

WAYNESBORO', FRANKLIN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 1865.

NUMBER 49

POETICAL,

VOLUME XVIII



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh! martyr to thy country's cause, Upholder of her outraged laws, A sorrowing nation weeps and draws Around thy bier.

Not even in thy hour of might, When in that holiest cause-the right-Thy armies put their foes to flight. Wert thou so dear.

Nor when thy pen, with power unspoken, Proclaimed the bondmen's shackles broken, And gave thy signature, in token, A deathless fame.

Wert thou as loved, as prized as now. When death's pale chaplet wreathes thy brow And but remains the patriot's vow, Who breathes thy name.

Oh! mothers, teach each infant's tongue The name of him whose race is run, Once Freedom's-now Fame's-favorite son, Though in the tomb.

Oh! banner of the szure field, Of silvered stars and shining shield. Croped by thy folds, that never yield To show our gloom.

ECHOES.

Still the angel stars are shining, Still the ripling waters flow, But the angel voice is silent . That I heard here long _ago, Hark! . the cchoes murmer low Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely, Still the splashing fountains play. But the past and all its beauty, Whither has it fled away? Hark! the mournful echoessay Fled away!

Bill the bird of night complaineth (Now indeed her song is pain) Visions of my happy hours, Do I call and call in v in? Hark! the echoes cry again All in vain!

Cease, oh echoes, mournful echoes! Once I loved your voices well; Now my heart is sick and weary,-Days of old, a long farewell! Hark! the echoes sad and dreary, Cry farewell, farewell!

MISCELLANY.

was forced to keep it; and the treasures of wanted, men were wanted, not to talk and regold and silver and jewels were placed at the solve, but strip and fight, to take the musprisoner's disposal. On gaining possession | ket and handle it firmly and fiercely; men to of them, he distributed them profusely a- bare their breasts to storms of iron, men to mong the courtiers, and soon had a host of leave joyous homes, march far away, die, and friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingthe third wish was to be.

granted at once, and you may be hung out say "Our Father." of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered the prisoner, "I have mered to himself. but one more favor to request of your majes. Gettysburg, with its carnarge-covered field, ty, which, when you have granted I shall its glory, its heaps of dead, its piles of dying, die content. It is merely that you will cause its tons of broken cannon, its strewn muskthe eyes of those who saw my father turn the ets and accoutrements, its agony and desolafish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor; "your good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized,' he continued, turning to his guards.

see anything-It was the steward." "Let the steward be seized, then," said the his hands to something in the air, smiled-

But the steward protested, with tears in his eyes, that he had not seen anything of

what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly he were listening to somebody, who was talk. ignorant of what had been charged against ing with him, and then, just as if he was re-

could be found who had seen the count com. | said: mit the offense, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as another In a purse on his bouy were round a small few fools and dupes remaining "so poor to Solomon. If nobody saw the offense com- sum of money and a scrap of paper, on which do him reverence," are growing numerically "I appeal to you, my father, as another mitted, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent." The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled.

and immediately their visages became radiant. "Let it be so," said his majesty, "let him

THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY TO HIS COUNTRY.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

Twenty five years ago, a bright little boy used to kneel every evening and morning beher face with his gentle eyes, repeat after her the same sacred words that so long ago came from the Holy lips of our Master on Mount Olivet. That mother was a widow, that bright little boy was her only child, and they loved each other, oh, so well and tru-

be hidden forever in a gory grave.

The bright boy, now a strong man, quick-The emperor began now to recreating the bright boy, now a strong man, quick- and Quantrell, Beenes, and Beall, is added ly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose by decided. The two little darlings, Mary the indelible stigma which attaches to the early on the third morning and went, with and Arthur-Mary was his mother's name, instigation of the murder of President Lin-fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what Arther his father's-were very, very dear to coln. To the crimes of perjury and treason his heart; but his country needed him, and "Now," said he to the prisoner, "tell-me he became a soldier. Before he went away, allegiance, is added the darkest treachery to what your third demand is, that it may be he bade Arthur kneel at Mary's knee, and his own people and the robbery of their prop-

"It reminds me of the long ago," he mur-

tion, looked up at the setting sun. Two might smile, and said:

"Dear mother come at last!"

"Then," they continued, "he got still further forward, until he was on his knees, when he clasped his hands together, still more like a child, and said the prayer called 'Our Fa-

ther.' He waited a minute, then, as though the court; in short, it turned out that nobody | peating the words after some other voice, he | by and between Jefferson Davis and the oth-

"Never more to part, never more, never

In a purse on his body were found a small

"My darlings, Mary and Arthur, I leave you to my Country." Often now. when the sun makes very long shadows on the white head stones in the old Cemetery, a beautiful girl leads a bright lit- | stead of the chivalric gentleman, the hightle boy, to one of the many grave mounds live, though I have put many men to death there, and the little boy, kneeling among the el of Christian virtue and elegant refinement, for a higher offense than this. But it he is grass and flowers, and clasping his hands like this jackdaw stands before the nations stripdone." another had, long ago, repeats the prayer "Our Father." The beautiful girl is Mary, the bright little boy is Arther, the two are THE SOLDIER'S LEGACY TO HIS COUNTRY.

An Ingenious Boot Black.

-Syldier's Casket.

The street boot-blacks are one of the "institutions" of New York, as well as of some other large cities. You see them on the side his mother's knee, and, looking up into sidewalks, in and around the hotels, and froquently on the ferry boats. They carry a box containing their "kit of implements," the brushes, blacking boxes, &c. This is suspended by a strap over the shoulders, and

Que quiet summer evening, the mother lay box for your feet to rest on, drop upon their oner, is bound to give him up if he should on her bed very pale and weak. Neighbors knees on the pavement, and work as rapidly stood by, and while one softly fanned her, as possible, so as not to detain their patrons. another moistened her lips with water, while They first turn up the pants, to keep them dent; had it been or ginally composed in a a third wiped from her brow strange-looking from being soiled, then with one brush they clean the boots, with another applying the blacking, and with two others, one in each hand, polish away. They return a "thank ye" for the half dime, or dime, given for their labor. These boys are generally so polite and so industrious that we rather like them, and sometimes take a "shine up" just to see them work, and to chat with the smart little fellows. Here is a case illustrating their ingenuity:

THE BRAND OF CAIN.

Jefferson Davis is no longer a mere political fugitive. To the long catalogue of crimes he has committed through the agency of such subordinates as Turner and Winder, Forrest and Quantrell, Seemes, and Beall, is added to the Goversment, to which he had sworn erty. The leader of Secession and the head of the Confederacy stands convicted as a common felon. His complicity with all the dia-

bolical schemes which we have had to chronicle from time to time is revealed to the world. He has sanctioned and commissioned agents of piracy, arson and butchery. He has sent secret employees to throw passenwounded men who were brought in the next | ger trains from railway tracks; inceudiaries demand is but natural, and springs from a day, told how "uncommon happy" a comrade to burn Northern cities, pirates to destroy good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," had died the evening before. Mortally woun- commerce, to fire merchant vessels and to ed, he had lain quictly between them, until slaughter their crews. He has stolen the "I; sir?" cried the chamberlain; "I did not the shades of night approched. Then sud- money belonging to others, and deposited it denly he had raised himself, stretched out abroad to his own credit. He has plotted offences against society which have no paralas the soldiers averred-as sweetly as a child lels in brutality and outlawry in the annals of civilization. And now he is branded as

one of the infernal cabal whose intrigues, carried on for more than eight months, have resulted in the murder of Abraham Lincoln. President Johnson tells us that as appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that atrocious murder, as well as the attempted assassination of the Secretary of State, was "incited, concerted and procured" er conspirators whom he names, and for whom he severally offers a reward. Instead, therefore, of being invested with the romance of exile, Jeff-Davis-is-a-flying-criminal, and the less every day. A price is set upon his head and a reward is offered for his arrest in order that he may be brought to trial and punishment for the most infamous crimes. Intoned, maguanimous. heroic leader, the modred of his peacock feathers, a runaway from justice, a fugitive ruined and stained with ineffaceable disgrace, charged with such felony and misdemeanor as we are only accustomed to find in culprits of the lowest grade, and finally officially declared to be a desperate murderer. ILe has lost the sympathy of those who admire great qualities in defeat; he has forfeited the dignity which attends misfortune. This violator of law, human and divine, who has been so lauded and petted by Rebels here and abroad, and who is now a scoff and a by-word, cannot be treated as a

political refugee. He is an accessory before the fact to Mr. Lincoln's assassination, and escape. Political fugitives are very propershall receive news of his early capture .--Though in full flight, he is closely pursued, and the avenues of his escape are well guarded. Every port this side of the Rio Grande, except Galveston, is in possession of the Government, and that is securely blockaded .--The only chance seems to lie in some impenetrable disguise, or in separating from his escort to travel alone. The pursuers will be stimulated to redoubled effort by the heavy reward offered for his capture, and we trust that their efforts may be crowned with speedy success. The people demand not only that this eminent villain's arrogance shall be humbled in the dust, but that he shall expi-

Is Jeff. Davis to be Punished. Since the capture of Richmond and subsequent surrender of Gen. Lee which natural-

not savor of that character which would on | ton Irving. pen wide the door for the escape of the bloody tyrant who has filled countless graves with the best and bravest men of the nation .--Out upon such magnanimity, out upon such philanthropy. The founders of the Republie declared treason a crime, and for the commission of that crime the laws have affixed the punishment of death. Mr. Davis in seeking to overthrow the Government on which the existence, happiness and prosperity of millions depend, rendered himself amenable to those outraged laws, and he richly deserves the penalty. Mumford, of New Orleans, at the outbreak of the war was hung for merely pulling down the flag that Gon. Butler had hoisted, yet this man Davis, who not only tore down the American Flag, but but filled the land with fraternal blood, misery, and desolation, is sought to be screened from the fate he has been instrumental in bringing upon others.

We repeat, out upon such magnanimity, and we hope the President and the tribunals before which the question of punishing traitors shall come, will lend a deaf ear to all appeals for the exercise ill-timed, ill-deserved clemency. It would be a permanent and lasting shame for the Government to mete out punishment to such traitors and felons as Mumford and Kennedy, who were simply the dupes of Davis, and then let the latter, with his hands crimsoned with the best blood of the country, slip through an amnesty proclamation, The atrocities of Southern prison-houses, the recollection of which causes human nature to shudder, demand a just and righteous retribution, and should the greatest criminal of all be permitted to escape the punishment due the enormity of his offence, it is a premium on treason, nothing more or when a customer noas assent to their gener- as such any State in Christendom, to which less. He was the prime mover of the rebelally polite invitation, "Black yer boots?" or he may resort for temporary shelter or asy-"Shine up, sir?" they quickly set down their lum, under pretence of being a political pris-were carried out in compliance with the policy chalked out by him as Commander-inchief of the Southern armies. He not only ly safe from extradition, but a branded mur-derer can be demanded by our authorities. countenanced and encouraged britalities uncountenanced and encouraged brutalities un-We trust, however, that there will be no oc- heard of within the bounds of civilization, casion for such rendition. We trust that we and which no man, who had not the heart of a demon, could have sanctioned. As the head and front of the conspiracy which converted our homes into abodes of mourning, he is the most responsible and has upon his skirts the blood of the Union defenders whom he slaughtered by thousands as they lay at his mercy in the crowded prisons of the South.

Meditation. Go to the grave of buried love and medi-

ly forshadows the ultimate possession of the ence for every past benefit unrequited-everson of Jefferson Davis, some of the, pub- ry past endearment unregarded, of that delie Journals seem greatly exercised over the parted being who can never-neverfinal disposition to be made of him. The return to be soothed by thy contrition ! If philanthropic advocate a general amnesty, or thou art a child and hast ever added a sor-in other words to allow the ringleaders of the row to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered rebellion, to go scot free and unwhipped of brow of an effectionate parent; if thou art a justice to mingle again in society and preach husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosecession at some future day. Another class som that ventured its whole happiness in thy are of the conviction that banishment to a arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness foreign clime will satisfy the claims of justice | or truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever and forever preclude the possibility of the wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the culprit again plunging the country in blood-spirit that generously confided in thee; if shed and ruin. On the other hand, we find thou art a lover, and hast over given one una very respectable number who protest a merited pang to that true heart which now gainst this policy of false leniency, and ad-vocate hanging as the proper ounishment due the insurgents and especially the arch every ungentle action, will come thronging traitor. Jefferson Davis, and among this lat back upon thy memory, and knocking doleter class we unhesitatingly number ourselv- fully at thy soul-then be sure that you will lie down sorrowing and repentant on the

Magnanimity towards a fallen and helpless grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour foe should always accompany the conquerer the unavailing tear-more deep, more bitter, in his triumphs, but our magnanimity does | because unheard and unavailing - Washing-

FOURTEEN WAYS BY WHICH PEOPLE GET SICK .- 1st. Eating too fast, and swallowing tood imperfectly masticated.

2d. Taking too much fluid during meals. 3d. Drinking poisonous whiskey and other intoxicating liquors.

4th. Keeping late hours at night, and sleeping too late in the morning.

5th. Wearing the clothes so tight as to impede circulation.

6th. Wearing thin shoes.

7th. Neglecting to take sufficient exercise. to keep the hands and feet warm.

8th. Neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open.

9th. Exchanging the warm clothing worn. in a warm room during the day for the light. costumes and exposure incident to evening parties.

10th, Starving the stomach, to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress.

11th. Keeping up a constant excitement by fretting the mind with borrowed troub-

12th. Employing cheap doctors, and swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary

13th. Taking the meals at irregular intervals

14th. Reading the trashy and exciting literature of the day, and going crazy on politics.

Take My Hand, Papa.

In the dead of the night I am frequently wakened by a little hand stealing out from the crib by my side, with the pleading cry, 'Please take my hand, papa !"

Instantly the little boy's hands is grasped, his fears vanish, and, soothed by the consciousness of his father's presence, he falls

THE THREE WISHES.

The Eastern origin of this tale seems evinorthern land, it is probable that the king drops, that came again and again, would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own did not know why the kind neighbors were treasury. In an eastern coupty the story crying, and why, as they glanced down at him teller who invented such a just termination and patted his head, they said to each othof his narrative would, most likely, have ex- | er: perienced the fate intended for his hero, as a warning to others how they suggested such so young." unreasonable ideas. Herr Shimrock says it more difficult, indeed, than to trace a popu- bed ?" lar tale to its source, Cinderella, for example, belongs to nearly all nations; even among tale of The Three Wishes:

There was once a wise emperor who made the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone white throne. on one side, he turned it over and began on day, which the emperor pledged himself to said: graut, provided it was not to spare his life

on the other, when he was suddenly seized and you must go away too, you will see me and the count's young son go away together, how a stricken, the count's young son precious, never more, never m-

the moua coun and d. As soon as this had been done, the tle bed and slept. atea ng man said to his jailor: vou

den ort ma rry us.

b, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, iso. Whenever he dreamed this dream, he the Emperor of Morocco in these days; always awoke to find his hands clasped the

the first demand was a bold one, the

The little boy was as bright as usual, and

"Ah, poor little fellow! To be an orphan "Mamma." said he, raising himself on his

is a German tale, but it may have had its toes to look at his mother, "I am so sleepy. origin in the east for all that. Nothing is May I say, 'Our Father,' now, and go to

"Yes, my sweetest-"

The voice was so week that the boy lookthe Chinese, a people so different to all Eu- ed inquiringly into his mother's face as it ropcan nations, there is a popular story which | leaned back among the pillows that proped reads almost exact y like it. Here is the up the form so soon to mingle with the clods.

But still, with his bright look, he clasped his ohubby hands as usual, and repeated his a law that to every stranger who came to his "Our Father" so softly that the sick one told court a fried fish should be served. The ser- those about her, it was the sweetest music vants were directed to take notice if, when she would ever hear till she reached the great

The boy never knew till years after that the other side. If he did, he was to be im- quiet evening, why the arms enfolding him mediately seized, and on the third day there- clung round him so long-why they refused after he was to be put to death. But, by a to let him go to his little bed when he was great stretch of imperial elemency, the cul- so sleepy. But he never forgot, that, as his prit was permitted to utter one wish each dear mother kissed him the last time, she

"My precious, precious child, mamma is Many had perished in consequence of this going away from you for a long time. Toedict, when, one day, a count and his young morrow night and for many nights after that son presented themselves at court. The I will not be here, and you must say 'Our fish was served as usual, and when the count Father' by yourself. But always say it; had removed all the fish from one side, he don't miss one single night, and when you turned it over, and was about to commence come to lie on your bed, white like I am now

and the rown into prison, and was told of his again. I will come for you then, and we will go away together, never more to part, my

ght the emperor to allow him to die in oom of his father-n favor which the membered distinctly that his mother did not ago at a railway station: rch was pleased to accord him. The say all of the last word; but, closing her eyes t was accordingly released from prison, let fall her arms from about him, and sank ed at the ticket office for a third class ticket. his son was thrown into his cell in his back on the pillows, and he went to his lit-

But it was great comfort to the boy, when as this?" 'Why, I must,' was the cool reply, You know I have the right to make three he grew to be a man, and had two little dar- 'since there is no fourth class.' 'I beg your ands before I die; go and tell the emper. lings of his own, to think that his mothero send me his daughter, and a priest to whose memory, like a bright star that never set, always shown in his firmament-had told The first demand was not much to the em- him she would come for him some quiet ed forward to take his place On the doorror's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to summer evening. This thought filled his keeper asking to see his ticket, the traveler op his word, and he therefore complied mind continually, and he often would dream th the request, to which the princess had that the time had at last come for him to lie kind of objection. This occurred in the so white on his bed like she had once done him. 'And why not?" he exclaimed. 'Why, wes when kings kept their treasures in a and that she had come to fulfil her prom-

a on the second day of his imprisonment same as in days gone by, and his lips involyoung man demanded the king's treas- untarily saying, as they did then, "Our Father."

A new phase came over the man's life: A and was not less so; still an emperor's word great cry went forth in the land that his hered, and having made the promise be country was in danger. Volunteers were

A well-dressed man standing at a hotel door, not long since, was hailed by one of them with the usual question:

"Shice up, sir?" "What do you charge for blacking boots?"

asked the man, who was somewhat noted for stinginess.

"Five cents," was the reply. "Too much, too much; I'll give you three

cents," said the man. "All right," said the youngster, and at it he went with might and main, and very soon he had one boot shining like a mirror; but instead of commencing on the other, he began to pack up his brushes.

"You haven't finished !" exclaimed the man.

"Never mind," replied the boot-black, with a twinkle of his eye, I won't charge you for anything I have done; there comes a custo-

mer who pays." The man-glanced at the shining boot, then at the other, which was rusty, and besprinkled with mud, thought of the rediculous figure he would make with one polished boot, and amid the laughter of the bystanders agreed to give the sharp boy ten cents to finish the job, which he did in double quick time and with great pleasure.

STORY OF A MISER,- The Italie, of Turin says the following scene occurred a few days

'On a bitter cold day a millionaire appear-'What!' exclaimed the official, who knew him. 'you, sir, take a third-class such a day pardon,' answered the official, handing him a ticket, 'but there it-here is one.' The produced it, but was rather taken aback on sir, because it is a dog ticket!'

'An old Irishman who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years past said a barrel labeled 'whiskey' contained a thousand songs and fifty fights besides an unknown a grat to you, and not a gentleman !"

number of drunks. A contented mind gives peace. and against humanity,-American.

He Knoweth His Own.

The lilies which Jesus loves to gather in their carly and delicate beauty, do not always grow in the carefully fenced and cultivated parts of his garden here. Often like the little wood blossom, it is from among the thorns, and out of the tangled thickets of briery and desolate places, that they are taken to be transplanted in His garden above. Godly members of Godless families, are the eye of mau; "the eye of the Lord is upon them that hope in Hismercy, to deliver their

famine. The "incorruptible seed" of His own word, scattered, it may be, by a Sabbath school uncared for soil, springs in Gods good time; there is light beyond." often in seasons of loneliness and pain, the little sufferer turns for solace to the simple Psalms and sweet Scripture verses, which, with a power, never known before, speak peace to the pining heart, and testify of Jesus the ever living-ever loving-ever prcsent Saviour. "And He who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever," now, as in the days of His flesh, takes up young childly "He gathers the lambs in his arms, and there is light beyond. carries them in His bosom," and "is very gracious to them at the sound of 'their ory.' -Family Treasure.

tus V. on his advancements. The Pope said, "Are there so few men in Spain that your King sends me one without a beard?" "Sir, said the fierce Spaniard, "if his majesty possessed the least idea that you imagined merit lay in the beard, he would have deputed

Patience is a bitter seed, but it yields a sweet fruit.

We say again, out upon such magnanimi. ty as would spare the doer of all this evil, the worker of so much iniquity. The national authority should be vindicated and the majesty of the laws sustained. He was the first to take up the sword, and as the archfiend of the South, let him perish by the ate by an ignominious death on the gibbet sword, and posterity will approve the act .--his multitudinous crimes against his country Whatever disposition, may be made of his ac-

complices, he at least should suffer the extreme penalty of the law be trampled under foot to serve as a warning to those who shall come after him.

There is a Light Beyond

When in Maderia, writes a traveler, I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air, I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some hidden in dark cellars, or bleak garrets, from two thousand feet, when a thick mist was souls from death, and to keep them alive in left but to retrace our steps, or be lost; but

as the cloud came nearer, and darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before, penetrating the mist, and calling to me, ever and

I did press ou. In a few minutes the mist scendent beauty. All was light and cloudmist, concealing the world beneath me, and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field. of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens. • O ye, over whom the clouds are gathering, ren into His arms and blesses them-and it or who sit beneath the shadow, be not disis manifest to all who stand by, how tender. mayed if they rise before you. Press on,

UNFORTIONATE COMPARISON .- A lady entered a dry goods store in _____ Street. and expressed a desire to see some wool de-In 1561. Philip I. sent the young Consta- laines. The polite clerk, with elegant adtexture and choice coloring. After tossing my own." marked: 'The goods are part cotton sir.'-'My dear madam,' returned the shopman, 'these goods are as free from cotton as your; breast is-(the lady starts)-free from guile," he added.

> It is a maxim of prudence, to leave things hefore they leave us.

into sweet sleep again.

We commend this lesson of simple, filial faith and trust to the anxious, sorrowing oncs. that are found in almost every household .---Stretch forth your hand, stricken mourner, although you may be in the deepest darkness and gloom, and fear and anxious suspense may cloud your weary path-way, and, that every act will reveal the presence of a loving, compassionate Father and give you the peace that passeth all understanding.

The darkness may not pass away at once -night may still enfold you in its embrace. but its terrors will be dissipated, its gloom and sadness flee away, and, in the simple grasp of the Father's hand, sweet peace will be given, and you will rest securely knowing that the "morning cometh."- Congregationalist.

As Gen. Sherman was riding through the streets of Raleigh on one occasion he was pointed out to a party of blacks gethered on

the corner. "Lord, Masser, is dat Gen'l Sherman ?"--said one of the old men. "Why, bless your soul, dey told us he had long whiskers, way down to his knees. Dey told us he had big eyes and ears, and had horns. Why Lord. bless my heart-dat General Sherman?-Why, all us niggers used to run when dey. holier Sherman. Why, all de white folks run. Yes, run! and hide demselves. Why, Wheeler's cavalry, when dey dun hear of 'Sherman's a coming,' would run. Lord, it made old Johnston run to hear of dat man. seen decending upon us, quite obscuring the Ise glad I've seen him, though. I just wanwhole heavens. I thought I had no hope | ted to see de man what made old massa run. 80."

SAVING. GRACE .- Charles Lamp was in. the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in teacher, in what seems very uncultured and anon, saying:-"Press on, master, press on- consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of tran- | caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to say grace. Looking up and less above, and beneath, was the almost level down the table, he asked, in his inimitable, lisping manner, 'Is there no.cl-cl-clergyman present ?" "No, sir," answered a guest.--"Then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

At a large dinner party in a certain. city, lately, the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a. plump, happy-looking married lady made a, remark about cold feet. "Surely," said a. lady opposite, "Mrs. ----, you are not trou-bled with cold feet ?" Amidst an awful. pause sho naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am, being told that the ticket would not do for ble de Castile to Rome, to congratulate Sez- dress, showed her a variety of pieces of fine very much troubled-but then they are. not

> He that is innocent, may well be conft. dent.

Ho that is not above an injury, is below bimself. . . .

Where no law is, there is no transgres-