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SELECT POETRY

AN HOUR IN AN ANTECHAMBER

How irksome for a freeman thus to wait The summons which may license him to see The minister who holds the seal of state, Who wields its sword, or keeps its treasure key; Here whilst one vawns or walks impatiently, He feels 'twere happier far to hold the plough, Or stalk with dog and gun the forest free, Rather than seek for place as he doth now, Abasing him before man's face to bow.

This clositered silence, these thick-matted floors; That supercilions menial who withdrew; The sullen echo of far clanging doors; These hedge the magnate we but lately knew Of speech profuse, accessible to view, When fame and station hung upon a vote: But now the lord of an obsequious crew. His frown or smile the fortunes doth denote Of him who waits without with message or with

Off this vile bondage ! we were never born To cringe for favor, or to sue for bread: Nor has dishonor any term of scorn So bitter that we should its stigma dread, More than by human bounty to be fed; Leave we this haunt of sycophants and knaves, And of our memory be it ever said,

That from our cradle to our humble graves, We never yet were any master's slaves. WASHINGTON, 1854.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

For weeks the house of Brellington, root and branch, had been in earnest consultation over | tered her niece's eves in the mirror. the "coming out" of the only daughter. They

all-proper appurtenances, were at the head of to her humbler charms than if she were atthe very elite; and Mr. Brellington was the lead- tired with the unworthy attempt of aping that ing member of a clique of choice spirits endowed | which is so far above her." with too much intellect and soul for the aimless character of mere fashionable men. Ella parted with the treasured brocade; and that Brellington, therefore, could not "begin the very evening she re-made her will in favor of world" under more favorable auspices. But it "her dear niece, Sarah Brellington,"

sometimes in gay spirits and sometimes in dull should be missing!" ones, and who would never have distinguished maintaining the same "role" for any length of them in their cases—saving, as she did so :

Mrs. Brellington was in despair: just as the for her disappointment." drooping evelids and sweet sadness had made her an Ophelia, a gay, mocking expression and of the ornaments, for during the discussion she laughing eyes transformed her into a Rosalind had been deeply absorbed in the pages of "Ken--then came the noble countenance of Portia, igworth." and the reckless, defying Beatrice. That lovely her only daughter would fail of making a sensa- apartment had been furnished by a mother who

his rosebud preferred the subdued light of home grouped around in charming confusion.

in 'the world,' depends everything."

"Don't recollect any such thing!" exclaimed tion Ella upon the subject. her father, "upon this 'first appearance' depends beaux than you can possibly talk to, and hear-length she replied: ing more nonsense than you can possibly understand. And now let us take a visit to the bow- aunt Sarah's." ling-alley-you look fairly bleached for want of "Did aunt Sarah give it to you?" continued exercise."

The next moment they were flying down the path, and Mrs. Brellington watched Ella's glow- replied Ella, in great distress, " I will tell you ing face and disordered hair with a conviction all about it to-morrow." that her praiseworthy efforts in that daughter's Mrs. Brellington was anxious to hear the behalf were entirely wasted.

of her toilet all had something to say: and subject for the present. vet, such was Mrs. Brellington's tact that none felt offended at the rejection of their pro- she surveyed the party preparations; and while

spinster aunt of Mr. Brellington's, who was a summer skies-and another hand than hers,

hunting up causes of offence and making a fresh will at least once a week. She had lost a lover in her younger days, by testing the strength of his affection in various unique ways that have not transpired. This lady, having produced a thick, brocade silk, that fairly stood alone from its very richness, with some magnificent old lace, that looked as though it had just been baptized in coffee, "took the chair" and held forth upon the mighty things that had been done by herself in that snuff-colored brocade. She concluded by observing, in a manner that expressed her conviction of being accommodating to a fault, that "she would allow the dress to be taken in for Ella, and, perhaps, 'modernized a little!'

Ella's tip-toe height was only an inch above five feet, and her two arms would scarcely fill one ample sleeve of Miss Jerusha's dress; therefore, she laughed in the very face of her scandalized aunt in uncontrollable merriment.

Mrs. Brellington would as soon have equipped the pretty debutante in one of her drawing room curtains, but she wisely remembered that the self-important spinster had property to "give and bequeath;" so she laid her hand on Miss Jerusha's shoulder, and looking down into her face, with an expression that seemed to be saying You generous woman!" she replied, in the most grateful of voices.

"Dear aunt, this is really too kind!" "Don't mention it," said Miss Jerusha, looking as though her niece ought to be too full for

"We all know how much you prize that elegant dress-." Miss Jerusha turned it over and regarded it affectionately, "but even my partiality cannot consider Ella as suitably attired in any dress that has been graced by you."

Miss Jerusha looked reflective, and encoun-

"We all know what you must have been in were an important family--important in them- that dress," proceeded Mrs. Brellington, in a selves and in their influential connections; and touching manner, "you have kindly given us a it seemed strange that an important, consequen- description of your appearance, thus attiredtial-looking woman like Mrs. Brellington should and do not, my dear aunt, for one moment imabe called "mother" by such a delicate snow-drop gine that we cannot appreciate you without such sacrifices. Believe me that I shall be far The Brellingtons, with their city palace and better satisfied with Ella in a toilet more adapted

Miss Jerusha looked triumphant, as she de-

was provoking, as her mother thought, that the The next attack came from grandmother Brelchild should be so thoroughly a child, and so ob- lington. The old lady had set her heart upon stinately indifferent to the triumphs that awaited seeing Ella decked in a pair of pearl ear-rings, her. Mrs. Brellington had in her younger days a garnet necklace, and a broach of turquoise been a reigning belle-was a belle still; but she and diamonds. The articles were exquisite in was quite willing to resign her throne to the the fashion of a bye-gone time; but Mrs. Brelvouthful beauty who now engaged all her hopes | lington, who had a nervous horrer of things that didn't match, adroitly replied :

It was so unfortunate, though, that Ella should "We really do not deserve so much kindness have no particular "style." Mrs. Brellington's But, my dear madam, you must not tempt me characteristics had been expressed by the terms with a sight of these beautiful ornaments, for magnificent," "distingue," "queen-like;" but Ella is such a careless little thing that I cannot Ella was neither haughty-looking nor hoydenish- allow her to wear them. Think how I should looking-she was neither a romp nor an icicle; feel if she returned without that exquisite brooch, but simply a bright, enthusiastic girl, who was or if the drop of one of those lovely ear-rings

Grandmother looked frightened; they were herself as an actress from her incapacity of too valuable to be lost, and she hastily replaced " Well, well-we must try to console the child

But Ella was not even aware of the existence

She certainly was a strange child; and so young face was a perfect kaleidoscope of expres- thought her mother as she entered her room on sions, and Mrs. Brellington was sadly afraid that the night preceding that eventful evening. The was both able and anxious to gratify every fan-The proud father, however, was delighted that cy of a beloved child, and articles of beauty were

to the glare of fashinable assemblies; and the Ella was asleep; and Mrs. Brellington aptwo spent many pleasant hours in the library - proached the richly carved bedstead with its hours that should have been employed by Ella pink and white draperies, and stood watching in listening to her mother's instructions. But the slumberer, as she had often watched in byelately these conferences had been interrupted, gone years. She glanced at the small white One might have supposed that Mrs. Hauteville's hand that rested on the counterpane, and startparty was the only one that would ever be gi- ed at the sight of a slender ring of gold, in ven-that it would enjoy as melancholy a dis- which was set a small ruby heart. She had tinction as the last rose of summer; and Ella never seen the ring before-who could have raised her violet eyes until they were perfect given it to her? It looked most suspiciously like notes of interrogation, when her mother impres- a gage d'amour, but it might prove nothing more alarming than a gage d'amitie. "Some "Recollect that on this, your first appearance school girl token. I suppose," thought the wretched mother; but she determined to ques-

The next morning Ella blushed and hesitated nothing but the certainty of your having more beneath her mother's searching glance; but at

"I have had it for some time-I got it at

Mrs. Brellington. " Please don't ask me now, dear mother ?"

whole story at once: but Ella coaxed, and the The important evening arrived, and Ella was wary mother, reflecting that "a scene" might placed under the hands of the French maid, materially interfere with her hopes and expectahours before it was necessary. Upon the subject tions for the evening, prudently dropped the

Poor Ella! It was with a heavy heart that trying on her wreath, her busy thoughts con-There was Miss Jerusha Brellington, a rich, jured up a background of grand, old trees and perfect terror to her relations from a habit of twined wreaths of violets gathered beside the belle-ship-now, a little beauty, a great deal of ty," which comprised the entire history of that

old brook. For in her heart the poor child car- brass, a fantastic style of dress, and numerous ried a secret that had not even been unfolded to her indulgent father; a something would rise once." up to choke her on the very eve of an unuttered confession. So all that day had she roamed

Years ago, when Ella Brellington was a sickly, ical. half-neglected child, she had been confided to identify the delicate child with the rosy romp | ticed tactician !' who delighted to climb fences, swing on gates, and do everything else not usually found in sumed its pleasant expression, "to give you this books of etiquette for girls.

was doubtless owing to her boy-companion, Lin- was just thinking of my 'first party,' and the dev Mellwood, who seemed to have taken root rather original ideas which, at that tender age, I at aunt Sarah's before the lady's arrival. He attached to merry-makings. I was then just was the orphan child of a much-lamented friend; fourteen; and was to have the honor of accomand aunt Sarah insisted upon his making her panying my sister, two years older, in the charhome his home. Lindley remained in obedience acter of beau. I had been dressed for some to her wishes; but having more than a com- time; and impatiently perambulating up and mon share of enthusiasm and love of adventure, down, as I beheld one curl after another slowly he determined, before long, to carve his own emerge from its paper-chrysalis, I began to

The little bright-eved Ella soon mingled with table, and I exclaimed at length : his dreams-and while the child sat playing with the daisies and buttercups, he loved to picture her in all the graces of beautiful womanhood-they are setting forth, hand in hand

Lindley was very much given to repeating poetry; and while indulging such visions, he of dancers, and no resting place for the soles of was sure to think of those beautiful lines of our feet, I do not remember; but my appeal,

Not as a child shall we again behold her, For when with rapture wild. In our embraces we again enfold her,

But a fair maiden in her father's mansion. And beautiful with all the soul's expansion, Shall we behold her face !"

One day, when Ella was about fourteen, he nother suddenly remembered her existence—a circumstance nearly forgotten in Mrs. Brellington's unending round of gaveties-and the absent daughter was forthwith recalled. Lindley had before this departed "to seek his fortune." as the fairy tales say; but there had been quite a scene in the old grape-arbor, and Ella emerged from the interview the possessor of the ruby heart, which she had purchased at the price

Aunt Sarah yielded up her charge, little dreaming that "the baby," as she called her. had the audacity to become engaged; and Mrs. Brellington received her without a doubt that, except in the matter of health and the natural change effected in five years, she was in all respects the daughter whom one of aunt Sarah's country neighbors had pronounced her "too

This was the episode in the young life of Ella Brellington that threatened to cloud all her fu-

Mrs. Brellington, though a skilful manœuvrer. was foiled in her turn. She had determined that Ella's first appearance should at least be characterized by magnificence; and for this desirable end she had procured an elegant white satin dress, brocaded with silver, and had her own rich diamonds splendidly reset; but papa declared that "he would not have his perfect little piece of statuary overloaded in this heavy style." So he and Ella put their heads together and between them composed a dress which Mrs. Brellington at once vetoed as "romautic-

But papa persevered, and Ella entreated; and with considerable reluctance the French assistant arranged the folds of lace beneath which glistened the satin under skirt. Bouquets of violets looped up the over-dress, and one purple cluster fastened the folds of lace at the bosom; while a wreath of the same contrasted prettily with the golden-colored hair of the wearer. Even the disappointed mother acknowledged to her self that the smiling young party-goer looked wondrously lovely; while papa contemplated her dress with rapture, as entirely his own work, although, had Ella followed his directions implicitly, her appearance would have been deci-

Mrs. Brellington had, unfortunately, injured her foot in a manner that prevented her from using it, and after watching and tending it in vain for Mrs. Hauteville's party, she was reluctantly obliged to consign Ella to the care of another chaperone. Mr. Brellington was to accompany his daughter; and in the dressingfoom they were to meet an old friend of mamma's who was delighted to usher in the radiance of this new star.

Ella, beautiful as a dream or the genius of spring, as she sat there decked with the violets. thought sadly of the morrow's confession and scarcely raised her ey's to the many faces in the room-the property of various relatives who had assembled to pronounce their judgment upon her appearance.

Aunt Jerusha kindly observed that "she would pass"-and then reflected what a splen did change would have been produced by the snuff-colored brocade. Grandmother Brellington thought that she "really did very well," but sighed as she remembered the beauties of her own day, and how they bad degenerated : "then a person must really des rve the distinction of

unmeaning airs and graces did the thing at

Other less important judges were enraptured with the fair vision who sat absorbed in a silent vaguely through the house; and when her eye contemplation of her bouquet; and Mr. Brelfell upon the ruby heart, her own grew lington, after surveying her from all points of view, observed in a tone half earnest, half iron-

"Your first party, Ella! Your first introducto the care of Mrs. Brellington's aunt—a kind- tion to the gay world—I think that is the phrase hearted, woman, who would now-a-days be term- - and to friends who will commence their good ed "strong-minded," from the fact of managing offices by criticising your dress, disappreving her own farm. After a short sojourn at "aunt vour style, and insinuating that the diffidence of Sarah's," it would scarcely have been possible the debutante is, doubtless, the skill of the prac-

"But I am wrong," he added, as his face re-'peep behind the scenes,' when more agreeable Ella's rapid progress in such accomplishments | thoughts might occupy our hour of waiting. I fear that my companion never would be presen-

"Oh! sister! Do make haste! The party will certainly be in before we get there !"

" Whether I had visions of a demolished supper-table-expecting the first arrivals to make a was tormented by the apparation of a room full instead of hastening matters, proved fatal to the already arranged curls, and it took my sister some time to recover from a fit of laughter."

"My first party," said Mrs. Brellington, "was a rose surrounded by thorns. I was young in such things, then, and my mother had just bought me a particularly handsome, round shell comb, to keep back my hair. I had broken several before, and was strictly charged not to

remove this from my head during the evening. "Eve, however, could'nt be contented in Paradise, without knowing how those apples tasted and before long I was boasting to my companons of the wonderful stretching qualities possess ed by that comb. Upon the principle that 'seeng is believing,' I attempted to illustrate my assertion; but as I sat pulling the elastic shell t suddenly snapt in two-and I remained for some moments overwhelmed by the thoughts of punishment. But at the supper-table a bright dea struck me; mamma, I knew, was fond of macaroons, and watching an opportunity, I slip-

ped half a dozen in my pocket for a sin-offering. "I presented these and the broken comb together; but, instead of being appeased, mamma was perfectly horrified-and I am quite certain that the severest punishment I ever received, was given more for my vulgarity than for my

"I shall watch your pocket this evening, Ella," said her father, laughingly, "to see that no contraband goods are slipped into it. I think, though," he added, "that you are more in dan-

ger from love-letters than confectionary." Ella's face was perfectly crimson, and complaining of the heat, she walked into the conservatory; but her father soon joined her to ask an

explanation of this singular emotion. She told him all, but the expression of his countenance puzzled her. He looked neither surprised nor grieved, nor angry.

"Unfortunately for your candor," said he, at length, "I have heard very much such a story before. Tale-bearers are to be found everywhere, and the friend who informed me of your singular penchant was by no means a disinterested

Could Aunt Sarah have been in the arbor on hat eventful afternoon? Had she related, then, their conversation? Ella's face wore such a look of distressful interrogation that Mr. Brellington was quite moved by it.

"I am ashamed of you, Ella!" said he, with a merry light in his eyes, "you are a perfect digrace to the sisterhood! After being 'got up,' regardless of trouble or expense, to go forth and distinguish yourself in the peculiar line of practise 'sacred to young ladies,' you remorsele-sly give a death blow to the hopes of your sanguine relations by acknowledging yourself to be a perfectly heartless individual-having parted with the same to a harlequin of a young man, who seems to have distinguished himself in your own eves by turning somersets and climbing fences!" "Oh, papa!" said Ella, reproachfully, "how

"I don't know, indeed," said he, "how I can -for you are, of course, pondering overithe possibility of my consenting to smile upon this riciculous love affair. Nought and nought never made anything when I was at school, so how can you two expect to become one? For I had it from the best authority, that your hero is as unencumbered with worldly goods as any romance reader could desire."

Ella was mercilessly pulling the camelias to pieces, but she looked up to say in such a tone; "Oh, papa! If you had only seen him !"

Mr. Brellington smiled and turned his head toward the door; but Ella thought this silence ominous, and mournfully followed him back to the drawing-room.

Aunt Jerusha was just fairly started (for the fortieth time) on the narrative of her "first par-

wonderful brocade—a description of her whole personal appearance and powers of fascination - is pining after its mistress-when is our marwith other particulars "too numerous to men- riage to be?" tion "-when, to the relief of her auditory, the hall bell was violently pulled, and all exclaimed : " why has not the stupid Thomas arrived? There's the carriage!"

Ella stepped into the hall as the door was opened; but, instead of Thomas, she beheld an elegant looking young gentleman, and a face which, though considerably altered, had often looked down upon her from the top of a tree, or gleamed roguishly out from loads of hav.

Lindley Mellwood stood gazing upon the young May queen, who had appeared so suddenly in silent admiration; while Ella neither screamed nor approached him; but in spite of the rudeness of the thing she retreated into the parlor, and sought refuge in the farthest corner. Provoked at her own folly, she sat waiting the result with feelings that were a perfect whirlpool of confusion.

The first words that fell upon her ear were an exclamation from her father of: "Lindly Mellwood! Is it possible! This is very unexpected!" Then followed some communication in a low one that she easily recognized; and Mr. Brel-

-saying, as he presented him to his wife. "Allow me to introduce a young friend of mine and an old playmate of Ella's-one who is

when her father approached with Lindley Mellwood; her confusion increasing as Mr. Brellington whispered, so that only the two could hear

tle fiction invented for my amusement, or that I have been mistaken in the name. Did you

" Ella!" whispered a voice that thrilled her with old memories. She looked up-Mr. Brelington was deeply engaged in conversation with his wife, and the lovers soon got up a whisper ing in their retired corner, which showed that neither were familiar with the book of etiquette.

"After I left you," said Lindly, "I had a dreary, aching feeling at my heart that almost unfitted me for any exertion-but I knew that the prize could not be won without vigilant and active effort. Poverty is a hard task-master but as I plodded through with the weary rou tine of a lawyer's office, your image would often gild the dull books before me until, in my eves, they became 'illuminated volumes.' You remember the old arbor, Ella ?"

At this juncture, Lindley suddenly stooped to kiss a ruby ring that flashed before his eyes but aunt Jerusha, who was sharp in such mat ters, was quite sure that the little, snow-flake of a hand on which it rested came in for at least "lion's share" of the salute. The whispering

"My adventures, you recollect, were not to appear piecemeal, like the chapters in magazines, but were to be condensed into one volume, before they were submitted to your inspectionor, in other words, dearest, my obstinacy and indomitable confidence in my own powers of success, made me refuse to give you the least clue to my wanderings until, like the heroes in fairy tales. I should return loaded with wealth and honors. But as time sped on, and no good genius came to my aid, I began to be weighed down by a sense of my delinquency in having engagement-conscience whispered that it was not honorable, and acting from a good impulse, Bible Society. I went to your father's office, and encouraged by his kind, sympathizing manner, told him the whole story. He looked grave at you without his permission, he praised what he was pleased to call 'my candor and sense of honor'-gave me both advice and assistance in ling me that my father had been an early friend ing quite as worthy of his esteem.

"You may imagine, Ella, what a load was lifted from my heart by the interview, and how perseveringly I toiled after that. But ah! it own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him was a difficult thing to keep my ridiculous ima- on board. He could inform him little more gination within proper bounds; in the midst than that his name was Jack. He grew up on of the most matter-of-fact employments, wild board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gainvisions of adventure came galloping across my ed the love of all the officers and men. He bebrain, and at one time I was quite beset by the came an officer of the sick and wounded departidea of a pilgrim journey in the Bayard Taylor ment. During an action of the late war, an destrian in his pilgrim hat and blouse. But the ing state. He was all attention to the suffering shadow of a little fairy in a sun-bonnet was to stranger but could not save his life. be linked to mine to render these journies desirable; and I began to fancy that papa might dressed this kind young officer. For the great not altogether fancy these gipsey wanderings attention you have shown me, I give you this for his only daughter.

this would end; but one day I saw an adver- Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a tisement in a daily paper for one Lindley Mell- lady; has been the means of my conversion; wood, who was requested to go somewhere and and has been a great comfort to me. Read it hear something to his advantage. To oblige and it will lead you in the way you should go. the advertiser I complied, and found to my He went on to confess the wickedness and progreat surprise, that by the death of a distant fligacy of his life before the reception of his Birelative, I had become the possessor of an ele- ble; and other enormities, how he once cast gant residence, with horses, carriages, and other a little son, three years old into the sea, because vanities, and a most liberal allowance of sub- he cried for needed food. stantial bank stock. After being regularly installed in possession, I came to be absolved by and place and found here was his own history. your father from my promise.

" Our carriage is at the door, Ella-our home

"Eleven o'clocks!" said Mrs. Brellington, told him to be here at ten."

"He came," replied her husband, mischievously, "but I told him that the carriage would not be required to-night." To the great surprise of the family party, Mr.

Brellington then published an "intention of marriage" between Ella and Lindley Mellwood; and "although Mrs. Brellington did'nt know. apon consideration, that Ella could have done better, it was certainly provoking that her ' first party' should never come off after all!"

Ella's chaperone waited in vain for her expected charge; but she was afterward informed that, on the evening in question, the young la'y was "very much engaged" at home.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE HOME MOTHER. Some one, writing for the Masonic Mirror, has

drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, ington entered the drawing-room with the guest | child-loving mother :

"We must draw a line, av, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion who flits from ball to opera and party, decked in dear to me as well for his father's sake as for rich robes, and followed by a train as hollow and heartless as herself-she who, forgetful of "Mrs. Brellington was too well-bred to show the holy task assigned her, neglects those who her surprise; but Ella felt more foolish than have been given in her charge, and leaves them ever. She trembled and meditated an escape to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements.

"Not so our home mother! blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patient-"I am inclined to think. Ella. either that the ly she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing touching story you just related to me was a lit- some article for use or adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little not tell me that you were engaged to Lindley face dimples with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter, as mamma decks them with her own hands in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mits and overshoes, or tie the comforters around their

"There is a peculiar charm about all she does -the precious mother. They could not sleep, nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before she slept! Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces; and when their prayers are done, she imprints a good night kiss on each rosy little mouth. It may be, too, a tear will start for one little nestling, laid in its chill narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps though the sleet and snow descends, and the wild winter winds howl around its head It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the Hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left her to love. How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what a strong untiring love, she watches by their bedside when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving home-mother. Angels must look with love upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment."

INTERESTING INCIDENT. The following account is given by the Rev. inveigled a child like yourself into a clandestine Leigh Richmond, as having been related by a minister in a meeting of the British and Foreign

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him. three years of age, being very hungry, solic ted first-but having promised him never to see him for something to eat. The miserable fath er, conscious of his poverty, of his criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by intemperance and despair hurled the little innocent into my discouraging affairs-and concluded by tel- the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his of his, and that he had no doubt of my prov- side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon

wafted him and the plank into the sea. A British man-of-war passing, discovered the plank and the child; a sailor at the risk of his style-so taken was I with the handsome pe- aged man came under his care, nearly in a dy-

The aged stranger was dving, and thus adonly treasure I am possessed of-(presenting him "I plodded on-wondering when and how all with a bible bearing the stamp of the British

> The young officer inquired of him the time Reader, judge if you can, of the feelings of his

dying patient, to find that this same young stranger was his son: the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished! A description of the mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman, and said. " Sir. I am little Jack."

ROMANTIC INCIDENT-THE LOST HAND .- A

paper printed at Elizabethtown, New Jersey. gave an account last fall of a grievous misfortune to a young girl 13 years old named Meta Taylor. She was running to cross the railroad track, when she stumbled and fell. Just at that moment the cars of the New Brunswick road came up, and the locomotive cut off her left hand which lay over the rail. In the confusion of the moment the hand was not picked up; and finally, when it was looked for, it could not be found. It was feared some animal had carried it off, and this thought was very distressing to the mother of the girl, as well as to Meta herself. Last week the lost hand was recovered as follows: A young man from Elizabethtown imprened to call on a friend of his at a boarding house in Eighth street, New York. On the shelf in the room he saw a glass jar with a pretty little hand suspended in it, preserved in spirits. It had a ring on the third finger and was in every respect a lady like looking hand. He thought at once of the lost hand in Elizabethtown, but he did not suspect that this was the one. On asking his friend whose hand t was, he was told that it came from the Medical College, as his room-mate was a medical student. The young man thought no more of the matter until he got home, when he mentioned what he had seen. His sister told him that Meta Taylor's lost hand had a ring on the third finger, which she described. This ring was exactly like that on the hand in the jar. The equel, may be told in a few words. Meta Taylor came over to New York along with her mother and the young man above alluded to. Proceeding at once to the house in Eighth street, she recognized the preserved hand in the jar as her long lost member. The Student gave it up very cheer ully, assuring the young girl that he had bought it of a person who supplied bodies to the Medical College. It is suspected however, that he stole the hand himself as he was known to have been down at New Brunswick about the time the hand was cut off, and was probably a passenger in the cars that very day. Altogether this is the most singular case we ever recorded. No prosecution of the young student will be made, as both parties seperated on the most friendly terms after the hand was given up to its fair owner.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES .- The New York Journal of Commerce, in an interesting article on the manufacture of Connecticut, gives the following account of the manner in which India

Rubber shoes are made.

Contrary to the general impression, India Rubber, in the process of manufacturing is not melted, but it passed through heated iron rolers, the heaviest of which weighs 20 tons, thus worked or kneaded, as dough is at a bakery. The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which point it is sent from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is generally that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay moulds of that shape, which they repeately dip into the liquid caoutchouc. until a coating of the desired thickness accumulates, when the clay is broken and emptied out The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine. and rolled to a putty like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, principally white lead and sulphur, to give it body and firmness. Those sheets designed for the soles of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond figure surface. From these the soles are cut by hand and the seven pieces required to perfect the shoe are put together by females, on a last. The natural adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes are next varnished and baked in an oven capable of holding 2,000 pairs, and heated to about 300 degrees, where they remain seven or eight hours. This is called the 'vulcanizing process by which the rubber is hardened. A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton flannel is used to line shoes, and is applied to the surface of the rubber while it is yet in sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of the rubber are re-melted, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber, and rolled out into a substance like pasteboard, to form the inner sole. The profits of this business have been curtailed of late by the prevailing high price of rubber, which has varied within a year from twenty to sixty cents per pound. The demand, however is very large. A species of rubber shoe, is lined with flaunel, and is more

THE FASHIONS.—The Paris correspondent of he Boston Atlas writes under this head:

The best midnight dress for elderly ladies continues to be a warm, white night-cap, and a long white night-gown.

extensively used than the leathern shoe,"

THE best cough mixture that has yet been made consists of a pair of thick boots, mixed with lots of air and plenty of exercise. People who hug the stove and grow lean will please notice.—Boston Post.

"Pll be blowed if I do," as the hot milk said when told to be cool.