Baltimore Advertisements.

WM. H. BOLTON. DAN'L. K. BOLTON

WM. H. BOLTON & BROTHER
84 West Pratt street, Baltimore.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Paints, Oils, Glass, &c.

White Lead,	Kerosene,
White Zinc,	Ethereal,
Chrome Green,	Coal Oil,
" Yellow,	Linseed Oil,
Copal Varnish,	Solar Oil,
Spirits Turpentine,	Sperm Oil,
Japan Varnish,	Lard Oil,
Verdigris,	Neat's Foot Oil,
Vermillion,	Machine Oil,
Red Lead,	Axle Grease,
Lithrage,	Paint Brushes,
Concentrated Lye,	Window Glass,

Natrona Turpentine and Naval Stores.
Together with a general assortment of goods in our line, which we will sell on liberal terms.
oct 27–1y

TAR, PITCH AND OAKUM, in store for and sale by WM. H. BOLTON & BROTHER,
oct 27 84 West Pratt street, Balto.

AXLE GREASE, in kegs, cans and boxes, in store and for sale by
WM H. BOLTON & BROTHER,
oct 37 84 West Pratt street, Balto.

Great Victory.

HAS just arrived,
30 boxes genuine Rough & Ready Twist,
125 " bright Virginia Tobacco,
00 " Golden Sceptre, in 5 lb. boxes.
25 " Western tobacco.
50 " Navy do.
10 " Light Pressed.
1000 lbs. Smoking Tobacco, of various brands, in 5, oz., 1 lb. and ½ lb. bales.
Also a large assortment of CIGARS.
50,000 Henry Clay's.
40,000 La Minerva's.
25,900 " Espaniola's.
25,000 Trabacco's.
10,000 Generial's.
Havana Cigars.
Also, a large assortment of Fine Cut Tobacco's and Pipes, and many other articles too numerous to mention. All the above can be found at BEIN-STEIN'S, No. 177, West Pratt Street, which he promises to sell cheaper than any house in the city of Baltimore. Please give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. [feb 7-tf

Wines and Liquors.

WM. R. MARTIN, & CO,
DEALERS IN
Wines, Liquors, Cigars, and Groceries, and General Commission Merchants,
No. 72 South Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Personal attention given to the sale of Grain.
☞ We have on hand a stock of superior Old Whiskies, to which we call particular attention.
aug 11—1y

THOS. N. GOULD. I. REYNER DUKES. W. G. NICHOLAS.

GOULD, DUKES & CO,
AGENTS AND GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
No. 102 Light Street Wharf,
Baltimore, Md.
☞ Opposite Eastern Shore Steamboat Wharfs.

FOR THE SALE OF
Wheat, Corn, Rye,
Potatoes, Staves, Bark,
Wood, Lumber, Wool,
Rags, Peaches, Apples,
Dried Fruits, Eggs,
Poultry, Beans
Peas, Furs, and in fact everything the Merchant and Farmer wishes to dispose of.
We will pay especial attention to orders for Groceries, Liquors, Fertilizers and anything the Merchant and Farmer desires.
☞ REMITTANCES MADE PUNCTUAL.
GRAIN and all kinds of PRODUCE solicited on consignments.

REFERENCES:
Gus. A. Skinner, near Royal Oak,
Joseph Harrison, " " "
Capt. Levi T. Dukes, near Hillsborough,
Gen. Rd. Thomas, Cashier Easton Bank, Easton,
Col Sam'l. Hambleton, Attorney, "
ap 12-1y

OLIVER WOOD,
GENERAL AGENT,
WILL attend to all kinds of business entrusted to his care, such as
GOVERNMENT AND STATE CLAIMS,
Either in Maryland or Washington.
ARMY AND NAVY CLAIMS,
attended to with dispatch.
County and City Property sold on Commission, House and Ground Rents promptly collected.
Persons in the Country will please address me at 61 SECOND ST., BALTIMORE.

REFERENCES.
Gen. H. H. Goldsborough, | Hon. P. F. Thomas
Col. Saml. Hambleton, | Joseph Rasin,
James Benson, | Richard C. Lane.

Notice to Farmers.

FARMERS in want of Labor can be supplied with Farm hands, laborers, house servants &c., by applying to
OLIVER WOOD,
Real Estate Broker,
my 23-tf No. 61 Second st., Baltimore.
N. B.—Orders left with Wm. T. Hardesty, of Easton, will be promptly attended to. O. W.

Wanted.

WOOL, Rags, Feathers, Eggs, Soap, Lard, Beeswax, Tallow, &c., for which the highest market price will be paid by
may 30 SAMUEL PATCHETT.

THE EASTON JOURNAL,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT EASTON, MARYLAND.
ARTHUR BROWN,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—Two DOLLARS if paid within three months from the time of subscribing; if not so paid, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged. Clubs of ten, cash in advance, $1.50.

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the proprietor, until arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

Wm. Hall & Son,
543 BROADWAY N Y.
Agents for the Celebrated
BRIGGS' NEW PATENT PIANO FORTES,
WHICH are creating the greatest sensation in the the musical world, and have received the highest testimonials from all the leading artists in the country, among whom are

S. Thalberg,	Francis H. Brown,
L. M. Gottschalk,	Theodore Eisfelt;
Wm. Henry Fry,	Max Maretzek,
M. Strackosch,	Wm. Mason,

Herman A. Wollenhaupt.

At the late Fair of the American Institute, held in New York City, October 1865, they were awarded the
FIRST PREMIUM GOLD MEDAL!
for the best Piano Forte on Exhibition!
Agents for Geo. A. Prince & Co's
MELODEONS, AUTOMATIC AND SCHOOL ORGANS.
All instruments warranted for five years.
Manufacturers and importers of
Flutes, Banjos, Violins, Guitars, Violin Strings, Accordeons, and all kind of Brass and other Musical Instruments. Special attention paid to furnishing Brass Instruments for Bands.

PUBLISHERS OF SHEET MUSIC.

Just published "The Venite," a new collection of Chants for the Episcopal Service, for opening and closing Voluntaries, Musical Societies, Classes, and for the Social Circle, by Virgil C. Taylor.—Price—Boards, 85 cts. Cloth, $1.

Bassini's 20 Melodic Exercises
In form of Solfeggio's for Soprano and Mezzo Soprano Voices, intended as studies to acquire the proper art of sining, by Carlo Bassini, author.—Bassini's art of singing, and Baritone. In two books, price each $2 50.

PIANO-FORTE CALISTHENICS,
a collection of Five Finger, Chord, and Scale passages, for speedily developing the muscles of the fingers, and acquiring that degree of flexibility, independence and volubility, which are so indispensable to a good performance on the Piano Forte, by Francis H Brown. Price $3 50.

New addition, Pupil's First Primer, by F. H. Brown, author of Pride, Minnehaha, and Hesitation Polka, &c. Price 50 cts.

NEW MUSIC.

'Cast Thy Burden on the Lord,' with Soprano, Contralto or Tenor Solos, and Quartette, adapted from Gottschalk, Slumber Song, by W. K. Bassford. Price 35 cts.
'Holy Calm, A Peace Divine,' companion to 'Sweet Spirit hear my Prayer,' by W. Vincent Wallace. Price 35 cts.
'Lord, my God, I Long to Know,' 151st Hymn, as sung at Grace Church, composed by Braine Walsh. Price 35 cts.
'My Bud in Heaven,' words by Spencer W. Cone, Music by Stephen Masset. Price 35 cts.
'My Only Brother's Gone,' Song and Chorus, by M. Keller Price 35 cts.
'The Past that Breathes of Thee,' Ballad, by M. Keller. Price 35 cts
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'Vesper Star,' Duett, for two Sopranos, or Tenors, by J. Daniel. Price 40 cts.
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'Prayer at Sea,' Romance in form of a Nocturne, by J. de Jasienski. Price 50 cts.
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'Suis Moi,' (Follow me.) Galop, by A. Bernstien. Price 50 cts
'Water Fall, and Sea Breeze,' Galops, by Paul Steinhagen. Price, each, 50 cts.
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'Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer,' from Wallace's Opera, Lurline, transcribed for the Piano Forte, by C. Fradel. Price 40 cts.
'Crispino e la Comare,' Ricci's new Opera, arranged by C. Fradel. Price 60 cts.
'Feu des Etoiles,' starlight nocturn, by J. de Jasienski. Price 50 cts.
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'I'm Longing for Thee,' Guards waltz, as sung by M'dlle Parapa. Price 35 cts.

A Liberal Discount given to the Trade, Churches, Clergymen, Professors and Schools. Music sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the market price.

WILLIAM HALL & SON,
dec5-2m 543 Broadway, New York

CABINET MAKING.

THE undersigned having removed from his old stand on the Point Road to the Shop adjoining Mr. Wm. H. Shepard's office, on Dover street, where he is now prepared to do all kinds of work in the above named business.—Feeling confident in his ability to please all who may favor him with their work, he respectfully solicits a share of the public's patronage.

Coffins,
of all descriptions, made to order, at short notice. Hearse furnished (free of charge) to convey them to any part of the county. A Horse will also be sent if desired.
He also keeps on hand a full supply of ready-made furniture.
Terms positively as low as the times will allow.
The public's obedient servant,
jy 9-6m WM. T. GOW.

TEA.—Extra fine Black and Green Tea on hand for cash only, at
nov 21 G. E. S. LOVEDAY.

Worcestershire Sauce.
JUST received a case of Worcestershire Sauce in pints and ½ pints, for sale by
POWELL & WRIGHT.

The Easton Journal.

"The Laborer is Worthy of his Hire."

VOL. 3. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1865. NO. 22

Poetry.

For the Journal.

TO A FRIEND.

Lady with the love-lit eyes,
On thy heart no shadows lies.
Beaming as from fountain rill
God's sweet mercies ever fill,
Lady with the loving heart,
Mite of it to me impart.

Poets sing of beauty's power,
Beauty of the transient hour;
Artists picture as they love
Brightest fancies ever wove.
Oh! not these—not these,—I ween
Kindest heart was ever seen.

As some lake, so calm, serene,
Scarce a ripple dints the sheen;
All untroubled at its source,
Stilly takes its onward course;
So thy quiet, gentle way
Lady, would I for me pray.

When my frame is growing cold,
When the Dark Bird prints abold,
Crow foot traces on my lid
T' stramp his image there amid,
Wilt thou press them on my cheek,
Lady of the spirit meek?

As upon the stormbeat's moan,
A birdling trills its welling tone
And swings its tiny self asleep
'Gainst the dim clouds all aweep
Thou in trouble draw me nigh,
Blithest spirit 'neath the sky.

Tell me, whence the wondrous power,
Born of love—of love the flower?
Came it as a fairy gift—
Magic wand of golden rift?
Nameless—never elfin kiss
Awoke thy soul the love like this.

Thank God for all His blessings given,
For all earth-bound and promised Heaven.
For the sunbeam's golden power,
For the songbirds and the flower:
But most amid the things terrene
For loving looks and smiling e'en.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

The following is the celebrated song which created such intense excitement throughout Great Britian, and for the incorporation of which in his piece, Mr. Bourcicault's play of "Arrah na Pogue" had to be withdrawn from the London stage!

I.

Oh! Paddy dear and did you hear
The news that's going round,
The Shamrock is forbid by law to
Grow on Irish ground.
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep,
The color can't be seen,
For there's a bloody war against the
Wearing of the green.
I met with Nappy Tander, and he took
Me by the hand,
And he said. "How's poor ould Ireland,
And how does she stand?"
She's the most distressed country that
Ever you have seen,
They're hanging men and women there for
"Wearing of the green."

II.

Then, since the color we must wear is
England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the
Blood that they have shed.
You may take the Shamrock from your hat
And cast it on the sod;
It will take root and flourish there,
Though under foot it's trod.
When the laws can keep the blade of grass
From growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer
Their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color
I wear in my caubeen:
But till that day, please God, I'll stick
To wearing of the green!

III.

But if at last the color should
Be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from
The dear old soil will part.
I've heard whispered of a country
That lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in
The light of freedom's day.
Oh! Erin, must we leave you, driven
By the tyrant's hand!
Must we ask a mother's welcome from
A strange but happier land,
Where the cruel cross of England's
Thraldom never shall be seen,
And where thank God! we'll live and die
Still wearing of the green!

A SCENE AT COLLEGE.

Some years ago whilst attending a college located near the centre of that beautiful and romantic region of East Tennessee, we witnessed a scene at once so solemn and so ludicrous that it can never be fully described. No representations we can make will be sufficient to convey to the mind of the reader, the grave, yet amusing transaction as it actually occured.

A large number of students were then at this college from various Southern States, attracted to it by a talented faculty—by the low rates of board and tuition and by a pleasant and healthy climate. Its fine location no doubt added greatly to its popularity, for it was situated in the midst of this Switzerland of America, where lofty mountains rear their blue heads on every side and where the scenery is as rich, as lovely, and as variegated as ever beheld by mortal eye. A large number of students then in attendance were quiet and studious, but amongst them were a few frolicking, fun-loving boys, always ready for any amusement and at this time they were frequently engaged in what they termed taking "*Freshmen*" through a regular course, frequently not very commendable and never a pleasant operation to the subject.

About this period a new student arrived by the name of Bear, about twenty-one years of age, and as green, and unsophisticated as ever hailed from the mountains of East Tennessee. He was naturally forward, self-conceited and exceedingly iritable. In fact, as Sam, the ring leader of the mischievous, had a good look at him, he exclaimed to his companions, "game," and with a wink and a nod declared "they would have some fun breaking him in a process which no *Freshman* had ever tried and relished."

Bear had only been at College a few days when the operation commenced. A fellow student who professed to be proficient in mesmerism induced him to try the experiment which resulted in his rubbing lampblack over his own face, at which point the operator left him in the midst of the *innocent* spectators, lest he might have his subject to fight., a barberous exercise the students generally evaded. The next day he was induced to try the experiment of climbing what was then known as "*the buzzard roost*" and by which he precipitated himself in a peculiar style into a mud hole. Again, some half dozen of the students persuaded him to go out after night with them, for the purpose of catching a bird which they represented as similar to a partridge, which they called "*yelping tretchers*," and which they declared were very plentiful in the neighboring woods. As no net could be obtained, they substituted a large meal bag, which they insisted would answer every purpose. The consequence was that poor Bear, was taken out into the woods by a circuitous route until he was completely lost, and finally left holding the bag, at a *slip gap* in the fence, whilst his companions, went to drive in the birds, but who went home and left Bear, to find his way back as he best could, which he was not able to accomplish until daylight came to his assistance. These were only a few of the numberless tricks that were played upon him by a set of merry students for the sake of amusements.

On all these occasions recited, Bear showed a disposition to fight He carried a brace of pistols concealed about his person, boasted of his skill in using them, and threatened to shoot each of his tormentors. This suggested to them the propriety of trying his pluck, and a student by the name of Clark was selected to test his bravery. A suitable occasion was soon found, when Clark quarreled with our hero, and appeared to be mortally offended, and sent him a challenge to fight a duel. Bear had no desire to risk his life, and was really a great coward, but his pretended friends persuaded him he must accept it, or he would be forever disgraced. Their seconds were selected, and all arrangement made for the contest which was to come off near the college on the next day, at an hour the teachers would be absent.

The next day arrived much sooner than Bear desired. He had evidently spent a sleepless night, and his nerves appeared to be much out of tune. It was plainly to be seen that he would back down if any excuse could be found, but he was urged on to the much feared contest by his supposed friends. All the morning he paced his room with an anxious countenance, revolving in his mind various expedients by which he might make an honorable escape from the terrible dilemma. Each plan was submitted to his pretended friends, who soon demonstrated to him their impossibility, and urged him to acquit himself like a man, or he would be ruined for life.—

Suddenly Bear exclaimed, "I'll go to the President, and show him this challenge and have it stopped."

Go to thunder! exclaimed Sam, who was his confidental and bosom friend. "Go if you dare, and he will show you the door. He will have you sent to the Lunatic Asylum."

"I'll swear I am not going to fight," exclaimed Bear with energy.

"Not fight, not fight," repeated Sam, "after accepting the challenge—gone deranged, crazy, as a bed-bug, and be branded as a coward."

"Its against the rules of the college," said Bear, "to fight duels."

No rules ever I heard of," responded Sam

Here the clock struck, and Bear turned as if stung by a viper, and cast his eyes on the time piece, and continued as if talking to himself.

"Two hours! only two hours cursed duel."
Growing desperate," said Sam in a low tone.

This minute," (shouted Bear with energy,) "I will go to the President and have it stopped."

Sam seen it would be useless to argue, and proposed going with him, promising to assist in having it arranged.

It so happened that when they came to the President he was busily engaged with a latin class. Bear thought his business urgent and bravely walked up and handed the President the challenge, which he hastily read with the exclamation "What is this?" "Why bring it here?" "What nonsense—foolish boys" "All mischief." Conjugate the next verb," (to his class,) and at the same time handing Bear back the challenge.

"Guess we had better leave," said Sam, and as they reached the door he added "not much satisfaction from Old Red Oak," as the President was then familiary known.

Bear went to his room in despair, but soon announced his determination to see Clark, and make an effort to have it settled without a fight. The intended visit was duly reported to Clark, and when Bear arrived he found him seated at a table apparently reading his Bible, a position he had assumed for the occasion. He did not observe Bear until he spoke, when he slowly closed his Bible without asking him to be seated. Bear began, "Mr. Clark, I have come to see if our difficulty cannot be arranged without fighting, and I am willing to make all acknowledgements about—"

"You will please stop, sir," said Clark, interrupting him, we have chosen mutual friends who will make all necessary arrangements. You will please leave me."

"But, insisted Bear, "I do not wish to fight you, and I will apologize for—"

"I cannot hear you," interrupted Clark, with great impatience. "In one hour," he continued, drawing his watch from his pocket, "we must meet. One of us will probably be killed, and it may be myself; therefore I wish to be left alone, so I can spend the few remaining moments in meditation." So saying he turned again to his Bible and commenced turning over its leaves as if in search of some special clause. Bear turned and left, telling Sam he would also go and prepare for the conflict in like manner.

The appointed hour, selected because the President and professors would then be absent, soon arrived. The ground selected was a level bottom in a bend of a neighboring stream near the College. The hillside near by was lined with students to witness the contest. Bear appeared, accompanied by Sam, and was evidently in "an agony of unutterable distress." He was intensely excited, and unable to control his nerves. All was now serious and solemn as death. The ground was carefully stepped off and Bear posted next to the stream, thirty paces from Clark.

Here an altercation arose between the seconds, for Sam insisted, as Bear was the challenged party he was entitled to the first fire. He had promised Clark this to keep him from backing out, and Bear, in the ignorance of the rules of the code of honor, believed it all right. As it had been before arranged, it was finally agreed that Bear was to have the first, and that Clark, if able to do so, might fire as soon afterwards as he desired.

As soon as this difficulty had been adjusted, Sam handed Bear a pistol loaded, as he supposed, with a good ball, but which in reality contained nothing more than a heavy load of powder and paper. At the same time Clark was handed the top part of a broken brass candlestick fixed in a crooked gourd handle, which, at the distance of thirty paces, very much resembled a pistol, and whose harmlessness Bear was in no condition to discover. Sam now gave Bear a little hurried advice in a low tone. "Take good aim he said. Be certain to hit. If you don't you are agone sucker. Clark is a dead shot. Should you fail to bring him down, guess you had better get away as fast as your legs will carry you. Don't think he can hit you running.

Bear listened to this advice with chattering teeth and shaking nerves, and acquiesced in it with a nod of the head.

"All ready, shouted the master of the ceremonies. "I will count three, and when I pronounce three, Mr. Bear will fire. Clark, if not then shot, can take aim and fire immediately." The spectators still as death, awaited the result with no little anxiety.

One, two, three, was pronounced.

Bear, with a trembling arm, levelled his pistol and pulled the trigger. We doubt if he would have hit a double barn if it had stood where Clark was stationed, so great was his agitation at the time he fired.

As soon as the smoke had cleared away Bear discovered Clark erect and presenting what he thought a dangerous pistol. He wheeled and ran as fast as his legs would carry him, terror adding swiftness to his flight. A few leaps brought him to the neighboring stream. No footlog was convenient, so Bear made a fearful plunge from a high bank into the water, where it was about waist deep, then rose with an awful surge and rushed to the opposite bank. Here he looked back only for a moment, for he seen Clark running to the footlog a short distance above to follow him. He immediately struck up a long muddy lane with Clark in rapid pursuit, bearing the *gourd handle pistol*. With Bear it was a race for dear life, feeling every moment for the hissing ball to strike him. Clark, after pursuing him about half a mile, returned. During this pursuit a boisterous scene occured amongst the spectators. Some shouted for Bear to run, some huzzaed for Clark, some screamed, yelled and laughed alternately.

A student accidently met Bear about a mile from the battle-field in his headlong flight, fatigued and worn out. He, with considerable effort, induced Bear to halt and rest, knowing the trick that had been played upon him; he, by much entreaty and promising him protection against his persecutors, brought him back to the college.—When shown the weapon Clark had carried, his mortification was great, and he immediately left college.

Bear was certainly badly treated, but we have no doubt but it to some extent cured his self-conceit, and learned him to curb his temper. How he improved it, we never learned. One thing we know, that the students made themselves merry over mock duel for many days.

Sympatay.

There are hearts that ache in every household; and the aching heart hungers for sympathy. The neglected child that crosses our path, or whose little pinched, weired face looks in at our door "for broken pieces;" the youth whom the world has flattered and crushed; the proud, ambitious man; whose hopes have been wrecked, and who feels that he has nothing for which to live; old age tottering on his staff; the peerless woman, and flaunting belle, all have unutterable longings for sympathy.

"Kiss me, Hardy," said the dying Nelson. At that bitter hour, even stern man of battle longed for some visible expression of kindness and love.

It is strange that, poor, weak, erring creatures as we are, have so little sympathy for others.—Too few of us that look upon the sorrows of others as He looked upon them who went about relieving human misery, and who spake to the downcast and miserable, words of unequaled tenderness. We seem to forget that we are all members of one family—that we are all subject to like feelings; and that it as hard for others to suffer as it is for ourselves. As we see the deformed, the beggar, the feeble, and pinched by want and care, we seldom think how sadly we should feel in their situation.

We let some trivial thing prevent us from visiting the stranger, the sick, and the needy, never once thinking how we should feel languishing in pain, without the soothing influence of friend or acquaintance; passing the long weary hours; uncertain whence the sustenance was to come to save us from perishing.

Yet who has made us to differ? He who has rendered our lives pleasant, has made others unfortunate, and we are unworthy of the blessings He has bestowed upon us, if we are unwilling to impart them to others. Our feelings should be so susceptible to misfortune that we cannot passively endure that another should suffer. When Sir Philip Sidney was dying on the battle-field, an attendant brought him some water. A wounded soldier looked wishfully at the cup.

"Bear it to him," said the noble man, "his necessity is greater than mine."

Beautiful! the generous philanthropy that filled his great soul. Not only those whose names have come down to us, but Heaven is full of those whose fame says nothing.

The child who labors to support and make pleasant the declining years of a parent, is a philanthropist in the sight of God, and however little is known of them here, their names are spoken among the angels.

The man of limited means who makes a pleasant home for another whom circumstance or misfortune has rendered homeless, is as noble in the sight of God, as the millionaire who founds an asylum, and whose name is chiseled in granite and trumpted over the world.—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

HUDSON GUERNEY'S DOG.—The following touching tale was told by a friend of the late Hudson Guerney:

One morning I was sitting on business with Mr. Guerney, when I heard the pattering of feet behind, and the door silently opened. I turned to see who was listening to us, and the Newfoundland dog quietly entered the room, and, standing in the centre, looked on me boldly and on his master kindly.

"This," said Mr. Guerney, "is one of my most faithful friends; he is come to pay me his usual morning visit."

Turning to the dog, he continued:

"I'm a little better to-day, but not much. One morning you shall miss me; I shall be dead."

The dog, as though endowed with human instinct, gave a low moan, and, advancing to his master, placed his huge paw, with a gentleness that would hardly have crushed a fly, on Mr. Guerney's knee, and, that done, he raised himself on his hind legs, and placed the other on Mr. Guerney's shoulder, and licking his face, seemed to pat him on his back, with an expression which almost said—"Come, come, don't be so downhearted! You are very bad, but you'll get better by-and-by."

Mr. Guerney perfectly understood him, since he replied:

"It's no use; I tell you I shall die."

The dog meaned again.

"And now," continued Mr. Guerney, "you must go; for I am busy with this gentleman."

The dog looked at his master, then at me, and silently left the room.

Anecdote of Dr. Nott of Union College.

On an evening preceding Thanksgiving many years ago, two students left the college, with the most *foul* intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining the house. When they arrived on the spot, one ascended the tree while the other stood with a bag to receive the plunder. It so happened that the Doctor himself had just left the house, with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately crept away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was saluted from above as follows:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other immediately laying his hands on the old rooster, exclaimed:

"Here's old Prex, will you have him?"

"Pass him along," was the reply and he was soon in the Doctor's bag.

"Here's marm Prex," said the all unconscious student, grabbing a fat old hen, "will you have her?"

"Yes," again responded the Doctor.

"Here's son John will you have him?" "Here's daughter Sal, take her?" and so on until he had gone regularly through with the Doctor's family and chickens.

The old man walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night work, came down and streaked it for the college. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one it must have been to Doctor Nott. Expulsion, fines and disgrace were uppermost in their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from the President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was an impossibility, so with heats full of anxiety for the result, they wended their way to the house, where they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the rogues and said: "Young gentlemen, here's old Prex, and son John, and daughter Sal," at the same time touching successively the respective chickens; "to which will you be helped?" The mortification of the students may be imagined.

The Devil Right.

Dr. H., who is pastor of an Orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that an "opportunity would now be offered for any brother to give an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue with an account of controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. "My friends," said he, "the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not be kept silent; he ever whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out the session-room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered, "Brother, *I think the devil is right!*"

An Old but Successful Game.

On Monday last the citizens of Kittanning, Pa., were treated to a genuine sensation, by a vender of cheap jewelry, who reaped quite a harvest from the gullible residents of the borough. The game practiced was an old one, but it proved highly successful, notwithstanding the frequent expositions made by the press. The vender took a prominent position on the principal business thoroughfares of the town, and soon attracted an immense crowd about him, in consequence of his unprecedented liberality. He commenced by selling genuine five dollar greenbacks for four dollars, and did quite a brisk business for a few moments. He then offered two dollars for one, and it is needless to say he had no difficulty in "making sales."

He next distributed "currency" among the crowd, and a general scramble was the result.—Then came the offer of a "handsome gold locket" for two dollars and "money returned," which was also promptly accepted. The liberality was astounding, and the spectators grew enthusiastic. At the proper moment the "jeweller" opened "a fresh box," and offered "magnificent lockets" for five dollars. Having gained the entire confidence of the crowd, the lockets found ready sale, the purchasers thinking the money would be returned as in previous instances. After having "got his money back," and a considerable amount in the way of "profits," the vender coolly informed the crowd that he was a regularly licensed pedlar, and that the "five dollar sales" were all *bona fide*. It is needless to say that the crowd saw the "sell," and discovered that they had purchased an utterly worthless article. Experience is an excellent teacher, and the residents of the borough will probably be on the alert in the future.

STRANGE OCCURRENCE AT PALMERSTON'S GRAVE.—It is stated that when the Dean of Westminister pronounced the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" over the grave of Lord Palmerston, the chief mourner, as a last precious offering to the dead, threw into the grave several diamonds and gold rings. Another account states that the vault was so constructed that it would not permit of the throwing in of any earth at the most solemn portion of the funeral service. This novelty attracted a great deal of notice, and was received with various degrees of approbation. To some it appeared a great improvement, as taking away all the earthy hideousness of burial; but others thought that the traditional solemnity of the grave suffered when the dread words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" are not accompanied by the usual symbolic sprinkling of earth on the coffin. The chief mourner responded to the words by casting several valuable rings into the grave.—*Manchester Guardian.*

☞ A negro, of a hue several shades blacker than charcoal, entered a store in Hartford, on Saturday last, and inquired for a "penny's worth of injy ink, I'se gwine to mark my name on my arm."

☞ "John," said a gentleman to his apprentice as he was about leaving home to be absent awhile, "you must take my place while I am gone."

"Thank you, sir," innocently replied John, but I had keep rather sleep with the boys."

Terms of Advertising.

TERMS—One square—8 lines—one insertion $1. and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction in price to those who advertise by the year, or 6 or 3 months.

Advertisements sent to the office, not marked the number of times to be inserted, will be continued until ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special Notices, inserted before Marriages and Deaths, 10 cents a line for each insertion. Marriages and Deaths inserted for 50 cents.

Merchants and others advertising by the year will be charged extra for advertisements out of their regular line of business.

A Broken Heart.

The following interesting case of a literally broken heart was related by a late distinguished medical professor of Philadelphia, to his class while lecturing upon the diseases of the heart.—It will be seen on persuing it, that the expression "broken hearted" is not merely figurative:—

In the early part of his career, Dr. Mitchell accompanied, as Surgeon, a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of the Southern ports. On the return voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, whilt the doctor and the captain, of the vessel, a weather beaten son of Neptune, but possessed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latter's room, the captain opened a large chest, and carefully took out a number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon a table. Dr. M., surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was so often rejected, that her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to a greater exertion; and that finally, upon renewing his offer declaring the ardency of his passion that, without her society, life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage from which, in the warmth of his feelings, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually allotted to mortals, that he spent all his ready money while in London for bridal gifts. After gazing at them fondly for some time, and remarking on them in turn, "I think this will please Annie," and "I am sure she will like that," he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage, and the doctor observed a tear glisten in his eye as he spoke of the pleasures he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride

On reaching his destination, the captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As he was about to step into his carriage awaiting him he was called aside by two gentleman who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her and had married another, with whom she had decamped shortly before. Instantly the captain was observed to put his hand to his breast and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his room on the vessel, Dr. M. was immediately summoned, but before he reached the poor captain he was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate disease. His heart was found literally torn in twain!—the tremendous propulsion of the blood, consequent upon a violent nervous shock forced the powerful muscular tissues asunder, and life was at an end. The heart was broken.

Little Children.

I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes—little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on badly without them. If there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women, how we should long for the sight of a child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awaken within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

GREED OF GOLD.—When Napoleon, about 1811, desired to build a palace for the King of Rome, near Barriere de Passy, the shop of a poor cobbler, named Simon, stood in the way. Simon having learned what was going on, demanded 20.000f. for his tenement. The administrator hesitated a few days, and then decided to give it but Simon, goaded by the love of gain, now asked 40,000. This sum was more than 20 times its value, and the demand was scouted.—An attempt was made to change the frontage, but, being found impossible, they went again to the cobbler, who raised his price to 60,000f. He was offered 50,000f., but refused. The Emperor would not give a france more, and preferred to change his plan. The speculating son of St. Crispin then saw his mistake, and offered his property for 50,000f., 40,000f., 30,000f., coming down at last to 10,000f. The disasters of 1814 happened, and all thoughts of a palace for the King of Rome. were abandoned. Some months after, Simon sold his shop for 150f., and, in a few days after the sale, was removed to an insane asylum. Disappointed avarice had driven him crazy.

YOUNG MAN THINK OF THIS.—Morris Ketchum, the father of the great defaulter in New York, is reported to have said to his creditors: "If I could have my son back with his good name, and you were all paid in full, I would *die content*." Such is the last ambition of our good financiers. A life time of activity, an ample fortune its reward; and now all would be given for a *good name*. Young man—fast young man—think of this."

A spirited lady caught her husband the other day in the act of breaking up her crinoline hoops. The exertion, or something else, had a singular effect upon him. His hair came out at an astonishing rate.

☞ "Are you a Christain Indian?" asked a benevolent gentleman of one of the Chippewa tribe. "No, sir," was the answer; "I whisky Ingen."

"HERE'S your money, dolt, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum." "I'm sure I can't tell, but, if you'll excuse me, sir, I guess it was because seventeen din't fetch it."

☞ A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball: Don't you think, Miss, my moustaches are becoming? To which she replied: 'Well, Sir, they may be coming, but they have not yet arrived."

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