CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 9. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, JANUARY 29 1858. NUMBER 11.

THE CHRONICLE.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

NEBLETT & GRANT,

Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF THE PAPER,

$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.

One insertion	$1,00	Two months	$4,50
Two insertions	1,50	Three months	5,00
Three insertions	2,00	Six months	9,00
One month	2,50	Twelve months	15,00

MISCELLANY.

The Quality.

THE following little sketch we think worthy a place in our Domestic Department, and have accordingly placed it there We feel assured it must lighten up many countenances, and throw a whole household into a pleasant humor wherever it is read—*Ex.*

'I reckon,' said old Mrs. Placid, whilst making her first visit to the Edgerton cottage, 'you haint seen many of your neighbors yet?'

'No, ma'am,' said Laura, 'we have been here so long, and none have been to see us until you. We were beginning to feel like unwelcome intruders. But I suppose they were all much attached to the people who lived here before us, and dislike seeing strangers in the place of their old friends.'

'Oh, no! that ain't it; they was afeard to some."

'Afraid?' said Laura, surprised, 'afraid of what?'

'Well, we heard you was all quality, if you *was* broke, and we was afeard we would git ourselves into the wrong box. We've seed them elephants and knows what they is,' she continued, nodding her head knowingly.

'Why, I did not suppose,' said Laura, smiling, 'that we had any thing so formidable in this quiet little nook, and I am sorry that our neighbors should make such bug-bears of us, and suppose us wanting in civility to them.'

'Oh, we wasn't amindin the civility.—The quality lays that on so thick one minute till you begin to rub your eyes and wonder who you is—thinks sure you must be the Pope of Rome's wife; then they push you one side before you know it, like as if you wasn't fitten to tote their puppy dog. But theyse sich a sight of trouble when folks begin to have any thing to do with 'em. Now, there's the Feathercods. They lives eight miles off, but the quality is a sorter restless creatur that allers a wandering about outer their range. Well, theys mighty fine, and you see my daughter Betsy Baker likes fine things, and took to 'em mightily. She was powerful anxious for 'em to come to see her, so on Sunday she seed 'em all at meetin, and axes 'em to come take dinner the next Saturday.—Well, they all stood up there in the meetin house and talked a power of dictionary talk 'bout 'exceedingly,' an 'exquisitely,' an 'interchangin of rural hospitallity;' but whether they was a comin or no, Betsy 'lowed she better be on the safe side, so she kept up a mighty fixin all the week. When Saturday came she had everything as fine as a bride's cake, 'ceptin the dinner. Betsy lowed she wouldn't put that on till she made sure as if they was a comin.—She had been working mighty hard all the morning, her and the niggers, a reddin up the house and dressin up their selves.—But when levener clock come and no quality, Betsy give 'em out, and they all took off their Sunday close and went to gitting every day dinner. They had to hurry mightily, but it was all ready arter awhile. The hands was workin close to the house, so Betsy jest hollored to 'em to come to their dinner. Arter the dinner was all over, and everything washed up and sot to rights, an the niggers all sot to work, me and Betsy sot down in the entry to cool an sew. 'Bout four o'clock Barney Baker he come back from the courthouse, says he, 'Betsy, did them hired men come into dinner?' 'Law,' says Betsy, 'I was so taken up expecting them Feathercod folks to dinner, that I forgot about you hirin Jim and Bill Jones to split rails, and bein as theyse so fur off, I reckon they didn't hear when I called the hands in.—I didn't blow the horn. 'Confound quality,' says Barney, 'theys all just qualified for the lunatiker sylum, and I reckon you'll go along with 'em, just to be with the quality when they go,' an he jerked down the horn and blowed a blast; you would a thought all the stages that ever run was 'rivin thar at onst. Just then we heerd a mighty fuss in the frunt yard, and when we looked, thar was a fine carriage full of o' women, with horses hitched up with fishin' seins, a cavortin about over the yard; and one o' the puffed up niggers they had dressed up like solgers a settin on a high bench outside the carriage, was bounced off like a injun rubber ball. I thought the cmetur might be killed, and run to him, but he jumped right up an stood up before me, an made sich a bow, you never seed the like of it, jest like it was a part of his malishus drill, an says he, 'Mrs. Feathercod, Miss Feathercod, Miss Netty and Miss Angeline Feathercod.' By that time Barney had got the horses quiet, and says I, 'You, Mr. Flunkey, had better be a openin the door and lettin them folks out, stidder standin here makin manners,' so he did it. It was well he told me who they wur, for sich a lookin cargo I never did see before. They had the back of their heads kivered with artificial flowers and fixed in little flounces, and little silk fans in their hands they called sunshades; I reckon they want much acquainted with the sun, or they wouldn't thought he was a mindin them purty little things. Then they had flounces all over their frock tails, and over their capes, they called 'talmers;' and they was beflounced from the tops of their heads to the bottom of their feet, and all the flounces pinted like windin sheets only a heap finer.

'Betsy had run back soon as she got the fust glimpse, cause she had on a mighty dirty frock, but she put a new white satin shawl all over her, and then she looked as fine as any of 'em, and axed 'em to walk in, and take seats, and set down and be seated. Arter a while she told 'em she was a lookin for 'em all the mornin. 'Oh,' says old Miss Feathercod, 'we engaged to be here to dinner; we never dine before four, and it wants some minutes to that now,' takin out her fine gold watch, tho' the clock was starin right before her.—Betsy looked as blank as if she'd run for sheriff and didn't get a vote. But she run right in the kitchen, and the way she hollored up Dilce and Alice, and Dina, and the whole tuckin of 'em from the tater patch, and the wash-tub, and the ironin board, and all quarters, want slow.

'Soon as I got the quality all settled, I went out to help poor Betsy. I was sorry for her. Sich a sight as the kitchen was! Thar was half picked turkeys, half killed chickens, everybody runnin round, and Betsy lookin like she was the demon of cooks. Every side of the kitchen was hern, and she was turnin round all sides at onst. Says I, 'Betsy, honey, do let me help you.' Says Betsy, 'Law, mar, what *ken* you do? Do pray go long in the house and talk to them ladies, and keep 'em from pryin about; but for the Lord sake, mar, dont talk nothin lowlife.'

'Well,' says I, 'Betsy, I will try to talk any think you want me to.' Says she, 'Talk about the fashuns, and Washington, whar they went to last wint winter.'

'So I goes in, and says I, 'You all seed any new fashuns this year?' Says one on 'em, holdin up her head mighty high, 'We always receive from our mantua-maker and milliner the latest styles.' 'Well, now,' says I 'I *thought* you wouldn't a spoiled yourselves that way, your own selves; and lo and behole its that manchermaker woman. She sent you all these outlandish jimcracks, and thought you didn't know no better.' I don't know what made Betsy think they'ed like to talk about the fashuns, for they didn't; I was cute enough to see that in a minute; so I tried Washington. Says I, 'You was to Washington last winter?' Says one, mightily brisk, 'Yes, we went to see our uncle take his seat in Congress as an honorable Representative.' 'Well,' says I, 'if I aint clean beat! So Jake Feathercod is a Congressman! Well, if he ken make speeches as fast as he can lay bricks, he's a glib one. But I don't approve of people leavin off a good trade an takin up with what they don't know nothin tall about. Now, Jake wus a mighty good brick layer.'

'You are mistaken, ma'm,' says she, 'my uncle is the Hon. Jacob Feathercod.'

Says I, I recken I aint mistaken. Old Jake never had but two sons, Zeke, your pappy, an young Jake.

Well, if you believe it, Betsy was out of it again—they wus no ways anxious 'bout Washington; so I picked up a mighty fine little shiny snuff box, lyin in one of their laps, an says I, 'This is a new fashun snuff box; mighty purty.'

'It is not a snuff box," says she, right off short; 'it's a card case.'

Bless me, I looked right up to the top of the room, 'The Lord help your poor souls,' says I, 'why you aint eighteen years old, and a carrying your cards about to play and gamble with all day long.'

She says, 'these are not game cards, they are visiting cards.'

'Well,' says I, 'do let me see 'em.'

She showed me one; 'twas nothing on the Lord's yearth but a piece of white pasteboard, with 'Miss Netty Feathercod writ on it.'

Says I, 'What does you do with these things? 'Twant worth while to fetch 'em here; we all know'd you. And your nigger in the uniform told all o' your names afore you could get a chance to tell 'em yourselves.'

Says she, 'When we wish to pay calls, if we do not feel like going in ourselves, or the persons we are calling on are out, or do not wish to receive company, we just send our servant to the door with one of these, which is equivalent to a visit. We had some calls to make on the way here this morning.'

'Well,' says I, 'you all don't set much store by each others' company, ef a nigger in a solger's jacket an a piece of pasteboard does as well,' and I put it down mighty softly, a thinkin 'you better make a snuff box of it.'

Well, I tried mighty hard to entertain for poor Betsy. I told 'em all about blue dye and copperas dye, and how was the best way to set hens, an which eggs would hatch pullets an which roosters, and how to keep a dog from a sucken of 'em, an all 'bout Betsy's baby havin the measles and hoopin-koff, both at onst. But ef you believe me, they never heerd a word I was a sayin! So I run through an let 'em alone.

We was all a settin up behavin with all our might, when Betsy come to the door, an axed 'em all to come out to dinner. It was a powerful relief all round. When we got to the dinner room, thar wus a mighty nice dinner spread out, and thar stood Barney, an Bill, an Jim Jones, ready to set down. These quality looked at Jim and Bill, then looked at each other, and looked for all the world like they never had been axed to eat dinner before, an didn't know whether to set down or not.

Barney he knowed what they wus arter, but I didn't. So says he, 'Ladies, take seats and set down and help yourselves. Bill you and Jim set down and fall to. These gentlemen, ladies, are my friends.'

Bill and Jim did set right down and fell too, shure enough; they never cared a mite ef the quality had stood over 'em an starred at 'em a month.

The quality seemed like they was a gwine back in the hall room. But they give another look at the dinner, an I reckon they wus as hungry as Bill and Jim wus, for they sot right down, sort o' desprit, and got their selves hoped.

Presently one on 'em looked at one o' the nigger gals and says, 'Girl, hand me the celery.'

Dilce looked at Betsy mighty hard; Betsy frowned at Dilce, an looked like she *oughter* know all about it, an says, 'Han the salt-cellar.'

Dilce handed the salt-cellar. 'No,' says the quality gal, 'I asked for the *celery*,' an she looked hard right in the plate o' raw shellotes.'

Dilce jerked op that an handed it to her.

'Them is shellotes,' says Barney.

The quality gal turned her rose right ap at Betsy's shellotes, what never done her no harm, an says, 'I thought they were celery.'

I'm very sorry,' says poor Betsy, 'I didn't know you preferred salary to shellotes.'

'You needn't trouble yourself to be sorry, wife,' said Barney, 'we haint got no salary, an 'taint your fault they don't grow here.'

Arter a while one on 'em had eat everything out o' her plate rite clean, and says she, 'Mr. Baker, I believe I will change my plate, and take a bit of that goose.'

'Certainly, ma'am,' says Barney, mighty polite. So he cuts off a nice piece and lays it on his own plate, what was full o' all sorts o' things, and swaps plates with Miss Feathercod. Well, the notionate woman wouldn't eat a bit of Barney's dinner arter she got it, an I didn't know what made Baeney look so solam like he was a doin mischief. Come to find out, he knowed all the time that she wanted a right clean plate to eat that piece o' goose off er.

Arter they had all made a mighty hearty dinner, the old lady tuck her hands an done 'em so at Dilce like she wanted 'em rubbed. Well, the niggers had beeu runnin round the table all the time, an Dilce was bent on showin how smart she was. So she flew at the old soul's hands and set to rubbin 'em like all possessed; but Miss Feathercod jerked 'em away, an says she, 'I wanted a finger-basin.'

Poor Betsy, she was tuck all aback agin. But she is a mighty smart 'oman, ef she is my daughter, and don't often be put out. She remembered in a minute the lettle porringer she keeps on the top shelf to give sick people chicken soup in. So she had it filled with water, an handed it to Miss Feathercod. She washed her hands in it, and all round her mouth, and then tuck a mouthful and washed out the inside o' her mouth, and spit it all back in the porringer. Thinks I, 'you don't git me to eat any more chicken soup out of that quality finger-basin.'

The rest 'o the quality, when they seed thar was no more porringers comin' all washed thar hands in their tumblers. I looked with all my eyes to see 'em drink the water when they was done and spit it back in the tumbler; but as good luck would have it they didn't; I know it would a made Barney mad to had to smash up all them new tumblers arter the quality had used 'em; an fur my part, I can't see what they bedaub theirselves with every thing they are washed. 'Twould a been a heap less trouble to poor Betsy ef they had a kept their hands under the table cloth, and a let the niggers a fed 'em.

By the time the dinner wus over it was purty late. We thought shore they wus a gwine to stay all night. But fust thing we knowed, they asked for their *hats*. (That's what they called them poseys they war on their heads.) Barney told 'em they better stay, that 'twas dangerous to ride eight miles over that rough road after dark.

'Oh,' says one, 'we never go out before dark if we can avoid it; Old Sol's too ardent beams are so overpowering.'

'Yes,' says another, 'aud the gentle moonlight is so soft and beautiful.'

'And,' says another, 'so poetical and soul-inspiring.'

'And,' says t'other, 'the twinkling stars looking like the ever watchful eyes of our guardian angels.'

Barney looked like he thought it was his duty to warn 'em an to ax 'em to stay all night, but seemed mightily relieved when they wouldn't be warned. He told 'em there wasn't no moon; but they said them and their coachman and hosses and carriage was all use to ridin about at night so they fixed on the head gear and took their little sun fans and started.

Poor Betsy was hard at work to the last a gittin their supper, for she was bound to have that in time.

'Well, wife,' says Barney, 'I don't know which look the jadedest, you or my par of old oxen that Ben Gill has been working most to death.

'I don't think, Mr. Baker,' says Betsy, 'you have much respect for your wife, to compare her to your old oxen.'

Says he, 'Whether I have respect for her or not, I am gwine to take care of her, an you've got to let them quality folks alone. I don't see nothin in 'em that my wife should be a killing up herself a boot-lickin this way.'

'Yes,' says I, 'to say nothin of all the poultry that's been killed.'

We all went to bed purty soon, cause you see the quality had purty nigh used us up. But we wasn't done with 'em yet.

Way long in the night I heard a great beatin at the front door. I jumped up, got a light, an went to see what wus to pay an as I live, thar stood one o'these nigger solgers, a bowin and a scrapin soon as he got sight of me.

'The Lord bless my soul,' says I, 'is your missis sent you here to fetch one o' them visitin cards this time o' night?'

He bowed agin and says, 'Mrs. Feathercod presents her respects to Mr. Baker, and would be much obliged could he lend his assistance. The coachman being deceived by the darkness of the night, was so unfortunate as to run off the side of the causeway and upset the carriage in the swamp.

I seized him by the collar an give him sich a shakin, uniform and all, jest like I wus a makin up a feather-bed. Says I, 'You imperdent captain-general you, why didn't you say so at onet? What did you stand a bowin an talkin quality talk to me fur, an all your mississes a slashin about heels over head in Cow Swamp?'

Barney heerd me a talkin to a strange man, an come tumbling down stairs, rolled up in a blanket, an when he saw me collarin of the fine nigger, says he, 'Mother, just turn that feller over to me.'

Says I, 'Barney, go right up stars and git into some close directly an start right off. Them quality women and their flunkey nigger, an hosses, an carriage, an little sun fans, and poseys, an snuff boxes, and visitin cards, is all keeled over in Cow Swamp.'

'Of course, says Rarney, 'so much for gittin soul-inspired, and trustin to moonshine of a dark night, an starry eyes of guarjin angels.' But he hurried off; and I give the nigger a nuther shake, just to remind him I had holt o' him yit. 'Now,' says I, 'run fur your life to that fust nigger house you come to, and tell Dan, without no palaverin, mind you, to jump right up, and git the carriall ready, an his master's hoss, an you help an have it all ready right away.'

I let him go and you would a thought I had shot him off. I put a pile o' blankets in the carriall, an Barney an Dan went down five miles to Cow Pond and fished 'em all out an carried 'em home; and we've washed our hands of them quality ever sence.'

'Well, its most dark. Good-bye, honey. You're mighty pleasant company. I've enjoyed myself powerful.'

"ALL THE DECENCY."—The Free State Legislature of Kansas, on the receipt of President Buchanan's Message, passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That James Buchanan, President of the United States, be entitled to the name of Muggins, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to him. The resolution passed amid deafening cheers."

PROVOKING.—To dream you have lots of money, and then wake up and find yourself an Editor.

(From Morris and Willis' Home Journal.)

I Never have been False to Thee

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I never have been false to thee!
The heart I gave thee still is thine;
Though thou hast been untrue to me;
And I no more may call thee mine;
I've loved as women ever love,
With constant soul in good or ill:
Thou'st proved, as man too often proves,
A rover—but I love thee still!

Yet think not that my spirit stoops
To bind thee captive in my train!
Love's not a flower, at sunset droops,
But smiles when comes her god again!
The words, which fall unheeded now,
Could once my heart-strings madly thrill!
Love's golden chain and burning vow,
Are broken—but I love thee still!

Once what a heaven of bliss was ours,
When love dispelled the clouds of care,
And time went by with bird and flowers,
While songs and incense filled the air!
The past is mine—the present thine—
Should thoughts of me thy future fill,
Think what a destiny is mine,
To lose—but love thee, false one, still!!

THE BEGGAR.

A TRUE TALE.

One cold windy morning, the last Sunday of December, 1849, a half-naked man knocked timidly at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter even for the season, the young man had no clothing but a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt which exposed his muscular chest in many large rents. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a large, comfortably furnished room with its glowing grate of anthracite; before which was placed a luxuriously furnished breakfast table. A fashionable attired young man, in a brocade dressing-gown and velvet slippers, was reclining in a soft *fateuil*, busily reading the morning papers.—The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to her servant in waiting her orders for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded it to be opened; but the young master of the mansion replied that it was useless—being no one but some thievish beggar; but the door was already opened and the sympathies of Mrs. Maywood enlisted at once.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife, impulsively, "before you perish!"

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such unusual treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step.—On his entrance Mr. Maywood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half-frozen man near the fire, while she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee—which, with abundant food, was placed before him. But noticing the abrupt departure of her husband, Mrs. Maywood, with a clouded countenance left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She then ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboritory and medical library, and occupied solely by her husband, who was a physician and practical chemist. She opened the door and entered the room. Mr. Maywood was setting at a small table, with his head resting on his hands, apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, gently touching his arm, "I fear I have displeased you; but the man looked so wretched, I could not drive him away," and her sweet voice trembled as she added—"You know I take sacrament to-day."

"Dear Mary" replied the really fond husband, "I appreciate your motives. I know it is pure goodness of heart which leads you to disobey me, but still I must insist upon my former commands—that no beggar ever be permitted to enter the house. It is for your safety that I insist upon it. How deeply you might be imposed upon in my frequent absences from home I shudder to think. The man that is now below may be a burglar in disguise and already in your absence taking impressions in wax of the different key-holes in the room so as to enter at his leisure. Your limited experience of city life, makes it difficult for you to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to street beggars, it only encourages vice, dearest."

"It may be so," responded Mrs. Maywood, "but it *seems* wicked not to believe suffering and want even if the person has behaved badly—and we know it. But I promise you not to ask another beggar into the house."

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come, Edward, your skill can save him I know," said his wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his professional vanity for he immediately followed his wife's flying footsteps as she descended to the abasement. They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious upon the carpet where he had slipped in his weakness from the chair where Mrs. Maywood had seated him.

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so. The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forhead; his closed eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes, which lay like a silken fringe upon his pale bronzed cheeks while a delicate aqueline nose, and a square massive chin, displayed a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife anxiously.

"Oh, no! it is only a fainting fit, induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the Doctor sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment his cold maxims of prudence, and added, "He must be carried to a room without fire, and placed in a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the atheltic stranger, who was soon carried to a room in the chamber, where the doctor administered with his own hands strong doses of port wine sangaree. The young man soon became partly conscious, but all conversation was forbade him, and he sank quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awake in our absence give him beef, tea and toast *adimitum*," said the doctor professionally, as he left the room.

* * * * * *

In less than an hour afterwards Dr. Maywood and his lovely wife entered the gorgeous church of 'the most Holy Trinity.'

Amid the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that an abundant wealth could procure, not one rivalled, in grace and beauty, the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall, graceful figure was robed in violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with the lustre of youthful happiness; yet, there was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. The snowy ermine mantilla which protected her from the piercing wind, rivalled, but could not surpass, that delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Maywood, as she moved with unconscious grace up the central aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young, wayward, but generous man who had recently wed her in spite of her poverty and the sneers of his aristocratic acquaintance.

The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which were faint echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text, the oft-quoted, but seldom applied words of the Apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angles unawares" Dr, Maywood felt his forehead flush painfully: it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity towards strangers, and wished to give him a public lession: but he soon saw, from the tenor of his remarks that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application in his particular case. I have not space, nor indeed the power to give any synopsis of the sermon; but that it, combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers. So much so that on the retun of Dr. Maywood from church, he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant to offer such attentions as he might stand in need of. But the young man seemed to be much refreshed by rest and nutricious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the kind attentions he had received, which without doubt, had saved his life. But I will recompense you well, for, thank God, I am not the beggar that I seem. I was shipwrecked on Friday night in the Ocean Wave, on my return from India. My name was doubtless among the, list of the lost—for I escaped from the waves by a miracle. I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in the bank waiting my orders, but I must have perished from cold and hunger had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door as an impostor, and could get neither food nor rest. To be an exile from one's native land ten years, and then after escaping from the perils of the ocean to die of hunger in the streets of a christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate.

"My name is Arthur Willet," added the stranger.

"Why that is my wife's family name.—She well be doubtlessly pleased at her agency in your recovery."

"Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur Willet eagerly.

I married her in the town of B——, where she was born.

At this moment Mrs. Maywood entered the room surprised at the long absence of her husband.

Arthur Willet gazed at her with a look of the wildest surprise, murmuring:

"It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious and think so."

Mrs. Maywood gazed with little less astonishment, motionles as a statue.

"What painful mystery is this?" cried Dr. Maywood, excitedly, addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"Oh no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my long lost brother, Arthur." And Mrs. Maywood, overcome with emotion, turned to leave the room.

"Stay one moment," pleaded the Stranger, drawing a small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up asked if she recognized that relic?"

"It is my father's gray hair and you are—"

"His son Arthur Willet, and your brother."

Mary Willet Maywood fell upon the mendicant's breast, weeping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving.

Doctor Maywood retired from the room and left sister and brother in that sacred hour of reunion, saying to himself,

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

NO GLOOM AT HOME.

Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontented and wasting fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their large black shapes like funeral palls, over the happy spirits there. If you will, your home shall be heaven, and every inmate as an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity. O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasures, greater or purer than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his care as he winds around the long, narrow streets, and beholds the soft light illuminates his parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pave before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps; and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and wailing cry at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harrassed, perplexed and persecuted. He has borne with many a cruel tone, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to energy so desperate that his frame and spirit are weakened and depressed; and now his limbs ache with weariness; his temples throb with the pain-beat caused by too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their little meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear like a winged angel, it flies right into his bosom, and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed she stole a little coquetish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eye beams with love; her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why! he forgets all the trials of that long, long day, as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

Home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household. Christianity—oh! he is thrice consoled for all his trials. He cannot be unhappy, that sweetest, best, dearest solace is his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is stregthened anew for to-morrow's cares?

YET ANOTHER RUMOR.

We subjoin the following paragraph from the Washington correspondence of the New York *Times*:

"Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, who has just taken his seat in the Senate, bringing with him a high reputation as a statesman, is probably one of the most thoroughly independent men in Congress—one who will do what he conscientiously believes it *right* to do, regardless of all supposed party obligations to the contrary. These traits of character give great significence to the rumor that he is likely to take the same ground as that occupied by Mr. Douglas on the Kansas question, maintaining that no State should be admitted into the Union with a Constitution which has not been fully and fairly ratified by the people in all its parts."