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A Story with a Moral. RACHEL: OR, AUTUMN LOVE.

In an early season of life I saw Rachel; when my eyes first fell upon her countenance, its beauty seemed a day-light dream. She was a Grace in her father's home. In my memory she is still pictured; slight, delicate, fair, but flushed with blushing tints of carnation.

the sorrow they might bring. A mortal melancholy came over me, and I thought that life would be all its joys. And the days passed, and the months and years. And still I loved, and Rachel owned no love for me. When in society, she was to me, as to others, frank and friendly; but when alone, she was serious and cold. But I saw that she was not unmoved by my devout affection. I troubled her repose. I saw her sometimes looking at me with an earnest, wondering look, as though her own heart were questioning itself, and I felt, with exulting delight, that after these moments she was more freely affectionate.

ing love which had been my moving impulse for years was gone. It was gone, the devoted faith which counted a day too long to be absent from Rachel, and a life too short to offer its sacrifice of tender ministries for her. For during her absence I had, at first a mere refuge and then as a pleasure, sought the society of the golden-haired Lily, whose curls had fluttered against my cheek at a ball. She was no more like Rachel than a firefly is like a star which melts its liquid silver into the night, throwing off ripples of lustre to glance and flash along the mellow blue. She was only a graceful fairy-footed creature, innocent, simple, glad in her own trustfulness, who fancied for thoughts, and would live on her love like a bee clinging to the honeyed bosom of a rose. No one had taught her anything, and if they had it would have fixed in her mind two ideas—that the good were lovable, and the bad hateful; and that people ought to be true to each other. Her talk was tender prattle; she seldom expressed even those thoughts, but they were her own pathetic moods, and chatted in a low tone about the sufferings of the heart, and seemed passionate to urge the virtues and the powers of love, all those expressions which then were meant for my absent Rachel, sounded to Lily as an interpretation of my feelings for her. While I thought of Rachel, Lily thought of me; gradually, however, her entire reliance on my words, her frank utterance of her gladness in seeing me, her soft, winsome ways, her sweet voice, her exquisite sensitiveness, her purity of sentiment, and the child-like beauty of her aspirations, influenced me; all that was dear in her was higher and dearer in Rachel to my heart, my thoughts wandered back to Lily. I was startled by the consciousness, I refused to believe it. Surely I was unchangeable; I would not admit the thought; yet my emotions would move in their spheres; I pleased myself with the memory of the golden-locked one, while I forbade myself to dwell on the idea of her. I resolved to be faithful to Rachel, but I knew my heart was already false because it needed a resolve.

But I sit in the shade of a willow, and perhaps it is not only in dreams that I imagine myself once more restored to happiness in the redeemed love of Rachel. In autumn she gave it to me; in autumn I lost it. Perhaps on some coming autumn eve it may be restored to me.

Shipwreck on an Island of Pearl Shells.

We copy the following account of a shipwreck and discovery of an island of pearls from a California paper of recent date: Capt. Snow left San Francisco Sept. 6th, 1852, in the brig Chatham, owned by himself, which was chartered by a firm in that city, one of whom, Mr. Lamont, accompanied him as supercargo, and a Dr. Burke as passenger to some island south of Tahiti, at which they intended to touch. The voyage was afterwards chancelled. The Chatham was chartered for a trading voyage, and accordingly touched at three groups, Marquesas, Society, and Harvey's Islands. She left the latter for San Francisco on Dec. 23rd, 1852, and went ashore Jan. 5th, on an island not laid down on any chart, inhabited by savages, who showed no other signs of having seen civilized men before, except the fact that they had a great terror for fire arms.

hour you please. There is a "soud" gatherer, a sort of large ear trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ear all the noises ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the rattle of the train. There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all round with their heads up, and sticks them in papers, in regular rows. Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in tobacco leaves and turning out the perfect article. One machine cuts cheese; another blacks boots; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented, that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair that can be tipped back into any position without any legs at all. Another patent is for a machine that counts the passengers in an omnibus, and takes their fares. When a very fat man gets in, it counts two, and charges double.

There are a variety of runs patented that load themselves; a fish line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat-trap that throws away the rat, and then baits and sets itself, and stands in the corner for another.

The trials of the Patent Office are stranger than fiction. There is a machine also by which a man prints instead of writing, his thoughts. It is played on like a piano. And speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the U. States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred hands, and costing over two millions of dollars.

A Contrast.

The National Era, the abolition organ, published at Washington, has no reason to speak well of the present Administration, beyond a sense of justice. That sense of justice leads it to draw the following contrast between the conduct of business in the Executive Department now and during the administration of President Fillmore:

"Since the advent of the administration of Mr. Pierce, one thing is noticeable, especially in the various Departments. The clerks and heads of the Departments are working men, attentive to the duties of their offices. There seems to be no place for drones and idlers. It was the fault of the former Administration, so far as our observation extends, to sometimes keep men in office who notoriously neglected their duties. They drew their salaries regularly, and a work which they should have done was fastidiously upon some good natural fellow clerk. All this has changed. Each clerk is expected to do the duties of the desk to which he is appointed, and no one is allowed to be idle. This is right. Favoritism formerly prevented appointments without regard to fitness, and political considerations frequently kept a person in office after his incompetency or inattention to business was demonstrated. A new order of things, we are pleased to say, is inaugurated. Sinecures are abolished, and he who will not work is not expected to feed at the public crib."

A Curious Historical Fact.

During the troubles of the reign of Charles I, a country girl came to London in search of a place as a servant; but not succeeding, she hired herself to carry out beer from a warehouse, and was one of those called tub-women.

The brewer observing a good-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant, and after a short time married her. He did while she was yet a young woman, and left her the bulk of his fortune. The business of the brewer dropped, and Mr. Hyde was recommended to the young woman as a skillful lawyer to arrange her husband's affairs. Hyde, who was afterward Earl of Clarendon, finding the widow's fortune considerable, married her. By this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II, and mother of Queen Mary and Ann.

Veracity.

An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian, who was shot in the leg. The Illinoisian told him where he was wounded, and desired to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. "Arkansas" placed him on behind the saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leather strap. While they were hastening from danger, a grape shot took Illinois' head off; but "Arkansas" thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, he exclaimed: "Well, those Illinoisians are the greatest liars. Here is a rascal with his head shot off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can't believe a word these fellows say!"

A Love Scene.

Overheard, and photographically reported by Phreleric Plaine. "Pharest of the phair," sighed the lover, "phancy my pheling when I phose the phearful consequences of our phloping phrom your phair's phantly. Phew phillows, could I have placed the music with as much phortitude as I have and as phiceal phortune phails to smite upon our love, I phind I must phorego the pleasure of becoming your husband. Phuir Phrancix, pharewell phorever." "Hold, Phranklin, hold," screamed Phrancix, "I will phollow you phorever." But Phranklin had phided, and Phrancix phiaised.

The man who tied a knot in a cord of wood, wishes to know if you overheard a hay cock crow?

Works of the Creator.

The mariner who first crossed the central Atlantic in search of a new world was astonished when, on the 10th of September, 1492, he found himself in the midst of that great bank of sea-weed—the sea-weed meadow of Oviedo—the Sargasso sea which, with a varying breadth of 100 to 300 miles, stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, covering 200,000 square miles in surface, like a huge floating garden, in which countless myriads of minute animals find food and shelter. Now, it is the ally of numerous sea rivers which collect in one spot, and the cold water of the Northern Atlantic mixing with the warm streams of the southern and western currents, which produce the temperature most fitted to promote this amazing development of vegetable and animal life. What becomes of the dead remains of this vast marine growth? Do they decompose as fast as they are produced? Or do they accumulate into deposits of peculiar coal, destined to reward the researches of future geologists and engineers, when the Atlantic of our day has become the habitable land of an after time? In the chart of the Pacific Ocean we are presented with another remarkable instance of the influence of sea rivers on vegetation.

From the shores of South Victoria, on the Antarctic continent, a stream of cold water, 60 degrees in width, (the reader will recollect that in high latitudes the degrees of longitude are very narrow) drifts slowly along in a northeast and easterly direction across the Southern Pacific, till it terminates upon the South American coast to the south of Valparaiso. There it divides into two arms, one of which stretches south and east, doubles Cape Horn, and penetrates into South-western Atlantic; the other flows first northeast and then northwest along the shores of Chili and Peru, carrying colder waters into the warm sea, and producing a colder air along Pacific to the base of the Andes. This current, discovered by Humboldt and called after his name, lowers the temperature of the air about twelve degrees while that of the water itself is sometimes as much as twenty-four degrees colder than that of the still waters of the ocean through which it runs. The cold air seriously affects the vegetation along the whole of this coast; at the same time that the cold stream raises fogs and mists, which not only conceal the shores and perplex the navigator, but extend inland also, and materially modify the climate.

The beautiful and beneficent character of modifying influence becomes not only apparent, but most impressive, when we consider, as the rain map of the world shows us, that on the coast of Peru no rain ever falls; and that, like the desert of Sahara, it ought, therefore to be condemned to perpetual barrenness. But consequence of the cold stream thus running along its borders, "the atmosphere loses its transparency, and the sun is obscured for months together. The vapors at Lima are often so thick that the sun seen through them with the naked eye assumes the appearance of the moon's disc. They commence in the morning, and extend over the plains in the form of refreshing fogs, which disappear soon after mid-day, and are followed by heavy dews, which are precipitated during the night." The morning mists and evening dews thus supply the place of the absent rain, and the verdure which covers the plains is the offspring of a sea-river. What a charming myth would the ancient poets have made out of this striking compensation.

Young American.

The "New York Revue" accused T. Devin Rilly, Esq. of being the author of certain articles attacking the American Correspondence of the London Times. Mr. R. repels the accusation in a long and very amusing letter—a perfect model of lively, sprightly epistolary style. We copy the concluding paragraphs, to show his attachment for Uncle Sam and his thorough Young Americanism: "I go for Capt. Ingraham—I go for Cuba, for the 'hull of Mexico,' for as far down South as we can get for heat, and as far North as it will not freeze a hot-blooded Yankee. I believe in our Common Father in Heaven, and in our common Uncle on the earth, and that is my religion. If Sam wants a hacienda in Brazil, and a pagoda in India, and a bathing box, with real black-fin oysters, and Irish girls to rub down the dear old Sam's cheeks, at any spot of Irish soil, from Commerage to Poldoolla light, and a snugby cottage by the Rhine; and a seraglio in Turkey, all at the same time, I go in for every bit of it; for I know nobody deserves it better, or abuses anything he gets less. If he wants to lick the Chinese Tartars, or the Spaniards, or Mexicans, I go in for that too. If he wants a general fight all round 'with them darrel old monstrelly varmint,' I will help him with all my soul and body. And if he goes in to whip the British Government, the owners of your correspondent of the London Times, at all times, at any time, at matin, meal, man-year round, on any subject, I want to be 'just in dar.' In short, if he wants to stretch himself out on the world, stick his feet up on the Vesuvius, light his cigar at Montombo, and throw his arms, at the same time, about the benedict of Cashmere, and the vestals of Circassia, I will help him to stretch himself out and do 'as he dam please.' And though

THE WELCOME.

Come raise the glad rejoicing cry! Ye lovers of that ruined city, Another patriot's voice is nigh. To cheer our hopes—had Erin smile; Another chiefain swells the band. From England's fangs another Now joins us here, on freedom's land. O'Donohoe—our brother.

God bless the cause! it triumphs still, Despite the tyrant's foul endeavor; Nor rest, you gallant soul and steel, His chains you burst—her shackles sever. The fervent wish for Ireland's weal, By which we oft inspired each other, Henceforth be told with glistening steel, O'Donohoe—our brother.

Oh, would to Heaven, the felon's doom Had ended with the patriot's fall, And placed outside that living tomb Our patron, pride "the first to fall," But while for these we drop a tear, Who suffer for our trampled mother, One hundred thousand welcome here, O'Donohoe—our brother.

MY DYING HUSBAND.

The following is from a new volume of Poems, by Mrs. C. E. Judson, published in New York. It bears the unmistakable marks of its Asiatic origin, describing the emotions of a true woman's heart as she sat by the bedside of her dying husband, in the midst of scenes and sounds, and airs so truly Oriental.

Sleep, love sleep! The dusty day is done; Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep, Wide over groves of balm. Down from the lowering pain, In at the open casement cooling fan, And round thy lovely bed, The bed of pain, Bathing thy patient head, Like grateful showers of rain, They came;

While the white curtains, waving to and fro, Fan the sick air; And pitying the shadows come and go, With gentle human care, Compassionate and dumb. The dusty day is done, The night begun; While prayerful watch I keep, Sleep, love sleep! Is there no magic in the touch Of fingers thou dost love so much? Pain would I scatter o'er the new, Or with soft caress, The tremulous lip lift its own nepenthe press; Upon the weary lid and aching brow While prayerful watch I keep, Sleep, love sleep!

On the pagoda spire The bells are swinging, Their little golden circles in a flutter flutter, With tides the evening winds have dared to Till all are ringing As if a choir [ing] Of golden-necked birds in heaven were singing, And with a lulling sound The music floats around, And drops like balm into the drowsy ear; Commingling with the hum Of the Sepoy's distant drum, And lazy beetle ever droning near. Sounds these of deepest silence born Like night made visible by moon; So silent that I sometimes start To hear the throbbings of my heart, And watch, with shivering sense of pain, To see thy pale lips lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes, Peeps from the mortise in surprise At such strange quiet after day's harsh din; Then ventures boldly out, And looks about, And with his hollow feet Treads his small evening beat, In such a tricky, winsome sort of way, His delicate marauding seems so vain And still the curtains swing, But noiseless; The bells a melancholy murmur ring, As tears were in the sky; Mose heavily the shadows fall, Like the black foldings of a pall, Where jets the rough beam from the wall; The candles flare With fresher gusts of air; The beetle's drone Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan; [alone] Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt,

The total amount of California gold deposited in the Philadelphia mint, from the discovery up to November 1st, is stated to be \$204,000,000.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

"Remember the poor." Oh, yes, we all remember them and—don't do nothing else.

The best way to measure a man's property is to count the dogs he keeps.