Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

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J. J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven,)
Joy are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee, for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

BY ALLARIC WATTS.

It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
Its hallowed limit.—Southey.

Let others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from Fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away.
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide;
And marvel how I e'r could stray
From thee—my own fireside!

My own fireside! Those simple words
Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
And fill with tears of joy mine eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize,
That doth not in thy sphere abide;
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
My own—my own fireside!

A gentle form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask, what joys can equal thine?
A babe, whose beauties half divine,
In sleep his mother's eye doth bide;
Where may Love seek a fitter shrine
Than thou—my own fireside!

My refuge ever from the storm
Of this world's passion, strife and care;
Though thunder clouds the skies deform,
Their fury cannot reach me there;
There all is cheerful, calm and fair,
Wrath, Envy, Malice, Strife or Pride
Hath never made its hated lair
By thee—my own fireside!

Shrine of my household deities!
Bright scene of home's unsullied joys;
To thee my burdened spirit flies
When Fortune frowns, or Care annoys!
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth has oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside!

Oh, may thy yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be,
Let joy or grief my fate betide,
Be still and Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside!

"STICK TO IT."

Yes, stick to it. When you say a horse is "sixteen *feet* high," never give it up, but "keep on" saying he is "sixteen feet high." Hon. Robert Toombs, spent a portion of Monday last in our city, and while at the Fulton House, in a promiscuous crowd, where he knew but few and but few knew him, a stalwart son of "old Kentuck" pitched into politics—was well posted up—expatiated largely about the noble position of his own State—said their politics were pure and their politicians patriotic—come on to Tennessee—said that the American party were defeated there by the "skin of the teeth"—that it was effected by "unholy alliance" of demagogues—that Johnson was a mean, dirty demagogue—(he is too,) finally reached Georgia—said that there were some noble Americans here, but those few, sneaking demagogues, Toombs and Stephens, had sold the Whig party, he had bargained it away to Johnson and Cobb, he understood that Stephens was a little tallow faced *peak* any how, though Toombs might be a little better looking personally, didn't believe he was any better, they were both the lowest class of demagogues.

Notwithstanding this conversation was directed to the Hon. gentleman, more than any one else, he didn't "let on." Our Kentucky friend, who was afterwards informed who it was he was talking to, still thinks "the horse is sixteen feet high." Stick to it, old fellow. When you call Toombs and Stephens *demagogues*, amen comes up from every "corner" in the political sanctuary. Even those who have recently so lovingly embraced them, labored for years to prove to the people that they were demagogues, and they can now flatter themselves that their labors were not in vain.

How sweet to anticipate thro' life's varying scenes,
A loved one—a concentrate of life's ways and means.

RETURN OF THE LAST ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

We enjoyed the pleasure yesterday, the 11th inst., of a lengthened conversation with Mr. James Green Stewart, a Chief Trader of the Hudson Bay Company, and learned from him interesting facts concerning an exploration of the Arctic region, lately made by a party under the joint command of himself and Mr. James Anderson, another employee of that company.

On the return of Dr. Rae, the celebrated overland explorer of the Arctic region, in the summer of 1854, bringing with him the report that the Esquimaux of the extreme northern latitudes, had in their possession relics of the Franklin expedition, the British Government determined to make one further effort to penetrate the mystery which had so long enveloped the fate of that expedition, and which had been partially solved by Dr. Rae.

In furtherance of this desire of the British Government [illegible] up the clue thus unexpectedly obtained by the adventurous explorer, to rescue, if possible, the survivors of any of the party of whites who were reported by the Esquimaux to have been seen near the outlet of Back's River, in latitude about 68 degrees north, or at least to procure any records they might have deposited, the Hudson Bay Company was directed to fit out a party of tried men, accustomed to the hardships of a polar life, to explore the region indicated by Dr. Rae.

Acting under this command of the Home Government, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, on the 18th day of November, 1854, issued instructions to Messrs. Stewart and Anderson to man and equip a party for the purpose stated. Mr. Stewart, with a party of fourteen men, therefore, started from his post, the Carlton House, in 54 degrees north latitude, on the 7th day of February, 1855, and proceeded to Fort Chipewyan, at the head of Lake Athabasca, in latitude 58 degrees north, at which point they arrived on the 5th day of March.

It had been determined to make a trip to the Arctic Sea by water, so far as was practicable, and the party therefore remained at this post until May 26, busily engaged in constructing boats, and making other preparations for their dreary journey. At that date the party left Fort Chipewyan, and journeyed by canoe on the Peace river, which connects Lake Athabasca with Slave Lake, some three hundred and fifty miles in a northwesterly direction, till on May 30, they arrived at Fort Resolution, which is situated on an island in Slave Lake, about lat. 61 degrees north.

At Fort Resolution the party was joined by Mr. Anderson, who, with Mr. Stewart, had been appointed to the command of the expedition. Here another delay was made, for the purpose of reorganization, and making the last preparations before attempting to penetrate the interminably frozen North. These arrangements completed, the party started out on the 22d day of June, for the head of the Great Fish River, or as it is known on the map, Back River, in latitude about 64 degrees north. Thence they followed the course of the stream to the Arctic Ocean. Mr. Stewart represents the navigation of this river as exceedingly dangerous, being obstructed by over one hundred difficult rapids. Over all these, however, with nothing more substantial than birch bark canoes, they passed in safety, and arrived at its mouth on the 30th of July.

Here they met with Esquimaux, who corroborated the reports of Dr. Rae, and directed them to Montreal Island, a short distance from the mouth of Back River, as the spot where, according to their instructions, they were to commence minute exploration. From this time until the 9th of August the party were industriously engaged in searches on the island and on the main land, between 67 deg. and 69 deg. north latitude. We cannot recapitulate the perils escaped and privations endured by the brave band while seeking to find traces of their countrymen, who had perished on those desolate shores.

Three times they providentially escaped being "nipped," as Mr. Stewart expressed it, or crushed between moving mountains of ice. At last, on Montreal Island, where their explorations commenced, they found snow shoes, known to be of English make, with the name of Dr. Stanley, who was the surgeon of Sir John Franklin's ship, the Erebus, cut in them by a knife. Afterward they found on the same island a boat belonging to the Franklin expedition, and bearing the mark of the British Government. Other articles known to have belonged to the expedition, were obtained from the Esquimaux, and brought by the party for deposit with the British Government. No bodies, however, were found or traces of any. The report of the Esquimaux was, that one man died on Montreal Island, and that the balance of the party wandered on the beach of the main land opposite, until, worn out by fatigue and starvation, they, one by one, laid down and died too.

The Esquimaux reported further that Indians far to the North of them, who had seen the ships of Franklin's party, and visited them, stated that they had both been crushed between the icebergs. Mr. Stewart took especial pains to ascertain whether the party had come to their death by fair means or foul. But to every inquiry the Esquimaux protested that they had died of starvation.

Gathering together the relics found, the party set out on their return on the 9th day of August last. The return route did not vary materially from that taken on their way north. Mr. Stewart has occupied the whole time since in reaching our city—having come by the way of the Red River country, and having been absent in all about ten months. Mr. Stewart left St. Paul yesterday *en route* to the Hudson's Bay head-quarters at Lachine, Canada, to submit an account of his adventures.

And so at last the mystery is solved. Brave Sir John, whose fate has awakened the sympathizing curiosity of the civilized world, it is now known "sleeps his last sleep" by the shores of the frozen seas through whose icy islands he had vainly sought to pass. Four winters past, the Esquimaux said, the noble party, after escaping from the ships which could no longer float on those dangerous seas, found relief from suffering in death.—Died manfully, too, as they had lived; bravely, like true Englishmen; this much we may believe, for consolation, that they met their fate as became spirits adventurous and noble. No traces were found by the Esquimaux to indicate that, even in their last extremity, they had forgotten their manhood and preyed on one another.

The last party of generous hearts, who sought to carry succor to the lost ones, or bring consolation to the living are returned and the Arctic wastes are solitudes indeed. And, in view of the suffering endured, and the noble lives sacrificed in fruitless efforts to widen the bounds of human knowledge, we believe it to be the prayer of all men so they may remain forever.

Mr. Stewart arrived from Red River last evening on his way to Canada, bearing despatches for Sir George Simpson, containing information of the discovery of the point where Sir John Franklin and his party perished.

It was on the coast opposite Montreal Island. Their bones lie buried in the sand within an extent of twelve miles.—This is the fifth Winter since they perished, and the drifting sands of that barren region, being in lat. 68 deg. north, have piled in successive layers on the bones of these noble and ill-fated men.

Mr. Stewart describes the region as dreary in the extreme—not a blade of grass nor a stick of timber met their eye. No game of any kind could be found.

St. Paul's Pioneer, Dec. 12.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"The year is going away like the sound of bells." The mind passes over the stubble and finds nothing to move, only the red berries of that slender tree, which seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought that in the dry and falling ear lies so much nourishment and life."

GOETHE.

The old year had run his race—his course had been finished—and, as the slender finger on the dial plate drew near the midnight tolling, he lay upon the altar ready to be offered up. The Old Year was like an old, old man casting one lingering look back upon the green vallies and the golden brightness over which had passed. He had been born—had lived—and was dying—*dying!* He lay upon a couch of moss and withered flowers strewed with the glittering, ringing icicle. There was a dreamy silence around the Old year's dying couch, and a strange *hush—hush—hush* in his breathing. A few minutes more and the Time-heralds all over the land would peal forth the midnight chime, and the dim eyes of the Old Year would close forever.

Now came to the dying couch the beloved train—the darlings of the Old Year. He was not alone. There were many there to close the eyes of the Old Year. Aye; there were the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter—in their royal and gorgeous robes; and the twelve months; and the fifty-two weeks; and the three hundred and sixty-five days; and the eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours; and the five hundred and twenty-five thousand, six hundred minutes; and the thirty one million, five and thirty six thousand seconds—all these were there, mourners, at the bed of the dying year.

And the Old Year was happy. He leaned his gray head on his withered hand and said: "Hear me, my children. Ye Seasons' beautiful in your attire, what have ye brought to man?"

And Spring scattered fresh flowers over the bed of moss, the Summer waved plumes of green corn, and Autumn poured forth offerings of fruits and grains and Winter shook his bells, and crackling robes of ice; and there Spring led the chorus singing forth in answer—"*God's bounties.*"

"Ye twelve months, what have ye given to man?"

And the twelve months, led by bright June, walked around the Old Year's dying bed, singing—"*God's bounties.*"

And the Old Year smiled!

"Ye fifty two weeks, what brought ye to man?"

And the fifty two weeks marched around singing sweetly—"*God's bounties.*"

And the Old Year rejoiced again!

"Ye three hundred and sixty five days, what have ye brought to man?"

And the three hundred and sixty five days, led by Christmas, walked around singing—"*God's bounties!*"

And a beautiful smile lighted up the face of the Old Year!

"Ye eight thousand, seven hundred and sixty hours, what have ye given man?"

And the eight thousand, seven hundred and sixty hours sang in chorus as they marched—"*God's bounties!*" And the Old year was happy!

"Ye five hundred and twenty five thousand, six hundred minutes, what have ye brought to man?"

And each of the five hundred and twenty five thousand six hundred minutes raised their slender fingers upwards and sang in sweetest tenor—"*God's bounties!*"

And the Old Year clapped his withered hands with joy! "Ye thirty one million, five hundred and thirty six thousand seconds, what have ye brought to man?"

And the thirty one million, five hundred and thirty six thousand seconds clapped their tiny hands and sang in highest *Alto*—"Good father, Old Year, we too have brought to man our little hands full of *God's bounties!*"

And the Old Year wept tears of joy!

Hist! *Hush!* The midnight bells are pealing—the last hammer has fallen on the bell—its faint echoes die away among the hills so gently, so softly, so sweetly—and as gently, softly and sweetly as the echo passeth the Old Year away.

The attendants weep—the seasons, the months, the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes and the seconds all say—"Good bye, good father, Old Year," till all around us on every hand we hear in plaintive tones singing—"Good father, Old Year, good-bye, good-bye!"

HARK! the merry bells are ringing—ringing! Away from the grave of the Old Year, the seasons, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes and seconds are flying—flying!—They dry their tears and sing:—

"HOSANNA! A NEW YEAR IS BORN!!"

So, with singing, shouting, merry-making and clapping of hands, the New Year is proclaimed King.

And in his reign, dear Reader, let us learn to receive with grateful hearts what is so kindly bestowed upon us through each Season, month, week, day, hour, minute and second—"God's Bounties."—*Spirit of the Age.*

THE THREE BRIDES.

A Thrilling Story.

"Do you see," said the sexton, "those three hillocks yonder, side by side?—There sleep three brides, whose history I am about to relate. Look there, sir, on yonder hill, you may observe a little desolate house, with a little straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it. It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the winds were high now, you might hear the crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the gray shingles off the roof. Many years ago there lived in that house an old man, who cultivated the few acres of ground that belonged to it.

"The father was a well-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science and as he would tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood, or grew in the garden, and used to sit up late at night at his books, or in reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazy or bewitched, and avoided him, as the ignorant ever shun the gifted and the enlightened. A few there were, and among others, the physician of the place, who showed a willingness to afford him countenance, but they very soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man was somewhat reserved and moreover their vanity was wounded on discovering the extent of his knowledge.

"To the minister he would quote the fathers and the scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself armed with the weapons of polemic controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence; and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So all of them deserted him, and the minister from whom he differed in some trifling point of doctrine, spoke very lightly of him; and by and by looked on the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion.

"He instructed his son in all his lore; the languages, literature, history, philosophy, and science, were unfolded, one by one, to the enthusiastic son of the solitary.

"Years rolled away, and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature, when the wind howled around the sheltered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof, and tho' he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said the Evil One claimed his own in the elements. I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at this bereavement. The minister came and muttered a few hollow praises in his ear, and a few neighbors, impelled by curiosity to see the interior of his dwelling, came to the funeral. With a proud and lofty look, the son stood above the dust and the dead, in the midst of the band of hypocritical mourners, with a pang at his heart, but serenity upon his brow. He thanked his friends for their kindness, acknowledged their courtesy, and then strode away from the grave, to bury his grief in the privacy of the deserted dwelling.

"He found at last the solitude of the mansion almost insupportable, and he paced the ebony floor from morning till night, in all the agony of woe and desolation, vainly importuning heaven for relief. It came to him in the guise of poetic inspiration. He wrote with wonderful ease and power. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort, and there was a time when he dreamed a vain folly of immortality. Some of his productions came before the world. They were praised and circulated, and inquiries set on foot in the hope of discovering the author. He, wrapped in the veil of obscurity, listened to the voice of applause, the more delicious because it was obtained by stealth. From the obscurity of yonder lone mansion, and from this region to send lays that astonished the world, was indeed a triumph to the visionary bard.

"His thirst for fame had been gratified, and he now began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the softer sex, to share with him the laurels he had won, and to whisper consolation in his ear in the moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of a father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined intercourse with a highly intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, 'Whatever has been done may be done,' he did not despair of success.

"In this village lived three sisters; all beautiful and accomplished. Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeline. I am far enough past the age of enthusiasm, but never can I forget the beauty of those three young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer-haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon the green.—Adelaide, who was a few years older, was dark-haired and pensive; but of the three Madeline, the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father, a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above the vulgar prejudices, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. Still he did not encourage the affection he found springing up between Mary and the poet. When, however he found that her affections were engaged, he did not withhold his consent from their marriage, and the recluse bore to his mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without.

"Roses bloomed in the garden; Jessamines peeped through the lattice, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of more careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the parlor in the evening; and many a time would the passer-by pause at the garden gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife had been neglected by the neighbors, what cared they? Their enduring mutual affection made their home a little Paradise. But death came to Eden. Mary suddenly fell sick, and after a few hours' illness, died in the arms of her husband and her sister Madeline. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

"Days, months rolled on, and the solace of the bereaved was to sit with the sister of the deceased and talk of the lost one. To Adelaide he offered his widowed heart. The bridal was not one of revelry and mirth. Yet they lived happily, and the rose again blossomed in the garden. But it seemed as if fatality pursued this singular man. When the rose withered, and the leaf fell in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide too sickened and died like her sister, in the arms of her husband and Madeline.

"Perhaps you will think it strange young man, that after all, the wretched survivor stood again at the altar. Madeline! I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word.—She might have sat on a throne, and the most loyal subject, the proudest peer, would have sworn the blood in her veins descended from a hundred kings. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him.

"They were married in that church—it was a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony the blackest cloud I ever saw, over-spread the heavens, and the moment this bride pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to its centre. All the females shrieked, but the bride herself made the response with a steady voice, and her eye glistened with a wild fire as she gazed upon her bridegroom. When they arrived at the house, she sank upon the threshold; but this was the timidity of the maiden.

"When they were alone, he clasped her hand, and it was as cold as ice!—'Madeline,' said he, 'what means this? Your cheek is as pale as your wedding gown.' The bride uttered a frantic shriek. '*My wedding gown!*' exclaimed she, 'no, no; this is my sister's shroud! The hour of confession has arrived. 'Tis God that impels me to speak. To win you I lost my soul. Yes, yes—I am a murderess! She smiled on me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug!' Adelaide twined her white arms around my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms—I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!'

"And then," continued he in a hollow voice, "at that moment came the thunder, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor!"

The countenance of the narrator expressed as he felt.

"And the bridegroom!" asked I, "the husband of the destroyer and the victims: what became of him?"

"*He stands before you!*" was the thrilling answer.

"It is not Hard to Die."

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Now, doctor," said a sweet faced girl looking with confidence into the kind face that had bent over her so often, "tell me if there is any certainty that I shall ever recover! I think not; so you see I am prepared for all tidings, and I am continually tormenting myself with the question. Will you not be candid with me, dear Dr. Ellis?"

"While there is life"—commenced the doctor, but the frail young creature interrupted him, saying:

"No, no, doctor, that won't do; I must have your professional opinion; and when I say that my soul's happiness, for the remnant of this life, will be affected by your decision, surely you will grant me the request."

"But could you bear ——"

"Anything, doctor, but this suspense. I am willing to be told the exact state of my case; for you see, some days I feel so really well, that my hope is unduly excited; and again, when the sleepless hours and terrible pains come, death takes an awful shape, and frightens me out of repose. But if I was certain"—she spoke with solemnity—"I would teach my mind to dwell upon it in such a way that my foolish fears would leave me."

"My sweet girl," said the doctor, taking her wasted hand, 'I will then grant this request.' You cannot certainly recover, unless some extraordinary providence occurs. Your life may be protracted for some months yet, but not over a year at farthest, so it seems to me."

The pale cheek grew a shade paler, but the smile faded not on the gentle lips.

'Thank you, doctor,' was her reply, 'thank you for your trust and confidence in me. You shall see that I will not abuse them.'

The beautiful consumptive sat alone in her large easy chair some moments after the doctor had gone. She gazed about her on luxuries which wealth unbounded had procured for her pleasure, and the large, untroubled eyes grew dim.

"Then I must die!" she said to herself, "and oh, if it were not of an hereafter, but of that dreadful passing through the valley [illegible] my hours of suffering! [illegible] [illegible] The impress [illegible] will not away, but [illegible] And as she thus [illegible] a lovely matron [illegible] [illegible]

"You are better to-day, child," she said [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] If you knew how much improved you are [illegible] dear," and she drew a low seat towards the young girl and sat gazing in her eyes with the holy love of maternity.

"Mother," said the consumptive, as she took the matron's hand in her own, "there is something I want you to do for me."

"What is it, darling? You know I would lay down my life for you."

For an instant the pale lips quivered; but commanding herself, the young girl said gently:

'I want you to talk to me of death—of my own death, which is certain soon.'

"My Amy!" was all the mother could articulate; her voice seemed frozen by horror.

'Yes, mother; for listen a moment, it will make your poor sick child more willing to leave earth, and find heaven. If you will talk daily and cheerfully of passing away; if you will surround the thought with cheerfulness and make the last struggle seem pleasant to me, this strange horror with which I regard it would fade away, and my mind be drawn more wholly to the better land. It may be a sacrifice to you my mother, but I shall learn to look forward to my death-bed with calmness, which I strive in vain to do now. Will you try to do this, mother? Will you talk of it often? Will you repeat the sweet words that dying saints have spoken? Will you speak of the smiles that repose upon their faces, until I can think cheerfully, and talk without reserve of that change, even as I would lie down, and put my garment by, ready to attire myself when I should awake in the fair morning? Will you tell those who call to see me never to shrink from speaking to me of death? Will you do this my mother?'

The matron promised, and retired to her chamber, to shed the tears of anguish born of this request. She, too, had long felt that her child must die, but had put it afar off, 'the evil day.' And in the strength of God, she performed her duty.

Seven months had passed, and still gentle Amy lived. The fatal crimson burnt its death fire into her cheek, and her eyes gleamed with the fitful flash of disease; but about her sweet lips hovered a constant smile. She had conquered her fear of the king of terrors, and dwelt upon her departure with almost exulting joy.

'I knew that through Christ, I was prepared to go,' she said to her pastor; 'I knew there were glories in the bright world above, that the imagination cannot conceive of; yet, I have shuddered from my infancy at death. The thought of dissolution, with its icy chills and quivering breath made me cold to my heart, and I strive to forget, but cannot. Yet, since you, since my mother, since all who know me have made it a familiar and a household word, clothed it in beautiful thoughts, and surrounded it with heavenly images—it has become less and less terrible, till now I can hold my hand to him who unlocks the spirit, and say, 'Death, where is thy sting?'

As she spoke thus, a ray from the setting sun imparted a crown of glory upon her head now. Her mother and friends at that moment entered.

"Hush!" said the pastor, with uplifted hands, and they stood transfixed. With that last holy smile he had marked an instantaneous change; and, as he bent forward through the lips so beautifully wreathed, there came no breath.

'Well might she exclaim, 'Death where is thy sting?' said the pastor, turning with tear-filled eyes, 'never saw I the king of terrors in so lovely a garb.—How sweetly she sleeps!'

And sweetly still, in a grave yard upon the hill side; and on the white shaft that bears her name some lovely hand has chiselled,

"IT IS NOT HARD TO DIE."

N. Y. People's Organ.

A Yankee Boast.—A correspondent furnishes the following report of a conversation which recently took place in a store in Boston. He [illegible]

An honest and pure minded Jonathan, in a warm argument with a John Bull, on our National Institutions, was endeavoring to floor his antagonist, who had sneeringly remarked that "fortunately the Americans couldn't go farther westward than the Pacific shore." Yankee scratched his pregnant brain for an instant, and triumphantly replied—"Why, good gracious, they're already leveling the Rocky Mountains, and carting the dirt out West; I had a letter last week from my cousin, who is living two hundred miles west of the Pacific shore—[illegible]"

What Hope Had.—It stole on its pinions to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown beguiled into a smile—the emblem of peace and love.

It went to the house of mourning, and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming, and saved her from desolation and the "care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, [illegible] even his [illegible]

It snatched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to heaven.

Nothing [illegible] my good brother. Have it [illegible] to your side. Wrestle with it, that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but Hope shall lead you over its mountains and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all else—but keep thy hope.

A fire occurred in Middleton, Conn., [illegible] property [illegible]