

on a neighboring rock and intensely enjoying the scene. The impertinence was aggravated by the fact that a powerful opera-glass was made the instrument of a more minute inspection of their aquatic evolutions. The blushing but indignant maidens remained in the water as long as was consistent with comfort and security, in the hope that the stranger would withdraw and leave them to, at least, their necessary toilet, when, to their horror, he was observed to descend calmly from his elevation, divest himself of his apparel, and proceed to bath in close proximity. His hair was instantly mistreated the remains, for the spirit of the maidens was at last aroused, and they secretly determined on a bold revenge. With an appearance of inspired modesty they timidly withdrew from the sea, and concealing themselves behind a convenient rock, proceeded to dress, then having upon their bathing-gowns, they rushed upon the garments of the gentleman and bore them off in triumph. The unfortunate man instantly comprehended his position. A succession of shouts and supplications followed the ladies in their flight, growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased; while the "gentleman," with considerable modesty, remained in the water, evincing great agitation, and imploring restitution, at first with stentorian lungs, and subsequently in animated and appropriate gestures, but in vain—the insulted maidens were inexorable. As the spot was very secluded, some hours elapsed before he could make his situation known. At length a grinning rustic made his appearance, and informed him that the "two leddies had left his clothes with a vench at the green, a mile awa', wha wodna gie them back without he paid a pun for taking care o' them, forby being a pennally for affronting the leddies dookin'." The penalty was paid on the restitution of the garments, and the unlucky wight quietly left the village, where the joke was already known, and the conduct of the damsels publicly approved of. The offender is now suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.



Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

UPWARD AND ONWARD. I saw an eagle spread his wings, From a high hill, Upward and onward was his flight— My eye pursued him soon. The sun shone— the clouds rolled on— His glowing face their sun, Still glowing upward and on that bird, Majestic on the air. The storm expired—the sky was clear, Again I saw his form, Still glowing onward to the sun, Triumphant o'er the storm. I thought how like the noble soul, As young, brave, and free, And still— how great deeds, may My mind recapture thee. I studied by the storm of life, Still onward and on, And each dark and threatening cloud, Amid the bolts of doom. When I would do a noble deed, I thought I'd think of thee, And as thy flight was heavenward bound, God grant it so to me.

VALUE OF HONESTY.—An old trader among the Northern Indians, who had some years ago established himself on the Wisconsin, tells a good story with a moral worth recollecting, about his first trial of trading with his red customers. The Indians, who ordinarily wanted goods, and had both money (which they call slouchy, and furs, because about his store, and examined his goods, but for some time bought nothing. Finally their chief, with a large body of his followers, visited him, and accosted him with "How do Thomas, show me goods, I take 4 yards calico, three conshiks for yard; pay you by my-morrow" received his goods, and left. Next day, he returned with his whole band, his blankets stuffed with conshiks. "American man, I pay now." With this he began counting out the skins, until he had handed him over twelve. Then, after a moment's pause, he offered the trader one more, remarking, as he did, "that it." "I handed it back," said the trader, "telling him he owed but twelve, and I would not cheat him." We continued to pass it back and forth, each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last he appeared to be satisfied, gave me a scrutinizing look, placed the skin within the folds of his blanket, stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried with a loud voice: "Come, come and trade with the pale face, he cheat Indian, his heart big. He then turned to me and said, "You take that skin, I tell Indian no trade with you—drive you off like dog—but now you Indian's friend, and he yours." Before sundown I was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. So I lost nothing by my honesty.

SHAKESPEARE'S DESCENDANTS.—Several of the descendants of Shakspeare's sister Joan, bearing a strong family likeness to the great poet, were in 1822 living in and about Stratford, and chiefly in a state of indigence, little creditable to the worshippers of his genius. The nearest living descendants were the Hares, of Towkesbury, the chief of whom, in 1818, was William Shakspeare Hare, a poor man, and a farmer, earning only eighteen shillings per week, with a wife and several children. This poor man was obliged to sell the ground on which Shakspeare's two houses in Stratford, about the year 1855, for which he obtained two hundred pounds, leaving, after a mortgage and the expenses had been paid, but thirty pounds, as the price of the inheritance of this neglected family.

A WONDERFUL CHARACTER.—It is reported that there now lives an old man down in the swamp of the little Pee Dee, who never owned but one pair of shoes in his life, and he says they were so very hot he never wore them but once. He never cultivated the soil, nevertheless he has accumulated a considerable sum of money, which he deposits in hollow trees in the most frequented swamps. He affects extreme poverty, and when applied to for the loan of money, he declares he has none; but if the security and premium offered pleased him, and promises to repay in specie, he will appoint a day when he will try to get a little, which he never fails to do. He has made his fortune by the sale of fish, the finest of which he knows exactly where to fish for, and honey which he raises in large quantities, having his bee hives in swamps for miles around. No music is so charming in his ears as the booming of billfrogs and the lowing of the alligators, for these sang his lullaby when in his cradle, and have been his harbingers of his bravest days, from his boyhood to the present day. He never uses any other weapon to kill snakes with than his heels, and there never was but one known to attempt to bite him, and that one broke his teeth without penetrating the skin of the heel. He has never taken any doctor's stuff, nor let them come near enough to feel his pulse or to look at his tongue, and he is now seventy years old. It is so to me seem that such a character should find a mate of similar tastes and fancies. Yet such is the case, only she is a little more like him than he is like himself. Has any of our contemporaries such a character in their neighborhood? If so, let us hear about him.—Carroll Gazette.

Persons' attractions may for a time fascinate and dazzle the eye. Beauty may please, but beauty alone can never captivate. The lily grows, the rose withers, and beauty sooner or later must decay, but the charms of the mind are imperishable; they bud and bloom it grows, and continue to flourish as long as life remains. These, and these alone, are the charms they meet, and will forever enchant.

It is a good way to be happy, not to be tempted when you are young.

THE LITTLE FAVOURITE

She was her mother's favorite child, The best of all was she, And still her laugh and voice and wit, Was ever filled with glee. Her eyes were like the opening rose, Her eyes were sweet like dew, And round her face her brows Of nature's sweetest hue. But as the summer's latest bud Is apt to wither's fate, And ere she had her bloom begun, From their number art. So true that happy household train, The youngest born away, And true that fell one child to you, The love could make her stay. And surely her presence was, For they had loved her too, They strewed the grave-herbs all the scope With flowers of sweetest hue. Tears long again you they were glad, Or ere their tears were wild, And every a steady heart was sad, To lose that favorite child.

CALUTION TO TERMAGANTS.—A woman named Elizabeth Carmichael has been fined £5 in London for flogging her husband. She tore his stock off his neck and his coat from his back, besides aiming several dangerous kicks at him, and bit his hand severely. She accused him of kissing another girl, which Carmichael says he didn't do.

A New Dope.—A fashionably-dressed Parisian entered a tobacconist's shop in the Rue St. Honoré, in which several persons were being served. He selected a cigar, which he lighted, and stood for a few moments as if waiting for something. He then turned to the shop girl and asked for his change out of the five franc piece he had given. The girl doubted that she had received any, at which he appeared very indignant, and said that if she looked in her till she would doubtless find it, adding that he found a five franc piece marked as described, and, apologizing for her mistake, was about to give him the change, when two police officers, who happened to have observed his mynaerues from the outside, entered and took him into custody. He was taken to the commissary of police, where he was recognized as a skilful practitioner of the description of that called rendez-moi (give me my change). His plan was to send some one into the shop some little time before him to purchase a trifling article with a marked five franc piece, and then to enter himself and act as above described, by which process he managed to get from 40 to 50 francs per day.

EPITOME OF NEWS, DOMESTIC & FOREIGN.

The Emperor and Empress of France are about to visit the Pyrenees. The visit will be strictly incognito.... The Queen of Spain and husband Monz have been well received in Paris. ... Another attempt has been made on the life of Napoleon, about 100 persons have been arrested, suspected of being concerned in the plot. The emperor and empress lately came near losing their lives in crossing a railroad just as the train was passing. Thus it will be seen that this depot lives with a sword of death constantly hanging over him.... The prospect of war between Russia and Turkey is again increasing, Russia being disposed to hold on to her present conquests. France and England are acting with great cowardice and indecision as usual.... The American Government have sent four companies of soldiers to the Rio Grand.... The yellow fever continues as bad as ever in New Orleans. A strict quarantine is established in all the cities and towns along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers.... Great divisions are springing up among the Mormons, one sect holding that it is not right to have more than one wife.... Lola Montes it is said is about to get married in California.... Late news from California represent the State to be prosperous and healthy.... It is said the Queen of Spain is trying to induce France to help her to establish a monarchy in Mexico, on the other hand it is said that Santa Anna is desirous of making himself king over that country.

Mr. Choate lately delivered a splendid eulogy in Dartmouth College, on the genius of Daniel Webster.... The negotiations between the American and English Ministers about the fisheries, have lately leaked out, and are, it seems, not likely to come to any definite conclusion.... Elections are to take place in Vermont on the 6th of September, and in Maine soon after, in which the run party are again trying to elect a Governor and Legislature opposed to the Maine Law. The temperance people are thus kept in constant activity.... Daniel Webster, it seems, was very much addicted to drinking habits. He was one of the great talented corrupt men who cursed the United States, similar to our Hinks school of Canada.... Raising of Maine law poles, unmounted with flags, are becoming very common.... The collision on the Camden and Amboy railroad is causing much excitement in the States.... An accident has happened on the New York and New Haven railroad.... A great many deaths have occurred in New York during the month of sun stroke—about 200 persons in a few days having died from it.... The cholera is making great ravages in Copenhagen.... Mr. Lafontaine has been appointed Chief Justice of Lower Canada. Mr. Carron has also been appointed Judge.... Dunbar Ross has been appointed commissioner by Government to enquire into the riot in Quebec.... John G. Vansittart has thrown aside his Tory principles, and joined the present Government. The conservative papers are very severe upon him. He has attended a number of Ministerial dinners, public treachery being at a premium with our present Government. It is no wonder that such men as Prince and Vansittart join them. Office-seeking and newspaper scribbling of the McDougall kind will soon become a science in Canada.... The Orangemen of Lower Canada and the Judges along Hamilton, have come out in favour of Mr. Benjamin as their legal Grand Master.

A human skeleton was recently found imbedded in a rock on the line of the Cincinnati, Wilmington, and Zanesville Railroad. A small fissure in the rock about two inches in width, opened to the resting place of these remains, which, in all human probability, may have been deposited there centuries ago. The rock contained an indentation of the greater part of the body, as perfect as though moulded of plaster of paris. From the hip to the foot, particularly, this sarcophagus was as complete as carving could have made it. The proemion, carapace, etc., of the hand were distinct and regular, and indicated that the skeleton had been that of a person of full size. The editor of the Zanesville Times saw the skeleton and took the rock from which it was taken. The bones were in a good state of preservation.

I DARE THEE TO FORGET.

When thou first found me, a merry, And I knew not grief nor guile, Tactful leave me now, wreck'd and betray'd, By thy reflecting smile. There, hasten to thy laughing hall, With others smile—but I? My curse shall thy pleasures pill— I dare thee to forget! Amid the wild and wailing storm, While lightning flames the sky, In every flash thou'll see my form, And quail before my eye. When morning dawns and the air, Thy shivering soul shall drink despair, I dare thee to forget! Though midnight ever thee sleep its wing, In castle, cot, or cell, The burning thoughts 'twixt to thee bring, Shall be thy bosom's hell! The thought that thou hast crush'd a heart, Shall haunt for thee alone, Shall make thee see the coward's part, And leave the dastard a grin! Earth's deepest, akest dens shall fall My festering conscience! The universe is rear upon my wail, With all its appalling pain, Till thou shalt cease earth, sea and air, To tread the path of sinners, With phantoms of infernal days, That dare thee to forget! Fare thee, the grave that non seek, Discharged of the ugly tie, A better, lower, and I speak, And face thy trembling tongue to cry To river, rock and hill, To hide thee from that searching eye, Whose glance thy soul shall chill. NEXT KENTVILLE.

"The Boston ladies, when promenading cross their arms in front, and look like trussed turkeys."

Well, you ought to pity us, because we have no such escape valves for our awkwardness as you have;—no dicky to pull up—no vest to pull down—no breast pockets, side pockets, or vest pockets to explore—no cigars between our teeth—no switch-canes in our hands—no beavers to twitch when we meet an acquaintance. Don't you yourselves oblige us to reef in our rigging, and hold it down tight with your little paws over our belts under penalty of being grappled by one of your buttons, as you tear past us like so many conicals.

Is it any joke for us to stand ris-a-vis with a strange man, before a crowd of grinning spectators, while you are leisurely disengaging the "Gordian knot," instead of whipping out your pen-knife and sacrificing the offending button as you ought to do?

Is it any joke to see a papa scowl, when we ask him for the "needle" to restore the laco or fringe you tore off your shawl or mantilla?

Do you suppose we can stop to walk gracefully, when our minds are in a prepared state to have our pretty little crushed toes, or our bonnets knocked into a cocked hat, or our skirts torn from our belts, or ourselves or our garter boots jostled into a mud-puddle.

Do you ever "keep to the right as the law directs?" Don't you always go with your head's hind side before, and then up against us, as if we were made of cast iron? Don't put your great lazy hands in your pockets and tramp along, with a cane sticking out from under your armpits, to the imminent danger of your optics? "Trussed turkeys," indeed! No wonder when we are run a-foot of every other minute.

FANNY FERN. Young ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ears that you were only joking.

BEAVES IN CALIFORNIA.—Crying children in church are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out; but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the Ladies' Repository, for April, will show:—A brother just returned from California, says he was present in the congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California attracted not a minute attention, and the mother rose to retire. "Don't leave," said the preacher, "the sound of this babe's voice is more interesting to many in the congregation than my own. It is perhaps the sweetest music many a man has heard since a long time ago he took leave of his distant home. The effect was instantaneous and pure," and a large proportion of the congregation melted into tears.