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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

SUBMISSION.——BY C. F. ORNE.

We ask not, Father, that thou spare us,
We do not seek the stroke to shun;
We only pray that strength be given,
Calmly to say "Thy will be done."

We know 'tis good to be afflicted,
We feel it draws us nearer Thee;
Thro' the dark clouds that frown above us,
Bright beams of mercy we may see.

By the [illegible] Thee will lead us,
Far from the troubled scenes of life;
Thy hand of love will gently guide us
Through all the rugged ways of life.

Thou wilt not leave us or forsake us,
If we in Faith, and Hope and Love,
Calmly submissive to Thy guidance,
Look ever to Thy throne above.

Thy hand may heavily afflict us,
Yet, merciful and holy One!
Yet will we trust thee though thou slay us,
Yet will we say, "Thy will be done!"

AUTUMN.

The dying year! the dying year!
The heaven is clear and mild;
And withering all the fields appear,
Which once with verdure smiled.

The summer ends its short career—
The zephyr breathes farewell!
And now upon the closing year
The yellow glories dwell.

The radiant clouds float slow above
The lake's transparent breast;
In splendid foliage all the grove
Is fancifully dressed.

On many a tree the autumn throws
Its brilliant robes of red,
As sickness lights the cheeks of those
It hastens to the dead.

The time is flattering and bright,
But tell of death like this;
And they that see its gathering light,
Their lingering hopes dismiss.

Oh! thus serene and free from fear
Shall be our last repose;
Thus like the Sabbath of the year
Our latest evening close.

Miscellaneous.

From the Ladie's National Magazine.

Meetings and Partings
UNDER THE OLD CEDAR.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEARSON.

It was an autumn afternoon. The fields were all unburdened of their treasure, and left sere and desolate, except here and there where a tall weed tossed its white blossoms by the fence. The forests had changed their gold and crimson glory for a russet hue, though a few leaves still whirled downward on the gusty air, covering the tender forest flower like a blessing from on high to shield it from the approaching winter. The pure blue waters of the river seemed to linger on their way like all the summer beauties loath to say farewell. Near the river grew a tall, dark cedar, a noble tree, which trembled not at the changing of the seasons, for winter and summer its dark tresses remained the same, and its beautiful clusters of variegated berries were a store for the wild bird when all other supplies had failed. No person living could remember when that tree was young, for the oldest men in the vicinity had played under the old cedar in their childhood; and many an aged grandmother remembered that she had listened to the first tale of young love in the shadow of that tree, and still it was fair and strong, and threw a shadow cool and dark on the green turf beneath it, and on the bright waters that seemed lingering to enjoy its beauty.

Suddenly a little boat glided across the river from the opposite shore, where glittered spire and dome, and the more humble edifices of a small town, before which on the rippling tide trembled several gallant vessels. The boat contained but one man, a young and handsome person, whose black and passionate eyes were fixed upon that cedar with anxiety and impatience in every glance. He moored the boat in the shade and walked up the path past the cedar to the summit of the river bank. There he stood, and looked away to a distant mansion, which lay bosomed in green trees, and surrounded by fair fields and orchards, now sere and bare. Presently he turned and walked back towards the river muttering "woman's truth! She was to meet me at sunset!" Moodily he retraced his way and came again to the tree. "Is it possible that she will not come?" he said, and sat down on a rough white rock. The shades of night were gathering in the distance when a white robed form appeared stealthily moving along a sequestered path towards him. It came near, it paused and evidently trembled. "Clara!" he cried, and in a moment he clasped the long expected one to his bosom.

"Why are you here so late?" he asked reproachfully.

"You are aware," she said "that I could not come openly. I made a visit to Emeline Bassett, and then came down this way."

"Bless you Clara!" cried the impetuous lover.

"How very cruel your father is."

"No, Howard, my father is not cruel. He is and ever has been a kind father to me. In this thing, he is perhaps, unreasonably prejudiced; but I believe that his aim solely my welfare and happiness."

"And you will secure that welfare and happiness by obeying him in all things."

"I have not obeyed my father in all things. If I had I should not have been here to listen to your taunts," she said sorrowfully.

"Forgive me my dear," he said, "I did not intend to taunt you, but could you not be happy in my love?"

"Howard," replied the maiden, "you know that I love you, or I should not thus disobey my father to meet you here! I could be happy—oh, how happy with you, alone in a desert, if you would always love me and speak kindly. But, Howard, if I was your wife, and you should forget my love and speak harshly to me should I not weep for my poor deserted father who has never since I can remember given me one harsh word?"

"Yet he has forbidden you to see me Clara."

"Yes, and his aversion to you lies heavily on my heart. I fear that he discerns an unfitness for each other which is hidden from your love-blinded eyes."

"You fear to trust me, Clara. You *fear* that I am indeed the miscreant your unjust father deems me! Hear me Clara, I can endure this no longer.—Say now that you will be mine; give me your sacred truth plight now, or we part here forever." The fair girl trembled violently, but she answered calmly and somewhat proudly.

"Howard I will not tell you how much I love you. You have received proof sufficient already. But you presume on my affections and demand more than I can give. I cannot pledge my hand without my father's knowledge. This I promise you—I will never be another's.

"It is of little consequence to me whose you are since you will not be mine," replied the petulent youth. Oh, Clara, Clara! I would give my right hand if you could love as I love. But now we part perhaps, forever. To-morrow I sail for the East Indies. I may never return. I leave you free. I here sunder the bond between us, and go forth a free man. You will be happy with your father; I will seek to endure life as best I may." As he spoke he resolutely unclasped her hands from his arm to which she clung with convulsive agony, and turned away.

"Do not oh, do not leave me in anger!" she supplicated in a voice of agony.

"He turned toward her, but said brokenly, "God bless you Clara!" And a deep groan of anguish burst from his proud, impetuous heart. She stood motionless and white as marble, with a strange bewildered expression of countenance, until he sprang into his boat and pushed off into the stream. Then with a cry as if of mortal agony she extended her hands toward him. He heard and saw, but he only shook his head negatively and paddled away.

Clara sunk upon the white rock, and then gushed up the deepest, bitter fountain of the heart; that fountain which once open never ceases to flow, and the water of which gives a plaintive sound and mournful color to all after years. Painful in the extreme were her sobs and voice of weeping. The night gathered around her, but she heeded it not; the night became wild and damp, but she felt not its chill; her soul was darker than the night, her grief was wilder than the autumnal wind. She felt that Howard was cruel, yet she could not be offended; she knew that his temper was imperious, and yet she could not feel that she had escaped the sway of a tyrant. She only knew that she had loved in vain; and that her hopes and her heart were alike broken.

At length she arose and walked slowly homeward. Her anxious father was seeking for his child, his only one. He saw her afar in the clear cold moonlight, and hastened to meet her. He took her hand and started, it was so damp and cold.

"What is the matter, Clara?" he asked—"where have you been?"

"Lead me home," she said, "and I will tell you all."

And she did tell him all, with pale cheek and bitter sobbings she recounted all her love, all her stolen meetings with Howard under the old cedar, and the cruel parting of that night.

"And has not his conduct on this occasion, my dear child, confirmed all that I have told you of his unfitness to be lord of your gentle heart and ruler of your destiny? Clara, Howard Reynolds is a bad man. His ungovernable passions will lead him from sorrow to sorrow, until he sinks in utter ruin. God grant that he drag no innocent victim down with him."

Clara felt the truth of her father's words, but her heart would not say amen. He had been her companion all her life, and his very impetuous temperament had given him an ascendency over her young spirit which bent her ever to his will, and made his guidance and approval necessary to all her doings. But now that her reason seconded her father's representations of his character and unfitness for a companion to lean on through life, she had resolved to withhold the irrevocable promise which binds a woman's destiny to good or evil, gay or sorrow, until his spirit should become subdued; or at least less overbearing and irritable. But she had not been prepared for his precipitate action, and was wholly overcome by the suddenness of his desertion in anger, and without hope.

The next morning she found herself ill of a violent cold and wholly dispirited, so that she almost wished for death.—But reason and religion came to her aid representing to her the folly and wickedness of undervaluing the rich gift of life, with its blessings and facilities of doing good to others, and, as it were, throwing it loathingly back into the face of the benificent Giver because a man in his unreasonable passion had despised her love.

Howard meantime sailed for India in a state of mind which even Clara might have pitied. Oh, how gladly would he have returned and besought her pardon kneeling at her feet but he was out upon the ocean with no possibility of returning. And the judging her heart by his own, he fancied that she could not but be indignant, and that thought nerved him in his mad course. But his soul was in torment suffering as [illegible]

Another ship was ready to depart on a long voyage, and a poor orphan girl whose bitter lot was servitude, went down to the old cedar to exchange with her young sailor a long farewell. Her humble attitude could not conceal her extreme beauty from her lover's eyes and she gazed proudly on the manly bearing and noble features of her heart's idol.—They met joyfully as confiding lovers met, they spoke of sorrow, of hope; of the dangers and the death that perchance awaited them, and Mary wept. But Harry kissed away her tears, assured her, that God would remember them, and bless them. He bade her endure cheerfully the bitterness of her lot, and trust that he would find wealth and return to make her happy. They parted, and as he grasped his oar to depart, dashed away the big tears and shouted, "good bye, love! be of good cheer," she turned homeward weeping, yet leaning on that angel Hope.

Seven years had made no change in the appearance of the old cedar, though many a storm had shaken its dark tresses, and many a noontide sun looked upon it. Clara Calville had become an orphan, and tho' many a worthy heart had been laid upon her shrine, yet from every such offering she turned tearfully away. Her heart was desolate. She could not listen to the voice of love, it was to her a funeral dirge. Her cheek had lost its rose, and her eye was sad and drooping: seven years had wrought a change in her. In Mary the same time had made little alteration, and that was in her favor. She had grown dazzingly beautiful. And that very beauty was to her a dangerous possession. Her unprotected state and unpleasant situation gave one who had wealth and personal advantages a pretext to profess for her admiration, sympathy, and the warmest friendship.

She confided in him, leaned on his friendship with girlish gratitude; and there was nought that woman *might* do which she could, would not have done to serve him. But when he would have presumed upon her affection, the love that lived in her heart for Harry kept her from the snare that would have been perdition to her; and she found a friend and protector in Clara Calville, and they dwelt like sisters together. Mary was full of hope awaiting her sailor's return; Clara had no hope, but she leaned on the arm of strong endurance and went forward in meek resignation to the will of heaven.

The seat under the old cedar was their favorite resort, and many a summer afternoon did they pass there with books and work. And then came autumn, the seventh autumn from the departure of their friends. It was just such an afternoon as that on which Clara and Howard parted so bitterly. She went sorrowfully down to the cedar to weep over the remembrances of the past. She was startled from her tearful musings by a glad voice crying.

"Look dear Clara! look! That is Harry's ship—oh, if he be in her!" and Mary burst into the wildest passion of sobs and tears. Hope and joy chastened by fear were almost breaking her heart. It was a soul-stirring sight that weather beaten bark toiling wearily up the blue river with her freight of uncertainty for the weary-hearted watchers who had grown sick of hope deferred.—Mothers and wives and daughters fathers, sisters, and brothers, crowded to the landing ere she cast anchor and the crew as they landed from the boats were every one clasped to throbbing hearts,—Mary strained her misty eyes in vain to recognise in the distance the man whose truth she never doubted; and Clara covered her face and wept aloud.

"There is one poor man who has no friend to greet him," said Mary at length. "How sorrowfully he wanders along the beach. Poor sailor? Are all his loved ones dead, or is he is a stranger from another land?" Clara looked. Could it be that she could at that distance recognise a human form? The breadth of the river was a mile at least; and yet she felt in her soul that the solitary individual was Howard Reynolds. A faint sickness seized her and Mary found it necessary to support her feeble form all the way home. That was a sleepless night to the two orphan maidens. How should sleep close her soft pinions upon brain and heart so wildly throbbing with the fevered current of suspense.

Morning came calm and clear, but it brought no calm to those anxious spirits. Clara spoke not of her surmisings; but Mary sought assurance of her lover's safety in the kind comfortings of friendship. Noon brought joy to her heart almost too great for endurance. Harry came; true to his troth; beautiful in pride of manhood; rich and happy.—Mary poured out her thankfulness to Him who had filled her cup of happiness to the brim.

"But who was he," she said, "who found no friend to greet him when he landed?"

"He is a strange and mysterious man" replied Harry, a shade coming over his bright face while he spoke; a man of sorrow, crime and fear. He came on board our vessel at Cadiz, for we have been cruizing and trading in the Mediterranean, and touched at that fine old Spanish city. He did not tell us who or what he was, and during our voyage homeward has been taciturn, restless and gloomy; walking all day long from place to place, and all night moaning as if in extreme pain. We were almost afraid of him, lest there was blood on his hands, and we should suffer from the vengeance that is due to crime.—But his conduct since we entered the river has proved me that he is deranged in his mind."

Clara, although she did truly rejoice in the felicity of her friends, felt an increased weight upon her aching heart, and toward evening, leaving them to their happiness, wandered down to the old cedar. She was already within its shadow when she was startled by a low moan, and there kneeling by the rock, with his face bent and concealed by a kerchief, was the figure she had seen land from the ship—the figure in which she could not be mistaken. She uttered a wild cry. He sprang to his feet.

"Oh, that, shriek," he cried. "The voice that has been ringing in my ears and soul ever since I left this spot!—Clara! angel of my heart, do not fly me. I am miserable, wholly so, I will not detain you long, but if you will listen to my story of agony, and then say that you will forgive me, I will die in peace."

"Earnestly do I forgive you, Howard!" cried the fair girl, while the fountain of hope within her spirit burst its icy bondage thrilled her with a strange happiness. "I forgive you joyfully." He shuddered as he looked upon her beaming face.

"Hear me first, Clara," he said. "Nay, touch not my hand, for I am perjured. My wicked temper has undone me forever. I will not say how strong, how faithful was my love for you, I am here to *prove* it all.—But after my mad desertion of you, I deemed you implacable, and I swore to forget your love. But my anguish was intolerable. Oh, Clara, the impetuosity of my temperament is the same in love, in resentment, in remorse. I became a wanderer. My wealth gave me access to every hall and palace; I stifled my heart's beatings before the world, and acted the hypocrite most successfully. A fair young daughter of France loved me. I did not seek her affections, I could not reciprocate her passion; I saw her partiality and suffered it to increase, I knew not wherefore. She was beautiful, the daughter of a noble house, and I became her husband. But her love was most bitter to me. In her arms I was most miserable. I felt my brain reeling and my soul growing mad; I could not endure her endearments, I told her that I could not live and hear her voice, it told me of that heaven from which I was an outcast forever. She wept, and besought me to tell her all that troubled me, but I wrung her hand, and with a wild farewell left her forever. Life became to me an intolerable burden. I wandered from kingdom to kingdom, but everywhere spectres of maddening agony met me. At length I thought that if you would forgive me I could feel a beam of peace. I did not expect that you had remained true to your vow from which I so madly released you. I came—They told me that Clara Calville was an orphan and still unmarried. Do not say *that you are so for my sake.* Oh, if you knew how I cling to that one consolation Clara, say but once that you have not ceased to love me. Say that even now you do not hate me, and I will die content."

'Howard Reynolds,' she replied, 'from my childhood I have loved you and you only.—You have acted rashly and I forgive you; you have suffered, and I pity you.'

'God bless you forever!' he cried. 'Now leave me, Clara, for I have not strength to go from you.' She now arose and extended her hand. He grasped it, pressed it to his burning forehead, and then flung it from him exclaiming—'Go now while I am able to see you depart.'

She felt that his reason was unsettled, and turned away, agonizing with grief and fear, and the crushing of her last and dearest hope. Who can declare the agony of her spirit as she slowly ascended the hill, while the deep groans of the miserable man came distinctly upon her ear.

Oh, that was a parting more bitter than most bitter death. Yet Clara's heart was schooled to endurance, and she bent meekly to this last and heaviest blow.

But in the morning some children discovered a dead man kneeling by the white stone under the cedar, with his face resting on his clasped hands. Poor Howard!—his heart had broken in that dreadful parting, and his life went out when the drooping form of his stricken Clara disappeared from his straining sight.

Clara is still a meek *old maid* in the house of Harry and Mary Harriss; and those who taunt her with her single estate, or jestingly propose marriage to her, little think how deep, how dread an agony her patient smile conceals.

This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity and listen to harmony where we hear nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet: we cannot sail upon a summer coast forever; yet if we persevere a calm eye and steady hand we can so trim our sail and manage our helm as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family: we are travelling the same great road, and shall arrive at the same goal.—We breath the same air are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should hate friend; it is not right that neighbor should injure neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a dear ear to scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts, let the rich gushings of human kindness swell us up a fountain—so that the "golden age" will become no fiction, and the islands of the blessed bloom in more than "Hyperian beauty."

WHO IS JAMES K. POLK?

We do not often hear this question asked now—the opposition having discovered that he is President elect of the U. States. To such of them, however, as really desire information upon the subject, we commend the following extract from a clam and judicious article in the *Philadelphia Ledger*—one of the strictest as well as ablest neutral journals in the country:

"We rejoice in the termination of the contest, in the subsidence of the angry passions which it roused, in the return of social harmony and good will among parties And we especially rejoice in the election of a chief magistrate of respectable abilities, of respectable attainments, long experience in political action, good sense, moderate views, amiable feelings, pure principles, and irreproachable character. Mr. Polk is precisely such a President as the country now requires; a man in whose character moderation, love of peace, and love of justice, are the principal elements."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

From the Pennsylvanian.

"Who is JAMES K. POLK," 'tis a question so plain,
The people have answered from Georgia to Maine:—
"We know him, ye Coons of the arrogant clan,
No wonder indeed, that so honest a man
Should to you be unknown—taking all things together;
He certainly wasn't a bird of your feather,
No duelist he—no swearer profane,—
Thus we answer your question from Georgia to Maine."

A PLEA IN ABATEMENT.—The following good story is going the rounds.

In one of the Quarter Session Courts in Tennessee, one Joe Phillips was indicted for assault and battery. The solicitor called him to the bar and addressed him thus:

"You are indicted for a misdemeanor, and stand charged in these words: "The Jurors upon their oaths present that Joe Phillips, late of the county of——, on the 10th day of August, 18—, with force and arms, and upon the body of one John Scroggins, with malicious intent, an assault did make with guns, pistols, swords, dirks and clubs, and with malice aforethought—"

"Stop, Mr. Lawyer," says Joe, "there was something of it, but you are making it worse than it was."

"Well, then, how was it, Joe?" inquired the solicitor.

"Why, John and I met one day on the road, and says I to John, "this is a very bad day for snaking." Then says he to me, "Not very bad neither, for I killed one near a rod long." Then says I, "that's a lie, for there's nary snake in this country half so long." Then, after a good many such compliments passed between us, says John to me, says he, "I doesn't milk my neighbors' cows, as some folks do." And then I hit him a lick of my fist on the side of his head; and then we had a real scuffle, a fair fight then, just so; and we hadn't no gun, nor pistol, nor club, nor sword, nor dirk, neither—so you needn't be talking all that nonsense over the Court when there's no such thing; and John says he's willing to fight again, *if I'll let him strike first!*"

SENTIMENTAL.

I kissed the tiny hand I held,
I pressed the fairy form,
I vowed I'd shield her from the blast,
And from the world's cold storm:
She raised her melting eyes to mine,
They were filled with drops of wo;
And with a quivering lip she said,
"Now, darn ye, let me go!"

'Are you in favor of universal suffrage,' said a politician to an Irishman, who is among the recent arrivals from the Emerald Isle.

'Musha faith thin, I'm not,' said Pat. 'Shure there isn't a counthry in the world where *sufferin'* is so universal as in Ireland, and there's no one tha betther of it, the Tory landlords and the English.'—Cincinnati Bulletin.

☞ "Will you take something?" said a tee-totaller to his friend, when standing near a tavern. "I don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well, Frank, let's *take—a walk.*"

SORE THROAT IN SWINE.—"Turn animals so affected, into an open pasture where there is fresh feed and ground to root. It is a disease resulting from confinement. Pounded charcoal mixed with food, where pasture cannot be had, or room for exercise is one of the best preventives of disease in swine,

We were once present at the dissection of a hog which died of this disease. The glands of the throat were much distended and inflamed, and there were also in several places along the wind-pipe, spots of a livid hue, covered with a bloody mucus; the tongue likewise appeared affected, and was swollen to twice its natural size. The animal had been kept in a confined situation, and wholly deprived of exercise and access to the ground. We believe the sore throat is not common to hogs, in this climate, and never perhaps where those prime requisites are attended to—exercise, and adaptness of food.—*Maine Cultivator.*

DESPERATION.

The following is a passage from the laughable tale of desperation, one of the rich articles which are embraced in the literary remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark. It is only necessary to premise that the writer is a Philadelphia student, who, after a stolen fortnight amid the gaieties of a Washington season, finds himself (through the remissness of a chum) at Baltimore on his way home, without a penny in his pocket. He stops at a fashionable hotel, nevertheless, where, after tarrying a day or two, he finally, at the heel of a grand dinner, "omnes solus" in his private apartments, flanked with abundant Champaigne and Burgundy, resolved to disclose all to his landlord. Summoning a servant, he says:

"Ask the landlord to step up to my room and bring his bill."

He clatters down stairs, giggling, and shortly thereafter his master appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for the best his house afforded, and that, just then, was credit.

"How much do I owe you," said I. He handed me the bill with all the grace of private expectancy.

"Let me see—seventeen dollars. How very reasonable? But, my dear, sir, the most disagreeable part of the matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that at present I am out of money, but I know by your philanthropic looks that you will be satisfied when I tell you that if I had it, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure.

"But you see my not having the change by me is the reason I cannot do it, and I am sure you will let the matter stand, and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact; but in the place where I came from; all my acquaintances know me, as well as can be."

The landlord turned all colors. "Where do you live, any how?"

"In Washing——, I should say Philadelphia."

His eyes flashed with angry disappointment. "I see how it is, mister, my opinion is that you are a blackleg. You don't know where your home is—you begin with Washington and then drop it for Philadelphia. You must pay the bill."

"But I can't."

"Then I'll take your clothes; if I don't blow me tight."

"Scoundrel!" said I, rising bold upright, "do it if you dare! do it! and leave the rest to me!"

There were no more words. He arose deliberately, seized my hat and my only inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that two excitements can exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy "sans culiote" in a strange city, no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me:

I had a large, full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately; drew on my boots over my fair drawers, not unlike small clothes, put on my cravat, vest and coat; laid a travelling cap from my trunk jauntingly over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way thro' the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded some name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Everything was fresh and neat; every servant attentive; all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked, puffed a cigar, and retired to bed to mature my plot.

* * * * * * *

"Waiter, just brush my clothes well, my fine fellow," said I, in the morning, as he entered my room. "Mind the pantaloons; don't spill any thing from the pockets; there is money in both."

"I don't see no pantaloons."

"The devil you don't! Where are they?"

"Can't tell, I'm sure; I don't know, s'elp me God.

"Go down, sir, and tell your master to come up here immediately." The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen and worked my face before the glass into a fiendish look of passion. "Landlord," exclaimed I with a fierce gesture, "I have been robbed in your house—robbed, sir, robbed! My pantaloons and a purse containing three fifty dollar notes are gone. This is a pretty hotel. Is this the way you fulfil the injunctions of scripture? I am a stranger, and I find myself taken in with a vengeance. I will expose you at once if I am not recompensed."

"Pray, keep your temper," said the agitated publican. "I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run; would you ruin its reputation for an accident? I will find out the villain who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If those trowsers can be done to-day, I shall be satisfied; for time is more precious than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and forty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours."

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia for sixty dollars. He gave it, with a lecture on collegiate dissipation, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord, by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail.

☞ A lady having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into one in her own orchard, 'for who knows' said she, 'but it may bear the same fruit.'

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