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BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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

NIGHT.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEE.

The day sinks slowly down to rest—
And draws his royal crimson curtain round—
Earth notes her lord's great weariness, and turns,
Warning her children—hushing every sound.

Night opes the golden portal in the east,
And steps abroad with noiseless step and grand,
Majestic beauty on her marble brow—
The North-fire sceptre in her jeweled hand.

Sweeping in state above the sleeping earth,
Earth, with her children nestled on her breast,
And till the day awakes, she watches all;
Then glides away to take HER placid rest.

PRECAUTION.

A French engineer as a passenger did float
Adown the Mississippi in a very crazy boat;
The piston went uneasy, the walking-beam was crank,
And a crack was in the boiler where a man might stick a plank.

"How long you mean to run sis boat?" asked he,
"she all so rusted ?"
"Why," said the Yankee engineer, "in course UNTIL SHE'S BUSTED.
To lose a dollar nowadays is mor'n we can 'ford'"—
When the next landing had been passed the Frenchman "wan't aboard !"

From the New York Mercury.

DODDSVILLE TELEGRAPH.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

'Oh, Lettie!" exclaimed Miss Fannie Wheatley, "did you read this article on temperance ?"

And she held up the first number of the new paper—the *Doddsville Telegraph*—just issued.

"Yes," answered Lettie; "it is beautiful I think."

"Here," said Fannie, smoothing out the journal upon her lap; "this, especially, is fine:

"The abstract beauty of abstinence is as great as its positive and material use. The nobility of soul which enables a man to rise, phœnix-like, superior to circumstances—which sustains him in the hour of sore temptations, and renders him impregnable to all the insiduous whisperings of the malevolent fiend—' "

"How poetical !" exclaimed Lettie.

"And how profound !" exclaimed Fannie, continuing.

"This it is that draws the line of demarcation between men of common clay, and those into whose finer metal a spark of heaven-sent fire has been blown. These conquer—those are crushed. These are heroes—those are slaves. These stand like beacons, to illumine the path of wisdom; shining and steady lights through all time, rearing their proud heads and piercing the thick darkness of the upper air—those lie prone in the dust, trodden under foot and destroyed by Fate's spiked chariot wheel, thundering down the broad highway of time, forever !' "

"What a genius he must be !" sighed Lettie.

"There are very few men who write like that, now-a-days," answered Fannie. 'Papa was saying, a week ago, that he thought the newspaper would be well conducted and successful, for the editor seemed such a smart young man: but I'm sure I never thought that Doddsville could boast of such literary talent.'

'Did you see his poem, in this number?'

'Poem?' no! Let me see it. What, is he a poet, too?'

'Why certainly—he has some beautiful stanzas here, in the poet's corner! Listen:

LINES TO THE REV. H. P. GLORISPOUT,

On seeing him consoling a bereaved friend.

BY PHILIP CARY.

Oh, mourner, raining bitter tears!
Let holy counsels soothe thy woes;
Despair not, for in later years,
Bright memories, hovering round thee close,
Lingering shall point to this dark hour
Of sable sorrow, calmed by one
Whose solemn words have magic pow'r
Each tear to dry, e'en as the sun
Raises the dew-drop from the flow'r !

(Now, dear reader, lest you might think that my hero, Phil Cary, was an idiot, I'll tell you here that this bosh—this shocking trash—will be elsewhere explained.)

'Isn't that charming ?' cried Lettie.

'So full of religious sentiment !' replied Fannie.

'How proud Mr. Glorispout must feel !'

'Yes, indeed.'

'How fortunate for Doddville that Mr. Cary came here to start his paper. There are forty other places he might have gone to!'

'I wonder if Mrs. Nimrod has invited him to her party to-morrow night ?'

'I don't know—it won't be a party, without him !'

'And his friend—who is his friend ?'

"Kobody knows—he seems very mysterious.

'Let us put on our bonnets and run over to Mrs. Nimrod's house, to make her invite them.'

And off went these two foolish virgins, firmly convinced that Mr. Philip Cary was the most brilliant, dazzling, profound, comprehensive *esprit* of the age, and that his paper—the *Doddsville Telegraph*—would be a perfect palladium of wit, philosophy, and morality.

Rap-tap, rap-tap-tap ! at the door of the sanctum sanctorum of the *Doddsville Telegraph*.

'Come in!' shouted the editor, laying down his scissors, and picking up a pen.

The door opened, and the mysterious friend, Jack Leland, entered.

"Oh, it is only you, eh? Then I'll go on with my scissoring. I say, can't you sit down yonder, and get up a few paragraphs? We're awfully short of them this week."

'What do you want?'

'Oh, something thrilling, you know.—Horrible murder—frightful accident. I wouldn't mind a *crim con.* or two, if you can do them neatly.'

'All right.'

Silence, for few minutes, while Leland and Carey bussed themselves with their labors. Jack finished his paragraphs first, and broke the stillness of the editorial atmosphere.

'Oh, Phil, have you got a copy of the first number? "I haven't seen it yet.'

'Yes. Here, Bob!' shouted Phil, to a small boy, who was amusing himself in the outer office, by throwing balls of chewed paper at the flies on the ceiling.

The boy came.

'Go down stairs to the press-room, and bring up some copies of the paper.'

This order was delivered with as much gravity as if the establishment of the *Doddsville Telegraph* were much like that of the London *Times*—only a little more so—and was obeyed with due alacrity.

'Looks pretty neat,' said Jack opening the sheet and holding it at arm's length.—'Your ink isn't as black as some I've seen, but your type looks well; good heading, nice arrangement; now, how about the matter? You wrote pretty nearly the whole blessed thing yourself, didn't you?'

'Yes; 'twasn't so much work, though, as it seems. I have a book of essays here, on various topics, which I use pretty freely, clipping a paragraph, here and there, and writing up between them. Then, the leader you see is all made up from the *Pottstown Courier*. I take upon myself to pitch into the Pottstown man like old Harry, and, of course have to quote largely from his articles. My leader is a column and a quarter, of which, three-quarters of a column are taken from the *Courier*. 'See?'

'Ah, yes. It *isn't* such a difficult matter to edit a country paper, after all.'

'The writing is the easiest part of it. I shall have work enough to collect my sub scription bills!'

'Yes, I fear you will,' answered Jack, running his eye over the paper. "Why, look here, when did you write all this editorial matter?'

'I wrote the two last articles that evening after our supper.'

'Lord bless me! how could you write, that night? You was too gloriously tight to hold a pen!'

'Oh, no. I made out very well with a wet towel tied around my forehead, and a pot of strong coffee, to kill the brandy and claret!'

'Let's see what you got off, under the inspiration of cogniac and St. Julien. Here they are—the two last, you said—one on 'Economy'—pretty subject for you to handle—and the other on—oh, my, Here's a good one—the other is on 'Temperance.'—Well, well, you must have been a good deal tighter than I thought you were.'

'Yet, these articles have excited no end of admiration. Half the influential old butters in town have called to compliment me on that 'Temperance' article.'

Jack read a few passages of the effusion, and threw the paper down laughing.

'Well,' said he, 'the fools are not all dead yet. I rather like your style, when you've been drinking too much. 'The insidious whispering of the malevolent fiend' is decidedly good. 'Spark of heaven-sent fire' is also neat and telling. 'Beacons illumining the path of wisdom' are questionable property; but your final peroration, about 'Fate's spiked chariot-wheel thundering down the broad highway of time forever,' is, I think, quite unrivalled, in its way. It would take just about a bottle and a half of brandy and two bottles of claret, I should say, to originate such a bold and brilliant figure of speech!'

'The best sell, however,' said Phil, 'is my poem, on the first page.'

Jack picked up the paper, and read the 'lines,' which we have already given.

'You—you don't mean to say—you didn't write that bosh for poetry, did you ?'

'Yes, I did, and old Glorispout was up here this morning, tickled nearly to death with it. He thinks it splendid.'

'But this is too bad. What the deuce do you mean by 'Bright memories hovering round thee, lingering,' etc?'

'Simply that I wanted to begin that line with a 'B,' and the next with an 'I.' '

'Why ?'

'Don't you see, stupid, it is an acrostic !'

'Oh !'

'Certainly—that's the joke of it.'

'Well, you beat my time, out of sight.—The Rev. gentleman doesn't know that you have called him an 'Old Blower,' in print, does he?'

'Of course not. Let's go and have a drink.'

Mrs. Nimrod's party was rather a brilliant affair, for a rustic soiree. The aristocracy of the village were there, and in fact, even the smallest toads in the puddle were "eminently respectable.

Lettie and Fannie—the two girls who had so much admired Phil's intoxicated effusion and uncomplimentary acrostic—were also there, awaiting very anxiously the arrival of the 'live editor,' and his mysterious friend.

Imagination is a most wonderful power. If a fellow knows how to work upon that one chord of his species, he can do what he likes, almost.

And this was the secret of Phil Cary's popularity. He was a good-for-nothing at home, in New York city, with a rich father and a lack of application, and, as is apt to be the case under such circumstance, his father was always trying to persuade him to go into business. At length, some gentlemen from Doddsville visited the city, fell in with old Cary, and in the course of conversation, told what a grand field their village would be for a newspaper. The idea took, and Phil was persuaded to start for Doddsville the very next week, with all the necessary appliances, including his fast friend, Jack Leland.

With a thousand dollars Phil made everybody believe him to be a millionaire. He had a suite of rooms at the best hotel, and exerted a great influence upon the imaginations of the landlord and servants. Nobody is rash enough to doubt that a millionaire has genius—therefore, Phil's genius was unquestioned.

By way of giving Jack an equal *eclat*, Phil insisted upon cloaking him with an impenetrable mystery. His very name was unknown—for Phil always introduced him as 'my friend sir,' and his occupation was equally a problem.

Therefore, when the two were announced, at half-past nine o'clock precisely, everybody at Mrs. Nimrod's party made a rush to see the grand lions. They were introduced all around, and after the first excitement was over, got together in a corner, to hold a consulation of war.

'What shall I do, this evening?' asked Jack.

'Let me see—you'd better take hold of a flirtation. I shall. Suppose we each choose a girl, and persecute her with attentions the whole time, without looking at anybody else, That will do for the 'eccentricity of genius,' won't it?'

'I guess so. I'll sail in for that little charmer in blue, with the black velvet ribbons.

'Her companion with the ringlets is prettier.'

'Do you think so? I don't. You had best take ringlets, then, and I'll take ribbons.'

'Done.'

In two minutes, Jack Leland was engaged in a close and confidential conversation with Miss Lettie—the young lady he had dignified with the title of 'ribbons,' while Phil Cary was equally occupied with Miss Fannie.

All attempts to draw them out, on the part of the good people present, failed signally. They stuck close to their ladies, as if life depended upon it. They danced every other set with them, took them down to supper, and finally insisted upon seeing them home. Their answers to all others were monosyllabic, and they never spoke unless spoken to, except to the girls. The consequence was, that they seemed terribly stupid to everybody but Fannie and Lettie, who had found them the most attentive, brilliant, and agreeable young men in the world.

When Jack and Phil sought their rooms in the hotel, along towards two or three o'clock A. M., they were quite thoughtful and silent. As Phil blew his lamp out, before getting into bed, he thrust his head through Jack's door.

'I say, old fellow.'

'Well.'

'How did you find ribbons?'

'I tell you what, she's a real nice girl.—I was quite attracted towards her. How was ringlets?'

'The same. I'm going to dream about her.'

'Well, good night,'

'Good night.'

The second number of the *Doddsville Telegraph* came out, and was universally acknowledged to be better, even, than the first. Jack's spicey paragraphs (made out of whole cloth,) were much commented on, and being devoutly believed, created a sensation.

The young ladies were all quite enraptured with the good-looking editor and his friend, but Fannie and Lettie were the only ones who received any signs of favor.

Upon them, the young men were remarkably sweet. Riding-parties and sailing-parties without number were gotten up, to say nothing of balls; parties, private theatricals, and other festive occasions, all of which would have been sadly incomplete without Phil Cary and his friend.

The third, fourth, and fifth numbers of the *Telegraph* were welcomed with more dubious admiration than the first two. Phil was beginning to get a little tired of his editorial duties, and the old fogies of Doddsville complained that the paper was becoming a trifle too gay—too flippant—for them, until at last, on the fifth week, Phil went to New York for a little rest and recreation and to make another draft upon Cary senior, for another cool thousand (it dosen't take long to sink that amount in a weekly paper,) to assist him in keeping up appearances. During his absence, he left Jack Leland in charge of the paper, and that gentleman, having to take care of Lettie, and not feeling much like writing, re-printed the whole of Richard III., on the editorial page, instead of getting up original articles.

The consequence was pretty much as might have been imagined. The office was flooded with indignant and badly-spelled letters, insisting that the course of the paper should be changed, or the subscribers' money (there were one hundred and twenty of them, at one dollar *per annum*, half of them six months' subscribers at that) returned.

Phil came back from New York with a rueful countenance. He had succeeded in getting fifteen hundred dollars from his father, but the sixth number of the *Telegraph* had to be gotton up, and he was sick of it. Jack met him with an exulting smile.

'My dear fellow!' cried he, 'such a successful hit as I've made! The people are coming from far and near to see the man who re-published Shakspere in a newspaper. I shall be tremendously popular, and intend to run for an office!'

'You've ruined the paper, Jack, and if you like, I'll sell it cheap to you.'

'Don't care about investing, thank you, I'll accept of the sub-editorship without asking for a salary.'

'You can do that, because you're a rich man. I ought to make a living out of the infernal paper somehow or another.

'Nonsense! how much money did you raise?'

'Fifteen hundred.'

'Good. Five hundred more than you expected. I've written to Shiney & Co. for a thousand; so we'll both be flush next week, and have a jolly time.'

'Yes, when we've got out the sixth number of the *Telegraph!*'

This sixth number was a curiosity in journalistic literature. The leader was written in doggerel rhyme by Jack Leland, and contained enough personalities to form a foundation for a score of libel suits. The foreman of the printing department refused to have anything more to do with the establishment, and Jack and Phil had to 'make up the forms' themselves. As they did not understand this part of the business very well, they got several articles in upside down, and did not get the paper to press until a day after its date.

It then appeared without any heading, as that had been crowded out by a press of matter on the first page. The various articles were also curiously divided—half of one being here, and another half there; two verses of poetry being at the top of a column, and the rest at the bottom of another and so on, all over the sheet.

The morning that the paper was issued, Phil called his office boy.

'How much do I owe you?' said he.

'One dollar, sir.'

'Here are two. Now I am going out—my friend and myself—for the day. I want you to stay here in the office, and sell papers, for I expect a great rush for them. If anybody asks for me, say that I will be in soon.'

With which, the two friends walked over to the tavern, had a drink, and disappeared.

In half an hour, as Phil had predicted, there was a great rush for the papers. Everybody came, bought a copy, asked for the editor, and ran off to tell sombody else.—The boy realized a small fortune, from the large sales he made, and stuck faithfully to his post, like Casabianca, also, like that heroic but injudicious youth, he got 'blown up' by many of the callers, and waited in vain, for he never saw Phil Cary again.

The cause of the intense excitement was the following paragraph, which I transpose entire, from an old copy of the *Telegraph*, which I keep as a curiosity:

STARTLING OCCURRENCE.
HIGH-HANDED ATROCITY!!
AND
UNPARELLELED IMPUDENCE.

For some time past, two young men residents of this village, have been paying very extraordinary attentions to two young girls, also residing here.

One of the gentlemen is a literary light of some magnitude, and the editor of a paper in this county. Of the other, nothing is known; and nothing is likely to be, if he can help it.

The names of these individuals are suppressed, on account of the respectability of their acquaintances. It is said that the Rev. H. F. Glorispout is the bosom-friend of one of them.

The young ladies' family-names were not learned by our reporter; their first names are Frances and Lettitia—familiarly known to their friends as Fannie and Lettie.

At an early hour this morning, these young ladies were discovered to be missing and, although an active search has (probably) been instituted, no clue to their whereabouts can (probably) be obtained.

Shortly after this discovery, it was found that the young men, above-mentioned, were also among the missing, and the presumption is, that the parties have eloped together—a presumption which, we happen to know, is quite correct.

We shall keep a sharp look-out on this proceeding, and, if any of the friends of the parties find out anything before we do, we shall be much pleased to have them communicate it.

Sure enough, Fannie was gone—no one knew whither; so was Phil. Lettie had flown for some unknown region; so had Jack. None of the four were ever seen at Doddsville again; but the entire edition of the sixth and last number of the *Telegraph* was bought up within a very brief time.

The next article Phil Cary wrote for publication, was a marriage announcement for a New York paper. It told of the wedding of Mr. Philip Cary to Miss Francis Wheatley, by the Rev. Mr. Something-or-another and added, 'Also, at the same place, by the same gentleman, Mr. John Leland to Miss Letitia Ashby.'

HOME AND WIFE ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angle in it, of a Saturday night. A house no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow—close the curtains.

What if they are calico, or plain white border, tassel, or any such thing? Let the rains come down, heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes, rendering clouding, shedding a sunset through the room just enough to talk by, not loud as in the high ways; nor rapid, as in the hurrying world but softly, slowly, whisperingly with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up.

Then wheel the sofa round before the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee; uncushioned at that, if so be it is just long enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come, falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swel the chimes of "the days that are no more."

Under such circumstances, and as such a time one can get at least sixty nine and a half statue miles nearer "kingdom come," than any other point in this world laid down in "Malte Brun."

May be you smile at this picture; but there is a secret between us, viz: it is a copy of a picture, rudely done, but true as the Pentateuch of an original in every really human heart.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept, 20.—Hiram P. Leslie, the notorious music teacher swindler, was to-day tried for the larceny of the wearing apparel of one of his victims, and convicted. The Judge, in passing sentence upon him, said he regretted that he was only amenable upon this one charge, and concluding by giving him three years hard labor in the penitentiary, the extreme penalty of the law.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Sept. 20.—The Republican State Convention to-day re-nominated Mr. Banks for Governor.

Where's the Difference!

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A poor man sat at his window—no—I am wrong; it was the window of his hired house. It was a small mansion, a little tenement painted white, and surrounded by richer establishments that seemed to look down with a sort of crimson contempt upon their humble neighbor. The occupants of those stately homes were very much annoyed by the simple little house, and the little children that played on the steps, and generally kept its curtains down on the side that looked toward them.

But, as I said before, a poor man sat at one of the windows everlooking the street. He was a thoroughly noble looking man too, with handsome Roman features, and an eye like a hawk. With the exception of his coarse clothes, he was much more gentlemanly and dignified in his appearance than any merchant in that princely row.

A pile of bricks had been emptied quite near his doorway; they were for repairs. As this man looked out, he saw two or three children with his own little ones, humming and buzzing about the bricks. Their dainty little hands were eager to fashion houses and bridges, and all sorts of momentary architecture. Suddenly the poor man bethought him of a pastime of his own when he was a child, and his heart having retained the pure and sweet emotions of youth through the cares and hardships of mature life, he hastily threw on his hat, and going down he taught them a new trick. It was this, to place a row of bricks on end, quite near to each other, forming a long line; by touching the last one an impetus is given to every brick by its next neighbor, and the row is presently swept down in regular order. The children clapped their hands, and shouted so loudly that some of the rich neighbors, coming to their windows, saw how their little ones were employed, taking lessons in amusement from a poor and almost unknown man.

"What a fool !" said one sneeringly; "I should think the man was an overgrown baby. See him laugh! See him play!—Shame on him! a grown man; we must call our children in."

And from all those windows went the laugh and the sneer. Men with gold tasseled caps set on perfumed locks laughed the poor man to scorn; women in beautifully embroidered robes turned down the corners of their pretty lips, and the children were speedily called in.

Years passed—the poor man had grown rich. Wealth had come to him, not through toil; but it did not corrupt his good heart; his simple tastes. Still he loved children and their sports. He built himself a splendid mansion, however, and lived in the style his great revenues permitted.

Again, as in days of yore, there was a great load of bricks left in the vicinity of his home. Again little children gathered to 'play house;' and again the man sat watching them at his window. Yes, it was his window now—a window whose glass was costly plate—and he sat there no longer the tenant of a hired house, in coarse clothes, but attired in the richest of broadcloth. Again, as he looked at the busy, beautiful group below, his heart kindled with the memories of old, and he felt himself compelled to down and teach the juveniles his brick game. So, in a moment after he stood in their midst, and stooping picked up the bricks, arranged them, and then set them in motion.

How the children laughed and their bright eyes sparkled! The noise brought the aristocratic neighbors to their windows.

'Well, to be sure! There's Mr. B——, that wealthy gentleman opposite, playing with the children. Isn't it a pretty sight, dear ?

'Yes, and what a fine looking man he is, to be sure. What freshness of heart he must have to enjoy their little game with so much zest! I declare it's quite touching!'

'So it is; they say he is all of two million. Hasn't he a fine figure ?'

'Splendid! Do see him clap his hands! I declare it really brings the tears to my eyes.'

'Wipe 'em away—wipe 'em away, Mattie; they're crocodile tears!' cried a young stripling of seventeen.

His sister, a maiden lady of an unutterable age, looked round indignantly.

'Fact, sis; they're real crocodile tears, and I'll prove it. When I was seven years old that same gentleman came out of a little white house and taught us children that same trick. And, sis, you and mother both called him an 'old fool,' as I distinctly remember; and I, for one, received a tremendous injunction not to speak to his children or notice them in any way.;

'Nonsense, Fred!' said his sister, turning red.

Fred's sarcasm was not misplaced.

What is called the poor man's simplicity, is entitled the rich man's sublimity.—It was the same noble, tender, loving, great heart standing by the little ones in his coarse coat, jeered at and insulted with impunity, by the rich, that now bends his fine broadcloth to the dust in order to be on a level with the little ones; but not to the neighbors! Poor, all his nobleness was but dress in their eyes. Rich! and his weakness would be heavenly lustres, since their offset was the almighty dollar.

CURING AND KEEPING BUTTER.

It is now the season of the year when butter is most abundant and cheapest. If any method could be had for curing and keeping it fresh and sweet, there are thousands who would avail themselves of it, and put away their winter supply. It would be a great saving, economically considered.—An old housekeeper recommends the following: Loaf sugar, three ounces; best table salt, ten ounces. Take about one ounce of this mixture to one pound of butter.

Thursday, November 3d, has been set apart as a day of thanksgiving in Canada.

SICKENED OUT.

'I had a brother-in-law,' said Moses Perkins, 'who was one of the ravenest, maddest, reddest-hottest Abolitionists you ever saw. I liked the pesky critter well enough, and should have been glad to see him cum and spend a day, fetchin' my sister to see me and my wife if he hadn't 'lowed his tongue to run so 'bout niggers and slavery, and the equality of races, and the duty of overthrowing the Constitution of the United States, and a lot of other things, some of which made me mad, and the best part of 'em sick. I puzzled my brains a good deal to think how I could make him shut up his noisy head about abolitionism. Wall, one time, when brother-in-law come over to stay, an idea struck me. I hired a negro to help at haying time. He was the biggest, strongest, greasiest nigger you ever seed. Black! He was blacker than a stack of cats, and just as shiny as a new beaver hat. I spoke to him:—

'Jake,' says I, 'when you hear the breakfast bell ring don't say a word but come right down among the folks, and eat your breakfast.' The nigger's eyes stuck out of his head about a feet. 'You'er jokin' massa,' says he. 'Jokin,' sez I; 'I'm sober as a deacon.' 'But,' sez he, 'I shan't have time to wash myself and change my shirt.' 'So much the better,' says I. Wall breakfast come and so did Jake, and he set down 'long side my brother-in-law. He staid, but he didn't say a word. There wasn't no mistake about it. Shut your eyes and you'd know it, for he was loud I tell you. There was a fust rate chance to talk abolitionism, but brother-in-law never opened his head. 'Jake,' sez I, 'you be on hand at dinner time;' and he was. He had been working in the meadow all the forenoon—it was as hot as hickory, and bilin' pitch—and—but I leave the rest to your imagination. Wall in the afternoon brother in-law come up to me, madder than a short-tailed bull in hornet time. 'Mose,' said he, 'I want to speak to you.' Sing it out,' sez I. 'I have but a few words to say,' sez he, 'but if that 'ere confounded nigger comes to the table again while I'm stoppin' here, I'll clear out.—Jake ate his supper that night in the kitchen, but from that day to this I never heard my brother-in law open his head about abolitionism. When the fugitive slave bill was passed, I thought he'd let out some; but he didn't, *for he know'd that Jake was still working on the farm.*

A CHARMING CREATURE.

A young clerk has been for the last four years employed in a counting house in Paris, by a merchant in the Spanish trade. This latter has a neice, brought up in Spain, and an orphan. She is not beautiful, but refined and intelligent. At balls which she attended here, the past winter, escorted by her uncle, she danced but little; the truth being that she was seldom invited, except when the young clerk chanced to be present and offered the civility of requesting her to be his partner in a quadrille. It was thus that their acquaintance was made and ripened.

A fortnight ago the clerk obtained permission from Mademoiselle Fabricia to demand her hand in marriage from her guardian, his employer. The latter seemed surprised, and received the proposal with coolness. However, after a long consultation with his neice, he gave his consent, and the marriage took place as soon as the necessary formalities could be accomplished.

Two days subsequently, after breakfast, the young bride, observing the discontent of her husband at being obliged to return to his business so early in the honeymoon, said—"Well, don't go to day. Don't go any more !"

"Not go to the counting-house, my love! That is easy enough to say, but—"

"It is easy enough to do, also."

"Ineeed ! how so ?"

"Nothing more simple in the world. I have a million and a half fortune! In my apparently modest position I determined to choose a husband with a good heart. Do you blame me ?"

The gentleman's reply is not recorded.

Autumn.

Each season has its peculiar charms.—We rejoice to hail Spring, young, fresh and beautiful, when the opening flowers exhale their sweetness on the balmy air, and earth dons the livery of green. Summer, with its bright, warm suns, is a season of peculiar pleasures; and in its path follows Autumn, the crowning season of the year, when lovely Nature, smiling on her works, is to full perfection wrought. Spring's genial suns quicken vegetation into life—Summer's refulgent heats mature it—but it is left for Autumn to gather in the kindly fruits of the earth, before the rude winds and untimely frosts destroy them. It is distinguished from other seasons by the golden glories which are associated with, and the gorgeous sunsets that accompany it. At this season Nature wraps herself in russet and crimson drapery, and the rustling of the withered leaves, moved by autumnal winds, stirs the soul's deepest depths, and leads the contemplative mind "from Nature up to Nature's God."

But Autumn is well-nigh spent, and soon will be entombed in the urn of Time, to give place for hoary Winter, waiting now to assume his cold, icy reign. We sigh when we muse on its brief existence.

Oh Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that made thy forests glad;
Thy gentle winds and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad!
Ah ! 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy color'd shades to stray,
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye.

HOOPS.—We notice in one of our New York exchanges, the arrival of a great big ship load—seven hundred tons burthen—of hoops of Russian manufacture. Let the girls prepare to spread themselves.

The loss of the Austrians in the Italian war, was altogether, 1,151 officers and 43,500 men.

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