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WHOLE NO 1510

The Lancaster Gazette.

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Thursday Morning, Sept. 7, 1854

THE LATE MRS. JUDSON.—The Home Journal gives a brief biographical sketch of "Fanny Forester," from which we extract sufficient to explain the following exquisitely beautiful lines:

Before saying the few words by which we would recall the points of her varied life to our readers, let us give one of the drops of agony wrung from this heaven child while there on trial—a poem written by her mother's eye only, and certainly the most manifest first breath of a soul's utterance that we have ever seen in human language. It was sent us, some years ago, by one of her friends under a seal of privacy, which we presume is removed by her death. She wrote it while at Maulana, the missionary station in India, at which place she had been left by her dying husband, Dr. Judson, when he embarked on a nearly hopeless voyage for health. At the date of this poem he had been four months dead, although it was ten days before the sad news was communicated to her.

SWEET NOCTHURN.

The wild south-west wings has risen,
With broad, grey wings of gloom,
While here, from out my dreary prison,
I look as from a tomb—Alas!
My heart another tomb.
Upon the low thatched roof the rain
With ceaseless pattering falls;
My dearest thoughts have left its strains,
And gather on the walls; would heaven
I were only on the walls!
Sweet mother, I am here alone,
In sorrow and in pain;
The shadow from my heart is flown;
It feels the driving rain—ah, me!
The chill, and cold, and rain.
Four long months have whirled their round,
Since love upon it smiled,
And every thing of earth and air,
On thy poor stricken child, sweet friend,
Thy weary, suffering child.
I'd watch my loved one night and day,
As from his bosom swept away,
I'd in his bosom weep—Oh, God!
How had I prayed and wept!
And when they bore him to the ship,
I saw the white sails spread,
I kissed his forehead, quivering lip,
And left him on his way—Alas!
It seemed a coffin lid.
When from my gentle sister's tomb,
Long since, in death's calm,
Thou saidst, "How desolate each room!"
Well, mine were just the same that day—
The very, very same.
Thou, mother, little Charity came,
Our beautiful, fair boy,
With my own father's cherished name;
But, oh! he brought no joy—my child
Thought mourning, and no joy.
He little grave Lennox was,
Though weary months he sped
Since playing tips had over me,
And whistled, "His is done!" Mother
"Thou shalt be done!"
I do not mean for one like me—
So weary, worn and weak—
Death's shadowy palace seems to be
E'en now upon my cheek—his seal
On form, and brow, and cheek.
But for a bright-winged bird like him
To hush his joyous song,
And prisoned in this coffin lid,
To join that grisly throng,
Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear
To think of this to-day!
It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay—my heart
Still lingers by his clay.
And when for one loved far more,
Come thickly gathering round,
My star of faith is clouded, say,
I seek beneath my tears, sweet friend,
My heavy weight of fears.
Oh, but to feel thy fond arms twine
Around me once again!
It almost seems those lips of thine
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe
This dull, cold, heavy pain.
But, gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee,
For helplessness, creeping life forms
Cling trailing to me—poor wretch
To have no guide but me.
With weary feet and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and aching eye,
Thy dove looks backward sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast
Seeks never, never more.
Sweet mother, for thy wanderer pray,
That lovelier life be given;
Her broken words all meet my ear,
That she may lean on Heaven—her heart
Gone strong in Christ and Heaven.
Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew
Lay sparkling on my breast,
My bounding heart thought but to go,
To work at Heaven's behest—my pains
Come at the same behest!
All fearfully, all fearfully—
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eyes lifted to the sky,
Fast to the Cross I cling—Oh, Christ,
To thy dear Cross I cling.
Maulana, August 7, 1850.

A REMEDY.—Dear Telegraph.—Seeing you kindly yourself somewhat upon our medical family receipts, by which I have benefited myself, I will send you one which I thoroughly tried for cholera, rheumatism, summer complaint in children, and many other ailments, and also dyspepsia. The dose is six (not more) drops of pure brandy, three times a day or oftener. For threatened cholera, sudden or violent cold, one drop for a child one year old. Laugh but try it.—*Bermantown Telegraph.*

HENRY LAWSON; OR, THE LAST GAME.

BY HORACE G. WOOD.

CHAPTER FIRST.

In one of those princely mansions so numerous upon Regent street, in the metropolis of England, upon the evening of July 7th, 1854, sat a young lady of uncommon personal beauty, evidently awaiting the arrival of someone who was unusually dilatory; for every now and then she would anxiously look at the house-clock that was ticking in the corner, and then turning her gaze into the street, would hurriedly exclaim:

"Why don't he come?"
"At length the clock struck eleven."
"He will be here soon," said she, as the last vibrating sound died away, "he certainly will not stay longer." But the poor woman was destined to disappointment.—The clock struck twelve, and still he was awfully. "What can this mean?" said she, anxiously. "Perhaps some mischief has befallen him."

And as she ceased speaking, she buried her face in her snowy hands and sat for several moments wrung in deep thought.—At length a strange suspicion seemed to cross her mind, and her face lit up with a singular expression as she arose from the richly carpeted sofa upon which she had been reclining, and opened a secret drawer of her secretary.

"Yes, yes, he has gone to the gaming-house, O merciful Heaven! why was I permitted to live until now, to know, to feel my husband's disgrace?" said she, as she laid into the drawer a roll of bank bills which she had just been counting, and at the same time sinking back upon the sofa and bursting into a violent fit of weeping.

The agonized woman wept long and bitterly under the tumult of emotions that were raging in her breast. The clock struck one, and before its last echo had receded, the parlor-door opened, and Henry Lawson, the dilatory husband, entered the room.

His eyes beamed with a wild expression as they fell upon his wife, who paled and weeping, still sat upon the sofa awaiting his arrival. Hurriedly approaching her, in a husky voice, quite unusual to him, he said:

"Ellen, why are you here?"

"I was waiting for you," said she, as she turned her eyes imploringly to his. "I could not sleep when you were away so uncommonly late. Where have you been?"

"Henry, who never concealed anything from his wife, frankly answered,

"At Barker's card saloon."
"Oh! Henry," exclaimed the agonized woman, "can it be! Why did you go there?"

"For gold!" answered he, in an excited voice, at the same time bringing his clenched hand forward upon the table.

"Think of the disgrace, Henry," said Ellen, startled at the strange manner of her husband.

"Disgrace! Why is it a disgrace to gain money from an individual who consents to stake it upon a game at cards, more than in the ordinary run of trade? Is not the world a gambling shop, and are not all who are in it gamblers?"

"Henry," said his wife, alarmed at the philosophy which he had so recently adopted, "you look upon this matter in its wrong light. Gambling, in and of itself, may not be a sin; but it is certainly a monstrous evil, and involves the most horrid results. Think of the families that are impoverished, the thousands that are almost daily ruined by its fascinating charms. Led along its gilded labyrinth has many a noble man step by step gone down to the dark abyss of destruction; whereas, had they accumulated by honest industry, they might have freed happily, and died contentedly, mild and wealthy and true, a blessing themselves and society. Oh! Henry, who knows but that you?"

Here the poor wife paused. She could not find voice to utter the words that lay in her mind, but leaning her head upon her husband's bosom, she wept long and loud. The guilty husband sat for some moments in silence. At length he said,

"Come, Ellen, we will retire," saying which, he arose, and followed by his wife, left the parlor.

Let us here pause, and for a moment take a glance at Henry Lawson's private history.

Henry Lawson was the only son of a man of wealth and influence, in London. At an early period of his life he exhibited extraordinary talents, and was placed under the tuition of the best teachers in England, by his idolatrous father. Having received all the honors of Oxford, he was placed at the Law, and at the period when we find him was in the midst of a lucrative practice. His father watched his progress with anxiety, and looked proudly forward to the time when he should be at the head of the bar.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Five weeks have passed away since the events recorded in the preceding chapter occurred, and Henry Lawson is nervously pacing his drawing-room in a high state of excitement.

At this moment Ellen entered the room, pale and thin, yet beautiful.

"Henry," said she, as she entered, "you will certainly not go there to-night. Do stay with me."

"No, no, Ellen, I cannot stay. I must go to-night; but I promise you that it shall be the last time."

"Do not, O! do not go to-night, but tell me that you will never go again," said Ellen, imploringly.

"No, I say I must go to-night," said he, fiercely, "but this shall be my last visit there."

"Oh! Henry, it would have been well with you had you never gone there, but—"

"Stop! Ellen, do not upbraid me," said her husband, interrupting her. "I shall go, and that villain who has so effectually deceived me shall return at least a part of my fortune."

"Who is this skillful gamester?" inquired his wife.

"I do not know, neither does any one in the city know from whence he came, nor how, nor when; but he is a skillful player, and has fleeced me," replied Henry in an excited voice; "at the same time approaching his wife, and taking her hand in his, he said, 'Ellen, you know that all is gone; all save this ring.'"

"At these words he quickly drew from her finger the sacred memento.

Ellen fairly shrieked as she saw that treasured article, that memento given her by her mother when on her death-bed, thus taken from her. She had borne her husband's ill fortune calmly. She had seen all go without a murmur. But when that precious gift was torn from her, it was too much.

"Oh! Henry, do return me the ring. Do not stake that. Stop!"

But her husband had gone. He nervously rushed along the crowded walk with the ring clutched tightly in his hand, and at length drew up in front of the gaming-shop. Entering, he found the successful stranger seated at the table, awaiting his coming.

"Hal! my boy, I've been waiting for you some time, and began to think that perhaps you had concluded to back out," said he, as Henry entered.

"I am not the man to yield until fairly prodded," said Henry, seating himself opposite the stranger.

"Well, how much do you stake on this game?" said he, taking up and commencing to shuffle the cards.

"One hundred pounds, and offer this in pledge," said Henry, laying the ring upon the table, which the stranger took up, and having examined minutely, said,

"Done!"

The stakes were put up, and the game commenced. Henry played well and won. In the next and next games he met with equal success, and had won in all just one thousand pounds. Flushed with success, he said,

"I stake eleven hundred pounds on the next game."

"Done!" said the stranger.

They played, and Henry lost.

Arising hurriedly from his seat, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and quicker than thought pointed it at the stranger, at the same time exclaiming,

"Miserable villain! you, by your vile arts, jugglery, have robbed me of my fortune, everything, but the clothes upon my back. You have ruined me; and now return one-half of that which you have taken from me, or you shall die!"

For a moment the successful gamester did not speak. At length he said,

"Young man, you speak truly. I have robbed you of all your earthly possessions except your health, talents, and a lovely wife. You are not ruined. You can yet by industry retrieve your broken fortune, and I shall not."

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—The Albany Journal gives us the following record, the result thus far of the passage of the Nebraska bill and other unpopular and outrageous measures of the Pierce and Douglas Administration:

A Whig Senator from Maine.

The overthrow of the President's best friends in his own State of New Hampshire.

The conversion of the Administration party, into an anti-Administration Free Soil Party in Vermont.

A Free Soil Whig Senator from Massachusetts.

The substitution of a Whig for a "Democratic" State Government in Rhode Island.

Two Whig Senators, a Whig Legislature and Whig State Officers in Connecticut.

Annihilation of the President's party in New York.

Ditto in New Jersey.

The same in Pennsylvania.

Consolidation of a great Republican party opposed to the Administration in the previously "Democratic" State of Ohio.

A second edition of the same work in Michigan.

A third one in Indiana.

A fourth in Wisconsin.

The choice between defeat and withdrawal of all the Douglas candidates, in Douglas' own State of Illinois.

A Whig Legislature, Whig Congressmen, and two Whig Senators in the "Democratic" slave-holding State of Missouri.

But lastly and better than all comes Iowa a State, which her recreant Senator, Augustus Caesar Dodge, boasted never cast anything else than a Democratic vote.

We now have a Whig Congress, a Whig Legislature, Whig Congressmen, and as another result, Mr. A. C. Dodge will be excused from going back to the Senate, and in his place will likely have the gallant Fitz Henry Warren.

"KNOW-NOTHINGS."—Hitherto we have carefully abstained from denouncing the suspected existence of a secret political organization denominated Know-Nothing.

But all our contemporaries have had more or less to say about them, and hence we think it time for us also to "come down on them!"

It is worthy of remark, that very many of the Administration papers are savagely anathematizing this new-born Sampson of Politics, and making ceaseless efforts to shear his locks. Their dolorous howls as they gallop in pursuit along the track straddled by the ancient inhabitants of the rookeries of old fogginess, and disturb their blissful dreams of political nap.

To be sure, these sore-headed apostles of wrath know not whereof they complain, but they do know since the so-called Know-Nothing, has been in progress, whereby the worst politicians have been rejected and the best put in office.

If this be the fruit by which we are to judge the Know-Nothing tree, we will not hesitate to pronounce it very good indeed.

And we hope the tree may plant its roots deep in Republican soil, and live and bear fruit to the honor and glory and immortality of American Liberty.—*Eaton Register.*

AN officer in Admiral Napier's fleet writes as follows:

There is not an inch of the Gulf of Bothnia but we have crossed over; it is a strange place; the effect of the irregular refraction is very singular, the other morning we saw a light house up in the air and on looking up the chart it was proved to be only fifty or sixty miles off. Ships appear when you are nearly a days sail from them, now with three hulls, now without sails, in a moment with a cloud of canvas, now turned upside down, and half a dozen ships are over the other, all as large as the biggest three-decker; when you come up with her she is some insignificant little coaster. We are in a couple of degrees of the Arctic Circle; the sun does not set until 10 P. M., and he rises about two; we have broad daylight all the time he is below the horizon. We are going on up to the head of the Gulf, and when we do we shall see the sun at midnight.

"I MUST GO."—A common word, and yet how full of meaning!

"The school bell is ringing," says the innocent little prattler at play, "and I must go." "The hour of labor has come," says the man of toil, "and I must go." "A dying parishioner has sent for me," says the clergyman, "and I must go."

"Another weary, cheerless, thankless day calls me to the sanctuary," says the editor, "and I must go." "I have a weighty case on hand to-day, one demanding all my time and attention," says the lawyer, "and I must go." "I must go"—as if the universal motto of the age—is heard, echoed, and re-echoed on every side, by old and young, high and low, rich and poor, happy and miserable. All must go, all are young, and yet the restless, heaving, surging tide of humanity is never gone.

We might, perhaps, introduce this expressive phrase into some of our greater length and of more than ordinary interest; but having other thoughts and other duties to look after, we, too, "must go," and content with skimming along on two.

"It's getting late," says the lover of the loved one, "and I must go." "I must bid farewell to a time for those charmed, blissful hours, once more to mingle in the perplexities of a busy world. Then straining her fondly to his bosom, and passionately pressing those sweet lips to his own, he is gone—gone! those happy days may return, or, perchance, till he may lead the gentle chimeras of his life a willing captive to the infernal altar.

One short year rolls round, and how changed the scene. Again as then, 'tis night. A wan, pale being, of emaciated and fragile form, is lying on her dying couch. The long, weary days, and dreary nights have passed away. Her hours of anguish are no more. The insidious destroyer has done his work. Friends, near and dear are around her—but these cannot arrest the hand of disease or postpone the parting hour. Feebly she raises her snowy hand. "Hark! the angels are whispering 'Come, come!' and I must go."—*Hartford Cour.*

"Young man! cherish these memories, if you would escape the contaminations around you. Let the feeling—remember me to those at home!" come into your heart, when tempted to join the drunken orgies of the midnight revel. Let your conduct be so blameless and so useful that you can never feel your cheek tingle with the shame that would prevent you from saying, remember me to those at home!—*Hartford Cour.*

"I Twenty-eight years ago, Jo Smith, the founder of the sect, and Harris, his first convert applied to the Senior Editor of the Journal, then residing at Rochester, to print his 'Book of Mormon,' then just translated from the 'Golden Bible' which 'Jo' had found in the cleft of a rock, to which he had been guided by a vision.

We attempted to read the first chapter, but it seemed such unintelligible jargon, that it was thrown aside. 'Jo' was a tavern idler in the village of Palmyra, Harris, who offered to pay for the printing, was a substantial farmer. Disgusted with what we deemed a 'weak invention' of an impostor, and not caring to strip Harris of hard earnings, the proposition was declined.

The manuscript was taken to another printing office, from whence, in due time, the original 'Mormon Bible' made its debut.

"All trace from little Adams gone!" But who would have anticipated, from such a bold, shallow, senseless imposture, such world-wide consequences? To remember and contrast 'Jo Smith,' with his lecherous look, pretending to recede from a miraculous claim, and his fat, with the Mormonism of the present day, awaken a thought alike painful and mortifying.

There is no limit, even in the most enlightened of all the ages of knowledge, to the influence of imposture and credulity. If knaves, or even fools, invent creases, nothing is too monstrous for belief. Nor does the fact—not denied or disguised—that all the Mormon leaders are rascals as well as impostors, either open the eyes of their dupes or arrest the progress of delusion.—*Albany Evening Jour.*

IT is related of GIBBARD, that when a young tradesman, having bought and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his new customer to as many more bags as the latter might desire.

The young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Gibbard. He became a favored dealer with the enterprising merchant, throne rapidly, and in the end amassed a fortune.

LOCKE.—Mr. Locke was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and deep. He replied that he attributed what little he knew, to the not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men, on those topics which they formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits.

PRESERVED TOMATOES FOR PIES.—There is no better pie or tart in winter than that made from properly preserved tomatoes. Care should be taken to select good, sound fruit, when they should be put down in sugar by the usual process of stowing, and put away in stone jars with the customary care. They make not only an excellent pie, but a wholesome pie, if any material can do this.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Sir Walter Scott gives us to understand that he met with any man let his calling be what it might, even the most staid fellow that ever rubbed down a horse, from whom he could not by a few moments conversation, learn something which he did not before know, and which was valuable to him.

This will account for the fact that he seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of every thing.

THUNDER AT A DISCOUNT.—In consequence of some government agents in the Central American Republic of Honduras, the Pope of Rome excommunicated General Barrandina, the President. When the general was received in Honduras, the General summoned a large concourse of people, including the chief dignitaries, civil and military, and after reading the document to them, he exclaimed it was a cannon with them, and he crumpled it into a ball, and with his own hand, pointed the piece toward, and fired it off.

AN English jury, in a criminal case, brought in the verdict—"Guilty with some little doubt as to whether he is the man." More like an Irish jury.

The fellow that kissed the face of nature, says it didn't go half so well as the business of some of his lady friends.

HOME.—A pleasant journey to you; remember me to those at home!

So spoke a young man on our hearing to a friend who was about to visit his native town. As he turned away, we could perceive the workings of the remembrance of home, and the enjoyment of early life, rising up in his memory, and in rapid and brilliant panorama, passing before his recollection. "Home!" Were his parents there, with whose images were entwined the earliest fondest memories? Did they not rise up before him with their silver locks waving in the wind as he saw them watching his last departure? That sister—the earliest playmate of his childhood and the dearest and nearest friend of his boyhood—was not her bright but tearful face before him like a rose washed in dew? "Home! How swift the mind flew from the dusty noisome, busy street, back to the shadowing trees of the old homestead—to the clear bubbling brook that trickled through the meadows—to the lowing of the distant cows in the sunny morning as they moved lazily along to their pasture on the hill side—to the twittering of the martins in the box which he had made himself for them by his chamber window—to all those images of a country home which he had relinquished in all his youth and vigor, for the contest of the freer city, the life struggle which can only be terminated by the grave.

"Remember me to those at home!" Did he think them of that blushing girl, and the sweet voice, pouring forth that gush of rich music, in the little gallery of the humble church? or of those moonlight walks by the silver streamlet when young love first beat in his breast? was she included in this memory of blessedness?

Young man! cherish these memories, if you would escape the contaminations around you. Let the feeling—remember me to those at home!" come into your heart, when tempted to join the drunken orgies of the midnight revel. Let your conduct be so blameless and so useful that you can never feel your cheek tingle with the shame that would prevent you from saying, remember me to those at home!—*Hartford Cour.*

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THE JOYOUS BARTER. Wonders hold, with a deep philosophy, that the language of birds is the expression of pleasure. Let those whose hearts are attuned to peace, in listening to this language, not forget the poet's moral:

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I rest reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran,
And much I loved when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Through primrose tuft, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreath,
And 'twixt the eaves and flow'ers
The daisy hid its head.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure,
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The building vespers ceased their din,
To catch the breathy air,
I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From Thomson if this ballad be seen,
If such be Thomson's truly made,
Here I find reasons to be true,
What thus he made of me?

ONE OF THE WITNESSES.—The following curious colloquy took place not a hundred miles from Pittsburgh, the other day between the Common wealth's counsel and a reluctant witness, in a liquor case:

Counsel—Have you, prior to July 10th last past, purchased any intoxicating liquors of the defendant?

Witness—Not that I remember.

Counsel—Have you obtained any at his store?

Witness—Not that I remember.

Counsel—Will you try to recollect, bear in mind that you are under oath.

Witness—I am trying. (A pause.)

Counsel—Well, witness, what do you say now?

Witness—I haven't made any discoveries yet.

Counsel—Have you not told persons within a week, that you had bought liquor of defendant?

Witness—Not that I remember.

Counsel—Did you not tell me yesterday that you had bought spirits of defendant?

Witness—Yes, sir.