

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Monthly in advance, \$1.50 for the end of six months, \$8.00 for the end of the year, &c.

ADVERTISING. One square three weeks \$1.00. Two squares three weeks \$1.50. Three squares three weeks \$2.00. Four squares three weeks \$2.50. One square one month \$2.00. Two squares one month \$3.00. Three squares one month \$4.00. Four squares one month \$5.00.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. FARMERS BANK OF ASHTABULA. OFFICE HOURS. From 9 A. M. to 12 M. and from 1 to 3 P. M.

FABINGTON & HALL, Physicians and Surgeons. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

OPRENTISS, M. D.,—Mourcelle, Huron County, O.

HALL, KELLOGG, & WADE, Attorneys at Law. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

CHARLES BOOTH,—Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

W. B. CHAPMAN,—Attorney at Law. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

CHAFFIN & WOODRURY, Attorneys. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

FISK HOUSE, Ashtabula, Ohio. K. L. Fisk, Proprietor. An excellent restaurant and bar.

AMERICAN HOUSE, Ashtabula, Ohio. John Thompson, Proprietor.

ASHTABULA HOUSE, Ashtabula, Ohio. Robert C. Warming, Proprietor.

S. BENHAM, Jr., Dealer in Dry Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

EDWARD H. ROBERTS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

J. P. ROBERTSON, Dealer in Dry Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

ROOT & MORRISON, Dealers in Dry Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

GEORGE WILKINSON, Dealer in Dry Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

J. G. WRIGHT, Dealer in Millinery Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

WELLS & MALLAN, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Butter and Cheese.

FRITCH & SMITH, General Grocers and Dealers in Provision, Produce, and so forth. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

S. R. BECKWITH, Surgical and Mechanical Dealer. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

O. A. AMSDEN, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

A. W. STEELE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

BRIGHAM & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of Groceries, Flour, and so forth. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

J. A. TALCOTT, Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

A. FASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, and Conveyance of Real Estate. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

C. C. DIBBLE, General Collector, and Loan and Real Estate Agent. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

ALEXANDER GARRETT, Land Agent No. 10 Water Street, Cleveland, O. Lands for sale in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

T. POWER & SON, Machinists—builders of stationary and portable steam engines. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, and so forth. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fencing, &c. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

J. B. CHOSBY, Iron Founder, and manufacturer and Dealer in Pumps, Cast Iron, Mill Castings, &c. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

W. W. SMITH, Manufacturer of Sole, Up per and Harness Leather, and Dealer in French Calf and Lining Skins. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Violoncellos. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

J. E. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Books, and Stationery. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of a variety of Furniture of the best quality. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

G. B. HOLBROOK, Practical Surveyor. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

D. PHILLIPS, Boot and Shoe Store. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

Burning of the Austria. Details of the Calamity. Statement of Mr. Alfred Vezin.

SPENGLERIAN WRITING.—A new short method of writing, called the Spenglerian system, is now being taught in this city.

A. RAYMOND, Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Plants. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

W. R. ALLEN, Book Binder. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

H. A. MARSH, Successor to E. Howell, Dealer in Stationery and Printing. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

WILLARD & REEVES, Dealers in Italian and French Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

A. L. THURSTON, Cartman. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potatoes, and other Horticultural Goods. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

STANTON & BROTHER, Livery and Sale Stable. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

J. LIME, We shall sell Lime at the Harborside of the city of Ashtabula, Ohio.

HALL & SEYMOUR, Forwarding and Commission Merchants. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

GRISWOLD & STORES, Produce Commission Merchants. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

FLANNERY & COMPANY, Dealers in Groceries and Provisions. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

Ashtabula P. O.—Closing of Mail. The mail will close at 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail will close at 10 o'clock and 11 o'clock.

On and after Monday May 14, 1858. CLEVELAND AND ERIE R. ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING EAST. Day Freight—No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING WEST. Night Express, East and West, stop at all stations en route. Office at the old stand of Dr. Farrington.

How Cyrus Laid the Cable. A BALLAD BY JOHN G. RAKE.

Come listen all unto my song, It is no idle tale; 'Tis all about the mighty cord, They call the Atlantic Cable.

Old Cyrus Field he said, says he, I had a pretty notion That I can run a telegraph Across the Atlantic Ocean.

Then all the people laughed, and said, "They'd like to see him do it; He might get his fingers nipped, But he never could go through it; To carry out his foolish plan He never would be able; He might as well hang himself With his Atlantic Cable."

But Cyrus was a valiant man, A fellow of decision; And heeded not their mocking words, Their laughter and derision.

Twice did his bravest efforts fail, And yet his mind was stable; He'd not the man to break his heart Because he broke his cable.

"Once more, my gallant boys!" he cried, "Three times—you know the fable— 'Til I make it thirty," muttered he, "But I will lay the cable!"

Once more they tried—hurrah! hurrah! With shouts and great commotion; The Lord be praised! the cable's laid Across the Atlantic Ocean!

Long ring the bells, for flashing through Six hundred leagues of water, Old mother England's benison Salutes her eldest daughter.

Over all the land the tidings speed, They'll hear about the cable with Proud content and admiration.

Now long live JESUS, and long live YIC, And long live gallant CYRUS; And may his courage, faith, and zeal With emulation fire us!

And may we honor heroes And the manly, bold, and stable, And tell our sons, to make them brave, How CYRUS laid the cable.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co., in East Bridgeport, are increasing the number of their operatives, and adding to their machinery. They now employ about 250 hands, and propose soon to turn out 1,500 machines per month—instead of 1,200 as at present.—Bridgport, Ct., Standard.

An Ohio paper, speaking of the crops says that in some things, the crops has failed during the past season to do her appointed work. The fact is, she drank a good deal too much during the spring and the early summer.

A LADY, writing from TEXAS, speaks of having waked up one morning and found herself in bed with a serpent. A great many ladies have found themselves in the same predicament—and some gentlemen.

We see some discussion as to the name by which the bed upon the bed of the Atlantic should be called. The word cable is thought inappropriate. Suppose we call it the Atlantic bed.

It appeared so suddenly that it seemed as if some unseen power below had caught them and dragged them under. Mr. Sondheim of New York, was quite distracted. His wife and five little ones were with him. He sought in vain for some means to save them, and when at last there seemed no hope, he quietly waited the moment when they were forced to jump from the vessel. The steward and stewardess, who had succeeded in reaching the deck before the flames had extended into the cabin, were known to be lovers. They remained by one another, exhibiting the fondest affection. When forced by the heat to go overboard, they embraced and kissed one another, sprang into the water, and sank locked in each others arms. There was several newly married couples on board among the German passengers. The husband of one of these ladies, succeeded in getting hold of a piece of rope which they tied about the waists of their wives in the hope of being able to save them. A sea captain from New Orleans and his wife were passengers. For some time he made strenuous efforts to extinguish the fire, by lifting water with buckets up the ship's side. The tackle, however, would become entangled, and when the buckets were drawn to the deck they would be half empty.

When Mr. Vezin had got his mother and sisters together on the quarter deck, he endeavored to calm their fears and to persuade them that there was no immediate danger. He then left them for a moment to look for some means to save them. He returned with a piece of rope which he tied about the waists of his children on one side, and the quarter-deck, where he was unable to reach them. He had brought with him a tin bucket which he asked his mother to take, and inverting it, use it as a life-preserver. She refused it, remarking that it was useless. He again departed in the hope to find some other means available to save the lives of his mother and sisters, but his search was fruitless.

During all this scene of excitement, the sufferers gazed wistfully toward the horizon, and the man at the wheel was asked to alter the direction of the vessel which their despair was almost maddened as it became evident that they must be lost before the succor should reach them, and one by one they jumped into the deep, with their gaze but a moment before fixed upon what they had hoped would rescue them from an impending death. At last Mr. Vezin was forced to secure some place of protection from the intense heat. But few of the whole number who had assembled on the quarter deck were now remaining. Discovering a rope hanging over the starboard quarter, he let himself down, and was thus secured from the heat. But the position he occupied was underneath some burning rigging, and fragments from this were constantly falling upon him. Several times his clothes caught fire, and as his last resource he let himself into the water, still holding fast to the rope. While here he heard the explosion of the keg of powder in the magazine. At frequent intervals persons remaining on the quarter-deck would jump overboard and sink within a few yards of where he was floating suspended by his rope. Mr. Trott of New York swung down to where he was, but slipping down too far was washed off by the sea and lost. Near him were four or five young Germans, believed to be mechanics of this city, clinging to a rope hanging over the stern. They were unable to hold on, and gradually losing their hold and dropped off one by one. Mr. Bugel, a well-known apothecary from Baton Rouge, La., and a very kind-hearted man, had lowered himself by one of the boat ropes that hung from the davits near Vezin, and held on for a time; but the sea washed over him repeatedly, until he became very much exhausted and expected momentarily to be swept from his hold. Turning to Vezin he desired him, if he lived, to tell his wife that he thought of her in his last moments, and sent her his undying love. Vezin promised to do this if he survived.

Mr. Vezin soon after discovered an object floating on the water a short distance from him. His position then was imminent peril. He was frequently submerged by the waves, and he knew that he must eventually be exhausted. The only object near appeared to be a cork life-buoy, to which he resolved to trust himself. He communicated his intention to Bogel, and telling him to take his place, quitted the rope and struck out for that which was his hope of safety. In a moment the burning steamer was far away. By a few vigorous strokes he was enabled to reach his object. He had not counted wrongly. It proved to be a canvas bag filled with fragments of cork, and more than sufficient to buoy him up so long as he should be able to cling to it. For a long time he had been troubled with a disease of the heart, and up to the time when the calamity occurred he had suffered much from it. Notwithstanding his physical disability, he found himself possessed of a renewed strength, which was increased by observing from time to time after he had floated an hour or two, that the vessel he had watched with such intense interest from the steamer was nearing him. He occasionally came across fragments of wood which he caught, and combining them with his bag of cork made a small raft. What became of Mr. Bogel after Vezin left the steamer he could not say, but supposed that he was drowned.

Mr. Vezin floated about for several hours before he was picked up. About two hours after he left the ship he drifted near a colored steward named Edward Avindolph, who had a life preserver similar to his. The poor fellow was nearly chilled through, and his teeth chattered like one with the ague. He was ready to give up in despair, but Vezin cheered him up, and they mutually agreed if either of them were picked up first, to direct the boat in search of the other. When Vezin was rescued he kept his pledge. After floating about several hours he observed a boat coming toward him. He hailed her, and in a moment he heard his hall answered. He was assured then of his safety, and soon after the boat approached and took him in. Mr. Einfeld of this city was already in the boat, but senseless. The boat was about to pass him as dead when he was discovered floating on the surface. One of the crew fortunately changed his mind and returned to him. The subsequent day he was delirious from his sufferings, in the water and being badly burned, but there were no fears but that he would ultimately recover. He continued on the vessel to Fayal. Soon after Mr. Vezin was rescued they were hailed by one of the steamer's boats containing three officers and some of the crewmen of the Austria. They reported that when they left the steamer there were from fifty to sixty persons huddled in the chais about her bows. The first officer Hahn was asked to return with the boat to the steamer to rescue some of them he reported as alive about the bows. He seemed indifferent to their fate, and finally declined to return under the excuse that he had sent his boat adrift. The Maurice continued to sail about the steamer during the night, and in the morning ran near to the Austria. There were none then remaining on the bows. The body of one man was hanging by the neck over the bows, and the body of a woman was also suspended by the neck over the stern. They had probably placed the ropes about their bodies to escape the heat by lowering themselves over the side, and the ropes slipping had caught about their necks and strangled them.

Mr. Vezin states that the number of boats, even if all had been lowered safely and filled, was inadequate to rescue the passengers. There were only eight—four of them metallic life-boats in the bow, and four wooden boats in the stern. The utter inefficiency of the officers, too; the want of life-preservers and any means available to save life, were such as to render the wholesale slaughter inevitable. The kindness of the captain of the Maurice is highly spoken of by Mr. Vezin. He did everything in his power to alleviate their sufferings, which, in the case of those who were burned, were great.

Pass not by those erring degraded ones, with scorn and neglect. Speak kind, and loving words to them, the fragrance of which will linger with them, in many an after hour. There may come a time, when the little ones, so fondly cherished, and around which, so many bright hopes cluster, may be brought low, by this monster Intemperance. Then let us do unto others, as we would have them do unto us. Speak to them of that kind indulgent father, of that fond, tender-hearted mother, whose love never falters, nor failed for her wayward, erring child. Speak to them of the wife of their youth, who went early, broken-hearted, to her long rest in the grave, and of the little ones God gave them. Play upon their heart-strings, there is some chord, if rightly touched, will vibrate. Tell them there is hope for even them, that he who said "come unto me all ye who are weary" will hear and give them rest. Many times I met an old man who went by the sobriquet—"the old drunkard." I had known him in my early days, as a respectable, and influential citizen, when sunny-haired children, played around his hearthstone, and eager little ones, ran to meet him, and a loving wife welcomed him to his pleasant fireside. But a shadow came over that happy home, it deepened and darkened, until the hearts of those fond parents were well-nigh broken.

One by one their household treasures sickened, drooped, and died, and they left their little ones to rest, Laid their little forms so dead, With a tiny bud upon each breast, In the solemn church-yard ear.

Well do I remember my own dear mother, leading me to look upon my little playmates Willie's and Nellie's shrouded forms as they lay in their tiny coffin, smitten in the same day, together, they went up to him who says, "suffer little children to come unto me." Many years have come and gone since we stood beside the open grave of the last of that little band, but still I seem to hear that heart-broken wail of anguish, wrung from that guilt-stricken father and mother, as the earth fell upon that little coffin, (a sound we all shrink from) as the "man of God" repeated, "earth to earth, dust to dust," &c. There was none now to make childish music in their once happy home. The mother's step grew feeble and slow, as if the burden of sorrow she bore, was too much for her tender frame. A year rolled by, carrying with it, many crushed hopes, and blighted prospects, and they made a longer grave close by those little grassy mounds, but this time the father was alone with his grief. The mother was with her darlings, she had gone where sorrow does not come, nor flowers do not bloom to die. Do you wonder when that worldly man, returned to his desolate home, where there were none now, to quiet him with loving words and gentle caresses, he who had ever been a moderate drinker, and had not put his trust in him who says, he will be with us in all troubles, should seek the intoxicating bowl to drown his grief, why he drank until the demon Alcohol held him firmly in his grasp, and to day he wanders your streets, a drunkard. Home, wife, health, all gone, A lone, old man. Think of this, little children, and do not look at him, and call him the old drunkard. It may be your father will not always be able to resist temptation, when the early violets shall be blossoming above your young heads. Take him kindly by the hand, and lead him out of the hot sunshine that is scorching his gray hair, and give him a glass of cold water. Perhaps he will think it is his last little ones returned to him, his better feelings be aroused, and he will be saved. Again I met him, and as he grasped his hand and spoke of the past, his eye brightened, and his heart throbbled with joy.

and as we talked of by-gones, of those who have gone out, to come in no more, great sob convulsed the feeble old man, and tears rolled down his withered cheek. Oh, yes, there is a great spot way down in the hearts of these despairing ones, that may yet bear fruit, for a glorious immortality. Then speak gently to the inebriate. You may fan the last spark in the ashes of his decaying broken heart, into a flame which may burn brightly through all eternity, and a bright gem be added to the crown you shall wear "up there." Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

The Buffalo "Republic and Times" uses the following language in reference to the late and present Administration. The paper, it should be noticed, is Democratic—even now it urges a support of the Democratic State Ticket:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast—and although Mr. Buchanan was elected by the influence of the Pierce Administration, and the propagandists of the South, those who yearned for the preservation of freedom in the territories, and for the consequent avoidance of civil war and disruption of the Union, clung to a hopeless hope that he would, Sampson like, burst the wires of his Southern Delilah, and take a manly stand in defence of those principles for which he had affected to exchange the federalism of his earlier manhood. Alas! the hope was without foundation; instead of taking this faintly hoped-for course, he not only followed in the footsteps of his immediate predecessor, but outstripped Pierce himself, in piercing the heart of liberty in infant Kansas. To make short work of it, he pulled every string, set in motion every impulse, wielded every influence, and did every thing within the scope of his official power, regardless of the principles which should actuate the mind of a man, a patriot, a philanthropist and a Christian, to carry out the scheme of those who had broken down the Missouri Compromise, and to inflict human slavery on the virgin territory of Kansas.

We do not believe that a donkey is changed into a lion, by wearing a lion's skin. We do not believe that a falsehood can be converted into a truth, by swearing to it. We do not believe that the successful rule on the person of a profligate and graceless priest, can make him a true minister of God. Nor do we believe that the mere possession of the name and banner of the democracy, can make a man a democrat of the Jefferson school, who deliberately and determinedly acts in violation of the vital principles laid down by its founder. Hence we do not believe that those journals who have followed Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan in their crusade against freedom in the territories, and in their official efforts to aid the propagandists of the South in the extension of human slavery, have any more title to the name of democrat, than a pimp has to that of an honorable gentleman."

The Human Face.—The Rev. Orville Dowey in one of his lectures on the Problem of Human Destiny, remarks:

"The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the influence which it constantly exerts over the dumb animal, on whom man exercises his cruelty, if the horse or dog, when suffering by a blow from the violence of man, can turn upon him with a look of indignation or appeal, could any one resist the power of the mute expostulation. How extraordinary, too, the difference of expression in the human face, by which the recognition of personal identity is secured. On this small surface, nine inches by six, are depicted such various traits, that among the millions inhabiting on the earth, no two have the same lineament of the face. What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were alike; if fathers did not know their own children by sight, nor husbands their wives! But now we could pick our friends among the multitudes of the assembled universe."

John W. Forney on Mr. Buchanan. We take the following extract from the report of the New-York Evening Post, of Forney's Tarrytown Speech:

Mr. Forney reviewed the course of Mr. Buchanan, who was elected, he said, on the Shibboleth of popular sovereignty. Mr. Buchanan had told him a thousand lies: "The South shall vote for me, and the north must be secured; and the only way to secure the North is to convince the people that I will do right with the people of Kansas."

Mr. Hickman, whom the Republicans trusted, who had voted for the Topeka Constitution and denounced the Kansas Nebraska bill, was asked to take the stamp and pledge Mr. Buchanan to the principle of popular sovereignty. If he had carried out the pledges of his inaugural address, Mr. Buchanan would have extinguished the Republic and American names. When he nominated Mr. Walker for Governor of Kansas, that gentleman protested that it would be his ruin, and refused to accept until he had met the cabinet face to face, and all but one concurred with Mr. Walker's programme, and his consent was secured. When the administration departed from Mr. Buchanan, telling him that he was changed, and that they were at variance. Mr. Buchanan asked him, "If I change?" He assured Mr. Forney that he meant to make his Kansas policy a test. "Very well," replied Mr. Forney; "we will make it a test at the ballot box." The Presidency transformed a man into a rook, in his own estimation, or a fanatic. No body could approach power to tell the truth. The independent man was hurried away as a rule intruder. "His presidential patronage, greater than that of the British King, equal to that of the French Emperor, made Mr. Buchanan believe he could succeed. But the Administration will be Tylerized; supported by officeholders and expectants only."

To a friend who had married a lady who was on the point of taking a wife, Jurold said, "Ah! she evidently thought you better than she."

Constancy of Avon Barr. In those fortunate years it was that Colonel Barr paid his court to the lovely Philadelphia's ever lovely belle, and had the narrow escape from a second marriage. They met—"tress in a crowd," and each was smitten with the other's pleasant qualities. Again, he saw her at her father's table, where his attentions were equally pointed and welcome. A late letter, which he sought, was interrupted by the entrance of her father, but he manner seemed to beckon him on. He was almost in love. Summoning her father to his apartments by note, and the old gentleman appearing with the hour, the enamored one came to the point with a promptness and self-possession impossible in a lover under forty.

"Is Celeste engaged?" "She is not."

"Would it be agreeable to her parents if Colonel Barr should make overtures for her hand?" "It would be most agreeable."

The lady had gone to spend some days six miles into the country, and thither her lover rides the next morning, with an eager but composed mind. Celeste enters the drawing room, though he had not asked especially for her. Conversation ensues. She is all wit and gaiety; more charming than ever, the lover thinks. He tries to turn the conversation to the subject nearest his heart; but she, with the good humored, graceful malice of lovely women, defuses his endeavor, and so at last, quite captivated, he takes his leave.

The same hour on the following morning finds him, once more, tete a tete with the beautiful Celeste. Conversation ensues. But this time the great question was put. To the surprise of this renowned lady-killer, Celeste replies that she is firmly resolved never to marry!

"Am very sorry to hear it, madam; I had promised myself very great happiness, but cannot blame your determination."

"She replied: "No; certainly, sir, you cannot; for I recollect to have heard you express surprise that any woman should marry, and you gave such reasons, and with so much eloquence as made an indelible impression upon my mind."

The disappointed cavalier received his rebuff with perfect courtesy and good humor. They parted the best friends.

"Have you any commands in town, madam? I wish you a good morning."

Two days passed. Then a note from Celeste surprised the rejected, informing him, that she was in town for a few hours, and would be glad to see him. He was puzzled and hastened to her for a solution. The interview lasted two hours, in the course of which the tender subject was delicately touched, but the lover forbore to raise his suit, and the conversation ended without result.

Next day another note from the lady, sent in from the country, expressing "an unalterable determination never again to listen to his suit, and requesting that the subject might never be renewed."

Late in the evening of the same day, on returning to his lodgings, the Vice President learned that a boy had been there three times that afternoon to deliver a message to him, but had refused to say from whom it came. At last Colonel Barr's servant had traced the boy to the town residence of Celeste. Early the next morning the message came. Celeste requested an interview. Post haste the Vice President hurried to the presence of his beloved. He could not engage with a visitor, but he seconded the conditions for a visit, and she, in return, and in payment for her quest. At length they were alone, and he waited for her to state her reasons for desiring to see him. With extreme embarrassment she stammered out, after several vain attempts to speak, that she feared her note had not been couched in terms sufficiently polite, and she had therefore wished for an opportunity to apologize. She could utter no more. He, expecting no such matter, started in dumb astonishment, with an absurd half-grin upon his countenance. As she sat deeply engaged in tearing to pieces some roses, and he in pinching new corners to the rim of his hat—the all his blushes and confusion—he continued and speechless—the pains, he afterwards thought, would have made a capital subject for a painter. It was the first to recover power to articulate. Denying roundly that the fatal note was anything but polite and proper, he offered to return it, and begged to be allowed to call the next morning a renew his suit. To this, she objected, but faintly. Waiving his request for a formal permission, he changed the subject, and after an hour's most unpleasant conversation, took his leave.

He now confessed to Theodosia (his daughter), to whom the affair had been circumstantially related, from day to day that he was in the condition of a certain county judge, before whom a cause had been long and ingeniously argued by the lawyers. "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "you must get along as well as you can; for my part, I'm swamped." But the patient Theodosia was not puzzled in the least. "She must," wrote Theodosia, "from the beginning to say that awful word, yes; but not choosing to say it immediately, she told you that you had furnished her with arguments against matrimony, which in French means, please sir, to persuade me out of them again." But you took it as a pump-and-iron, and walked off. She called you weak. What more could she do? I would have done as much."

However, the offer of marriage was never renewed. The lover was probably himself undecided as to the desirability of the match. But between him and Celeste there was always a tender friendship, and for many months it seemed likely enough that at some unexpected moment the conclusion word would be spoken.

A REPENTANT DRY GOODS MERCHANT. Among the recent conversions that of Mr. —, a large dry goods dealer. After his conversion he sent to a neighboring minister and told him there were so many tricks in the trade, that he was convinced that no man could be honest and obtain a living by the sale of dry goods.

"Then," said the minister, "I suppose you intend to give up your business and go into something else?"

"Oh! no; I will not give up the honest career. I shall attend only to the purchase of goods, and leave all the selling to my clerk."