingly at morning; he peers at

dise-the garden.

But there are nobler sights than these

wealth; a father and mother placed in A Western editor was lately shot against some unpaid accounts in his pockot. Gunpowder conldn't get through to take a paper, that did not spend one unfortunate succored, the orphan educat- the man comes who can raise the wind," Brevities.

It is not half the trouble to learn in youth that it is to be ignorant in old age. We should never go in debt for a

Kindness is a language that even the

There is no harm in being wealthy pro-

Hope is a pleasing acquaintance but a

Printers should have the right to print

When the danger is over we generally

The quickest way to make a fortune in

How we printers lie, as our devil said

said when she hatched out a duck.

as she will be sure to think more of it than you.

eyebrows. We should never regret being homely,

There is a great deal of dying for love

we are asleep we must act gloriously when we are awake.

To excel in anything valuable is great, but to be above conceit on account

My Young ladies should certainly by

have friends. In prosperity they are above everybody; in adversity everybody

your own head instead of that of the There is always more pleasure in giv-

what would he do to a pound?

they fled and left their Shurtz on the Some rascal proposes that ladies who clamor for their rights, should be made to do military duty. They wish to en-

La Point, Lake superior, read as follows: "John Phillips accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

young lady that she was as gentle as a amb, thus expressed himself, "She be moveh tame, like the petite mouton."

the napkin, we dines at six."

It is very perplexing to a church mem-