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THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Is this voice, O, spring
Whose echoes are floating through the air,
Filling the woods with their wild ravishing,
Filling the heart weary care

Sweet thy song—
Sweet as near the graves I pass
Of departed wings are borne along
On the springing grass

Where are they, the young,
Who, beautiful, who, when thy voice,
Sweet as now, these valleys rung,
Heard, bee and rejoice?

We seek for them in vain
Where they greet the lark thy joyous round
Lie sleep beneath the murmuring main
Mouldering in the ground

Be peace, my heart be still
Speak to you azure sky, and know
Sweeter music, now their bosoms thrill
Where calmer breezes blow

For them hath bloomed a spring
Whose perennial deck a holier sod
Music, in the song that seraphs sing,
Whose light, the smile of God

HOW HE WHO CAUGHT A TARTAR.

WINTHROP was a physician, a widower, father of two children His quiet home was under the charge of a housekeeper for more than a year, and as the evenings be lengthened and the wintry winds sounded drearily through the leafless trees he began more sensibly to miss the endearments of an unbroken home and to think seriously of filling the vacant place in his hearth

But despite the advice of his elders in the profession, he had married too young and as a consequence found himself at thirty with a family upon his hands, an income somewhat more and more precarious than he could afford Still he was a handsome man, a favorite among the ladies, and possessed an excellent professional reputation Under these circumstances ambition whispered that it was very possible for him to contract a marriage to carry off some dashing lady whose pecuniary charms should allay his embarrassments while her beauty, her wit, and her position would make him the envy of all the town In justice, he did not draw on his fancy for all these details: they were supplied by a ready made in the person of Miss Amy, a lady whose apparent age was twenty

At a glance, he knew a little cottage in town, embowered amid roses and in the second clumps of evergreen, where the enjoyment of domestic peace and the solace and joy of a widowed father, the pet and idol of the small circle of kind and warm hearted people with whom he lived, sweet Annie Huntington Annie was young and fair, she had none of the graces or subtle fascinations of her town rival, she possessed what was better, a calm mind, an amiable disposition and a loving heart

Her first wife had been a woman of quiet and domestic in her tastes, delicate in health in disposition, and the few earlier distinct impressions that Winthrop had had much to do with were of these few years of married life Winthrop was a man, he loved his home, and the endearments, and home endearments, yet, he had come to him a portionless wife, the consequence was he was in debt and harrassed daily for funds

One November evening the doctor came home from a round of most vexatious professional calls and ten not ready, the housekeeper and the children in tears Before the dinner was removed the children were sent for some trivial misdemeanor; and short words the housekeeper irritated at a remark of the doctor's slammed the door and retired to her room

Left alone to his own meditations, the doctor very naturally to soliloquizing, and he took very much the tone of the waves which beat continually against the shore

"What a miserable life is this to lead It will kill me and my children soon, that is if anything will mend it? The truth of the matter I thought to marry a fortune I'm sinking daily by day with duns There's the butcher's bill has not been paid these six months the butcher's bill is about due, and the interest of the mortgage on this house must be paid soon To be sure, with the right management all these these things could be brought in the course of time; but a man at the head of internal affairs, isn't made for this, I've seen that, neither, I have seen, are all women like Amy — Amy was a good wife to me; but then I have married her when I did — I have waited awhile, and not find myself headlong into—I know not experience is a dear school, but there is no other There's Minerva that would be a match worth talking of, a thousand, at least, I suppose, would bring to the man who is fortunate enough to win her wit, and the queenly air she does one good to see her walking the street head up, and such a bust! and her foot fairly scorning the ground she treads The say such women are apt to have but I think that's all nonsense; besides, I object to a little spirit of the right sort but being heartless, that's all nonsense Every woman has a heart, only every man has the will to lay his hand upon it — find the tender spot in a woman's heart and she is fairly wound in among the strings, and you can manage the proudest Now Minerva has a sort of weakness I know that— I've seen it this long in the whole I don't believe I shall offer than to marry her"

He paused and I think a vision of the graceful and stately inmates flitted across the room more deeply pensive and a tender ray softended his dark eye — he muttered, "Pshaw that will do no for fortune

Gray hairs in his brain for awhile; and he arrived at a sudden resolution, hastily arrayed himself for a walk, and left the house When he came back it was as the betrothed of Minerva Hall

The change spoken to the doctor it seemed was brought home to present Winthrop power his household

He doubted whether, even on his wedding day he felt supremely blest; but there was no tangible drop of bitterness in the taste when he saw his handsome wife before her mirror and divest herself of her false teeth and two or three braids of hair These slight operations with the washing off of a coat of fairy powder wrought quite a transformation in the beautiful Miss Hall One morning shortly after Mrs Withrop was going a-marketing and desired her liege lord to supply her necessary funds

"I extremely sorry," replied the doctor, "but really, my dear, I haven't the money this morning"

The lip, whose pout during the court, was so bewitching, swelled now in scorn that wasn't half as fascinating, and a pretty reply to make to my first request for money; doubtless this is only the commencement of the insults which I shall be called upon to endure."

The doctor was a little chagrined, and replied "very likely, madam; for when I married you I expected you to find yourself in pin money"

"You did, eh!" she retorted. "So you married me for my money, did you? and you have the impudence to tell me of it to my face, too; actually before the honey moon is over It is shameful, sir, perfectly outrageous."

The doctor strove to apologise; but the virago had the advantage of him, and she continued to pour out the torrent of invectives long after he had placed the door between them, and was hurrying down the street As this scene had commenced at the breakfast table, its effect upon the children, who were present, can be better imagined than described That day the doctor took the pains to ascertain the amount of Mrs Widthrop's "fortune" It turned out to consist in the interest of five thousand pounds, which secured at her death Subsequent discoveries proved to him that, as the result of the lady's extravagance, her account at the banker's was usually overdrawn

The delightsomeness of the doctor's evenings at home may be imagined Generally his resource after tea was the newspaper or a book; or if the household atmosphere was too stormy, he betook himself to a small supper room, which was usually denominated his study Sitting there one evening, while she was entertaining two or three fascinating young friends in the parlor, he heard a timid knock at the door, and his little golden haired Amy entered; his first born, his pet, the namesake of his early love — She led her younger brother by the hand, and both were crying

The doctor's heart was touched By some strange forgetfulness, he seemed never, till this moment, to have taken into consideration the claims of his children in the choice of a step-mother for them Now, as if in a magic glass, the enormity of his conduct in this respect was up before him. Stretching out his hands, he said tenderly, "Come here, Amy darling, and tell me what grieves you." She glided gently into his embrace, and Harry climbed noiselessly to his father's knee

"Please, Papa," said Amy, timidly, "is the new mother to be always our mother: or will she go way, by-and-by, as our own mamma did?"

The doctor's eyes filled with tears, and he inquired with a choking voice, "Why do you ask me such a question, my dear?"

"Because, if she is only to stay here a little while, I will try to be good and patient till she is gone," replied Amy; "but, oh Papa, I hope she will not be here always"

Spirit of the gentle, departed Amy! were thou hovering near to watch the upwelling of that long slumbering fountain of paternal tenderness? Closer, closer, to his heart he held the dear offspring of his youthful love, and asked "What is it Amy, darling? Tell Papa what the new mother has done"

"Oh! it is many things, Papa," replied Amy. "First of all, she don't love me and Harry. I am sure she don't; for she scolds us so, and says such cruel things; calls us 'beggar's brats' Does that mean our own mamma?"

"Go on, my dear," said the dotor "What else?"

"Then she makes us eat in the nursery, you know," continued Amy

The doctor's heart reproached him for ever having consented to this arrangement

"And she only gives us dry bread and little bits of pie and cake that are left; because she says now that she has been cheated into marrying a beggar, she must be economical"

The doctor thought of a new set of expensive jewelry brought home that morning, and sighed

"But that is not all, Papa. She strike us; look there?" and the little one stripped up her baby brother's sleeve, and showed the marks upon his arm And these were Amy's children

"Oh! fool that I was!" groaned the repentant father

For half an hour he held the children on his knee and comforted them It made them very happy, for childish sorrows are easily assuaged and then taking a hand of each, he led them into the nursery, and saw them laid into their quiet beds nor did he leave them, till locked in a sweet and childish embrace, they both slept quietly

The next morning there was a scene It was commenced by some mild request of the doctor's with regard to the nursery arrangements; for the doctor had by this time learned the fallacy of his old notions respecting the ease with which a spirited female may be managed, and he now actually dreaded an encounter with Mrs Doctor Winthrop

"Did he expect her to trouble herself about another womans brat?" said she "No; he hired a nursery maid for that—it was none of her business to be sure, whether he ever paid her or not As for the children coming to the table with her, it was a ridiculous whim, and as long as she was mistress of that house it should never be tolerated Of course when they grew up it would be different; but no slobbering pinafore babies should ever be seen at her table"

"Madam!" cried the doctor, enraged at her impudence, "I fancied I married a lady when I married you, but I see I was very much mistaken"

"Ha!" she exclaimed, with a laugh of bitter scorn, "you thought you caught an heiress, but you may find instead that you—"*Caught a Tartar!*"

"I believe you, madam," said the doctor;—and rising from the table, he went forth to pay his professional visits, although at first he felt more inclined to hurl something at her

Such scenes as these were frequently enacted in the doctor's establishment, and the children suffered accordingly. But it would seem that the gentle spirit of their departed mother hovered over the household for the protection of her dear children, for shortly afterwards a malignant fever broke out in the neighborhood, and the only one that fell a victim to it in that family was the Tartar step-mother.

Dr. Winthrop now suddenly awoke to his duties, and from the dream of gain which had enthralled him after the decease of his first wife. Again was he sitting in the lonely room, and gazing around in bewilderment. The fire was going out in the grate; the candle was wasting and flutering upon the table, and still, as when an hour ago he had fallen asleep, the dismal November rain beat against the windows The doctor rubbed his eyes, looked eagerly around him, and then fervently ejaculated, "Thank Heaven! its only a dream."

The next evening found Dr Winthrop a guest at Rose Lawn A week later he was the accepted suitor of sweet Annie Huntington; and it was not many months before he led her from the altar a happy bride.

Home pictures, very different from those seen in his dreams, greet the doctor now of an evening; and under the quiet but efficient management of his gentle wife, the wrinkles have disappeared from his brow, the cares from his heart, and he is now a prosperous and happy man

☞ Dow, Jr, says that the reason that man was made after everything else, was, if he had been created first, he would have annoyed the Almighty with endless suggestions of improvements.

An Hour in the Dead Letter Office.

From Life Illustrated

WASHINGTON, Feb 1858.

The Dead Letter Office? Alas, what a mausoleum of perished hopes and chilled memories is comprehended in these three little words!—How many eager hearts are looking and longing for some token of answer to the long missives that lie in heaps, with seals unbroken and unperused, within those massive walls at Washington.

These thoughts came to my mind as I stood in the Dead Letter Office that bright wintry morning with the yellow sunshine playing on the marble floors, and gilding the gray locks of the old men who were busied in opening the dead letters

We had been fortunate enough to procure the *entree* of this establishment thro' special favor and influence, although as a general thing no visitors are admitted It was a large, light room, with two or three desks, at which were seated aged officials in silent occupations among literal drifts of letters. The walls were lined on every side with huge mail sacks which had been returned full of unclaimed epistles, from myriads of post offices There might have been fifty or a hundred of these sacks, and each probably contained thousands of letters

"How rapidly you dispose of them," said I, watching the lightning speed with which the clerks tore open the epistles, glanced over them to see that no drafts, checks, or other important documents were inclosed, and then drew them upon an immense heap of opened letters at their feet

"It is all in habit, ma'am," said the gentleman nearest me "We are accustomed to open a certain number daily, and to those who do not understand the expedition and accuracy with which we work, it would seem almost incredible"

As he spoke, a tiny gold ring rolled from the folds of a rose tinted letter, whose pages were evidently written over by a delicate female hand.

"A child's ring," he said, taking it up.

"Would you like to look at it, ma'am?"

I took it in my hand—it was a fairy circlet of virgin gold, with the words, "Mary, to E V." engraved within—and wondered who the Mary was, and whether the little "E V" who never received the tiny gift, was dead or living Meanwhile the clerk had been taking a rapid note of the signature, direction, &c.

"What will you do with it?" I inquired, returning the ring to his care

"We lay all such things aside, to be returned in case they should be called for"

"And are they often redeemed?"

"Not often—not one in a hundred instances," he replied, taking a little gold dollar from beneath the seal of another letter, and laying it carefully on the desk We stood in silence, regarding the pile of opened letters which was growing higher every moment It was a strange medley of styles and handwriting Some were inscribed on huge sheets of foolscap in a manner that conveyed the impression to your mind that the writer must have grasped his pen with both hands, and gone at the paper as he would dig a spade into the earth, and folded with a glorious disregard of geometrical precision; others, again were daintly written on colored tissue paper, and some were in that easy, flowing hand that bespeaks energy and refinement of character in the calligrabper

"Oh, how I should like to read these letters!" said I, involuntarily

The official smiled

"That is what all the ladies says It would be almost impossible to preserve our charge from the curiosity of the female sex, if fortunately our rule did not protect us from many visitors"

"But do you never read them?"

"Never, unless they seem very important, or contain inclosures of amount It is all we can do to keep up with the arrival of the dead mail-now. If we were to read one letter in a hundred, we should be lamentably behind hand; besides, the privacy of these letters is a point of honor with us We have no more right to read them here, unless it is necessary, than to pry into any other personal secrets

Here one of the clerks leaned over and handed our companion a tiny package

"From one of the letters," he said "I thn't the lady might feel interested in it"

It was a single curl of golden hair, tied with a bit of pink ribbon, and wrapped in a little piece of paper, on which was written, "Baby's hair"

I knew the history of that letter in an instant, though I had never looked on its folds I could see the fair young mother parting the sunny tresses from the infant head, and lacing it, with half a smile and half a tear, within the closely written pages that was to gladden the heart of the faraway husband And he never received the letter. Perhaps he died under the mighty shadow of Sierra Nevada, perhaps the turf of some Mississippi valley lay cold and close on his pulseless heart, while she, the faithful wife, was growing more sad, less hopeful with every day that brought no answering word

"Baby's hair"! I could not bear that the bright curl should be thrown carelessly among the hosts of letter; it seemed like desecration

"May I keep this little lock?"

"Certainly, if you like"

And I placed it carefully in my reticule with tender hand I know not where the sorrowing young mother's heart is breaking, day by day, but certain I am that there is an invisible bond of sympathy between her soul and mine, clasped by a link of curling, silky gold, "baby's hair!"

It would be in vain to attempt to chronicle the numerous inclosures which dropped from the various letters which were opened during the short space of time we stood there Bits of rainbow colored silk, sent for "patterns," tiny muslin collars, newspaper paragraphs, bank notes, gold, cards, coarsely written messages from little ones at home, whose hands were guided by mother or sister, so that the absent father, cousin or brother might have a little letter, and innumerable other affecting relics

"Where do all these letters go when they have been opened and examined? Are they burned?"

"No; that was formerly the custom, however We used to make great bonfires of them, but aside from the fact that bits of written paper would always escape from the flames, thus destroying all privacy in the letters, it was found that many people made it a business to seek among the ashes for the gold, jewels, etc, which often escape our notice here and go out in the opened letters. So now they are all sent to a paper mill and re-manufactured as writing paper."

We passed into another room, where were many mementoes of the good old days before the laws of prepaying postage went into effect.—There were two or three huge stones which had been sent as "a joke," involving an immense amount of postage to be paid by some unfortunate, who luckily never received the ponderous packages—a gigantic rag baby, said to have been sent to some vinegar faced old maid—a neatly manufactured nightcap, which some indignant old bachelor, name not recorded, refused in high dudgeon, to receive, and which consequently found its way here, and a daguerreotype of a young man, which had been cracked across the nose, and wrathfully sent back by some fair damsel, with whom he had quarreled.

We asked the Postmaster General, to whom we were introduced, how it happened that all the employees of the Dead Letter Office were gray haired old men.

"Because they have more discretion and less curiosity," he said, smiling. "Younger men could not be depended upon; they would probably read the letters oftener."

"And why don't you employ ladies? I am sure they would discharge the duties admirably."

"Indeed," said the Postmaster General mischievously, "I am afraid their curiosity would be so extreme that the department would fall into inextricable confusion, to say nothing of the number of secrets they would ferret out of the dead letters"

We were so indignant at this horrible and heretical opinion that we asked no further questions, but took our leave, much gratified with our novel and interesting experience in the Dead Letter Office at Washington

A Brave Woman!

About 2 o'clock, last Sunday morning, says the Utica *Herald*, of the 8th inst., a messenger came to Jailor Baker, in the jail at Watertown, with the intelligence that a prisoner named Spencer Wilson was sick, and wished Mr. Baker to bring him some medicine Mr B did not hesitate to attend the prisoner, and brought with him drink calculated to alleviate his pain — While Mr Baker was holding the cup for the consummate villain to drink, (for Wilson was feigning illness) three other prisoners named Eddy, Ward and Missie, stole silently into their cell in their stocking feet (Mr B's back being toward them) seized him, bore him to the ground, beat him terribly about the head and abused him shamefully One of the wretches stepped on the throat of the prostrate jailor, while the others proceeded to gag and bind him—not, however, until he had made sufficient noise to awaken his wife, who, brave woman, seized a revolver and stationed herself at the outer door leading into the hall, where she calmly awaited developments.

Meantime the villains had picked Mr Baker's pocket of his wallet, and the prison keys, and locking him in the cell, coolly proceeded to prepare for departure, considering themselves now "all hunk," as the phrase is. They picked up their sachels, which were carefully packed, flung their coats on their arms and proceeded to the outer door for the purpose of taking leave.—What was their consternation on looking through the hole in the door, and beholding leveled directly at them, an ugly concern with six holes in the end of it, and a little white finger calmly resting on the trigger. "Advance one step into this hall," said the delicate but firm voice, "and you die" The villains quailed. "Come on," said Mrs. Baker, "but the first man who steps from that door I will shoot." This was more than the fellows had bargained for But one of them was impudent "Pshaw!" said he, "you don't know how to shoot it." "Yes I do, said Mrs Baker "I have been practising this long time; if you don't believe it you can make the trial." The fellows were completely baffled. They retired for consultation. With a deviltry worthy the arch fiend they returned with the intelligence that Mrs. Baker might take her choice —either to see her husband's brains knocked out or to retire and let them pass out! Here indeed was a fearful trial! What did the brave woman do? She quailed not for [illegible] her eye relaxed not its vigilance—h[illegible] trembled not on the trigger—there she [illegible] pointing the deadly weapon through the iron bars of the hall before the door, and repeating her warning to the villains not to come forward a step, as they valued life. We challenge history to produce an example of more glorious heroism on the part of a woman

A messenger had in the mean time gone after help, and it soon came in the shape of some of the most resolute and hardy men in Watertown, who speedily relieved the little woman from her guard, drove the prisoners back into their cells, and set matters "to rights"

The four men are now in chains They are named H D Eddy, in for grand larceny at Watertown; Oliver Missie, in for attempting to commit a rape in Rutland; Lawrence Ward in for burglary in Watertown; and Spencer Wilson, in for burglary in Clayton Four more heaven-defying and devilish wretches probably Jefferson county boasts not; at least we hope so!

Mrs Baker is a small slim woman, with very expressive features, in which courage and firmness are displayed in the keen, clear eye, and the resolute lines about the mouth We asked her if she would really have shot the men, had they disregarded her warning She said "most certainly! *Would'nt you?*"

PERPETUAL MOTION — A Western correspondent of Harper's *Magazine* gets off the follwing 'good one'

"I was travelling in Virginia, by stage, and spending the night at a country tavern, where I was greatly entertained by the talk of the stage drivers and others sitting around the bar room fire, in the evening One old codger worded off a good thing.

"When I was down to the fair, a good many years ago, there was a prize offered to the one who would come the nearest to making perpetual motion All sorts of machines, of all shapes and materials, were fetched there and shown, and the marks of them told how long they would run As I was walking about among them, I saw a sign over a tent—'all who want to see perpetual motion and no mistake, meet at this tent' So I paid the admission fee and went in. Very soon a queer little man got on a box that served for a platform, and addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm agoin to exhibit to you the most wonderfullest invention you ever seen, it's been runnin' for full three years, and if nobody stops it, it'll run forever." And here he unrolled a strip of paper. This is a *Printer's Bill!*" And as he held it up to the gaze of the people they admitted, that whether the bill was paid or not, they had all been sold."

EFFECTS OF GAMBLING.—Vorhees, the water rent collector of Cincinnati, it has already been stated, is a defaulter. He is a young man, who had always exercised prudence and care in the management of his business, and enjoyed the most unlimited confidence of his friends. Some eight or nine months ago he found his way into a gambling house, and was finally tempted to participate in a vice which he had always previously abhorred. He played, won, and lost, and kept on playing, and though almost constantly a loser, was so fascinated with the charms of the vice, and animated by the hope of regaining what he had lost, that he could not withstand the temptation to run on to utter ruin. When he commenced playing, he was worth between eight and ten thousand dollars. *He lost all!* With the infatuation of despair, he continued to gamble, however, using the public funds which came into his possession as water-rent collector. That too disappeared into the coffers of the gamblers. Mr. Vorhees' addiction to this vice was not known to his most intimate friends. His previous abherrence of gambling put the lie to all rumors to that effect, and the truth was not known until the last quarterly settlement day found him without the means to meet the claims against him. The whole truth was at once developed. To his securities he subsequently confessed all, informed as to the locality of the gambling house, the proprietors of which paid a portion of their ill-gotten gains, in order to prevent prosecution.

Polygamy in India.

No people have denounced the polygamy of the Mormons of Utah more severely than the English, and yet it appears that the same system exists among the English officers in India, without a word of rebuke from a single British writer The following is from the pen of an American in Burmah, whose veracity is unimpeachable:

A system of concubinage which, in point of guilt, cannot be regarded as second to that of poligamy, (says this writer) is not only tolerated but practiced by English officers and others throughout the East As, however, I have lived in no other part of India except British Burmah —a small portion of the Company's possessions —I can speak from observation only of what I have seen in that part of the East Judging, however, from the large number of half castes that come over from the other coasts, to enjoy the patronage of the East India Government, I can but infer that it is no less common there than here If a practice so vile were confined to the lower grades of society, it might be justly frowned down, and the proper representatives of the English nation in the East saved from reproach But such is not the case. The highest officer in the province, who hold both civil and military trusts, are alike guilty. From the Colonel who has been honored with the title of Sir, and Knight of, the Garter, for military skill, to the lowest ensign in the army; from the Commissioner of Provinces, to the lowest writer in his court, all are permitted, and if they choose, as many do, can practice this nefarious sin. As it would be untrue to say that every man in Utah has a plurality of wives, so it would be untrue to say that every unmarried officer in the East India Company keeps a native woman; but I think that sin of a deeper dye can be found to have been committed here than there In Utah a man is permitted by law to marry sisters but I am yet to learn that at Utah man has ever yet taken his own daughter as a concubine. Yet such has been the case in Burmah. During the first Burmese war, an officer of the Madras army took a Burmese woman, and by her became the father of an illegitimate daughter. At the close of the war he returned to Madras and seems to have forgotten, as too many do, that he had a child on the opposite side of the Bay of Bengal. In the course of time he was again stationed on this coast and took a young half caste girl, who was afterwards proven to be his own daughter

A HERMIT —On Friday last, a most remarkable discovery was made by a party of blacks, on that part of the mountain known as Wolf Rock, Montgomery County A noise in the cave attracted their attention, and after procuring a crow bar, in attempting to force an entrance, a singular individual emerged from the cavern, and demanded "Who is there, and what do you want?" He refused to leave his lonely abode at first but finally consented He proved to be a person named Albert Large, who was born and raised in the adjacent valley, but had been seen only occasionally for many years. He stated that he had been an inhabitant of this cave more than forty years, and had purchased his clothes and food at villages several miles distant. His beard was long, and the furniture of his cell consisted of a few boards, some leaves or straw, and some rude vessels for holding water and cooking his meals It is said that old residents of the valley have, for many years, frequently discovered smoke issue from the Wolf Rocks, but as no one was known to inhabit them, it was supposed to be a fog, or occasioned by some illusion for which the most scientific men were never able to make any satisfactory explanation The man Large, it is said labors under a strange hallucination of mind, and has not occupied the cell more than half as long as he thinks he has. Even within the last twenty years he has frequently been seen in the neighborhood weeks at a time, and then would disappear for a long time, no one in the valley knowing his whereabouts It is now supposed that the Wolf Rocks have been his retreat at those times when he wished to be secluded from the world This chosen spot was one of the most picturesque and romantic on the mountain, and commanded a full view of the valley until it is lost in the distant hills of New Jersey The entrance to it was of a difficult access, and when once penetrated gave the "landlord" a full view of all that was going on among the young and ardent visitors of the place He has seen a vast deal of "billing" and "cooing" among the young folks who congregate there on Sunday afternoon to advance matrimonial matters, and he can also tell a charming story about some respectable young men who have been there on Sabbath days, regaling their moral and physical constitutions by card playing and other species of gambling The hermit is related to a number of the oldest and most respectable families in Buckingham Valley, was born and raised on the farm now occupied by Mr Samuel E Broadhurst, and has a brother Joseph S Large, now living, who is one of the most distinguished Episcopalian ministers in the west

A FATHER MURDERED BY HIS SON —The Meadville *Journal* says that Hugh Shellito, Jr, a young man of about eighteen or nineteen years of age, was arrested last week, in Sadsbury, Pa, for the murder of his own father, bound over and is now in jail The father, Hugh Shellito, Sr, was a man of intemperate habits, and on the night of the 1st of April, about 10 o'clock, he got to wrangling with his wife. The son interfered, and they both drew chairs upon one another. A relative named Wm. Shellito, who was present, separated them Young Shellito, however, picked up some kind of a stick and struck his father over the head, whereupon the old man got his gun and threatened to shoot him. Meanwhile the son left the house and got a club, and when his father opened the door, he struck him over the head, knocking him down against a stove. He died during the night, and was buried without any suspicion of foul play, the neighbors supposing that he died from intemperance. It was soon rumored around, however, that all was not right. The body was raised—a post mortem examination held by Dr. Thompson, of Meadville, and Dr. Hitchcock, of Sadsbury. They found the skull badly fractured, and several severe contusions about the head. A jury of inquest being empanneled gave a verdict in accordance with the foregoing facts—charging the murder upon Hugh Shellito, Jr.,

TAKING IT HARD.—"A lady of my acquaintance," says a friend, in a recent letter to an editor, "married recently, and the mother of her husband being in very poor health, she was taken immediately home by her liege lord to nurse and take care of the old folks. In the course of a few months the mother was removed by death.—The dutiful and sympathising daughter-in-law thus expressed her grief at this event to a company of her neighbors who had called in to take tea with her on an afternoon soon after her sad bereavement:

"Oh dear!" said she, "how much I do miss my poor dear mother! Why it seems to me I can see her now, just as she used to sit at the breakfast-table *reaching out her fork for the best potato!*"

This reminds us of a man without a tear, a Massachusetts husband, at the grave of his wife: —"I've lost cows," said he to a neighbor as the coffin was lowered into the grave, "I've lost horses, I've lost sheep, and I've lost calves—but this is the wust of the whole lot!"

WHAT SOME PEOPLE SHOULD DO.

The Shylock who, with head erect,
With honest people mingles,
Should cease to shave his fellow men,
And go to shaving shingles.

The lawyer would be better off,
His conscience far less pliant,
Who owned a little farm in fee,
And made that farm his client

We have some doctors in our midst,
With talents they should use,
By practising the healing art,
In *healing* boots and shoes

The minister, whose age advice
A useful moral teaches,
Should mind and "watch as well as pray,"
And practice what he preaches

The world should have its docket called,
And sluggards all defaulted,
And those should be the "upper ten,
Whom labor has exalted.

'A CHILD TO ADOPT!'

WANTED, TO GIVE AWAY FOR ADOPTION.—A beautiful child, six months old, to some respectable person. Apply at No. —— —— Street, third floor, back room, for three days.

There is scarcely a day in the week when the above advertisement, or something near akin to it, does not strike the eye, in the columns of any one of our daily papers, and so accustomed are we carelessly to peruse these singular notices that we pass indifferently on to some new topic, without once pausing to think of the little bark of life thus early set adrift upon the wide sea of humanity, with neither helmsman nor pilot to steer its tiny course

The paper fell from my unconscious hands as I sat thinking of this curious page in the vast volume of New York every day life. I tried to think what sort of a person that mother must be who could thus allow the destiny of her little babe to pass out of her hands, and pledge herself never to look upon its face again.

While I pondered on this new aspect, whose strange, revolting reality seemed to stare me in the face, tacitly reproaching me that such things were a matter of every day occurrence around me, and yet that I was so utterly ignorant of the world of trial and anguish from which they sprung, the strange impulse entered my heart to go and look upon these things with my own eyes. True, the street mentioned in the advertisement was dark, narrow, and foul—one of those hotbeds of crime whose gloomy purlieus lie festering in the very shadow of the marble palaces of Broadway. But they who dwelt there were brothers and sisters in the human race, and perhaps a glance at the abject misery in which they live might soften our hearts towards their sins and weaknesses

In spite of all these philosophic reflections, however, I could not help feeling timid and uneasy as I passed along the narrow pavements toward the dwelling indicated by the notice All the houses in the neighborhood were ruinous and old, with gaping rents in the brick work, hinge less shutters, and broken casements Nearly every corner was a rum hole, and narrow shops, surmounted by warped and grammarless signs, were filled with second hand garments, gaudily painted prints, and pettywares such as only the miserably poor have need of Bruised oranges, wooden toys, and clay pipes were paraded in the cracked and dusty windows; dirty tin milk cans stood in the sun at the doors, and piles of decaying vegetables were ranged beside them. On a broken chair, just within the door of one of the basements, sat a red eyed, gray headed old man, smoking a short, black pipe, under a festoon of rusted keys and among heaps of broken glass and old rags, which betokened his avocation, while a miserable child, three or four years of age, and covered from head to foot with inflamed sores, played naugndly at his feet.

All seemed completely taken by surprise to see a well dressed lady among them Sullen looking men stared after me as I passed, while an expression of astonishment varied the dull ferocity of their faces; bold faced women put back the coarse hair from their eyes, and leaned from the windows to follow my course, and the dirty children playing in the gutters and sunning themselves on door steps, opened their eyes and mouths simultaneously as the silken rustle of my dress fluttered by them.

At length I reached the house, whose door stood wide open, and passed along the dirty and uncarpeted hall, up the ruinous staircases, until I arrived at the "third floor, back room," of which I was in search, and knocked at the door.

There was a moment's pause, and then it was opened by a slender looking woman with a profusion of black hair about her shoulders, and a tattered shawl around her She had evidently just left a steaming wash tub that stood on a chair at the other end of the room, and was still wiping her hands on her faded dress

"Is this the place where there was a child advertised to adopt?"

"Yes," she said, in a weary tone, and held the door wider open, that I might enter

There was neither comfort nor cleanliness in the narrow and low ceiled room The bare boards of the floor were all grease and stains, the plastering was dropping away from the walls, and the close, foul smell of the apartment, together with the bed in one corner and cooking stove in the other, showed plainly enough that this was the only room of the family A little girl washing dishes in a wooden bowl, and a child, perhaps three years old, playing with some broken bits of crockery on the floor, looked up as I entered, but seemed in no way disturbed.

The woman led me toward a wicker cradle under the window, and put aside a ragged patchwork cover

"That's the child," she said coldly.

Gracious Heavens! and was the beautiful little creature before me an offshoot of the miserable filth and poverty around? Is lay among the pillows like a bright, dewy blossom, with soft, crimson shadows on its dimpled cheeks and fresh, scarlet lips, like sea coral. Its skin was exquisitely white and pure, and its round little arms were dotted with cunning dimples. The soft brown eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes, were turned trustfully upward, and as it lay there, beautiful and loving and helpless, my mind instinctively reverted to the babe Moses, in his cradle of bulrushes, by the roar of the great Egyptian river!

I sat down and took it up in my arms. The little velvet head nestled up against my shoulder, with a sort of childlike confidence that was strangely affecting, and I turned to its mother who stood by, with a grave and stern expression of face almost painful to behold.

"And you are willing to give up this child, and never see it more?"

She nodded.

"Oh, how is it possible for you to give it up? How can a mother part forever from her youngest babe?"

She threw back her long hair with an impatient motion.

"Oh, it is easy for you to ask," she said; "but you don't ask how it is possible for me to see it starve to death before my face. I've nothing to support it. I've scarcely enough for the others, God help them. Its father is in Sing Sing prison for ten years, and its brother, twelve years old, is on the Island."

"The Island?"

"Blackwell's—for stealing."

I sat in silent horror.

"Now, do you wonder why I would rather give it away and never look on it again than have it grow up in the likeness of ourselves?"

She took it from me and the mother, and held it closely to her bosom. It smiled up in her face as she laid it back in the rude cradle.

She had evidently dressed it with some care in a clean, white frock, coarsely mended on one or two places, but edged with cheap cotton lace where it lay against the round, warm shoulders and plump little arms, and the sleeves were looped up with bits of narrow pink ribbon.

"I guess the matter is pretty much settled already," she said, still playing with one of the little fingers that was clasped around her own.—"There was a lady and gentleman here this morning that had lost their own baby, and the lady cried and kissed it a deal, and they said they'd decide this afternoon."

Cried, and kissed it? Then I was sure that the little one would have a happy home, and that the sweet babe angel in Paradise had wrought out the salvation of its tiny sister both here and hereafter

"What is its name?"

"Mary—but the lady said she should call it Cora, after her that's gone. Perhaps you can't understand how it is, ma'am, but I'm glad to have the little thing go—glad from the very bottom of my heart, although it's sore parting at first!"

She knelt down beside the cradle and laid her cheek beside the infant's with a burst of tears, and a low, bitter cry, like that of Rachel weeping for her children.

I came away, deeply impressed with the morning scene I had witnessed. Who can tell what the future of that little child may be? Who can describe the weary aching of that mother's heart when the nestling, helpless thing has gone from her to return no more? the thousand longing, loving aspirations that go forth from the fullness of her soul, and, like Noah's dove, find no rest for their agonized wings?

Oh, daughter of wealth, when you kneel tonight beside the couch where your baby sleeps, pillowed on lace and satin, thank God that you are not forced to part from it eternally to save it from the cruel world!—*Life Illustrated.*

MINNESOTA —The people of Minnesota have voted, by a large majority, to saddle themselves with a debt of $5,000,000—greater, by a million, than the inhabitants of Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa together, and equal to $25 apiece for every man, woman, child and half breed in the territory. It is true this job is only contingent on the failure of certain railroad companies to take care of the principal and interest. It is also true that it is contingent on their finding loose change to that amount seeking such investment. The latter is only problematical, while the former may be regarded as morally certain. The railroad and real estate men who are at the bottom of the business, will get the lands into market with a haste corresponding to their necessities. The result will be that neither they nor the State will ever realize $3,000,000 in cash out of the entire issue. No corporation can borrow money at this rate of interest without walking straight into bankruptcy. We regard the action of the Legislature in the first instance, and the vote of the people in the second, as the greatest financial folly ever perpetrated by a State which did not contemplate repudiation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE TWO EXTREMES —The St. Louis Democrat has the following paragraph, upon the arrival of Col. Benton's remains in that city:

"By its side was the little coffin containing the body of the Statesman's grandchild, McDowell Jones. Each body was enclosed in an air tight zinc case, which was laid within a mahogany coffin. A lid was raised so as to allow friends to look through a glass on the face of the dead. The face of the Great Missourian wore that expression of majestic placidity which was habitual to him in life The lips were slightly open, the eyes closed, and every lineament in the face in a state of repose that indicated how gentle and peaceful had been the end of the veteran's stormy life. There was no discoloration or wrinkle to be seen; and the presence of death was visible only in the closed eyelids, and the cold, white, marble like appearance of the features The grandchild lay as sweetly, as though only sleeping, with its little head, covered with gold en hair nestling amid white hyacinths and early spring flowers, whose purity was typical of its own young spirit

FOUND HIS MATCH.—We saw a good thing yesterday In the Court of Quarter Sessions, a petty case was being tried A well known criminal lawyer, who prides himself upon his skill in cross examining a witness, had an odd looking genius upon whom to operate. The witness was a boss shoemaker

"You say, sir, that the prisoner is a thief?"

"Yes, sir; 'cause why, she confessed it"

"And you also swear she bound shoes for you subsequent to the confession?"

"I do, sir."

"Then," giving a sagacious look to the Court, "we are to understand that you employ dishonest people to work for you, even after their roguelities are known?"

"Of course; how else could I get assistance from a lawyer?"

Not much made out of that witness —*Phila North American*

WASHINGTON'S ONLY MISTAKE —The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* relates the following:

The late Washington Ball at the American Legation in this city was the subject of a *bon mot*, which was dropped by the French Minister of War, which ought to have publicity.

Marshal Vaillant remonstrated with Mr. Mason previous to the ball on the inappropriateness of giving a *fete* during Lent, and asked if it were not a mistake?

"If it is a mistake," replied Mr. Mason, "it was Washington who made it, for that is his birthday, and the ball is in honor of the event."

"Oh, that's it," replied the Marshal; "then it's the only mistake he ever made in his life!"

The Marshal was one of the first guests at the ball, a concession he made to the name of Washington, for he is a strict observer of the requirements of Lent.

☞ A few years since a powerful revival of religion was witnessed at Oldtown, Maine.—Among the converts was an Indian of the Penobscot tribe. Soon after his conversion, he attended a prayer meeting, and was called upon to "tell his experience." Not exactly understanding the construction of the king's English, Poel expressed himself as follows: "O, glory! me feel pious like hell!"

☞ At Milwaukie, last Thursday, the river rushed into the river, upsetting a steam ferry-boat, and doing other damage. An equal volume of water succeeded the sudden rise. This phenomenon was more marked on the beach of the lake. At one pier the water before the fall was within three feet of the floor of a warehouse, when it retired rapidly, leaving dry ground, and the building. In about twenty minutes the water rushed back in two great tidal waves, rising so high as to flow up the floor of the warehouse, and flow into cellars in the older part of the