

Poetry.

THE SABBATH. FROM THE NEW EDITION OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale, Yet yonder halts the quiet mill; The whirring wheel, the rushing sail, How motionless and still!

Select Tales.

THE NEWS BOYS HOME.

I have not been in this great city long, and, having of late years been accustomed to observe nothing but quiet all around me, was at first almost deafened by the continual tumult, excitement, and untranslatable jargon of this modern Jerusalem.

crime, and furnishing, perhaps, another victim for the gallows! All this time the subject of my thoughts stood patiently in front of me. He must have gleaned encouragement from my look in some way, for he had dried his tears upon the sleeve of that coarse shirt, and looking smilingly and hopefully in my face.

other questions of the ragged little news-boy, to all of which he returned intelligent and unhesitating replies. "What 'bout do you live?" demanded Mr. Hardy, during a pause.

and a more nervous man than myself might have been alarmed by the sputters of suffering he evinced. However he walked over to the window, and applied his sovereign remedy—the red silk handkerchief; after which he remained contemplating the prospects from the window—piles of broken bottles and dingy chimneys—with extraordinary interest.

The following touching sketch is so true to nature, that it cannot fail to interest the reader. The technical terms used are of course familiar enough to the craft, and pretty well understood by most people in these days.

The Journeyman's Secret. FROM THE DIARY OF A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER. "You can take this case," said the foreman; "here is a stick—here is some copy; and if you want a quick and steady partner, you will find this gentleman still enough in all conscience."

"But," said I, "do you know anything about his history? He may have some all absorbing end to accomplish, which is the cause of his untiring assiduity. You should have a little charity for the fellow; and, taking Crockett's motto, 'Be sure you're right before you go ahead.'"



A FIRST RATE STORY FOR LAWYERS.

Whether lawyers, doctors, and the other professions should have a distinct department in a newspaper, has not yet been decided by any of our Debating Societies or Tea-table Clubs; but despite of authority in all such cases acknowledged, we devote a part of a column to the good of the Gentlemen of the Green Bag.

CLAY AND WEBSTER. The following parallel between these two eminent statesmen, is copied from a sermon on the death of Mr. Webster, delivered in Wheeling, Va., by the Rev. George W. Webster of that place. This accomplished clergyman is a native of Massachusetts, but we believe to relative of his departed namesake. This contrasted sketch of the two great characters, will, we think, strike the reader as equally just in the conception and felicitous in the expression.

WEEKLY JOURNAL. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. J. R. Childs, Editor & Publisher. OFFICE IN THE ROOM UNDER CABOT HALL. TERMS—\$2.00 a year; \$1.75 in advance. A discount made to Agents and Companies.

WILSON & CO.'S City Clothing Hall. A splendid Hall over their new Store, fitted with a complete and fine stock of Gentlemen's Clothing visited by hundreds and hundreds, who succeed in getting good Garments at LOW PRICES.

"A Splendid Remedy." DEVINE'S COMPOUND Pitch Lozenge. The great remedy is at last discovered! Coughs and Colds CAN BE CURED!

THE MARRIAGE STATE. Shall Happiness, Health, or Utility and Success attend it? MOST STARTLING CONSIDERATIONS! Reflections for the Thoughtful.

C. F. KENT, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Fancy Articles. JOHN S. DODGE, Dealer in Fish and Oysters. I. BULLENS & SON, Dealers in West India Goods, Teas, Fruit, &c.

Mr. Martin said the young man, "I am just entering on my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, Sir, you will give me from your experience at the bar, I will give you my expenses while you are at Annapolis," replied the young disciple.

"Done," responded Mr. Martin. "Stand to your bargain, now, and I'll furnish you the great secret of my success as a lawyer."

"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The whole reason of my success is contained in one little maxim, which I early laid down to guide me. If you will follow it you cannot fail to succeed. It is this—'Always be sure of your evidence.'"

It was too cold a night for anything to be done peculiarly out of the old man's wisdom; and so the promising adept in maxim-learning gave himself up to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

THE morning came, and Mr. Martin, with his practical student, took rooms at the best hotel of the city. The only thing peculiar to the hotel, in the eyes of the young man, was the fact that all the wine bottles, and the decanters of fine living, seemed to recall very vividly the maxim about evidence.

THE young man watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating and drinking were concerned, he was indeed a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immediately fond of the after-dinner, after-supper, after anything luxury of good wine. A few days were sufficient to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in the bar-room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him. "Mr. Clerk, said Mr. Martin, 'my young friend, Mr. ——— will settle my bill, agreeably to engagement.'"

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He is pledged, professional, to pay my bill," replied Mr. Martin.

"'Always be sure of your evidence,'" asked the young man, meekly. "Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin.

"Yes, Sir," said the young man as he complacently responded, "Always be sure, Mr. Martin, of your evidence. Can you prove the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulling out his pocket book, paid the bill, and with great good humor assured the young man, You will do, Sir, to get through the world without advice from me."

ANECDOTE OF FINN. Finn was once a witness for the prosecution in a case before the Common Pleas in Boston, and his testimony was so direct and conclusive that the counsel for the defence thought it necessary to discredit him. The following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. Finn, you live in ——— street, do you not?" "Yes, I do."

"You have lived there a great while?" "Several years."

"Does not a female live there under your protection?" "There does."

"Does she bear your name?" "She is certainly known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Finn."

"Is she your wife?" "No; we were never legally married."

"That will do, Sir; I have no more to ask."

"But I have something more to answer, Sir," replied Mr. Finn, with spirit. "The Mrs. Finn, of whom you have been pleased to speak with so much levity, is my mother; and I have not known but one man base enough to breathe aught against her. You, sir, can guess who he is. True she is under my protection. She protected me through infancy and childhood, and it is but a small part of the debt I owe her to do as much for her in old age."

The baffled counsellor had no more to say. A man too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

DIED. In Springfield, Dec. 1st, ELLEN A., daughter of Samuel C. and Maria R. Martin, aged 6 years and 6 months.

FOUND. Was found in Cabot Hall, on the evening of the 10th inst. a Gold Pin. The owner can have it, by calling on Mr. Marsh, Exchange St. and paying for this advertisement. Nov. 19th '31.

Commissioner Notice. WARREN SMITH, Esq., of Chichester, Hampden County, Va., has been appointed Commissioner of the State of Massachusetts, to receive and take acknowledgments of Deeds, Depositions, &c., in the State of Massachusetts, and to hold his said office at Chichester, on the 28th day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time creditors may present and prove their claims. EBER WRIGHT, Assignee. Nov. 26-31.

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IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. RELIEF IN TEN MINUTES! Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers. ARE UNPARALLELED in the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, DIFFICULT BREATHING, INFLUENZA, CONSUMPTION, and DISEASES OF THE LUNGS. They have no taste of medicine, and any child will take them. Thousands have been restored to health that had been despaired of. Testimony given in hundreds of cases. Sold by all druggists. For Bryan's Pulmonic Wafers—the original and only genuine is stamped "Bryan's." Spurious kinds are offered for sale. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold by dealers generally. J. BRYAN & CO., Rochester, N. Y., Proprietors. Oct. 15-31.

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