

The Mariettian
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Marietta, Lancaster County, Penn'a.

The Mariettian.

In Independent Pennsylvania Journal for the Family Circle.

F. L. Baker, Proprietor.

Terms—One Dollar a Year.

VOL. 8.

MARIETTA, JANUARY 11, 1862.

NO. 24.

Advertisements are delayed beyond 3 months
not to be paid until the expiration of the
year, \$1.50 will be charged.
No subscription received for a less period than
six months, and no paper will be discontinued
until all arrearages are paid, unless at
the option of the publisher. A failure to notify
a discontinuance at the expiration of the
term subscribed for, will be considered a new
engagement.
Any person sending us five new subscribers
shall have a sixth copy for his trouble.
ADVERTISING RATES: One square (12 lines,
or less) 50 cents for the first insertion and 25
cents for each subsequent insertion. Profes-
sional and Business cards, of six lines or less,
at \$3 per annum. Notices in the reading
columns, five cents a line. Marriages and
Deaths, the simple announcement, FREE;
with any additional lines, five cents a line.
Yearly: 12 months, \$2.00; 6 months, \$1.50;
3 months, \$1.00; 1 year, \$7. Half-a-column,
3 months, \$1.00; 6 months, \$1.50; 1 year, \$3.00.
One column, 6 months, \$3.00; 1 year, \$6.00.
We have recently added a large lot of new Job
AND CARD TYPE, and are prepared to do all
kinds of PLAIN AND FANCY PRINTING,
such as Large Posters, with Cuts,
Nile Pills of all kinds, Ball Tickets,
Circulars, Cards, Programmes, &c., &c.
Everything in the Job Printing line will be
done with neatness and dispatch, and at the
lowest possible rates.

1862.

"THAT STANDARD SHEET."
The Great National Banner of Intellect for
American Hearts and Homes!
THE
NEW YORK MERCURY.
A New Year with an old Friend.

ON New Year's day of 1862, that world-
renowned and unrivaled gem of American
journalism, the peerless New York Mercury,
will enter upon the twenty-fourth year of the
most brilliant career ever achieved by a paper.
During the past year it has been the teacher,
the adviser, the mentor, and oracle of two hundred
thousand American homes, from the Atlantic
to the Gulf of Mexico, in Canada, to Pen-
sylvaniana, on the Gulf of Mexico. Young and
old, rich and poor, have revealed in its en-
lightening stories of wisdom, romance, art, poe-
try, and genial humor; and its practical
"Mentor" in their households as household words.
The noble patriot-soldier in his tent, too,
who would away the fumes of camp life in the
morning review of his

Forty Brilliant Columns.
Fidelity in fact, a fascinating mental discipline
in its every page, to those who rally to the banner
of the Grand Army of American Intellect
and Honor!

In commencing a New Year, the proprietors
of the New York Mercury can only say that
they shall be their aim to make their great family
journal of American literature, for 1862, more
valuable and enlightening than ever, in its con-
tamination of all the world's grandest and most
valuable specialties in health, romance,
poetry, elegant and quaint gossip,
and entertaining news—unlike any other
—the court, the camp, the bower,
—as it is, and only the happy domestic fireside,
—the educational and national development
of the New York Mercury will continue true
to that lofty spirit of patriotism which has
made it a necessity of the people since the
War began, and kept it in enthusiastic demand
when other sheets were dying all around it
for want of popular support.

Already the largest Literary Journal in the
world, and famous as the focus of a thousand
brilliant literary reputations, the Mercury
for 1862 will be magnificent beyond all pre-
cedent. The most celebrated pens of this
country and Europe have been secured in its
service, at an outlay equal to the expense of
more than one national government in the
old world, and its novelities, or continued
stories, for 1862, will be the most splendid
triumph of elegant fiction ever published—
To these, too, the magic pencil of the greatest
of American Artists, Mr. Felix O. C. Darley,
will lend the aid of pictorial art.

Our story, history of the New Year, is a
splendid national Romance, commencing in
the New York Mercury of Saturday, January
4th, 1862, and entitled

THE NATI'LESNAKE:

OR
The Rebel Privateer.

A Tale of the Present Time.
It is the greatest nautical Novelle since the
days of Marryat.
The New York Mercury is sold by all news-
men and periodical dealers in America. To
subscribers, it is regularly mailed every Sat-
urday morning, for \$2 a year; three copies for
\$5; six copies for \$9; eight copies for \$12,
with an extra copy, free, by the getter up of
the club. Six months' subscriptions received
Always with plainness the name of year, Post
Office, County and State. We take the notes
of all specie paying banks at par. Payment
must invariably be made in advance.
Specimens sent free to all applic-
ants.
Address all letters and remittances, post-
paid, to
CAULWELL, SOUTH-WORK & WHITNEY,
Proprietors of The New York Mercury,
40 and 42, Nassau Street,
New York City.
No. 21 Cl.]

CHEAP READY-MADE CLOTHING!
Having just returned from the city with
a nicely selected lot of Ready-made Clothing,
which the undersigned is prepared to furnish at
reduced prices, having laid in a general assort-
ment of men and boys' clothing, which is
determined to sell low, for cash. His stock
consists of OVER-COATS, DRESS, FROCK AND
SACK COATS, PARTS, VESTS, FUR COATS,
REAR COATS, (BRIE) OVER-COATS, CAVALRY,
DRESS, SHIRTS, HOSIERY, UNDER-SHIRTS,
GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, &c. Everything in the
Furnishing Goods line. Call and examine be-
fore purchasing elsewhere. Everything sold at
price so suit the time. JOHN BELL,
Corner of Elbow Lane and Market St.
next door to Cassell's Store.
Marietta, October 29, 1866.

ALEXANDER LYNDSEY,
Fashionable
Boot and Shoe Manufacturer,
MARKET STREET, MARIETTA, PENN.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens
of this Borough and neighborhood that he has
the largest assortment of City made work in
his line of business in this Borough, and being
a practical BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
himself, is enabled to select with more judgment
than those who are not. He continues to man-
ufacture in the very best manner everything
in the BOOT AND SHOE LINE, which he
will warrant for neatness and good fit.
Call and examine his stock before pur-
chasing elsewhere.

CHASE'S CONCENTRATED LYE, su-
perior to any now in use, can be had at the
Cheap Store of Diefenbach.

S. T. CROIX AND NEW ENGLAND RUM
for culinary purposes, warranted genuine
at H. D. Benjamin & Co's.

BRANDIES—all brands—guaranteed to be
genuine. Benjamin & Co.

YE SOESSER—HIS SOLOQUY.

BY ADRIAN T. CORHAM.
Hamlet's famous speech is thus happily para-
dised by the Vermont poet.

To run or not to run, that is the question:
Whether 'tis better to stand firm, and face
them,
These Yankee cowards, nigger-stealers, mud-
sills;
Or, trusting to my legs, well-tried and nimble,
Turn and scratch gravel homeward? To fall—
to die—
Dreadful!—and lie upon the blood-stained
field,
With pallid visage, horrid, gaping wounds,
Cold and inanimate—'tis a fearful ending
Becomes—'not Southern birth. To fight—to
fight—

Yes, to fight!—perhaps get licked—ay!
There's the pinch!
For, if I'm a prisoner taken, these Lincolnites
Will treat me to a hempen coil that I
Can't shuffle off—a barbarous way
To rob a valiant Southerner of his life;
For who of noble blood could bear the jeers,
The vulgar scorn, the ear appalling shouts,
The insulence of rusties, and the spurns
Of greasy Northern farmers and mechanics,
While he a criminal's quietus takes
Upon the gibbet? Who, of Southern birth,
Would grunt, and sweat, and drill, from morn
till night,
But that the thought of long and athlete limbs
To bear him swiftly from the battle-field?
In case the hissing lammed him, cheered his
mind?
And I, for one, had rather fly my foes
Than fight 'gainst numbers that I know not of;
For Lincoln's hosts make cowards of us all,
And sabre-bayonets shake resolution
That else were firm but for the dreadful thought
Of death, pierced through and through with
gleaming blades—
Of Northern dungeons—abolition mobs
Clamoring for blood—the gallows and the
grave:
O woful!—woful picture! See! they come—
To nuke the Yankees! Lie there, old fuses!
Here goes to save my bacon!

A Devout Advertiser.

We notice, in a religious newspaper, a
displayed advertisement for a wife. We
give it a gratuitous insertion, but no one
need address this office as we are not
acquainted with the advertiser:

"A Wife Wanted."

"A Missionary's home has been rent
by the death of a beloved mother. He
needs a comforter and a counsellor, and a
friend. The vanity of this world, and the
things of it, put them all together, and
they will not make a help-mate for
man. They will not suit the nature of
the soul, nor supply its needs, nor satisfy
its just desires, nor run parallel with its
never-failing duration. Therefore, it be-
ing not good for man to be alone, God
created woman to be a help-mate for
him. See Genesis ii. 18; 1st Cor. xviii. 22
The applicant must possess a healthy
body, practical piety, domestic habits, a
competency, and, if possible, a musical
talent. Address, 'Missionary,' at this
office."

If any healthy, pious, domestic woman,
with a comfortable fortune, but no ear
for music, has a longing for this con-
nexion, it seems that she need not be
deterred by the wants of the last qualifi-
cation, as that will not be insisted upon,
although "if possible" she should add
the throat of a warbler to the sun of the
other attractions. We suppose that it
must be the just sense of "the vanity
of this world" which induces the adver-
tiser to be so easily satisfied in a part-
ner for life. Good health, piety, domes-
tic habits, and a competency, it seems,
are all that would be indispensable to
his gratification, although a musical tal-
ent, thrown in, would be happily appre-
ciated. He is as easily contented as the
child who summed up her simple wants
in the desire for "nothing but vituals
and raiment, and pretty good clothes."
—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

The Fire at Charleston proves to have
been a very serious affair. Six
hundred houses were burned and seven
millions dollars' worth of property de-
stroyed. All the business part of the
city, together with the principal church-
es and public buildings, fell a pray to
the flames. This fire puts an end to
Charleston as a commercial city. Its
history hereafter, no matter what the
issue of the war, will be one of decay
and neglect. Jeff. Davis' reported sym-
pathy for the doomed city is character-
istic. He offers to alleviate the suffer-
ing of the citizens by paying them some
of the money due the State from the
rebel government. Making a charity of
a debt is a new invention.

An old man, when dangerously
sick, was urged to take advice of a doc-
tor, but objected, saying, "I wish to
die a natural death."

Whenever I find a great deal of
gratitude in a poor man, I take it for
granted there would be as much gener-
osity if he were a rich man.

HOG STRATEGY.—The feeding of sol-
diers on pork, seems to have a philoso-
phy in it. It is the meat of the best
tactician among brute animals. Silli-
man's Journal gives the following curi-
ous illustration of this: "A gentleman,
while traveling some years ago, through
the wilds of Vermont, perceived at a
little distance before him a herd of swine,
and his attention was arrested by the
agitation they exhibited. He quickly
perceived a number of young pigs in the
centre of the herd, and that the hogs
were arranged about them in a conical
form, having their heads all turned out-
ward. At the apex of this singular cone
a huge boar had placed himself, who
from his size, seemed to be the master of
the herd. The traveler now observed
that a famished wolf was attempting, by
various manœuvres, to seize on the
pigs in the middle; but, wherever he
made an attack, the huge boar at the
apex of the cone presented himself—the
hogs dexterously arranged themselves
on each side of him, so as to preserve
the position of defense just mentioned.
The attention of the traveler was for a
moment withdrawn, and upon turning
to view the combatants, he was surpris-
ed to find the herd of swine dispersed,
and the wolf no longer to be seen. On
riding up to the spot, the wolf was dis-
covered dead on the ground, a rent be-
ing made in his side more than a foot in
length—the boar, no doubt, having seized
a favorable opportunity, and with a
sudden plunge dispatched his adversary
with his formidable tusks. It is a lit-
tle remarkable that the ancient Romans,
among the various methods they de-
vised for drawing up their armies in battle,
had one exactly resembling the posture
assumed by the swine above mentioned.

W. G. Webster, of this city, a
son of Noah Webster, the lexicographer,
at the breaking out of the war, was re-
siding at Cumberland, Md. His wife, a
Virginia lady, at an early day joined the
fortunes of her native State, while an
elder son, a graduate of West Point, re-
cruited a company for the State of
Maryland. Gov. Hicks, however, did
not accept troops thus raised at the
time, and he went to the Virginia side
of the Potomac. Mr. Webster, with
much difficulty, made his way northerly
and in New York found a younger son
about to enlist in the Union ranks. His
father told him of his elder brother's
course, and further that he had written
him if he took up arms against the United
States Government, that he was no
longer a son of his—but a traitor. He
was asked if he met the elder brother
on the battle field how he should regard
him. The loyal son hesitated a moment,
then replied, "Well, father, if I had an
opportunity I think I would step forth
and shake hands with the fellow, and
then step back and fight." Those sons
are now within twenty miles of each
other; one an engineer in the Union
corps, and the other doubtless in arms
against his country.—New Haven Pal-
ladium.

A well known citizen and manu-
facturer has lately commenced the erec-
tion of a splendid mansion upon the old
battle-ground at Germantown. The
workmen engaged in digging the founda-
tions, a few days since, exhumed a hu-
man skeleton—evidently that of a sol-
dier, as the traces of military uniform
still clung to the whitened bones. But
a most singular corroboration of this
supposition was in the fact that a small
bullet hole was found to have been
pierced through the frontal sinus, and
in moving the figure the bullet was
heard to rattle in the cavity of the skull.
The remains were carefully removed and
re-interred in a new locality.

The London Times says that
although the Federal navy scarcely
presents a dozen worthy antagonists, it
would be imprudent in the extreme to
despise the power of the Americans at
sea. We have done this once and paid
the cost of our thoughtlessness. The
Americans will do little, but what little
they do they will do well. They will
give our heavy squadron a wide berth,
and will concentrate their efforts on
single ships. This is the Thunderer's
last notice of our navy. Two or three
days before, it declared that the British
navy would sweep ours from the sea in
a month!

"Now, children, who loves all
men?" asked a school-inspector. The
question was hardly asked before a little
girl, not four years old, answered quick-
ly, "All women!"

RHYME-MAKING PREACHERS.—Old Dr.
Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still
a praise in the churches, had an un-
fortunate habit of saying amusing things
when he meant it not so. As when he
was presiding in a meeting of ministers,
and wishing to call on one of them to
come forward and offer prayer, he said:
"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
'Will you step this way
And pray?'"

To which Mr. Colton immediately
answered, without intending to perpe-
trate anything of the same sort;
"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme
At this solemn time."
And then Dr. Strong added:
"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good men would not, for the
world, have made jests on such an oc-
casion; but they could plead the same
excuse for their rhymes that the boy
did for whistling in school: "I didn't
whistle, sir, it whistled itself!"

THE HOLY LAND.—It is said that the
Sultan of Turkey is encouraging the
emigration of the Jews to Palestine, and
he offered to sell them as much land as
they choose to buy, and that he even
hints at a willingness to dispose of the
Mosque of Omar, which stands second
only to Mecca as a sacred shrine.

All this seems almost incredible, but
his majesty is hard up, and is willing to
part with anything that he has for the
ready cash. He has led a particular fast
life, and he has been thoroughly plucked
by his favorites of every description.—
Whilst he and other oppressors of the
chosen people have been growing poor,
the children of Israel have been be-
coming rich. They hold the purs-
strings of Europe, and are able to buy
all Jerusalem whenever the owners are
disposed to sell. Can it be possible
that the Turk will sell out, and that
men of this generation will live to see
the Restoration of Israel to the Holy
Land?

A FATHER'S REVENGE.—The Temps
publishes the following extraordinary
statement:

"Much has been said for the last two
days of a drama of which an aristocrat-
religious boarding-school in the Fa-
bourg St. Germain was the theatre.—
Two young ladies were playing during
the hours of recreation, when one struck
the other in the face and knocked out
one of her eyes. Her family were imme-
diately apprised of the accident. The
father came to the school, and, after
seeing his daughter, he asked to see the
young lady who had struck her. She
came, when he drew a pistol from under
his cloak and fired into her face. The
unfortunate girl is so dreadfully wound-
ed, that if she recovers, she will be dis-
figured for life.

GLEANNING IN FRANCE.—An affecting
and beautiful law of kindness to the
poor has just been decided by the Court
of highest jurisdiction in France. It is
this. In the entire country no farmer
has a right to drive his sheep or cattle
into any field that he has reaped—or
vineyard that he has gleaned—until at
least two days after the crops have been
taken off; and during this time the poor
are to be allowed to go in and gather
up the leavings. In order, too, that they
may have a full chance of obtaining good
in this way, he is never allowed to let
out the privilege of gleaning from his
fields for payment, but is to leave them
open for all.

SEATING ACCIDENT.—A sad and fatal
accident occurred on Thursday in Har-
vard, Mass. Four boys, one fourteen
years of age named Hiram Hapgood,
two others twelve and fourteen years
of age, sons of Josiah Rand, and a lad
named Munroe, were skating on a mill
pond, and had proceeded about one or
two rods from the shore, when the
ice gave way, and all were precipitated
into the water, Munroe succeeded in
reaching the shore, but the other three
sunk and were drowned.

A correspondent from Port Royal
relates that on the 10th of November,
Sergeant Savage, formerly of the first,
now of the seventh Connecticut Regi-
ment, picked up at that place the very
canteen which he lost at the battle of
Bull's Run, and which he was able to
identify by its peculiar shape, and his
own name scratched on the metal.

THE NEW FRENCH UNIFORMS.—A cor-
respondent of one of our cotemporaries,
writing from Washington, thus alludes
to the new Zouave uniforms, recently
furnished Col. McLane's and Col. Black's
regiments:—"On my way home from
McCall's to Col. Black's regiment, on
Miner's Hill, I found the road lined
with Erie boys, coming out, to show
their new uniforms, brought from France
—the real Zouave dress. It is blue.—
The breeches are about three feet across
the hips in width, tapering down to the
ankle, a sort of blue monkey Jacket, a
large cape down to the knees, with a
hood fastened on the back of it; a
tight cloth skull cap, with a tassel, and
a dress parade cap, which very much
resembles our old patent leather cap.—
This cap has a plume of red, white and
blue feathers. There was great competi-
tion for these uniforms and equipments.
Col. Black and Col. McLane were the
victors. The Erie boys got theirs one
day sooner than Col. Black. The con-
sequence was they were nearly crazy
with joy. If you would ask them any-
thing, they would say, "Everybody
thinks it's a big thing." I am sure it is
the ugliest garment on the banks of the
Potomac. All day Sunday, Col. Black's
men were busy getting up their new
tents, which came with the uniforms.—
The tents are pure linen, circular, some
eighteen feet in diameter, and will
accommodate sixteen men; they have
a pole in the centre, around which is a
complete rack for guns, &c."

COLORED MEN OF PHILADELPHIA.—At
the head of this class in point of wealth
stands Stephen Smith, formerly an "ex-
tensive" lumber merchant of Columbia,
a man of great business tact and finan-
cial ability, and is reputed to be worth
over \$300,000. He is now an extensive
real-estate owner, the principal part of
which is located in the city of Philadel-
phia. The next in order are the heirs
of Joseph Cassey, who began life as a
poor barber, and at the time of his death
was worth \$80,000. The late James
Prosser left property valued at \$40,000.
He for a number of years kept the
principal restaurant on Market street.
The success of these men affords the
abundant evidence of their sterling
worth and great business capacities.
Thomas Dorsey, the caterer, is estimated
to be worth \$12,000 to \$15,000. C. H.
Jones and Henry Gordon, both public
caterers, and Wm. Winters, a restaura-
teur, are each worth several thousand
dollars. These gentlemen all commu-
nicated a life in the humble capacity of private
waiters; and have by their industry,
frugality, and economy, raised them-
selves to their present enviable condi-
tion.

EXTRAORDINARY TALE.—A child was
deposited twenty seven years ago at the
Foundling Hospital, at Brussels, having
a flower tattooed on its arm. It was of
the female sex, and was brought up by
a country woman, paid by the Philan-
thropic Society. The infant became a
young woman, and little is known of
her career for some time, except that
she had been in service for about ten
years. An English family, claims the
paternity of the child, and a strict search
is set on foot, which results in the future
rich heiress being found in a most
wretched place, in company with four
soldiers; and she herself reduced to the
last degree of debauchery.

The Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal
makes this statement concerning Gen.
Fremont: "On his superseding and re-
turn to St. Louis, he made application
to the War Department for leave to
visit New York to attend to private
business matters that demanded his im-
mediate attention. Seven times was this
request made; but no response was re-
turned. Finally, Gen. Fremont tele-
graphed to General McClellan, and
promptly received permission to make
the journey."

Mr. Potter, the Chairman of the
House Investigating Committee, says he
has come to the knowledge of facts
which convince him that this war is
graver and more difficult than any one
would suppose. There are rebels in
the army, in the cannon foundries; re-
bels in the Bureaus, where especially
loyal men, wholly above suspicion ought
to be—rebels about the high offices of
the Government. He has called atten-
tion to these facts in the proper quar-
ter.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel
beforehand than to revenge it afterward.

From the New York Mercury.
Romance vs. Reality.
Newton Dean was what might very
properly be called a romantic young
man. He saw everything in its most
attractive garb; and without defect or
blemish, life appeared to him a glass
railway, laid out through a region where
perennial spring ever bloomed, and green
fields, silvery streamlets, choice flowers,
and singing birds abounded. The soft-
est zephyrs fanned his cheeks, and not
one rude blast of the wind of adversity
did he encounter. His social atmos-
phere was most genial and serene.
Friends of noble and generous heart-
alone gathered under his boyhood's friend-
ship; and Detraction, with her venomous
tongue, was not to be found. Around
him were congenial companions, disas-
terously assisting him on, lending him a
helping hand, speaking to him words
of encouragement, smothering every ob-
stacle, and assisting him to surmount
every obstacle. The world was full of
angelic spirits, with rosy cheeks, ruby
lips, and glossy hair; their hearts pure
and free from guile, their disposition
divine, their love beyond corruption;
and with one of these for his wife, he
would float down the seas of time as
gracefully and cheerfully as the swan
floating down the stream to die, yet
singing his sweetest song at the last.—
Wealth would pour into his coffers with
but little effort upon his part, and fame
and honor should gird him with their
greenest chaplets. Thus surrounded by
luxury, and attended by pleasure, his
cup of happiness should overflow with
joy. He started on in the rosy days of
youth to seek the realization of the glo-
rious picture. His disposition was
cheerful, and his heart was warm. High
and holy impulses thrilled his soul, and
a yearning disposition urged him on to
climb the mountains of fame and great-
ness. Free as the bird that cleaves its
way through the thin ether, did he com-
mence his career; but alas! he soon
found the way of life rough and uneven.
Instead of bright sunshine and everlast-
ing spring, he found sometimes the
lowering storm-cloud and the rough,
wintry blast.

In lieu of noble-hearted friends, whose
generous hearts and helping hands were
to bear him on to fortune, he found
ambitious and selfish men, wrestling and
struggling for the prize themselves, and
fearful lest some one should wrest it
from them. Instead of a noble emula-
tion, he found the most detestable rival-
ry! Fairness, honesty, and uprightness,
were pushed violently aside by duplicity,
hypocrisy, and chicanery; and self-gor-
ed like a glutton with leasfrog, would
even render unphilable; that which it
self could not contain. He found the
pathway to success not only rough and
steep, but full of obstructions, and hedge-
ed up by men who either could not, or
would not, mount up higher, each armed
with some missile to beat him back,
should he overcome the natural asperities;
and he realized that, if he would
succeed, he must gird up his loins, buckle
on his armor, and fight his way through
their serrated ranks. This impaired his
confidence, shook his belief, and obliterated
almost entirely that golden picture
of honor in man with which he com-
menced his career. And he learned
that a smiling countenance might con-
ceal a depraved soul, and a shining vest-
ment cover a demon. He learned, also,
that to win success he must tread upon
many tender feelings, and to regard
everything as subordinate to it. And
fame—if he would purchase that, he
must spend many a weary hour by the
side of the midnight lamp; and though
the body might tire, and droop, and faint,
the soul, distilling sweetness from the
golden fountains of knowledge, might
bask in sunshine, and procure enjoyments
pure and lasting. Having encountered
so many things different from his pre-
conceived ideas, would it have been any
specialty if he should have encountered
some in the Court of Cupid? Yet his
mind was obscured, his judgment warp-
ed, and his perceptions blighted. He
saw one of faultless figure and comely
of person. She seemed of a sweet and
gentle disposition; her voice was like
the mellow notes of a flute falling on the
ear, and soothing the soul to sweet re-
pose; her complexion, of person, grace-
fulness, of manners, lightness of heart,
mellow, late-voiced voice, bewitching
eyes, and raven curls, carried deep feel-
ing to the heart of Newton Dean. He
sought her, wooed her, won her. Full
of ecstasy, trembling with delight, fill-
ed with impressions of her worth, how
sad and melancholy the disappointment!—
She had more than a spice of the devil
in her temper; she seldom smiled; her
fery-red hair (for it was red and wavy);
the piping notes of her shrill voice (she
had filed the mellow edges off) sounded
as dismally to your ears as the wailing
winter-wind; and to sum up briefly,
a pocket-edition—not neatly bound—
of Beelzebub, so much for romance,
and so much for reality.

Corron in Illinois.—The Chicago
Tribune has "information from an un-
questioned source, that five thousand
acres of Illinois will be planted with
cotton this coming season."

A plenty of fresh, sweet-butter,
and a good appetite, will keep bread
from moulding.