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POETICAL.

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

MY OLD STRAW HAT.

Farewell, old friend, we part at last,
Fruits, flowers, and summer, all are past,
And when the bench-leaves bid adiue,
My old straw hat must vanish too.
We've been together many an hour,
In grassy dell and garden bower,
And plait and ribbon, scorch'd and torn,
Proclaim how well thou hast been worn.
We've had a time, gay, bright, and long,
So let me sing a grateful song,
And if one bay-leaf falls to me,
I'll stick it firm and fast in thee,
My old straw hat.

Thy flapping shade and close-tied things,
Are worth a thousand close-tied things,
I love thy easy fitting crown,
Thrust lightly back or slouching down;
I cannot brook a muffled ear,
And dearly like to meet and seek
The fresh wind with unguarded check.
Toss'd in a tree thou'lt bear no harm,
Flung on the sod thou'lt lose no charm;
Like many a real friend on earth,
Rough usage only proves thy worth,
My old straw hat.

The world will gaze on those who wear
Rich showy pearls in raven hair,
And diamonds flashing bravely out,
In chestnut tresses wreathed about;
The golden bands may twine and twirl,
Like shining snakes through each fair curl
And soft down with innerial grace;
May bend over Beauty's blushing face;
But much I doubt if brows that bear
The jewell'd clasp and plumage rare,
Or temples bound with cresent wreath,
Are half so cool as mine beneath
My old straw hat.

Minerva's helmet! what of that?
Thou'rt quite as good, my old straw hat,
For I can think, and muse, and dream,
With poring brain and busy scheme.
I can inform my craving soul,
How wild bees work and planets roll,
And be all silent, graves and grim,
Beneath the shelter of thy brim.
The cap of Liberty! forsooth!
Thou art that thing to me in truth,
For slavish fashion ne'er can break
Into the green paths where I take
My old straw hat, Minerva's helmet! what of that?

If the rogue will but 'mind his time,'
And not come jingling on the way
When sober minstels ought to play.
For oft when hearts and eyes are light,
Old Wisdom should keep out of sight,
But now the rustic bench is left,
The tree of every leaf bereft,
And merry voices, all are still,
That welcomed to the well-known hill
My old straw hat.

Farewell, old friend! thy work is done, Farewell, old friend: It hy work is done, frhe misty clouds shut out the sun; The grapes are pluck'd, the hops are off, The woods are stark, and I must doff My old staw hat—but 'bide a wee,' Fair skies we've seen, but we may see Skies full as fair as those of yore, And then we'll wander forth once more. Farewell, till drooping harebells blow, And violets stud the warm hedge-row—Farewell, till string days come again—Farewell, till string days come again—Farewell, till string days come again— Farewell, till spring days come again— My old straw hat.

The Priceless Diamond.

The Priceless Diamond.

There is no gem or jewel, or richest pearl in all the universe, of such priceless value as the soul. Worlds could not buy it—worlds could not redeem it, if once lost. Such a priceless diamond you carry about with you every day in your boson, amid the dangers of earth, and where the numerous and invisible foce are seeking to rob you of it. Do not design to place it in the hands of the Almighty Saviour, who only can preserve and keep it safely till the final day. Think, O think, how much is at stake; even your own soul, your own precious soul.

Suppose this world were a glade of gold, and each star in yonder firmament a jewel of the

Suppose this world were a glade of gold, and each star in yonder firmament a jewel of the first order, and the moon a diamond, and the sun literally a crown of all-created glory; one soul, in value, would outweigh them all. Here is a man standing on board of a vessel; he is sporting with a jewel worth a hundred thousand dollars, and which too is all his fortune.—Playing with his jewel, he throws it up and catches it.—throws it up and throws it catches it—throws it up and catches it. A friend anticing the brilliancy of the jewel, warms him of the danger of losing it, and tells him that it it slips through his fingers it goes down to the bottom of the deep, and can be recover-ed no more. "O, there is no danger, I have been doing this a long time, and you see I have not lost it yet." Again he throws it up, and— it is gone; past recovery, gone! O, when the man finds that his jowel is indeed lost, and by his folly lost, who can describe his agony, as he exclaims, "I have lost myjewel, my fortune,

Beautiful. Tuovair.—Time is so precious that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away before acother is given.

This morning's sun rose over a hushed and quiet world. Passion's impulses are calmed, thoughts and longings of business-racked minds have relaxed their intensity, and the hand of industry has ceased to wield the implement of labor. 'Tis the day of rest, the day of reflection and reform. The wayward child of fushion awakes to thought and recollection, while from the retrospect comes the memory of early lessons, genite teachings, and holy counsels, which were given by loved lips, perlaps long since closed in eternal silence, to be faithful guides in future years; but which were forgotten and deserted in the pursuit of seeming pleasure, which now with its exposed skeleton hands sketches upon the satiated mind phantoms that glare hours of agony in moments, and will not vanish. The peaceful home, the simple song, the smiling children, the guileless sport, joys which once formed a paradise—that paradise like the first deserted swell out before them as a mockery of their present woo and discontent, while tears and tremblings follow the threatenings of that mental monitor which probes the memory with ruthless hand. The votaries of ambition, who have been hurried on by a thousand mundane novelties, occupied in chasing shadows which clude constantly their eager grasp, dazzled by the prospect of ever retreating amid happiness and success, unmindful of that quiet beauty and pure wisdom which shines in undying brightness over a mind contented with and thankful for that which a Divine Dispenser has allotted them, find in reflection no soothing to the heart, no balm to the troubled conscience.—Thoughts are to them mow the threatening thunder-cloud, pregnant with destruction and growing wrath, the heavy tempest which envelopes them in gloom, and dashes from their vision that pure sky, the sky of Faith which we must behold or forever despond.

But there are others to whom memory is a beautiful calm firmament of stars, twinking hope, and thought, like the glorious rays of monlight dancing over the expanse of waters on which thei

The Evening Prayer.

"Our Father." The mother's sweet voice was low and tender, and solemn.
"Our Father." On two sweet voices the words were borne upwards. It was the innocence of reverent childhood that gave them utterance.

terance.
"Who art in the Heavens." repeated the children, one with her eyes bent meekly down, and the other looking upwards as if she would penetrate the heavens into which her heart as-

"Hallowed be thy name."

"Hallowed be thy name."
Lower fell the voice of the little ones.
In a gentle murmur they whispered, "Hallowed be thy name."

"Thy kingdom come."
And the burden of prayer was still taken up by the children—"Thy kingdom come."

"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

heaven."

Like a sweet echo from the land of angels,

"Thy will be done on earth as it is done in
heaven," filled the chamber.

And the mother continued, "Give us this
day our daily bread."

"Our daily bread." lingered for a moment on
the air, as the mother's voice was hushed into
silence.

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

But the eyes of the children had drooped for a moment. But they were uplifted again as they prayed—"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever. Amen."

All these holy words were said piously and fervently, by the little ones, as they knelt with clasped hands beside the mother. Then as their thoughts, uplifted on the wings of prayer to their Heavenly Father, came back again and rested on their earthly parents, a warmer love came gushing from their hearts.

Pure kisses—tender embraces—the fond "good night." What a sweet agitation pervades all their feelings! Then two dear heads were placed side by side on the down pillow, the mother's last kiss given, and the shadowy curtains drawn.

What a nuslecless stillness reigns throughout.

mother's last was given, have tains drawn.

What a pulseless stillness reigns throughout the chamber! Inwardly the parents' listening ears are bent. They have given those innocent creatures into the keeping of God's angels, and they can almost hear the rustle of their gar-ments as they gather round their sleeping babes.

"The Blessing."

surpassed:
"May the blessing of God await thee, and

bey A man is circumseribed in all his ways by the providence of God, just as he is in a ship for, although the man may walk freely upon the decks, or pass up and down in the little continent, yet he must be carried whither the ship bears him: A man hath nothing free but his will, and that, indeed, is guided by laws and reasons and, although by this he walks freely, yet the Dielne Providence is the ship, and God is the pilot, and the contingencies of the world are sometimes like the fierce winds, which carry the whole event of things whither God pleanes.

PA. It is not the fenr of Hell or the Dovil

The young wife looked with rapture upon

The young wife looked with rapture upon the ten shining gold pieces.

"One hundred dollars," she said to herself, how rich it makes me feel! It seems a great deal to pay for a earpet, but "gold worth is gold," the old saying is, and one good purchase is better than a dozen poor ones. I'll buy one of the very finest Brussels.

Afternoon came; the rosy babe was laid asleep in the cradle, and the little maid received a score of charges to linger by its side every moment till the darling woke up. Jeannette looked her prettiest, and throwing a mantilla over her handsome shoulders, was just hurryng away when a loud ring at the door brought out a very pettish "oh dear!" and the expec-

pale young face sank panting on the sofa.—
"We are in trouble—such dreadful trouble!—
Can you help us? Do you think we could borrow a hundred dollars from your husband?— Couldn't you get it for us, Jeannette? You know you said I might always rely upon you when trial came, and poor Charles expects every moment to have his little stock of goods attached, and he is so sickly!"

"Dear, dear!" said Jeannette, her good heart suddenly contracting! "Edward told me this morning not to ask him for any more noney for three months;" and she gathered money for three monns; and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief; "I'm sure if—I—only could oblige you, I would; but I expect Edward is really hard pushed. You know he had just commenced business. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried." "Yes," answered her friend despondingly,

"Yes," answered her friend despondingly, Ive -tried everywhere. People know that Charles is sick, and cannot repay immediate Oharies is sick, and cannot repay immediately? Oh! it is sems to me some creditors have such stony hearts! Mr. J.—knows just our circumstances, yet he insists upon that money. Oh! it is so hard!! It is so hard!! Her pitful voice, and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheek, almost unnerval tearstick like its lik

ed Jeannette's selfishness.

But that carpet—that beautiful carpet she

had promised herself so long, and so often been disappointed of its possession, that she could not give it up. She knew her husband's heart and that he would urge her to self-denial-no she would not see him-if she did it was all

over with the carpet.
"Well," said her friend, in a desponding voice, rising to go, "I'm sorry you can't help me; I know you would if you could. Good morning, I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer."

How handsome the new carpet looked as the colors of fawn, and blue, and crimson, its soft, velvety richness—and how proud felt Mrs. Jeannette at the lavish praises of her neigh-bors. It was a bargain; too, she had saved ten dollars in its purchase, and bought a pair of

Jeannette gave a little sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face. "Yes! that rascally Jones! For the paltry sum of a hundred dollars, he attached every-thing in the little shop, and was so insulting besides, that Charles springing angrily up in his bed, ruptured a blood vessel, and lived scarce-

ly an hour afterward."
"And Mary?" "And Mary?"

"She has a dead child; and her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't they send to me? I could easily have spared the money.—

If it had stripped me of the last cent, they

should have had it. Poor fellow—poor Mary?"

"And I might have saved it—all!" shricked
Jeannette, sinking upon her knees upon the
rich carpet; oh, Edward, will God torgive me for

rice carpet; on Leward, will do all orgive me for my heartlessness? Mary did call here, and tears with begged me to aid her—and—I—I had the whole sum in my hand—and coldly turned her away. Oh! my God! forgive me."

In the agony of grief, deannette would receive no comfort. In vain her husband strove o soothe her; she would not hear a word in ex

to soothe her; she would not hear a word in ex-tensation of her selfish conduct.

"I shall never forget poor Mary's tears: I shall never forget her sad voice; they will haunt me to my dying day. Oh! take it away—that hateful carpet; I have purchased it with the death of my friend. How could I be so crue!"

Years have passed away since then, and Mary with her husband lie under the green sod of the churchyard. Jeannette has gray hairs our Lord 853, but did not come into use before the Mary, in her household, dear to her as her own sweet children—she is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long county of Schuylkill, in the State of Pennsylva-

ing out God's bounty to God's poor; and Jean mette is the guardian angel of the needy. The "new carpet," long since old is sacredly pre-served as a memento of sorrowful but penntent hours, and many a weary heart owes to its si-

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?-The manners of a cople are not to be found in the schools of nor is public happiness to be estimated by the assemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The great mass of nations is neither rich nor gay; they whose aggregate constitutes the people, are found in the streets and villages, in e shops and farms; and from them, collectiv

W., the ship 90 days from port, we raised a large whale. The joyfal cry was given of there she blows!' and everything on board at there she blows!' and everything on board at large central cylinder like the Hoe press, on once assumed an aspect of busy preparation for the capture. The boats were lowered, and the chase commenced. When we got within about three ships' length of him, he turned, and rushed furiously upon us. He struck us at the same moment we fastened to him. He stove the boat hadly, but with the assistance of the short of the three press, on which are fastened the forms for both sides of the sheet to be printed. The type held fast by Hoc's patent column rules. The paper used is a continuous strip or band, dispensing with men to feed the separate sheet as in other powers. This strip or band Mr. Beaumont arranges very ingeniously; he avoids the inconvenience in the structure of the sheet to be printed. The type held fast by Hoc's patent column rules. The paper used is a continuous strip or band, dispensing with men to feed the separate sheet as in other powers. stove the boat badly, but with the assistance of sails, which we placed under her bottom, and constant builing, she was kept above water.—

The Captain—John O. Morse—came to our assistance. Told him he had better keep clear of the whale—but he said he had a very long lance, and wanted to try it upon the rascal.—

Capt. M. went up to the whale, when all at once he turned upon the boat, which he took is the tonce the turned upon the boat, which he took is the paper till the whole sheet has passed through. As there are no feeders, room is obtained for additional printing cylinders; a modification of the standard of the paper till the whole sheet has passed through. As there are no feeders, room is obtained for additional printing cylinders; a modification of the paper till the whole sheet has passed through. once he turned upon the boat, which he took tailed for additional printing cylinders; a modified water, and shook it all to pieces in a moment. The men were thrown in every direction, and Captain Morse fell from a distance of at least thirty feet into the water. Not being satisfied with total destruction of the boat, he set to work and 'chewed up' the boat kegs and shot and chewed up' the boat kegs and the set of t sket to work and 'chewed up' the boat kegs and sheet will pass twice through; at its first passache he could find floating on the water. At this stage of the 'fight;' I told Capt. Morso, that if he would give me the choice of the ships' company, I would try him again. It was desperate work to all appearance, and up to this time the vicious fellow had had it all his own way. The Captain was in favor of trying him from the ship, but finally consented for us to cut the sheet apart, while another contrivance that and the magnin from a boat. With a picked crew we again approached the whale, now ly-long perfectly still, apparently ready for another difficulty has been experienced in other ma crew we again approached the whale, now lying perfectly still, apparently ready for another attack, as the event proved. Seeing our approach, he darted towards us with his mouth wide open, his ponderous jaws coming together very moment, with tremendous energy. We gave the word to 'stern all,' which was obeyed in good carnest. As we passed the ship, I heard the captain exclaim, there goes another boat!' She did go, to be sure, through the water, with all speed but fortunately not to destruction. The monster chased us in this way for half a mile or more during most of which time his jaws were within six or eight inches of the head of the boat. Every time he brought them together the concussion could be heard at the distance of at least a mile. I intended to jump overboard if he caught the boat. Told Mr. jump overboard if he caught the boat. Told Mr

Maybew, the 3d mate, who held the steering oar, that the whale would turn over soon to spout and then would be our time to kill him. After becoming exhausted he turned over to spout, and at the same instant we stopped the boat, and buried our lances deep in 'his life.'— Oue tremendous convulsion of the frame followed, and all was still. He never troubled us more. We towed him to the ship, fried him out, and took ninety barrels of oil from him.

dollars in its purchase, and elegant window shades.

"I declare!" said her husband; "this looks like comfort; but it spoils all my pleasure to think of Charles Somers. The poor fellow is bot. We afterwards learned that three months before, when the same whale was in the same where the same where the same was the same where the same was the same where the same was the same was the same where the same was the same where the same was the same where the same was in the same where the same was the same was in the same where the same was in the same was in the same where the same was in the same was in the same where the same was in the same where the same was in the same where the same was in the same was mate of the ship Barclay, who had a desper ate struggle with him, in which he finally lost Capt. Norton, at the time of the adventure

Capt. Aorton, at the time of the autocape with this whale, had "seen some service," but he freely confesses that never before nor since, (though he has had the buttons bitten off his shirt by a whale,) has he come in contact with such an ugly customer as this "rogue whale," as he was termed in sailor parlance. He as he was termed in sailor pariance. He seemed possessed of the spirit of a demon, and looked as savage as a hungry hyena. Our readers may imagine the effect such an encoun-ter would have upon a crew of "green hands." During the frightful chase of the boat by the whale, their faces were of a livid white, and their hair stood erect. On their arrival at the first port they all took to the mountains, and few

if any of them, have ever been seen since.

Capt. Norton informs us that a whale was never before known to attack a boat before being struck. In this case the whale had evidently experienced much trouble from the irons left in his body, and took the first opportunity which presented for revenge. Taken tunity which presented for revenge. Taken altogether, we think this will rank high among the whaling stories of our day.

History of Coal.

nia; but it being a different quality from that known as sea or bituminous coal, and being hard of ignition, it was deemed worthless until the year 1792, when a blacksmith of Pennsyl vania, named Whetston, brought it into notice nd, every person connec with the enterprise had to experiment on its combustion, and vain were the attempts to burn

people are not to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness, where the national character is obscured or obliterated by sylvania, procured a quantity of coal therefrom and took it to Philadelphia city, but he was and took it to Philadelphia city, but he was and took it to Philadelphia city but he was and took it to Philadelphia city but he was and took it to Philadelphia city but he was and took it to Philadelphia city but he was and took it to Philadelphia city. which induced another blacksmith, David Ber ly considered, must the measure of general lin, to make a trial of it. His success induced

A Remarkably Vicious Whale.

The Edgartown Gazette publishes the following particulars relative to the attack upon and final capture of an ugly whale, by a boat's ted a printing press which, at moderate rate, furnished by Capt. Thos. A. Norton, who was the first mate of the Hector at the time:

"In October, 1832, when in fat. 12 S. lon. 80

We learn from the New York Tribune that will deliver thirty thousand sheets printed on both sides in a single hour. Its movement combines the original principles of Napier, which are applied by Hoe in his great press, with some new and beautifully simple arrange-

have it paddled by hired hands, while he lolls back, and sees nothing but an unsubstantial shadow of himself in the smooth waters. By and by the canoe, through carelessness, and presumptuous steering, is dashed among the rapide, and goes down. Should he come up again, he finds that he is abandoned by all, and that he has made a wreck where he might have

that he may made a fortune.

Young man or woman, paddle your own cance! Even if you are favored with parents or friends who can give you one, be sure you earn it by the worthiness of your lives. In high purposes, in noble resolves, in generous deeds, in purity and virtuous endurance, and blameless conversation, let your endeavors to paddle your own canoe be seen by all. Pull away! If the paddle breaks by striving against the rapids, have another ready. If you have but one, pull with the stump of the old. Don't relax one effort. Pull away! Your canoe, if you have built it, like your friend, of the right material in your character, will hold as long as yourself will. Pull away, and before long you may find yourselves in as fair haven as tho man that "paddles his own canoe."

Inventions.

Having accidentally come across the dates of the following inventions, we did not know that we would make a better use of them than pass per. They may be of some convenience to

our readers for reference:
Glass windows were first used in
Chimneys in houses,
Lead pipes for conveying water,
Tallow candles for lights,
Spectacles invented by an Italian,
Paper first from linen,
Woolen clothes first made in England,
Art of painting in oil colors,
Printing invented,
Watches made in Germany,
Variation of compass first noticed,
Pins first used in England,
Circulation of human blood first discovered by Harvey,

Circulation of human bloodered by Harvey,
First newspaper published,
First steam engine invent. First steam engine invented,
Steam engine improved by Watt,
Steam cotton mill erected,
Stereotype printing invented in Scotland,

magnetism discovered by Mes-Sabbath schools established in Yorkshire, England, 1789
Electro magnetic telegraph invented by
Morse in, 1832
Daguerreotype process invented, 1839

Judge Carlton, in a recent eloquent address before the Young Men's Library Association, at Augusta, Ga., thus sketches a marriage

stormy sea; she has handed over her happine and doom for this world, to another's kept but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispe to her that chosen guardian and protector bea a manly and noble heart! Oh, wee to hi that deceives her! Oh, woo to him that fearle his cath and manbood."

MUMOROUS.

How I Lost my First Love

I was in love—deeply, passionately in love was my first plunge, and it was a deep one The lovely, enchanting, peerless Amanda Lou

is a Smithers, had conquered my virgin affections, and made them the slaves of her will!

I was not rich in the world's goods; my income was inconveniently limited; but I was rich in hope. Like Mr. Micawber, I felt confident that 'something would turn up,' and in an income was the sum of the sum ent that 'something would turn up,' and in an-cipation of this something, I determined on the first opportunity, to propose to the object of my adoration, that she should share with me in the enjoyment of my expected good fortune.

The opportunity at length offered itself. It was a cold frosty evening that I brushed ny carefully preserved coat, and particularly ight 'unwhisperables,' and then gently dusted ny hat with my own hankerchief.

I then studied my appearance in the crack-ed mirror, with considerable anxiety, pulling up my vest collar, and twitching my neck tie

around in order to conceal the fact that I wore hat much ridiculed article of attire—a dickey. It must not be supposed that I boasted of only one shirt. Far from it. The fact was, only one shift. Far from it. The fact was, the laundress and myself having had some difficulty about the payment of some washing money—alleged to be her due—she had for the last fortnight kept my other shirt as a pledge for future payment; so I was fain to to hide the dubious hue of my linen under the afterward dicker.

of my breastwork, so gently stroking my mous ache, purchased a few days previous at a hair resser's I strutted out to meet my Amanda.
On that very night I had determined to 'do or die!' and the hapless swain who has at ength made up his mind to 'pop' the fatal rvousness I felt as I approached the appoint-

ed place of meeting—her father's garden door. She was there awaiting me, and with a sink-ng atmy heart I never before experienced, I offered her my arm. As we strolled along, I cast about in my mind for some means to declare my love to her; but as often as the words came to my mouth, I 'gulphed' and swallowed them, nce or twice nearly strangling myself with

At last, just as I had decided on postponing t to some other time, she stopped abruptly and asked me if I was not ill.

I plucked up my remaining courage for the

hank ye,' abruptly breaking down in the speech I had commenced making and feeling all over very much as if I was a confounded goose. You certainly must be sick,' persisted Aman-

'The fact is,' I said with desperate energy, that I-I-I love you.'

I felt now as if I was still a goose, but with the added sensation of roasting before a very not fire. Finding that she made no reply, I

the attempt.
'Yes, my dearest Amanda Louisa—I love rou passionately—devotedly.' I was about lropping on one knee, but a reflection on the ightness of my dress, at that point, detered ne. 'Without your blessed society I should

die. Shall I have the-can I hope that-you As with a huge effort I jerked forth the aw ful question. I felt as if I had been plunged into an icy bath, and that the cold liquid was running through me from the top of my head to the toes of my boots. It was the decisive 'splurge' of my life, and it almost deprived me

anda Louisa blushed, and leaned rather

Amanda Louisa blushed, and leaned rather heavily on my arm. At length she whispered that she would 'see me to-morrow.'

The ice being now broken, my old boldness returned, together with my confidence in the future. I rattled away where we would get a first rate house; speculated on the advisability of keeping a carraige; promised Amanda an infinitude of dresses and jewelry; consulted as to the best place for a tour during the honeymoon, and in fact talked myself and her into

Those tight pants!

I sprung up and hastily endeavored to conceal my mishap by grasping my scanty coat tails to keep them together. The fates were tails to keep them together. The fates were against me. In the expressive language of against me. In the expressive language of the multitude, it 'was no go.'

1785
the The too sympathising Amanda insisted on it that I was lurt, and then would brush the dirt from my coat. I declined the offer, but the ways resolute.

'Oh!' I loudly exclaimed, as I felt a twitch; oh, don't!'
'Dear me,' she remarked, as she made ano

ther tug 'do you keep your handkerchief pinned to your pocket.'

Just then the moon, which had been playing

bo-peep behind a cloud, shone out to thoroughly expose my misery. The true state of affairs at once flashed across her mind. The contrast between the lower part of the supposed upper part of the same article of dress also revealed another unpleasant truth. With the dignity of an offended queen, she re-

sir, it would be a piece of folly for me to repose confidence in you. I can find my way home

when the anger of the faithless Amanda gave she skipped homeward like a swallow.

Startled at her behaviour, I gazed after her

ike one petrified.

Another suspicion quickly crossed my braic, leaving a burning flash as it passed. I clap-ped my hand to my upper lip, It was even so! With the shock of my fall,

It was even so! With the shock of my fall, one side of my moustache had fallen off.

I fled from the village, and did not return until I heard that Amanda Louisa had marrida military officer, whose wardrobe included twenty-five ruffled bosom shirts, of untimpeachable integrity, and who sported a splendid moustache—of his own growth.

The Way to Get an Office.

A huge, two fisted, broad shouldered son of North Carolina appeared a few days ago in the treasury building and enquired for the Secreta-ry. He was directed to the proper door, but when about to enter the ante-room he was stop-ped by the messenger; for not observing the usual cermonies. 'What is the matter now?' asked Rip Van Winkle. 'You can't go in, sir,' replied the messenger. We'll see about that,' replied Rip, as he gathered the messenger in his brawny arms, and set him aside. Arrived in Mr Guthrie's room, and finding several gentlemen present, he asked, 'Which is the Se

ther sternly. How did you get in here?

'Oh! we'll talk about that after while.' said Rip. 'I've come on business, and we'll attend to that first. You see, Mr. Secretary, I am a democrat from North Carolina, and there is a light boat at _____, and a Whig has the keeping of it now, and I want it. Mind now! It won't make any difference in my voting, if you don't give it to me. I always vote right any how. Here's my papers; look at 'em and speak out.' Mr. Guthrie was quite taken with his honest simplicity, and replied that he would give him an answer at twelve. 'Mind now,' said Rip, showing his watch to the Secretary, 'you see that little finger? Well, when it gets to 12 I'll be here certain. No mistake now!' Where are you stopping ?' asked the Secre-

'Stopping, you may well say that. I've got no money to fool away stopping anywhere. I got my breakfast at the market house this morning. And you see I want to start home in the mail boat this evening for iI stay here long I can't get home at all. Now mind, Mr. Secretary, 12 o'clock you know!' So saying

he took his leave. During his absence Mr. Guthrie examined his papers, and finding him properly recom-mended, directed his commission to be prepared immediately. Punctual to the minute our friend appeared and was handed his com-mission. He warmly thanked the Secretary. took his leave and now is doubtless at home attending to his duties. We dare say that Un-cle Sam has not a better officer .- Wash. Star,

A tailor possesses the qualities of nine mea combined in one, as will be seen by the following observations.

Ist. As an economist he cuts his coat according to his cloth.
2d. As a gardener he is careful of cabbage.
3rd As a sailor, he sheers off, whenever it is

37tt As a sailor, no sacers on, whenever it is proper.

4th. As a play actor he often brandishes beare bodkin.

5th. As a lawyer he attends many suits.

6th. As an executioner he provides suspenders and gallows for many persons.

7th. As a cook he is generally furnished with awarm goose.

8th. As a sheriff's officer he does much stonging.

sponging.

9th. As a rational and scriptural divine, his great aim is to form good habits for the benefit of others. LOVE LETTER FROM A TAILOR TO A MANTUA-MARER.—REMNANT OF MY HOPES:—May I be ripped from the borders of your esteem; and never be buttoned to the loop of your kindness, but I am strongly seamed to the hem of your beauty. May I never lose a thimble full of your favor, but you have so entangled the thread of my understanding with that pretty outside moon, and in fact talked myself and her into the belief that I was a man of property.

I had got so far as to arrange who should be present at the coremony, and what I should wear, when-confound all isy paths and heedless walking—I suddenly found myself seated in the lap of mother earth, and was as suddenly conscious of the actual contact of a sensitive portion of my frame with the frozen ground.—Those tight pants!

I sprung up and hastily endeavored to constitute the specific of the constitute of the constitut

ing my dearest little flouncer.

Incorrigible.

"Young man, do you believe

"In course I does, and what's more, I intend brush the dirt off. You surely ought not to wear it sticking so far out of your pocket; some day it will be stable to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things."

> ture state of rewards and punishments?"
> "Most assuredly. If I should cut nugs at a red headed woman, I should expect my hat indented by the first cistern pole she could lay

> her hand on." "Go to, young man you are incorrigible.-

Go to." bigamy, darned if I wouldn't go a dozen. who supposed, Deacon, that a man of your years would give such advice to a person just startin' in life?"

BEA. A little child hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out "Mother, why don't they let the man out of the box!"

none, sir:
I turned to her with an imploring look, and as about to commence a depreciatory speech, dancing? Play toe.