"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPRAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."-SHARS.

#### Y ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.I

# OBTTISBURGII, PA. FRIDAY, APOPST 11. 1887.

# [VOL. 8-.NO. 10

ALL PLANT PLANT

THE GABLAND. "With sweetest flowers enrich'd, From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY CHEONICLE. The Hour of Praver.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON. 'Tis now the hour of prayer, The world is still and calm; And all the trembling air, Seems wing'd with liquid balm. From valley, plain, or hill, No busy voices come; The flocks and herds lie still, The labourer is at home. The moon in holy light Walks down the spangled sky; And leave all dewy bright, To stealing breezes sigh. The birds who all the day Made field and forest ring; Now sleep upon the spray With head beneath the wing. E'en childhood's voice of joy Is bound in deep control; And blissful dreams employ The light and sinless soul. No sound is on the air To lead the mind astray: In this calm hour of pray'r, How sweet it is to pray. In this pale, holy hour In mercy's garb array'd To see the love and power Of Deity display'd. To kneel upon the ground. Beneath the arch He spann'd;

While wide extend around Works of His perfect hand. No rankling passions now Exert their dark control; The moon shines on the brow, And peace is in the soul. No weight is on the mind, In this sweet hour of pray'r The world is left behind With all its chain of care. How blessed now to kneel Humbly upon the sod: To look to heaven and feel Communion with The God. To feel the spirit melt With love's redcoming ray; From Him who often knelt In night's calm hour to pray. To feel the spirit of the Grave With soft mysterious sway, Shed o'er the soul that peace Which nought can take away. Oh doubly sweet it were With such communion blest. At this sweet hour of pray'r

THE REPOSITORY. The Gun-Smith of Orleans, OR THE DEAD WOMAN'S SECRET

almost forgotten work, which she had suffered to lie untouched upon her lap, when a knock at the door started her once more from her occupation. A hurried "come in," and the door opened, not o give admittance to the person Cephise half

forming the above resolution, she resumed her [

anticipated seeing, but to Madam Dumas. "Ah!" said the Madam, "at work, ch, Cephise? always find you with your needle in your hand. Your brother at his employment too, I suppose? Well, how do you do, my dear?" "Quite well, thank you madam; I'm not late with my work, am I? I think this dress was promised by to-morrow." "It was," replied madam. "You are never

behind your time, my good girl. "Tis not to hasten your completion of this dress which brought me here: I am more anxious about the two wedding dresses."

"They are already cut, and will be finished at the appointed time," said Cephiso.

"Those dresses," continued Madam, "must change their destination. I have a hurried order raised myself to confront this villain nobleman, from a family of distinction, for a wedding suit. Will you, then, my good Cephise, for the credit of my establishment, sacrifice one night's rest to three days." complete this order?"

"Willingly, madam. Have you the measure?" "Exactly like those you have begun, only a little shorter, as the lady has a well-turned ankle."

"I shall be particular, madam."

"The bride is from Orleans: her mother a ba ronces, and immensely rich," said the loquacious madam.

"From Orleans, did you say?" and Cephise thought for an instant; "I once knew-but 'tis some time since-a rich baroness who resided in that part of the country; she had a daughter then about twelve years of age. Ah, I shall never forget them. I wonder if this is the same baroness; do you know the name, madam?"

"Oh yes," said madam, taking a card from her pocket, and reading the superscription, "The Ba roness Decourcy."

"'Tis she, 'tis she," exclaimed Cephise in an ecstacy of dolight; " and her daughter's name is Leonie."

"How came you to the knowledge of persons in such high rank?" inquired madam. "I'l tell you all about it, madam," and Cephise

bogan her simple tale: "After leaving your employment, my brother

and I had been about two years at our little housekeeping, when he was seized with an illness which to see where deceit guides the action. In my threatened his life. Alas, I tremble to think of the result. We were orphans, without money or has told me all. Neither richer or higher in life friends richer than ourselves. My tears were of than I, he loves, and seeks me for his wife." At no avail; they offered no relief. I knew not what this moment her meditations were interrupted by to do, when an old and charitable neighbor who the door slowly opening, and a young man, habit assisted me in the care of my brother, told me that a lady travelling with her daughter, to whom she looked anxiously round, as if to assure himself had recommended me, desired me to wait upon that Cephise was alone, then hastily taking her her at the hotel. That day my brother was worse. I felt the necessity there was for exertion any part, and summoning fortitude, I hastened to the hotel. They showed me many handsome dresses, and explained what they wished done. I-tried to liston to their orders without hetraying my emo-

tion. I thought of my poor dying brother, and in business, from whence I am but just returned. I

sex's characteristic curiosoty, and tell me what | said the father. was the subject of your discussion with Julien, on the stairs, as you came in?"

"We were speaking of a circumstance that occurred this morning. Julien and I were left in of her poor orphans." charge of the shop, when two young men of fash-1on came in to examine some pistols; while making choice, a third fashionable joined them, and with the voice of a hunter, cried, 'Aha, Count Chevalier, how are you?' and with a hearty slap in the absence of your sister." on the shoulder of the one he called 'count.' he continued: 'my dear fellow, how comes on your little amour with the pretty sempstress? Have you ended the romance, or do you still act the disguised inamorata?' In short, dear Cephise, we learnt from their conversation that this count, in disguise and under a false name, was seeking the him summon her the instant father Antoine was ruin of a young sempstress, poor, and virtuous. gone; and she added, "I too have a secret for That which they spoke of as mere pleasantry, I your private car, dear Richard, the revealing of looked upon as a crime. My heart throbbed which will relieve my heart of a weight it now quickly, my hands restrd on my work, and I half labors under." when at that moment he enjoined silence on his

companions, as he said he was to be married in "To the poor sempstress?" hastily inquired Cephise, as she listened with breathless attention. thus began:

"No. Not to the good and virtuous girl who toils for that subsistence she will not gain by infamy; but to one of noble birth. Ah, I have no confession, as I prayed Heaven to grant her the patienbe to think that, to the world, high birth pardon she implored. The explring woman with and wealth are passports to vice, a sanction to much difficulty drew from under her pillow a seal-

crime, and are the means of spreading destruction ed packet, and putting it into my hands, spake among our poor but honest families; of bringing these words: misery and ruin upon our wives and sisters." "Do you know the name this man, Richard?" "I have his address where the pistols are to be

sent," and handing a richly embossed card to Cephise, she read the nume of "Count Theodore | concealed secret I do not yet wish my children to Preval." Neither of them had ever heard the know. Cephise is now ten years of age; if, name before. " I must now to my forge and files," said Rich-

ard, rising. "I'll make haste to return as soon as possible; bless you, bless you, Cephise," and she attain that age without quitting her brother's snatching up his hat, Richard darted down stairs, and was at his accustomed work in a few seconds Cephise sat in deep thought; the fate of the poor sempstress possessed her mind.

"Yet, after all, she may be in the fault; a young aid of your advice.' ' woman in her situation should not listen to the love of one of high rank. But then he was in disguise, and she was not to blame-yet how casy case, for example, I have nothing to fear; Edward pressed it to his lips with reverence; then hastily breaking the seal, he read as follows: ed like a mechanic, entered the apartment. He don me"--hand in his, he affectionately inquired how she

"Well, quite well. But where have you been so long, dear Edward?"

"I have been deeply engaged in my employment, dearest," he replied, "and out of town on

" You remember me, then, my good children?" | tions; what then remains for us but to be wedded | butterfly sported and toyed and futtered in the "Oh, by the by," said Cephise, "allow for our | "Aye do we," replied Richard. "You raised our mother's dying head, as, with the glassy eye

s sentblican Banne

as you deserve. And when next we meet, I may of approaching dissolution, she took her last look In the mean time, confide to my care the certifi-" My visit now to these orphans," said the priest, cate and the note in pencil." " is neither one of chance, ceremony, or curiosity. Richard gave them to him, and gained from the old I am here to comply with a sacred promise made that dying mother, but I can only explain myself Cephise was informed of their relative positions.

"Willingly, my son; to-morrow we meet again, "Let her presence be no hindrance, good father, till when, farewell. Heaven bless you." we have no secrets, one from the other." And as the door closed on the departing priest, "Nevertheless, you alone must be the maste Cephise was heard descending the stairs from her

of the one I have now to disclose." chamber. Richard met her with a face radiant Richard kindly dismissed his sister to her little with expectant joy. But Oh, how different looked apartment, and as he led hor to the door, she bid the bowed down creature, pale with intense anxie

ty, who, placing her cold hand into that warm one extended to receive it, and looking in his eye, innocently prepared to inflict a death-blow on all his highly colored anticipations of happiness. "Dear Richard," began Cephise, "I can no

Richard closed the door, and drawing a chair onger conceal from you the secret that presses near father Antoine, waited the disclosure of the on my heart. I feel, Oh, how culpable I have coming secret. been in so long concealing from you that which The good man drew from under his gray gown

so nearly concerns my honor." a small wallet, which he laid upon the table, und "Cephise, explain, I beseech you." "Richard, dearest brother, I have deceived you. "It is now nine years since I was sent for to

Often, when we have been speaking of our affecattend your mother's dying bed, and received her tion for each other, I have said I loved none but you, my brother"-"You did, you did," exclaimed Richard, doubt-

ing what was to follow. "Richard," continued Cephise, in a calm low

o each other?"

"Be it so, my son, and may you both be happy

one, "Richard, I uttered falschovd. I did, I do. " Father, this is my will. In the name of love another!"

Heaven, promise to take charge-especial charge Richard dropped her hand, and stood like one of it.' I promised, and she continued: 'It is noparalyzed, his eye intently fixed on hers. She thing of value I leave, for I am poor; it is a long ontinued :

"You shall know all; you shall decide my fate, dear brother. Oh, frown not on me, Richard, but before her nineteenth birthday, my daughter hear me out."

should marry, do you open that paper; your own "Go on, go on," said Riehard, in a voice scarce conscience will direct you how to act. Should udible.

"It is now two months since I have known him protection, you, father, find out my son, SEE HIM -since he has promised to demand of you my ALONR, give him that packet, to be opened before hand in marriage. His name is Edward Dorville, you, and as regards the secret it contains, I leave a journeyman like yourself, and an orphan"him to act as his own heart shall dictate, with the Cephiso paused: Richard replied not. She gazed upon his face. Not a muscle showed the inward " My dear mother's will shall be strictly obeyed; working of despair. All without was calm, statue say that they are a tough set of folks to like, and firm.

Father Antoine selected a small sealed packet "You do not speak to me, Richard," said Cefrom the wallet, and handed it to Richard, who phise, getting close to him, and taking his hand. This at once recalled him to himself.

"Sure 'tis some dream, and I have been too " Feeling assured of my approaching death, beroughly wakened. And," pressing her hand with fore God, my conscience, and you, my son, I dea convulsive grasp, "and you-you-love him, clare the disclosure I am about to make to be sin-Cephise?" cere and veritable; do not call me culpable; if I

"I do, dear brother."

have done wrong, you, at least, my son, will par-"Enough. You shall be his! you shall be his!" and throwing himself into a seat, he buried his face in his hands, and no longer struggling to o'ermaster the tide of hitter feeling that oppre "Heaven is witness to the truth of what I have him, he wept. The sturdy mechanic wept. Ce affirmed. Cephise Morin died ten years ago. phise fell at his feet. The big drops tricklod through his rough fingers, and fell upon the up-Richard's heart beat loudly. His blood rushed

raised forehead of the only being he had ever intensely, and who no

The fair Julia was leaning on her lover and listening to his conversation, with het over saft down, a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet have another as important secret to communicate. smile on her lips, while in the hand that hung negligently by her side, was a bunch of flowers. In this way they sauntered slong, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they man the promise of joining their hands as soon as vere moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever grow older, or that blossoms should ever give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married .- Irving.

WHERE IS HOME?

Where is home! . Oh tell me where. Not in scenes of grief and care; Not 'mid strife, and pain, and woer Therefore home is not below. In a better land afar, A Father's house home's mansions are.

In the bowers of Paradise. Where peace abides, and never flics. Where no arrow wounds the dove, Where no parting is for love. Where are no rough seas of foam, Where joy dwelleth, there is home. Where no blight is in the rose, Where no storm the lily knows; Where never fades the blossom fair. Home, dear friend, is there, is there!

A SMART RETORT .--- Lord Erskine declared in large party, in which Lady Erskine and Mr. Sheridan were present, "that a wife was only a tin canister tied to one's tail;" upon which Sheridan presented Lady Erskine with these lines --Lord Erskine at woman presuming to rail, Calls a wife "a tin canister tied to nes" tail?" And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on, Beems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison. But wherefore degrading? considered aright, A canister's polished, and useful, and bright, And should dirt its original purity hide, That's the fault of the puppy to whom it is tied.

THE THREE STARS .--- Of the thousand and one toasts which we have read during the last few weeks, (says the Carlisle Herald,) the following is one that will please the fadies, and cause them to thank the person who had the honor of presenting it. But should it not satisfy them, we have only to please. It was drank at the railroad celebration in this place.

WOMAN-the Morning Star of our youth, the Day Star of our manhood, the Evening Star of our age. God bless our stars.

The following lines were written on the back of a note for twenty-fine cents, issued by the corporation of the Dorough of Reading:

Go, ragged wanderer through a world of care of I dare not keep thee longer, if I would, Lest, when I wished to spend thee, I should their Some borrid tale of thy not being good. I now believe what I have all been told, That then art what is meant by Jackson the

New way of Applying Leeches: Well, my good woman,' said the doctor, + how is your husband to-day? better, no doubt.'

## BY MRS. BLIZA SHERIDAN.

#### CHAPTER ONE.

To pass to endless rest.

In an humble street in Paris, occupying the third floor of a respectable house, lived the hero and heroine of the present tale, Cephise and Richard Morin. They were orphans, brother and sister; Rich-

ard was by some years the elder, Cephise having just attained her nineteenth year. Their mother, brother's care, with an earnestness that long left its impression on the heart of Richard; and that he faithfully adhered to his mother's appeal for protection for her daughter, will be seen in the events which follow.

After his mother's death, (his father having died while he was yet an infant,) Richard found a situation for his sister with a respectable milliner and dress-maker, with whom she remained until she had learned the business in all its branches. Richard then took the apartments where himself and Cephise now resided, she attending to their little household arrangements, and doing needle-work for the store of Madame Dumas, while he was engaged as gunsmith by a master whom he had served for eight years, and who thought highly of him, both as a man and a workman. . Indeed the two orphans possessed among their friends and neighbors high characters

for virtue, honesty, and industry. Cephise sat at work in the principal room of their little domicil, every thing around her bespeak

ing neatness and order. A small work-table stood at her side, on which lay all the implements requisite for her occupation. The manufacture of some dresses was to be completed by the following day.

There was a restless anxiety in the hurried manner of drawing forth her needle, to the detriment of the thread, which broke at every stitch or two. The clock struck the hour of three, and as the last stroke reverberated through the apartment she threw down her work, rose hastily from her seat, and listened as if to catch the sound of a stop. "Some one ascends the stairs! it's Edward, perhaps!" A pause of a second, and the footsteps passed on to the floor above. With the same air of unquietness, she resumed her work, soliloquizing as she from time to time raised her eyes from

her employment to wipe away a tear. "Two whole days and I have not seen him! two days! What an age! 'Tis the first time he has ever staid away so long; he will not come to-day; ho knows 'tis near the hour my brother our love, and the prospect of our marriage, and to learn when he will inform my dear Richard of his intentions. His employment surely could not have detained him so long; he has been from home posite, and saw no light shine from it as usual. What can have happened! If he had not so strongly prohibited my avowing our love to Richard, I would entreat my brother to seek him out. able man, dear Richard, loved me, would you then Oh why should this secrecy exist? this conceal- object to my marrying?" and she listened for his ment of our affection; surely he would not oppose reply with an anxiety she could ill disguise. the bestowal of my hand where I had already given my heart! I will tell Edward, when next wo meet, of my firm determination in having no conceal a blush,) so there's no chance of marriage longer any concealment from one who has beenis so kind to me."

kindly inquired the cause of my anxiety. I told her all. She ordered her carriage, and bidding

me enter it with her, drove to the humble habitation of my poor suffering brother! She endeavored to cheer and encourage the invalid, and, at her

recovered, and 'tis to that angel of goodness I owe all my present happiness, the Baroness Decouron her dying bcd, bequeathed the sister to the cy, she whom I shall now work for with so much pleasure. Oh take me with you when you go prospects." with the dresses, will you, dear madam Dumas?" "Surely, surely, if you wish it," said madam. I have promised the dress by twelve o'clock tonorrow; you shall accompany me then."

At this moment voices were heard outside the door, as if in warm discussion. Cephise's heart ther heir." beat as she listened in fearful expectation of hearing his voice. Her anxiety was quickly relieved when she heard the well-known tones of her brother's voice, speaking to a fellow-workman and companion of his.

Madam Dumas, with a kind "good morning," took her departure as Richard entered and passed her with a polite sulutation. He threw himself into a chair, his countenance appeared the warm and buoyant feelings of our hearts reflush. Cephise took his hand, and kindly inquired pressed, and our present freedom exchanged for what had disturbed him.

"Nothing, nothing, dearest sister; see, I have brought you a trifle; 'tis your birth-day;" and taking from his bosom a small casket, displayed to her view a necklace and bracelets. "Dear Richard," said Cephise, "you will quite spoil me. If I should ever get a husband he would never be so indulgent as you are."

Richard's brow lowered; "do you think of marriage, Cephise? Are we not happy as we are?" "Yes," faltered Cephise, "very happy." "Tell me, Cephise, will you promise never to

leave me-never to marry, if I take a vow of celibacy? You shall be mistress of our little domicil, the purse, and myself."

"And would you, dear Richard, be content to devote your life to your sister?" "Hear me, Cephise. I am not the disinterested brother you think me; there is much of selfishness in my affection. 'Tis my happiness I fear to lose, in losing you. It is now nine years since our

mother died; you were then scarcely more than a child. Her dying words were, 'Be a father to your infant sister.' The week after she died, I set to work with the hope of gaining sufficient to educate and provide you with a marriage portion. comes to dinner. I long to see him to talk over I laid by something from week to week. In a few years you grew too pretty to remain longer at the milliner's. I procured a home, and here we have lived happy in each other's love, and in you and all night too, for I have watched his window op- earth; judge, then, the vacuum your absence would create,"

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Poor Cephise checked a rising sigh as she thought of Edward. "But if a good and honor-"No, no, not if you wished it; but pshaw, you are not in love yet, (Cephise bent her head to -love, dinner, dearest, dinner; I must back to work.

Appearing bettor satisfied with herself after prepared to deepatch their frugal meal.

pite of my efforts to repress them, tears rushed shall be compelled to absent myself again shortly, to my eyes. The lady looked astonished, and but only for a few days, to settle some family arrangements."

"I thought you had no family, Edward." Edward's face flushed to the temples as he hesitatingly replied: "Only an aunt, dearest, who departure, left us gold-yes, gold, to supply the presence as a witness; that done, I shall return many wants of my poor brother. He at length and pass with you the happiest hours of my life.' "But henceforth, Edward, it must be only with my brother's sanction that I encourage your addresses; give me leave, then, to tell him all our

"Not yet, dear Cophise; mystery has always charm for lovers, and 'tis only a momentary obstacle which forces me to conceal our projects. From this aunt I expect to inherit property, which, should I marry without her consent, falls to and "I only ask to make my brother the confidant

of my happiness. It is my wish, nay, my duty, so to do. Judge what my feelings would be, did he learn from another that which I should have been the first to disclose."

"And would you be satisfied, dear Cephise, with the cold and formal interviews which the

presence of a third person naturally imposes? silent bondage. Oh, Cephise, if you loved me"---"If I had loved you, Edward! that word con-

veys a reproach I do not merit." " Listen to me, Cephise, grant me an interview

to-morrow-the last secret one I shall over asknay, do not deny me. I have much to say to you, and after that you shall be free to disclose to Richard all our love."

A knock was heard at the lower street door. "Quick! leave me; leave me, Edward, unless

you wish to face my brother."

"Promise then an interview to-morrow." "I do, I do. Now leave me, I implore you-

ah! you are too late." Edward retreated towards the door, and as it opened to admit Richard, favored by the twilight and dexterity, it gave egress to Edward, who softly descended the stairs, and gently closing the house

in the open street. Richard addressed his sister.

"Here I am, Cephiso. I promised a speedy

having no light within." "I-I-was waiting your return, Richard; I have something to say to you; something I musl

say to\_night " And Cephise determined to disclose all to Richard, and be no longer the guilty thing she felt herself. Richard asked the cause of her agitation, out ere she could reply, a low tap at the chamber door startled them. Richard unlatched the door, from his lethargy. on the threshold of which stood a venerable look-

ing man, of most benign aspect. He inquired if "this was the residence of Richard Morinf" An answer in the affirmative brought him a few steps further into the apartment.

" Cophise, a light," said Richard, handing the

Bi

Their little table was soon sprend, and they old man, Richard exclaimed "'tis he, 'tis hegood father Antoine."

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"Go on, father, go on." The old man continued: "I was a widow, and poor Charles, my son,

rapidly through his voins.

"Read, father, for I cannot."

Pather Antoine took the paper, and continued

The child I have left is not my daughter!"

away at school, when my daughter Cophise was born. Misery and misfortune rendered my constitution unfit for nursing my child, and it died. wishes to have a will drawn up, and desires my Just six months after I took my child to the baptismal fount, I followed her to the grave. It was night, and raining fast; I threw myself on my knees by the grave of my daughter. At that moment I heard the cry of an infant. I searched among the leaves from whence the cry proceeded, and there lay a child as if just thrown there. I

speak, father, what are her requests?"

caught it up, pressed it to my breast, and fled from the church yard. I was ignorant of the road I took, and at daylight found myself in the wood of Romanville. I looked at the infant, closely nestled in my bosom. It was a girl about the age of Cephise. On searching its garments, I found a purse filled with gold, a certificate of its birth. and a note from its mother.

The father here laid down the confession, and opened the papers that were enclosed, and selecting the certificate of the child's birth, read as follows:

"On the 12th of March. 18-, was baptized at the church at St. Pierre, at Bellville, Evelina -. Father unknown .---

"And the mother?" eagerly exclaimed Richard "The mother's name is effaced," replied father Antoine, and he muttered to himself, "12th of March-Bellville-should it be?"---

"But the note, father. The note found with the child. Read that."

The old man complied, and read a note written in pencil as follows:

"Whoever you are, that may find this infant its mother implores you to cherish and protect it. Leave in this bush your name and address, and every year on this date you will receive a sum equal to that contained in the purse found about the child. Should the day arrive when its mother can claim it with happiness to herself, she will not fuil to do so."

" And the signature?" said Richard.

"It has none," answered father Antoine. "Now o finish your mother's will."

"Heaven pardon me; I did not steal the child. was wild with grief, and know not what I did. I never again could find the spot from whence I

took the infant. I then became its parent, and you its brother. She has ever since gone by the name of Cephise Morin. And now I die, my children, asking pardon of you both, and of my

God. "CATHARINE MOBIN."

document he had been reading. Richard started

"She's not my sister, thank God, thank God!" guired father Antoine.

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in the agony of self-reproach. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

VARIERY. From the Franklin Repository. DESPONDENCY. "Winter and gloom may leave the earth, Their shadows may depart; But what is all the sunshine worth That cannot cheer the heart?" A. T. Luz.

O, you the days, the happy days Of gay, and fresh, and buoyant youth. Ere I had trod in Folly's maze. Or turn'd aside from heavenly truth!

O. for the cheering hopes that beam'd Along the path of earlier years, When all was trusted as it seem'd

Undimm'd by doubts or gloomy fears! O for the moments, bluesful, mild.

To Nature's dearest raptures given. When all her charms my soul beguiled And lured my wand'ring thoughts to Heaven!

How are they fled! how darkly now Mis-spent-regretted-pass my days!

Ev'n while at Folly's shrine I bow How scorn's my soul her idle praise.

How have the hopes that lit my path Sunk before Passion's thoughtless course And but their ruins mark the scath

Wrought by that desolating force. Even Nature moves not now my soul With all her former power to charm.

Though many a thought I must control Her scenes arouse in wild alarm.

Hence-visions of delight! away!---Ye golden hopes of life,--adicu!--Why should I mourn your swift decay,

Or grieve because ye prove untrue?

So has it been-so will it be: Illusive all, a pageant fair; Nor is the happiest bosom free From the dark whispers of despair. Then onward-and no more repine At griefs which all on earth must know; There is a rest will soon be thine,

The grave has balm for every woe. B.

#### The Young Lovers.

To the man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot, and who, by dint of some expe-At the closing of the will, both the mechanic very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair will certainly get horror stricken. and the priest appeared abstracted, each as if he of lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific labored under some great excitement, yet dreaded a study as the loves of the planets; but it is cerits confirmation. Richard's elbow rested upon the tainly interesting. I have therefore derived much table, and his head upon his hand. Father An. pleasure, since my arrival at the Hall, from obtoine's hand fell by his side, still grasping the serving the fair Julia and her lover. She has all shame. An Edinburg quaker sends to a the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless brother quaker in London a sheet of letter first conquest; while the captain regards her with writing way, save a note of interrogation, thus "What means this burst of joy, my son?" in- that mixture of fondness and exultation with (?) his friend returned the sheet, adding for rising strong within me the love I have so long the garden, advancing along one of the retired "Cophise, a light," said Richard, handing the and strangely borne her. Yes, pure, holy, and walks. The sun was shining with delicious stranger a seat. The light was instantly procured, inaltered love; sanctige which is by Heaven now, warmth, making great masses of bright verdure and as its ray fell upon the countenance of the what happiness may the shade. The loves and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that narranger as mary more and pay more and as its ray fell upon the countenance of the me too, father, Pm to the does, for sho has of Spring, was faintly heard in the distance; the the girls down cast complain that the years and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that narranger as mary, and pay more and and as its ray fell upon the countenance of the me too, father, Pm to the does, for sho has of Spring, was faintly heard in the distance; the the girls down cast complain that the years and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that narranger as mary, and the girls down cast complain that the years of the shade. t is by Heaven now, warmth, making great masses of bright verdure known no, other who sould win her young affee thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow men cannot even Par their addresses Å 1

Oh yes, surely,' said the good w

is as well as ever, and gone to the field." 'I thought so,' continued the doctor, The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, of course.'

"Oh yes, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all." 'Take them all! Why, my good my woman,

how did you apply them?' Oh, I managed nicely,' said the wife, moking

uite contented with herself. . For variety's sake. boiled one half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very welly but the second made him very sick. But what he took was quite enough,' continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, ' for he was better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well: "Umph,' said the doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, 'if they have cured him, that is suffi-

cient, but they would have been better applied externally." The woman replied that she would do so the next time; and I doubt not that if even fate throws

a score of unfortunate leeches into her power again, she will make a poultice of them.

As EXPLANATION. 'Come, my friend, tip us the rhino.' . What's tip us the rhino?' (Why, out with the dust.' I don't understand.' Why, post the poney.' 'Post the poney!' 'Yes, shell out.' Really, I am at a loss.' . Why, fork up.' Inexplicable.' 'Zounds, man, cash down.'

Baron Smyth spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to the conundrum, why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone! He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last he hit on the solution-because both are hardly done.

He is an unwise man, who in times like these. does not take a newspaper .- West. Res. [And he is an unjust man, "who in times like hese," does not pay for his newspaper.]

A late London periodical says: "Balloons now start almost every evening from various parts of the town-and men, women and monkeys are to be seen ascending and descending. We have less commercial and other distress, probably, in gonsequence of the world's looking up."

The Fayette, Missouri, Democrat, announces Major Horrer as a candidate for rience in the follies of life, begins to look with a Brigadier General. The N. Y. Star says learned eye upon the ways of man, and the eke of he ought to be a formidable candidate. If women-to such a man I say, there is something his opponent is not a man of courage, he

LACONIC.-A remarkable example of the laconic style has recently taken place, which would put Loonidas and his countrymen to girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her paper, containing nothing whatever in the 'Nothing!" 

The Wheeling Times says the times are R  $\cap$ 

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door after him, found himself once more in safety return. Why hav'nt you a light? It is a gloomy day without, and rendered doubly gloomy by