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The Manchester Journal.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Office over Deming & Hard's Store,
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This long established Hotel still continues open for the accommodation of the travelling public. Particular attention given to boarders from abroad during the summer months. The public patronage is hereby liberally extended is respectfully solicited.
E. M. VANDERLIP, Proprietor, Manchester, Vt.

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(Open from June to October.)
At the foot of MOUNT EQUINOX, among the Green Mountains.
PURE AIR, FINE DRIVES, GOOD TROUT FISHING.
Address F. H. ORVIS, Manchester, Vt.

Routes to Manchester.

☞ The 11 A. M. Harlem and 11½ A. M. Hudson River Trains connect at Troy for MANCHESTER via BENNINGTON, at 5½ P. M.

☞ Trains leave RUTLAND for MANCHESTER at 9 A. M. and 2 P. M., after arrival of Boston (Morning) Train via FITCHBURG and BELLOWS FALLS.

☞ Trains leave SARATOGA at 9 A. M., arrive in RUTLAND at 12 M., leave for MANCHESTER at 2 P. M.

Bennington & Rutland Railroad.

ON and after Monday, May 25th, trains on this road will run as follows:

MOVING NORTH.

Leave Rutland at	8.00 A. M.	Leave	2.05 P. M.
" North Dorset	8.15 "	"	2.20 "
" East Dorset	8.18 "	"	2.18 "
" Manchester	8.45 "	"	4.50 "
" Sunderland	7.00 "	"	5.10 "
" Arlington	7.10 "	"	5.25 "
Arrive at Bennington	8.45 A. M.	Arrive	7.05 P. M.

The Morning train South will arrive at State Line at 7.50 A. M., connecting with Troy & Boston train arriving in Troy at 9.25 A. M.

MOVING NORTH.

Leave Troy at	5.15 P. M.		
Leave Bennington at	7.03 A. M.	and	6.00 P. M.
" No. Bennington	7.15 "	"	7.10 "
" Arlington	8.40 "	"	7.47 "
" Sunderland	8.50 "	"	7.56 "
" Manchester	9.20 "	"	8.18 "
" East Dorset	9.50 "	"	8.35 "
" North Dorset	10.05 "	"	8.45 "
Arrive at Rutland at	11.35 "	"	10.00 "

connecting with trains to Burlington, Montreal, Bellows Falls and Boston, also trains for Whitehall and points.

☞ A deduction of Five Cents is made where tickets are purchased at the office.

F. C. WHITE.

Bennington, May 25, 1868.

BIBLES TESTAMENTS
And publications of the Tract Society for sale at
L. D. COY'S.
Manchester, Dec. 30, 1867.—3m7

DENTISTRY.

WM. W. BROCKWAY, DENTIST,
HAS returned to Manchester, after a residence in Albany of six years, during which time he has inserted over TWELVE HUNDRED Sets and parts of Sets of Teeth. He thinks his great experience warrants him in saying that his operations upon the teeth cannot be equalled in the State. All who are in need of Dental aid are invited to call upon him at his residence in Manchester. 50

Dr. Boyce's Sarsaparilla!
IT SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES!
Why? Because it Performs all it Agrees to! It cures Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Sick Head Ache, Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Cures Erysipelas, Scrofula and Syphilitic diseases. It is just the medicine for this season of the year. Try it. Sold by all dealers in medicine. Try it. FRANCIS FENN & CO., Proprietors, Rutland, Vt.
Wholesale and retail dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dye Stuffs, Fancy Articles, &c. Herald Building, Centre Street.
Read what the Rutland Herald says of it:
A Good Spring Medicine.—Dr. Boyce's Sarsaparilla, manufactured by Francis Fenn & Co., of this place, though but recently introduced in this section, is already meeting with a large sale and giving much satisfaction. Its properties are such as make it an excellent blood purifier, precisely the thing which most people want at this season, to cleanse the system and guard against the disease incident to approaching hot weather. We have personally tested the qualities of this Sarsaparilla, and cordially recommend it to the public.—]

CLOTHING!
CLONEY
Has just returned from Boston with a fine selection of
Cloths!
which he proposes to make up in the latest style. His assortment includes
DOUBLE AND SINGLE BOILED TWEEDS,
ADALIN COTS,
BLACK DOESKINS,
FINE FANCY DOESKINS,
GENTLEMEN'S SUMMER OVERCOATING,
LADIES' CLOTH, &c.
My goods will be sold very low for Cash.
Factory Point, May 28, 1868.

(Original.)

"LIFE'S CAREER."

From the sweet slumbers of night I awake
But awake partially—as only dream,
'Twas midnight's silent hour, painfully still.
The moon shone in her dusky robes of night,
Through evening mists dimly, as if to watch
Like some faithful sentinel, my spirit,
As it moved on dreamy wings, unconscious.
Nowhere, it lingers, restless, unanchored.
Thought activate my brain—terrible thought.
Creep over me fears, unforbidden, unknown;
While down my side trickles perspiration,
And with despair I tremble—seeing now
Whither I am tending, 'tis not mystery,
Round, so ceaselessly revolving—but a soul
From hell belched forth, his assurance to calm,
Doth rolling with pain and torment, scale
Which, like some peaceful quietude, had sought
In the sweet embrace of virtuous sleep.
At last, I am borne to a welcome grave,
A grave—so charming and so attractive—
That almost I forget, I am still held
In the grasp of my foe—firm, unrelenting.
That I am still a prisoner, forgot;
And whose destiny to me is unrevealed,
Softly in the darkened grave, we slight,
Whose shades, so dense, were that thought could
behold.
But the sleepless one—whose captive I was.
Purchases a moment had passed, yes to me,
Hours—aye, years—it seemed: the spell now, I
broke.
During which, nought I said, but trembling,
Longed for my peaceful couch—its balmy sleep,
And questioning, asked him, by me sitting,
Where art thou? and what, to me, is thy mission?
With a tone of voice, unearthly, he spoke—
I am come from regions fraught with despair,
Whose firmament is ever reddening
With——phials of unrelenting wrath;
Whose halls of torment, with terrible crash,
Sweep through the dark abyss of human grief,
Carrying fresh wounds of pain, increasing,
To ever dying, and undying souls.
Knowest thou, in this dark shade, where thou art?
"Methinks," I replied, "'tis a pleasant grove,
"And yet so unlike those in earthly form,
"I never have roamed in such as these before,
"So deep, this shade—so dense, this foliage,
"This fragrance so sweet—this air so balmy—
"This is not earth—I am lost, I fancy.
"The moon as it breaks thro' yonder thin cloud,
"Dost not the pale moon of earth resemble.
"How strange! Where am I, and, ah, who art
thou?"
"Canst thou answer me? I entreat thee, speak."
Spirit-like he arose—I sat, transfixed—
Moving round slowly—he stood, me facing,
And, then, with piercing eye, and hand aloft,
He said:—This grove, which thou so much admirest,
This foliage, this fragrance, this balmy air,
And bright moon yonder breaking thro' the cloud,
Are all, to thine earthly vision, open,
Still inclosed in this earthly form, thou art,
As once, when in the form, I dwelt myself,
Yet rapturous exaltation, thou hast,
A foreshadowing of Futurity;
Thy perceptions and thy ears I've quickened;
And thou the reason of thy bewilderment.
Thou dost dimly see, what must soon take place,
And dost thou not hear, in distant rumblings,
In these heavy detonations of earth,
Sad manifestations of Providence?
These are the terrible warnings of God.
—Premonitors of the Day of Judgement—
"When slumbering fires by Heaven reserved,"
Shall the earth convulse and all forms ruin.
The awful scene and separation—
The farewell of Time and Eternity—
Their last great meeting and final adieu.
—The one, to earth forever limited.
—The other wings to Immortality;
Fraught with the Records of Humanity,
And there, before the throne of a Just God,
With inspection to "pass"—and "pass," forever.
From which there is no appeal—but Justice;
And, enthroned, she sits upon the Saviour's brow;
And this appeal shall be appeal in vain:
Your doom is written—destiny is sealed.
If the Smiles of Love, shall radiant, glow,
On the face of Him—who will, thy Judge, be,
Oh happy! thrice happy! will be thy soul—
To read thy redemption—thy forgiveness.
And such a day? an awful Day! to them,
Who for the interests of the soul, sought not;
But, with blind instinct, pursued their ruin!
To them, a Day of deep solitude!
—This thou seest—and now to me listen!
By special permit divine, I have come—
Leaving that dark world, filled with human woe,
Where, ever must I dwell, burdened with sin,
With pains incessant—despair unlimited—
Where time's numerous and ages roll by—
Countless cycles of an Eternity—
By those laws inexorable, more bound,
Which nought can set aside or nought can move,
The immutability of God—Himself;
—To thee, a messenger—and not a foe,
With tender mercies and kind instruction
From sad experience, now resulting.
Upon this earth once, I lived, as thou liv'st,
Life's sordid gains blinded—overwhelmed me,
Reckless—surrounded with these mundane joys,
Emotions, seemingly—are too really,
Of Eternity, upon whose awful verge,
I stand, rent with joys light and transitory,
Forgetting the abyss beneath my feet,
Into whose boiling chasm, soon to plunge.
Time I reck'd not—daily, sans rose and set—
Hours—moments even, were heavily fraught
With earthly pleasures innumerable,
And I thought this life, my Life Eternal.
Fatal delusion! Soul lost forever!
Irredeemably and forever lost!
Like thee, when in the flush and strength of
youth,
Before the wrinkles of age marked my brow,
Temptations beset my early career.
Poverty—the companion of the poor,
Their misery, and yet to them a blessing,
I knew not; an heir to wealth I became,
Little dreaming, but all was blissful.
O how deceitful! its character, how false!
The counterfeit of all true blessedness.
The rich, in this, are poor—the poor are rich.
This is society changed—inverted—
And the world is not, as to us it seems.
With wealth at my command, young, ambitious,
I strove hard in life for early honors,
Prospects brightened as forward I advanced,
I dreamed of empires under my control,
Of purple robes and princely crowns of pearl,
And thought not, neither cared I, for aught else.
O, had I cared—carelessness drove me mad.
Insanity kindled in my dark eyes,—
And soon a mere wreck of that I once was,
My visionary schemes, undermined reason,
Discouraged, I sank in hopeless despair,
Fortune fleeing from my grasp, I arose,
And, desperate, made a final effort.
To gambling saloons, and those dens of vice
With wild and tangent thought, I resorted—
My sad record is now told—'tis finished.
Ambition's course is ended—ruined man.
I staked my all here—lost Eternity,
Behold now my warning—you, I admonish,
Not for my sake—irrevocably lost,
Who, beyond the power of atonement,
Is, by Divine Justice in banishment
Forever, from Christ and the throne of Grace.
'Tis for thee and those like thee, I now speak,
With earnestness I entreat thee—advise thee
This life, begin anew—turn heaveward,
Concede neither one jot nor one tittle
To temptation's bewitching influence,
But meet them—and meet them successfully.
Look to God and see the Redeemer's hand,
Fresh and warm with sympathy and love,
Ever beckoning you onward, onward
To that true life of Bliss, Everlasting.
To my vision then, he quickly vanished.
From my disturbed slumbers—I now awoke,
To scenes of earth, no longer hideous.
But trembling with the sad, impressive thought,
Which so shortly before, convulsed my brain,
And made me feel that life is soon to end.
The final destiny of wretched man.
And Heaven to proclaim his awful doom,
And this a dream—how real! how plainly true?
Earth's realities can be no more real.
These impressions in my heart are profound,
—The tide of of my thoughts are changed and
changing.
No more do I long for sin—its pleasures.
Upward my aspirations now ascend—
Purer thoughts—and from heaven ward they come.
Fountains of Bliss—on their sparkling waters
With brilliance dazzling to the eye, I see,
And scenes beautiful, and unterrestrial.
Thus may many a soul his mine be blessed—
Saved by this sweet intelligence in dreams—
Rivited, speaking to the heart of the prose,
Or rippling with finger—pure and divine
The crystal waters of sleep, calm and placid.

Salem, N. Y., Sept. 2, 1868.

—A man who marries a rich wife must expect occasionally to have it flung in his teeth. We have heard of a retort, however, which we should think must have forever silenced such thrusts. A gentleman who had the misfortune to marry a fortune was once exhibiting the fine points of his horse to a friend. "*My horse*, if you please," said his wife; "my money bought that horse." "Yes, madam," replied the husband bowing, and your money bought *me* too."

—It is estimated that the number of threshing machines now in use in this country is not far short of 250,000, and that they save 10,000,000 bushels of grain, besides being economical of labor.

THE ELECTION.

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR AND LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

	Page.	Edwards.	Thomas.	Noyes.
Arlington,	166	82	166	82
Bennington,	642	261	641	263
Dorset,	217	132	217	132
Glastenbury,	1	18	1	18
Landgrove,	68	4	68	4
Manchester,	266	44	266	44
Peru,	77	24	77	24
Pownal,	184	122	184	122
Readsboro,	101	69	101	69
Rupert,	131	12	131	12
Sandgate,	101	33	101	33
Searsburg,	48	3	48	3
Shaftsbury,	220	151	220	151
Stamford,	57	101	57	101
Sunderland,	63	57	56	58
Winhall,	137	25	137	25
Woodford,	56	41	56	41
	2934	1174	2929	1176

VOTE FOR CONGRESSMAN.

	Willard.	Cain.
Arlington,	153	73
Bennington,	634	240
Dorset,	634	240
Glastenbury,	1	18
Landgrove,	68	3
Manchester,	266	40
Peru,	77	23
Pownal,	184	122
Readsboro,	101	69
Rupert,	132	12
Sandgate,	101	33
Searsburg,	48	3
Shaftsbury,	207	112
Stamford,	57	101
Sunderland,	55	58
Winhall,	136	17
Woodford,	59	42
	2687	1195

VOTE FOR SENATORS.

	Canfield.	Love.	Gates.	Gray.
Arlington,	166	166	84	84
Bennington,	652	670	242	253
Dorset,	217	217	132	132
Glastenbury,	1	1	18	18
Landgrove,	68	68	3	3
Manchester,	261	257	43	42
Peru,	77	77	24	24
Pownal,	191	208	124	100
Readsboro,	101	101	69	69
Rupert,	131	131	12	12
Sandgate,	101	101	33	33
Searsburg,	49	49	3	3
Shaftsbury,	220	222	151	158
Stamford,	57	57	101	101
Sunderland,	44	57	59	62
Winhall,	133	132	25	25
Woodford,	55	61	40	41
	2596	2547	1157	1169

VOTE FOR STATE'S ATTORNEY AND SHERIFF.

	Howard.	Carpenter.	Powers.	Stone.
Arlington,	166	84	166	83
Bennington,	651	260	656	546
Dorset,	217	132	217	132
Glastenbury,	1	18	1	18
Landgrove,	68	3	68	3
Manchester,	256	53	260	42
Peru,	77	21	77	24
Pownal,	184	122	181	122
Readsboro,	101	101	69	69
Rupert,	115	12	131	12
Sandgate,	101	33	101	33
Searsburg,	48	43	3	3
Shaftsbury,	220	158	220	451
Stamford,	57	57	101	101
Sunderland,	53	63	53	63
Winhall,	131	26	131	26
Woodford,	55	42	54	42
	2518	1184	2527	2170

VOTE FOR ASSISTANT JUDGES.

	Cole.	Aylesworth.	Houghton.	Roberts.
Arlington,	166	166	82	82
Bennington,	645	647	246	247
Dorset,	217	217	132	132
Glastenbury,	1	1	18	18
Landgrove,	68	63	3	3
Manchester,	260	260	43	43
Peru,	77	77	23	23
Pownal,	184	184	122	122
Readsboro,	101	101	69	69
Rupert,	133	133	13	13
Sandgate,	101	101	33	33
Searsburg,	48	48	3	3
Shaftsbury,	218	220	158	158
Stamford,	57	57	101	101
Sunderland,	60	52	63	63
Winhall,	123	133	25	26
Woodford,	56	56	42	42
	2675	2631	1176	1177

VOTE FOR JUDGES OF PROBATE.

South Shaftsbury.	Vail.	White.
Bennington,	433	451
Glastenbury,	1	18
Pownal,	41	270
Readsboro,	65	105
Searsburg,	48	3
Shaftsbury,	214	192
Stamford,		158
Woodford,	81	65
	833	1262

North Shaftsbury.	Burton.	Bacon.
Arlington,	166	83
Dorset,	217	132
Landgrove,	68	3
Manchester,	260	48
Peru,	77	23
Rupert,	128	12
Sandgate,	101	33
Sunderland,	53	63
Winhall,	133	25
	1243	417

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

The road along which the man of business travels in the pursuit of competence or wealth, is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead thorugh pleasant scenes and by well springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pit-falls, which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires solace, and he deserves it. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and athirst for poetry. Happy is the man who can find that solace and that poetry at home.

Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, and welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that disencumber us into an old and easy seat before we are aware of it, these and like tokens of affection and sympathy, constitute the poetry that reconcile us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortification and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable houses, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own fireside. The sober and industrious man's home should be made a happy one.

—A laundress, who was employed in the family of one of our former governors, said to him, with a sigh, 'Only think, your excellency, how little money would make me happy.'

'How little, my dear madam?' says the Governor.

'O, dear sir! one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy.' 'If that is all, you shall have it;' and he immediately gave it to her. She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and before the Governor was out of hearing she exclaimed: 'I wish I had said two hundred!'

THE MERCHANT AND THE BEGGAR.

A TALE OF THE TIMES.

Some years ago, there lived in the city of Philadelphia, a rich merchant somewhat advanced in life, respected and beloved by all. He was always kind to the unfortunate; charity never pleaded vainly at his door. His purse and influence were ever at the command of the deserving. His wife was his very counterpart; and many a fatherless child and widowed mother invoked God's blessing on her head.

One summer afternoon, the merchant had just returned to his house, the toils and cares of the day being over, and in gown and slippers comfortably esconced himself in his arm chair, his loved consort by his side, reading the Evening Chronicle, when the door bell rang, and the servant ushered a stranger into the room.

He was a very young man: indeed had not reached manhood. He was dressed in the very lowest grade of society, and his ill-fitting graments were worn and soiled, betraying great poverty. Through all this meanness of attire, to a reader of human countenance there was yet in his aspect something to arrest attention. He was pale, even to haggardness, but his eye and lip, the expression written by God's own hand on his manly brow, once seen could not be easily forgotten.

As he entered, he bowed low, with a step forward, tried to speak, but the words died away in a whisper.

'Well, young man,' said the merchant, kindly, 'what is your business with me?'

'Alas, sir; I wish to obtain employment. I—I am suffering for want of food!'

And he turned away his head as a tear started to his eye.

'Indeed! Why, wife, this must not be. Where are your friends—your home, young sir?'

'Home! I have no home but the open street. Friends! I had friends; but now—I—I—'

'Never mind, never mind. I have no employment to give you, but you shall not lack food. Dinner waits. Come, dear, take my arm, and you, young man, give the servant your hat, and dine with us. We'll hear the remainder of your story afterward'

The stranger hesitatingly followed the merchant to the table, for his beggarly garb ill became a place at the sumptuous board before them.

They had dined, and the stranger felt partially relieved.

'Now, young man,' said his host, turning toward him, 'you have eaten, tell me why one like you is reduced to rags.'

'Alas, sir, it is a simple story. My father died when I was an infant, leaving my mother pennyless among strangers, to provide as best she might for the support of their only child. Reduced from affluence to poverty by a lawsuit involving the whole of his estate, my father left his home heart broken, with the hope of retrieving his fortune in a foreign land. My mother being a lady of superior education, supported herself by her talents comfortably and gave me a collegiate education. Three years ago that loved parent died; and after breathing a last prayer on her grave, and moistening the green sod with my tears, I set forth in the wide world alone. I came to this city and procured a situation in a mercantile house, which I held until my employers failed: by their influence, I soon obtained another, with every prospect of advancement. A fellow clerk and myself always slept in the store, and one night he arose from his bed unknown to me, took the key of the safe from under my pillow, and robbed it of a large amount. The theft was immediately known, and so strong was the suspicion against us both, that, afraid of being discovered, the thief secreted the money in my bureau, where it was found. I was arrested, thrown into prison and kept a year. Three weeks ago my time expired, since which I have vainly endeavored to establish my innocence and get employment. My character is gone, and those who were once friendly now spurn me from their doors. Poverty has compelled me to pawn garments of my wardrobe, until the last were exchanged for these rags. Last night I slept in the open air; today I am a beggar!'

Overpowered by his feelings the stranger sank back in his chair, and covering his face, wept bitterly.

The merchant rose from the table much affected, while the wife, still more affected by the stranger's story, and whispering to the husband, desired the youth to follow him to the library.—Here he took a bag of silver from a secret drawer, containing some hundred pieces, and spread them out on the table before him.

'There,' said he, 'is money. Take what you wish. I believe you are an injured and honest young man. Take I say, what will answer your purpose.'

The strangar stretched forth his hand, and took from the glittering pile *three* pieces.

'This,' said he 'is all I want.' 'It will bear me from the city. I hope to meet with better success elsewhere.'

The merchant remonstrated at the small amount taken, but in vain.

'God bless you, sir,' said the youth, 'and your kind lady. May you and yours never know what it is to want.'

And with a heart full of gratitude—with their images so impressed on his memory that time nor change could never blot them out, he bade adieu to the dwellers in that stately mansion, and turned his back on the city.

And years rolled away, and the proud mansion and its beautiful grounds had disappeared. Commerce had usurped their place. The merchant's wife had died, and he was forgotten. The young stranger had never returned, and none, perhaps were living to ask or care for his fate. Fifteen years had come and gone since the day that houseless, pennyless, and heart broken youth came a beggar, seeking employment and asking for food of that happy couple! Fifteen years! How many a fortune they make or mar! How many a proud heart they bend low, and stricken ones uprraise.

Within a few months of the time we write an evident stranger to the city was sauntering one morning, through the Washington market. He was about the middle age, of a tall, commanding figure, regular, manly features, and elegantly dressed. As he passed from stall to stall his attention was suddenly arrested by the cry of a feeble old man:

'Fine fresh salmon, to-day, sir?'

Something in the tone made him stop and fix his eye on the face of the speaker. He was very old; his hair was white as snow; and his trembling limbs and wrinkled brow told as he held the fish up to the stranger that time had nearly done its work upon that wasted frame.

'Only one left—there it is, sir, only six shillings and sixpence. Will you buy?'

'Old man,' said the stranger, bending his dark, searching eyes on him 'tell me your name.'

'My name!' said he starting back.—'Why do you wish to know my name? Will you buy my fish? See what a fine fresh salmon, only six and a sixpence. Will you buy?'

'Tell me,' continued the other, drawing still nearer, without heeding his words, 'have you always been a fishmonger?'

'Always!' replied the old man, drawing himself up. 'Always! No, no—Time was sir—sir—but no matter—that's past. My name is——'

'And you once lived in Philadelphia, in ——square,' asked the other, quickly, 'some fifteen years ago? Answer me old man.' And the stranger, grasping his arm listened attentively for his reply.

'Ah! yes I did; and little did I then think my gray hairs would come to this.'

And the feeble old man laid down his fish and sighed.

'Thank Heaven! Cheer up,' said the stranger, satisfied with the answer, while a triumphant yet sad smile lighted up his handsome features. 'Throw off your apron, old man, and follow me.'

'Then you buy my fish, sir?'

'Buy your fish? Yes, old man, I'll buy your fish. Come to the Astor House immdeiately and inquire for Judge——, of Kentucky. I will see you there.'

With the basket of fish in one hand and his staff in the other, the old man wended his way to the Astor House as soon as his feeble limbs would permit.

The stranger was seated at a table with various papers spread out before him. Something painful evidently occupied his mind, for his high forehead was buried in his hands and his eyes were fixed on vacancy. Suddenly he arose, and pacing the room hurriedly, broke forth in words,

'Fifteen years ago, yes, fifteen years this very day, I was an outcast and a beggar! Thrust forth into the street—branded as a thief? Yet I was innocent, Heaven knows; but the world condemned me. Oh, God! when I recall that time when houseless, homeless, friendless, I fell on my knees and implored thee to take the breath thou hadst given—if I sinned before thee then, may I be forgiven—for what was life to me then? Yet I have placed my trust in thee, thanks to my sainted mother who is in heaven; and thou didst illume the future, and make my path easy. Yes, I have lived to see the destroyer of my youth a suppliant at my feet publicly proclaim his own guilt, for which I suffered. But could that stone for the havoc it made in this burning heart? Never! never! That heart was broken, wasted, and grew old before its time. May Heaven forgive him as I do; as well as those, who, in spite of my protestations, spurned me from their doors. Poor old man! thank Heaven, the time has come when I may repay the debt of gratitude I owe thee. Thou gave me hope when all else had failed. Yes, our fortunes have changed—changed indeed.'

The stranger ceased, and resuming his seat seemed impatient for the coming of the fishmonger.

At last a servant announced a man with a basket of fish, which he said His honor had purchased in the market

'Show him to my room,' said the stranger.

'Show him to your room, yer honor? Share it's a man with a basket of fish?'

'I bid you show him to my room, sir. Go fetch him immediately.'

'Well, fair, man, that's square!' muttered the Hibernian, as he bid the old man follow him.

'Here's his honor, the great judge from Kentucky, with his nagers servants, and the best men and women in the house bowing and scraping to him those two weeks past telling me, Jimmy Fairland, to show that poor divil of a fisherman to his private parlor. Troth, ould gentleman, and that is quare enough. Hist! and scrape your feet,' said he, as he ushered him in, and mind how you speak to his honor.'

'Be seated, sir,' said the stranger, rising, and handing a chair to the old man, who stood wonderingly clutching his basket of fish.

'Look at me,' said the Judge drawing his form forward so as to face him, 'and say did you ever see me?'

'Indeed, I do not know, sir,' replied the other, scanning his features. 'I may have seen you in other days. If so, you are forgotten in the change that has come over me. But if you will pay me for my fish, sir, I shall be much obliged, for I have far to go to reach home.'

'Stay; never mind your fish—throw them out of the window,—said the stranger. 'But look on me, and recall to mind, if you can, the events of this day fifteen years ago. Do you not know me now?'

'Alas!' said the old man, 'my memory has failed.'

'Do you not remember,' said the stranger, tightening his grasp upon him, 'that on that day there came to your door, in—— Square, a half starved beggar, to whom you gave food and and money, and whose broken heart you cheered by believing him innocent after listening to a long story of his wrongs? Do you remember you spread before him a bag of silver dollars?'

'I do—i do; and the foolish youth took but three of them. Ah! now I remember, he took but three, when I would have given him a hundred. Did you know the poor boy?'

'Look on me old man,' said the stranger, rising: 'I am that beggar.'

'You!' exclaimed the fishmonger, starting back with astonishment.

'Yes, I am. Now I am able to discharge that never forgotten debt.—Since the hour I parted from your door, Heaven has smiled on all my undertakings. I am rich and honored.—I became acquainted with your misfortunes but could not learn where you were. Henceforth you labor no more. My purse is yours; take what you wish and go with me—be as one of my family. My care shall be for your comfort while you live, and if Heaven should call me first, I will provide for your future years..

By strange reverses of fortune, now of daily occurrence, the wealthy merchant had become reduced to abject poverty, while the sometime beggar at his door had risen, single handed, by energy, industry, and untiring perseverance, to wealth and high honors.

Even should a good deed miss its reward in this world, it will not lack its recompense in another.

THE NOSE BLEED.—There are two little arteries that supply the face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the wind pipe, and running upward toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jawbone about two-thirds of the way back of the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Each of these arteries of course supplies just one half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied by the left artery. Now suppose your nose bleeds from your right nostril, with the end of the fore finger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in the wrist, then press your finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between the finger and jawbone; the result will be that not a drop of blood goes into the side of your face while the pressure continues; hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way.

—Having a natural curiosity as to his pedigree, Brick Pomeroy wrote to Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, inquiring to what branch of the Pomeroy family he belonged. The Senator replied that "Brick" might take what branch he pleased, but he (the Senator) belonged to the other branch.

WAKING UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.—Railway travelling has its jokes as well as its perils in Canada. A Montreal paper says that an incident, which blended the farce with tragedy, in fact a case of waking up the wrong passenger with a vengeance, occurred on the Grand Trunk road lately. A Southern gentleman, accompanied by his wife, son, nurse and three or four daughters, who were going westward, took berths for the whole party on the sleeping car. Himself and wife occupied a berth at one extremity of the car, while the nurse and daughters were compelled to seek slumber at the other end. The eldest daughters, aged 18 and 9 respectively, occupied the lower berths, and the nurse and her charges the upper. Towards midnight the nine year old woke up, and went to the drinking fountain for a drink of water; returning, she went to the left hand berth instead of the right, when, O, horrors! what a sight met her gaze! Her sister, as she supposed, was snoring peacefully with her face near a masculine face, abundantly bearded. She tottered to her sire and whispered the horrible tidings in his ear. The sire arose, the hot blood of Southern chivalry boiling in his veins, and rushed to the indicated berth. It was true, the same brown hair, the same poplin dress—there was no room for doubt, and he let the slumbering man have it between the eyes, straight from the shoulder, a blow from the injured father's arm would have felled an ox. The astonman awoke and strove to defend himself from the shower of blows, but the surprise and the cramped position prevented him. The lady, faithless viper, awoke, screamed "my husband," to the amazement of the pugilistic parent, who at once imagined a secret marriage.—And from the opposite berth the only original daughter screamed "papa,"—Tableau. The father was covered with shame, and tendered ample apologies, which the assaulted first refused to accept, wishing for blood. At last the matter was quieted. Next morning the parties met at breakfast at Coburg, where the ladies formed an amalgamation, and all thereafter went as merry as an engine bell, the assaulted entering Toronto in triumph, with two black eyes, a nose big enough for two, and a frontispiece illustrated with cuts.

WOMAN IS A FARMER.

In Vineland, N. J., a place of about 10,000 inhabitants, 35 miles south of Philadelphia, women are demonstrating what they can do at farming. These women are not coarse or illiterate, but some of them have been highly educated and possess well cultivated minds. I do not know how many there are here who own farms which they have brought under a high state of cultivation solely by their own efforts, but I speak of a few that have come under my immediate notice. The first one who gave me an account of her work is a maiden of about 40 years. She had been a school teacher in Massachusetts for about 15 years; she got weary, as she said, of being a slave to others, and, thinking a farmers life more to her heart, she came to Vineland and bought 10 acres. She has been here three years, and has five acres in good bearing condition; all the work, except the clearing of the land has been done by herself and a boy 13 years old; and from being weak in some directions, she has become strong and healthy. I next saw another maiden of the same age. She was educated as a physician, but her health failing, she came here and bought 10 acres and with the assistance of only a boy she has five acres under nice cultivation, and she says she never had so good health in her life. I have been in this place but a few weeks, and have made no effort to find out how many cases there are here, but I am told there are many, and that it is well demonstrated in this place the woman excels as a farmer. I have met more than a dozen women, who are widows,