

Williamston

Mercury

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Williamston Mercury

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The horrible fears that oppressed and paralyzed us in the gloomy hours of the stormy midnight, are all fled...

When we read that God is a "jealous God," and a consuming fire; our hearts reply, God is love; "plenteous in mercy," and "glorious in holiness."

Our souls are gliding, And, like a river full and strong, The stream of joy is rushing.

EMILY J. ROME.

MERCURY.

The God who mounts the winged winds, Fast to his feet the golden phoebus binds.

He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly, Or in soft slumbers sends the wakeful eye.

The Greek Mercury was the son of Jupiter and Maia. He was the god of eloquence, of arts and sciences, and the messenger of Jupiter.

Mercury is represented as a young man; wings were fastened to his sandals and to his cap, and in his hand he held the caduceus.

Mercury, besides his higher offices, was the god of thieves, of merchants, and of highways.

Statues of Mercury were often placed in roads to point out the way to travellers.

The cunning and address of Mercury recommended him to those gods, and Jupiter chose him for his special messenger.

The king of heaven presented to him his winged cap called the petasus, and with wings for his feet called talaria.

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Visions of Good Men.

How many beautiful visions pass before the mind in a single day, when the reins are thrown loose, and fancy feels no restraints!

Our souls are gliding, And, like a river full and strong, The stream of joy is rushing.

EMILY J. ROME.

YOUNG AMERICA IN A WEDDING HOUR.

The train from Graham, due 40 minutes past 11 A. M., under the management of the gentlemanly and efficient conductor, Captain Scott, a few days since stopped at one of the way stations to take on a couple newly married.

These your trunks? said the baggage master.

Well, I sorter calkulates them's em,' said Jeems.

The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old fashioned valise), were sent in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems.

I'll be darned if a railroad ain't a fine thing,' said Jeems seating himself on his luggage.

Come out of that,' said the baggage man, 'you are in the wrong car.'

Theed—I I am! Dye s'pose I don't know what I'm about? There is my traps, and I calkulate to stay with 'em.

Keep quiet, Lize; they say we've got to fight our way through the world anyhow, and if that chap with the cap on wants anything, why I'm his man.

Here the captain interposed and explained matters, inasmuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the captain.

What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first class passenger car, into which he was ushered.

Jeewhilkins! what in thunder's that?' exclaimed Jeems.

'That's the horse squealing when they punce' him in the ribs with a pitch fork, to make him go along.'

'Look here, stranger,' said Jeems, 'I know you think I'm a darned fool; maybe I am, but there's some things I know and one of 'em is, you'll get your mouth broke ef ye don't keep it shet.'

They found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then we heard a scream almost equal to that of the engine, from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems.

'I know it! I know it!' exclaimed the sleeping individual; 'we're all lost, every mother's son of us. We can just prepare to make the acquaintance of the gentleman in black who tends to the big fire below.'

'Oh, Lord! Jeems what will become of us? I felt skeery about getting on the outlandish thing, at fust.'

Keep quiet, Lize! hollerin' won't do any good now. Ef you know any prayer, now's your time to say it for both of us.

'What is the matter here?' said the astonished conductor, coming up as the train emerged once more into the light.

'That's just what I'd like know!' said Jeems when he saw that Lize and himself were still alive.

'We've just passed through Eat-on's tunnel,' replied our polite captain. 'How far are you going.'

'Wall, I reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg.'

'Show your tickets, if you please.' 'Certainly Lize you got some with you. Let this gent look at 'em.'

'Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!' discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleepy looking man.

A bland smile passed over the face of the captain as he explained his meaning to our verdant friend.

'I did n't know that the darned stuff had got in my eye.'

'Wall, if I have my way about it, the fust one will be a son, sartin,' said Jeems. Lize blushed.

'Don't count your chickens afore they are hatched!' said Billy as he hastened to the next car.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot, in this city. Amidst confusion of strange noise, and a babel of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

'Buss, sa? Buss, sa?—free for de United States?' said the sable porter of our up town house.

'Lody take a buss, sa?'

'Well, I rather think she wont from any one but me—reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and moore too.'

'Go to the Swan House, sah right crost de street—best house in de city. This way, sah—any baggage? Have it sent to your room in a few minutes.'

In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of the well ordered establishment, the Swan House.

Jeems seated himself on his luggage and carefully holding up the tails of his tight-bodied blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, out of the dust.

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'You see this little thing here; well when you want to put it out, you give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter you give it a turn this way.'

Serious consequences might have occurred if it had not been discovered. 'It might have suffocated us all. Now be careful next time.'

'Much obliged. But how the devil did I know that the darned stuff had got in my eye?'

'Pears to me I did smell suthin,' said Jeems. 'But Lize, I'll be darned if I didn't thing twas you, kase I never slept with a woman before you.'

'Well, Jeems, I thought it was you smelt that way all the time. I was just a wonderin' of all men smelt that way. It peared strange, but then I never slept with a man afore, and I didn't know nothin' about it.'

The red in our clerk's face grew smilingly redder, as it reflected the light from the burning jet, and a roguish twinkle lurked in the corners of his eyes, as he turned off the gas, and all was dark, and our friends were left alone in their glory.

A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and all was still.—Parkersburg (Va.) News.

Choosing Lovers.

If our sex were wise, a lover should have a certificate from the last woman he served, how he was turned away, before he was received into the service of another; but at present any vagabond is welcome, provided he promises to enter into your livery.

It is wonderful that we will not take a foolman without credentials from his master; and in the great concern of life, we make no scruples in falling into a treaty with the most notorious offender in his behavior against other women.

But this breach of commerce between the sexes proceeds from an unaccountable prevalence of custom, by which a woman is to the last degree reprehensible for being deceived, and a man suffers no loss of credit for being a deceiver.—Tattle.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents its keeping so. If your divines are not philosophers, your philosophers will neither be diviners, nor able to divine.

'Stop a minit,' said Lize. 'What's the name of the man that keeps this tavern?'

'Mr. Canley, Marm.'

'Well, tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra fixing on our account, for we are plain people,' said the bride.

'As they used to say in our debating society,' interrupted Jeems, 'I'll amend the motion by sayin' you can tell 'em to give us the best they've got, I'm able to pay fur it and don't keer for expenses.'

'Tee hee! Tee hee!' was the only audible reply from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came and was dispatched with a relish, Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights until supper time, which being over they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and according to the rule, in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the streets had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swan House. The young man on watch dozed in his chair. The clerk, (rather corpulent) was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas.—Much against his will, the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stronger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. The clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room.

'Who's there?' came forth from within.

'Gas! what gas!' said Jeems, opening the door.

'Why, here in this room. How did you put your light out?' inquired the clerk.

'Blew it out, of course.'

'You played her—' Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word, but remembering that there was a lady in the room, or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper, and having lit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning as follows.

DEATH A LEVELLER.—It is singular, how the fact of a man's death often seems to give people a true idea of his character, which ever possessed while he was living, and acting among them.

Death is a touchstone that proves the gold, and dishonors the baser metal. Could the departed, whoever he may be, see the world as it is, he would be self at a higher or a lower point than he has formerly occupied on the scale of public appreciation.—Hawthorne.

Young physicians find it hard to get into business; but they will succeed if they only have patients.

TRUTH WILL OUT.—The editor of the *Inquirer* has determined that the "veritas" shall appear.

TRANSPORTED for life—the man that marries happily.

War is murder set to music. Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

True sensibility lead us to overcome our own feelings for the good of others.

Everything we add to our knowledge adds to our means of usefulness. Truth should never strike her temples in compliment to ignorance or sophistry.

Diligence is the mistress of success. Crimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

Riches got by deceit, cheat no man much as the getter. Riches got by fraud are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mind.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men. Be what you are. This is the first step towards becoming better than you are.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

THE CIRCUS.

A circus came to town, and every body knows how the music, and the grand tent, and the horses, set all the boys agog. Quarter of dollars and shillings are in great demand; and many a choice bit of money have the circus riders carried away, which was meant for better purposes.

A little boy was seen looking round the premises with a great deal of curiosity.

'Hallo, Johnny,' said a man who knew him, 'are you going to the circus?'

'No, sir,' answered Johnny, 'father don't like 'em.'

'O' well, I'll give you the money to go, Johnny.'

'Father don't approve of 'em,' said the boy.

'Well, go in for once, and I will pay for you.'

'No, sir,' said Johnny, 'my father would give me the money if he supposed it was for the best. Besides, I've got twenty-five cents in my strong box—twice enough to go to the circus.'

'I'd go, Johnny, for once: it is wonderful the way the horses do,' said the man. 'Your father need not know it.'

'I shan't.'

'Now, why?'

'Cause,' said Johnny, 'twirling his bare toes in the sand, 'after I have been a fool to look my father in the face, and I can now.'

Now dear children, always act as little Johnny did. When you are tempted to do any thing which your conscience tells you is not right, just ask yourself the question, 'Can I do this, and then look my father or mother right in the eye?' Make this the test of all your actions, and you will grow up in the right way.

THE DEAF GENTLEMAN.—One night the city of London was visited by a tremendous gale, the roaring of which reached the auricles of a deaf gentleman much to his terror and dismay. The next day upon proceeding to his counting room, his whole mind impressed with the reality of the gale, and supposing everybody was talking about it, he met an acquaintance, who accosted him with the usual greeting: 'Good morning.'