THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

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Daily Appeal.

For the Memphis Appeal.]

IMPROMPTU.

How lovely in this autumn day,
The cloudless skies are blue as May!
The air is soft and warm as spring,
And merrily the insects sing,
And may not I?

The grand old forest I behold,
Attired in crimson and in gold;
The cankling spider slowly weaves,
His silken web among the leaves,
So wonderously!

How silently the dreamy day,
With noiseless footsteps steals away;
Till sinking in the golden west,
Her shining king retires to rest
So gloriously!

And then the evening paints the sky,
[illegible] the robe of Tyrian dye,
Around the world, while twilight gray,
Comes forth and wakes the pulse of day,
Mysteriously.

November 14, 1860. JENNIE S.

HEAVEN.

The following beautiful lines are by the author of the exquisite poem, "Over the River"—Miss Mary A. W. Priest—and are copied from the Springfield Republican:

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal;

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose flowers are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may but know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim, earthly vision;
For death, the silent warder, it was the key
That opened those gates unbidden.

By a crystalline, where above the sky,
The very azure dipsets,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Glimpses I can the inner glory,
Never to shine upon us more until afar,
Jesus and myself shall enter.

Oh, that unknown! Oh, land of love divine!
Father, all-wise, eternal!
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those gates city real.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT.

"It was here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended."

"How fearful!" I exclaimed scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least six hundred feet deep.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:

At the close of the last century, he and his father, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff under other extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Clements was then returning home along the downs, from the then retired, but now fashionable town of ——, when he recognized a boat a mile from the shore, apparently sinking one in which his wife and sister were in frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay in lieu of the sea, near his house. He attended home, only to have all doubts removed as to their identity, and, hurrying back to the spot where he had at first observed them, found, to his extreme terror, that the boat had been detached by the incoming tide, and had been seen wandering on the rocks beneath the cliff. To approach them by the sea, on either side, in time to rescue them from their impending danger, was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction seemed inevitable. In this emergency, the samphire gatherers were thought of and sought for; and, declining all other offers, Clements insisted upon descending the cliff, in the hope of placing his wife and sister upon some rock or spot, where they might remain in safety till the arrival of the skiffs from ——. Thus far had the samphire gatherer got in his story, which he was relating to me as we strolled along the cliffs, when he paused, as I have already mentioned above, and pointed to the spot where Mr. Clements descended.

Following his example and taking a seat on the green near him, the old man continued his tale. I give it in his own words.

"Well, sir; when we found we could not persuade him to let one of us go down in his place, father, as usual, secured a crowbar into the first crack he found fit for his purpose, and then, twining the rope once around it, in order to give us a steadier hold on Mr. Clements, fastened it under his arms. We then made him change places with one of our frocks, such as you see the common people wear in these parts; and taught him how to put his feet steadily against the sides of the cliff—a few feet apart, and then, by walking the rope in his hands just above the knot, and told him to lean out as far as he possibly could, and with downward strokes, first one foot and then the other, and keep a look out for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, sir; and bade him not be frightened at the birds, as they would not harm him—he was bad set, sir; and they always make a horrible screeching if you go down the cliff after they have gone to roost; and that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope a couple of pulls, and we'd haul him back. 'No, no,' says Mr. Clements, 'there's no necessity for that. When I get to the bottom, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time I give no signal for you to pull me up, you will know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can and get a boat from ——. I am ready now,' says he, in a fa nt voice, and his teeth all the while chattering with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment. Well, sir, father and I soon more fitted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over the edge of the cliff. Down he went, and we soon lost sight of him.

"Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying the rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes on the sea. Pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalky his body almost at right angles with the cliff; his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the sharp cutting wind, and the dirt which it dislodged. He had got about a hundred feet from the top, when, suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were thrown violently against the jutting rocks, and in so doing, broke through a resolution he had formed, and looked beneath him. It was a rare sight that, for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water, far, far below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which he had so vaunted himself, where was it now? He was about to pull the rope; but he thought of his poor wife and sister, and that was enough. On he went. To regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and with his face to the cliff; his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed; enveloped in a shower of stones and chalk, which he had not the strength to avoid; grasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slided down for another hundred feet. Here the cliff arched inwards, forming an immense hollow, which he could not see; so swinging to and fro, and round and round, as it were between heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment, the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, flocks of startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and angry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh at one and time, his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again, in agony he made a frantic effort to gain a footing; but, in so doing, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure, or opening in a rock. Vain was the struggle to release it, sir; Mr. Clements was either too weak and faint, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were useless; and I shudder at the bare recollection while I tell it, sir, confined *suspiring the rope!* Hanging by the leg, head downwards, there he lay; the cormorants and mews flitting around him, and joining in his frightful shrieks.

"Horrible! was he long thus?"

"Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope; and surmising from his experience what had occurred, we raised it a few feet, and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From that moment, he told me he was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unexpected footing on a rock, concealed by the waves, as about three feet above them; the depth around for the present mattered not. He remained for a few moments motionless on the rock. His name was again called; the sound came from the interior of the cave.

Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim; he found that he had more strength than he had thought; swam forward through the darkness up the cavern; he struggled—sank—rose again—heard his name called louder and nearer—made one effort more—felt the sand, the smooth sand, under his feet—staggered forward—reeled, and fell exhausted into the arms of his wife."

"And his sister?"

"The ladies were both there, sir. The cave was about fifty feet in depth, sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones and sand. Here Mrs. Clements and her sister had been driven to take refuge from the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance from the cavern, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet by which they could scrape up the cliff. After a long and hopeless search, they bethought them of the boat, and, to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern, over the fallen rocks under the arch, when the water, sweeping in, closed up all entrances to any but a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope that they should escape. Fortunately, the darkness of the cave prevented their discovering the height to which the water usually rose.

"As you might imagine, Mr. Clements was some time before he recovered his senses. His eye was kneeling beside him, chafing his brown, when he later, starting up, called their attention to the rope by which he had descended. We were pulling it up, and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. Well he knew how useless it would have been for them to use it. 'It matters not,' he said, 'they (meaning we) have gone to ——. We shall have boats here soon; we are safe—quite safe,' and so on, endeavor ng to keep their spirits up, while he well knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave.

"Two hours, sir—by long hours I speak in this way, and Mr. Clements had given up all hope. The water kept rising; and rising, till at last the waves broke at their feet, and each instant threatened their destruction. The ladies were almost dead with cold and fear, when a large, heavy, Dutch built boat—you don't see such now, sir—swept, with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cave, her proceeding close to upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not see her until they were within the cavern; and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew, assisted by some fishermen, were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, having been alarmed by the approach of a boat up the cove. It was in that M. Clements prevented them from calling out for assistance from them—"

"Why, I should have thought that at such a moment even—"

"Not they, sir, not they; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them would have left the poor things to drown, or would have murdered them. No, Mr. Clements knew better. He tried a last and dangerous chance, but it was his only one; while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern, watching the boat pass, the sight of which had driven them into it, he lifted the ladies gently into the bow of the boat. They could not hear him for the noise of the waves; there was plenty of room for them, and he drew a sail over them, and was just going to step in himself, when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave, with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to her numbers since she had entered it.

They went about a quarter of a mile down under the cliff and landed safely, who disappeared like a flash up the rocks. A dead silence enough no one ventured to speak; the men rested on their oars and the boat gently rose and sank on the waves. At last the silence was broken; something dark was hurled down the cliff, at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. "God forgive him, he's lessed Sam's cove," said one of them. And so it was. The poor man on the lookout was asleep, near the top of the cliff and we often hear of these men rolling off in their sleep. There's always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing, from one of the king's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost; and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea.

They were about two miles from the shore, when some of the men declared it was a lost job, and that the cutter's sing was long passed. Mr. Clements was quite senseless from cold and exhaustion, but her sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of their conversation she could not understand. There was a big boat astern of the largest craft, which they drew to it, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in, "Now then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make after us when they find they've lost their prize."

The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness, before the terrified lady comprehended all; and then it seemed the frightful truth flashed upon her. The drifts had settled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She uttered one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when the Clements' voice sounded almost at her side! There he was in the same little pleasure boat which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to have all doubts removed, and get clear of her when she went down. The revenue cutter came up and took them aboard, all safe; but many months elapsed before Mrs. Clements recovered from the effects of that dreadful night.

"What became of Mr. Clements when they left him in the cave?"

"He held on to the boat for a few moments till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found his little pleasure boat, and entering it, followed in the wake of the lugger, which, as I have said, in time saved the lives of his wife and sister.

"The sun is setting, sir," added the samphire gatherer, touching his hat to me. "I must be going homeward to my wife and family. You are strolling, one of these days, on the rocks below, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine better than I can tell you, what must have been their feelings in such a place and at such a time. Good evening, sir."

ARMY BUTTONS vs. HAZEL EYES.

From the New York Evening Post.

I was in a delirium of love.

The dark haired girl with a dull darker hair subdued me more than ever a frowning battlement awed a forlorn hope of fifty brave-hearted soldiers. I had faced murderous Indians and shot down Indian braves; but her freakish yells had aroused me from my midnight slumbers to action. I had marched unflinchingly forward, leaden or my mes, while she was there and bullets fell thick around me. All this I had met with comparative equanimity, and returned to the metropolis of our nation only to be subdued by a woman.

Yet Helen Somers, sir, was so fair and beautiful as an Italian sky. Conscious of her fascination, she made no effort to entrap me; but I sailed as quietly into her net as the wild swan into the snares of a hunter. There she smile on, for I fluttered not the least bit, but yielded heart and soul to her bewitching influence.

"Army buttons" are proverbially inconstant, and I was no exception to the general rule. On this occasion I was fairly caught in my own net, as carefully woven for Helen. My flirtation—second a serious one—I followed her, yet I knew she mistrusted me.

It was in the summer of '58 that the War Department crib'd me a furlough of two months, and then it was I met her. But three weeks had passed, and I would have thrown up my commission and had Helen even but a that such a sacrifice would gratify her.

At the celebration of this time, a party, consisting of Helen, Gertrude St. Clair, Captain Cares—a former messmate—the old folks and myself, we formed for a trip to Niagara. The old folks took care of themselves, the captain had charge of Gertie, and Helen fell under my special protection.

At Niagara, the International was filled to its utmost capacity. Belles and beaux from South and North poured their fairest daughters into this cauldron of fashionable excitement, and handcuffed young bachelors with the offerings of their fair *innamoratas*. Among all, Helen Somers was the fairest. With her eyes I viewed the mighty torrent as it pitched headlong into the seething abyss; with her eyes I was wont to regard life when she smiled I was all vivacity. We walked, rode, talked, laughed and went together, until my love amounted to frenzy, and my frenzy to madness.

But this state of things could not last long. For Helen expected that I would ask her a lonely sin. I would have given worlds, had they been mine, to recall the first week or so of our acquaintance, when I had made a boast of my art in flirtation, and scoffed at the existence of such a thing as pure and lasting love. I had ridiculed it, one evening as a maudlin sentiment, and denounced it the next as the result of a boarding-house romance. For all which I was soon to reap my reward—and a bitter one it proved to be.

It was a calm and beautiful night, such a night as the moonlight and stillness of Eden. Helen and I left the frivolous dance and strolled away, ostensibly to view the falls by moonlight, but in reality to be alone. We had gained the river, and seated ourselves on a convenient rock, in sight of the mighty cataract. The final week of my furlough was drawing to a close. We had spoken of it but once, but it was ever through my sentiments were materially changed since our first acquaintance, I was afraid to betray my inconsistency by expressing them. My cheek burned, my lips grew parched, and as that subject naturally followed the other, the spirit prompted me to try the virtue of action. With a sudden impulse I fell upon my knees before her, and, pressing her soft white hand in mine, and while I kissed it enthusiastically, ejaculating in the tender, "Mine, mine, forever!" with the other she raised her handkerchief to her eyes and turned her head, as I supposed to conceal the joyful tears which would naturally dim her vision. I sat motionless, until several days subsequently, that it flashed to me she had laugh at my ridiculous actions.

I returned to the hotel jubilant, and in the very extreme of happiness. Happy had it been for me had it, by accident, fallen over the precipice, for the dizzy flight from which I was about to be thrown brought me in the end more sorrow and anguish.

A few days passed, and I received orders to report for duty at Fort Leavenworth as early as possible. I settled on Helen in her private parlor. We spoke of our parting was very like all such, which have been spoken a thousand times on paper, and occurs once at least in the life of every one. I received my orders and my congratulations, but she was relatively tranquil. The last farewell was spoken; a final kiss imprinted on her fair brow; I had my hand on the knob of the door, when she drew from her pocket a letter, and gave it to me. She bowed sweetly, and sorrowfully I returned to my own room.

With eager expectation I opened the letter, and here is a copy of it, word for word, as she penned it:

"NIAGARA, Sep ember, 1858.

"MY EXCELLENT FRIEND: The time for parting has overtaken us, and the farce is ended. Let us raise the curtain, and calmly review the events of the past two months.

"You returned to your home with the crown of victory upon your brow. You were courted and flattered justly by all; I was proud of your marked attentions, and I felt the first dawnings of love for you in my heart. Evening after evening we were with me. The impulses of your nature prompted you to make many developments which taught me caution. You scoffed at true love as an ideality, and at constancy as existing only in fiction. You relied what you were pleased to call your *thousand flirtations*, and the very recital of them proved the fallacy of your unbelief.

"Does not your heart now whisper the picture of that heart-broken Spanish girl there before you? Has the presence of death no power to subdue you? Does not the pale spectre or "your dark-eyed Isabel" haunt you in your dreams? How can your sleep be quiet when you recall the beseeching look and tender supplication of 'your prairie bird,' who even now mourns your absence and awaits in vain your return?

"Yet I will not act upon your unhappiness, but let confidence do its work.

"I had no confidence in the sincerity of your professions until a week before leaving home. At no time have I believed in your constancy, yet I encouraged you, for the voice of those you had wronged seemed to call for vengeance. Whether they have been avenged I leave to your own feelings. Could they have witnessed the scene near the fall perhaps they would have been dissatisfied. [To my handkerchief I am indebted for suppressing a laugh which might have sounded strangely out of place.]

"I leave you to your own meditations. *We meet no more at this place*, but should c ance throw you in my way you will be cordially greeted by simply

"Your friend,

"HELLEN S——."

In the first ebullition of passion I trampled the letter under foot. But pride failed me, and I suffered more than language can tell. But she never knew it. Her shafts sunk deep, and in time completed my reformation.

I left Niagara a sadder and wiser man. I knew it was useless to plead with her, for her decision once made was unalterable. In a few weeks I was again at my post, and drowned my sorrow in the excitements of frontier life.

My repentance was thorough. I could not call back the dead to life, but I mourned her in deep and bitter contrition. On one of my excursions into California, I visited the grave of the lovely Spanish girl, and caused a handsome tablet to be placed to her memory. It was the last testimonial that could be bestowed. Was she not looking down upon me then, and did she not intercede for me to him who searcheth and knoweth all hearts?

For more than a year the "Prairie Bird" has been my wife, and a darling little cherub is screaming lustily while I write. The baby's name is Helen.

NULLIFICATION IN 1832.

How General Jackson's Proclamation was Received in South Carolina.

From the Charleston Mercury, Dec. 17, 1832.

The declaration of war, made by Andrew Jackson, against the State of South Carolina, occupies to-day the larger portion of our columns. It will be read with the feelings which so extraordinary a document is calculated to excite. This unhappy old man has been suffered by his advisers to arrogate the power to coerce a State of the Confederacy. He has issued the edict of a dictator—an edict which time will prove whether he dares or can enforce. He has attempted in this proclamation to intimidate the whigs of South Carolina by threats, and to encourage and foment insurrection and violence on the part of the internal enemies of the State. This document was received here yesterday, and greeted with the indignation and contempt which it merits. In every freeman worthy of the name, it has excited no other feelings but those of defiance and scorn. Secrets will hail it as a brave blow in the cause of treason.

From the Charleston Mercury, December 19, 1832.]

The crisis for which every intelligent and resolute Carolinian could have long been prepared is come. The efficacy of our remedy has been demonstrated. We were told it would be inefficient; it has proved so potent that an infuriated administration has been compelled, in despair of otherwise defeating us, to resort to brute force. We have always said that our remedy was of right peaceful—we have never said that it would necessarily be peaceful—it is alone in the power of a bad man to outrage right by violence, if unrestrained by prudence or a fear of consequences personal to himself. General Jackson has not furnished the first example. There has been a Cæsar, a Cromwell and a Bonaparte—men of transcendent genius, who have stooped to play the usurper. Why may not an inferior spirit, without so much heart as either, and with none of their genius, aspire to imitate them in those actions of their lives, which alone he can imitate, because they are criminal. We have all along said that he might make this suicidal attempt to coerce us. He is, it seems, preparing for it. The Jackson tariff men will encourage him, and the Clay tariff men will cheer on as their falsehoods, the inefficient whigs will continue as a public servant, whom they despise as a man.

In the legislature, Mr. Preston said: "Who, and what are we? Are we Russian serfs, or slaves of a divan? Are we on the banks of the Bosphorus, or the Narva, or is it on our own free streams that these things are proclaimed? Was our high and well-merited appeal to Congress and the States in this matter, to be met by the blind fury and indecency of a man who thus vents upon the liberties of the country his own passions and prejudices? We should, he insisted, hurl back instant scorn and defiance for this impotent missile of despicable malignity. Of answer to a paltry sophisms and disorganizing doctrines it was utterly unworthy. But the country and the world should know how perfectly we despise and defy him, and they should be told that, before they place such principles as his upon our free soil, the bones of many an enemy shall whiten our shores—the carcasses of many a cutlaff and traitor blacken our air."

And Mr. Preston said truly, that the contest would end in blood. The document of the President was none less than the edict of a tyrant; and if they were for war, he was ready; and I believed all the people of the State would meet the storm with becoming manliness. He, for one, never would submit. If driven from the seaboard, he was for carrying the war in the interior. If the people of the interior he was for guerrilla warfare in the mountains, and if at last compelled to yield, he would die, contending to the last drop of his blood for the rights of the sovereignty of South Carolina. He adverted to the doctrine sustained in the proclamation relative to the rights of the State, and was astonished that the President should attempt to seduce the citizens of the State from their proper allegiance, and in no measured terms denounced the whole procedure. He concluded by saying that, before South Carolina should recede, he was for war up to the very knife, and he was for risking all, at every hazard, on the die that was cast.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

If you wish to cure a scolding wife never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her. Sure cure.

They make sandwiches in Australia by putting a piece of leather between two nickles. The price depends upon the supply of old boots.

A wife's farewell to her husband every morning—buy—buy.

"Never saw such stirring times," as the woman said to the auctioneer.

A young lady was asked how she could possibly afford, in these awful hard times, to take music lessons. "Oh, I confine myself to the low notes."

The man who planted a dagger in his enemy's breast, raised a crop of hemp that elevated him in the world.

Misery loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

"We must not undervalue physicians. Perhaps the fabric of society would fall without them. They are its pillers.

A punster passing by the shop of Mr. Taswell, observed that his name would be spelt As-well without the T.

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will, as a general thing, find that a mortgage is one of them.

If a young lady has a thousand acres of valuable land, the young men are apt to conclude that there are sufficient grounds for attachment.

An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: "Faith, its not two hours since that salmon was walking round his real estate, wid his hands in his pockets, never dreaming what a pretty invitation he'd have to join you gentlemen at dinner."

Old Quicker Sly was standing by,
When young Jones popped the question shy
To the last born of neighbor Rose,
And his great need rehearsing,
Says to the father, "Now, sir, what wish I feel!
We heart—this issue shock me!"
Quoth neighbor—"I, sir, feel for you,
Heat thou *fell in thy pocket!*"

Many a man thinks it is a virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

One ought to have dates at one's finger ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

"Raising the wind" is now denominated more classically, "exciting the financial Æolus."

Somebody says a baby laughing in its dreams is conversing with angels. Perhaps so—but I have seen them crying in their waking hours as though they were having a spat with the devil.

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse, in consequence of using them too much.

Whatever we may think of woman's right to vote and legislate, there can be no disputing her right to have arms—and the prettier the better and more irresistable. This is a right exercised from old Adam and Eve.

At a christening while the minister was making the certificate, he happened to say—"Let me see, this is the 30th." "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother "indeed, it is only the sixteenth!"

I saw him have his throat, and raise
The blade, cold, gleaming steel,
And grinly by the prepared edge
He was so sure to feel.

He raised on high the glittering blade,
Then first I found a tongue,
"Hold! hold! what have I done to merit the fearful deed?"
I cried, and forth I sprung.

He heard me, but he heeded not,
One glance around he gave,
And ere I could prevent the deed,
He had—begun to shave!

AN ELOPEMENT.—We learn from Mr. Cox, one of the clerks of the steamer Gray Eagle, that a young couple boarded that boat on her recent up trip at Owensboro, in rather a hasty and confused manner, which excited the suspicion of the officers. It was soon ascertained, however, that the couple were taking flight from their own State to Indiana, for the purpose of being joined in wedlock. The girl was beautiful and hopeless, as she was called on at the Catholic school by her suitor with a back, before she could prepare her clothing and bolter, and rather than risk chances, she concluded to go as she was. The boat came a few miles up the river, and the groom, after selecting an elderly gentleman on board to go with him to a county clerk's office and induce for him as the father of the girl, procured the necessary license and a minister, and soon afterward the twain were made one flesh. All on board the boat seemed to take an interest in the affair, and after the marriage joined themselves into a regular dancing party, which was kept up several hours. The happy couple came on to Louisville, and this morning took the cars and proceeded to the home of the bride's parents, in Oldham county, Kentucky. *Louisville Courier.*

BROKE HIS BACK.—The other day three or four married gentlemen and their wives were visiting the residence of a mutual friend in the country. Among the other amusements indulged in was the erection of a swing, consisting of a rope attached to the limb of an overhanging oak. After an hour or so's exercise in this way, one of the gentlemen who, though old enough to have outgrown anything of the sort, is excessively modest, got upon the swing, and, when fairly under headway, lost his hold upon the rope, and was thrown violently to the ground, alighting upon his back. The party, ladies and all, of course rushed to his assistance, and attempted to raise him up, but the injured gentleman, with the most excruciating agony depicted on his face, waved his friends away, and made the alarming statement that his back was certainly broken. Three or four of the gentlemen started rapidly toward the nearest house for assistance, but the prostrate subject called them back, and implored them to remain and take care of him while the ladies called assistance. The suggestion was put into practice, and as soon as the ladies got out of sight, he jumped up, turned round, and broke like a quarter horse for the nearest thicket, while his friends roared with laughter. He had only met with an accident incident to tight pantaloons and violent strains.

CENSUS OF OHIO.—The following, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, is the population of Ohio as ascertained by the recent census: Northern district, 1,081,796; Southern district, (save Hamilton county) 1,292,187; Hamilton county, 212,000—total, 2,505,983. If the ratio for a member of Congress is fixed at 125,000 people, we shall probably retain our present delegation in the House of Representatives, namely, twenty-one members. Ohio will retain her position as the third State in the Confederacy. She will lead any other State largely. The question of which will be fourth lies between Virginia and Illinois. Each of these States will have about 1,600,000 or 1,700,000 inhabitants. The increase in the population of Ohio has been about 600,000 since the last census, which is doing very well. Our increase is probably proportionally larger than either New York or Pennsylvania.

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5	9.00	12.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	45.00	50.00	75.00	100.00
6	10.00	14.00	17.00	21.00	25.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	55.00	80.00	125.00
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