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OFFICE—On Court St., nearly opposite Court House. [may6 6m

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

REMOVAL.
MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same,
apr8 3m MILTON G. URNER.

Dr. R. T. Hammond,
RESPECTFULLY offers his Professional services to the inhabitants of Walkersville, Georgetown and the surrounding country.
His Office is in his Dwelling, the property formerly belonging to George A. Winebrenner. [may13 tf

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McSherry, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2.
T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E 3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
THE next Session of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH, (15th.)
☞Applications for admission should be made to
WM. D. COOKE, Principal,
aug20 tf E Frederick city, Md.

Notice.
I HAVE made arrangements to get NORTHERN ICE, and will be prepared to supply my customers and the public, and hope to receive a liberal share of their patronage. JOHN MURDOCK.
apr15 tf

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

STILL AHEAD.
THE greatest attraction on Market street is the Show Window of D. G. Crise's Temple of Fashion; here you will find a splendid assortment of
GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS
of the very latest styles. Call and see for yourselves, as you can't help being suited.
D. G. CRISE,
apr22 Temple of Fashion.

JUST RECEIVED.
A Large assortment of the latest Improved
COOKING STOVES,
which will be sold to suit the time, CHEAP FOR CASH, at the
"FREDERICK STOVE HOUSE,"
mar18 BY ERNEST A. C. FOX,

Drugs, Medicines, &c.

PATENT OR PROPRIETARY MEDICINES, all kinds of Pills, Tonics, Sarsaparillas, Blood Purifiers and Cough Medicines, likely to be called for at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

Drug Store.
PASSAPAE & CO.,
DRUGGISTS,
S. E. Corner Market and Ptrick Sts., Frederick, Md.
Successors to Luther M. Schaeffer, through Keyser & Co.
WE would very respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick and surrounding neighborhood that we have purchased the very old and well established Drug Store of Messrs. Keyser & Co., where we will continue the same business in all its branches; almost every day we are receiving new supplies of the freshest and purest Medicines, purchased in the Northern cities, and of the most reliable Druggists. Also, Toilet Soaps, English, French and American; Lilly White, Extracts, Rouges, Powder Puffs and Boxes, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Combs, Sachet Powders, genuine German Cologne, and a nice assortment of everything generally kept in a retail Drug Store, and as low or lower than they can be purchased in any market.
Eagle Baking Powdes for sale here.
Prescriptions compounded with great care. PASSAPAE & CO.,
S. E. Corner Market and Patrick Sts.,
july1 6m Frederick, Md.

HAIR TONICS AND RESTORERS.—All the leading preparations for the Hair, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store,
Market street, opposite the Market House.
july1

NEW DRUG
AND
FAMILY MEDICINE STORE.
L. M. SCHAEFFER,
Respectfully announces to his friends in Town and Country, that he has recently opened an entirely new, complete and
First-class Drug Store,
In Market St., opposite Market House.
His long experience in the business in this city and in Philadelphia, and his determination to keep only
PURE AND GENUINE MEDICINES,
will, it is hoped, receive the attention and encouragement of his friends. All the Patent or Proprietary Medicines likely to be called for, will always be kept on hand, and in addition he will be constantly supplied with the most approved
TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES.
Physicians' prescriptions compounded with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
L. M. SCHAEFFER, Druggist,
Opposite the Market House.
july1 Frederick, Md.

TOILET REQUISITES.—Hair, Tooth, Nail and Infant Brushes, Combs of all kinds, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Powders, to be had at
L. M. SCHAEFFER'S New Drug Store.
july1 Opposite Market House.

Williamson & Beckenbaugh,
DRUGGISTS,
(SUCCESSORS TO ERASMUS WEST,)
NO. 36 NORTH MARKET STREET,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
WE respectfully inform the citizens of Frederick city and county, that we have purchased the Drug Establishment of E. West, and are now receiving a large and carefully selected assortment of pure
Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines,
Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Ladies' Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, Combs, &c., in fact all articles usually found in a first-class Drug Store.
We have also just received a large supply of Landreth's, Shakers' and Briggs Bro's. Garden Seeds.
Our Goods have been bought low for Cash, selected with the greatest care and will be sold at the very lowest prices.
Physician's and Merchant's orders promptly filled. Prescriptions accurately compounded.
We trust by a desire to please and a strict attention to business, to merit a share of your patronage. Call and examine our goods and prices. Very respectfully,
JOSEPH A. WILLIAMSON,
THOS. L. BECKENBAUGH.
jan21

EAGLE BAKING POWDER.
WE have just received a large lot, and will keep constantly on hand Keyser & Co's. Eagle Baking Powder.
WILLIAMSON & BECKENBAUGH.
july1

Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
CELEBRATED
PREPARATION
FOR
CLEANSING THE BLOOD.
The long and favorably known Preparation of Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON, for cleansing the Blood, needs at this day no recommendation at our hands, its virtues having been established by the thousands of cases where it has given relief in the
Most difficult forms of Chronic Diseases,
during the last sixty years. So highly indeed is it esteemed, that the demand is constantly increasing not only at home, but we are daily receiving applications for it from the most remote sections of the country—North, East, South and West. To meet this demand, as well as to prevent the public from being imposed upon, we have determined to put this Preparation in such a form that it may be within reach of everybody everywhere.
Other Preparations, far inferior to the genuine, having been put out by certain parties, have been mistaken by some for our own, and as a matter of course the old Preparation of D. Fahrney & Son has been made to suffer some in reputation; thetefore, to prevent this mistake, as well as to meet the increasing demand mentioned above, we have concluded to send the medicine out in liquid form. Not recommending it to cure all diseases the human body is heir to, but as a Family Medicine, and for all diseases originating from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, it has no equal; and will cure the following diseases:
Scrofula, Cutaneous Diseases, Erysipelas, Boils, Sore Eyes, Scald Head, Pimples on the Face, Tetter Affections, Old and Stubborn Ulcers, Rheumatic Affections, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sickheadache, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, General Debility,
Mercurial Diseases, Foul Stomach, together with all other Disorders arising from Impure Blood and Disordered Liver, &c., &c.
Prepared by Drs. D. Fahrney & Son, Boonsboro', Md., and Dr. P. D. Fahrney, Keedysville, Md. Sold by all Druggists and Merchant generally. All genuine is signed thus: D. FAHRNEY & SON.
☞Be sure and call for Drs. D. Fahrney & Son.
For sale by Williamson & Beckenbaugh.
feb18 6m pd

N. R. LANGDON, *Formerly Hough & Langdon.*	M. KEEFER, *Late Flour Inspector.*	JAS. H. DESANT, *Frederick County, Md.*

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apr22

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawney mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the fort to-morrow,
Sing while we may; another day
May bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sung "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dare not speak,
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers;
While the Crimean's valley learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters;
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Oh, soldier, to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing,
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

The Schoolmaster of Bonchurch.

Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a picturesque village on the upper cliffs of Ventor. Here some years since, lived a poor schoolmaster, who rented a cottage of two rooms for a dwelling, and a barn for the school. He was self-educated in the common elements of knowledge, and had made the human heart his study; and it was his delight not merely to teach the mechanical parts of reading, writing and arithmetic, but also to influence the moral and intellectual powers of his children, and to strengthen, elevate and purify them. In this aim he had but one text book—the Gospel of the Great Teacher; and in this he learned one lesson especial—that "it is good to seek to save that which is lost."

Like all of his order, the master in his school had to contend with boys who could not learn, and boys who would not. But the boy who gave him the most trouble could and did learn; only he was intractable in his general conduct, and such an imp of mischief, that it was a ceaseless perplexity with the good master what ought to be done with him. The master had no worldly motive for reclaiming so difficult a charge, since he gained not a penny by it; and he felt a Christian yearning toward the lad who was an orphan and was not without promise of better things.

"Harry, Harry, look in my face sir!" exclaimed the master one day, in his very sternest tones.

Harry lifted up his bold, handsome, and always dirty face, surrounded with a mesh of dark, curly hair, and made a comic grimace; but when his bright eye met that of the master, he glanced aside, as if something pained him.

"Harry Bonner you were last night stealing neighbor Watson's apples."

"Was I master?"

His tone in mock innocence and simplicity excited sudden laughter in the school, and the frown of the master could scarcely check it.

"Yes, you were; and I tell you, Harry," said the master, solemnly, "if you go on in this way you will come to some bad end."

"I hope not, master."

A stout leather strap was produced.

"Hold out your hand," said the master.

"No, thank you."

"Hold out your hand."

"Rather not if it's all the same to you, sir."

"I insist."

The hand was held out very firmly, Harry winked hard; the strap descended, and then with an affected howl, ending in the laugh of a young savage, the culprit went back to his form—only to plan new offences.

"I feel this is not the way to reclaim that boy," said the master, after school to his sister, an invalid dependent upon him, who sat all day in an easy chair generally engaged in knitting dapple gray worsted stocking; "yet what else am I to do with him; he is excessively hardened, full of courage and cunning; I never met with a boy so precociously wicked; every body prophesies evil of his future life. He defies restraint. He has robbed every orchard within ten miles; and really, I often fancy he does it out of mere love of adventure and peril."

"Your strap will do him no good," said the sister quietly.

"What then will?"

"Patient kindness, and instruction, and time."

"Why, does he not know that I have almost paid his uncle, the blacksmith, to let him come to school; that I send him vegetables out of my garden every now and then to keep him in good humor."

"Harry knows you are his only true friend, and thinks more of one gentle word from you than all of your blows with your strap. He has far too much violent usage at home."

"That is true; you are right."

One afternoon Harry Bonner left his seat at the head of the high form, flung his book aside, and planted himself at the window; whence he enjoyed the view of the sea, and of a man-of-war that had approached near the shore in order, as Harry had heard it rumored, that its crew of seamen for the French war might be recruited by forcibly impressing men along the coast.

Harry was engaged in easy contemplation of this prospect when the master espied how he was using his time.

"What are you doing there. Harry Bonner? Where is your book? Have you learned your lesson?"

"No."

"Then, sir, you shall learn a double lesson before dinner."

"I like double lessons," said Harry, flinging, himself back in his place, and learning rapidly a long row of words and meanings.

Before dinner time had come, the double lesson was perfectly mastered, and hard sums got through—for sums and lessons were all play to him.

The master looked at him with feelings of pity, regret and admiration.

"Oh my boy," said he, "how can you throw away such abilities on mischief and wickedness."

Harry colored up to the temples; his eyes flashed and moistened; he was going to make a passionate reply, but turned short round, and went out of the school whistling, with his hands thrust among the marbles and the whip cord in the pockets of his ragged corduroys. Beside the pond in the centre of the village he stopped and looked jealously around, seeing he was unobserved, he pulled out the marbles and top from his pocket and flung them into the water.

"There," said he, "now I shall give up nonsense and show the master, and show everybody what I can do. I'm thirteen years old and shall soon be a man, and I must look out for myself, as the master says I am clever, and have got good abilities; I feel it—that I do?"

He walked on, still talking to himself; presently he burst out:

"What does uncle hate me for, I should like to know? What harm have I done him? What's he always thrashing me for? Why don't he let me alone?"

Again he went on, every now and then loitering to think?

"I wish," said he, turning his pockets inside out. "I only wish I had some money there."

With this fresh wish on his lips, he went into the dirty cottage of his uncle. It was a homestead that did anything but credit to its occupants. The floor was unswept, the hearth covered with coke and potato peelings; the remnants of a dinner of the meanest kind were scattered over the table. The boy felt disgusted. He looked at his aunt, sitting in a dirty cottage gown and discolored cap in the chimney corner, and compared her to the schoolmaster's suffering sister, who ever looked so neat and clean.

The passion for change and improvement that had silently been taking place in Harry's breast was momentarily becoming more developed. All at once he said to his aunt:

"Aunt can you give me some money—ever so little?"

"Money!" she looked at him in surprise. "What do you want with money?"

"Never you mind; only see, though if I don't pay you back some day, and plenty of it?"

A violent blow from behind sent the boy reeling against the wall. There stood his savage uncle with his fist doubled, and his face distorted with intoxication.

"I'll teach you to ask for money," said he and other blows and fierce abuse followed.

The boy started forward into the centre of the room and gazed with steady boldness into the tyrant's face and said:

"You have done nothing but ill use me since my father died. I have never done you any harm, and I shan't bear any more of it."

The blacksmith caught up a heavy stick.

"Will you not?"

"No, I will not; so take care what you're about."

"I'll break your spirit, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"You won't do either."

"We'll try that."

The blacksmith rushed forward to grasp Harry by the collar, and Harry sprung to meet him with wild resistance. They stood foot to foot and hand to hand, wrestling for the mastery, when the door opened, and the schoolmaster entered. Instinctive reverence for the good man the blacksmith paused, and the boy broke from him trembling violently, and now subdued to tears.

"I am sorry to see this," said the master, "What is the matter?"

The blacksmith muttered something, and his wife took the stick from his hand.

"They are always quarreling," said she.

"What have I done!" exclaimed Harry: "but it don't matter, master; I like you—you have been good to me and I shall think of it; but as for him—I hate him and despise him, and I have nothing to thank him for; and after this day I will never see his face again, nor eat of his bread."

In an instant the lad was gone.

Some hours after, the master returned home, and the first thing he did was to take his strap from the table and put it in the fire.

His sister smiled but said nothing.

Afterwards they conversed together respecting the poor boy, and the master expressed some uneasy apprehensions as he repeated Harry's words on going off. Those apprehensions increased when it became known through the village that Harry Bonner was missing, and could not be found.

At dark the villagers were traversing the road with lights—the old upper road, which viewed from the lower cliffs, appeared but as a lofty terrace cut on the green mountain side.

At that time the now flourishing town of Ventor had scarce begun to exist; only a few houses relieve the picturesque wildness of the scenery, amid which the sounds of the villagers formed an exciting accompaniment to the dash of the waves among the numerous breakers and the fury of the equinoctial gale.

Up and down the steep acclivities of the old road, winding about the face of the upper cliff, did the villagers continue moving with their lights long after midnight, for the parting threat of the boy had caused a general belief that he had committed some rash act—perhaps thrown himself over the cliffs, or into the sea.

What else could have become of him? He had neither money no food, nor clothes, nor friends, nor any hope of help of any kind that any one knew out of Bonchurch. One person hinted at gypsies, another at smugglers, and the bold energetic character of the boy made the master fancy it might be possible that he joined one or the other. But gypsies had not been seen in Bonchurch for many months, and the smugglers of that part of the island were well known to the residents, and on good terms with them, and they denied any knowledge of the boy.

Gradually the search ceased, except on the part of the schoolmaster, who walked in every direction, inquiring and examining. But at last, he too, lost hope; and as he stood in Ventor Cave when a stormy night was darkening around, and the winds and waves raged in fearful unison, he felt a melancholy conviction that Harry Bonner was lost forever.

Twenty years rolled away, and the disappearance of the boy was still a profound mystery.

The blacksmith had died of intemperance and no one lamented him. The schoolmaster's sister needed nothing more in this world. Most of Harry's schoolmates were dead, and of those who survived, scarcely any remained in the village. All was changed; but the schoolmaster lived in his humble cottage, and kept school. But he was grown old, and solitary, and infirm; and so poor that he was almost reduced to a shadow with hard living.

In his best days he eked out his little income by cultivating a few vegetables and common fruit; and this was still his resource when he could hobble out on fine days into his patch of garden ground.

His spirit had been unusually depressed by the decline of his strength, poverty, his forlorn condition, and the memory of his sister, when at sunset one day he stood at his school room window, looking toward the sea. The lattice was open for the weather was warm, and his withered face felt refreshed by the breeze that played over it.

But that which chiefly detained him there, and held him in a kind of fascination, was the unusual appearance of a ship of war, one of the most imposing size, moored near Ventor.

The old man's memory was quickened by the spectacle, and he thought of Harry Bonner, who on the day of his disappearance had been detected by him watching just such a vessel, while his neglected book was thrown aside on the form.

Gazing and musing, the master stood while the shadows of twilight gathered over the scene; the masts and rigging of the chief object of his attention grew indistinct, darkness came quickly and with it a storm which had been in preparation some hours.

The master hastily closed the lattice as a flash of lightning broke in upon his musings. He turned to leave the schoolroom and to enter his cottage; but what figure was that which, amidst the obscurity, appeared seated on the identical spot, on the chief form, where Harry Bonner sat when he learned with such surprising rapidity his double lesson, after watching the man-of-war from the window?

The schoolmaster had grown nervous and rather fanciful, and I know not what he imagined it might be; but his breath came quick and short for an instant and then he asked in a faint voice, "Who is there?"

A manly voice replied, "Only Harry Bonner."

The lightning lit up the whole of the large dreary-looking schoolroom, and revealed to the schoolmaster the figure of a naval officer, on whose breast glittered decorations of rank and honor.

Darkness instantly succeeded, as the officer started from the form and grasped the hand of the master with a strong and agitated pressure; then the two moved quickly and silently along the cottage while the thunder crashed overhead.

The excitement of the moment confused the faculties of the old man; and as the officer, still holding his hand with that fervent grasp, gazed in his eyes by the dim light of the cottage fire, he uttered some incoherent words about Harry Bonner, and the ship and the double lesson; but when he beheld the officer covered his face with his disengaged hand and weep, his brain rallied its disordered perceptions. He ignited a rush light that stood on the mantle-shelf, and as the officer withdrew his hand slowly from his face, the master passed the light before those brown and scarred, yet handsome features, in whose strong working of feeling, if nothing else, he recognized his long-lost but unfortunate scholar.

The officer suddenly clasped the old man's hand. "My dear old master?" he exclaimed.

The old man was too weak for the sudden surprise; he put his hand to his brow, gazed vacantly, gasped for breath and his lips moved without a sound.

The officer placed him tenderly in the old wicket chair, in which the knitter of the dapple-grey worsted stocking used to sit; then the old man grasped one of his arms, and looking up said mournfully and shook his head: "She is not here. She said to the last Harry Bonner would be found some day; and now she is not here."

"Dead is she?"

"Oh, yes."

There was a short silence solemn and sad.

"And why hast thou hidden thyself all these years," asked the master.

"I have been redeeming the past. I've been working my way from rags and infamy to this"—touching, with an air of dignity, his gold epaulette and the insignia that glittered on his breast—"and I have been gathering this," showing a full and heavy purse, "to revenge myself to the stick and strap, and make thy latter days happy."

"The change seems wonderful to you, no doubt," continued the officer, after an agitated pause, "it is wonderful to myself, but it is to you I trace it,—your benevolent instructions, your patient endeavors to reclaim me, your observation on my wickedness, your encouraging praise of my abilities—all appealed to my heart and conscience, and stimulated and roused me to resolve on going to sea and trying to lead a new life. The sight of the man-of-war from the window and the last flogging I had from the blacksmith decided me. I ran down the cliffs. I told my tale to a boat's crew of the war-ship; I was taken on board as a cabin boy. The ship sailed directly. I rose step by step. I have been in many battles, and here I am the commander of the vessel you were viewing when I entered the schoolroom and found my way to the old seat.

"And I hope," said the master earnestly, "I hope, my dear Harry, you are thankful to that Providence that has guided your wandering feet through paths so strange and difficult."

"I trust I am," rejoined the officer with profound reverence. "And does my uncle live yet?"

"He and your aunt died fifteen years ago."

"I am sorry for it. I should like to have talked with them of our past errors—theirs' and mine. It would have gratified me to have done something for them, and to have heard them retract some of their harsh words to me. How my heart warmed to the old village when I entered it just now. I could have embraced the mossy palings I could have knelt down and kissed the very ground. But I was so impatient to see if you lived that I paused nowhere till I reached the school and found you gazing at my ship."

"You have brought back the heart of Harry Bonner, whatever has become of his vice."

"You shall find I have," responded Harry, "for whatever money can procure or affection and gratitude bestow, shall be yours from this hour, my dear master."

SOCIAL HONOR.—Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is a guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly.—There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and grief to his parents; sometimes a relative whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said, but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled.—Once within the sacred precints of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and forget to return them.

CAN ANY ONE TELL?—Can any one tell how men that cannot absolutely pay small bills, can always find plenty of money to buy liquor and treat when happening among friends?

Can any one tell how many young men who dodge their washer-women, and who are always behind with their landlord, can play billiards night and day, and are always ready for a game of poker or seven up?

Can any one tell how it is with some men who owe their butchers, owe for rent, owe for tailoring, for shoes, etc., can have anything that's nice, eat oysters at night, wear fine clothes, and have all the delicacies of the season?

Can any one tell how men live and support their families who have no income and don't work; while others who are industrious and always employed almost starve?

THE NEW MOWN HAY.

This morning stood the verdant spears,
All wet with diamond dews—the tears,
By night serenely shed;
This evening like an army slain,
They cumber the pacific plain
With their fast fading dead.

And where they fell, and all around
Such perfumes in the air abound,
As if long hidden hives
Of sudden richness were unseal'd,
When on the freshly trodden field
They yielded up their lives.

In idle mood I love to pass
These ruins of the crowded grass,
Or listlessly to lie,
Inhaling the delicious scents
Crushed from these downcast, verdurous tents,
Beneath the sunset sky.

It is a pure delight, which they
Who dwell in cities far away
From rural scenes so fair,
Can never know in lighted rooms,
Pervaded by exotic blooms,
This taste of natural air!

This air, so softened by the breath
Exhaled and wafted from the death
Of herbs that simply bloom,
And scarcely noted, like the best
Dear friends, with whom this world is blest,
Await the coming doom.

And leave behind such sweet regret
As in our hearts are living yet,
Though heroes pass away;
Talk not to me of Southern bowers,
Or odors breathed from tropic flowers,
But of the new mown hay.

Presence of Mind.

Presence of mind is the popular term to express the mental equilibrium.

The question has been frequently discussed in social circles, whether men or women are most prone to lose their presence of mind. Lucy, just seventeen, says: "Oh, men to be sure.—Why, self-possession is an attribute almost peculiar to women; a young girl entering society is quite at ease, while a young man is sure to be awkward and nervous. See how we get out of a scrape; never at a loss for an answer.—A man would stutter and mutter, and get deeper into the mire." "Yes, but," says Tom, who is just home from school, and not much troubled with nerves—"just look at you girls how you scream; if your life depended on silence, you'd betray yourselves by a scream."

Then the ladies reply: "Oh we don't pretend to be as brave as men."

And so the question remains unsettled. Lucy, no doubt, is correct, nor is Tom less so. Perhaps the fairest arrangement would be to grant the weaker sex pre-eminence in the absence of physical danger; and yet, on the other hand, instances of calm thought and deliberate action of women under trying circumstances are so numerous, that they can scarcely be held as merely exceptions to the rule. Among the tales of shipwreck are recorded noble instances of presence of mind among women in the most appalling danger.

What could be more heroic, for instance, than the conduct of the women on board the ill-fated "London?" Indeed, it is generally in circumstances of comparatively trifling peril that the balance of the female mind is disturbed—when, as Tom says, they shrick.

The following story, exemplifying remarkable presence of mind in an old lady, has never been in print. It is perfectly true. This old lady—But stay; she shall tell the tale herself, as she used to tell it to me, her little nephew.

"You know, my dear, I was living in the country at the time, my little grand-daughter being my only companion. We had two female servants and a man servant, but he did not sleep in the house, but in a loft over the stable. One night late in the autumn, I went to bed at my usual hour—nine o'clock. I was early, you see, for Fanny was only seven years old, and I did not care to sit up alone after she was in bed; besides, by the time I had read my chapter, and said my prayers and undressed myself, it was ten o'clock. Well, on this particular night, I went up as usual. I first undressed the child, and put her into bed; then I made myself comfortable and got my Bible, and sat by the fire—it was very cold for the season, and I kept a fire in my room—and after I had finished my chapter, I knelt down to my prayers; my position, as I knelt, was with my back to the fire, and my face toward the bed. I had scarcely got on my knees, when I caught sight of something unusual under the bed—on looking more attentively I could see that it was a man's foot. My first impulse was to scream, but fortunately I restrained myself; and the first shock over I was able to think I dared not go to bed, and pretend I did not know he was there; and yet, how to get the child and myself out of the room without exciting suspicion, I could not imagine. These thoughts passed through my mind in half the time I have taken to tell you; and I was about to rise from my knees, when I suddenly recollected that my doing so at once might in itself excite suspicion; for ought I knew it might be some one who knew my habits, perhaps my own man-servant, though I had no reason to suspect him. At all events, I determined to remain some time longer, as if engaged in my devotions. I need not tell you that I could not give much heed to my prayers, but I did ask for protection and guidance. You know, dear, that I am a slow, methodical old woman, and that I seldom get through my prayers in less than a quarter of an hour, so I now determined not to stir for at least ten minutes. What an age those ten minutes seemed! I never took my eyes off the foot until just before I arose, when it was slowly withdrawn out of my sight. When I saw it move, I felt faint with fright, for I feared lest the man had suspected, and was about to come out; however, he remained quiet, and then I got up from my knees. The next thing to be done was to get the child out of bed without causing any alarm. Speaking as calmly as I was able, I asked her if she was awake; she answered in a rather sleepy tone, but aroused herself as I continued speaking. "Fannie, dear," I said, "I have left my keys below stairs"—I felt a little uneasy at the falsehood, but I hope it was not wrong—"and I cannot undress without them, I don't like going down by myself, would you mind, getting up, my love, and coming with me?" She jumped out of bed in a moment, and, having wrapped a shawl round her, I pushed her before me; then, when opening the door, I managed to take out the key and put it in on the other side. I then shut the door, and locked it; and then, my dear, I could no longer control myself—I shrieked several times at the top of my voice, and fainted. After all, poor Joseph, the coachman, was faithful, for one of the maids called him in, and, armed with a pitchfork, he secured the robber who was trying to get out of the window.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Anecdote of a Bear.

Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear named Marco, which was kept in a small den or hutt, placed in a barn.—During the winter of 1809 some very poor people, who had liked to have perished with the cold, went into the barn for shelter. Among these poor people there was a little boy, who, being very cold, and seeing that Marco's den was a snug and warm place, went into it, without thinking of the danger of doing so. Marco, however, instead of tearing the poor little fellow all in pieces, as might have been expected, took him between his paws, and hugged him up to his breast, and kept him warm and comfortable until morning, he then let him go to ramble about the streets of the city. At evening the boy returned to the bear, who was glad to see him, and took him between his paws to keep him warm as before. For several nights the poor little boy had no other place to sleep but with the Bear, and what is still more singular, the animal kept part of his food to give him for his supper when he came. The keeper of the bear knew nothing of this for a number of days. At length, going one evening later than usual to give the bear his supper, he was surprised to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner at him. The cause of this strange conduct the keeper did not at first understand, but on looking more closely, he saw, to his astonishment, that the bear had a child clasped in his arms, fast asleep, and that his fierce looks were intended to warn him not to awake the child by making a noise. The keeper found, when he placed the food before him, that the animal did not seize upon it as usual, but lay quite still without touching it, for fear, as he supposed, of awakening the child.

A report of this strange story was soon carried to the duke, who, with some of his nobles, wished to see so curious and interesting a sight with their own eyes. They, therefore, one night, went and stayed near the bear's hut, where they could now and then look in, and see what was going on. They saw, with astonishment, that the animal never stirred, so long as the boy lay still and continued to sleep. The child awoke very early in the morning, and was much ashamed to find that the duke and his gentlemen were looking at him; he was also afraid of being punished for being found there. The bear all this time was trying to make the boy eat what had been brought to him the night before, and which he finally did at the request of the gentlemen. The duke was so much pleased at this singular friendship that he had the little boy at once fed and taken care of.

While passing a house in Virginia, two drummers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracting their attention, they asked a flaxen-haired urchin standing near the house if it "drawed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied: "Yes, it draws the attention of all the d—d fools that pass this way."

New Hampshire had a Congressman who used to open his speeches with:—"Fellow citizens, I was born in Portsmouth; I was always born in Portsmouth."

"When he shot at me the third time," said a California teamster, "I began to think that he meant business, so I up with my rifle and put a bullet through his head."

"An interesting game, no doubt," the typical witty Frenchman is reported to have said, on his first introduction to the ground of the London Cricket Club, "but why can't you Englishmen, who are so rich, hire some one to run about for you."

A female lecturer said: "Get married young man, and be quick about it. Don't wait for the millenium for the girls to become angels. You would look well beside an angel, wouldn't you, you brute?"

A non-German-speaking census-taker in a Teutonic New York district has resigned. He found every family named Nichtsverstay, and that was all the information he could gather.

A sick man was told that nothing could cure him but a quart of catnip tea. "Then I must die," said he, "for I don't hold a pint."

The measles are in Brigham Young's family. It is unnecessary to add that there are not enough to go around, and several dozens are left without a measle.

It is a good sight to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose.