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All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

I WOULD NOT DIE AT ALL.

I would not die in Spring time,
When worms begin to crawl,
When cabbage plants are shooting up,
And frogs begin to squall:
'Tis then the girls are full of charms,
And smile upon the men:
When lambs and peas are in their prime:
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Summer,
When trees are filled with fruit,
And every sportsman has a gun,
The little birds to shoot;
The girls then wear the Bloomer dress,
And half distract the men—
It is the time to sweat it out:
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Autumn,
When new mown hay smells sweet,
And the little pigs are rooting round
For something nice to eat;
'Tis then the huntsman's wild halloo
Is heard along the glen,
And oysters 'gin to fatten up:
I would not perish then.

I would not die in Winter,
For one might freeze to death,
When blustering breezes sweep around,
And take away one's breath;
When sleigh bells jingle, horses snort
And buckwheat cakes are tall—
In fact, this is a right good world;
I would not die at all!

MY FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

"I love my love with an L," said I, and away went the long apple pearing over my shoulder.

There was a rush and a scramble to see if my letter had been formed upon the floor, and shouts that it was an L, and shouts that it was not, but instead, almost every other letter in the alphabet.

All the time I sat feeling extremely shy and awkward, and not at all relieved when the point under discussion was decided in favor of the L., although I had chosen that letter because, so far as I know, it did not form the initial of any of the young men present. But I began to be afraid that I had not chosen wisely after all, and that I might be called upon yet for some of the ridiculous forfeits of the game. How I trembled, then when I heard the shouts:

"Here is the L. Leander Holme. Miss Kate, has chosen you! Look! see the L. upon the floor."

Somebody was coming towards me.—Somebody said, "Miss Berry—Mr. Holme." A tall figure bent before me, and sat down silently by my side. All this I saw dimly from under eyelids that were cast down in real, not affected shyness. How grateful I was not to find myself pulled into the centre of the room and kissing boisterously, as had happened to many of the girls present that evening, and who, under the infliction, only blushed a little and tittered a good deal.

This was my second country party. I had suffered tortures at this. I felt that I had escaped happily if I might but be allowed to sit quietly in the corner I had chosen. Even the very silent person at my side did not particularly annoy me so long as the noisy group in the centre of the room would allow me to be quiet.

I had been reared from early childhood in the house of a wealthy, childless uncle, in the city. I was very young, and had no idea of society, except what I had gained from being a looker on at my aunt's semi-annual, stiff and formal parties where the company were very decorous and excessively stupid.

My uncle had died suddenly, without a will, and his heir-in-law had taken possession of his property, leaving my aunt with a comparatively small income, while I, after having been reared until the age of sixteen in the midst of wealth and luxury, was left entirely unprovided for.

My aunt went to live in lodgings, and I was sent back to my father, who was a poor man with many children, and a slatternly; scolding wife, who was not my mother.—My own mother had died in my infancy, and it was said my father had never been himself since. He had become dissipated, lost his habits of business, which were fast bringing him wealth, and at last quitting business entirely, had gone to live on a little farm in the interior of a State, had married, and was now surrounded by a large disorderly, boisterous family.

Into this uncongenial house I was suddenly thrust from the refinements of my life in the house of a wealthy citizen. I was shy and unhappy. I had never been accustomed to the companionship of children, but I soon found that whenever I shrank involuntarily from the dirty noisy crew around me, I gave offence to the mother, and through her representations, to my father, who seemed completely under her influence.

Every instinctive indulgence in the tastes and habits in which I had been reared, was looked upon as an evidence of pride, and I soon found all influences of home arrayed against me and my wishes.

I had shrank, through shyness, from attending the first party, but had gone because I could not resist my mother's sneers and my fathers commands. And so much had I been terrified at the good natured boisterousness of the young people assembled, that I mentally resolved never to go again. Notwithstanding, I found myself once more in the same circle after a very trying scene at home, and in my dread of the thirty pairs of eyes fixed upon me, had been drawn into their games.

I had not yet glanced at the face of the young man at my side, nor had a word been interchanged, when the noisy group in the center of the room broke up. They came crowding around me, uttering broad but good-humored jests that I felt sent the blood flushing and burning into my face.—My companion must have felt me trembling, too, for he suddenly leaned forward and whispered:

"Do not be afraid, Miss Kate, they do not intend any harm, and I will see that they do not much annoy you."

I gave him one grateful glance, for I was too near crying to dare trust my voice, and met a pair of brilliant, dark eyes, fixed upon my face, very mirthful, yet a good deal compassionate in expression. Suddenly he rose up, and drawing my arm within his turned to the bantering group.

"Miss Kate has chosen me this evening, and I take her under my protection. I shall be a very tyrant, and not one of you must speak to her without my permission."

So saying, he led me away to an opposite corner of the room. There, seeing that, between shyness and the annoyance just passed, I was still unable to control my voice or features, he stood before me speaking calmly and quietly of some unimportant subject. His pleasant voice and quiet manner soon helped me to control my agitation, and then he sat down beside me. I was amazed at myself when I found myself talking gaily with this stranger, and still more amazed to find myself happy for several hours of the evening to which I had looked forward with so much dread, and which had commenced so inauspiciously.

And when he brought several of the bright ruddy-looking girls to speak to me in the course of the evening, I found what my foolish shyness had prevented me from learning before, that they were amiable warm-hearted creatures, in spite of their lack of refinement. So, on the whole, the evening passed pleasantly, and I was never afraid to go again, especially as, when they found I was not too proud to join in their sports, they never attempted to drag me into any which I did not like.

But chief among the pleasant memories of that evening was the kindness of Leander Holme. A pair of dark eyes haunted my thoughts for many a day, and I never forgot the soothing impression of his calm voice and pleasant manner.

Leander Holme was the son of the only rich man of the neighborhood. He had been well educated, and that alone would have rendered him, even if his winning manner had not been that of a perfect gentleman—refined, courteous, and manly.

Of course, no one will wonder that I become deeply in love with Leander Holme. His devotion to me never wavered from the first, and long before that first winter in my father's home was passed, I had promised to become his wife. It would have been a dreary and miserable winter indeed without his presence and his love, but with it—ah, even now that long years have passed, I think of that only recurring to that time, and never of the discomforts that had in the fullness of my happiness, ceased to make me miserable.

My father and his wife were all smiles and approval. But when, toward spring, our engagement came to the knowledge of Leander's father, he at once announced his decided disapprobation. I heard that he asserted that he would never consent that his son should marry the daughter of a lazy dissipated man, and he said my city rearing was scarcely a better preparation for the duties of mistress of Holme Place than I should have received at the hands of that brawling slatternly father's wife.

Leander was firm, and talked of the future and of patient waiting. But I felt that I had been scorned, and my indignation was abounded. I wrote to my aunt, telling her all in no measured phrase, and begging her to send for me to live with her once more, if possible. Her answer was to come to her at once, and I departed, much to the consternation of my father, and the ill-concealed delight of his wife, who hated me more than ever since she heard of Colonel Holme's remark.

I left a little note for Leander, who was absent at the time, saying that the engagement had better end, and releasing him fully and unconditionaly. I wrote and sealed the note without hesitation or faltering, though it cost me a severe pang to do so.

I did not know until I had been settled in my aunt's home a week, and my letters in a package directed in Leander's hand, arrived without a line from him, how I had hoped through all that he would not consent to be released, but would still cling to me.

But he, too, had his indignation—he was hurt that I should have arranged for my departure without consulting him, and he was pained at the coldness of my note. So through the faults of others, and my understandings of their own, two hearts that really and truly loved were severed. Alas! that the story had so many counterparts!

My aunt's income, by considerable economy, supported us, and enabled us to retain our place in the society to which we had been accustomed. It had been more than she anticipated when she sent me to my father, or she would never have exposed me to the trials I had passed.

As the time passed on I had lovers, as any pretty girl will, for, if I might believe my mirror and my friends, I was not without attractions, but none of them touched my heart.

On looking back I can see that I was always waiting with the undefined expectation of something that never came. Was it for Leander that I waited? If it was, I never acknowledged it to myself, but it was with a terrible pang, a dumb but very real sorrow, that served as an excuse for illness, it was so like it, that I heard, after two or three years, that he was married.

My step-mother wrote it to me—this wedding news—dilating maliciously upon the wealth and beauty of the bride, who had come from a distant city to five at Holme Place. Upon the planting and fencing, the painting and glazing, and general beautifying of the old house, and upon the loads of beautiful furniture which the bride's father had sent to refurnish the old rooms.

I answered very calmly that Leander Holme was worthy of any lady in the land and bade her congratulate him in my name if she saw him, hoping thus, I believe, to disarm her suspicions and convince him that I had forgotten my love for him.

I went more into society after this, and it remarked that I was gayer than I had formerly been. I was not aware of it, for I only knew that I was striving to forget.—I had no other object in life now.

The years seemed very long and weary. Society did not satisfy me, and I came to be looked upon as a coquette when, one after another, I rejected the suitors whom my gaiety and brilliancy of manner brought to my feet. I became restlessly unhappy, with a craving for some object for thought and duty that would not find satisfaction in the life I led.

At this time my aunt had a severe illness and the new cares which then devolved upon me were very good for me.—From this illness she never fully recovered, and for two or three years before death came to relieve her from suffering, and while I was busily occupied in ministering to her comfort, I grew more patient and quiet.

Bye-and-bye, I was alone. I had laid her who had been all that a mother could have been to me for so many years, in the grave, and I was left without care or duty. My means were now ample, for my aunt had bequeathed her property to me, and, except a tender sorrow for the dead, I should have been very happy. But I was not.

I brought one of my little sisters to live with me, very glad to relieve her from such a home. I went for her, and while on my visit attended the village church, and from beneath my black veil, saw Leander Holme and the woman who occupied the place that should have been mine. She was looking pale and ill. It was said she was unhappy, and that her husband treated her though always courteously, with great coldness. I felt a miserable choking feeling, half delight, half bitterness, at the thought that he did not love her, but I baffled even my stepmother's curiosity by my impenetrability. I am sure she did not learn whether I took any interest in the dwellers at Holme Place.

More years passed. I still had offers though no longer young. At last I determined to accept one. Arthur Meriden was a man worthy of my esteem—worthy of my love, only that I had no love to give. He was satisfied when I told him all, and I promised to become his wife.

But as soon as I had promised, the old wretched, waiting feeling came back. It seemed as if I vaguely expected something to interpose and prevent the consummation of that unholy engagement. And, as the day approached, I grew more and more wretched, till finally on a sudden impulse I determined to go down to my father's to look once more upon the old familiar scenes, the village church and Holme Place, before I should have promised away my freedom, miserable as it made me, of thinking of the past and my past love.

I went, and the first sound that greeted me as I entered the village, was the tolling of the bell, and the carriage drew up beside the road, as a long funeral procession passed. In the first carriage sat Leander Holme, very pale, but calm! It was his wife—she whom I had always thought upon as occupying my place—that they were conveying to the tomb.

I remained at my father's for many days, not that I hoped or wished to see Leander Holme but because I literally lacked strength and energy for homeward journey. My sole thought was that now Leander was free. If he still loved me he might at some future time seek me, but I was about to place a barrier between us, and to become the wife of one whom I now knew more than ever I could not love.

At last, as the day came near that I was to start on my return, I felt that I had gone too far to retract, and must fulfill the promise I had made voluntarily to an honorable man. I little knew that the freedom I would almost have given life itself to secure, was already mine.

I had scarcely reached my home, when a messenger arrived to beg me, in the name of Arthur Meriden, to go at once to his house. He had been thrown from his horse that afternoon and fatally injured. He was still living and sensible, and most anxious to see me once more. God only knows how I reproached myself for the first intense feeling of gladness that flooded my soul as I heard these terrible tidings.

I stood beside him to the last, determined, as a penance for my unfeeling joy, to spare myself no one of his painful though short sufferings. In a few hours, on the very morning that was to have dawed upon our wedding, he breathed his last. His death set me free.

Yes, I was free, but my freedom did not bring me any hope. Leander had gone to Europe immediately upon the death of his wife. Holme Place was closed, and it was said the farm was getting into ruinous condition as years passed on and its master did not return. He held no correspondence with any one at home, except in the strictest business letters.

So more years passed away. I busied myself in the education of my sister and introducing her into society, as she grew up a beautiful and brilliant girl, while I ceased to feel sensitive to the title of "old maid," and took my place placidly among the elders and brushed my still luxuriant hair, now thickly streaked with gray, beneath a tasteful cap.

I had become almost satisfied with my lot, and had ceased to think very frequently of Leander Holme, when I was startled out of my usual placidity by hearing that he had returned to his home. The letter that brought these tidings stated further that he was making many alterations and improvements in the old place, and that it was conjectured that he was again about to bring a bride thither.

"That old man!" exclaimed my pretty sister, as she read this item: "Sister Katharine can you conceive of a man marrying at his age?"

I smiled and reminded the blooming little beauty that the man she called old could not be over forty-five, although it seemed a great age to her. I sighed a little as I glanced at the mirror and saw my faded features as reflected from its surface.

Soon after, my sister married. I gave her to the man she had chosen, well pleased, for I felt that he was worthy of my treasure. But it was with a very lonely saddened heart that, after the wedding breakfast was over, and the newly-wedded pair and all the guests departed, I went to shut myself into my own room. I wept a little, for I was growing old and was alone, and the future seemed very bleak and drear to me as I thought what might have been, what should have been, had I been loyal to my heart's allegiance.

My maid knocked at my door. A gentleman was in the parlor and wished to see me.

"Did he send his card or name?"

"No madam; he said he was an old friend, and would detain you but a few moments."

"Go back and say that I can see no one to-day except on business—tell him that my sister has just left me—that I am not well.

The girl went, and I listened as I lay for the clang of the street door. But instead, it was with a feeling of vexation that I heard her footsteps returning. She came in, and perhaps, seeing my impatience of interruption, laid a card in my hand and retired without speaking:

LEANDER HOLME.

The letters swam before my eyes, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, as I tried to adjust my cap before the mirror. At length, with unsteady steps, I descended to the parlor; I opened the door and stood in the presence of the man I had loved, and from whom I had been separated so long.

His hair was gray; there were lines of suffering all over his face, only the bright, dark eyes were unchanged. I gave him my hand; he looked at me steadfastly a little while. Then he drew me toward him, and without a word I lay sobbing upon his bosom.

"At last—at last," he murmured.

Thus was I reunited to my first and last love. We are very happy now at Holme Place. My husband is all that is good and noble, and my life is spent in ministering to his happiness, and in trying to fill a mother's place to the long neglected children of the wife he had ever loved.

A GOOD WIFE.

A good wife makes the poorest and most desolate home a paradise, and moulds the most negligent and indifferent husband into a tender and thoughtful companion.—The influences of woman, quiet, imperceptible, and all pervasive, is irresistible when directed by woman's instinctive tact and affection. The clamors of women's rights rarely obtain their object, while the meek and yielding can bind manhood with chains of roses more potent than chains of steel.—One of our exchanges volunteers some good advice, which is not likely to pass current in our age.

The first inquiry of a woman after marriage should be, "How shall I continue the love I have inspired? How shall I preserve the heart I have won?"

1. Endeavor to make your husband's habitation alluring and delightful to him.—Let it be to him a sanctuary to which his heart may always turn from the calamities of life. Make it a repose from his cares, a shelter from the world, a home not for his person only, but for his heart. He may meet with pleasure in other houses, but let him find pleasure in his own. Should he be dejected, soothe him; should he be studious, favor him with all practicable facilities; or should he be peevish, make allowance for human nature and by your sweetness, gentleness, and humor, urge him continually to think, though he may not say it, "This woman is indeed a comfort to me: I cannot but love her, and require such gentleness and affection as they deserve."

2. Invariably adorn yourself with delicacy and modesty. These, to a man of refinement, are attractions the most highly captivating; while their oppositions never fail to inspire disgust. Let the delicacy and modesty of the bride be always, in a great degree supported by the wife.

3. If it be possible, let your husband suppose you think him a good husband, and it will be a strong stimulous to his being so. As long as he thinks he possesses the reputation, he will be at some pains to deserve it, but when he has once lost the name, he will be apt to abandon the reality.

4. Cultivate and exhibit with greatest care and constancy, cheerfulness and good humor. They give beauty to the finest face; and impart charms where charms are not. On the contrary, a gloomy, dissatisfied manner is chilling and repulsive to his feelings; he will be very apt to seek elsewhere for those smiles and that cheerfulness which he finds not in his own house.

5. In the article of dress, study your husband's tastes. The opinions of others on this subject are of but very little consequence, if he approves.

6. Particularly shun what the world calls, in ridicule, "curtain lectures." When you shut your door at night, endeavor to shut out at the same moment all discord and contention, and look upon your chamber as a sacred retreat from the vexations of the world, a shelter sacred to peace and affection.

How indecorous, offensive and sinful it is, for a woman to exercise authority over her husband, and to say, "I will not have it so. It shall be as I like!"—But I trust the number of those who adopt this umbecoming and disgraceful manner, is so small as to render it unnecessary for me to enlarge on this subject.

7. Be careful never to join in a jest, and laugh against your husband. Conceal his faults, and speak only of his merits. Shun every approach to extravagance. The want of economy has involved millions in misery. Be neat, tidy, orderly, methodical. Rise early, breakfast early, have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

8. Few things please a man more than seeing his wife notable and clever in the management of her household. A knowledge of cookery, as well as every other branch in housekeeping, is indispensable in a female, and a wife should always endeavor to support with applause the character of the lady and the housewife.

9. Let home be your empire—your world. Let it be the stage on which, in the varied character of life, of mother and of mistress, you strive to shine. In its sober, quiet scenes let your feelings and pursuits all be centered. Leave to our husband the task of distinguishing himself by his valor or his talents. Do you seek for fame at home, and let your applause be that of your servants, your children, your husband, your God.

DEEDS THAT ARE DEATHLESS—How Time Reverses Human Judgment.—Time tests the value of all human action and deeds that were thought glorious at the period of their enactment wear a different hue when looked back upon, apart from the false surroundings of immediate victory.—It is but a few years comparatively, since we were assured that the Battle of Waterloo had settled the condition of Europe upon a permanent and imperishable basis: the "era of revolutions," Lord Castlereagh declared to have gone by forever: and yet the Europe of to-day is practically ignorant of any results from the greatest of Wellington's achievements, and even the British Queen finds it prudent to forget, in the Nephew's alliance, the implacable hostility with which her gouty Grandfather pursued the Uncle.

These deeds of warriors and statesmen, so much noised about in their day, are of little significance when the true history of the world comes to be written. Fulton and Watt, and Morse, and Holloway—Jennings, the inventer of Vaccination, and Arkwright, patentee of Spinning-Jennies,—it is to the lives of these, the future historian must turn when he endeavors to account for the vast physical and mental progress which characterized the first half of the Ninteenth Century. He must consult the life of Holloway in particular; for no where else can he find so perfect a type of that combination of activity and erudition which forms the distinctive development of our modern intellect. The wise and learned of former ages were omnipotent in the academy, but helpless as new-born babes in the rough conflict with the world; they confined the treasures of their genius to some half score or two of credulous decipies: but for the great mass of the people—the *profanum vulgus*, as they call them—they cherised a profound contempt and hatred.

What a pleasing contrast to this exclusive rolly does the course of Professor Holloway afford! How much wiser, as the event has proved, was HE to treat mankind with confidence, and rather seek to elevate them to his own intellectual and scientific platform, than to look down upon them from an envied and unapproachable height! He has now made friends of the world—of all races, creeds and tongues of man; he is looked up to by millions from all corners of the earth as the physical redeemer who has disinthralled them, by his universal remedies, from the bondage of disease. The world has not a language which the broad principles of his Pathology have not been enunciated; nor has the earth a race of human beings so utterly barbarian as to be ungrateful for the benefits his philanthropy has brought home to them. Indeed, ingratitude is by no means a barbarian vice. We find more of it among the polished circles of society than amid the natural rudeness of a savage camp. We could, at this very momont, lay our hands upon hundreds who owe their very *lives* to the use of Holloway's Pills and Ointment; and yet because they think it "more the thing" to have a "family physician," you could not offer them a worse insult than an intimation of who it is that really has cured them!

In the redemption of humanity from the pangs of physical anguish, by Holloway—in the telegraphic annihilation of distance, by Morse—in the labor-saving machinery of Arkwright and the independence we enjoy over wind and tide, through the dauntless exertions of Fulton,—the future historian of our race will find the deathless deeds which are to claim the tribute of his pen, and will exclaim, as he records the mighty miracles which they performed—"Ah, there were giants in those days! we ne'er shall look up their like again."—*N. Y. "Examiner."*

BEARING CROSSES.—The crusaders of old, we are told, used to bear a painted cross upon their shoulders: it is to be feared that many among us take up crosses which sit just as lightly; things of ornament, passports to respectability, a cheap exchange for a struggle we never made, and a crown we never strove for. But let us not deceive ourselves. None ever yet entered into the kingdom of heaven without tribulation: not perhaps, the tribulation of fire or cross, of rebuke or blasphemy; but the tribulation of a bowed spirit, and an humble heart; of the flesh crusified to the spirit, and of hard conflicts with the powers of darkness; and therefore, if our religion be of such a pliable and elastic form, as to have cost us neither pains to acquire, nor self-denial to preserve, nor effort to advance, nor struggle to maintain holy and undefiled, we may be assured our place among the ranks of the risen dead will be with that prodigious multitude who were pure in their own eyes, and yet were not washed from their filthiness.—*Rev. Dr. Moore.*

POWER OF PRAYER.—Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshelled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the sun in his rapid race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels down from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of man, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven! What has not prayer done?—*Ryland.*

A CONTRAST.—I had a schoolmate, who used to wish that she was wealthy. "If I am even rich," she would say, "I will make everybody love me, bacause I will do good."

When puzzled over a sum, she would whisper, "Charlotte, when I am rich, I will do as I please, and I won't make my children study if they don't wish to."

She has her wish, for now the most beautiful mansion in a large town she calls her own; but she is not happy.

She has two children, the oldest but six years, and my friend still remembers her dislike for study, and says she will not plague her children with books.

But she has forgotten her promise to do good, and is as willing now to receive help, and as unwilling to do a favor, as when we sat together, years ago. She is discontented, her children are cross and quarrelsome, and her servants have no respect for her or her wishes.

I had another friend, that I loved much, and it could not be otherwise, for she was kind, obliging and loved every body.

She never was rich, but her home was "the abode of joy and peace." She used to tell me that it seemed as if no mortal could be happier than she is now, for she rests in that manasion, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—*Olive Brauch.*

THE NECESSITY OF EXERCISE.—The benefits of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion, cannot be too highly estimated.—The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor. The activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet, or a chill anywhere, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles during exercise press on the veins and help forward the current by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream and relieved of a certain amount of labor. When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much around the central region, and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidence of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise because they fancy they want breath, and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden, by urging the blood forward in the extremities; it would ease their breathing by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and tight as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.—*The Laws of Health*

WAR IN LIBERIA—*Property of Americans Destroyed and Many Lives Lost.*—We have seen letters from several of the missionaries employed by the Methodist Episcopal Church in Liberia, from which we learn that a furious war is raging in the vicinity of Cape Palmas, between the colonists and the natives. Thirty-seven American houses and much property have been destroyed, and twenty-eight lives have been lost. All missionary and business matters were at a stand. A detachment of one hundred and fifty men had left Monrovia for Cape Palmas, on board a schooner, with Ex-President Roberts and Vice President Yates to aid the colonists. We understand that the settlement immediately at Cape Palmas has not been destroyed, and it is hoped it will be able to resist the attacks of the natives. We do not understand yet the immediate csuse of the war.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THE LAW OF THE FINGER RING.—If a gentleman wants a wife, he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the the fourth, if he never intends to get married. When a lady is not engaged, she wears a diamond ring on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married on the third; and on the forth if she intends to be a maid. When a gentleman presents a fan, a flower or trinkets to a lady with the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive it with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if with his right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

LADIES WILL PLEASE SKIP THIS.—Nobody seems to have heard of that chap in Aberdeen who just came home from a years absence in Nicaragua. On his way up from the landing he met quite a number of ladies. After kissing his sister, &c., "pray," said he "are all the girls in Aberdeen married? I met Miss C—." "Why brother, Miss C— isn't married." Not married!—Nor Miss D—? nor Miss C?" nor Miss—?" "Oh, pshaw brother, said Sis, just beginning to catch the idea, "that's nothing but hoops."

ELOPEMENT.—A young farmer living near the town of Knox, N. Y., ran away on Sunday with a young lady by the name of Hunt. He left the house while his wife and two children were absent at church.—In his hurry to depart he left his pocket book in "his other pantaloons." On examining the pocket book it was found to contain $268, four love letters, and a lock of Miss Hunt's hair, done up in a true lover's knot.

The Boston *Herald* says, we have a girl in this city so fat that her mother always keeps her parlor blinds closed, because her shadow by sunlight makes a grease spot on the carpet.

Great men never effect; it is your three cent folks that put on air-swells, and put on the pomp.

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