TERMS.

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## Macellaneous.

NOVELS-YOUNG LADIES-MARRIAGE, etc. A TRUE TALE.

In the year of our Lord 1833, I resided in the city of A. in that clime of song and dream-the

sunny South. In that city there lived a Miss M .. a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. She combined in her person nearly all that could be desired, -- young, accomplished, affable, sociable, pious. Her person was of the medium size, gracefully formed; her complexion fair, soft, and every way interesting. Her hair tell and, culred charmingly around a snow white neck, and taking hereall in all, I have seldom seen a more lovely girl anywhere. She had, of course, multitudes of admirers, and many a heart had she smitten with an innocent smile. She had refused the heart and hand of a large number of true gentlemen. who were her equals in all respects save her beauty, but she had found out that she was handssme, (as most young ladies do) and come to the conclusion that she could get any one, at any time. She was induced to believe this from the fact of her having so many admirers, offers, &c., and the high opinion she had formed of her beauty and merits. She was, in that fair city, " the observed of all observers," and one apparently " altogether lovely." Many very vain and foolish compliments were paid her, all of which naturally tended to make her "think more highly of herself than she ought." She had been presented with some facinating novels, and prevailed on to read them, this she did with attention, and engerness, as at the t time they suited her fancy exceedingly well. As soon as one was read she was presented with another by some admirer as all seemed to vie with each other who should do most to please the fair Miss M. She soon contracted a taste for them, and as is usual, they became the only works of any interest to her. Some grand exploit the country, by the assistant marshals who by Paulina, Sir Edward, Hargrave, etc., scemed to be the principal subjects of conversation with always to be made before and after reading a novel; but it is one seldom made. She, however, devotions doubtless were on the decline, for we "cannot serve God and mammon," at the same

her too good for any one ! Miss M. had made a beau to suit her fancy from

man of great renown. place in church. Amidst the usual number of dmirers at church, Miss M. seemed to cust a careher eye for a moment upon the preacher, and gain she would look a ound the assembly. In me of these glances her eye fell upon the immagmary idol of her heart; she blushed and withfrew her eyes, but repeatedly looked at the same person, and every time she did so, she discovered that he was intently gazing upon her. He was a stranger, of ordinary size, dressed in the top of the fashion, with a snow white handkerchief, a young and healthy appearance; and above all, the lovely Miss M. seemed to merit his whole atention: All these things strengthened her belief hat he was the beau ideal of all her hopes. She med a restlers day and an uneasy night. Her \*bole inquiry was: "Who was that gentleman at sat'by Mr. \*\*\*." Her inquiry was finally newered; an introduction immediately sought and obtained. Fortune seemed to have fixed their beeting and was soon to gratify their brightest trexpectations.

Every advance of his was met by a modest reponse. The company of every other gentleman was discarded. As said before, the gentleman was an entire stranger, but to make amenda for that, he would almost daily return by the dwelling of the young lady with a pretended love letter from tone fair damed, and of course, would open it said smile as he read while passing immediately before her window. This confirmed her belief that was a gentleman of great wealth, and study. mg which, only increased her love for him. After fashionable courtship, a marriage was agreed won, the time set, and all preparation made for it any event. The mother was consulted, but was astonished and repudiated the idea on ac-

tended, and the next interview consumated the door, smelling at our feet with a slight plan. On the appointed day, at dusk, a carriage growl, and then laid down on the stepswas at the door, and Miss M. in all the busyance Now," continued the old she savage, of youth, love, and high wrought immagination, "them's the severest dogs in this country left a mother's home to join lots with another un. Last week Bill Stonecker's two year-old tried friend. In a few moments they were pro. seer jumped my yard fence, and Bull and conneed husband and wife. The romance was Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed overs it was a reality. Lodgings were procured him afore my boys could break 'em loose, at the first hotel in the place, and the second night to save the world. brought her husband to her room intexicated! with the excuse that her particular friend had kept him out, passing compliments upon his success, wishing him much joy, &c., &c., till he had for the first time in life taken a little too much. The story was believed, the off-nce forgiven, and all seemed right. But slas! " how fortunes vary!" Two months had not clapsed before the fact was pry into my consurns. They are none of divulged that she was weded to a fopish drunk." ard and a trifling man, in place of an immaginary lord! He was found in the hotel guilty of the vilest drunkenness and indecencies, and to fill her cup of sorrow he left her to mourn her sad misfortune without the least remorse, and went to another city. The late Miss M. returned disgraced to seek

shelter in the bosom of an offended mother. Her feelings and situation the reader may immagine. will merely add that she is still a sad emblem of the bad effects that too often arise from the alluring effects of NOVEL READING. When her heart. was taken she outiht to have resigned herself to her mother's guidance and not to novel immagination. My fair reader, beware of strangers, and deceivers, let them be ever so attractive in manner or appearance.

## Taking the Census in Alabama.

BY "A CHICKEN MAN" OF 1840.

[The following humorous sketch is from the pen of JOHNSON J. HOOPER, Esq., editor of the " East Alabamian," published at La Fayette, Ala. As a brother chip remarks, it is "enough to provoke a laugh under the very ribs of death." The omission and alteration of a few sentences takes way none of its humor.-Ens. Mess. The collection of statistical information

concerning the resources and industry of

were employed to take the last consus, was a very difficult work. The popular finpression that a tremendous tax would soon as truth, not as falsehood, a distinction that ought sus-taker to be viewed in no better light movel; but it is one seldom made. She, however, continued her visits to the house of God, but for the dealing for many develops d by him was either withheld entirely, or given with great reluctance. The returns time. The mother doted upon her darling child, therefore made by the marshals exhibited a and looked to her as being one of God's best gifts very imperiect view of the wealth and into her; and, indeed, prized the daughter higher dustrial progress of the country. In some against the unfortunate officers-who were known as the " chicken men "-made it ala novel! She had his size, form, features, man-most dangerous for them to proceed with ner, his introduction, courtship, marriage, and all the business of taking the census; and bit. to her own fancy. She had learned from novels ter were the taunts, threats, and abusthat to get married at home in the common way, which they received on all hands, but most without any romance, any grand exploit, any particularly from the old women of the coach, and more light meeting, any escape, was country. The dear old souls could not beneath the dignity of a great belle who had been | bear to be catechised about the produce of providentially spared from the offers of so great their looms, poultry yards, and dairies; a number of gentlemen to become the beloved and when they did "come down" upon companion of a distinguished nobleman, or states. | the unfortunate inquisitor, it was with a force and volubility that were sure to leave an The burning sun of autumn had ceased to re. impressian. We speak from experience fect with such power; nature was fast sheding and feelingly on this subject; for it so hapher green mantle, and jolly winter appeared just pened, that the Marshal of the Southers athand, when all should appear around a warm District of Alabama, " reposing especial hearth and a blazing fire a ain, to that and sing confidence" in our ability, invested us one the season of cold away in mirth and pleasantry. day with all the powers of assistant Mar-Every thing seemed to invite gentlemen of busi. shal, and arming us with the proper quanti sess and pleasure to the city again. On a levely ty of blanks, sent us forth to count the no-Sabbath morning the church bell rang and the ses of all the men, Women, children, and mother and daughter were seen in their usual chickens, resident upon these nine hundred square miles of rough country which con stitute the county of Tullapoosa. Glorious less glance at them occasionally, and then rivet sport! thought we; but-it dien't turn out so. True we escaped without any drubbings, although we came unpleasantly near catching a dozen, and only escaped by a very peculiar knack we have of "sliding but then we were quizzed, laughed at, abused, and nearly drowned. Children shouted "Yonder goes the chicken man! Men said, "Yes, hang him, he'll be after the taxes soon; '-and the old women threatened, if he came to inquire about their chickens, "to set the dogs on him, while the young women observed "they didn't know what a mun wanted to be so pertic'lar about gals' ages for, without he was a gwine a-courtin." We have some reminiscences of our peregrinations that will do to laugh at now, although the ocwere, at the time, anything but mirth-in-

> spiring to us. We rode up one day to the residence of widow rather past the prime of life-(just that period at which nature supplies most bundantly the oil which lubricates the ninges of the female tongue) -and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating mapper.

" Mornin'," said the widow gruffly. Drawing our blanks from their case, w proceeded-" I am the man, madam, that and come across!

takes the census, and "The mischief you are!" said the old termagent. "Yes, I've hearn of you: found it to be a basin surrounded with Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him jist what I tell you, that if you swim the horse we rode. Round and round said 'cloth,' soap, ur 'chickens to me, the poor old black toiled without finding any made the heart grow warmer" and Miss I'd set the dogs on ye.—Here, Bull! here, any place at which he could effect a land-rulity and simple mindedness. Her loany made the heart grow warmer" and Miss I'd set the dogs on ye.—Here, Bull! here, any place at which he could effect a landany place at which he could effect a landquacity knew no bounds; it was constant,
any place at which he could effect a landquacity knew no bounds; it was constant, cont of so short an acquaintance (three months)

"Yes ma'am," said we, meekly; "Bull

and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs." "You may well say that; what I tells them to do they do-and if I was to sick them on your old horse youder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Roberson. And its jist what I shall do, if you try to your business, nor Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh, old Van Buren! I wish I had you here, you old ruscal! I'd show you what-I d-I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when its taxed enough a ready!

All this time we were perspiring through ear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. Al length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was deermined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

" No such a thing-you'll do no sich a thing," said she; "I ve got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the dratted old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is, I've got five in family and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are he or she, is none of your consarns.

.We told her we should report her to the Marshal, and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath.

Yes! send your Marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren here, it you're bad off to-let em come-let Mr. Vun Baren come -(looking as savage as a Bengal tigress)-Oh, I wish he would come "-and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed-" I'd cut his head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to emark, by way of a joke.

"Kill him! kill him-ph-if I had him ere by the years I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittils out in gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky-the audacious, nasty, stinking, old scamp!" She paused a moinent. and then rosumed, "And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city -Jist put down ' Judy Tomp. kins, ageable woman, and four children.'

We objected to making any such entry, done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We however were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule-t Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four chil.

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart; and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old frame shook from the same cause. soul a parting fire. Turning half round, in order to face her, we shouted-

" Old 'owan !" "Who told you to call me old 'owan, you ong-legged, hatchet-faced whelp, you !-I'll make the dogs take you off that horse

vou want ?" Do you want to get married?" " Not to you, it I do!"

Placing our right thomb on the masal exremity of our countenance, we said, You needn't be uneasy, old 'on, on that score-thought you might suit sore-legged Dick S- up our way, and should like to know what to tell him he might count on if e come down next Sunday!

"Here, Bull!" shouted the widow, "sick him, Pomp!"but we cantered off, unwounded, tortunately, by the fangs of Buil and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress-" S.i.ck, Pomp-sick, sick, s.i.ck him, Bull-suboy ! suboy ! suboy !

Our next adventure was decidedly a dangerous one. Fording the Tallapoosa riv. er, where its bed is extremely uneven, being formed of masses of rock full of fissures and covered with slimy green moss, when about two thirds of the way across, we were hailed by Sol Todd from the bank' we were approaching. We stopped to hear him more distinctly.

"Hellow! little 'squire, you a-chicken unting to day ?"

Being answered affirmatively, he continued-" You better mind the holes in themere rocks-if your horse's foot gits ketched in 'em you'll never get it out. You see that big black rock down to your right? Well, there's good bottom down below that. Strike down thar, outside that little riffleand now cut right into that smooth water

We followed Sol's directions to the letter and plunging into the smooth water, we steep ledges of rock and deep enough to

was 'nt first-rate," but did nothing to help us. At length we scrambled out, wet and chilled to the bone-for it was a sharp September morning-and continued our journey not a little annoyed by the boisterbus, roaring laughter of the said Solomon, at our picture sque appearance.

We had'at more than got out of bearing of Sol's cachinatory explosions, before we met one of his neighbors who gave us to understand that the ducking we had just received, was but the fulfillment of a threat of Sol's to make the "chicken-man" take a swim in the "Buck Hole." He had drawing our papersheard of our stopping on the opposite side of the river, the night previous, and learning our intention to ford just where we did, fixed himself on the bank to insure our finding the way into the " Buck Hole."

This information brought our map right up, and requesting Bill Splawn to stay where he was till we returned, we galloped back to Sol's, and found that worthy, rod on shoulder, ready to leave on a fishing ex-

"Sol, old fellow," said we, "that was a most unfortunate lunge I made into that hole in the river--I've lost \$25 in specie out of my coat pocket, and I'm certain it's in that hole, for I felt my pocket get light pose some of his officers done it-bless my while I was scuffling about in there. The money was tied up tight in a buckskin pouch, and I must get you to help me get people can't git their jest rights in this

This, of course, was a regular old fash. cash mentioned as lost, in "a coon's age." It took, however, pretty well, and Sol conweather for the season and the water was almost like ice, that half the contents of the buckskin pouch would be just about fair for recovering it. After some chaffering we agreed that Sol should dive for the money "on shares," and we went down with him, to the river, to point out the precise spot at which our pocket " grew light."soon denuded himself and went under the fler duck with his wing broke." Puff! puff! as he rose to the surface. "Got it Sol ?" ." No dang it, here goes again "and Sol disappeared a second time. Puff! puff.! and a considerable rattle of teeth as " What luck, old horse!" " By jings, I felt it that time, but some how it slid out of my fingers." Down went Sol again, got through with the descriptions of the and up he came after the lapse of a minute, premiers of her tamily and the "Statististill without the pouch." Are you right cal table," as far as the article "cloth." sure squire, that you lost it in this hole. said Sol, getting out upon a large rock, while the chattering of his teeth divided his \$25 in hard dollars weigh a pound or two. little 'un. scared and confused that I didn't remember broke through my cont pocket, as can be!"

Thus re-assured, Sol took the water again, and as we were in a hurry, we re- old Miss Stringer she undertuk to help itquested him to bring the pouch and half the money to Dadeville, if his diving should prove successful.

To be sure I will," said he-and his blue lips quivered with cold and his whole

The " river ager "made Sol shake worse than that, that full! But we left him diving for the pouch in-

dustriously, and no doubt he would have got it, if it had been there !

Once as we were about to leave a house it you give me any more sarse. What do at which we had put up the night previous, one of the girls-a buxom one of twentyfollowed us to the fence, and the following tete-a-tete ensued :--

"Now, squire, they say you know and I want you to tell me, ef you please-what will chickens be worth this fall ?" " How many have you ?"

" The rise of seventy, and three hens asettin'!"

"Well now, Miss Betsy," said we. you know how much I set by the old man your daddy-and the old lady, you know how she and me always got along-and Jim and Dave, you know we was always like brothers—and yourself, Miss Betsy, I consider my particular friend-and as its you. I il tell you!"

"Do, 'squire, of you please; they say fowls; and some folks say he's going to take 'em without payin' for 'em, and some say he sint—and I thought in course, ef he did pay for 'em, the price would rise!"

" Well, the fact is-but don't say noth ing about it-the army is to be fed on fowls : he roosters will be given to the officers to make 'em brave, and the hens to the common soldiers, because, you see, they aint as good."

'In course !" "So you see, the hens will be worth about three bits, and roosters a half a dollar, and ready sale, at that."

She was perfectly delighted, and we do not hesitute to say would have rewarded us with a kiss, if we had have asked it; but in those days, modesty was the bright trait in our character." As it was, she only insisted on our taking "a bit of something cold," in our saidle-bags, in case we should reach town too late for dinner.

Our pext encounter was with an old lady notorious in her neighborhood, for her gar-

to be driven off furiously in a coach with her in- the east, for Bull and Pomp came to the occasionally asked us if the bottom unremitting, interminable, and sometimes of W II, well, what was the value of w quite a large Chancery suit which had been "They got dragging its slow length along " for seve- they tuck the old hens, as well a the young eral years, and furnished her with a con- chickens. The mont I was telling bout, I versational fund which she drew upon ex- bearn somethin squall ! qual ! and says !. tensively, under the idea that its merits I'll bet that's old Speck that a sty oud crows could never be sufficiently discussed. Have owl's got, for I seen her go to most with ing been warned of her propensity, and be- her chickens cup in the plum tree, fornest ing somewhat hurried when we called upon the smoke house. So I went to waar old her, we were disposed to get through busi- Miss Stringer was steepin', and says I. Miss ness as soon as posssible, and without hear-ing her enumeration of the strong points of you're born, that stackin owl's got old

"Taking the census, ma'am!" quoth and says she what did you say, Mrs. Stokes?

"Ah! well! yes! bless your soul, honey, take a seat. Now do! Are you the gentlemon that Mr. Van Buren has sent out to take the sensis? I wonder! well, cumocution. how was Mr. Van Buren and family when you seed him ?"

We explained that we had never the President, didn't "know him from a side of sole leather;" and we had been to work on 'tothers; and Bryant (that's written to, to take the census.

country; and the law is all for the rich and none for the poor. Did you ever bear tell ioned lie, as we had not seen the amount of of that case my boys has got agin old Simpson? Looks like they never will git to the eend on it. The children will suf. cluded, as it was a pretty cold spell of fer, I'm mightily afeard. Did you ever see. Judge B—? yes? Did you ever hear him say what he was ugwing to do in the boys' case agin Simpson ? No? Well, Squire, will you ax him the next time you see him, and write me word; and tell him what I say; I'm nothing but a poor widow, and my boys hae got no larnin, and old Simpson tuk 'em in. It's a mighty hard We did so with anxious exactness, and Sol case on my boys any how. They ought to ha' had a mighty good start, all on 'em, but water in the "Buck Hole," " like a shuf- that old man used 'em up 'till they aint able to buy a creetur to plough with. It's a mighty bard case, and the will oughtn't never to a been broke, but---

Here we interposed and told the old lady that our time was precious, that we wished Sol once more rose into "upper air." to take down the number of her family, and the produce raised by her last year, and be off. After a good deal of trouble we

"How many yards of cotton cloth did

you weave in 1840, ma'am ? "Well now! Less see! Nou know words into rather more than their legitimate Sally Higgins that used to live down in the number of syllables. "Oh perfectly cer- Smith settlement?-poor thing, her daddy tain, Sol, perfectly certain. You know druv her off on the count of her havin'n I didn't mention the circumstance when I couldn't help it, I dare say. Well, Sally first came out of the river because I was so she come to stay 'long wi' me when the old man druv her away, and she was a powit-but I know just as well when the pouch erful good hand to weave, and I did think she'd help me a power. Well arter she'd bin here awhile, her baby hit took sick and she's a powerful good hand, old Miss String. er, on roots and yearbs and sich like! She made a sort of a tea as I was a saying, and she gin it to Sally's baby, but it got wussthe poor creetur-and she gin it tea, and gin it tea, and it looked like the more she

gin it tea, the morr—

"My dear madam, I am in a hurryplease tell me how many yards of cotton cloth you wove in 1840! I want to get through with you and go on !"

"Well well! who da thought you'd 's bin so snappish? Well, us I was a' sayin' Sall's child hit kept a gettin' wuss, and old Miss Stringer, she kept a givin' it the yearb tea tell at last the child hit looked like hit would die my how. And bout the time the child was at its wust, old Daddy Sykes he come along, and he said if we'd gu some night-shed berries and stew 'em with a little cream and some hog's lard-now old Daddy Sykes is a mighty fine old man and he gin the boys a heap of mighty good counsel about that case—boys, says he, I'll tell you what you do; you go-

"Good lady," said we, " tell about your cloth, and let the sick child and Miss Stringer, Daddy Sykes, the boys, and the law-suit go to the dogs:' I'm in a hurry !" Gracious, bless your soul! don't git

aggrawated, I was jest a tellin' you how it come I didn't weave no cloth last year." "Oh, well, you didn't weave any cloth

swell and turn yaller, and hit kept a willin' existence. We appeal to you, young men, its eyes and a mounin', and I knowed and ponder the question well, can you be

" Never mind about the child-just tell me the value of the poultry you raised last year.

"Oh, well-yes-the chickens you that I did-and looks like we never shall implicit confidence. have good luck agin; for ever since old Simpson tuk that case up to the Chancery

"Never mind the case ; let's hear about the chickens, if you please."

n and about the best-half what I did raise. Every blessed night the Lord sent they'd come and set on the come of the house, that you are the mand hoo-hoo-hoo, and one night partiklar, I eyes ever beheld." remember I had jist got up to get the night-shed salve to was the little gal with.

" They got so bad-the owls' did-that her law case. Striding into the house, and Speck out in the plum tree; well old Miss Stringer she turned over pou her side, like,

> and says |---We began to get very tired, had signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly and wahout cir-

"Bless your dear heart, horey, I'm tellin' you as tast as I kin. The owls they got worse; after they had swept old Speck and all her gang, they went one of my boys,) he 'towed he'd shoot well, now, thar agin! Love your soul! Well, I spose Mr. Van Buren writ you a letter, did he? No? Well, I supthe jest rsome creeture-and so one night Bryant, he tuk the old musket and went out, and sure enoughethere was owley, (as be thought,) a settin on the comb of the house : so he blazed away and down come what on wirth, did come down, do you reckon, when Bryant shot ?"

" The owl, I suppose." "No sich a thing! no sich! the owl warn't thar. 'Twas my old house cat come a tumbim' down, spittin', sputterin' and scratchin', and the forr a flyin' every time she jump'd, like you'd a busted a feather bed open! Bryant he said the way he come to shoot the cat instead of the owl, he seed something white ---

" Mrs, Stokes, give me the value of your poultry, or say you will not! Do one thing or the other.

"Oh well, dear, love your heart, I reckon I had last year nigh about the same as 've got this.'

Then tell me how many dollars' worth you have now, and the thing's settled."

"I'll let you see for yourself," said the wides Stokes, and taking an ear of corn out of a crack between the logs of the cabin and shelling off a handful, she commenced scattering the grain, all the while screaming or rather schreeching "chick-chickchick-chick-ee-chick-ee-ee!

- Here they come, roosters and hens and pullets and little chicks-crowing, cackling, chirping, flying and fluttering over beds, chairs, and tables; alighting on the old woman's head and shoulders, flattering against her sides, pecking at her hands, and creating a din and confusion altogether indescribable. The old lady seemed delighted, thus to exhibit her feathered "stock." and would occasionally exclaim-"n mcc she never would say what they were worth; no persuosion could bring her to the point : and our papers at Washington contain no estimate of the value of the widow Stokes' poultry, though as she said herself she had a mighty nice passel."

## Templation.

Mark the character of every associate; ook into it with a penitrating eye, and if you see the coulibrium of his mind beginning to fall on the side of immorality and vice, forsake his company instantly/ lest you be assimilated into his practices, and be drawn imperceptibly into those Laths which you now detest and abhor/ Yield but once to the tempter and a thousand chances to one that you are undone. The principles that have been inculcated in childhood, and followed up day by day, and year by year, will be forsaken, and the gray hairs of those who have loved and cherished you will be brought in sorrow to the grave. Perhaps you think the language of those who address you be too strong—that their fears are groundless. Can it be?— An angel's eloqu nee could not be too powerful, when such a gem as the immortal mind is at stake. Were you trembling on the verge of a crumbling precipice, you might as well say, that alrong exertions in your behalf were win and tuile. It is not your body alone that is in jeopardy. It is the unseen principle wahin; the spark lit up by the D ity himself, which the Atlantic cannot quesen, nor the Alps conceal -Then consider no exertions too great on their part to save the gom untermished—as immaculate and bright as when it came from its Creator ; that whe fit bursts away last year. Good! we'll go on to the next from its freil casket it may wing its way to holier worlds, to shine with increasing "Yes! you see the child hit begun to splendor when the universe is blotted from too careful of entering into templation.-Turn away with disgust from the appearance of evil. Parley not with it. Look from it, and you will be safe; and many eves will be gladdened to see you come forth mean! Why, I recken you never in your into active life purified by adherence to the born days seen a poor creetur have the lack advice of these in whom your should put

Perfection - A calcificated preacher having remarked in his sermon that everything made by God was perfect, "What think you of me !" said a defersned man "Bless you, honey, the owls destroyed in a pew ben ath, who arose from his seat, and pointed to his own back. "Think of you?" reiterated the preacher; "why, that you are the most perfect hunchback my

> I reverence a young man, because he may be mi mu I mathy lutters