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BUSINESS CARDS.
NOTICE.
DR. H. ADAMS,
PROFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO THE CITIZENS OF JACKSON AND VICINITY.
—OFFICE—
On Pearl street, next door to the Baptist Church June 16, 1853. 13—

D. A. HOFFMAN,
Physician & Surgeon.
JACKSON, C. H., O.
Office—At D. HOFFMAN'S STORE, where he may at all times be found when not absent on professional business.
May 15, 1853—4f.

WM. S. WILLIAMS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAK HILL, JACKSON CO., O.
—OFFICE—At OAK HILL, where he may be found at all times, when not absent on professional business. When absent, all messages left at T. Lloyd Hughes' Esq. will be promptly attended to.
June 23, 1853. 13—4f

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
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May 12, 53—4f.

R. C. HOFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSON, C. H., O.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Pike, Scioto and Lawrence counties, and will act faithfully to all business entrusted to his care.
Oct. 4, 1849.—no27y

H. S. BUNDY,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton and Athens counties.
Nov. 28, 1850.—1y.

ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WILL practice in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Vinton, O., Sept. 30, '52.

JOSEPH BRADBURY,
Attorney at Law.
WILL practice in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Keyserville, Gallia Co., Sept. 30, 1852.

W. C. ROBERTS,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, O.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton, Athens, Perry, Muskingum, Ross and Fairfield counties, and will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Will also act as general Land Agent—for the sale of land and the payment of taxes, &c., in any of the above counties.
April 17, 1851.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
JACKSON, OHIO.
THE subscriber, has rented the above House, formerly occupied by J. Anderson, and fitted it up in good style. The traveling public may rest assured that no pains will be spared to render this house the very best in Jackson. The personal and individual attention of the subscriber will be given to secure to all who visit this house, every thing necessary for comfort and convenience.
He is also undergoing a thorough repair, which will render it desirable for the horse of the weary traveler. Give us a call.
Dec 5, 50—1f. F. SHOWER.

M. OWENS,
DEALER IN DRUGS,
MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS AND
DYE-STUFFS,
GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS, &
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
INFORMS the public that he has just received from the Eastern Cities, extensive additions to his stock of goods, which he will sell at the LOWEST PRICES. All persons who have MONEY with which to buy goods, will find that this is the place to buy.
June 12, '53.

POETRY.
A POETICAL ESSAY.
TO MISS CATHERINE JAY.
An S A now I mean 2 write
2 Uswet K T J,
The girl without a K,
The belle of U T K.
I I der if U got the I
I wrote 2 U B 4
I sailed in the R K D A,
And sent by L N More.
My M T head will scarce contain
I calm I D A bright,
But A T miles from U I must
M—this chance 2 write.
And Ist should N E N V U,
B E Z, mind it not;
Should N E friendship show, B true,
They should not B 4 got.
But friends and foes alike D K,
As U may plainly C,
In every funeral R A,
Or uncle's L E G.
From virtue never D V 8;
Her influence B 9,
Alike induces L derness
Or 40 tude divine.
And if U cannot cut a—
Or cause an I
I hope U'll put a .
2 1 7
R U for annexation 2
My cousin I—heart and I
He offers in a 7,
A 2 of land.
He says he loves U 2 X S,
U're virtuous and Y's,
In X L N C U X L
All others in his P's.
This S A until U I C
I pray U 2 X Q's;
And do not burn in F E G
My young and wayward muse.
Now fare U well, dear K T J,
I trust that U R true;
When this U C then U can say
An S A I O U. J. S. F.

CHAPTER II.
Mrs. Gardner was entitled to all the credit she claimed. She was really a good manager. Her husband could not but acknowledge, as day by day he observed the tasteful and elegant appearance of the table, and the perfect neatness and propriety with which everything was served.
He had quite forgotten the conversation recorded in our first chapter, and was only surprised that his table presented so good an appearance at what seemed to him so moderate a cost. He once proposed to increase the monthly sum which he placed in his wife's hands, but she declined, saying that she found it quite sufficient.
But was the point gained really worth all the trouble which it cost? It inquires a skeptical reader. Of course any one might live with greater economy if they would pass their time in the kitchen.
This is not all necessary. Mrs. Gardner had plenty of time for her friends, her music and her books. She didn't spend above half an hour daily in the kitchen, and then only superintending the operation of the servants. But this half hour was amply sufficient. The servants were satisfied that every act of wastefulness or neglect on their part would be noticed, and the presence of their mistress for this short space of time operated as an effectual check upon them.
But this was not all. Mrs. Gardner required all the tradesmen, butchers, bakers, &c., who had anything to do with this department, to send in their bills to her, and she personally discharged them. In this way she was enabled to guard against all attempts at imposition.
All this took very little time. Everything was brought under complete system, and no clock work could be better regulated.
From this description of Mrs. Gardner's mode of management, which we have given somewhat in detail, because we think it really a good one and deserving of being imitated. We turn to a different scene. The curtain falls, and when it rises once more, the reader will please to imagine that a period of five years has slipped by—a period, by the way, which has witnessed the introduction of two little strangers into the household of Charles and Marian. This is all I have remarked, is by the way, and has no special connection with the very practical moral which I am trying to elicit from this little sketch of mine.
CHAPTER III.
"Allen," said Mr. Gardner to his book-keeper, one morning, "how soon does Fleetwood's bill fall due?"
"To-morrow," was the reply.
"So soon! It amounts to five thousand dollars, does it not?"
"Yes, and we have but two thousand dollars to meet it; and, at this time, it is very difficult to borrow money at any percent."
"That is true," said Mr. Gardner, rather anxiously. "I never knew money tighter than it is now. But what shall I do? Fleetwood won't wait. Of that I am convinced, and I shall not be ready I am afraid."
"I don't know; matters look pretty serious. Three thousand dollars must be raised somehow. You must try and borrow, though it is a desperate chance—try Mr. Elwood."
"I will do it," said Charles. "But it needs no divination to predict the result. I should as soon expect to work a miracle as get money from him."
"And yet he is the only business man who is likely to have spare funds at his disposal."
"That is true, and I cannot do worse than fail."
The period at which the conversation took place as above recorded, was one of great commercial pressure. Money was unaccountably scarce, and only to be obtained at a very high premium. It was such a scarcity as will come now and then as every business man knows to his cost. But we will follow Charles on his expedition.
"Mr. Elwood," he said, on entering that gentleman's counting room, "I have a favor to ask of you. Lend me three thousand dollars for a few days?"
"My dear Mr. Gardner, I would with great pleasure, had I such a sum at my disposal. But three thousand dollars is a large sum in these times. There is a per-

SELECT PALE.
From the Boston True Fig.
THE MANAGING WIFE.
A STORY FOR BUSINESS MEN.
CHAPTER I.
Charles Gardner was a young merchant engaged in a good business which yielded him profitable returns. Being decidedly of the opinion that "it is not good for man to be alone," he married a young lady, the daughter of a country clergyman, whom he would certainly have passed over, had wealth been his object. But he thought, and wisely, that a cultivated mind and amiable disposition, united as in the present case to personal charms, gave better promise of happiness than the largest portion.
Marian Watson had been well educated in the best sense of the term. While due attention had been paid to the ornamental in her training, the useful had not been neglected. She was accordingly equally well fitted to grace the drawing room and to superintend the operations of the kitchen, and either position showed herself perfectly at home.
Charles Gardner had been nursed in opulence, and as a natural consequence was rather careless in his expenditures. He thought it necessary to live in a certain style, and having no very clear idea how much it required to support it, placed this matter entirely in the hands of others, and took no further thought about it.
Having premised so much let us introduce the newly married couple to the reader before the honeymoon had fairly passed.
The breakfast-table with its inviting accompaniments had received a full share of attention, when Charles, pushing back his chair, said with a smile: "Well, Marian, as we have got to be quite a staid married couple, comfortably settled down, as the saying is, suppose we had a little explanation about household expenses, &c.?"
"With all my heart," said his wife; "I think all such matters ought to be conducted with system, and brought within fixed limits. That is the only safe way."
"I have been thinking," said Charles, "that it will be best to set apart a certain sum for household expenses, the supply of the table, and so forth. What do you say to two hundred dollars per month?"
"Two hundred dollars a month," said Marian, who being accustomed to the limited salary of a country clergyman with a small salary, viewed matters in rather a different light from her husband.
"Two hundred dollars a month merely for the supply of the table! Haven't you placed it rather too high, Charles?"
"And do you really think it so very much, my prudent little wife?" said Charles, smiling. "You must remember that our position requires us to live in a certain style, and that this cannot be supported without money."
"That is true, Charles; but are you very sure that your income will allow of such an expenditure?"
"Oh, certainly, my very careful Marian. Business was never better, and I don't expect to fall just yet."
"But Charles do you approve of living up to one's income? Isn't it best to save something for a rainy day? Business

may not always be as good as it is now. Reverses may come and then—"
"Positively, Marian, you are a perfect croaker. My very wise wife, there is nothing in which I show more wisdom than you—in not anticipating what is very disagreeable to think of, and may never come. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' There; you have the authority of scripture. 'Troubles be hanged say I and the sooner the better.'"
"With all your laughing, Charles, you won't convince me that it isn't better to make preparation for a reverse. If it doesn't come all the better, but surely the preparation will do no harm."
"I see you are perfectly incorrigible, and like every woman, prepared to have your own way. Well, I will yield so far as this. I shall place in your hands two hundred dollars a month to defray our household expenses, and you are at liberty to save as much as you please out of it, provided we still live in our present style, without any falling off. What do you say shall it be a bargain?"
"Willingly," replied Mrs. Gardner; "and you shall see what a good manager I am."
"I don't doubt at all your managing powers, said Charles, laughing. "For I see you have already undertaken to employ them upon your husband!"

feet dearth of money. Where it has all gone to I can't tell. I never knew such a time before."
"Nobody knows that better than I do," said Charles, d-jetively. "Then you can't oblige me. I should be willing to pay a high premium."
"Of course, but as I said before, I should be happy to oblige you if it were in my power."
"Mr. Gardner, retired in a desponding frame of mind. He was aware that nearly all his friends were as much pressed as he, and that not one of them probably would be able to advance him the required sum.
It turned out as he anticipated. Those to whom he applied were very sorry indeed that they were unable to help him, but it was quite out of the question.
In the evening his wife noticed that his mind was troubled. Usually, on his return home he devoted a few minutes to romping with his little boys, Charles and Arthur, who, on this account hailed papa's return as the signal for a noisy demonstration. This time he was silent and moody.
"Pray what is the matter with you?" asked Marian playfully. "You look as disconcerted as if you never had but one friend in the world, and you had just lost that one."
"It is something, Marian, which you could not remedy, Marian, so why need you know it. The knowledge of it would only pain you, and it will come soon enough."
"But I insist on knowing. Have I not a right to share in your sorrow, as I have been a partaker in your joy?"
"Well, then, I have a large bill to meet to-morrow, and from present appearances, shall be utterly unable to discharge it. How much that signifies to a merchant, you can understand as well as I."
"And how much do you want to make up the sum?"
"Three thousand dollars. It might as well have been fifty; for one is quite as difficult to obtain as the other."
"Difficult is not always impossible," said Mrs. Gardner, as she glided out of the room, and shortly after returned with a little book, which she placed in the hands of her husband.
"What is all this?" he exclaimed.
"Merely a certificate showing that you have at your disposal five thousand dollars duly deposited in the Franklin Bank."
"Five thousand dollars—mine in the Franklin Bank? What do you mean?—Who deposited it?" asked Charles bewildered.
"That you shall know speedily," said Marian, who enjoyed her husband's confusion. "Do you remember a little conversation we had just after our marriage, about the support of our table, in which you gave me permission to save as much as I chose from your allowance, provided I kept up our then style of living?"
"Yes, I recall it, but five thousand dollars! It is impossible you have saved all that!"
"Not quite. You placed in my hands monthly the sum of two hundred dollars. This is a year will make 2400 dollars.—Now I have found it easy to save one third of this sum, which in five years will make—"
"Four thousand dollars."
"Precisely, but I was not satisfied with letting it remain idle. I have therefore regularly deposited it in the Franklin Bank on interest, and—you see the result.—Own, Charles, that I am a prudent manager."
"You are my savior, dear Marian; I shall use three thousand dollars of this sum to provide for present emergencies, but I insist on repaying it. And you are at perfect liberty to continue the work you have so well begun. After all, it isn't so bad an idea providing for a rainy day."
"But," said Mrs. Gardner, smiling, "I thought your motto was, 'Troubles be hanged, and the sooner the better!'"
"Your savings," retorted Charles, "will make a very good rope to hang them with."
The curtain falls. How does the reader like the character of the MANAGING WIFE?

ures, divisions of time, points of the compass, &c. There is an almanac for twelve years, apparently forming a cycle like that of the Mongols. Each year bears a name, generally that of a god, and all the old annals are numbered after this cycle. Again, there are lists of stones, metals, and trees, or elementary tracts on geology, metallurgy, and botany, and astronomical and astrological formulae without end. There are also what appear to be veritable grammars and dictionaries; and much guess-work will be spared by a sure guide which he has in the determination of ideographic signs, and there distinction from phonetic characters. The whole collection is in fragments, but it gives a most curious insight into the state of Assyrian science whilst Greece was still sunk in barbarism. Col. Rawlinson has found the ideographs for Warkoor Erech, Accad or Kassar, Calneh or Niffer, &c., and has just got a sure footing on the slippery ground of Babylonian geography. Altogether, he expresses himself 'delighted at the splendid field now opening out. The labor of carrying through a complete analysis will be immense, but the results must be brilliant.' He concludes with stating that a splendid ruin, full of marbles and sculpture, has been recently discovered in Southern Chaldaea at a place called Abu Shahrain."

FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.
Nineveh.
Every thing connected with the discoveries made, and still in progress, on the site of the ancient Nineveh and its neighborhood is of the profoundest interest to a religious, and even in a merely historical, point of view. The English and French explorers are still at work, contending with friendly rivalry which shall exhaust the greatest and most valuable prizes. We find a notice of their proceedings during the past year in the Report of the Council, read at the late anniversary meeting of the Asiatic Society of London:
The French excavations have revealed many new vaulted passages, colonnades, and chambers full of relics of various kinds, which have been sent to Paris, and constitute the nucleus of an Assyrian museum now forming in that city. The collection embraces cylinders, tiles, ornaments, and vessels of beautiful workmanship in marble, agate, and carnelian. The museum is to be adorned, also, with photographic views of the discoveries, taken upon the spot, "in many cases," says the Athenaeum, "colored with the actual pigments found at the same time, among which a splendid cake of ultramarine is recorded as big as a pigeon's egg." This is a curious circumstance, reminding us of the drawings made by Chantrey, the sculptor, with sepia from the fossil ink-bag of Euxinean cuttle-fish furnished him by Dr. Buckland, the geologist.
The Athenaeum gives the following account of the English explorations, which is chiefly interesting from the full notice presented of the researches of Col. Rawlinson, the most learned and able of living archaeologists, who has devoted himself with so much ardor to the elucidation of biblical history:
"The labors of our countrymen have also been attended with great success; beautiful gold ornaments, cylinders, vases of sculptured basalt, &c. have been dug up at Sherif Khan. The letters of Col. Rawlinson from time to time have kept the society informed of his discoveries. In one letter, he gives an account of a bronze lion, discovered at Nebbi Yunus, bearing the inscription 'Esarhaddon, king of kings, conqueror of Misr and Cush,' (Egypt and Ethiopia). In another he enclosed a copy of an inscription in a Semitic alphabet, being one of a numerous collection of inscriptions upon sheet lead, packed in sepulchral jars, discovered at a place called Abushahr.—With a third he communicated a list of the Babylonian months, found on a slab, by the aid of which the succession of events recorded in the inscription of Bisium may be approximately determined. In the last letter received he states that he had prepared, with great pains, a full account of his recent labors and discoveries, for the purpose of being read at this meeting; but the mail by which it had been dispatched had been plundered by the Auzen Arab, and it was said that they were wearing the unknown uniform characters as amulets. Col. Rawlinson had at length received the long-expected cylinders from Kilah Shergat, a splendid document, consisting of 800 lines of writing, which contains the bulletins of Tiglath Pileser I., and is at least 100 years older than any other document yet discovered. He says that he cannot attempt to give even a resume of the inscription; but it shows that the king warred principally in Armenia, Cappadocia, Pontus and the shores of the Euxine, and that he crossed the Kurdish mountains to the east and the Euphrates to the west. He overran Northern Syria and Cilicia, but did not attempt to penetrate towards Palestine. Having fairly entered upon a period anterior to the glories of Nineveh and Calah, Col. Rawlinson says he does not despair of ascending up to the institution of the monarchy. The writing of this inscription of Tiglath Pileser is better, the language more polished, and the grammatical distinctions more nicely marked than in later legends. The capital city Assur is, of course, the Al-lasur of Genesis, of which Arich was king, and the Tel-Assar of the Targums, which is used for the Mosaic Resen.—He considers it of Nineveh to be determinedly fixed at Nebbi Yunus, Calahat Nimrud, and Resen at Kilah Shergat.—A slab of Sennacherib's recently found at Nebbi Yunus is of much interest. It contains an account of two campaigns, later apparently than those chronicled in the annals—the one against M-r-dach Baladan, and the other against the confederated kings of the East, among whom are named the Persians, whose name is unexplained.
An obelisk from Nimrud, discovered by Col. Rawlinson, but which he does not mention in his report from the description, it is not a duplicate of the old one. The writer turned lastly to his real treasure-house of discovery, the debris, in fact, of the Royal Library, of which Layard's collection formed the upper and better preserved part. Here he has found fragments of alphabets, syllabaries, and explanations of ideographic signs; also, a table of notation, with the phonetic readings of the signs, showing that the Assyrians counted by sixties, in exact agreement with the *sexagesimal*, and *sexagesimal* of Berosus. The numbers are completely Semitic. There are also elaborate disquisitions of the Pantheon, geographical dissertations explaining the ideographs for countries and cities, designating their products and describing their positions. The principal Asiatic rivers and mountains are also given.—There are treatises on weight and meas-

ures, divisions of time, points of the compass, &c. There is an almanac for twelve years, apparently forming a cycle like that of the Mongols. Each year bears a name, generally that of a god, and all the old annals are numbered after this cycle. Again, there are lists of stones, metals, and trees, or elementary tracts on geology, metallurgy, and botany, and astronomical and astrological formulae without end. There are also what appear to be veritable grammars and dictionaries; and much guess-work will be spared by a sure guide which he has in the determination of ideographic signs, and there distinction from phonetic characters. The whole collection is in fragments, but it gives a most curious insight into the state of Assyrian science whilst Greece was still sunk in barbarism. Col. Rawlinson has found the ideographs for Warkoor Erech, Accad or Kassar, Calneh or Niffer, &c., and has just got a sure footing on the slippery ground of Babylonian geography. Altogether, he expresses himself 'delighted at the splendid field now opening out. The labor of carrying through a complete analysis will be immense, but the results must be brilliant.' He concludes with stating that a splendid ruin, full of marbles and sculpture, has been recently discovered in Southern Chaldaea at a place called Abu Shahrain."

CEASAR WHIPPED HIS WIFE!
Such is the heading of an article in *Le Republican*, the editor of which says:—The following is a faithful recital of a night at Saint Cloud, (the residence of the French Emperor.) It comes from an eye witness.
It is a curiosity, at least, and therefore we translate it for the Sun.
The night was sad and gloomy, the wind blowing with violence among the tall trees of the park of Saint Cloud, which groaned mournfully in the blast.—The castle clock had just struck one, the silence was unbroken except by the barking of a dog or the noise of a gardener's wagon driving toward Paris. Without the palace seemed buried in slumber; within—all was agitation and tumult. Cesar has lost his wife! The conjugal chamber is deserted. The lady in attendance, on being questioned by his Majesty, answered with an air of embarrassment that the Empress had just gone out, and had ordered her not to follow. The Emperor was furious, his ordinary coolness left him. He swore in every language he knew. The inmates were all in confusion, and began a search for Madame Bonapart, once Teba.
On the other side of the Chateau, on the ground floor in view of that magnificent park that was such a favorite haunt with the King Louis Philippe, and his predecessor, the bigoted Charles X., is an apartment which had formerly been inhabited by the Duchesse of Orleans. Within the blue chamber, stretched upon a sofa, was a young and beautiful woman weeping and praying. That woman was the Empress of the French! Suddenly the beautiful Teba started, she heard noise, somebody knocked. It was the Empress who had just returned, and she explained the circumstances to work—in a few moments the door was opened.
"Wait for me gentlemen," said Louis Napoleon. What passed during the two hours which that interview continued? God alone knows! At times, however, stifled words reached us, and we heard them with fear. "Wretch—assassin—I loved him at Cayenne!"
Suddenly the noise of a body falling upon the inlaid floor, (there is no carpet in the blue chamber,) caused us to start. Urged half by curiosity, half by anxiety, we entered. Napoleon was holding his wife by the hair, she was lying on the ground! "Coward!" she cried, "help! help! help! I want to assassinate me as he assassinated Camerata! help! He is drunk—help!"
We were stupefied, we surrounded the Prince to release his victim, for she whom he maltreated was a woman, charming and envied, also "Gentlemen," said his Majesty, "you may retire. If any one of you repeat what he has seen—I need not tell you what he may expect!"
As for the unfortunate heroine of this mystery, she has not appeared in public for the last six days.

ORIGINALLY.—An acquaintance a few days since, told a good joke on old Bul-lion. He was speaking of his mode of speaking, oratory in general, etc., when, referring to a certain celebrated oration of his, he said in that blunt manner peculiar to him, "you ought to have heard that speech—it was a hell of a speech." Such an expression is entirely characteristic of Benton. Mr. Clay would have remarked: "Such and such a speech was spoken of as a highly successful effort." Calhoun would probably have pronounced any celebrated effort of his "a beloved oration." Jackson would have said "a beloved oration." "God sir, they got the devil that time,"—While Webster would coolly say, "I can assure you, that occasion was gratifying, and my labors were not unavailing." There is an originality in every genius—There can be no genius without it.—[Patriot.

Mrs. Harris. In speaking of the sudden death of Deacon Pilkins, says the coroner held a post and mortar examination on him, and brought in a verdict that he died from congestion of the frying-pan. The old lady meant to say, he held a post-mortem examination, and that the cause of his death was a congestion of the diaphragm. The old lady will mispeak herself now and then.—N. Y. Dutchman.

Life, fresh young life! Does not every object speak of this? Does not the spring grass, that borders the way side, tell of it? What is there, from the full blown yellow daffodil to the great old apple tree, that fails to repeat it? Nor even there, on that old tree, that a week ago showed scarce more of life than the stone wall it overhangs, are little leaf buds swelling and expanding into tender shoots of green.

Life from the dead! It is every where.—The great idea is written all over the earth. Not one Easter day only will we keep, for the great truth of the resurrection finds its witnesses in every green thing. On all days, then, through all hours in this vernal season, let it receive the heart's assent; a truth not hidden away in forgetfulness, but written in letters of beauty, in innumerable forms of bursting life every where.

A presence is all around. It breathes in the soft south wind, it unlocks the petals of the waiting plants, brings the mysterious birth of the flowers; wakens the whole earth to joy. "Beauty, tenderness and love," imaged by the outward creation, reach the deep pieces of the soul, and we not only know, but feel the presence of the Creator.

All that the eye beholds is but the image of something which we see not. Yet the material but faintly shadowed forth the glory of the spiritual, and at this sweet season, when the time for the singing of birds has come, and the earth is robed in glory, as by a stepping stone, may the beauty that is seen lead the soul to the contemplation of the invisible and the unfolding.

On the calm blue air, laden with sunshine, how sweetly floats the sound of the church bell. Along the village paths it sends its gentle summons, reaching the most sheltered, leafy spot, entering the most retired dwelling, and causing many quiet and happy groups to wend their way to the house of God.

Yes; blessed are they that dwell in thine house! Yet is it not to-day manifest that the universe is his temple; does not the whole earth render praise—an offering to Him from whom all life proceeds?

Amid this restriction of nature, how are we carried back to that hallowed hour when the angel of the Lord rolled back the imprisoning stone from the door of the sepulchre, and the first born from the dead came forth and walked among the living, himself the Giver of a new life. Nor backward alone flows the tide of thought, but sees in all this, inscribed in lovely emblems, the great truth that we are to see.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTORY.
THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform the Citizens of Jackson, and vicinity, that having removed his shoe shop on Main Street two doors below the Lohm house, he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES upon the shortest notice, and in the most expeditious manner possible. He will explain the one that the other.

But on the wings of this sweet morning as the Sabbath bells summon along green paths to the house of prayer, may we send up our incense of praise to Him, who, amid the unfolding of mystery, still doth all things well.—*Boston Olive Branch*

SATURDAY NIGHT! How the heart of the weary man rejoices, as with his week's wages in his pocket he begins to gather his little ones around him and draw consolation from his heart's stone for the many hard hours he has toiled to win his pittance. Saturday night! How the poor woman sighs for very rest as she realizes that again God has sent her time for rest; and though her rewards have been small, yet she is content to live on, for even her heart builds up in the future, a home where it is always Saturday eve! How the careworn man of business relaxes his brow, and closing his shop, stammers deliberately round to gather a little gossip ere he goes quietly home to take a good rest! How softly the young man pronounces the word, for a bright-eyed maiden is in waiting, and for Saturday night shall be a blessed time for him;—there will be low words spoken by the garden gate, and there will be a pressure of hands—perhaps a pressure of lips—blessed Saturday night! To all kind Heaven hath given a little heaven which works in the heart to stir up the gentle emotions, and Saturday night alone seems the meet and fitting time for dreaming gentle dreams. Blessed Saturday night and we can but pray that through life we may bear with us the remembrances of its many holy hours now going into the far Past—memories which every Saturday eve but recalls like a benediction pronounced by one loved and gone.

Foppery is never cured. It is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb and always a coxcomb.—[Johnson.

The two shortest words to pronounce, yes and no, are those which demand the most examination.

Friendship is like a debt of honor; the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavors.—[Goldsmith.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE, when President of the United States Bank, obtained the opinion of Chancellor Kent on some point of law, for which the Chancellor charged a fee of one hundred dollars. "That is not enough, Judge," said Mr. B., "there are two hundred dollars, and your services are cheap enough at that." "How is this?" said the Chancellor, "do you think I do not know the value of my own opinion?" "You have insulted me; but on the whole I'll pocket the insult."

The first railroad built in South America was from the port of Callao to Lima, the capital of Peru, a distance of nine miles.

There are treatises on weight and meas-

ures, divisions of time, points of the compass, &c.

There is an almanac for twelve years,

apparently forming a cycle like that of the Mongols.

Each year bears a name, generally that of a god,

and all the old annals are numbered after this cycle.

Again, there are lists of stones, metals, and trees,

or elementary tracts on geology, metallurgy, and botany,

and astronomical and astrological formulae without end.

There are also what appear to be veritable grammars and dictionaries;

and much guess-work will be spared by a sure guide which he has in the determination of ideographic signs, and there distinction from phonetic characters.

The whole collection is in fragments, but it gives a most curious insight into the state of Assyrian science whilst Greece was still sunk in barbarism.

Col. Rawlinson has found the ideographs for Warkoor Erech, Accad or Kassar, Calneh or Niffer, &c., and has just got a sure footing on the slippery ground of Babylonian geography.

Altogether, he expresses himself 'delighted at the splendid field now opening out.

The labor of carrying through a complete analysis will be immense, but the results must be brilliant.'

He concludes with stating that a splendid ruin, full of marbles and sculpture, has been recently discovered in Southern Chaldaea at a place called Abu Shahrain."

Such is the heading of an article in 'Le Republican,'

the editor of which says:—The following is a faithful recital of a night at Saint Cloud,

(the residence of the French Emperor.) It comes from an eye witness.

It is a curiosity, at least, and therefore we translate it for the Sun.

The night was sad and gloomy, the wind blowing with violence among the tall trees of the park of Saint Cloud,

which groaned mournfully in the blast.—The castle clock had just struck one,

the silence was unbroken except by the barking of a dog or the noise of a gardener's wagon driving toward Paris.

Without the palace seemed buried in slumber; within—all was agitation and tumult.

Cesar has lost his wife! The conjugal chamber is deserted. The lady in attendance, on being questioned by his Majesty,

answered with an air of embarrassment that the Empress had just gone out, and had ordered her not to follow.

The Emperor was furious, his ordinary coolness left him. He swore in every language he knew. The inmates were all in confusion, and began a search for Madame Bonapart, once Teba.

On the other side of the Chateau, on the ground floor in view of that magnificent park that was such a favorite haunt with the King Louis Philippe, and his predecessor, the bigoted Charles X.,

is an apartment which had formerly been inhabited by the Duchesse of Orleans.

Within the blue chamber, stretched upon a sofa, was a young and beautiful woman weeping and praying.

That woman was the Empress of the French! Suddenly the beautiful Teba started, she heard noise, somebody knocked.

It was the Empress who had just returned, and she explained the circumstances to work—in a few moments the door was opened.

"Wait for me gentlemen," said Louis Napoleon. What passed during the two hours which that interview continued?

God alone knows! At times, however, stifled words reached us, and we heard them with fear. "Wretch—assassin—I loved him at Cayenne!"

Suddenly the noise of a body falling upon the inlaid floor, (there is no carpet in the blue chamber,) caused us to start.

Urged half by curiosity, half by anxiety, we entered. Napoleon was holding his wife by the hair, she was lying on the ground!

"Coward!" she cried, "help! help! help!