The Jeffersonian Democrat.

J. O. CONVERSE, Proprietor.] A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Dissemination of Republican Principles, Education, Temperance, Literature, Agriculture, and the News of the Day. TERMS---$1,50 per Annum.

VOL. X., NO. 13. CHARDON, GEAUGA COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1859. WHOLE NO., 481.

The Jeffersonian Democrat

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, AT

CHARDON, Geauga County, Ohio.

Office directly over the Drug Store of Cook & Hamilton, west side of the Public Square.

TERMS:

If paid in advance,.....$1 50
If not paid within the year,.....2 00

☞ All kinds of merchantable produce taken in payment, at the market price.

*** No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted as follows:—50 cts. a square, first insertion; each subsequent insertion, 25 cts. a square.

BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the following rates:

One Square three insertions,	$1 00
" " two months,	2 25
" " three months,	3 00
" " six months,	4 00
" " one year,	6 00
Half column six months,	12 00
" " one year,	18 00
One column six months,	20 00
" " one year,	40 00
☞ Business Cards of not over 6 lines, for one year,	$5 00

*** Advertisements should be marked the number of times they are designed to be inserted; those not so marked, will be continued until ordered out, and charged according to the above terms.

The privileges of yearly advertisers will be confined to their regular business.

Attorneys will be liable for the price of inserting advertisements brought by them.

☞ All communications must be addressed to the proprietor, (postage paid,) to receive attention.

LIST OF PUBLIC OFFICERS:

HORACE WILDER	District Judge.
DARIUS CADWELL	Senator.
PETER HITCHCOCK	Representative
M. C. CANFIELD	Probate Judge.
E. G. WHITE	Sheriff.
WM. N. KEENY	Clerk.
C. C. FIELD	Auditor.
H. N. SPENCER	Treasurer.
L. C. LUDLOW	Recorder.
H. K. SMITH	Pros. Attorney.
J. S. CLEVELAND	Coroner.
A. BARTLETT	Surveyor.
HARRIS GOULD	Auctioneer.
J. O. WORALLO, J. V. WHITNEY, R. E. DENTON	School Examiners.
J. V. WHITNEY, MARSH SMITH, B. B. WOODBERY	Commissioners.
S. C. DOUGLASS, GEO. MANLY, A. RICHMOND	Directors of Infirmary.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

DR. L. McBRIDE,
Eclectic Physician,
CHARDON, OHIO.

Who selects from Nature's Botanical resources the Safest, Mildest, Surest and Best Remedies that will effect a Speedy Recovery.
March 11, 1859 478-tf

R. & N. DART CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods,
23 *WARREN STREET, N.Y.*

A Large Assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Tweeds, Dress Trimmings, Ribbons, White Goods, Hosiery, Yankee Notions, &c.
March 11, 1859. 478-tf

WILLIAM ROBERTS'
Boot and Shoe Shop,
OVER C. KNOWLES' HARNESS SHOP.
Chardon, Feb. 11, 1859. 474-tf

PHELPS AND THRASHER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
OFFICE—28 MAIN STREET, Opposite Chase's Hotel, CHARDON, OHIO.
Jan 28, 1859. 472-tf

W. O. FORRIST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

NOTICE.—The undersigned, having withdrawn from the firm of "Darlee, Forrist & Hathaway," has opened an office in the suit of rooms formerly occupied by "Forrist & Hathaway," immediately over the Store of Wilkins & Kelley, Chardon, O., where he may at all times be found by his old clients and by all others who may desire his assistance as an Attorney and Solicitor. A continuance of former confidence and business is respectfully solicited. W. O. FORRIST.
October 28th, 1857. 408 tf

H. K. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office with W. O. Forrist, immediately over the Store of Wilkins & Kelley.
Chardon, April 1, 1858. 367tf

D. W. CANFIELD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will practice in all the Courts of Record in this and adjoining counties. ☞ Office directly over the Store of Rexford & Canfield, Chardon, O. 461 1y

WILKINS & KELLEY,

General dealers in Groceries, Hardware, Dye-Stuffs, Flour, Fish, Yankee Notions, &c.
Store, Union Block, Chardon, Ohio.

L. PATCH,
DENTIST,

WILL be in Chardon on the first Tuesday of each month. Room at Chase's Hotel.

CITY HOTEL.

T. B. BROCKWAY,
PROPRIETOR.

22, 24, 26, Seneca Street, North,
CLEVELAND, Ohio.

BRAINARD & BURRIDGE,
Engravers, Lithographers, and DESIGNERS,
Herald Block, Cleveland, Ohio.

R. CREIGHTON,
Book Binder and Blank Book Manufacturer,
HERALD BUILDING, CLEVELAND, OHIO.
☞ Blank Books Ruled and Bound to Order—Old Books Rebound. All work Warranted.

Patent Office Agency.

THE Subscribers transact for Inventors and others any business relating to Caveat Patents, or the Patent Laws.
No. 4, P. O. Buildings, Cleveland, O.
W. H. BURRIDGE. JEHU BRAINARD.
March 16, 1852.

EXTRA GOLDEN AND IMPERIAL SYRUPS, by
Nov. 12 WILKINS & KELLEY

THE BEST TEA FOR 48., warranted to suit.
Nov. 12 WILKINS & KELLEY.

WANTED, Sheep Pelts, Grain, Butetr, Rags, and Cheese, for which we will pay the highest market price.
Nov. 12 WILKINS & KELLEY.

A LARGE Assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES and FANCY HAT and BONNET BOXES, on hand by
Nov. 12. WILKINS & KELLEY.

MORTGAGE DEEDS—Just printed at this Office, Mortgage Deeds suitable for Attorneys to attach to foreclosures; also, a large quantity of the same of the common size.

CORN AND OATS, for Sale by
Nov. 12 WILKINS & KELLEY.

FOUND DEAD.

They found her dead,
One snowy morning, in the open street,
Her cold cheek resting on the pearly sheet
Around her spread,
And on her lips a quiet smile reposed,
As if in sleep life's weary dream had closed.

She slept the last, last sleep;
Death's seal was on her brow, and she had passed,
Tired and suffering, to her home at last,
Leaving no friends to weep,
No loving ones to come at sunset hours
To sprinkle on her bosom tears and flowers.

No warm and gentle hand
Clasped hers in tenderness, as in the night
She went out gently from this world of light
Into the shadowy land;
No earthly watcher lingered at her side
To hear her last low murmur when she died.

But did she die alone?
No! not alone; one friend kept watch with her.
One gentle voice, one loving smile was near
The desolate unknown;
One hand of mercy led her o'er Death's foam
Into the better land, to friends and home.

Written Expressly for the *Jeffersonian Democrat.*

FEMALE INFLUENCE;

OR, THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

BY WILLIE DE VERE.

CHAPTER I.

"JENNIE, dear, I must go to the ball to-night; you know that Alonzo will be there, and just think what he will say, should I not go!"

"You know, Fannie, that unless this work is taken to the store in the morning, we shall be unable to procure the necessaries for our poor, sick mother; rather stay at home and help me to finish our work," said Jennie, in pleasing though melancholy tones.

"That is always your story when I wish to go anywhere," said Fannie petulantly, "but this time I am determined to go, be the consequence what it may!"

"Well, sister dear, if you have made up your mind to go, do so, and I will endeavor to finish the work, so that mother may not be a sufferer from our neglect," said Jennie; and a calm smile beamed upon her angelic countenance.

"Oh! you can please yourself whether you finish the work or not," said Fannie sneeringly; "I dare say Mr. George Talbot will be here, with his whiskey-perfumed breath," and she left the room.

Jennie and Fannie were sisters, and an aged and sick mother depended upon them for her support. Jennie was a quiet, unassuming girl of some twenty summers, with flaxen hair, large, loving blue eyes, and a pure heart overflowing with affectionate love for her poor mother; while Fannie, a year or so younger, was one of those austere, dark-haired, black-eyed maidens, who love to display their charms to the admiring, gaping crowd which is always to be found in a ball-room; never dreaming that they were placed upon this earth for any purpose other than frivolous pleasures and flirtations with the male sex.

Alonzo Mallens, a young man of about three and twenty, was a clerk in a lawyer's office, and was looked upon by all sensible people as nothing more nor less than what is known as a "ball-room exquisite," that is, a young man having little money and less brains, who squanders his weekly stipend in dress and attending balls and routes of various kinds. Such was the chosen lover of Fannie Morton. George Talbot, was a young man of about the same age, and had been long and assiduously seeking the hand and heart of Jennie, but with little hope of success at the present time, as she had emphatically refused his suit as a lover, at least until such time as he would make up his mind to forsake his wild, dissolute companions, the gaming table, and the use of alcoholic drinks. George had promised over and over again that he would reform, and had as often fallen back into his old habits; yet would the pure-hearted Jennie continue to receive his visits, and endeavor to persuade him to seek some other means of enjoyment than those which were ruining him body and soul, and hurrying him on with fearful rapidity, to an untimely grave. But so lax had been the education of George, and so vicious the example set before him by his father, that a mind, which otherwise might have been honorable and upright, had become corrupt and depraved in the extreme; still Jennie, whose motto was "While there is life there is hope," determined not to diminish her exertions in his behalf until death should cut short his mad career, or she should have accomplished her most worthy object—namely, his reformation.

Such are the characters of the four individuals introduced to us by the previous conversation, and now let us follow the thread of our story.

In about one hour from the time that Fannie left the room, at the close of our opening dialogue, she again returned, dressed for the ball. Seating herself in a chair opposite her sister, who was still busily engaged with her sewing, she sat mute for some moments, looking intently into Jennie's face, and then sneeringly asked:

"Jennie, will you not come with me to-night? You are only ruining your health poring over your work so many hours, and you need some relaxation and excitement, or soon you will be laid up too; say, Jennie, will you not go with me to-night?

"Nay, Fannie," meekly answered the good-natured Jennie, "I never yet found that my work in any way injured my health, but I am quite positive that were I to go to balls and parties, my constitution would soon be totally undermined." So saying again she plied her needle.

Just at that moment there was a rap at the door. Fannie hurried to answer the summons, and admitted Alonzo Mallens, who had done himself the honor of calling to see if she (Fannie) was going to the ball, and so prevented the tart reply which had already matured itself in the mind of Fannie to be levelled at the tender heart of Jennie.

A few moments were sufficient for the completion of the toilette, and Alonzo and Fannie started for the ball, to which it is quite unnecessary for us to follow them; suffice it to say, that having whirled through the mazes of the dance until a late hour in the morning, they returned to their homes, certainly not improved in health, and with minds in no fit state for the business of the day. But, dear reader, let us follow them on their way home. Methinks from the slow step and the whispering conversation, that Fannie has at length succeeded in bringing her lover to that very embarassing but interesting moment, when it is necessary, nay, imperative, that he should offer to devote the remainder of his life to the furtherance of her earthly happiness, claiming the like boon from her in return. But listen; Alonzo speaks:—

"Dear Fannie, you must be aware that I have long and tenderly loved you; that I would willingly lay down my life to secure your happiness; and in return for my love and devotion, I crave from you the fixing of an early day for the celebration of the nuptial rites."

Fannie, so soon as she could recover from the necessary amount of blushes and hesitation, said:—

"I think the first of May, dear Alonzo, would be fully as soon as I could prepare."

At this moment they arrived at Fannie's home, and Alonzo, thinking his happiness complete, rushed exultantly home to snatch an hour or so of repose previous to the hour of commencing his daily duties, while Fannie retired to her chamber, rejoicing in the victory she had gained.

While Fannie is sleeping and dreaming of perhaps, a happy future, let us return to Jennie, whom we left busily engaged upon work necessary for the support of the household, and see how the evening passed with her. Some half an hour had elapsed after the departure of Fannie and Alonzo, when another rap was heard upon the door. Jennie rose from her work, opened the door and admitted George Talbot; but on this occasion there was not the least appearance in his face of his having been indulging in that beverage which is the ruin of so many who, but for its baneful effects, might be ornaments to society, and be spoken of with honor and admiration by the whole family of man; no, now a quiet, manly smile beamed upon his countenance, as he stretched forth his hand and said:—

"Good Evening, Jennie; I have done myself the pleasure of calling this evening to enjoy an hour's chat with you, if I am not too much trespassing upon your time?"

"George, you know that your visits are always a pleasure to me; more especially when, as to-night, they are unaccompanied with the disagreeable odor of intoxicating liquors," said Jennie, and one of those peculiarly happy smiles, which only the innocent and virtuous of the female sex can wear, shone brightly upon her face.

"Well, Jennie, I have some news that will please you to night," said George.

"Indeed, have you once more taken the pledge, and foresworn intoxicating drinks?" asked Jennie.

"No, Jennie; I have not taken the pledge; but I have this time placed myself in the hands of the Almighty, and with His assistance, *I will* resist the temptations of my evil companions, and conduct myself uprightly and honorable for the rest of my life!"

"Oh, George, happy, thrice happy does it make me to know that you have come to this determination; and daily and hourly will I offer up my humble petition to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to strengthen you in your resolve, and that he will give you the aid of His Holy Spirit to enable you to hold steadfast to the end," said Jenny, as tears of joy flowed down her fair cheek.

For some moments they sat in deep silence; then George rose from his seat, and taking Jennie's hand in his, said, as a hopeful smile played upon his features:—

"Jennie, dearest, it is the 15th of January; shall the same page on which is registered my resolve to forsake the wine-cup and my evil companions, contain also your plighted vow to become my wife? Say, dearest, that it shall be so, and then truly can I look back upon this day as the most happy of my life."

She looked up solemnly into his face, and without any show of feigned modesty, steadily and determinedly said:—

"George, truly as I love you, on one condition only, will I consent to become your wife—and that is that you do seriously keep your promise, and when I am fully satisfied that your reformation is complete, then, and not till then, will I become yours."

"Then, dearest Jennie, short indeed shall be the time before you will become satisfied, and I be able to ask, without fear of refusal, the fulfillment of your promise of to-night," said George confidently.

For some minutes they sat musing, when George rose to leave, but as Jennie grasped the proffered hand she said, while the tears of joy were streaming down her lovely cheek,

"George, let us, ere we separate to-night, offer up to to the great God above, our joint petition, that He will guard you against temptation until we meet again."

Side by side, hand in hand, knelt that angel girl and the now truly penitent George—he who had hitherto despised his God, and who had fought with desperate energy to further the interests of the servants of the Enemy of Mankind—and, oh, how sweetly blended their voices in the humble petition which they offered up to their Heavenly Father—who hath said:—"Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that shall ye receive"—asking His fatherly aid to guard them from sin and temptation.

Silently and slowly they arose from their knees, their countenances beaming with a smile of heavenly meekness and confidence in the Almighty's protecting power. The good-night is spoken, and again Jennie is busily engaged upon her work; while George hastens to his home, but not on this occasion through the crowded thoroughfares, in the hope of meeting some of his companions—no; he hastens carefully along the by-ways, so that he may not fall in the way of temptation. He will succeed!

CHAPTER II.

Three months and upwards have passed since the opening of our sketch. It is the 1st of May; one of these lovely and serene mornings, on which the pure-hearted love to wander in the green fields, admiring Nature's grandeur and communing with their God; but not more lovely is the morning, than the features of the smiling happy-hearted Jennie, for to-day George is to lead her to the altar, and claim her there to be his companion for life. Well and nobly has he won his bride, but not less noble is his reward for the severe struggle he has had with his former companions, who have endeavored with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to lead him back into his former life of drunken debauchery, but whose continued importunities he has successfully resisted.

It is also the bridal day of Alonzo and Fannie. Let us see how they have passed the time that has intervened since the fixing of this their wedding day. Have they ceased in any degree from following in the giddy and foolish paths of youth? Have they been improving themselves in the high and responsible duties which devolve upon man and woman, when they have been pronounced man and wife? No; the same ruinous course has been followed; balls and parties have been attended; home and office duties neglected; and thus, by catering to appetite for the gilded pleasures of life, the mental and physical powers have become morbid, and can only be roused into activity by boisterous levity, or the galety and wild excitement of the ball-room.

But enough; the guests begin to arrive, and shortly the sisters start for the church, but how different is the prospect in life before them! The marriage ceremony is performed, and the sisters are wives; they separate after a few short hours, for their different—ah, strangely different!—homes. Jennie exerts every power to make home cheerful and happy, while, on the contrary, Fannie, can only find happiness away from her home. The hearth of a neighbor, or the merry mazes of the dance alone can supply happiness or pleasure to the tedious hours of her idle life. Those nice little attentions which are necessary to be performed, in order to secure the constant love and esteem of her husband, are but partially accomplished, and even sometimes entirely neglected. But a few weeks have elasped since the morning on which they were united for life, yet now may be seen the frowning look on the brow, and be heard the angry words of the husband, when he returns from his office, and finds his house neglected, and his wife absent, instead of being there to greet him with a kind word and a loving smile, after the performance of his daily labors. Could she but look forward a few weeks or days in the future, and see the dread consequences of her neglect, methinks she would instantly and radically reform her present course, and hasten to repair the evil which already begins to exhibit itself upon the mind of her husband, by the life of idleness she is now leading. But, alas! the sharp angry tones of the husband, but beget words equally severe from the wife; and he rushes forth to find pleasure in the smile of the depraved, or to bury the bitter feelings of his mind in alcoholic fluids—fluids which blast the intellect and damn the soul through all eternity. Oh, woman, to what may not the influence of thy example lead man?

Time passes. Some twelve months have elapsed since the two sisters were married—but how different the situation of the two families! George, after performing his daily labor, returns to his home and is welcomed by a smiling wife, who has always a kind, cheering word to greet him with, and then when the evening meal is over, and they sit before the fire, or else at the window, enjoying the balmy breeze of heaven, encouraging each other to noble deeds and actions, his soul leaps and bounds within him as he imprints kisses of love upon his wife and infant's lips, and thanks his God for having made her the instrument whereby he has been saved from ruin, not only here but hereafter.

But where is Alonzo? Ah! See him with tottering gait, and dull, heavy, blood-shot eyes, as he approaches the tavern bar, and there drains to the very dregs the final glass of burning liquor which is hastening him on in the down-hill path to death and destruction. In a state bordering on insanity, he staggers from the tavern, not knowing whither he goeth; on, on, he staggers, till the outskirts of the city are reached; yet still he reels along, till finally he slips and falls headlong to the ground, and there, like one in the sleep of death, he lies. Here I would ask, where is the chosen companion of his life? Is she searching the various taverns and hells of pleasure in the vain hope of finding him and persuading him to return to his home? Is she engaged in some home duty, wondering at his absence, and starting from her seat at each and every tread to admit him whose happiness should be as much—nay, even more to her, than life? No; she has returned from her usual visits of pleasure, and having, as is her custom, placed a chair against the door, she has retired to bed, sleeping away the dark hours of the night, dreaming of some new pleasure for the morrow. Not a thought, not a care, disturbs her mind, as to what has become of her husband.

Alonzo at length awakes from his drunken slumber on the highway, and gazes around him in a state of bewilderment for a few moments, and then with difficulty raises himself to his feet. With parched lips and burning throat, he drags his weary way towards the city, where, entering the first tavern he comes to, he obtains his morning draught, and then with hurried, stealthy steps, he hastens to gain his home, ere the eyes of the waking world shall behold him, and not dreaming of any evil consequences accruing from the previous night's debauch, arrived at home, he retires to his pallet to sleep away the golden hours of day, and prepare himself for the coming night of drunken revelry.

'Tis mid-day; the city is ringing with the painful intelligence of one of the most brutal murders that has ever occurred in its neighborhood.

"Who can be the murderer?" is earnestly and anxiously asked by one and all. Alas, who can tell? None have witnessed the act, save only the All-seeing God, and the perpetrator of the foul deed!

A large crowd has collected around the police office; the officers of the law are running hither and thither, seeking information or some clue to the murder; and now a gentleman steps up to the sitting magistrate, and states "that having had occasion to get up that morning between the hours of five and six o'clock, he was standing at his window, and saw a man pass, pale, wee-begone, and covered with mire, and that in that man he recognized Alonzo Mallens."

'Tis enough; the officers are dispatched to effect his arrest; they find him sleeping in his bed; he is dragged from it, hastily dressed, and taken with his clothes covered with mud, before the magistrates, his condition so fully corroborating the evidence given, and his inability to account for his absence from home and his presence on the route of the murder, was deemed sufficient, and Alonzo Mallens was fully committed to take his trial for wilful murder!

CHAPTER III.

It was the 10th of June. The day Alonzo Mallens was to be tried by a jury of his countrymen for wilful murder. The Court room was already crowded with spectators to witness his trial. 'Twas nine o'clock, as the prisoner entered in company with the Sheriff and was arraigned before the tribunal from which he would depart, either as an innocent man, or else back to his prison, a condemned criminal. An ashy paleness o'erspread his countenance, and he trembled like an aspen leaf, as he rose to his feet to answer the question—

"Alonzo Mallens, you are charged with the awful crime of wilful murder—are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" were the scarcely audible words which escaped from his lips.

The Attorney for the prosecution thereupon opened the case, briefly stating the circumstances which led to the arrest of the prisoner; and then called witnesses to prove his absence from home on the night in question, and the fact of his having been seen returning at an early hour in the morning, pale, haggard, and covered with mire, in the direction of the murder, none of which circumstances could be refuted by the prisoner. A very lengthy appeal was made in his behalf by his late employer; his honesty, his sobriety and punctuality to business until within the past few months, all were brought to bear upon the case, but circumstances were against him.

Slowly and deliberately the Judge delivered his charge to the jury, who listened with breathless silence to each word as it fell from his lips. He dwelt upon the fact of the prisoner's having been seen coming from the direction of the murder, and the inability to explain where and how he had been engaged on that night; and then in giving the case to the jury, said if they had any doubts upon their minds as to the prisoner's guilt, that he was entitled to the benefit thereof, but, if on the contrary they were satisfied of the prisoner's guilt, then they should find him guilty of the crime of which he stood charged.

The jury retired to their room, and, after consulting for about fifteen minutes, returned into court. Anxiously did the prisoner scan each feature as they slowly took their seats, but failed to find a shadow of hope depicted on either one of them.

The Clerk arose, and addressing the jury asked—

"Do you agree?"

"We do!" answered the Foreman of the Jury.

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" he again asked.

"Guilty!" was the answer, in a solemn voice.

The prisoner sank into his seat in a state of insensibility on hearing the verdict. As soon as he recovered from the shock, the Judge commanded him to stand up, and, placing the black cap upon his head, proceeded to pass sentence upon the prisoner. He said:—

"Alonzo Mallens, you have been found guilty by twelve of your countrymen, after an impartial trial, of the capital crime of wilful murder. Have you anything to say why the sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"I am innocent!" gasped rather than spoke the prisoner.

His Honor then said:—

"Alonzo Mallens, the sentence of this court is, that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came, from thence to the place of execution, and that you hang by the neck till you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The prisoner was borne from the Court room by the sheriff and his officers in a state of insensibility, and conveyed to his cell in the prison, there to brood over his impending fate, without the slightest hope of escape, innocent though he was of the crime of which he had been found guilty.

* * * * * * *

One month had passed since Alonzo Mallens was sentenced to die a felon's death and it was the morning on which the execution was to take place. Already a large crowd had gathered outside the prison walls, to witness the legal murder of a fellow being. In the chapel of the prison was the condemned, and his relatives, among whom was his wife, Fannie, now, alas! too late, truly penitent for the course she had pursued during her former life. The moment of separation had come, the last embrace and kiss given and received, and Alonzo Mallens was led forth with his arms pinioned and the fatal noose about his neck; the scaffold was ascended; the rope adjusted to the beam; the last prayer said; the prisoner had shaken hands with the executioner; and—What meant that sudden shout of

"Hold! hold, he is innocent! I am the murderer!" as a man rushed forth from the crowd and gives himself up as the murderer of the man for whom Alonzo has been condemned.

The execution was stayed, and sufficient evidence having been obtained to prove beyond a doubt the guilt of this new victim, Alonzo was discharged from custody.

The lesson taught to Alonzo and Fannie, by the trying ordeal through which they had passed, had been a severe one, but the conduct of both had been extremely bad, and it needed some desperate measure to bring them to a knowledge of their evil course; and the All-seeing God had sent this trouble upon them, so that thereby He might bring them unto Himself.

The reformation was complete. George Talbot, so soon as Alonzo was discharged, took him by the hand, induced him to become a thorough hater of intoxicating liquors, and gave him a situation in his own store; while, on the other hand, Fannie had become a willing pupil of the gentle Jennie, and had forsaken all her former pleasures, seeking now only to reform past errors and make her husband happy.

Well and nobly have they both succeeded in their resolves, and now the two sisters occupy pretty cottages, side by side, in the outskirts of the city. George and Alonzo are partners in business, and when the business of the day is over, the two families meet together in happy bonds of unison, and encourage each other with loving words, to continue in the path of rectitude and virtue to the end.

CHOICE VARIETY.

PRACTICE flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so will he act.

WHAT is not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would fill our hearts

SOCIETY, like silk, must be viewed in all its situations, or its colors will deceive us.

ONLY weak minds allow their judgments to be warped by sympathy or indignation.

WHAT a man most needs is a friend to make him do what he is capable of doing.—*Emerson.*

WE like better to see those on whom we confer benefits than those from whom we receive them.

PREJUDICE is a thick fog, through which light seems beautily, serving rather to terrify than to guide.

TO ridicule old age is like in the morning pouring cold water into the bed in which you have to sleep at night.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

IT was Socrates' custom when any asked him questions, seeking information, before he would answer, to ask them concerning their own qualities and course of life.

A BABE's fondness of its mother is as pleasing to her as the strong devotion of her full-grown son. The graces of faith, hope and love are to be estimated more by their honesty than by their degree, and less by their intellectual than by their emotional characteristics.

LIFE has for every one some blessing—some cup that is not mixed with bitterness. At every heart there is a font of pure water, and all men, some time or other, taste its sweetness. Who is he that hath not found in his path of life some fragrant rose bush, scenting all the air with its sweet perfume?

A MAN to be truly eloquent must first possess soul a well defined thought which he believes, feels, and with which he is so burdened that he cannot keep it. Then, if his soul is on fire, there is no fear, provided he discards all affectation or artifice, that he will light up a flame in the midst of his audience, of sparkling, living thoughts, which shall continue to burn forever.

"I SERVED," said Jefferson, "with Gen. Washington in the Legislature of Virginia, before the revolution, and during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—The marriage of M. Gustave de Rothschild with Mlle Anspach, continues to be a good deal talked about, not only because the de Rothschilds can do nothing without raising conversation, but because it is the first time a de Rothschild has married any person but a de Rothschild. Baron James de Rothschild, the head of the Paris firm, married Mlle. Salomon de Rothschild; M. Anthony de Rothschild married a de Rothschild, his cousin; M. Nathaniel de Rothschild married a Mlle. de Rothschild, his cousin; M. Lionel de Rothschild, the head of the London firm, married a daughter of M. Anselme de Rothschild, of Naples; M. Alphonzo de Rothschild married the daughter of M. Lionel de Rothschild, of London. In this way all the family in all its ramifications bears the name of de Rothschild—a rule which will not be broken in this instance, since Mlle. Anspach's family name will merged in her husband's name.—Paris Correspondence of the *Boston Traveller.*

LAW AND GRAMMAR.—When a Kentucky Judge, some years since, was asked by an attorney, upon some strange ruling. "Is that law, your honor?" he repled, "If the court understand herself, and she think he do, it are!"

BAD temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization.

PROGRESS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

We have no wings; we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed with pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

FUN ITEMS.

How should a dwarf give a conundrum to a giant? Give it up.

The way to make a tall man short is to ask him to lend you a hundred dollars.

An irritable man is like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, and pierced by his own prickles.

"Joe, why don't you get married?" "Hem! well, I can't get near enough to put the question softly."

In Cork, a short time ago, the crier of the court, endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming: "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, quit the court!"

"You would not take me for twenty?" said a nice girl to her partner, while dancing, a few evenings ago; "what would you take me for?"—"For better, or for worse," he replied.

"FATHER, I want you to buy me a gun!" "A gun, Willie? What are you going to do with a gun?" "O, I'm going to fight Tommy Day; he says Susy Lake likes him better than she does me."

The scaly inhabitants of the briny deep lately held a meeting, to rejoice over the failure of the Atlantic telegraph, the prince of whales presiding, and the cashier of the Bank of Newfoundland acting as secretary.

AN Irishman, quite raw from the sod, said:—"The first bit of maate I ever tasted in Amerikky was a roasted potato, boiled yesterday by Jases; an' if ye don't b'lave me, I can show it to ye—I have it in my pocket, sure!"

A SCHOLARLY about six years of age approaches the master with a bold front and self-confident air, and the following dialogue ensues:—"May I be dismissed, sir?" "What reason have you for making the request, Thomas?" "I want to take my woman out a sleighing, sir."

A WESTERN preacher, after stating that tea, coffee, sugar, spice, pickles, preserves, milk, meal, snuff and tobacco were adulterated, stretched himself up to his full height, and with great emphasis exclaimed:—"Who, then, will dare to deny the fact that this is a wicked and adulterous generation?"

"Oh, doctor, run to our house, as quick as ever you kin! Dick's got the measles from send to send, and Tom turned a somersault over the fodder stack, and smashed his nose all to flinders; Sam's got the pikin chox, and mother's got the biggest kind o' fit, and dad's drunk the worst sort, and—and by the way I want some candy, O Lordy!"

A YOUNG man who was very desirous of marrying a daughter of a well-known Boston merchant, after many attempts to broach the subject to the old gentleman, in a very stuttering manner said: "Mr. M——, are you willing to let me h-h-have your daugh-daughter Jane?" "Of course I am," gruffly and quickly replied the old gentleman, "and I wish you would get some other young fellows to marry the rest of them."

HOW WOODPECKERS CAME INTO NORWAY.—In Dascent's Tales from the Norse is this legend of a curious metamorphosis:—"In those days when our Lord and St. Peter wandered upon earth, they came to an old wife's house, who sat baking. Her name was Gertrude, and she had a red mutch on her head. They had walked a long way, and were both hungry, and our Lord begged hard for a bannock to stay their hunger.—Yes, they should have it. She took a tiny piece of dough and rolled it out, but as she rolled it, it grew and grew until it covered the whole griddle. Nay, that was too big; they couldn't have that. She took a tinier bit still; but when it was rolled out, it covered the whole griddle just the same, and that bannock was too big she said; they couldn't have that either. The third time she took a still tinier bit—so tiny you could scarcely see it; but it was the same story over again—the bannock was too big.—"Well," said Gertrude, "I can't give you anything; you must go without; for these bannocks are too big." Then our Lord waxed wroth, and said, "Since you love me so little as to grudge me a morsel of food, you shall have this punishment, you shall become a bird, and seek your food between bark and hole, and never get a drop to drink save when it rains." He had scarce said the last word before she turned into a great black woodpecker, or Gertrude's bird, and flew from her kneading-trough right up the chimney; and till this very day you may see her flying about, with her red mutch on her head, and her body all black, because of the soot in the chimney; and so she hacks and taps away at the trees for her food, and whistles when rain is coming, for she is ever athirst, and then she looks for a drop to cool her tongue."

BOMBA.—The name Bomba is often misinterpreted as having some allusion to bombardments. It is not so. In Italy, when you tell a man a thing which he knows to be false, or when he wishes to convey to you the idea of the utter worthlessness of a thing or person, he puffs out his cheek like a bagpiper's in full blow, smites it with his forefinger, and allows the pent breath to explode, with the exclamation, "Bomba a." I have witnessed the gesture and heard the sound. Hence, after 1849, when regal oaths in the name of the Most Holy Trinity were found to be as worthless as a beggar's in the name of Bacchus and the Madonna, when Ferdinand was perceived to be a worthless liar, his quick witted people whispered this name. He was called King Bomba, King Puffcheek, King Liar, King Knave. The name and his character were then so much in harmony that it spread widely, and have been so much in harmony ever since, that he has retained it until now, and will retain it, I suppose, till he is bundled into his unhonored grave.—*Notes and Queries.*

DECIDEDLY PERSONAL.—President Buchanan uses no tobacco; General Cass drinks no "Bourbon;" Senator Douglas uses no pepper, and the Postmaster General cuts but two meals a day; N. P. Willis cuts his own hair; Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard; Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee; E. H. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten tho' he begins business at eight; Edward Everett write his *extemporaneous* addresses; Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's but seldom takes wines; William Cullen Bryant finds inspiration in two or three cups of green tea, and Longfellow smokes a meerschaum; The smallest sized poet in America is Holmes, the best looking one Fields, and the biggest one Pike, of Arkansas.—*Gleason's.*

AN honest man is respected by all parties. We forgive a hundred rude or offensive things that are uttered from conviction, or in the conscientious discharge of a duty.—*Hazlitt.*

Keep true to the dreams of thy youth.—*Schiller.*