



my excellent friends, that persons abroad who do not know this attractive spot so familiarly as we do, criticise it sometimes with severity. They point to those dark, massive prison walls, which are just before me, and tell us that they mar the beauty and detract from the graces of our city. But you and I never see those walls, or, if we do, they appear to us only as the boundaries of a field of active labor, productive industry, and benevolent instruction. So, sometimes these distant critics are pleased to say that they think that I, who now stand before you, am not an object worthy of any such consideration as you are now bestowing on me, and you, I am sorry to say, do not seem to be much affected by that objection. [Applause.]

I prefer this place because it is the only one where I am left free to act in an individual and not in a representative and public character. Whatever I may be elsewhere, here I am never either a magistrate or a legislator, but simply a citizen—a man—your equal and your like—nothing more nor less nor different.

Our relations to each other are the simple ones of domestic, private life.—Among you I see those who are my physicians, my priests, my counsellors and my clients, my kinsmen, not to speak of my children—those who are debtors to me (I am sorry they are so few) and those who are my creditors (alas! that they are so many. [Laughter.] But we are all, I trust, honest and just debtors, liberal and tolerant creditors. We are all tolerant, though not unconscientious as christians. We all worship where we please, and as we please and do not quarrel with each other about our respective preferences. We all speak for such principles and vote for such candidates as we like and watch each other pretty closely on election days. But when the votes are cast and the result announced we go away about our business forgetting the disputes of the canvass. In short, we are free and easy in our social intercourse, quite apt to think well of all the statesmen of the country of every party, and if any body abroad wishes to secure the good opinions of any of us, his best way is to speak as well and judge as kindly as he can of all of us.

Sir, (to Mr. Myers,) you have kindly recalled what I am sure I should not altogether have forgotten, that thirty-seven years ago this day after emigrating by a long stage coach journey of four days duration from my native region, I opened my law office, at the age of 21 years in a humble building, yet standing, but not now as then, standing alone on South street, and sat down without acquaintances of any character, to wait there for my first client and my first friend.

Many of those who were then in active life have since gone down to honored graves. Peace be to their ashes and honor and affection to their memories. But there are yet survivors enough, and they too are yet hale and vigorous men whose presence

reminds me of that early and to me important period. You, sir, in the County Clerk's office filed my first declaration and placed the seal of the people upon my first writ of *capias ad respondendum*.—Here before me stands Dudley Everts, and here also, doubtless, would stand Charles Pomroy the Postmaster, (if he were not officially engaged) two of the warrant subalterns of my artillery company. The voice that so often stuns my ears and interrupts my speech comes, doubtlessly, from the brass six pounder which I so long ago procured from the State Arsenal at Albany, and which my then Lieutenant Colonel Lyman Hinman used to fire a *feu de joie* over my first defeat as a political candidate for civil office.

Those, my friends, were the good old days when many of you were then unborn, and those who marched and countermarched with me as soldiers from Weedsport to Scipio Centre, were as young as you now are. But alas! my friends, time has brought many innovations. Then we might say what we pleased and do what pleased each other, and if we were satisfied that was the end of the matter. But now there is the Press (pointing to the reporters) and the telegraph (pointing to the wires) and the Rail Road, with Martin Galvin and his mail bags (pointing to the mail agent) and there is nothing that an honest, good natured man can say or do here in this happy valley of the Owasco, to-day, that he may not look to find in print in the Metropolitan press to-morrow. You will excuse me therefore, for saying that innocent and gratifying as these local and personal reminiscences are to ourselves they may possibly draw down upon us some captious criticisms, if continued too far.

And now fellow citizens, please to consider that I have been standing already half an hour on this platform, in the north end of our city while a matronly lady dwelling in South street has been expecting me to pay her a visit, at least of ceremony, which has already been due eight months.

Gov. Seward closed his remarks amid the deafening applause of the thousands who were in attendance.

During the delivery of the speech by Mr. MYERS and his reply, Senator SEWARD was evidently deeply affected by the spontaneous and unmistakable sentiment of affection and esteem manifested.

When the speeches were concluded a path was made through the crowd and Mr. SEWARD was escorted to his sleigh.

PROCESSION.

The procession was without much order, for such was the desire to get a "good look" at the long absent friend, that the people could not be restrained to a formal procession, but gathered as near the sleigh as possible.

The Auburn Guards and Shield Guards with Col. Carpenter's staff, led by the Cornet Band, formed the escort. Next came the barouche, in which was Mr. SEWARD, accompanied by M. S. MYERS, Esq.,

His Honor Mayor BRIGGS, Gen. JOHN H. CHEDELL, Hon. C. MORGAN, and B. B. SNOW, Esq., members of the Committee. The school boys with their flags of various devices, immediately surrounded the Senator. Next came the citizens by the thousands, without much order, but with an exhilarating enthusiasm that "mocked at forms."

SCENES ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH.

After forming, the procession immediately proceeded up State-st. The first that met the eye of the returned citizen was a large and elegantly trimmed "triumphal arch," spanning State-st., near the centre of the bridge. The arch was decorated and tastefully festooned with evergreens. On the North side were the words in evergreens, "WELCOME HOME," on the reverse side, the name "SEWARD."

The procession passed under the arch amid cheers and the continuous booming of the artillery.

Across State st., Kennedy & Nichols suspended a large blue banner, ornamented with a golden figure of Fame blowing a trumpet, from which issued the words

.....
Welcome Home Again.
.....
"The first principles of our duty, as American citizens, is to preserve the integrity of the Union."—(Seward.)
.....

At the head of State-st., a large and splendid American flag was suspended, as a tribute from the Union office, with this inscription—

.....
The Union of these States; the Ark of Liberty.
.....

Fronting State, on Genesee-st., appeared the Advertiser & Journal office, tastefully festooned with the tri-colored drapery, the American flags, and a large banner, trimmed and garlanded with evergreens, and inscribed—

.....
Welcome! Defender of the Liberty of the Press!
.....

On arriving at Genesee street the scene was one that will never be forgotten by the spectator. The windows along the street, the street itself, as far as the eye could reach, and the tops of the houses were thronged with people. The stores along Genesee street were all tastefully decorated, the red, white and blue, streaming from every roof to the walk.—As the Senator arrived on Genesee street, he cheering was taken up and handkerchiefs waved. Across Genesee street the Union Office flung another American flag, with these words inscribed on "all its ample folds."

.....
Whatever else may happen, let us be spared from subjugation to an aristocracy of wealth, consisting of the bones and souls of our countrymen.
.....

The Young Men's Christian Association, in Chedell's building, ornamented the block with graceful festoons and tri-colors.

The Western Exchange, draped from roof to the ground with evergreens, in festoons, with the many pine trees upon

the piazzas, and hundreds of the fair sex, presented a sight reminding the spectator of fairy success in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

In front of the Auburn Bank a banner was nailed to a tree, inscribed—

.....
The Public Schools to the Distinguished Friend of Education:
.....
There's a warfare, where none but the morally brave, stand nobly and firmly, their country to save,
'Tis the warfare of opinion, where few can be found,
On the mountain of principle, guarding the ground!
.....

Goss & Williams book store was handsomely decorated with evergreens, and a banner bearing the very appropriate motto, taken from a speech of Governor SEWARD, delivered in this city several years since:

.....
A thousand faces beam upon me with all that ancient kindness, which always cheered me, when, if unsustained, I should have fallen by the way, and the memory of which, in all my wanderings, never failed to bring me home at last.
.....

Beneath this was a bust of SENATOR SEWARD, surrounded by evergreens.

ARCH ACROSS EXCHANGE STREET.

At the junction of Genesee and Exchange streets, another splendid arch spanned the street, fronting the north.—This was prepared with exquisite taste: garlands of evergreens and beautiful festoons were suspended from, and attached to the arch. On the front were the words—

.....
Welcome to the defender of the Rights of Man.
.....

on the reverse the inscription,
.....
See to it that Freedom and Equal Rights are inculcated at your firesides and in the Churches.
.....

Passing under the arch, the procession passed, amid shouts of the gathered thousands, up Exchange street. On the Exchange building was the inscription

.....
The Constitution devotes the domain to the Union, to Justice and to Liberty; but there is a higher law than the Constitution, which devotes it to the same noble purpose. That ye shall proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.—Leviticus, xxv. 10.
.....

The residence of H. Woolruff, Esq., was gracefully decorated with festoons and flags, and presented a fine appearance.

Gov. Seward finally arrived at his home. Over his gateway was suspended an arch with the inscription

.....
Behold, I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest and will bring thee again into this land.—The Clergy
.....

In passing through his gate, the Senator found the clergy of every denomination and sect in the city, gathered in line to welcome him in person. Overcome by his feelings, the Governor passed rapidly through, shaking hands with the clergy on either side of the path, and gaining the steps to his house, turned and said "God bless you all!" and immediately entered his house, alone, to greet the "respectable lady in waiting for him." The crowd gave several more enthusiastic cheers, and gradually dispersed; many returning to the Armory.

The occasion will be remembered

all who participated, as the most enthusiastic and spontaneous outburst of the people ever before witnessed in Auburn.

Every eye flashed with enthusiasm, and spoke the zeal of the spirit that animated it. Every face was brilliant with good nature and good cheer, and every heart seemed full of joy and satisfaction on the safe return of him whom the citizens thus delighted to honor.

And the honors thus bestowed reflected great credit upon the good taste, the sound judgment and the generous enthusiasm of the citizens of Auburn. We are sure that the display will long be remembered and appreciated by the recipient as a truthful evidence of the esteem and affection of his fellow citizens.

In closing our sketch we take occasion to compliment the Auburn Guards for their brilliant appearance and to assure them and the Shields that their services were marked and appreciated.

The following letter from Ex-Governor Throop, received before the reception is a graceful compliment and we take the liberty of making it public:

GOV. THROOP'S LETTER.

WILLOWBROOK, Dec. 27 1859.

Gen. John H. Chedell, Chairman of Committee &c.,

Sir:—I am pleased to learn by your valued note of yesterday, that the citizens of Auburn are preparing to signalize with due honor, the return among them of their distinguished and respected neighbor Governor SEWARD from his foreign tour. The occasion is a fit one, and such a manifestation is honorable to both parties. You will find, I trust, in the privacy of my life, an ample apology

for my absence from that interesting ceremony, but I shall not fail at a fit time, to manifest my respect for Governor SEWARD as an esteemed neighbor, and congratulate him on his return to his family and friends.

I have the honor to be

Very respectfully Yours &c.,

E. T. THROOP.

Delegations from Rochester and Canandaigua.

A delegation of gentlemen from Rochester arrived in Auburn on the 1:10 train this P. M. bearing to Gov. SEWARD a letter numerously signed by the citizens of Monroe County, congratulating him upon his safe arrival home. The delegation was met at the depot by a committee of our citizens, and escorted to Gov. SEWARD'S residence. CALVIN HUSON, Esq., Chairman of the delegation in presenting the letter addressed the Governor in a very neat and appropriate speech, to which Mr. SEWARD briefly responded.

A delegation from Canandaigua also arrived in the city last evening with a letter of welcome to the Governor from the citizens of that place.

SEWARD FOR UNION OF THE STATES.

As the forcible language of General Jackson to rebellious South Carolina, and the beautiful closing periods of Daniel Webster in the great debate concerning the preservation of the Union, are familiar to our readers, we do not repeat them here. But as a reward of \$50,000 is offered for the head of William H. Seward, we venture to quote a paragraph from one of his earliest speeches on that subject.

In an address delivered before the citizens of Auburn, July 4, 1825, he said:

"Let us, then, remember that to us it is given to preserve the UNION OF THESE STATES—the ARK OF SAFETY in which are deposited the HOPES OF THE WORLD. If we preserve it, it will bring down blessings upon us and our posterity. We shall inherit glory more imperishable than Grecian or Roman fame, and shall leave to the world a legacy more valuable than aught but the treasures of inspiration. Abandon it, and the desolation of tyranny will cover these lovely plains. The curses of posterity will fall upon us, and the last experiment will be thus ended. For MAN there will be no political redemption till the last trumpet shall sound to call the nations to their dread account."

Having stood before the country four and thirty years upon this decisive record, we think it will be extremely difficult for the Democracy to convince the people of the northern states that he meditates a dissolution of the Union now. It is our high privilege and pleasure to attest, on the authority of our personal knowledge, that he continues to adhere to the opinion there so beautifully expressed; and that the importance of the preservation of the union of these states is second in his regard only to the preservation of the sacred writings which constitute the Bible.

\$100,000 REWARD.

Herodias, being conscious of her shame, which John the Baptist had exposed, demanded and obtained his head in a charger. The Slave power, conscious of its own inherent weakness and wickedness, demands the heads of William H. Seward and seventy-nine others, just as if some drunken Herod existed to deliver them to order.

But old Herod died some two thousand years ago, without leaving any worthier or more potential successor than the Slave power itself. That is the young Herod of our country whom the adulterious generation it sways presumptuously invokes. They want these heads in a charger; but they cannot be accommodated. Here is the document as it was published in the Richmond papers:

\$100,000 REWARD.—Messrs. Editors: I will be one of one hundred gentlemen who will give twenty-five dollars each for the heads of the following Traitors:

Henry Wilton, Massachusetts; Charles Sumner, do; Horace Greeley, New York; John P. Hale, New Hampshire; Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. Cheever, New York; Rev. Mr. Wheeler, New Hampshire; Schuyler Colfax, Anson Burlingame, Owen Lovejoy, Amos P. Granger, Edwin B. Morgan, Galusha A. Grow, Joshua R. Giddings, Edward Wade, Calvin O. Chaffee, William H. Kelsey, William A. Howard, Henry Waldron, John Sherman, George W. Palmer, David W. Gooch, Henry L. Dawes, Justin S. Morrill, I. Washburne, Jr., J. Bingham, Wm. Kellogg, E. B. Washburne, Benjamin Stanton, Edward Dodd, C. B. Tompkins, John Covode, Cad. C. Washburn, Samuel G. Andrews, A. B. Olin, Sidney Dean, B. Durfee, Emory B. Pottle, De Witt C. Leach, J. F.

Potter, T. Davis, Massachusetts; T. Davis, Iowa; J. F. Farnsworth, O. L. Knapp, R. E. Fenton, Philemon Bliss, Mason W. Tappan, Charles Case, James Pike, Homer E. Boyce, Isaac D. Clawson, A. S. Murray, Robert B. Hall, Valentine B. Horton, Freeman H. Morse, David Kiggore, William Stewart, Samuel B. Curtis, John M. Wood, John M. Parker, Stephen O. Foster, Chas. J. Gilman, Chas. B. Hoard, John Thompson, J. W. Sherman, Wm. D. Braxton, James Buffinton, O. B. Matteson, Richard Mott, George K. Robbins, Ezekiel P. Walton, James Wilson, S. A. Purviance, Francis E. Spinner, and S. M. Burroughs. And I will also be one of one hundred to pay five hundred dollars each (\$50,000) for the head of Wm. H. Seward, and would add a similar reward for Fred. Douglass, but regarding him head and shoulders above these Traitors, will permit him to remain where he now is.

RICHMOND.

Gov. Seward's Qualifications for the Presidency.

The particular attention of Gov. Seward's numerous Temperance friends in this vicinity is called to the following interesting letter from a Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune. We also commend it to the careful examination of those clergymen who took so active a part in defending the distinguished Senator, when he was charged with aiding and abetting the liquor movement. The "wine glasses,—five in number, of different size, form and color, indicating the different wines to be served," are indicative of the Senator's love for the cause of Temperance.

Washington, March 11.

The fashionable mode of getting into the visiting circle, is to send your cards to the Senators and wives, next to members of Congress, as the term is used here, meaning the House of Representatives. I mention wives of Senators, because usually they accompany their husbands to Washington, which is not the rule, but rather the exception, in respect to members of the House.

This may be done, either by going in person in your carriage, or by sending your cards through the Postoffice; then if you play your cards well, and if you have some advantage by the position of your husband or otherwise, you are ready for the campaign.

A dinner which I attended at Senator Seward's, may serve as an illustration of the style on such occasions. At six o'clock we were set down at his residence, found a number of guests already assembled—and others arriving not long after. A formal presentation to the gentleman who is to be your escort to the dining-room, takes place; you have a pleasant chit-chat in the drawing room, during which time, according to etiquette, you remain standing; you are then led into the dining-room; a waiter in white gloves meets you at the door, designates your seat, where you find your name attached to the napkin placed by your plate. The host then mentions the names of his guests, to see if they are properly seated. Turtle soup is then served; the other courses in regular order, seventeen in number—the plates being changed for each course; wine-glasses, five in number of different size, form, and color, indicating the different wines to be served. The meats are carved by the head cook, in a separate apartment, and being placed in silver dishes, are handed to you by a waiter in white gloves, always at your left hand.

Upon entering the dining room you perceive the table laid with perfect taste, containing the confectionery and conserves for the grand finale: beautiful pyramids of iced fruits, French kisses, oranges, &c., all beautiful to look at but dangerous unless your digestive organs are stronger than mine.

You are conducted back into the parlor in the same manner that you entered—when coffee is served and liquors of different kinds. A short time is spent in conversation, when the guests, one by one, begin to leave—all, no doubt, duly impressed by the honor done them, fully conscious of the hospitable manner in which they have been entertained, and doubtless convinced that their host is the man best fitted for the Presidential mansion. Certain I am that round him cluster the affections of the lady representatives of the North, and if we had the direction of political affairs, Mr. Seward would be the next candidate by general acclamation.

NEW YORK, May 7.
The Republican Central Committees made arrangements yesterday for an escort down the Bay, and last night called upon Mr. Seward, who, in reply to a brief address in their behalf, after expressing his gratitude for every act of kindness shown him, said:

I do not wish that any personal considerations should come between me and your friendship. I did not wish to put myself forward in this great struggle, but I have been overruled by the partiality of my fellow citizens. You find me here, not in the path of the partisan. My opinions and sentiments are unchanged, and will not suffer any change during my sojourn in a foreign land.

The ties which bind me to my native land may be strong, but they may not be severed, and when absent, I shall cherish the recollection of this event, and of the cause in which you are struggling, and when, by the good Providence which has thus far watched over me through life, I return, I trust I shall find my friends as numerous as they are here to night, and find our country great, united and free.

The steamers Josephine and Alida respectively chartered by the New York and Brooklyn Central Committee, accompanied the Ariel down the bay, Mr. Seward being on board the former. He would go on board the Ariel at Sandy Hook.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

From the Courier & Enquirer

The following amusing Parody upon Clement Moore's unequalled "Night before Christmas" was sent us by a friend for publication:—

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house,

Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse,
Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas' care,
Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
The arlings had duly been tucked in their beds—
With very full stomachs and pain in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the Nursery arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep—crying—"What is the matter?"
I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze,
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes.
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below,
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear,
But the little pale face of each sick little dear,
For each pet had crammed itself full as a tick,
I knew in a moment now felt like old Nick.

Their pulses were rapid, their breathing the same,
What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—
Now Turkey, now Stuffing, Plum Pudding of course,
And Custards, and rollers, and Cranberry sauce,
Before outraged nature, all went to the wall,
Yes—Lollypops, Flapdoodle, Dinner and all,
Like pellets, which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie,
'Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of Mamma and of Santa Claus too.

I turned from the sight, to my bed-room stepped back,
And brought out a phial marked "Pulv. Ipecac."
When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—

"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor?"
I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap's hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit;
He had hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half-fuddled with sack.
His eyes how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like Port and his breath smelt of Sherry;
He hadn't been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.

But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath—
'He felt of each pulse,—saying "each little belly
Must get rid"—here he laughed—"of the rest of that jelly."
I gazed on each chubby, plump, sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so,—in spite of myself,
But a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe—but went straightway to work,
And dosed all the rest—gave his trowsers a jerk,
And adding directions while blowing his nose—
He buttoned his coat;—from the chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig—gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle,
But the Doctor exclaimed ere he drove out of sight,
They'll be well by to-morrow—good night! Jones—good night!

MEETING OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.—RECEPTION OF SENATOR SEWARD.—The Common Council held a special meeting at their Council Room last evening, to take the initiatory steps in the proposed welcome to our distinguished citizen, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, on his return home from foreign lands. His Honor, Mayor Briggs, presided, and all of the Aldermen were present.

Alderman Baldwin, from the 2d Ward, presented the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Information has reached us that our distinguished fellow-townsmen, WM. H. SEWARD, is expected to return home from his foreign tour, during the ensuing week; and whereas, we deem it incumbent on this Board to congratulate him upon his return, and to re-assure him of our undiminished regard. It is therefore

Resolved, That we respectfully invite the military companies, and our citizens generally, to co-operate with the Mayor and Common Council in extending to him a cordial and congratulatory public welcome, on his arrival home.

Resolved, That the Mayor and Common Council, together with five citizens from each ward, be a committee to make such arrangements for his reception as they shall deem proper.

Resolved, That the Mayor appoint the committee of citizens.

In rising to respond to the resolutions, Ald. Post said, that it was not, perhaps, necessary to advocate the adoption of the resolutions; they would unquestionably pass without a word of comment. Certainly it is due the great and good man, whom we propose to honor, that his neighbors and friends, without distinction of party, should assemble to congratulate him upon his secure passage through distant lands, and his safe voyage across wide and perilous seas. It is eminently proper that we should, in a becoming manner, manifest the friendship and the esteem we all profess for the distinguished Senator, whose fame is hemmed by no State lines, but rests upon a broad and comprehensive national foundation, who, though a citizen of our quiet and lovely city and a neighbor and a friend, possesses a name that is claimed by his countrymen as one of the bright and shining ornaments of our nation. Him, whom we thus propose to honor, is the foremost man of the age; grasping with his powerful intellect all the great questions of the day, and comprehending, with the prescience of a true Statesman, their issues and the results. He is a liberal man; at home, as a citizen, we find him encouraging improvements, fostering home manufactures, building homes for the poor man, and supplying him with necessary aid to establish him in a house of his own, and thus enabling many a man to sit by his own fireside; and, going out from his immediate neighborhood, he encourages improvements in the State and Nation, and as a Senator, is willing to build the canal across the plains of South Carolina, or afford Pennsylvania the assistance whereby her coal mines will be delved and her beds of iron ore made to disgorge, so that native iron may clasp her hills and span her valleys and bear the fruits of the West to the stirring marts of the East. Such is the man we propose to honor, and we have met to-night to initiate the steps for a demonstration that will do justice to the occasion, and while it also honors the recipient, will reflect some of its glory upon those who participate in receiving the distinguished Senator and welcoming him to his home.

The resolutions were then adopted unanimously.

After the appointment of the Committee, the Council adjourned.

HOME AGAIN!

Arrival of GOV. SEWARD from his European Tour.

HIS RECEPTION IN NEW YORK.

Route from New York to Auburn.

Demonstrations on the Way.

His Arrival in Auburn.

WELCOMED BY 10 000 CITIZENS.

SPEECHES AT THE DEPOT,

NATIONAL SALUTE, MUSIC,

BELLS, BANNERS, ARCHES,

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

We announced to our city readers in an extra, issued at 5 1-2 o'clock on Wednesday evening that the steamship Arago, on which Gov. SEWARD was passenger, had been signalled and would reach her dock at New York at 8 o'clock the same evening. This telegraphic despatch served to allay whatever anxiety had been felt in the minds of our citizens by the fact that the Arago was one day over due at New York.

Gov. Seward met with a most cordial reception in New York. Guns were fired, welcoming speeches made, and throngs of people crowded around to take the Governor by the hand. As Mr. Seward entered the Astor House he was greeted with nine rounds of applause. At half past ten o'clock on Thursday morning the Republican Central Committee waited upon him and Judge Peabody, in behalf of the Committee congratulated him upon his safe return.

The City Hall was thrown open to which Gov. Seward was invited to meet the citizens. On arriving there he found a vast assemblage waiting to greet him. An address was delivered by Mayor Tiedman, in behalf of the Common Council and citizens, to which Gov. Seward responded in an eloquent and appropriate manner. The Senator left the city on Thursday evening.

HIS ARRIVAL AT ALBANY.

On the route from New York City to Albany Gov. SEWARD met with many demonstrations of welcome. Cheers, bonfires and fireworks greeted him at the principal villages. On his arrival at Albany he was met at the depot by a large assemblage of people and heartily welcomed. State street was illuminated by bonfires, and rockets and Roman candles were sent up in great profusion.

The Governor left Albany on the 7:30 morning train on Friday.

ARRIVAL AT UTICA.

The Governor passed through Utica at noon. An immense crowd of people met him at the depot; bells were rung and a salute of 100 guns were fired by the Utica Citizens' Corps. There was great enthusiasm in the crowd.

W. H. SEWARD, son of Greeley's Julius Caesar, has lately married Miss Watson. Young Seward will find matrimony the happiest State in the Union, since its President is Cupid, and its politics love.

1860

AT SYRACUSE.

The train passed Syracuse at 2 o'clock, P. M. Gov. Seward was received by a large and enthusiastic crowd in the depot, and was welcomed by Hon. T. T. Davis in a short address, to which he responded in a most felicitous manner. The train then passed on amid the shouts of the assembled multitude.

THE DEMONSTRATION IN AUBURN.

Never did a more beautiful winter day dawn upon Auburn than Friday, the 30th inst. The snow which had fallen during the night, sparkled in the trees like the clearest diamonds, and the clear sunshine forth, unrestrained by a cloud. Before noon the streets began to be thronged with the multitudes pouring in from the surrounding towns. Large sleigh loads from the villages about, drawn by four horses, came rushing into the city to participate in welcoming the distinguished and favorite citizen, WILLIAM H. SEWARD. As early as 2 o'clock, P. M., the crowd commenced wending its way to the depot. On the arrival of the train at the Junction, seven miles east of this city, a telegram to that effect was received, upon which the Artillery, under command of a corps of the 40th Regiment, stationed near the east end of the depot, "volleyed and thundered." This was the signal agreed upon for the assembling of our citizens.

SCENE AT THE DEPOT.

The depot was densely packed with as enthusiastic crowd of persons as could be found on the "footstool." Every available space in the spacious depot was occupied by the people. On the platform, on the west side of the depot, were stationed the boys representing the District Schools of the city, each boy bearing a small banner in his hand, with the inscriptions:

Welcome to Senator Seward.

God Bless the friend of our Schools.

And other appropriate devices. Directly over their heads was suspended a large banner with the glowing words:

The Public Schools

to the

Distinguished Friend of Education.
His is the praise who consults his own clear heart and boldly dares to be, not to be thought, an honest man.

In the centre of the depot was arranged the platform upon which were the speaker, MICHAEL S. MYERS, Esq., and his Honor, Mayor BRIGGS, waiting to receive the "Coming Man." Around this platform thousands gathered and crowded to hear the speeches. Directly in front of the speakers' stand the gallant hearted and noble and ever-to-be-remembered "Auburn Guards," renewing their size and age and appearance with their increasing weight of years, and the gallant and "true blues," the Shields, took up their position, under the command, of Col. W. H. Carpenter.

ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN.

The moment the train came in sight the bells of the city sounded forth their hearty and deep toned welcome; the cannons were loaded with heavier charges and spoke in "volume tones." With much caution the train wended its way through the gathered multitudes, and on its arrival in the depot the appearance upon the platform of the car of Senator SEWARD was greeted by the Band with the ever sweet "Home, Sweet Home," and by the people with tremendous storms of applause that fairly shook the ceilings of the depot. Cheer after cheer were given, and with a will and an enthusiasm we have never before heard on any occasion. Such a salute was worth living an age to hear.

After a little delay the distinguished citizen reached the platform where he was cordially shaken by the hand by the speaker, M. S. MYERS, and Mayor BRIGGS. Here the cheering was again and again renewed, subsiding for a moment and then gaining strength by a momentary rest, thundered forth again and continued until the depot was cleared of the train in which Senator SEWARD arrived. When after repeated efforts the enthusiasm was reduced to "hearing point," Senator SEWARD was welcomed by MICHAEL S. MYERS, Esq., in the following eloquent and appropriate address:

GOVERNOR SEWARD:—You see around you an assemblage of our citizens called together by the announcement of your return home.

Honored by them as their organ of communication with you, it is my duty as well as my privilege, to congratulate you upon your safe return from the Old World, and in their behalf to assure you of a hearty welcome!

You will recognize around you friends and neighbors, with many of whom, during your long residence among them, you have been upon terms of kind and friendly intercourse, and who avail themselves of this occasion to express to you their regard for you as a citizen, and their interest in your welfare.

We know, sir, that you will appreciate this gathering. It would be affectation in us to suppose for a moment that you would mistake its object or its meaning. It is indeed unnecessary that a word should be said to you by any one to tell you its meaning, and interpretation. It speaks for itself in its individual and collective character.

Sir, I am not addressing a stranger among us. I need not say to you that here as elsewhere, upon all the public questions of the day, in which it has been your fortune to take a prominent part, public opinion is divided; that we have our full share of political parties, and of fearless advocates of the principles they severally avow. We at times roll high upon the waves of political strife, but the storm once over, and a full expression of

individual opinions and preferences having transpired, it is pleasant to know what this occasion so fully exemplifies, that the comities of social life return to their accustomed course, and friend, neighbor and citizen move on in their kindly intercourse, fulfilling those duties in their several spheres that give the chiefest charm to civilized communities.

If, sir, in the share you have taken in public life, in the eminent stations which you have been called upon to fill, you have established a name and a reputation as a statesman that should satisfy a high and laudable ambition—if the confidence of the people of your native State has been bestowed upon you, in places of power and high trust, freely and liberally, in proof of their estimate of your talent, integrity and fidelity—if this is the history of your life, so far, whatever the future may unfold and bring forth, the past must furnish you with pleasant and grateful reflections.

But, sir, filled and stored as your mind and memory may be with these matters, you will not wholly dwell upon them now. Tracing the features of many in this assembly, you will recognize some, although few in number, who, nearly forty years ago, were among your youthful friends. In others, you will readily recognize the descendants of those still living, and of an army of others who have passed away and are known no more in their places upon earth.

Memory, faithful to her trust, will revert, in a scene like this, to your own early life. You will recall, with a sentiment of affection, so to express myself, Auburn as it then was—the people who composed it—the society with whom, in early manhood, you cast your lot—the place where your nearest and dearest earthly ties were formed—where domestic comforts, clustering around your hearth, have been enjoyed, and where cares, trials and afflictions have been met and borne.

These thoughts and reflections would be the legitimate fruit of a meeting like the present one; and am I wrong in speaking of them? Or am I, in legal parlance, traveling out of the record? I trust not.

Besides, sir, as I have before remarked, you are no stranger among us. I cannot introduce you in set and formal terms to a people to whom you are well known, and with whom your name is as familiar as household words.

The citizens of Auburn had resolved upon this demonstration in honor of yourself, for reasons satisfactory to them, well assured that it would be acceptable to you. What they had determined upon they have endeavored to consummate.—It will, I know, be received as it is offered, as a testimonial of their friendship, confidence and good will; of their regard for one who has for so long a time been closely identified, and has so cheerfully and efficiently co-operated with them in ad-

vancing the interests of our city in all its enterprises, and whom they now greet as a member of their family, returned after a long absence to his and their home! Sir, they will make your welcome known to you; and I now leave you with them.

The applause with which the speech was received again became general, and the populace gave vent to their enthusiasm. When comparative silence was obtained Senator SEWARD responded to the address as follows:

MR. MAYOR, MR. MYERS, FRIENDS, NEIGHBORS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—It is true, as you have reminded me, that I have reached another stage in a journey that has occupied eight months of time and covered ten thousand miles of space—the last stage—a stage beyond which I can go no farther. Although in this journey I have traversed no small portions of four continents—Europe, Africa, Asia and America—it is not until now, that I have found the place which, above all others, I admire the most and love the best. This place, this very spot on which you stand, and I stand among you, is indeed the one point on the globe, which, wherever else I may be, draws me back by an irresistible spell; the place where, when I rest, I must dwell—the only place where I can be content to live, and content, when life's fitful fever shall be over, to die.

It is the spot cherished in my affections above and beyond all others—above and beyond the spot where I was born—above and beyond the scenes in which I was educated—adorned and marked as those localities of my earlier life are, by mountain and river, by blue skies and genial climes—it is a spot cherished by me above and beyond the scenes of any severe labor—of any arduous achievement—and, if I may use the expression without offense, of any personal successes. I love it more than the Capital of my native State, although in that Capital, I have borne the baton of civil authority, confided to me by three millions of a free, brave and enlightened people. I love it more than even the Senate chamber of the great confederate Republic of which we all are citizens—although in that Senate chamber I am authorized, with one other representative, to pronounce the will of the leading member of that confederacy. I should not despair of vindicating this preference by comparing the natural advantages, and the social development of the valley of the Owaseo, with those of any other place that you or I have ever known. Lakes, meadows, water-falls, fields, forests are here, which are nowhere surpassed; and comfort, ease, intelligence, enterprise and morals, that may justly challenge comparison in any part of the globe.

But I will be candid, and confess that my partiality stands upon a simpler and more natural logic. I prefer this place because it is my place. You may as well be candid, also, and confess that you like it best because it is your place. It is true.

BARNUM'S ELEPHANT.

News comes to us from across the Atlantic of Barnum elephant. Poor creature! Here is another proof of t degrading condition of the state of slavery! To think of t majestic animal, free in his native savannahs, and then behold him ploughing, carting loads of gravel, drawi stones on a dray, piling wood, and "making himself ge rally useful"—for we are assured that the victim lord the forest does all this—on the farm of P. T. Barnu Bridgeport, Connecticut, is to fire us with indignation, melt us with pity towards the "peculiar institution" which, in America, men and elephants are alike a saci fice. The descendants of *Guinea Kings* and *Old* princes have, doubtless, blacked the shoes of free repu licans, have served Uncle Sam with sherry-cobblers, an supplied Brother Jonathan with many a mint-julep. B such family declension, such sad descent, touches us n so much as the thought of the lordly elephant, the wi the grand, the magnanimous, gentle elephant—"the tru great are ever gentle"—degraded to a piler of logs a a carter of gravel—for (and this is the sting)—Barnum! How wisely and well speaks Major Moir, his *Oriental Fragments*, of the moral dignity of t animal. He says—"there is something in the elepha independently of its bulk, I think, which distinguishes from other quadrupeds. No person or persons wo commit any act of gross indelicacy in presence of elephant. The same feeling could not prevail touchi the presence of a stupid rhinoceros, almost as bulky."

Nevertheless, even an elephant is susceptible of degr ing moral influences. "Show me your company," sa the proverb, "and I'll show you the man." Show me y Barnum, and I'll show you the elephant. In his day, t elephant has kept the most glorious company; for th are extant several ancient medals on which the head Socrates is found united with the head of an elepha But—true is the saying—every medal has its rever Again; the Socratic-elephantine medals are of gold a silver. Whereas, the medal to be henceforth struck, c memorative of the elephant and the owner of Connectic must be of basest brass.

We put it to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, whether the enslav condition of this long-suffering elephant is not worthy a tale illustrative of its sorrows? it is said that materi abound for its biography. We do entreat the benevol Harriet to undertake the goodly work; and further, to apart a portion of the profits of the book to redeem noble animal from the bondage of the showman. T hear, among other incidents of its many coloured life, t the elephant was last employed by Barnum as mon taker; and such was the elevation of its moral sense those days, it never took a bad shilling. When Barn retired from the cares of showmanship, the elephant b him company; and was long employed in Barnu Palace, as a domestic of all work; the elephant mak Barnum's bed, bringing Barnum's shaving-water, cutt and curling Barnum's hair, and drawing the corks Barnum's ginger pop. The best understanding long l vailed between the two animals; and was only broken the fact that when Barnum was about his *Life*, the phant would not go down upon his knees—as Barn desired—to hold the showman's inkhorn. Upon this, elephant was degraded to its present drudgery, from wh we hope the pen of Mrs. Stowe will, like fairy wand, soon release him.—*Punch*.

In private, watch your thoughts. In the family, watch your temper. In company, watch your tongue.

Welcome, thrice welcome, dear emblem of freedom,
And dear to the heart, is the the cannon's loud roar;
Sweet are the sounds, as the music of Eden,
They lead us, enraptured, the past to explore.

They remind us of thousands who sleep in the grave,
Who bought with their blood, the Fourth of July;
Who bade the young Eagle triumphantly wave,
And build his proud nest in the vaults of the sky,

Where he nestles aloft, while each flash of his eye,
Gleams like the lightning on despots below;
Yet e'er he looked down from his home in the sky,
The life-blood of thousands was destined to flow.

How bravely they fought, and how nobly they fell,
The rights we inherit, long, long will attest;
Memory delights on the picture to dwell;
Their deeds are enshrined in a Nation's proud breast.

On the names of those heroes not a shadow shall be,
The place where they rest, shall be dear unto fame;
Our souls, like their sires, are resolved to be free,
The sparks they emitted have kindled to flame.

Then welcome ye sounds, let the winds on their pinions,
Waft, waft them afar to each isle on the sea,
Let their echo resound throughout their dominions,
Where slavery crouches, at tyranny's knee.

High on each summit unfurl the bright banner,
Aid, National airs, and the cannon's loud roar;
Freemen be this your privilege and honor,
The God of your Fathers to thank and adore.

In that dread hour when sabres were gleaming,
And the smoke of the musketry darkened the field;
When the blood of the bravest like water was streaming,
He came to their rescue, His arm was their shield.
A. M. N.

Centennial Birth-day Festival.

CONSTANTIA, Aug. 14, 1850.

Editor of the Evening Journal:

Gentlemen—A family meeting was held at the house of Joseph Bently, Esq., in the village of Constantia, Oswego county, N. Y., on the 13th of August, composed of the children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, of Gideon Bently, one of the heroes of our Revolution, to celebrate his centennial birth-day.

The health and spirits of this worthy and venerable man are truly remarkable; his mental faculties seem but little impaired; and his retentive memory of things long past, renders a conversation with the aged veteran interesting. He is but little bent, walks with one staff, his step is firm and quick.

The following lines were composed by a grand-daughter of Mr. Bently, and read on the occasion:—

A wreath to deck thy silvery hair,
My rev'rend sire, for thee I'd twine,
And proudest laurels, rich and rare,
Shall deck that aged brow of thine,
For it has faced its country's foe,
And braved the battle's loudest roar,
Undaunted by the cry of woe,
Or sight of dying freemen's gore.

The war whoop thou hast wildly rung
In Britain's proud, disdainful ear,
The song of peace thou too hast sung,
When England's sons were pale with fear:
But not alone a Nation's foe
Has that proud form of thine withstood;
Not England's arms nor Indian's bow,
Alone have sought to spill thy blood.
For lo! a hundred years have sped,
Since first was heard thine infant wail,
And o'er thy hoary, rev'rend head,
A Century has thrown its veil.

And well thine eye may glow with pride,
For o'er Columbia's vast domain
Thy children scatter, far and wide,
And now they flock from thee to gain
A blessing, ere thy head shall rest
Where all thy fathers sweetly sleep;
O'er whom the earth is closely prest,
Who safely will her charges keep.

O, bless them all! But not alone
Thy sons and daughters may'st thou bless;
But O bless Him who thee hath shown
A hundred birth days such as this,
And crowned with mercies yet untold,
A long, long life of five score years;
And to the cross of Christ keep hold—
"Will bear thee through this vale of tears.

And when thy day of life is done,
When Earth can please thy sense no more,
When last for thee the morning sun
Has gilded Nature's beauties o'er—
In Jesus' arms O may'st thou lie,
And gently breathe thy life away,
As morning flowers just droop and die,
Beneath a scorching noontide ray.

For the N. Y. Tribune.

STANZAS,

Addressed to Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate,
on reading his noble Speeches in behalf of Kosuth.

CHAMPION of Right! success attend thee,
In trampling down oppression's cause,
And may that power on high defend thee,
Before which cowering tyrants pause!
Stern in their path all armed they find thee
With sharpened brand and dauntless eye,
Droop not—the name thou'lt leave behind thee
Star-like, will shine in memory's sky!

The sorrowing exile sadly wanders
On far Columbia's wintry strand,
And, as in musing mood he ponders
Upon his down crushed fatherland,
The memory of thy voice shall cheer him,
And urge him onward to the fray,
Where the grim Czar shall learn to fear him,
And brightly dawn young Freedom's day!

Spirits of sages long departed!
Look downward from your homes on high,
Behold the firm—the noble-hearted,
That struggling 'neath their tyrants lie!
Give strength to him, who late proclaiming,
The Magyar's cause on freedom's strand,
For LIBERTY and RIGHT is aiming,
And sheds a luster o'er our land.

All honor to the voice that rises
Unawed above the timid cry,
Which every despot King despises,
And prouder waves his scourge on high!
And may the sun of Hope unpearing
And gilding Europe's smoking plains,
While the poor captive's heart 'tis cheering
Melt from his limbs the tyrant's chains!

To William H. Seward.

Illustrious by the charms of eloquence,
Laurel'd with honors numerous as thy years;
Whose words are battles in the Right's defence,
More potent than the temper'd swords and spears
Of old Homeric heroes! Him who hears,
They hear to higher regions, while they flash
Disclosing, like the lightning, a new world,
And smitten Error, in the instant crash,
With her false temple sinks, to desolation hurl'd.

Worthy to represent the chief of States,
And add new chaplets to her old renown;
To lead the august Senate's high debates,
And win, by suffrage, th' unwith'ring crown,
Plead still for Truth, though Truth be trampled down!
Who speaks for Truth shall be by her enroll'd
Amongst th' Immortals on her scroll of Fame;
Tho' brazen pillars rust and marbles mould,
Legends, from age to age, shall save his name.

Forced Blossoms.

There is a moral in the following little story, which it would be well if some parents and teachers would catch. There are far too many instances of children who are injured by study and sedentary habits. In fact, when a boy will learn—when he takes kindly to his books, most parents are inclined to urge him on to his highest intellectual speed. There is a selfish reason for this. Boys who are fond of books, or who can be kept by compulsion or persuasion for a greater part of the day at their studies, are far less troublesome and expensive than those reckless, whooping juveniles who wear out clothes and smash windows. But there is a day of reckoning for all things, and in after years, the boy who has paled over books, if he lives at all, shows the early want of air, exercise, and cheerful sport, in delicate health, or in a fearfully excitable nervous system. We can recall an instance of a child who, after being put through Virgil and Homer at seven years of age, ended as an idiot at seventeen. Unfortunately the ruined health is never attributed to its true cause. 'Growing,' or constitutional infirmity, is supposed to be the reason, and medical treatment and change of air is resorted to when no remedy can be of any aid.

No danger of Harry's making himself ill with study; and as he will learn I shall let him. He is at the head of his classes, and his teacher tells us that the boy is really a genius. He came yesterday for permission to commence French lessons—but as he had a long task in Latin I hesitated.

'How old is Harry, sister?'

'Nine last month; and for a boy of his age, I must say he is doing uncommonly well. He has gone through Baker's Natural Philosophy, and now is delighted with an abridgement of Wayland's Moral Science. I confess I do not understand it all myself; but he must, for he repeats chapter after chapter without missing a word. There are boys in his class seventeen and eighteen years old. Why, what are you doing Laura?'

Her sister was busily employed, and did not look up at first. As the conversation progressed, she seemed quite unconscious that she had taken a waxen bud from a rich cluster of tube roses, that stood in a vase upon the table before her, and had forced the pure petals outward till the bud became a blossom.

'Is it not beautiful?' said she, giving it to her sister; 'and out so long before the rest.'

'Yes, very beautiful just now; but how long do you think it will stay so? It droops already; why could you not let it be till it was developed naturally?'

Her remark was just—beautiful as it was at first, the petals soon became brown, then shriveled. Its freshness and fragrance were fast passing away. Just then a fine little fellow came into the room, and, taking a book from the center-table, threw himself languidly upon the sofa, and brushing back the wavy hair from a full, pale forehead, commenced reading very intently.

'Why do you not go and play with your cousins, Harry?' said his mother.

'O, they are so rude, so noisy, I mean—I am in a hurry to finish this, too,' and the boy's eyes were once more fastened upon the page before him.

His mother smiled, well pleased at his studiousness; but his aunt looked grave, and pointed to his flushed cheek, and the peculiar brilliancy of his eye.

'He needs exercise; you should insist upon his going out,' said she. 'I do not wish to alarm you needlessly, but you will find the truth of your own words,' and she held up the withering blossom. 'Beautiful just now; but how long thing you it will stay so? It droops already; why could you not let it be till it develops naturally?'

'Harry, said his mother, starting, as if a new light had flashed upon her mind, 'I insist that you go into the air for half an hour at least. You can finish your book this evening.'

She had seen the justice of her sister's delicate reproof; and we trust that if this little paragraph falls under the notice of parents who are given to the 'forcing system,' they also may be warned in time. Henry is not an imaginary example, neither is he a solitary instance, where the mind is suffered to develop itself at the expense of the physical powers.

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A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"There are two things," said the young and beautiful Mrs. Lily, "which I was constitutionally born to hate—slavery and intemperance. I was born in a slave State, and reared amid all its influences, but never, for one hour, since my earliest recollection, have I felt aught else than utter repugnance to the whole system, to its injustice and wrong. I don't believe any person thinks it right. They only defend it because they can not be consistent with themselves and their interest (they think it is their interest) and condemn it. So they rack their brains to find excuses for their own folly. O! I wish there were a thousand Mrs. Stowes to shake the world."

"Why," said I, "you quite surprise me. I did not expect to hear a native-born Missourian give vent to such feelings against the peculiar institution. So you dissent from the opinion that 'Uncle Tom' is an exaggeration?"

"Exaggeration!" she exclaimed, rising from her reclining posture. "Exaggeration! Can there be exaggeration of slavery? Can human thought imagine any cruelty or injustice, that human thought has not imagined and carried out? Talk of the lash and chain—they are nothing when compared to the soul torture that the poor creatures groan under for years. Let me tell you a story—fresh and new. I had an old colored woman washing for me a few years ago, for four or five years—one of the most faithful, truthful and pious women I ever knew—black or white. She was once a slave, belonging to ——— Davenport. But he was a kinder master than other men, and gave her the privilege of buying her freedom for one thousand dollars. This sum that old and faithful creature earned and paid herself. Only think of it!—one thousand dollars for the privilege of what our wise statesmen call the 'inalienable right of man,' bestowed by the Creator. When free, she stipulated for the freedom of her son, in the like sum, and this with years of toil, she earned, and when he came to manhood's years, he too was free."

Think of this, fair mothers of our land! Ye who hug to your hearts the children of your love, and feel a mother's joy and sympathy, could your love do more than this for them? You work to clothe, to school, and make comfortable those dependent upon your care; but which of you can measure the toil that this poor, stricken mother had to bear, ere she filed away the galling chains from the limbs of her child.

"Well," continued Mrs. Lily, (and she grew more beautiful with every word), "when the mother and son were free, they pledged themselves to the owner of another plantation to pay another thousand for the wife and child of the ransomed son. The master allowed the woman to come to the city and live with her husband, and work on her own hook—paying him so much per month. Three hundred dollars had been paid. Some time in April, this oppressed class had a public tea-party and fair, to gather funds to finish their church, a neat edifice on ——— street. The mother, son, and wife were there, returned home, or started home about midnight—the horses ran away, and George, attempting to get out of the carriage to assist the driver, fell, and his head was dashed to pieces against the corner of a curb-stone.

"He died instantly, and the morning papers announced the fact, and spoke of him as 'highly worthy and respectable, and a member of ——— Church.' But no sooner had the owner of Susan, the wife, heard of George's death, than he hurried to the city post-haste, and took the afflicted wife from their house, drove her to the slave auction and sold her to southern traders.

Thus were the three hundred dollars lost to those who earned it; the old, toiling mother left childless; and the young wife but yesterday rejoicing in the strength and hope of freedom and love, suddenly turned into a chattel and sold 'away down South,' to be a beast of burden—perchance for a 'negroe.'

"When did this happen?" we cried, almost gasping for breath.

"Why, here, lately. I met the oldmother, as I came from our 'Glorious Fourth' Pic-nic. She was dressed in deep mourning, (I had not seen her for a long time, for they had got them a home, and she did not wash any more. I asked her what had happened, and she told me all. O! Mrs. G., how it made me feel! I celebrating our liberty; she, a woman—a wife—a mother—mourning over enslaved and doubly-wronged children.

"I know there is a God, Mrs. Lily," the poor, bowed creature said to me, "I know there is good God, and a Jesus, or I should give up in despair, and sometimes I do; I look up and down and all round, and there is no light."

"And is there none to defend you?" I asked, indignantly.

"It seems not, for the deed was done.

"But," said she, rising to go, upon seeing my horrified look, "I should not have told you this."

"I have not slept quietly since I met this poor, oppressed mother, and her words ring in my ears 'there is no light.' It seems even so—but what can we do?"

My friend passed out and left me, while I continued to pace the floor, uttering those ominous words "there is no light, there is no light." Hope seemed for a little to veil the radiance of her face with her pinions, and weep; and then she opened her wings again, and her beaming eyes looked fall upon me. I thought of the past, the present and the future. The beacon light of humanity blazed from afar; and I saw in the hands of ———

HATTY'S MISTAKE.

"I am so glad it is Saturday afternoon!"—and little Hatty tossed off her bonnet, and shook out her hair, and skipped up to her mother, who sat making the baby's new red frock—"I am glad it is Saturday; I don't see the use of going to school; and I wish I never had to look into a book again; and down little Hatty jumped, two stairs at a time, into the kitchen, to ask Bridget for an apple.

Bridget's red arms, were up to the elbows in flour, making pies, and Hatty said she should like to help her. Bridget smiled at the idea of 'helping' her. But she liked Hatty; so she tied a great check apron round her, tucked her curls behind her ears, and gave her a bit of paste, and a little cup-plate on which to make herself a pie. So Hatty rolled out the paste, keeping one eye all the while on Bridget, to see how she did hers; and then she greased her little plate so that the pie need not stick to it. When that was done, she filled up the inside with stewed apple, then she tucked it all in with a nice 'top crust,' then she worked it all around the edge with a tiny key she had in her pocket; then she looked up and said,

"Bridget! I wish I were you; I should have such a good time tasting the apple-sauce, to see if it were sweet enough. I should like to go out to service, Bridget, and never see that hateful school any more."

Bridget didn't answer, but she turned away and took a long-handled shovel and poked her pies in to the hot oven, and then Hatty heard her draw a great long sigh.

"What is the matter, Bridget?" said Hatty. "Is your crust heavy?"

"No," said Bridget,—"but my heart is. I was thinking how I wished I knew how to read and write. There's Patrick, my brother, way over in Ireland—the last time I saw him I wasn't taller than that butter firkin. Father and mother are dead, and Pat is just the pulse of my heart, Hatty! Well, when he writes me a letter, it's me that can't for the life of me read a word of it; and if I get Honora Donahue to read it, and I'm not sure whether she gets the right sense of it; and then a body wants to read a letter more than once, you know; and so I take it up, my darlin', and turn it over and over, and it's nothing but Greek and Latin to poor Bridget. And so many's the time, Hatty, I've cried hours over Pat's letters, for reason of that. Then I can't answer them—cause you know I can't write—and in course I don't want to turn my heart inside out for anybody else to write to Pat for me; and so you see, my darlin', it's a bother all round entirely,"—and Bridget shut to the oven door, and wiped her eyes with the corner of her check apron.

Hatty was a very warm-hearted little girl, and she couldn't bear to see Bridget cry, so she threw down the bit of paste in her hand; then starting to her feet, as if a sudden thought had struck her, ran quickly up stairs into the parlor, where her mother was sitting, talking with two ladies.

Hatty forgot that her face, and hands, and check apron, and even her curls, were all over flour, when she burst into the room, saying,

"Oh, Mamma!—Bridget and I have been talking, and Bridget—(great big Bridget!)—don't know how to read and write! and she has nobody to love but Pat—and Pat is in Ireland; and when he writes a letter she can't read it, and she can't answer him, because she don't how know to write; and she hasn't seen Pat since—since he was as little as a butter firkin—and she is so unhappy—and, Mamma, mayn't I have an A-B-C book, and teach Bridget how to read and how to write? And little Hatty stopped—not because she had no more to say, but because she was out of breath.

Hatty's mamma smiled, and said, "There was a little girl just your size, in here about an hour ago, who 'didn't see the use of going to school, and wished she might never look into another book so long as she lived.' Have you seen anything of her?"

Hatty blushed and said, "Oh, Mamma, I never will be so foolish again. I see now how bad it is not to learn when one is a little girl."

Well, the A-B-C book was bought, and very funny it was to see little Miss Hatty looking so wise from under her curls, and pointing out the letters to Bridget with a long knitting needle. It was very slow work, to be sure; but then Hatty was patient, for she had a good, kind heart; and how proud she was when Bridget was able to read Pat's letters! and prouder yet when she learned to answer them! and you may be sure that Hatty never was heard to say again that 'she didn't see the use of going to school.'

THERE is a negro boy down south who imitates the whistle of a locomotive so exactly that the engineer is obliged to stop the train and switch him off the track.

THE report that a schoolmaster chastised a boy with a railroad switch is doubted.

NEW BOOKS.

Little Ferns, for Fanny's Little Friends.

[We copy a few of the stories from this new work by 'Fanny Fern.']

THE BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Now, I suppose you think, because you never do anything but feed and sleep, that I have very nice time of it. Let me tell you that you're mistaken, and that I am tormented half to death, although I never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up, instead of down? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into your skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him, with your little, fat, useless fingers? How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle, and sit staring at you with her great green eyes, till you were all of a tremble? How should you like to reach out your hand for the pretty bright candle, and find out that it was way cross the across the room, instead of close by? How should you like to tire yourself out crawling way across the carpet, to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away, as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper. How should you like to have your mamma stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of a nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like, when your mamma dressed you up all pretty to, to take the nice, fresh air, to spend the afternoon with your nurse in some smoky kitchen, while she gossiped with one of her cronies? How should you like to submit to have your toes tickled by all the little children who insisted upon 'seing the baby's feet'? How should you like to have a dreadful pain under your apron, and have everybody call you 'a little cross thing,' when you couldn't speak to tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top stair, (just to look about a little,) and pitch heels over head from the top to bottom?

Robin Redbreast.

As the season for robins to mate approaches, and the "murderous gun" will soon be heard reverberating through our fields and woods, we extract the following beautiful article from the pen of Bishop Doane. It will certainly arrest the eye of the admirer of the beautiful, if it does not the deadly aim of the sportsman.

"I have somewhere met with an old legend, that a robin, wing hovered about the cross, bore off a thorn from our Saviour's crown, and dyed his bosom with the blood; and, that from that time, robins are the friend of man."

Sweet robin, I have heard them say,
That thou wert there upon the day
That Christ was crowned, in cruel scorn,
And bore away one bleeding thorn;
That so, the blush upon thy breast,
In shameful sorrow, was impressed;
And thence thy general sympathy
With our redeemed humanity.

Sweet robin, would that I might be
Bathed in my Saviour's blood like thee;
Near in thy breast, whatever the loss,
The bleeding blazon of the Cross;
Live ever, with my loving mind
In fellowship with human kind;
And take my pattern still from thee,
In gentleness and constancy.

FOR THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.

The Old Churchyard.

'Tis the close of an autumn twilight,
The moon is rising slow;
The white urns on the belfry-top
Like urns of silver glow,
And the old tower throws its shadow
Over roofs and trees below.

Around are the gaunt and hoary elms,
Swaying against the sky;
And the children passing the churchyard,
Hurry fast and stealthily by,
For they see their crooked and skeleton arms
Beckoning fearfully.

Behind them stands in the moonlight
The columned porch; and below
The dust of the holy reposes,
Entombed there, long ago,
The sods of an hundred summers
Above their coffins grow.

The solemn tones of the organ,
Pealing at close of day,
Come creeping beneath the funeral elms
And across the shadowed way;
In the silent chamber, I hear them,
And with them silently pray.

For they come from the holy place within,
And my lonely heart they cheer—
Like that voice from the blessed in Paradise,
The dying sometimes hear,
The valley of death, with its countless graves,
Lie between them, dark and drear!

EDITORS' EYE. JOURNAL:—I have troubled you so often of late, that I must forego the melancholy pleasure it would afford me to give a description of the affecting scenes at the double funeral at the Orphan Asylum on Tuesday last. It may, however, please some to know that my last article *did* serve the purpose of finding Bobby's mother, who was in the country some 25 miles off, and who arrived just before the close of the funeral services.

The following lines narrate a simple yet touching incident which actually occurred. As you have recently announced several legacies to our institution, you will not refuse to let the public know that even these infant beneficiaries can follow these noble examples, on a smaller scale indeed, but not from a less noble impulse. The following was written, I need not say, by one who knows better than we do how orphans feel, having passed through the ordeal herself, and than whom they have no better friend:—

T. W. V.

BOBBY'S WILL.

"Come nearer to my side, dear Nurse,
For I am very weak;
And put your cheek down close to mine,
If you would hear me speak:
Poor Bobby's strangely altered, Nurse,
His breath is short and quick;
He cannot laugh—he cannot sing—
Poor Bobby's very sick.

Last Sabbath, when the clock struck two,
And you had gone away,
I heard the solemn funeral hymn,
And knew that Mary lay
A corpse within the Chapel then,
So still, and cold, and fair—
And thought, when next the Sabbath comes,
Poor Bobby will be there.

Dear Nurse, when I have ceased to breathe,
And you have closed my eyes,
The cord, in this small silver piece
That on my bosom lies—
You will untie—the sixpence bright—
A trifle though it be—
Divide among my little mates,
And tell them 'twas from me.

Tell them that it was all I had,
Which they must not forget,
For, though he's sick and nigh to death,
Poor Bobby loves them yet:
And, Nurse, I know—for you're kind—
When they shall weep for me,
You'll bring them to the coffin side,
That they my face may see.

And those whom I have known so well—
Those who to me have shown
A father's and a mother's love,
When I was left alone—
I could not tell them how I felt,
For I am but a child,
And so, where'er I met them, Nurse,
I only looked and smiled.

They look so sad, and speak so low,
While near my bed they stand,
And stroke my aching head and then,
So gently take my hand;
I love them, Nurse, and I am sure,
That God will bless them here,
And, if they die, will raise up friends
To take their children dear."

And soon, o'er Bobby's lifeless form,
His friends in sorrow hung;
And soon within the Chapel walls,
The funeral hymn was sung;
But e'er the snowy muslin wrapped,
His breast, so cold and still,
The faithful Nurse remembered well,
The poor, dead Bobby's Will.

The silken cord, with trembling hand
She raised, and from his breast
She took the little treasure bright,
That there was wont to rest,
A trifle 'twas, but nobly given—
His little all—and ne'er
Did higher motives prompt the Will
Of the proud millionaire.

He loved his little mates and thought,
To help them in their need;
And God, who looketh on the heart,
Approved the noble deed.
His spirit is in Heaven now,
And tears our eyes will fill,
When we shall think of loved ones gone,
And poor, dead Bobby's Will.

R. B.

A RUMSELLER'S TELESCOPE.—A Mr. Long of Virginia, related, at the recent World's Convention, this amusing anecdote:

A rumseller in our State, feeling some compunction, went to a temperate gentleman, and asked what he should do to have some chance of expiating the consequences of his evil ways.

"Go and make a telescope," said the gentleman.

"A telescope! what can I do with one, and how shall I make it?" asked the rumseller.

"Well, unless you do, you will never get a glimpse of heaven," was the reply.

"How am I to do it?"

"Just take every barrel of liquor in your store, knock out the ends, put these barrels end to end in a long line, kneel down and take a good look through the tube, and that's your only chance of ever getting a view of heaven."—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

BETSEY'S DREAM.

It was very weary, lying there so long. Betsey had counted all the squares, and three-cornered pieces, and circles, in the patch-work quilt upon her bed; she knew there were six more red than green ones, and that one of the circles was pieced seven times.

Yes, poor lame Betsy was very tired; not that she was unused to lying there, day after day, while her mother went out washing; but, somehow, *this* day had seemed longer and more tedious than any which had gone before. To be sure she had last year's almanac, and a torn newspaper, but she knew them both by heart. Betsey wished she 'only had a little book,' but she knew that her mother couldn't buy books, when she had not money enough for bread; so she twisted and turned, and rubbed her lame foot, and lay and looked at the mantel with its pewter lamp, and the shelf with its two earthen bowls, and its wooden spoons and platters, and the bench with her mother's wash tub on it and a square of brown soap, and the brown jug full of starch, and the old worn-out broom and mop. Betsey could have seen them just as well had her eyes been shut, she had looked at them so many times.

Did I tell you Betsey was 'alone?' Oh no—there were four or five families in the same entry. There was Mrs. O'Flanigan with her six red-headed, quarrelsome children and her a drunken husband, who beat her every day till she screamed with pain; and the six little Flanigans all screamed, too, till Betsey would put her fingers in her ears to shut out the dreadful sounds.

Then, there was Mrs. Doherty, who had twin babies and one room, and took boarders in the corners. Then, there was black Dinah, who got her living by scraping the gutters, and came home every night with a great tow-cloth bag upon her back, and emptied the old bones and rags and papers on the floor of her room, and kept a broom handle to whip the little Flanigans, who ran in to steal them, when she went to the pump in the alley to get a drink of water.

Then, there was little Pat Rourke, who lived up the alley, and kept a little black dog named Pompey. When Pat didn't know what else to do, he would open Betsey's door, and put the dog in to worry her cat, and enjoy Betsey's fright.

Pompey would chase Pussy all round the room, and then Pussy would spit at him, and hump up her back and hide behind the wash-tub; and then Pompey would turn over the wash-tub, and seize Pussy by the neck; then her eyes would turn all green; and then Betsey would scream and beg Pat to drive Pompey off; and then Pat would point to her lame foot and say, 'Let's see you do it yourself, honey;' and then Betsey would hide her face under the coverlid and cry; and then Pat would run off, leaving the door wide open, and the cold air blowing right upon the bed. Yes, Betsey had all this to amuse her, besides the torn newspaper and the old almanac.

But why *didn't* her mother come home?—that was the question. It must be late in the afternoon;—Betsey knew *that*, for the sun had crept round to the west window long since. They must have a great washing to do up at the big house. Betsey hoped the lady wouldn't go out to ride in her carriage, and forget, as she sometimes did, to pay her mother; and she hoped the cook would give her some cold tea to warm for their supper, and perhaps a bit of meat, or some potatoes. The lady herself never gave Betsey's mother anything, except an old gauze ball dress 'to make over for her little girl,' which Betsey's mother sold for twenty-five cents, to buy some tea.

And then Betsey wondered if rich people were always born without hearts and if her foot would *always* be lame, and she should never be able to help her mother, but must always be a burden; and then she thought it would be better if she died; and then she thought *not*, because when her mother came home at night ever so weary, she remembered that she always kissed her cheek, and called her 'a little darling,' and divided her piece

of bread with her, and smiled just as sweetly as if she hadn't worked ever since the sun rose, for a mere penny.

Then Betsey was so weary that she fell asleep, and dreamed she was an angel. She was not lame any longer; she had bright wings, and a pure white robe, and a golden harp. There no misery there, and night and day she sang, 'Worthy, worthy, worthy the Lamb!' and thousands of bright winged angels echoed it back; and then—poor little Betsey woke, crying because it was only a dream, and found herself again in the little old room all alone,—all but Pussy, who was rubbing her lank sides against the bed post and wicker chair, and looking wistfully up into Betsey's face, as much as to say, 'aint you *very* hungry, Betsey?'

'rein up—rein up! Stop your horses, I say! It's no use—she's down.' 'Move your omnibus.' 'Get out the way, there, '—'Go ahead'—'What do you block up the street, for?'—'What's to pay?'—'Who's killed?'

'Only a beggar woman,' said the omnibus driver, gathering up his reins; 'she slipped on the wet pavements, yonder, and the horses ran over her, and killed her. Can't be helped, you know,—there's enough beggars left—everybody knows *that*,' and he whipped up his horses, and drove on.

Then a policeman picked up Betsey's dead mother and carried her to the watch-house; while some little Irish boys ran off with her basket and ate up Betsey's supper.

There was nobody to take care of lame Betsey, so she was carried to the poor house. It didn't matter much to her, when she found her mother was dead, where they took her. She was used to seeing misery; so the groans of the poor creatures on the hospitable cots about her was nothing new. But she grew very weak, day by day, and couldn't eat the food they brought her; and one morning the old nurse found her lying with her little cheek in her hand, and a smile upon her face. Betsey's dream had come true; she was an angel!

A COURAGEOUS LITTLE GIRL.—The Augusta, Ga., Chronicle publishes an extract from a private letter, giving an account of the noble conduct of a little girl, the daughter of the writer, who was a passenger on the steamer Eagle, bound from Columbus to Augusta, and which was burnt on the river. The boat was run ashore when the fire was discovered, but the passengers landed with difficulty. The writer says:

The children and ladies had either to come down with ropes, or to be let fall from a height of thirteen ties of cotton bales into the arms of those below on the main deck, then jump to the shore. All speak in the highest praise of the conduct of my daughter, (not ten years old;) she neither cried or screamed, but stood upon the pile of cotton, holding her little cousins (boys) by each hand, exhorting them not to cry or jump, nor would she leave the burning wreck until she saw them safely landed; she then, in the most self possessed manner, asked if there was any person who would save her. One of the crew nobly responded, "I will," and, at the risk of his life, snatched her from the very jaws of death. You can form some idea of the rapidity of the flames, when I tell you that in fifteen minutes from the first discovery of the fire nothing was to be seen of the Eagle or cargo but a few blackened particles of cotton. All that was done to save life was done in five minutes. I regret to have to add that three deck hands were drowned; and the chamber-maid, having got caught between the guards of the boat and tree on the bank, was literally cut in two. Not a trunk or particle of clothing was saved."

FIRING AT A SHADOW.—A singular incident occurred a few evenings since, in the district of Southwark.—It seems that a gentleman was disturbed in his sleep by a noise in the lower part of his house, as if some one was effecting an entrance. After being fully awakened he started to go down stairs, into the back parlor, and there saw, as he thought, a man sitting upon the sofa. Before reaching the bottom of the stairs, the supposed man left and disappeared.—The gentleman then returned for his pistols, and when he reached the same place the intruder was again upon the sofa. He at once fired his pistols, and when the smoke was cleared away, found that the intruder still remained upon the sofa. Upon making an examination, the gentleman found that he had been firing at his own shadow; it having been thrown upon the sofa by the moon-beams through the window.

Chattings of the Children.

The *Knickerbocker* continues to freshen its pages with anecdotes of children. We select the following from one of its chapters of them.

"A Little girl had a beautiful head of hair, which hung in 'clustering curls' down her neck. One hot summer day, she went up-stairs, and cut all the curls off. Coming down, she met her mother, who exclaimed, with surprise:

"Why, Mary! what have you been doing to your hair?"

"To which she responded, that 'she had cut it off and laid it away in her box, but that she intended to put it on again to-morrow, as Aunt Nancy did!"

A LITTLE GIRL, of three and a half years, not long since, in the middle of a moonlit night, awoke her mother, who was sleeping with her, very carefully, and bade her look upon the floor, saying, at the same time, in the sweetest voice imaginable:

"See there, ma, the moon is smiling on the carpet!"

"I HAPPENED in a school-room one day while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

"Five from five leaves how many?" asked the teacher of a little girl of some 'six years of age.' after a moment's reflection, she answered:

"Five."

"How do you make that out?" said the teacher.

"Holding her little hands out toward him, she said:

"Here are five fingers on my right hand, and here are five on the other. Now if I take the five on my left hand away from the five on my right hand won't five remain?"

A LITTLE GIRL, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunder-storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently, however, a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed:

"Oh! I know what makes the lightning; it's God lighting his lamps and throwing the matches down here!"

"Lighting the lamps of heaven to 'shine by night,' and throwing the lightning matches down through the 'awful void!'"

A LADY friend of mine was, a few evenings ago, entertaining our little one with some fancy tale, a bright, jolly boy, of about four years old, with a special fondness for pictures and stories, and a 'realizing sense,' such as only children have. In passionate glee he listened to the end, when he suddenly broke forth:

"Mother, was I born then?"

"No, my dear."

"Well, I wish God had made me quicker, so I might have been there."

A LITTLE GIRL, who had accompanied her mother to a place of worship where the officiating 'divine was in the habit of talking forcibly to the sinners, to an extent which unconverted 'outsiders' considered as sometimes almost bordering on profanity, exclaimed, on her return:

"Mamma, I don't like Mr. F."

"Why my dear? replied her mother, anxious to know the cause of such an expression of childish opinion.

"Because he talks saucy to God."

"It struck me that there was a great deal of truthful meaning in that remark."

WITHOUT A PARALLEL.—The amount invested in schoolhouses in Boston, says the Worcester *Aegis*, is \$1,500,000. The yearly appropriation for education are \$1,200,000, while the amount raised for all other city expenses is only \$875,000.—The amount expended for instruction in the common schools of Massachusetts last year was \$4 50 for each child between five and fifteen years of age in this State. This is unquestionably the best commentary ever afforded upon Boston influence; if there be any city out of Massachusetts which touches the outer edge of the shadow of an approach to it, we know not where the place is.

Kate Huntley's Exaggeration.

"Oh, there are thousands!" said little Mrs. Huntley to her dress-maker, who was measuring silk by the yard—"thousands and plenty."

Just then she caught a sly glance from her young husband, as he looked over his paper. She knew it was in rebuke for her exaggeration so she said laughing, "I can't help it, William 'if I was to die,' so just let me talk as I please, I don't hinder you."

William Huntley had never been pleased with the peculiarity of his pretty bride. The habit of exaggeration he knew led to embellishment, and that to unscrupulous falsehood. Ever since their wedding day, he had tried seriously to check his propensity. But alas! he found like many another lord of creation, that

"When woman won't, she won't,
And there's the end on't."

Never was the young and handsome Kate Huntley more voluble, or in better spirits than to-day. The magic of fine colors and silks, and the winning small talk of the little dress-maker, who was a droll genius in her way, had set her tongue on hinges, and she indulged her besetting habit with perfect abandon.

The Huntleys were to have a small party in the evening, and Mr. H. determined to try an experiment which he had long in contemplation. So when the ladies had assembled, and the gentlemen were fast dropping in, with the rest came young Huntley, looking quite flushed and nervous.

"Why are you so late, Mr. Huntley?" asked his wife, looking up at him with mock displeasure.

"My dear, if it had been to make my last will and testament, I couldn't have come sooner," he said earnestly. "I've been working like a dray horse; thousands of clerks to oversee, twenty thousand cart-loads to ship off, millions of accounts to attend to, besides it's been hotter than ovens all day!"

By this time every eye was upon him—astonishment and mirth predominant, but our young husband took it coolly, wiped his heated brow and looked as unconcerned and innocent as if he had said nothing to attract attention; but his wife's rosy cheeks grew rosier.

"What do you think of L.'s new book," asked a gentleman, as the conversation turned upon literature.

"Heavenly!" exclaimed Huntley, rolling his eyes, and casting a half furtive glance towards his wife. "It sets me in perfect raptures—I feed on ambrosia—I drink nectar. If I could see the author I should certainly take my heart in my hand, and give it to him!"

A smile went round the assembly.

"By the way, I've been round to Allen's new house," he added, following up his advantage.—

"Happy Allen! what a situation! Soft balmy airs, blowing over a salt marsh loaded with vapors—a palace of a house—two stories high and painted yellow—glorious trees—cut down within a foot of the ground—splendid garden—with one rose bush—and a wilderness of pig-weed—charming view—flats on every side—delightful pond—peeping here and there under the thick green scum and duck weed—I should think Allen would be as happy—well, I can't think of any thing less than a king."

By this time the company were pretty well initiated into Huntley's secret. The ladies laughed faintly, for they were every one of them guilty in a greater or less degree of hyperbole, as perhaps you may be reader. They rallied however, and jested with their tormenter, but he sustained his part throughout the evening. Every song that was sung bid fair to set him in raptures.— If he told the truth he was intending to die twenty times—transported out of himself with joy twice as often; never was so delighted in all his life, every five minutes—and by the way he risked his thousands, one would have thought him cashier of the Bank of England. Every thing was "sublime or horrible;" every woman "beautiful as an angel," or as homely as a "hedge fence."

In vain his pretty wife endeavored by all the masonic signs of wedlock, to stop her roguish husband; and she could scarcely keep her equanimity till the last guest had gone. Then she burst into a passion of tears and would not be comforted."

"Come, Katy, tell me how it looked and sounded," said Huntley, half relenting that he had vexed her so.

"You know you looked ridiculous," she answered through her sobs; "you know you mortified me half to death. I wish—mother—had been—here, you wouldn't have dared to treat me so. I shall never hold up my head again in society. I thought I should die."

"Now, Katy," replied her husband, despairing at the failure of his efforts, "how do you think you sounded, yesterday, when you declared your neck was broken because you tripped over a bush: or when your dress-maker fitted your dress, you said it was a mile too large. Were not these expressions fully as ridiculous as mine?"

Katy reflected a moment. "I don't see as I can help it," she said pettishly. "I've talked so ever since I was born."

"Is there any need of such extravagance, Katy? Come; let your good sense answer."

"Why, no, I suppose not," answered Katy, only putting a very little; but I can't help it. Everybody talks so."

"Not everybody, Katy. Come; what shall I get you, if you will only break yourself of this odious habit? I'll buy you a beautiful little pony."

"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed Katy. "I'd do anything in the world for such a gift—yes; I'll stop it if I have to cut my tongue out!"

"Oh, Katy! Katy!" cried her husband, "you are incorrigible."

But Katy did try, and may you, dear reader, succeed as well as she.—*Olive Branch.*

The Angel Guard.

A LITTLE child knelt down to pray,
As he was used to do,—
"God guard my brothers every day,
And baby sister too."

God heard in heaven the simple prayer,
And bade an angel fly,
To take the children in his care,
And every want supply.

They saw him not, but he was there,
Their strong and glorious friend,
Still hovering o'er them everywhere,
To succor and defend.

From morn till eve his mighty arm
Averted every ill;
From eve till morn, a shield from harm,
His wing was o'er them still.

O, blessed be the God of love,
Who hears when children pray,
And sends his angels from above
To guard them night and day.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

BY JOSIAH D. CANNING.

On a green, grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook,
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lisp'ing lullaby keep.
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

Yon tree, that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted; and well did he say,
It would live when its planter had mouldered away.

There's the well that he dug, with its waters so cold,
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
For "the pitcher is broken," the old man is gone.

'Twas a gloom-giving day, when the old farmer died;
The stout-hearted moaned, the affectionate cried;
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a brother, a man and a friend.

For upright and honest the old farmer was;
His God he revered, he respected the laws;
Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth;
He has plowed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

CURIOUS MIRROR.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the last Paris Exposition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. One standing close to the mirror and looking into it presents nothing but magnificently monstrous dissection of our own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downward. Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects and pass on. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not a reflection, it does not strike you as a reflection, but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling from the idea it suggests of something supernatural, so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant. The artist who succeeded in finishing a mirror of this description bro't it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV—placed his Majesty on the right spot and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so, but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor, his majesty being afterward so ashamed at his own cowardice that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.

—MICHELET, the French author, says: "England was always a mystery to me, until I visited it. I found it a great sand bank, enveloped in a fog. The fog fed the grass, the grass fed the sheep, the sheep fed the men."

"Mother, mother! her's Zeke fretting the baby Make him cry again Zeke, and then, you know mother will give him some sugar to make him quiet, and I'll take it away from him, and he will squall worse than ever, and mother will give him some more sugar, and you can take that, and then we'll both have some."

Attention the Whole.

The following notice was found some time since in front of the Methodist Church at Sidney Center, in Delaware County. Believing that other localities are equally interested in the subject, we give it a place in our columns. Whether it is a new invention for the public good, or the spirit of some departed effort of philanthropy, "rapping" brainless pates into service, we are unable to say. Our readers can exercise their own "private judgment" in that matter.

WANTED,

One hundred and ten young men, of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, graceful dandy with kid gloves and beaver hat, and hair enough upon his upper works to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the hump-backed, freckle-faced, bow-legged, carrot-headed upstart.

Our object is to form a gappin corpse to be in attendance at church doors on each Sabbath morning before the commencement of divine service, to stare at the people as they enter, and to make delicate and gentlemanly remarks upon their person and dress; and we shall also expect, in order that they fulfil the duties of their office faithfully, to have them pass from one house of worship to another at least twenty times in one Sabbath, and take a survey of the congregation through the windows.

All who wish to enlist in the above corpse will appear at the several church doors on next Sabbath, where they will be duly inspected, and their names, personal appearance, and quantity of brains, will be registered in a book kept for that purpose.

To prevent a general rush, it will be well to say that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacities above those of a well-bred donkey.

Nursery Song.

A friend has put into our hands the following lines from an unknown source. Their intrinsic beauty and merit will commend them to all readers, while the simplicity of the subject and the style, will make them specially pleasing. The moral is told in every stanza.

[New York Independent.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother sheep say:—
"In all the green wood there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lamie with its nimble feet,
With his eyes so bright,
And his wool so white;
O, he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, he
That sings on the tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four;
But I love my own little lamkin more."
So the mother sheep, and the little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lamie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat, with her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft, Said she:—
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things there can be in the world—
The bird in the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens from morn to night:
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three, for the life of me,
I love them all so well.
So I'll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm stove."
So the kittens lie under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen,
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
And she clucked, and she scratched, and she bristled
away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say: "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine;
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
For lambs nor for kittens I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on their
knees.
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."
So the hen said,
And the chickens sped,
As fast as they could to their warm feather bed;
And there let them lie, on their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

WAITING.

Post tempestatem tranquillitas.
Epitaph in Ely Cathedral.

They lie, with uplift hands, and feet
Stretched like dead feet that walk no more,
And stony masks o't human sweet,
As if the olden look each wore,
Familiar curves of lip and eye,
Were wrought by some fond memory.

All waiting: the new-coffined dead,
The handful of mere dust that lies
Sarcophagued in stone and lead
Under the weight of centuries:
Knight, cardinal, bishop, abbees mild,
With last week's buried year-old child.

After the tempest cometh peace,
After long travail sweet repose;
These folded palms, these feet that cease
From any motion, are but shows
Of—what? What rest? How rest they? Where?
The generations nought declare.

Dark grave, unto whose brink we come,
Drawn nearer by all nights and days;
Each after each, thy solemn gloom
Pierces with momentary gaze,
Then goes, unwilling or content,
The way that all his fathers went.

Is there no voice or guiding hand
Arising from the awful void,
To say, "Fear not the silent land;
Would He make ought to be destroyed?"
Would He? or can He? What know we
Of Him who is Infinity?

Strong Love, which taught us human love,
Helped us to follow through all spheres
Some soul that did sweet dead lips move,
Lived in dear eyes in smiles and tears,
Love—once so near our flesh allied,
That "Jesus wept" when Lazarus died;—

Eagle-eyed Faith that can see God,
In worlds without and heart within;
In sorrow by the smart o' the rod,
In guilt by the anguish of the sin;
In everything pure, holy, fair,
God saying to man's soul, "I am there;"

These only twin archangels, stand
Above the abyss of common doom,
These only stretch the tender hand
To us descending to the tomb,
Thus making it a bed of rest
With spices and with odors drest.

So, like one weary and worn, who sinks
To sleep beneath long faithful eyes,
Who asks no word of love, but drinks
The silence which is paradise—
We only cry—"Keep angel-ward,
And give us good rest, oh good Lord!"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

The Moon's Eclipse.

BY ANNA R. HALLIDAY.

From the Lyons Republican.

The fair round moon in stateliness doth rise,
And with majestic step ascends the skies;
And wooing from the night his sable plumes,
Light royally the sceptre she assumes.
Like some proud monarch, from her lofty throne
She casts her glances o'er each distant zone;
And proud, yet kind, she smiles upon the trees,
Lies a the flowers and whispers to the breeze—
"Perfect in form, unequalled in her light,
The peerless Queen of Heaven, the gem of Night,
Yet even as we gaze upon her beams,
A single line of darkness intervenes—
So narrow that the eye can scarcely trace—
Its outline dim, through Heaven's azure space.
As gazing on a new blown beauteous rose,
Leaf after leaf in graceful circle grows,
Each one a model of perfection rare,
Born of the sun, and painted by the air,
We see one blasted, dwarfed, and brown in hue,
And call the rose "imperfect" to our view;
Thus with the moon, tho' scarce a ray of light
Has been excluded from our envious sight,
The eye detects the shadow passing by—
Marring her beauty, though we scarce see why—
But wide the line is growing through the space,
And dark the veil that hides her radiant face.
Deeper the silence grows in all the air,
And Nature seems her mourning suit to wear,
That one so fair as Night's celestial Queen,
Should clouded be, in splendor so serene.

O, wondrous power! that with mysterious hand
Vells in a darkness seen o'er all the land,
The tender light of yonder brilliant moon,
Eclipsed when beaming in its glorious noon,
The mighty arm that sends the darkest night
Is from the one who said "Let there be Light;
And God is good to every darkened soul,
Shedding His light and peace upon us all,
Owosso, June 13th.

THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU.

TINTAGEL bells ring o'er the tide,
The boy leans on his vessel's side,
He hears that sound, while dreams of home
Soothe the wild orphan of the foam
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith their pealing chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

But why are Bottreaux's echoes still?
Her tower stands proudly on the hill,
Yet the strange clough that home hath found,
The lamb lies sleeping on the ground.
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Should be her answering chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Should echo on the blast.

The ship rode down with courses free,
The daughter of a distant sea,
Her sheet was loose, her anchor stored,
The merry Bottreaux bells on board.
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Rung out Tintagel chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

The pilot heard his native bells
Hang on the breeze in fitful spells.
"Thank God," with reverent brow, he cried,
"We make the shore with evening's tide."
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
It was his marriage chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

"Thank God, thou whining knave, on land,
But thank at sea the steersman's hand,"
The captain's voice above the gale,
"Thank the good ship and ready sail."
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Sad grew the boding chime;
"Come to thy God at last,"
Boomed heavy on the blast.

Up rose that sea, as if it heard
The Mighty Master's signal word.
What thrills the captain's whitening lip?
The death-groans of his sinking ship.
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Swung deep the funeral chime,
"Grace, mercy, kindness, past—
Come to thy God at last."

Long did the rescued pilot tell,
When grey hairs o'er his forehead fell,
While those around would hear and weep,
That fearful judgment of the deep.
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
He read his native chime;
"Youth, manhood, old age past,
Come to thy God at last."

Still, when the storm of Bottreaux's waves
Is waking in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep tones beneath the tide.
"Come to thy God in time,"
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the ocean chime;
"Storm, whirlwind, billows past,
Come to thy God at last."

* Bottreaux is the old name for Boscastle.
The church at Boscastle, in Cornwall, has no bells, while
the neighboring tower of Tintagel contains a fine peal of
six; it is said that a peal of bells for Boscastle was once
cast in a foundry on the Continent, and that the vessel
which was bringing them went down within sight of the
church tower.

FORBEARANCE.

O! living were a bitter thing,
A riddle without reasons,
If each sat lonely, gathering
Within his own heart's narrow ring,
The hopes and fears encumbering
The flight of earthly seasons.

Thank God, that in life's little day,
Between our dawn and setting,
We have kind deeds to give away,
Sad hearts for which our own may pray,
And strength, when we are wronged, to stay,
Forgiving and forgetting.

Thank God for other feet that be
By ours in life's waylaring;
For blessed Christian charity,
Believing good she cannot see,
Suffering her friend's infirmity—
Enduring and forbearing.

We all are travelers, who throng
A thorny road together;
And if some pilgrim not so strong
As I, but foot-sore, does me wrong,
I'll make excuse; the road is long,
And stormy is the weather.

What comfort will it yield the day
Whose light shall find us dying,
To know that once we had our way
Against a child of weaker clay,
And bought our triumph in the fray
With purchase of his sighing?

Reuben and Phoebe.—A Poem.

BY MR. H. K. BLIFKINS.

In Manchester a maiden dwelt,
Her name was Phoebe Brown;
Her cheeks were red, her hair was black,
And she was, considered by good judges, to
be by all odds the best looking girl in town.

Her age was nearly seventeen;
Her eyes were sparkling bright;
A very lovely girl was she—
And for about a year and a half there had
been a young man paying attention to her
by the name of Reuben Wright.

Now Reuben was a nice young man,
As any in the town;
And Phoebe loved him very dear—
But on account of his being obliged to work
for a living, he never could make himself
agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Her parents were resolved
Another she should wed;
A rich old miser in the place—
And old Brown frequently declared that rather
than have his daughter marry Reuben
Wright, he'd sooner knock him on the head.

But Phoebe's heart was brave and strong,
She feared no parents' frowns;
And as for Reuben Wright so bold,
I've heard him say more than fifty times that
(with the exception of Phoebe) he didn't
care a — for the whole race of Browns.

So Phoebe Brown and Reuben Wright
Determined they should marry;
Three weeks ago last Tuesday night
They started for old Parson Webster's, deter-
mined to be united in the holy bonds of
matrimony, though it was tremendous
dark and rained like Old Harry

But Captain Brown was wide awake;
He loaded up his gun,
And then pursued the loving pair;
He overtook 'em when they'd got about half
way to the Parson's and then Reuben and
Phoebe started off upon a run.

Old Brown then took a deadly aim
Towards young Reuben's head;
But, oh! it was a bleeding shame,
He made a mistake and shot his only daugh-
ter, and had the unspeakable anguish of
seeing her drop right down stone dead.

Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
And vengeance crazed his brain;
He drew an awful jack-knife out,
And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or
sixty times, so that it is very doubtful a-
bout his ever coming to again.

The briny drops from Reuben's eyes,
In torrents pour-ed down;
He yielded up the ghost and died—
And this melancholy and heart-rending mat-
ter terminates the history of Reuben and
Phoebe, and likewise of old Captain Brown.

THE END.

PROGRESS.

Take the spade of perseverance,
Dig the field of progress wide;
Ev'ry rotten root of fiction
Hurry out and cast aside;
Ev'ry stubborn weed of error,
Ev'ry seed that hurts the soil,
Tares, whose very growth is terror,
Dig them out, whate'er the toil.

Give the stream of education
Broader channel, bolder force;
Hurl the stones of persecution
Out, where'er they block its course;
Seek for strength and self exertion;
Work, and still have faith to wait;
Close the crooked gate of fortune,
Make the road of honor straight,

Men are agents for the future;
As they work so ages win
Either harvest of advancement,
Or the production of their sin;
Follow out true cultivation,
Widen education's plan;
From the majesty of Nature
Teach the majesty of man.

DANGER OF NOT KNOWING FRENCH.

In the time of religious persecution, when many
families were leaving England for the Continent,
—two English gentlemen were walking one fine
afternoon near one of the lakes of Switzerland,
having with them a guide-book. One of them,
being tired, sat down on the bank, and the other
continued his exploration further, and promised
to return in a few minutes. Being left alone he
contemplated with delight the clear and limpid
water of the lake, and as he was very thirsty he
drank freely; after which he consulted his guide-
book about a place which he thought so beautiful
and so romantic. But to his great consternation,
he read the following words: "*Les eaux de ce
lac sont poissonneuses.*" "Good God!" exclaimed
he. "What will become of me! Alas, the
waters of this lake are poisonous." I am a dead
man, I feel already the poison in my veins; soon
I shall be no more." At this stage of agony his
friend came back. "What is the matter, Fred?
Has something happened to you?" "I was
thirsty, and I drank of the waters of the lake,
and in opening my guide, I found that the wat-
ers are poisonous. I am now dying—!"
"Where is the book?" interrupted his friend.
"Show it to me." And he read, "*Les eaux de
ce lac sont poissonneuses.*" "But what do you
mean, Fred? The book simply says that 'the
water of the lake abounds with fish!'" "Is that
the meaning?" inquired the dying man. "Cer-
tainly it is." "Ah! well, I am now better."
"But what would have become of you if I had
not been here to explain its meaning?" "Then
I would have died of my imperfect knowledge of
the French language!"—*Dollar Newspaper.*

SPARE THE BIRDS.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Spare, spare the gentle bird,
Nor do the warbler wrong,
In the green wood is heard
Its sweet and happy song;
Its song so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart hath stirred.
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird,
And when at early day
The farmer trod the dew,
It meets him on the way
With welcome blithe and true
So when at weary eve,
He homeward wends his way,
Full sorely would he grieve
To miss the well loved strain.

The mother who had kept
Watch o'er her wakeful child,
Smiled as the baby slept,
Soothed by its wood notes wild;
And gladly had she flung
The casement open free,
As the dear warbler sang
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its songs that bless
His spirit, like a stream
Of mercy from on high,
Or music in the dream
That seals the prophet's eye.

O! laugh not at my words,
To warn your childhood's hours
Cherish the gentle birds—
Cherish the fragile flowers;
For since man was bereft
Of paradise in tears,
God, these sweet things has left,
To cheer our eyes and ears.

HOW TO CURE PROFANENESS.—All know, says the
San Francisco Christian Advocate, the shuddering
frequency with which profanity mingles in the con-
versation of numbers in our midst. Little children
catch the habit in spite of parental effort, and to
the great grief of all defile their little speech with
enormous oaths and vulgar phrases. Difficult and
responsible, indeed, is the lot of a parent in Cali-
fornia.

An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose
little boy was beginning this strange talk, anxious
to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit
upon the novel process of washing out his mouth
with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an ef-
fectual cure. The boy understood his mother's
sense of the corruption of an oath, and the taste of
suds, which together produced the desired effect.

THE OLD SWAMP MISER.

There is now living in the swamp of the Little Pedee river, South Carolina, an old man of the most singular character. He never owned but one pair of shoes in his life, and he says they were so hot he never wore them but once. He never cultivated the soil; nevertheless, he has accumulated a large sum of money, which he deposits in hollow trees in the most unfrequented swamps. He affects extreme poverty, and when applied to for the loan of money, he declares he has none; but if the security pleases him, and promises to pay 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 immense quantities, having his bee-hives in swamps for miles around. No music is so charming to his ear as the booming of bullfrogs, and the bellowing of the alligators; for these sung his lullaby when in his cradle, and have been the 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 was never but one known to attempt to bite him, and that one broke his teeth without penetrating his heel. He never takes doctor's stuff, nor lets them come near enough to feel his pulse or look at his tongue; and he is now seventy years of age. Strange as it may seem that such a character should find a mate of similar tastes and fancies, yet such is the case, only that she is a little more like him than he is like himself.—*Sunday Courier.*

HARD FIELD FOR SLAVE CATCHERS.—APPROPRIATE SOLEMNITIES.—Several slave catchers, human blood-hounds, summoning to their aid a many United States officials as would sell themselves to commit such wickedness, went to New Bedford, Mass. on their infernal errand, but the fugitives were spirited away. The object of these men had been made a topic from the pulpits the day before—Sunday—and the bells of the town were tolled the whole time they were there.

A provincial paper concludes a long obituary with the following strange notification: "Several deaths are unavoidably deferred."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FLOWERS.

BY L. M. BRWYN.

And have not flowers a language? Who shall say
Those lovely petals hued with every tint,
And grouped in every form, so fitly cast
In beauty's varying mould, that each doth seem
A Venus in itself, outvieing each
In loveliness! Ah, who shall say that these
Have not a language for the heart of man—
A language pure, all eloquent with love,
Beaming with joy and radiant with light,
All heavenly!

And they too, have a voice,
Breathing in tones of gushing tenderness,
That fall in love, sweet accents on the grateful ear,
And like low anthems of the Sabbath choir,
Stirring within the heart's deep, noblest thoughts,
And kindling devotion in every breast.
Flowers speak to us of faith, of trusting hope
E'en every blossom holds a lesson forth—
Rearing their tender leaves in every nook
'Neath Heaven's protecting power alone.
See what a joyous peace their presence brings
Unto the sick man, on his suffering couch;
His drooping spirit brightens 'neath their breath—
He hears the murmurs of their gentle tones
Whispering to him of heaven, and its joys—
Until he almost deems some angel pure
Is bending o'er him!

And childhood loves
To claim companionship with them, for they
Are emblems of itself—of innocence—
Of brightest hopes, and all that childhood is.
Ah, rightly called the "poetry of earth,"
For there is naught of loveliness or worth—
Of matchless goodness, sublimity, or truth—
But ye do shadow forth! Teach us alike
Thy language's magic flow and its pure thoughts,
That we may join thee in thy silvery strains,
And catch the fervor of thine aspirations high

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LITTLE FLOY:

—OR—

HOW A MISER WAS RECLAIMED.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

OF all the houses which Martin Kendrick owned, he used the oldest and meanest for his own habitation. It was an old tumble-down building on a narrow street, which had already lived out more than its appointed term of service, and was no longer fit to "cumber the ground." But the owner still clung to it, the more, perhaps, because it stood there in its desolation; unsightly and weather-beaten, it was no unfit emblem of himself.

Martin the miser! Years of voluntary privation such as in most cases follows only in the train of the extremest penury, had given him a claim to the appellation. It might be considered somewhat inconsistent with his natural character that, with the exception of the one room which he occupied, the remainder of the large house was left tenantless. After all, it was not so difficult to account for. He could not bear the idea of having immediate neighbors. Who knows but they might seize the opportunity afforded by his absence, and rob him of the gains of many years which, distrusting banks and other places of deposit, he kept in a strong box under his own immediate charge.

Martin had not always been a miser. No one ever becomes so at once, though doubtless the propensity to it is stronger in some than in others. Years ago—so many that at this time the recollection came to him dimly, like the faint sound of an almost forgotten tune—years ago when the blood of youth poured its impetuous current through his veins, he married a fair girl, whose life he had shortened by his dissipated habits, and the indifference and even cruelty to which they led.

The day of his wife's death the last remnant of the property which he inherited from his father escaped from his grasp. These two events, either of which brought its own sorrow, completely sobered him. The abject condition to which he had reduced himself was brought vividly to his mind, and he formed a sudden resolution, rushing, as will sometimes happen, from one extreme to the other, that as prodigal as his past life had been, that which succeeded should be as sparing and penurious in the same degree, until, at least, he had recovered his losses, and, so far as fortune went, was restored to the same position which he had occupied at the commencement of his career.

But it is not for man to say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther,"—to give himself up body and soul to one engrossing pursuit, and at the end of a limited time wean himself from it.

Habit grows by what it feeds on. It was not long before the passion of acquisition acquired a controlling influence over the mind of Martin Kendrick. He reached the point which he had prescribed to himself, but it stayed him not. Every day his privations, self-imposed though they were, became more pinching, his craving for gold more insatiable. Long ago he had cut himself off from all friendship—all acquaintance, save of a business character—all the pleasures and amenities of social intercourse. He made no visits, save to his tenants, and those only on quarter day. Nor were these visits of an agreeable character to those favored with them, for Martin was not a merciful landlord. He invariably demanded the uttermost farthing that was his due, and neither sickness nor lack of employment had the power for a moment to soften his heart or delay the execution of his purpose. His mind was drawn into itself, and like an uncultivated field, was left to all the barrenness of desolation. Such is always the case when a man by his own act shuts himself out from his kind, foregoes their sympathy and kind offices, and virtually says, "I am sufficient unto myself."

Martin had one child, a girl, named Florence. At the time of her mother's death she was but six years of age. He had loved her, perhaps, as much as it was in his power to love any one, and as long as she remained with him he did not withdraw himself so entirely from human companionship. But at the age of seventeen she became acquainted with a young man—a mechanic—in whose favor her affections were soon

enlisted. He proposed for her hand, but her father, in whom the love of gold was strong, on account of his poverty, drove him with scorn from his door.

The young man was not to be balked thus. He contrived to meet Florence secretly, and after a while persuaded her to forsake her home, and unite her fortunes with his—with the less difficulty, since that home offered but few attractions to one of her age.

Her father's indignation was extreme. All advances towards reconciliation on the part of the newly-wedded pair were received with bitterness of scorn, which effectually prevented their repetition. From that time Martin Kendrick settled down into the cold, apathetic, and solitary existence which has been described above. Gradually the love of gain blotted out from his remembrance the remembrance of his children, whom he never met. They had removed from the city, though he knew it not, and the total want of interest which he displayed respecting them, discouraged any idea which they might have entertained of informing him.

"It's a cold night," quoth Martin to himself, as he sat before the least glimmering which could decently be called a fire in the apartment which he occupied. He cast a wistful glance towards a pile of wood which lay beside the grate. He lifted one, and poised it for a moment, glancing, meanwhile, at the fire, as if he was debating in his mind whether he had best place it on. He

It was indeed a cold night. The chill blasts swept with relentless rigor through the streets, sending travellers home with quickened step, and causing the guardians of the public peace, as they stood at their appointed stations, to wrap their overcoats more closely about them. On many a hearth the fire blazed brightly, in composed defiance of the insidious visitor who shuns the abodes of opulence, but forces his unwelcome entry into the habitations of the poor.

A child, thinly clad, was roaming through the streets. Every gust as it swept along chilled her completely through, and, at length, unable to go farther, she sank down at the portal of Martin Kendrick's dwelling. Extreme cold gave her courage, and, with a trembling hand, she lifted the huge knocker. It fell from her nerveless grasp, and the unwonted sound penetrated into the room where Martin sat cowering over his feeble fire. He was startled—terrified eyes—as the unusual sound came to his ears, echoing through the empty rooms in the old house.

"Who can it be? Robbers?" thought he, as he walked to the door. "I will wait and see if it is repeated."

It was repeated.

"Who's there?" he exclaimed, in a somewhat tremulous voice, as he stood with his hand upon the latch.

"It's me," said a low, shivering voice from without.

"And who's me?"

"Floy, little Floy," was the answer.

"And what do you want here at this time of night?"

"I am freezing. Let me come in and sit by the fire, if only for a moment. I shall die upon your steps."

The old man deliberated.

"You're sure you're not trying to get in after my money—what little I have? There isn't anybody with you, is there?"

"No one. There is only me. O, sir, do let me in! I am so cold!"

The bolt was cautiously withdrawn, and Martin, opening a crack, peered forth, suspiciously. But the only object that met his gaze was a little girl, of ten years of age, crouching on the steps in a way to avail herself of all the natural warmth she had.

"Will you let me come in?" said she, imploringly.

"You had better go somewhere else. I haven't much of a fire. I don't keep much, it burns out fuel so fast. You had better go where they keep better fires."

"O, sir, the least fire will relieve me so much, and I haven't strength to go any farther!"

"Well, you may come in,—if you're sure you haven't come to steal anything."

"I never steal. It's wicked."

"Umph! Well, I hope you'll remember it. This is the way."

He led her into the little room which he occupied. She sprang to the fire, little inviting as it was, and eagerly spread out both hands before it. She seemed actually to drink in the heat, scanty as it was, so welcome did it prove to her chilled and benumbed limbs.

A touch of humanity came to the miser, or perhaps his own experience of the cold stimulated him to the act, for after a few moments' deliberation he took two sticks from the pile of fuel and threw them upon the fire. They crackled and burnt, diffusing, for the time, a cheerful warmth about the apartment. The little girl looked up gratefully, and thanked him for what she regarded as an act of kindness to herself.

"Fuel's high, very high, and it takes a fearful quantity to keep a fire going."

"But what a pleasant fire it makes," said the little girl, as she looked at the flames curling fantastically aloft.

"Why, yes," said Martin, in a soliloquizing tone, "it is comfortable, but it wouldn't do to have it burn so bright. It would ruin me completely."

"Then you are poor?" said the little girl, looking about the room. The furniture was scanty, consisting only of the most indispensable articles, and those of the cheapest kind. They had been all picked up at second-hand stores for little or nothing.

It is no wonder that little Floy asked the question. Nevertheless, the miser looked suspiciously at her, as if there were some covert meaning in her words. But she looked so openly and frankly at him, as quite to disarm any suspicions he might entertain.

"Poor?" he at length answered. "Yes, I am, or should be if I plunged into extravagant living and expenses of every kind," and he looked half regretfully at the sticks which had burned out, and were now smouldering in the grate.

"Well," said Floy, "I am poor, too, and so were father and mother. But I think I am poorer than you, for I have no home at all, no house to live in, and no fire to keep me warm."

"Then where do you live?" asked the miser. "I don't live anywhere," said the child, simply.

"But where do you stay?"

"Where I can. I generally walk about the streets in the day time, and when I feel cold I go into some store to warm myself. They don't always let me stay long. They call me ragged, and a beggar, I suppose," she continued, casting a glance at her thin dress, which in some places was torn and dirty, from long wearing. "I suppose it's all true, but I can't help it."

"Where do you think of going to night?" asked Martin, abruptly.

"I don't know. I haven't any place to go to, and it's very cold. Wont you let me stay here?" asked the child, imploringly.

The miser started.

"How can you stay here? Here's only one room, and this I occupy."

"Let me lie down on the floor anywhere. It will be better than to go out into the cold streets."

The miser paused. Even he, callous as his heart had become, would not willingly thrust out a young child into the street, where, in all probability, unless succor came, she would perish from the severity of the weather.

After a little consideration, he took the fragment of a candle which was burning on the table, and bidding Floy follow him, led the way into a room near by, which was quite destitute of furniture, save a small cot-bed in the corner. It had been left there when Martin Kendrick first took possession of the house, and had remained undisturbed ever since. A quilt which, though tattered, was still thick and warm, was spread over it.

"There," said Martin, pointing it out to Floy, who followed him closely, "there is a bed. It hasn't been slept in for a great many years, but I suppose it will do as well as any other. You can sleep there, if you want to."

"Then I shall have a bed to sleep in," said Floy, joyfully. "It is sometime since I have slept on anything softer than a board, or perhaps a rug."

Martin was about to leave her alone, when he chanced to think that the room would be dark.

"You can undress in the dark, can't you?" he inquired. "I haven't got but one light. I can't afford to keep more."

"O, I shan't take my clothes off at all," said the young girl. "I never do."

She got into bed, spread the quilt over her, and was asleep in less than five minutes.

Martin Kendrick went back to his room. He did not immediately retire to bed, but sat for a few minutes pondering on the extraordinary case in his case. It was certainly extraordinary, though had through the protection

But the warning sound of a neighboring church-clock, as it proclaimed midnight, interrupted the train of his reflections, and he prepared for bed, not neglecting, so strongly was the feeling of suspicion implanted in him, to secure the door by means of a bolt. When he awoke the sun was shining through the windows of his room. He had barely dressed himself when a faint knock was heard at the door of his room. Opening it a little ways, he saw Floy standing before him.

"What, you here now?" he inquired. "Yes. Where should I go? Besides, I did not want to unlock the front door without your permission."

"That is quite right," said Martin. "Some one who was ill-disposed might have entered and stolen, that is, if he could have found anything worth taking."

"And now, sir, if you please, I'll make your bed," said the child, entering the room. "I've made the one I slept in."

Martin looked on without a word, while Floy, taking his silence for assent, proceeded to roll back the clothes, shake the bed vigorously, and then spread them over again. Espying a broom at one corner of the room, she took it and swept up the hearth neatly. She then glanced towards the miser who had been watching her motions, as if to ascertain whether they met with his approval.

"So you can work," said he, after a pause.

"O yes, mother used to teach me! I wish," said she, after a while, brightening up as if struck with a new idea, "I wish you would let me stay here, and I would work for you. I would make your bed, take care of your room, and keep everything nice. Besides I could get your dinners."

"Stay with me! Impossible. I don't have much to do, besides I couldn't afford it."

"I wont cost you anything," said Floy, earnestly. "I know how to sew, and when I am not doing something for you, I can sew for money, and give it to you."

This idea seemed to produce some impression upon the miser's mind.

"But how do I know," said he, a portion of his old suspicions returning, "how do I know but you will steal off some day, and carry something with you?"

"I never steal," said Floy, half indignantly; "besides, I have no place to go to if I should leave here."

This was true, and Martin, considering that it would be against her interest to injure him in any such way, an argument which weighed more heavily than any protestations on her part would have done, at length said:

"Well, you may stay, at least a while. I suppose you are hungry. There's a loaf of bread in the closet. You may eat some of it but don't eat too much. It's—it's hurtful to the health to eat too much."

"When will you be home to get some dinner?" asked the child.

"About noon. Perhaps I will bring some sewing for you to do."

"O, I hope you will! It will seem so nice not to be obliged to be walking about the streets, but to be seated in a pleasant room, sewing."

When Martin came home at noon, instead of finding the room cheerless and cold as he had been wont, the fire was burning brightly, diffusing a pleasant warmth about the apartment. Floy had set the table in the centre of the room, with some difficulty, it must be confessed, for it was ricketty, and would not stand even, owing to one of the legs being shorter than the rest. This, however, she had remedied by placing a chip under the deficient member. There was no cloth on, for this was an article which Martin did not number among his possessions. Floy had substituted two towels which united covered perhaps half the table.

A portion of the loaf, for there was but one she had toasted by the fire, and this had been placed on a separate plate from the other. On the whole, therefore, though it was far from being a sumptuous repast, everything looked clean and neat, and this alone adds increased zest to the appetite. At least, Martin felt more of an appetite than usual, and between them the two despatched all that had been provided.

"Is there any more bread in the closet?" asked Martin.

"No," said Floy, "it is all gone."

"Then I must bring some home when I return to supper."

"I have been thinking," said Floy, hesitatingly, "that if you would trust me to do it, and would bring home the materials, I would make some bread, and that would be cheaper than buying it, and besides it would give me something to do."

"What," asked Martin, as he looked with an air of surprise at the diminutive form of little Floy. "Do you know how to make bread? How came a child like you to learn?"

"Mother used to be sick a good deal," said Floy, "and was confined to her bed so that she could do nothing herself. She used to direct me what to do, so that after a while I came to know how to cook as well as she."

"Well, what shall I have to bring home?" asked the miser, whom the hint of its being cheaper had enlisted in favor of the plan.

"Let me see," said Floy, as she sat down, and began to reflect. "There's flour and saleratus, and salt, but we've got the salt, so you need only get the first two."

"Very well, I will attend to it. O, I forgot to ask which sewing you know how to do. Can you make shirts?"

"Yes, I have made a good many."

"Then I will bring you home some to-night if I can get any."

When she had cleared away the dinner dishes, washed them, and put them in the closet, an operation which the simplicity of the meal rendered but a short one, Floy began to look round her to see what else she could do. A desire seized her to explore the old house, of which so many rooms had for years remained deserted. They were bare and desolate, inhabited only by spiders and crickets, who occupied them rent-free. It might have been years, perhaps, since they had echoed to the steps of a human foot. They looked dark and gloomy enough to have been witness to many a dark deed of midnight assassination. But it was all fancy, doubtless, and in little Floy, they produced no other feeling than that of chilliness. She rummaged all the closets with a feeling of curiosity, but found nothing in any one of them to reward her search until she came to the last. There was a large roll of something on the floor, which, on examination, proved to be a small carpet, quite dirty, and somewhat moth-eaten. It had probably been left there inadvertently, and remained undiscovered until the present moment. Floy spread it out, and examined it critically. An idea struck her which she hastened to put into execution. Threading her way back to the miser's room, she procured a stout stick which stood in the corner, and going back, gave the carpet a sound beating, which nearly stifled her with dust. Nevertheless, she persevered, and soon got it into quite a respectable state of cleanness. She then managed, by a considerable effort, to lug it to Martin's room, and in an hour or so had spread it out, and finally fastened it by means of some tacks which she found in one corner of the closet. The effect was certainly wonderful. The carpet actually gave the room a very cozy and comfortable appearance; and little Floy took considerable credit to herself for the metamorphosis.

"What will he say?" thought she. "I wonder whether he will be pleased?"

It was but a few minutes after this change had been effected that Martin came in. It was about three o'clock, sooner than Floy expected him, but he had thought that she might require the materials early in order to make preparations for the evening meal.

As he opened the door he started back in surprise at the changed appearance of the room. It occurred to him for a moment that he had strayed into the wrong place, but the sight of Floy sitting at the window re-assured him, and he went in.

"What is all this?" he inquired, in a bewildered tone.

Floy enjoyed his surprise. She told him in what manner she had effected the change, and asked him if he did not like it. He could not do otherwise than answer in the affirmative, and in truth an unusual sense of comfort came over

Floy looked pleased.

"Now," said she, "I shall have something to do when you are away."

"You like to be doing something?" said Martin, inquiringly.

"O yes, I can't bear to be idle."

Martin did not go out again that afternoon. About six o'clock Floy set the table, and placed upon it a plate of warm cakes, which might have pleased the palate of an epicure. It was the best meal the miser had tasted for years, and he could not help confessing it to himself. Floy was gratified at the appetite with which he ate.

Thus matters went on. The presence of the little girl seemed to restore Martin to a part of his former self. He was no longer so grasping, so miserly as before. Through little Floy's ministry, he began to have more of a relish for the comforts of life, and less to grudge the expense necessary to obtain them.

It was not many weeks before he fell sick, in consequence of imprudent exposure to the rain. A fever set in, and he was confined to his bed. At the urgent solicitation of Floy, he consented to have a physician called, though not without something of reluctance at thought of the fee.

Then it was that he began to appreciate more fully the importance of Floy's services. Ever ready to minister to his wants, no one could wish a more faithful or attentive nurse. As she sat by his bedside in the long days through which his sickness was protracted, busily engaged with her sewing, he would lie for hours, watching the motions of her busy fingers with pleased interest. Occasionally, for he had nothing else to do, his mind would wander back to the scenes of his early manhood, and he would sigh over the recollection of the happiness which might have been his. Then his thoughts would be borne along the dreamy years which had intervened, unlighted by the rays of friendship, and uncheered by the presence of affection. The image of his daughter, whom he had cast off, and of whose after fate he knew nothing, came up before him, and he could not repel it. A change—a beneficial and salutary change was coming over his mind—the fruit of those long, involuntary hours of sickness and self-communing.

On the first day succeeding his recovery he invited Floy to go out with him. It was an unusual request, and Floy hardly knew what to make of it. She got her bonnet, however, for shawl she had none, and complied. It was a chilly March day, and the thin dress which she had worn from the time of her coming to Martin Kendrick's was but an ill protection against the weather. She shivered involuntarily.

"You are cold," said Martin, "but you will not need to go far."

He led the way into a dry goods store.

"Have you any warm shawls suitable for a little girl?" he inquired. He selected one, and paid for it. "Show me some dress patterns," he continued.

Two different ones were chosen. Martin paid for them.

"Can you direct me," he inquired, "to any good dress-maker's?"

The clerk, who had at first been inclined to laugh at the old man, whose attire though warmer was no better looking than Floy's, but the promptness with which he had paid for his purchases, and the glimpse which had in this way been obtained of a well-filled pocket-book, inspired him with a feeling of respect, and he readily complied with his request.

"Now," said Martin, cheerfully to Floy, "we will have you a little better dressed, so that you need not fear the cold."

"I am sure," said Floy, gratefully, "that I am much obliged to you, and I don't know how I can repay you."

"You have already," said the old man, with feeling. "I don't know how I should have got along without you when I was sick."

"Floy," said Martin, thoughtfully, as they came out from the dress-maker's, "although you have been with me for some time, I have never thought to ask you your name—I mean your other name besides Floy."

"My name is not Floy," said the child. "They only call me so. My real name is Florence—Florence Eastman."

"Florence Eastman!" said the old man, starting back in uncontrollable agitation. "Who was your mother? Tell me quick."

"Her name," said the child, somewhat surprised, "was Florence Kendrick."

"Who was her father?"

"Martin Kendrick."

"And where is he? Did you ever see him?"

"No," said Floy, shaking her head. "He was angry with mother for marrying as she did, and would never see any of us."

"And your mother?" said Martin, striving to be calm. "Is she dead?"

"Yes," said Floy, sorrowfully. "First my father died, and we were left very poor. Then mother was obliged to work very hard sewing, and finally she took a fever and died, leaving me alone in the world. For a week I wandered about without a home, but at last you took me in. I don't know what would have become of me if you had not," said she, gratefully.

"Floy," said Martin, looking at her steadfastly, "do you know my name?"

"No," said Floy. "I have often wondered what it was, but never liked to ask you."

"Then," said he, in an agitated tone, "you shall know now. I am Martin Kendrick, your grandfather!"

Floy was filled with amazement, but after a moment threw herself into his arms. "Will you forgive mother?" she asked.

"I will—I have! But alas, she has much more to forgive me! Would that she were still alive!"

Every day Martin Kendrick became more alive to the claims of affection. His miserly habits gave way, and he became more considerate in his dealings with his tenants. The old house in which he had lived so many years was torn down, and he bought a neat cottage just out of the city where he and Floy live happily together. Floy, who has been sent to school, exhibits uncommon talent, and is fitting for the station she will soon assume as the heiress of her grandfather.

Joker's Budget.

The bank where the wild thyme grows, has declared a dividend of ten cents on the share.

If the Bible were a weekly journal, how many communications would it receive signed, "A constant reader?"

A thief being caught robbing a bank when asked what he was doing, answered, "Only taking notes."

The young lady who "fell in love," has just been pulled out by the daring fellow who "successfully struggled with the world."

What is the difference between the school-master and the engine driver? One trains the mind, and the other minds the train.

The editor of the Cincinnati Commercial says he never drinks brandy except when all the water is required for purposes of navigation.

A love-sick swain in describing a kiss says it is a draught that passes through the system like a bucket of water through a basket of eggs.

"I would not be a turtle," prettily once remarked an alderman in our hearing; "I would not be a turtle, because then I could not eat it!"

Fat people are happy. We don't believe they can help being otherwise. They are made for happiness, and made large, so they can hold a great deal.

The famous William Penn had a scapegrace relation, whom our punning ancestors described as a pen that had been "often cut, but never mended."

Sydney Smith's definition of the Popish Ritual: Posture and imposture, fleecions and genuflections, bowing to the right, curtsying to the left, and an immense amount of man-millinery.

Shanghai Hen Linden.

From the Hudson River Chronicle.

A serio-tragic poem, some relation to Ho-hen Linden.

In Sing Sing when the sun was low,
Not many hundred years ago,
A mighty Shanghai's awful crow
Broke in the deep tranquillity.

But Sing Sing saw another sight,
When the rooster rose at dead of night,
To exterminate in deadly fight
His long-legg'd Shanghai majesty.

Then rushed the dreadful battle's tide,—
Then flew the feathers far and wide,—
But louder than all else beside
The Shanghai crow'd triumphantly.

In gown and night-cap all arrayed,
The neighborhood awoke dismayed,
Cur'd the unusual serenade
In terms of great severity.

Each sleeper started from his bed,
And wished the noisy rascal dead,
And muttered vengeance on his head
With deep heartfelt sincerity.

The combat deepens! On ye brava!
Devote that Shanghai to the grave!
Wave, rooster, all thy feathers away!
And crow with all thy devilry!

The battle's ended,—Now once more
The neighbors slumber as before,
And thanks arise to Heaven o'er
The downfall of the enemy.

'Tis morn,—but scarce the lark's high note
O'er hill and vale begins to float,
Ere that infernal Shanghai's throat
Pours forth its dread artillery.

But longer yet those legs will grow,
If Fate lays not the monster low,
And louder yet the wretch will crow
Unless death seals his destiny.

Ah!—few would mourn nor many weep,
If some dark note's secure retreat,
About two hundred fathoms deep,
Should be that Shanghai's sepulchre.

The Baby.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny too,
Nae stocki g on her feet,
Her supple ankle white as snow,
As early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of spry kled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her puckered lips and balmy mouth;
With nae one tooth within.

Her een sae like her mother's een,
Two gentle, liquid things;
Her face—so like an angel's face;
We're glad she has na wings.

She is the budding of our loves,
A giftie God has gien us;
We maun na love the gift o'er weel,
'Twad be nae blessing thus.

Returning Good for Evil.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within a half mile of each other, and no person lived between their respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to keep them separated. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him; and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed thus for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decidedly peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis; for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so, and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man, whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes, Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot at and wounded a buck, that the deer attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly employed hand, who had taken a dislike to Watt, and from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet-hole through the head, from which the blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm, and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted,

"Do you dare to say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation ensued, when, with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages; but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob, right; sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting under the porch in front of his house, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, I believe," was the crusty reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning, my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where he has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shot her!" retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'"

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked,

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed into the house, from whence he soon returned, holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly, and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand; "let there be peace between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse, and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

[Cincinnati Columbian.]

THE LITTLE CULTIVATOR.

WALTER'S father lives in the country upon a small farm, and Walter has a little garden of his own. Patrick dug it for him because he had not strength to do it himself, but he raked it evenly, and made the walks, and planted the seed. He has a few peas which are already twining themselves around bushy sticks, and there are radishes, beets and carrots growing finely. It would be but little care to attend to the garden if it were not for the weeds which spring up in abundance, and grow even more rapidly than the seeds Walter planted.

A child's heart is something like a garden. There are germs of good and evil in it, and it requires constant attention to keep down and pull out the weeds, so that the good seed may bring forth fruit.

Walter's heart, like the heart of every other child, needs to be properly cared for, and sometimes the weeds grow so fast that a stranger would wonder whether the good seed was growing or had been completely choked, so that it could not prosper. At other times very little but what is beautiful to look upon can be observed. Fragrant flowers perfume the air, and the ripening fruit hangs in rich clusters.

One morning his mother, Mrs. Edgar, observed

that Walter was somewhat rough in his manner of speaking to his younger brother Herbert, so she talked with him about it. She asked him if he was doing as he would be done by. He frankly answered No, and confessed that he was not trying to make Herbert happy. Like many other boys, Walter sometimes allows himself the mean and selfish pleasure of teasing. When they had conversed together for a few minutes, Mrs. Edgar said that he must try to cultivate a gentle spirit. He replied, "Yes, mother," and in a low tone continued, "I would if I had a little cultivator." Children in the city, as in in villages, may not know what a culti-

vator is, though all those who live on farms probably can tell. It is made somewhat like a plow, and is drawn by a horse between the rows of seeds to cut up and destroy the weeds. The work can be done much more expeditiously with this than with a hoe. Walter's father had a cultivator, and Walter alluded to this when he said what he did. His mother told him that he had a little cultivator which he could use if he choose. It was his will. He objected that he had no ponies. She then assured him that he could have two fine, resolute little animals if he would use them. The name of one is Try, the other is Persevere. Walter thought that a fine idea, and remarked, "I like my little ponies."

When Mrs. Edgar sees the weeds growing in Walter's heart she tells him to harness his ponies. Sometimes he smiles and fastens them to the little cultivator, and it is surprising to see how fast the weeds disappear. At other times, I am sorry to say, the cultivator stands still in the garden and the weeds start up all around, but Walter does not feel like work, and Try and Persevere are idle, and when at length he is aroused and commences again, it is very difficult to draw the cultivator through the hard ground. But Try and Persevere, as I said before, are resolute animals, and the greater the difficulty, the more firmly and strongly they pull. Their energies never flag, and they never fail while their master bears steadily on the handles of the cultivator and cheers them on with his voice. It is only when he relaxes his determination and refuses to cultivate, that they stand idle.

A garden overgrown with weeds is always a sad and melancholy sight, but an uncultivated heart is a far more desolate and mournful one. It requires constant, persevering care to keep a garden in good order. Every day there is work to be done, and neglect always manifests itself. So in the human heart there are daily duties to be performed, or evil will not only germinate, but will strike deep its roots and spread wide its branches, till all that is pure and lovely will be overshadowed and blighted.

Every wrong thought or feeling or act is a noxious weed, which should be at once eradicated. The longer it grows the more difficult to remove it, and sometimes it becomes so firmly rooted that it is almost impossible for the little cultivator to destroy it. The better way always is to do every day the proper work for the day, and keep the ground so subdued that the good seed may spring up and bear a rich harvest.

Each child must take care of his own heart. His parents and friends may assist him, but the greater part of the work must be done by himself. He has a cultivator always ready for use, and fine, spirited ponies to draw it, and conscience is always a good counsellor when he is in doubt what course it is best to pursue.

ANNA HOPE.

THE MOTHER AND HER ABSENT SON.

O! that morn when he left us! Mine eyes are grown dim,
And see little that's bright, since they looked upon him;
And my heart in its dullness hath learned to forget,
But the light of that morning shines clear on it yet.
Not a record is lost of the long by-gone day,
When passed my fair boy like a spirit away.

We waited—how long! but we waited in vain—
Tears blinded our eyes as we looked o'er the main;
And ships—oh, how many—came home from the sea,
Bringing comfort to others, but sorrow to me.
Amidst all those gay ships, alas! answer was none,
To the mother who asked if she yet had a son!

And we fed upon hope, until hope was denied—
Till the health of our spirit it sickened and died,
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched the white sorrow steal over his hair;
And I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild,
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child.

And the angel of grief that overshadowed his brain,
Now wrote on his forehead in letters of pain,—
But I read the handwriting, and knew that the breast
Of the weary with wasting was going to rest.
So he left a fond word for the lost one—and I—
I linger behind him to tell it my boy.

Shall he come to his home—perhaps sickly and poor—
And meet with no smile at his own cottage door?
Shall he seek his far land, from the ends of the earth,
And find the fire quenched in his own happy hearth?
None to love him in sorrow who loved him in joy?
Oh, I cannot depart till I speak with my boy!

I have promised to wait—I have promised to say
What grief was his father's at going away.
Will he come? Will he come? Oh, my heart is grown old,
And the blood in my veins it runs languid and cold;
And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,
But it soon would be light if it rested on him.

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,
Where stars look on others that look not on me;
Where the flowers are more sweet, and the waters more bright,
And they trust he may dwell in those valleys of light;
That he rests in some home, with a fair foreign bride.
Oh, the world is a wide one—why is it so wide?

But they surely forget—which my sailor does not—
That I'm sitting long years in my lone little cot.
He knows, oh, he knows, if I may I shall wait,
Till I hear his clear voice at the low garden gate.
He is sure his poor mother will strive not to die
Till she sees the latch raised by her lost sailor-boy.

Yes! I feel that he lives! Were he laid in the mould
There's a pulse in my heart would be silent and cold,
That awoke at his birth, and through good and through ill
Has played in its depths—it is playing there still.
When its star shall have set—then that tide shall be dry,
And the widow be sure where to look for her boy.

SINGULAR COUPLE.

ALONG with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my own part, I found little besides its ancient church. The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair, an old man and woman—husband and wife, who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlour and two bed-rooms. They were tall, thin and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother, rather irreverently, wondering whether we "were always to be waited upon by these Siamese twins." On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the bed-room candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her.

"Depend upon it, she is dumb," whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bed-room; when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said—

"There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—he's stone-blind."

"Poor man!" I exclaimed. "But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?"

"It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman," said the husband; "she can't hear you she's quite deaf."

I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a wife be better matched? Man and wife instrument, according to the necessary meaning, namely: I. The Constitution is a pro-slavery and the subject is treated under these four heads, and the title is "THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION." The Anti-Slavery Offices in Boston and Philadelphia.

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERESS.

In the summer of 1818, her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte, visited Bath, accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon effected such a respite from pain in the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, then the estate of a rich widow belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and a message returned that she would be welcome. Our illustrious traveller had, perhaps, never before held any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called King by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the august visitants had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say, "Thy Majesty," "Thy Highness," or "Madame." The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park punctually at the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made; no hostess or domestics stood ready to greet the guests. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately with his broad-brimmed beaver on; and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with, "What's thy will, friend?"

This was almost unanswerable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your lady is aware that Her Majesty—Go to your mistress, and say the Queen is here."

"No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not; I have no mistress nor lady, but my friend Rachel Mills expects thine. Walk in!"

The Queen and the Princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel, who, without even a courtesy, but with a cheerful nod, "How's thee do, friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter. I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds."

What could be said to such a person? Some condescension were attempted, implying that her majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the Society to which Mistress Mills belongs. Cool and unawed she answered, "Yea thou art right there. The Friends are well thought of by most folks; but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I will do the like by thee, friend Charlotte. Moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so has thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers." (She alluded to the Princess Charlotte).

It was so evident that the Friends meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that no offence could be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed, in the hen-house, a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of these rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as a law; but the Quakeress

merely remarked, with her characteristic evasion, "they are rare, as thou sayest; but if they are to be purchased in this land or in other countries, I know of few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease."

Her Royal Highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those she now beheld.

"I do not buy and sell," answered Rachel Mills.

"Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the Princess with a conciliating smile.

"Nay, verily," replied Rachel, "I have refused many friends; and that which I denied to my own kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our house; and I can make no exception in thy favour." This is a fact.—*Sharp's London Magazine.*

A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit, who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathise with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book and candle—you want but two of those agents, the book and

THE AFRICAN PRINCESS.

A TRUE STORY.

"So thee would like to know what first interested me so much in the poor slave, and if thee will sit down by me and listen, I will tell thee," said a pleasant-looking Quakeress to her young visitor.

When I was a child my home was in the sunny South, where the delicious orange blossom perfumed the air and the golden fruit hung almost within my reach.

My father owned many slaves, so far as inheriting and buying them could make them his, and both in his town and country house we had plenty to wait upon us and obey our slightest wish.

He was called a kind master and I suppose he was so, but as he could not live upon his plantation the greatest part of the year, because it was so unhealthy, he was obliged to leave his slaves in the charge of those who might not be so considerate of their comfort or their happiness.

While in town he frequently attended the slave market, and whenever he saw one that took his fancy he would purchase and add to his stock. One morning as he was looking over a collection that had been freshly imported from Africa, he saw two young girls about the ages of my sister and myself, and thinking they would make good servants for us he ordered them to be sent to the house.

On their arrival we were each presented with one, my father bidding us to teach them to be good and useful.

Every one loves power, and of course, young as we were, we were very much pleased to have little maids of our own to be entirely devoted to us.

Mine, whom I called Silpha, was the prettier of the two. She was slightly and delicately formed, with small feet and hands, and tapering fingers, evidently unused to labor.

At first she carried her head proudly and moved slowly to obey an order—but soon she drooped and scarcely lifted her eyes from the ground. We learned from my sister's maid that in her own land Silpha had been a princess, and that she had been her slave. No wonder that she could not bear her new position. Her thoughts wandered back to the home she had left and she pined for her freedom. She grew sadder and sadder—refused to eat, and her companion's efforts to cheer her were of no avail. In vain she sang to her her own wild native songs, told her stories in her own Moorish tongue. In vain she waited upon her, bringing her tempting food. The royal maiden had no heart to smile, sunlight nor flowers could not win her from her grief.

Not only had she been cruelly torn from her kindred and people, and borne to a distant land—but she had been sold for money, and like a caged bird could no longer roam at will. No more could she on her fleet Arab horse chase over the hills and plains of her own country. She was a slave for life, and must be ready to obey the will of those who had paid for her and claimed her as their property. Thoughts like these may have fretted her proud spirit, and death, perhaps, seemed a welcome exchange for such a life.

She lingered a few months, and then breathed her last sigh in the arms of her faithful attendant. And we who had watched the passing away of that young spirit had learned a lesson we could never forget. Slavery had revealed itself to us without the need of an interpreter, and as we grew older we longed to be away from influences so depressing.

Of course, while children under the paternal roof we had no choice; but in after years we gladly gave up home, and kindred, and wealth, that we might live where poor as well as rich could enjoy the blessings of freedom.

Dost thou wonder now, dear child, that we care for the slaves and love to see them free?

MABEL LEE.

For the Ambassador.

To Any Universalist,

Who, like the Author, has none but a Methodist Hymn Book, this little Hymn is respectfully inscribed.

Great God, thy goodness and thy grace,
Thy wisdom and thy power,
In all created things we trace,
Through each departing hour.

There's nought in earth or heaven above,
But Thou hast placed it there;
All things are thine, all share thy love,
And all thy love declare.

Unlike the narrow, selfish mind,
That loves and hates by turns,
Thy love, alike for all mankind,
In quenchless glory burns.

By foolish creeds Thou art belied,
And hell frowns at their call;
But Thou hast made a Heaven so wide,
There's room enough for all.

And as the sun's all cheering ray,
Dispels the gloom of even,
Thy Truth shall sweep all wrong away,
And make earth bright like heaven.

All-perfect and unchanging Friend,
It is Thy just decree:
All sin and suffering shall end,
And all souls happy be!

O glorious thought, endued with power
To banish every sigh:
To make life bright through every hour,
And make it sweet to die!

Wisconsin.

B. O.

For the Ambassador.

The Dying Girl to her Mother.

BY MARY I. WITHERELL.

Mother, I'm dying now. But do not mourn
That I so soon from this dark earth am borne,
I'm going to a brighter world than this,
Where all is joy and perfect happiness.
And mother, you'll soon meet me there—
Soon will you quit this earthly vale of care;
Gladly I'll welcome you to Canaan's shore,
To live with Christ our Lord forevermore.

I would not have you mourn and sadly weep,
When I shall sleep so calm that long death-sleep;
For I shall wake again beyond the tomb,
Where pleasure never dies, where joy will ever bloom.
Oh! how I long to go to that bright land
To live forever with that shining band!
Oh, welcome death! I do not wish to stay
From Heaven, and those I love so far away.

It seems I hear an angel choir
Sing as they strike the heavenly lyre,
"Welcome, thrice welcome to our band,
Thou wanderer from another land!"
And there's a Father's voice amid the throng,
Now swelling forth the best angelic song.
He says, "My daughter, welcome to this shore,
I've waited long thy coming, now we part no more."

And mother you'll not mourn for me when I am dead;
You'll never wander forth at eve to shed
Upon my lovely resting place, the silent tear,
Nor wish with aching heart that I was here!
But you will come, sometimes, when you feel lone,
And spend a pensive hour upon my tomb?
And think perchance of happier days now fled,
Ere one you loved was numbered with the dead.

But do not wish me back again, although you feel
No earthly power can this deep trouble heal;
But look to God, and he will kindly smile
Upon thy path, and bless earth's lonely child.
Oh! learn my mother to His will to bow;
Think that he loves, though he afflicts thee now,
Thy God hath power to wound, and power to heal,
His sacred word will this to you reveal.

And may the friends I here most fondly love,
Prepare to meet me in my home above!
And though I'm sad to leave them here below,
My God has called, and cheerfully I go.
And now, farewell! farewell to those I love,
Until I meet you all in heaven above!
Angels are hovering now within my room,
To wait me to my everlasting home.

Canton, N. Y.

was yesterday the following story was told which we vouch for as true:—

Last season, a menagerie visited the village of Johnstown, Herkimer county. When the cavalcade left town it passed over a bridge which the road crossed, leaving two elephants to bring up the rear. These were driven to the bridge, but with the known sagacity of the race, they refused to cross.

The water of the creek, which flows through a gorge in the slate formation, presenting at that point banks of precipitous character and thirty feet in height, was low, and by taking a course across a cornfield, a ford could be reached. But the proprietor of the corn field refused to allow his property to be so used, except on the payment of an exorbitant sum, and this the agent of the menagerie refused to submit to. Accordingly, the elephants were again driven to the bridge, and again they refused to attempt the crossing. They would try the structure with their great feet, feel cautiously along the plank with their proboscis fingers, but each time would recoil from making the dangerous experiment.

At last, however, goaded by the sharp iron instrument of the keeper, and accustomed to obedience, they rushed on, with a scream half of agony, half of anger. The result showed the prudent prescience of the poor animals to have been correct; the bridge broke and went crashing to the bottom of the gorge, carrying with it both the monstrous beasts. One of them struck upon its tusk and shoulder, breaking the former and very badly injuring the latter; the other was strangely enough unhurt. Now was shown the most singular and remarkable conduct on the part of the brute which had escaped. Its comrade lay there, an extempore bed being provided for its comfort, while no temptation, no stratagem was sufficient to induce the other to leave and proceed with the main portion of the caravan, which finally went on leaving the wounded beast and its companion under the charge of their keeper.

Day after day the suffering creature lay there, rapidly failing and unable to move. At the end of three weeks, the water in the creek commenced rising, and there was danger it would overflow and drown the disabled elephant. The keeper desired, therefore, to get it up and make it walk as far as a barn, near by where it would be out of danger, and could be better cared for. But it would not stir. He coaxed wheedled and scolded but all to no purpose.

At last, enraged, he seized a pitchfork, and was about plunging it into the poor thing's flesh, when the companion wrenched the fork from his hand, broke it in fragments and flung the pieces from it; then, with eyes glaring, and every evidence of rage in its manner, it stood over its defenceless and wounded friend as if daring the keeper to approach; which the man was not so green as to do again, with cruel purpose.

Thus the injured animal lay there until it died. When satisfied that it could no longer be of service, the other quietly followed the keeper away from the spot and showed no desire to return. If this was not reasoning mingled with an affection some men might pattern after, we should like to know what to call it.

"Mr. Smith you said you suspected the prisoner was a rogue the moment you saw him. Why did you suspect him?"

"Because he fired my rooms without beating down the price."

"Is this a rule without many exceptions?"

"It's a rule without no exceptions, yer worship. Honest men are always stingy and never satisfied unless they git a dollar's worth o' meat for ninety cents worth o' money."

The fashionable hats called 'Wide Awakes' are so called because they never had any nap!

Byron says the truest way to pronounce a Polish name is to sneeze three times and say ski.

Life in the Desert; or, how a Panther Fell in Love with a French Soldier.

During the enterprising expedition into upper Egypt, by General Dessaix, a provincial soldier fell into the power of a tribe of Arabs, called Maugrabins, and was thence carried into the desert, beyond the cataract of the Nile. In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not stop till night closed in. They encamped around a fountain surrounded by palm trees. Not supposing their prisoner would attempt to escape, they contented themselves with merely binding his hands; and after having fed their horses, and made their supper upon dates, they all of them slept soundly. As soon as the French prisoner was convinced of this fact, he began to gnaw the cords that bound him, and soon he regained the liberty of his hands. He seized a carbine, and took the precaution to provide himself with some dry dates and a little bag of grain, and armed with a scimeter, started off in the direction of the French army.

In his eagerness to arrive at a place of safety, he urged his already weary horse until the generous animal fell down dead, and left his rider alone in the midst of the desert. For a long time the Frenchman walked on with the perseverance of a runaway slave, but was at last obliged to stop. The day was finished; notwithstanding the beauty and freshness of oriental nights, he did not feel freshness enough to pursue his journey. Having reached a little cluster of palms, which had gladdened his heart at a distance, he laid his head upon a stone and slept, without taking any precaution for his defence.

He was awakened by the pitiless rays of the sun, which fell upon him with intolerable fervor; or in his weariness he had reposed on the side opposite to the morning shadows of the majestic palms. The prospect around him filled him with despair. In every direction nothing met his eye but a wide ocean of sand, sparkling and dancing like a dagger in the sunshine. The pure brilliancy of the sky left the imagination nothing to desire. Not a cloud obscured its splendor, not a zephyr moved the surface of the desert. The earth and the heavens seemed on fire. There was a mild and awful majesty in the universal stillness! God, in all his infinity, seemed present to the soul!

The desolate wanderer thought of the fountains and roses of his own native provinces, and wept aloud. He clasped the palm, as if it had been a living friend. He shouted to relieve the forgetfulness of utter solitude. The wide wilderness sent back a sharp sound from the distance, but no echo was awakened. The echo was in his head.

With melancholy steps he walked around the eminence on which the palm trees grew. To his great joy, he discovered on the opposite side a sort of natural grotto, formed by piles of granite. Hope was awakened in his breast. The palm woods furnished him with dates for food, and human beings might come that way before they were exhausted. Perhaps another party of Maugrabins, whose wandering life began to have some charms for his imagination—or he might hear the noise of approaching cannon—for Napoleon Bonaparte was then passing over Egypt. The Frenchman experienced a sudden transition from the deepest despair to the wildest joy. He occupied himself during the day with cutting down some palm trees to defend the mouth of the grotto against wild beasts, which would come in the night time to drink at the rivulet flowing at the foot of the palms. Notwithstanding the eagerness produced by fear of being devoured in his sleep, he could not finish his fortification during the day. Towards evening the mighty tree he was cutting fell to the ground with a crash that resounded through the desert, as if solitude had uttered a deep groan.

But like an heir, who soon ceases to mourn over a rich parent, he immediately began to strip off the broad and beautiful leaves to form his couch for the night. Fatigued by his exertion and the extreme warmth of the climate, he soon fell into a profound slumber. In the middle of the night his sleep was suddenly disturbed by an extraordinary noise. He raised himself and listened—and amid the deep silence, he heard the loud breathing of some powerful animal. The sound fell upon his heart like ice. The hair started upon his head, and he strained his eyes to the utmost to perceive the object of his terror. He caught the glimpse of two faint yellow lights at a distance from him; he thought it might be an optical delusion, produced by his own earnest gaze; but, as the rays of the moon entered the chinks of the cave, he distinctly saw an enormous animal lying about two feet from him. There was not sufficient light to distinguish what species of animal it was; it might be a lion, a tiger, or crocodile; but the strong odor that filled the cave left no doubt of the presence of some large and terrible creature.

When the moon rose so as to shine directly upon the opening in the grotto, its beams lighted the beautiful spotted hide of a huge panther! The lion of Egypt slept with her head upon her paws, with the comfortable dignity of a great house dog. Her eyes, which opened from time to time, were now closed. Her face was turned toward the Frenchman. A thousand confused thoughts passed through the soldier's bosom. His first idea was to shoot his enemy through the head; but he saw there was not room enough for that; the ball would inevitably have passed her. He dared not make the slightest movement, lest he should awake her; nothing broke the deep silence, but the breath of the panther and the beating of his heart. Twice he put his hand upon his scimeter, but the difficulty of penetrating her hard rough skin made him relinquish the project. To attempt her destruction and fail in the attempt, would be instant death. At all events, he resolved to wait for daylight. Day came at last, and showed the jaws of the sleeping panther covered with blood.

'She has eaten lately,' said the Frenchman to himself. 'She will not awaken in hunger.'

She was in truth a beautiful monster. The fur on her throat and legs was of a dazzling whiteness; a circle of little dark spots, like velvet, formed pretty bracelets round her paws—her large muscular tail was beautiful white, terminated by black rings; and the soft smooth fur on her body was of a glowing yellow, like unwrought gold, richly shaded with dark brown spots in the form of roses.

This powerful but tranquil hostess reposed in as graceful an attitude as a puss sleeping on a footstool. Her head stretched on nervous outstretched paws, from which her long white smeller spread out like silver threads. Had she been in a cage, the Frenchman would certainly have admired the perfect symmetry of her dark form, and the rich contrast of colors that gave such an imperial brilliancy to her robe; but alone, and in her power, it was a different thing. At the mouth of the cannon he had felt his courage rising with increasing danger, but it was sinking now. The cold sweat poured from his forehead as he saw the sleeping panther. Considering himself a dead man, he waited his fate as courageously as he could. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes, stretched out her paws and gasped, showing a frightful row of teeth, and a great tongue as hard and as rough as a file. She then shook herself, and began to wash her bloody paws, passing them from time to time over her ears, like a kitten. 'Very well done,' thought the soldier, who felt his gaiety and courage returning—'she does her toilet handsomely.' He seized a little dagger which he had taken from one of the Arabs—'Come, let us wish each other good morning,' thought he. At this moment the panther turned her head towards him suddenly, and fixed a surprised and earnest gaze upon him.

The fixedness of her bright metallic eyes, and their almost insupportable brilliancy, made the soldier tremble, especially when the mighty beast moved toward him. With great boldness and presence of mind he looked her directly in the eye, having often heard that great power may be obtained over animals in that manner. When she came up to him, he gently scratched her head and smoothed her fur. Her eyes gradually softened, she began to wag her tail, and at last she purred like a petted cat; but so deep and strong were her notes of joy, that they resounded through the cave like a rolling of a church organ.

The Frenchman redoubled his caresses, and when he thought her ferocity was sufficiently tamed, he attempted to leave the grotto. The panther made no opposition to his going out, but she came bounding after him, lifting up her back and rubbing against him like an affectionate kitten. 'She requires a great deal of attention,' said the Frenchman, smiling. He tried to feel her ears and throat, and perceiving that she was pleased with it, he began to tickle the back of her head with the point of his dagger, hoping to find a favorable opportunity to stab her; but the hardness of the bones made him tremble lest he should not succeed.

The beautiful Sultana of the desert seemed to tempt the courage of her prisoner, by raising her head, stretching out her neck, and rubbing against him. The soldier suddenly thought that, to kill her with one blow, he must strike her in the throat. He raised his blade for that purpose—but at that moment she crouched down at his feet, looking up in his face with a strange mixture of affection and native fierceness. The poor Frenchman leaned against the tree, eating some dates and casting his eye anxiously around the desert, to see if no one was coming to free him from his terrible companion, whose strange friendship was so little to be trusted. He offered to feed her with some nuts and dates, but she looked upon them with supreme contempt. However, as if sensible of his kind intentions, she licked his shoes and purred.

'Will she beso when she gets hungry?' thought the Frenchman.

The idea made him tremble. He looked at the size of the panther. She was three feet high and four foot long, without including her tail, which was nearly three feet more in length, and as round as a great cudgel.

Her head was as big as a lion's, and her face was distinguished by a peculiar expression of cunning. The cold cruelty of the panther reigned there; but there was likewise something strangely like the countenance of an artful woman, in the gaiety and fondness of the present moment. She had her fill of blood, and she wished to frolic.

During the whole day, if he attempted to walk away, the panther watched him as a dog does his master, and never suffered him to be far out of sight. He discovered the remains of his horse, which had been dragged near the mouth of the cavern, and he easily understood why she had respected his slumbers.

Taking courage from the past, he began to hope he could get along very comfortably with his new companion. He laid himself beside her,

in order to conciliate her good opinion. He patted her neck and she began to wag her tail and purr. He took hold of her paws, felt her ears, rolled her over the grass. She suffered him to do all this; and when he played with her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, lest she should hurt him. The Frenchman again put his hand upon his weapon, with a view of plunging it into her throat, but he was still held by the fear that the animal would kill him in her agony. Besides, he really began to have an unwillingness to kill her. In the lonely desert, she seemed to him like a friend. His admiration of her beauty, gentleness, graceful activity, became mixed with less and less of terror. He actually named her Mignonne, in remembrance of a lady whom he had loved in his youth, and who was abominably jealous of him. By the end of the day, he had become so familiar with his dangerous situation, that he was almost in love with its exciting perils. He had even taught the panther her name. She looked up in his face when he called 'Mignonne.'

When the sun went down, she uttered a deep and melancholy cry.

'She is well educated,' exclaimed the soldier. 'She has learnt to say her evening prayers.'

He rejoiced to see the panther stretch herself out in a drowsy attitude.

'That is right, my pretty blande,' said he. 'You had better go to sleep first.'

He trusted to his own activity to escape during her slumber. He waited patiently; and when she seemed sound asleep, he walked vigorously toward the Nile. But he had not gone a quarter of a league over the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, uttering at intervals a long, sharp cry.

'Of a truth,' said he, 'her friendship is very flattering; it must be her first love.' Before she came up, the Frenchman fell into one of those dangerous traps of loose sand, from which it is impossible to extricate one's self. The panther seized him by the collar, and with incredible strength brought him to the other side of the ditch at a single bound.

'My dear Mignonne!' exclaimed the soldier, caressing her with enthusiasm, 'our friendship is for life or death.'

He retraced his steps. Now, that he had a creature that loved him, to whom he could talk, it seemed as if the desert were peopled. Having made a signal flag of his shirt, he concluded to wait patiently for human succor. It was his intention to have watched during the night, but sleep overpowered him. When he awoke, Mignonne was gone. He ascended the eminence to look for her, and soon perceived her at a distance, clearing the desert, with long, high bounds.

When receiving his caresses, she purred aloud, and fixed her eyes upon him with even more fondness than usual. The soldier patted her on the neck, and talked to her as he would to a domestic animal: 'Ah, ah, Miss! you have been eating some of the Maugrabins. Ain't you ashamed? Never mind; there are worse animals than you are. But please don't take a fancy to grind up a Frenchman. If you do, you won't have me to love you any more.'

This singular animal was so fond of caresses and play, that if her companion sat many minutes without noticing her, she would put her paw in his lap to attract attention. Several days passed thus.

The panther was always successful in her excursions for food, and always returned full of affection and joy. She became used to all the inflections of a soldier's voice, and understood the expressions of his face. Sometimes he amused his weary hours by counting the spots on her golden fur, and observing how beautifully they were shaded; she showed no displeasure even when he held her by the tail to count the splendid white rings, that glittered in the sunshine like precious stones. It was a pleasure to look upon

the graceful outlines of her form, and the majestic carriage of her head. She delighted him most when in a frolic. Her extreme gracefulness and agility, as she glided along, jumped, bounded, and rolled over and over, was truly surprising. When she was darting up the rocky eminence at her swiftest speed, she would stop suddenly and beautifully, as the Frenchman called 'Mignonne.'

One day a very large bird sailed through the air over their heads. In the desert, anything that has life is intensely interesting. The Frenchman quitted the panther to watch the flight of the bird, as he slowly and heavily fanned the air. In a few minutes Sultana began to growl. 'She is certainly jealous,' thought the soldier, as he looked at her fierce and glittering eyes. They gazed intently at each other, and the proud coquette leaped as she felt his hand upon her head; her eyes flashed like lightning, and she shut them hard.

'The creature must have a soul,' exclaimed the Frenchman.

This account was given me by the soldier himself, while I was admiring the docility of the powerful animal in the menagerie at Paris.

'I did not know,' continued the narrator, 'what I had done to displease Mignonne so much, or whether the creature was in mere sport, but she turned and snapped her teeth at me, and seized hold of my leg. She did it without violence, but thinking she was about to devour me, I plunged my dagger into her neck. The poor creature rolled over, uttering a cry that froze my heart. She made no attempt to avenge my blow, but looked mildly upon me in her dying agony. I would have given all the world to have recalled her to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend. Some French soldiers, who discovered my signal, found me some hours after, weeping by the side of her dead body.'

'Ah, well!' said he, after a mournful silence, 'I have been in the wars of Germany, Spain, Prussia, and France, but I never saw anything that produced such sensations as the desert. Oh, how beautiful it was!'

'What feelings did it excite?' asked I.

'Feelings that are not to be spoken,' said the soldier, solemnly. 'I do not always regret my cluster of palm trees and my panther; but sometimes their remembrance makes me sad. In the desert there is everything, and there is nothing.'

'What do you mean by that?'

'I cannot tell,' he said, impatiently. After a pause, he added, 'God is there without man.'

Ages of Animals.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy.—The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven.—Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and then let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred. A tortoise has been known to live to one hundred and seven.

[Scraps from Natural History.]

SHANGHAI.—Give us a Dorking or Mexican game for the spit—a bantam to crow—a turkey to roast, and guinea fowls for eggs, and we will give up all other fowl fancies to those who choose to indulge in them. 'Cock-a-doodle-doo,' was the good old fashioned smart crow of the roosters in the days of our boyhood—the insupportable 'Come and feed me m-o-r-e,' of the Shanghai, is doleful enough to announce the funeral of a corn crib.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

SIX RULES FOR CHRISTIANS.—1. Never neglect daily, private prayer; and when you pray remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayers. Heb. 11: 6.

2. Never neglect private Bible reading; and when you read remember that God is speaking to you and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all backslidings begin in a neglect of these two rules. John 5: 39.

3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, 'What am I doing for him?' Matt. 5: 16.

4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down, and ask God's blessing upon it. Col. 3: 17. If you cannot do this, it is wrong. 14: 23.

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such people do so and so, therefore you may. 2 Cor. 10: 12. You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow him. John 10: 27.

6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's word. Ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true if God's word be true?" and if both cannot be true, believe God's word and make your own heart the liar. Rom. 3: 4; John 5: 10—42.

The Empress of Russia.

From Blackwood's Magazine for July.

In the little town of Marienburg lived a Lutheran minister by the name of Skovronski, who was remarkable for his piety, benevolence, and unwearied efforts in doing good. On returning to his humble dwelling one evening, his attention was attracted by the cries of a child. His horse showed an unwillingness to proceed; he dismounted, and at a short distance on the snow discovered the object of distress. There lay a half-frozen child. Wrapping it in his cloak, he remounted his horse, and in a short time was at the parsonage.

That child was a beautiful little girl, not a year old. It was at once adopted by the pastor, and placed in the care of his faithful servant, an old lady, who had long resided in the family. She was named Catherine, from the circumstance that she was found on St. Catherine's day, the twenty-fifth of November. She was nursed with great care and tenderness, and treated by the family as an only child. Her beauty, docility and sweet temper attracted the attention of all who saw her. A more lovely little creature could hardly be imagined.

As she grew up, she interested herself in the management of the household affairs, and was always ready to assist as occasion required. The venerable Skovronski was growing old, under his excessive labors for the good of his flock, his naturally robust constitution was evidently giving way. This deeply affected Catherine, for she loved the good old man as her best earthly friend. She respected him as a parent; but she could never forget that it was he who saved her life. When he became ill, she would do all for him in her power, and often cheered his lonely hours by singing some beautiful hymns. She would often say, 'My dear father, what can I do for you? Can I not render you some assistance? Can I do too much for one who saved my life?'

On the twentieth of August, 1702, Marienburg was taken by the Russians, and many of its inhabitants slain. It was a sad day. Many heart-rending scenes were witnessed. Catherine at this time was thirteen years of age, and at the time of the battle was visiting the sister of Skovronski, a few miles distant. She heard the cannon, but did not understand the cause. This part of our story must be described by another. Though a slight thread of fiction may be seen in the description, it will give a life-like air to the facts presented.

A horse suddenly stopped at the door of the cottage and a young man hastily dismounted. 'The Russians are at Marienburg!' exclaimed he, rushing into the apartment. 'I have escaped with difficulty to bring this letter from your brother, (addressing the parson's sister,) who has given his horse for my use.'

'Do tell me what has occurred at Marienburg,' said Catherine.

'Why, do you not hear the cannon? General Scheremetief, with the army, is bombarding Marienburg. O, it is a cruel sight to behold!'

'My father, my benefactor!' cried Catherine, sobbing.

Such was her anxiety to see her best earthly friend, that she immediately started for Marienburg; but on reaching the town she was met by one of the guard, with, 'Where are you going?'

'What is that to you?' replied the young girl.

'I am in haste, and pray you let me pass.'

'You, of course, are not aware, then, that the town is in the hands of the Russians,' said the man.

'Well, what then?' interrupted Catherine.

'That all the inhabitants are prisoners; and if you pursue your route, you will also be taken prisoner yourself.'

'Thank you for your advice; but my father and benefactor is in town, and I am determined to share his fate, whatever it may be.'

'Go, then, and God preserve you!' answered the man.

She had not proceeded far before they demanded her name.

'Catherine,' she quickly replied; 'I am the adopted child of the pastor Skovronski.'

'Thou art a Livonian,' replied the officer. 'Livonia belongs now to our Czar, Peter I. of Russia; you are, therefore, a prisoner.'

'Touch me not,' said Catherine, her beautiful dark eyes flashing. 'I returned to Marienburg to find my adopted father. Conduct me, then, to him—in his house—in a dungeon—no matter where—so that I may find him.'

As the officer did not seem disposed to comply with her request, she inquired, 'Who is your General?'

'Gen. Scheremetief,' was the reply.

'I wish, then, to speak to the General.'

In a few moments, as the Cossack's officer was inquiring where the General could be found, an old woman, perceiving her, uttered a cry of despair. 'Oh, my dear child, you will see your protector no more! He died on the battle-field by a Russian bullet, while in the act of binding up the wounds of a poor soldier. He is dead—my poor master!' This old lady was the servant of Skovronski.

Catherine turned pale at this sad intelligence, and inquired, 'Have you, then, left him there without help?'

The officer bade her follow him, and he soon introduced her into the General's tent. She threw herself at Scheremetief's feet, and with her uplifted hands, exclaimed, 'A grace, General! for pity's sake, a grace!'

'What does the child want?' inquired the General of the officer.

'She wishes to speak to you.'

'It is true,' replied Catherine, 'I have learned that my father and protector is numbered among the dead. Dear pastor Skovronski! The favor I ask is, to be allowed to seek for his body, that it may be properly buried.'

The tone of her voice was so peculiar, and her countenance so commanding, yet so ingenuous, that the General was moved at the sight of her youth and courage, and said, 'The camp is situated outside of the walls; if I grant your request, what guarantee will I have that you will not try to escape?'

'My word!' replied Catherine innocently.

'Go, then,' said the General, 'but remember your promise to return, for you belong to me.'

On leaving the tent, she soon met the pastor's old servant. 'Come,' said she, taking her hand, 'show me the place where you saw him fall.'

The night was dark, and it was with difficulty they saw their way. They soon came upon a field covered with the bodies of the slain, while the cry that arose told that many were still alive. It was, indeed, a scene of horror. It was dark, and how could she distinguish her benefactor? Soon a soldier appeared with a lantern, which he kindly offered her, but advising her to discontinue search till morning. This she at once declined.

'But,' said the brave soldier, 'you are not formed to be a slave, though a General may be your master. You are now beyond the camp; no person can see you. Fly! if you want money, here it is.'

'Fly! when I have given my word not to do so?'

'The word of a girl without name, without birth, is of little consequence. I conjure you to fly.'

Catherine remained unmoved, and resolved to fulfil her promise. The search for the pastor was continued, and in a few moments he was found, nearly senseless and quite speechless. After several attempts he faintly whispered, 'Where am I?'

'With your friends,' replied Catherine—with your little Catherine.'

A little cordial being administered, he revived, and was soon carried home on a litter. His wounds

were dressed, and all possible assistance rendered to the wounded pastor. Catherine was overjoyed to see her dearest friend so comfortable.

The old man had learned that his dear child was a prisoner, and this grieved him much.

"It is all right," said Catherine. "If I had not been taken a prisoner, I should not have been carried before the General, and would have missed seeing your servant, who told me of your death; and, had I not seen her, I should never have thought of seeking for you in the battle-field."

"Now, said Catherine, 'my dear benefactor, bless me, your poor child, for I must leave you.'

"Go my child, go" said the old man, in a solemn voice; "do your duty, and God will bless you." Catherine kissed the lips of the old man, and exclaimed, "Adieu, my father! adieu!" and left the house.

As she entered the tent of the General, she met the young soldier who presented her with the lantern in the battle-field, and who now kindly presents her to the General.

"What, have you returned?" said the General on seeing her. "I feared that I should not see you again."

"I gave you my word," was her brief reply.

"What shall I do with her?" inquired the General, addressing himself to the soldier.

"Make her my wife—the wife of a soldier!—She is born for it! Well, what say you my child?" added he, turning to Catherine, who seemed quite bewildered.

"I say," replied she, hesitating, "my choice is not difficult; I would rather be the wife of a soldier than the slave of a General."

"Bravo Catherine! from this moment you belong to me."

The soldier arose, and beckoning to Catherine to follow him, he left the tent. "Do you know who I am, Catherine?" said he, as they walked together away.

"No; but you said that you wished to be my husband."

"True; but do you know my rank in the army?"

"It matters not," said Catherine; "you cannot suppose I am proud—a child without family, without name."

"You are content, then, to link your destiny with mine," taking her by the hand.

"Yes," replied Catherine, "I like you because you have been kind to me, poor child that I am."

The soldier stopped before a tent more elevated than the rest. "This is the tent of the Czar," said he; "remain where you are. It is right that I should ask his permission to marry you."

Catherine had waited but a few minutes, when a young officer, advancing, said, "The Czar wishes to see you."

On entering the tent, she saw a large number of officers, in the centre of whom she immediately recognized the young soldier, her companion. "Where is the Czar?" inquired Catherine of the officer.

"There!" said he, pointing to the soldier who was seated.

"There? That is my husband!"

"He is thy husband and the Czar likewise, Catherine," said the Emperor of Russia. "How astonished you appear! Does the news grieve you? Does my title prevent you from loving me?"

"I loved you as a soldier," said she; "I will also love you as an Emperor." The Czar arose, and taking the hand of the young orphan, presented her to his officers as the future Empress of Russia.

Here closes the thread of fiction in our story. After their marriage, the Emperor placed her in a private dwelling in the city of Moscow, where she received every attention becoming her position. She was lovely and beautiful. She loved to do good, and to make others happy around her. She was intelligent, cheerful, amiable, and benevolent. No doubt Peter the Great saw that she was precisely the woman who could share his enthusiasm and sympathize in his plans. The obscurity of her birth was no obstacle to him; he had absolute power to raise her to the loftiest condition in his empire.

Though surrounded with the honors of royalty, she did not forget the pastor of Marienberg. She loved him still, and did what she could to cheer his last hours. He never recovered from his wounds, and survived but a short time. His end was peace. Catherine mourned over his departure, and sighed that one she had loved most of all on earth was now no more.

She often accompanied the Emperor in his journeys through his empire, and frequently attended him in military campaigns. In 1711, when Peter was at war with the Turks, by her extraordinary skill and superior judgment, she saved the life of the Emperor, and saved the army from being destroyed or taken prisoners. Peter caused the event to be commemorated by a display of magnificence.

used we find these words: 'She has been of the greatest assistance to us in all our dangers, and particularly in the battle of Pruth.'

She was blessed with two children, one of which—a son—died when a child. The other—a daughter—became Empress of Russia.

On the eighteenth of May, 1723, Peter the Great placed the crown with great pomp, upon the head of Catherine. His health was rapidly declining.—Catherine attended him constantly. January 28th, 1725, he breathed his last, being only in his forty-fourth year.

Catherine sustained the title of Empress with great dignity, and was greatly beloved by her subjects. Her reign was short. She survived her husband about two years, and expired May 27th, 1727, at the age of thirty-eight.

THE SALAMANDER SAFE.

It is well known that iron safes are now made with a chamber between the inside and outside filled with plaster of Paris. This is an effectual non-conductor of heat, and if the safe is made so strong as not to break when falling in a burning building, there is little danger that its contents will be burnt. The discovery of the qualities of plaster of Paris was made as follows:—Mr. Fitzgerald, a very intelligent mechanic of this city, whom we know very well, was engaged in making plaster images, and frequently washed his hands in a tin pan. The bottom of the pan soon became encrusted over with plaster, and one day when it was set on the fire to heat water, it was found that the water could not be heated in it. The discovery led to the knowledge that plaster of Paris was a suitable non-conductor for iron safes, thousands of which are made every year. —*New York Sun.*

Northern and Southern Americans.

Miss Cobb, a cultivated and travelled English lady contributes an article to *Fraser's Magazine*, for February, from which the following is an extract:

"I know not whether the experience of a single traveller may be of much avail, but, in these days, when so much blind prejudice is suffered to grow in England against the Northern Americans and in favor of the South, I would fain record the testimony of a woman who, having travelled alone over a large part of Europe and the East, has had perhaps more opportunities than most men or women of judging the standard of courtesy of different nations.

"The result of my experience has been this: If, at any time, I needed to find a gentleman who should aid me in any little difficulty of travel, or show me kindness with that consideration for a woman which is the true tone of manly courtesy, then I should desire to find a North American gentleman. And if I wished to find a lady who should join company for any voyage or excursion, and who would be sure to show unvarying good temper, cheerfulness, and liberality, then I should wish for a North American lady. I do not speak of defects which English travellers often lay at the door of the whole nation, because they meet in Europe Americans of a social rank below any which attempts to travel and sit at tables *à la mode* of our own population; and they absurdly measure a New York shoemaker by the standard of a London barrister.

"I speak of what a genuine Yankee is as a fellow traveller to a lady without a companion or escort, wealth, or rank. They are simply the most kind and courteous of any people. Let Englishmen be pleased to run their prejudices where they like, it behooves at least an English woman, whom they have never failed to treat with kindness, to speak of the North as she has found it. As to the Southern Americans, it must be confessed that their chivalry partakes too much of a quality which, doubtless colored all the supposed romantic manners of the middle ages, and which always must appear when society is divided between despots and serf. I do not think many English ladies and gentlemen could comfortably endure the suppression of all such little phrases as 'thank you,' 'if you please,' and their equivalents, in addresses to white attendants. One feels inclined to return to the exhortation of the nursery at all moments. 'It wants a word.'

"I happened once to be dining alone at the Convent of Ramleh, the Franciscan lay-brother and my Piedmontese drayman conversing together meanwhile. The talk ran on the travellers to Palestine, and both of them agreed that the Americans were most numerous of any, but singularly diverse in character. 'Some of them,' said the monk, 'are *buonissimi gente*; but some others—oh! they ordered me about and never said a word of thanks, as if I were their servant.' 'Worse than that,' said the Piedmontese Abengo; 'I twice served them as drayman, and they treated me like a dog. I left them, though they paid me well, for I could not endure it. They came from the Southern States, where they have slaves.'

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

Many years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effect of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his proposition. To this end he begged the minister of justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our *savant* sought the culprit, and thus addressed him:—"Sir, several persons who are interested in your family have prevailed on the judge not to require of you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has, therefore, commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being bled to death within the precincts of your prison; your dissolution will be gradual and free from pain."

The criminal submitted to his fate; thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged; he was strapped to a table; and, at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pen. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient believing that it was blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak and the conversations of the doctors in an undertone, confirmed him in this opinion.

"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time."

"Hush!" said the other, then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"

"Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hopeless state."

The physicians then receded by degrees and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was also gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that, although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died without having lost a drop of blood.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Two Old Women.

Two neighboring crones, antique and gray, Together talked at close of day.

One said, with brow of wrinkled care:

"Life's cup, at first, was sweet and fair;

On our young lips, with laughter gay,

Its cream of brimming nectar lay;

But vapid then it grew and stale,

And tiresome as a twice-told tale;

And here, in weary age and pain,

Its bitter dregs alone remain."

The other, with contented eye,

Laid down her work, and made reply:

"Yes, life was bright at morning tide,

Yet, when the foam and sparkle died,

More rich, methought, and purer too

Its well-concocted essence grew;

Even now, though low its spirit drains,

And little in the cup remains,

There's sugar at the bottom still,

And we may taste it if we will."

SINGULAR ATTACHMENT.—Upon Col. King's plantation, near this place, there is a certain old gander, so attached to one of the milch cows that he follows her wherever she goes. He has been seen plodding at her heels several miles from home, never permitting her to escape his sight. When caught and confined, he displays the greatest uneasiness, and never ceases his squalls until he finds the object of his devotion. The cow manifests little or no attention to the poor deluded fellow—a cruelty sufficient to break his constant heart. The gander holds no converse with the other geese, but passes them by with melancholy silence. He has been in this state a great while. We would like to have some of the older ones express their opinions, and endeavor to explain the mystery.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SUPPLIANT.

BY J. ALFORD.

Behold me standing by thy side,
For one kind word of thine;
I banish hence all other pride,
To worship at thy shrine.
Accept, beloved, my faithful vow,
Nor bid fond hope despair;
O, let no frown o'ershade that brow
So beautiful and fair.

Sweet girl, I proffer thee a heart
Devoid of every guile;
Then do not let me hence depart,
Without one tender smile.
Yet if another has thy love,
And he's deserving thee;
I would not have thee faithless prove,
To chase one pang from me.

I would not wound the peace of one
Who never injured me;
I would not have the bliss undone,
That Heaven has wrought for thee.
But if thy heart is yet thine own,
And thou my suit approve,
I here will plight to thee alone,
My pure and lasting love.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A Dog Story.—On Monday evening, as a dog was walking leisurely down State street 'alone in his glory,' and seemingly abstracted, one of a gang of newspaper venders standing in front of the Traveller office threw his cap at him. It struck Caesar's tail. He thereupon turned round, looked at the cap a moment, and then at the boys. After reviewing the latter with military-like circumspection, he approached the lad who was bareheaded, placed his paw upon his shoulders, and barked three times into his face, as much as to say, 'Where did you learn your manners?' The urchin was frightened half out of his trousers, and screamed and trembled and trembled and screamed again, and thus terrified, Caesar left him.—[Boston Courier.]

CONFOUND YOUR IS!

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL POEM IN HONOR OF
P-T-R Y-T-S, ESQ.

BY E. HERRING QUILLS.

I beg the crowd of Literati,
From little *a* to thumping Great *I*,
To take a lesson, if they please,
On 'lamming' out our *I*'s with *E*'s!
For pupils, I'll select 'The Press,'
And P-t-r Y-t-s, as they possess,
Beyond all question, or dispute,
The piuck to put each other through't,
With all the learning of the schools,
That fool with cant, or cant with fools!
And were, my most facetious friend,
'The Press,' will doubtless condescend
To break a lance upon our pates
(Myself and the 'aforsaid' Y-t-s.)
And every other lettered gawky
Who spells the 'favored burgh,' Milwaukee

Of late, I find the great Ortho-
Raphists are getting all agog,
And driving their tremendous quills
At us, the little 'Jacks and Gills,'
Threatening to take us o'er their knees
And 'bung' our *I*'s out with their *E*'s!
Confound their skull-caps! let them try
Their strength at 'gouging' out my *I*!
The gimcracks! literary asses!
Who think the *E* the *I* surpasses!
I'll give them all, across their breech,
A touch of my unlettered switch,
Then turn them o'er, the reprobates,
For eudgelling, to P-t-r Y-t-s!

But first, the advocates for *E*'s,
Will give attention, if they please,
And listen to the reason why,
I advocate the letter *I*.

The first and most conclusive reason
Why *I*'s should be preferred to *E*'s in
Spelling, is this: 'tis always better,
Of two, I use the most capital letter!
And I o'er all its compeers rises,
And most conspicuous of its size is!
Another reason and most weighty
To all the 'sporting' Literati,

(Such as my doctor W-le-it is,
With his keen eye and genial phiz,)
Is this, that (bating all debates)
With 'crabbed sticks,' or crusty pates,
Like woodcock, just before they rise,
Milwaukee 'a seen best with two *I*'s!
And this, no doubt, is just the reason
We always use two *I*'s in vision,
And in politics that one *I*
Upon the other's set as a spy!

And now, I beg my general K-g,
Who takes a gibe to give a sting,
To give us all a reason why,
He 'pummels out her dexter *I*,
And leaves Milwaukee like a jug,
With a confounded ugly 'mug'!

And here, 'e'll take a hearty laugh,
Season les regles de l'orthographe,
To see Milwaukee like the 'goose'
That jumped into the 'bramble bush,'
And found herself so 'w adroua wise,'
She scratched out only half her *I*'s!
And ever after had to be
Renounced like little Water-ee,
Or like that famous stream you see
' Away down south, in Tennessee,
Of which the accent has to be
Thrown back upon the antepe—
Nult, as in Okefenokee,

A peaky swamp in 'old Georgee'
Jeru-salem! what accents these!
Confound the everlasting *E*'s,
The 'little' and the 'great Pedees,'
And all your literary 'geese,'
Who pride themselves so much on 'case'
And most intensely 'damned be he,'
Who dares profane our 'fair cit-ee'
With accent on the final *E*,

As they pronounce 'old Congaree'
Two' b'yond all cavil, it should be
So, with our 'King's Orthographe,'
I mean the 'General's,' who you see,
Calls on 'four Peter,' without 'fee,'
To enter up his 'cogarooce,'
While from his nose, with fingers three,
The latter twinkles, 'No, Sir ee ee'

Now, all the 'Press' will please to 'care,
Or own their 'King' to be a 'knave'
While Elbert Herring Quills will take
His breath, for Peg'sus' sake!

me at Waukesha, without 'limping,' in the 5030th year
year of the Olympiads.

The Poor Man's Garden.

Ah, yes, the poor man's garden!
It is great joy to me,
The little precious piece of ground
Before his door to see!

The rich man has his gardeners,—
His gardeners young and old;
He never takes a spade in hand,
Nor worketh in the mould.

It is not with the poor man so,—
Wealth, servants, he has none;
And all the work that's done for him
Must by himself be done,

All day upon some weary task
He toileth with good will;
And back he comes, at set of sun,
His garden-plot to till.

The rich man in his garden walks,
And 'neath his garden trees;
Wrapp'd in a dream of other things,
He seems to take his ease.

One moment he beholds his flowers,
The next they are forgot;
He eateth of his rarest fruits
As though he ate them not.

It is not with the poor man so;
He knows each inch of ground,
And every plant and flower
That grows within its bound.

He knows where grow his wallflowers,
And when they will be out;
His moss-rose, and convolvulus
That twines his pales about.

He knows his red sweet-williams,
And the stocks that cost him dear,—
That well-set row of crimson stocks,
For he bought the seed last year.

And though unto the rich man
The cost of flowers is nought,
A sixpence to a poor man
Is toil, and care, and thought.

And here is his potato-bed,
All well-grown, strong, and green;
How could a rich man's heart leap up
At any thing so mean!

But he, the poor man, sees his crop,
And a thankful man is he,
For he thinks all through the winter
How rich his board will be!

And how his merry little ones
Beside the fire will stand,
Each with a large potato
In a round and rosy hand.

A rich man has his wall-fruit,
And his delicious vines;
His fruit for every season,
His melons and his pines.

The poor man has his gooseberries,
His currants white and red,
His apple and his damson tree,
And a little strawberry-bed.

A happy man he thinks himself,
A man that's passing well,—
To have some fruit for the children,
And some besides to sell.

Around the rich man's trellised bower
Gay, costly creepers run;
The poor man has his scarlet beans
To screen him from the sun.

And there before the little bench,
O'ershadow'd by the bower,
Grow southernwood and lemon-thyme,
Sweetpea and gilliflower;

And pinks and clove-carnations,
Rich scented, side by side;
And at the end a hollyhock
With an edge of London-pride.

And here the old grandmother comes
When her day's work is done;
And here they bring the sickly babe
To cheer it in the sun.

And here on sabbath mornings,
The good man comes to get
His Sunday nosegay, moss-rose bud,
White pink, and mignonette.

And here on sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one in either hand
He walketh all about.

For though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy;
For there's no niche of all his ground
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus;
For though his grounds are wide,
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
With soul unsatisfied.

Yes! in the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.

[MARY HOWITT.]

When you go a fishing, be sure and take 'a
bite' before you start, for you may not get one af-
ter.

The Hermit Woman of the Alleghenies.

[Charles Lanman, author of the "Private Life
of Daniel Webster," &c., is about to publish a new
work entitled "Recollections of American Scenery
and Adventures." The following is an extract
made from the proof sheets.]

MOUTH OF SENECA CREEK, VIRGINIA,
May, 1851.

Delighted and deeply impressed as I have been
by the scenery of this Alpine land, I have been far
more interested by an old woman, whom I have
had the pleasure of seeing. Her name is Elizabeth
Golding, or Goldison, and she resides in a log
cabin, entirely alone, directly at the foot of the
gorge which has taken her name. She is of Ger-
man origin, and represents herself as one hundred
and twelve years of age. She was born, according
to her own words, "within two days' ride of Phila-
delphia, in Pennsylvania, and her father was a sol-
dier in the revolution under Washington, and she
herself was in the immediate vicinity of the Ameri-
can camp at the defeat of Gen. Braddock, of which
event she habitually recounts a great number
of interesting and thrilling incidents, closing each
paragraph with the remark that the battle field
was wet, very wet, with blood. She has been hus-
bandless and childless for nearly half a century, and
for many years has lived, as now, in the solitude of
the mountains, utterly alone. Indeed, everything
about the old woman is peculiar and strange. She
is small in stature, and her hair, (which is white as
snow) is very long; when engaged in conversation
her countenance fires up, and she accompanies each
sentence with the most animated gestures; her
voice, though still strong, is altogether beyond her
control, having an unnatural tone; and the wrin-
kles running entirely over her face and neck, are
as deep as we might imagine them to be after hav-
ing been furrowed by the tears of even one heart
for so long a time as a century. She was clothed
in the simplest manner, having upon her head a
cap of common brown cotton, a frock of blue home-
spun cloth, and upon her feet nothing but woollen
socks. During the whole time that we were in her
cabin she was smoking some bitter weed in a com-
mon corn-cob pipe, and though haggard and worn
to a marvellous degree she had a pleasant smile;
and when either of her guests happened to utter
something that was novel to her ear, she would ex-
claim, "Oh yes, that is wonderful!" Her
means of subsistence for years has been ob-
tained by selling hickory brooms; but even this
business she has been compelled to give up, for
she could no longer climb the mountains to obtain
the proper material; and though she seemed to be
perfectly certain that she would be provided for,
she expressed the greatest dread of the county
almshouse. We inquired as to her appetite, and
she replied, "Oh, I eat very little; I never eat
much, sometimes nothing in a whole day, and never
more than once a day, and I am well acquainted
with hunger." As to her sleep we also questioned
her, and she said, "That's what troubles me most;
I cannot sleep now I am so old, and so I lie on my
bed all night thinking of my great, good and sweet
Father in the Heavens." We asked how she man-
aged to obtain the necessaries of life, and she said
she did not know, only that people who travelled
on the road sometimes stepped in to give a little
coffee or flour, her main stay being a small garden
of vegetables, the bush fence around which had
been built by her own hands; and this garden was
the neatest one that I ever beheld. As to her
sight, it was as good as ever, and she was unac-
quainted with the use of spectacles. We asked
her how much money she would want to support
her for a year, and she replied ten dollars would
take care of her a long time more than a year. As
a matter of course, my companions and I made up
a little purse for her benefit; and when we gave it
to her it seemed as if she would embrace us in spite
of us. Indeed, we made her a number of trifling
presents, and she expressed her gratitude by weep-
ing, and assuring us that her "Father in the
Heavens" would bless us and make us happy
wherever we might go. And I can assure the
reader that the tears shed by that old woman of
five score years and ten were not the only ones that
sprung into the eyes on that occasion, albeit we
were unaccustomed to weeping.

But I have not yet given the reader an idea of
the home of this lonely being; in truth, it baffles
description. Her nearest neighbor is some four
miles off, and her only companions in her solitude
are a little dog and a cat. Her cabin stands near
the water's edge, and directly on the hill-side; it
is without a window, but light in abundance comes
in from the gaping roof and sides of the black and
mouldering log habitation, the chimney to which is
of mud and sticks, and in a dilapidated condition.
Her bedstead is made of small pine sticks, with the
bark still on; her couch, consisting of hemlock
boughs covered with straw, upon which are two or
three wretchedly worn bed-quilts; in one corner of

as she looked on that shore of her nativity, for the first time in twenty years.

'Oh, God! could I see all my children before I die!' she faltered.

I pass over the scene of her landing and welcoming to the house of her brother. I will not stop to tell you how many wonders the India born children found in American city customs and sights; for I must hasten to the end of my story.

'It is impossible, sister,' said her brother to the pale lady, one morning, in answer to some expression. 'The child could never have reached this country. We never, as you know, have traced her further than England, and if she had been brought here, she could not have failed to find me, or I her.'

The widow sighed. 'God's will be done!' she murmured. 'But it is hard to feel that my little helpless innocent—my eldest born—was sent from me to perish alone. Often I feel as if it could not be—as if she were yet alive, and I should find her at some day.'

Provisionally, as it proved, the mother was led to search the catalogues of various institutions for the blind; long in vain. At length she obtained a circular from a distant city, and glanced over it indifferently, as often had she been disappointed.

Her heart sprung to her lips as she saw the name Meta W. Hamilton.

'But then,' she gasped, extending the paper to

he looked and shook his head. 'I am afraid you are expecting too much, my poor sister. Matilda was your darling's name; and then, how should she stray to that corner of the United States.'

But the mother's hope was stronger than her fears. She scarcely ate or slept, weak, though she was, until she reached the southern city whose name the catalogue had borne.

'Hamilton? yes, we have one pupil by that name,' replied the bland superintendent, in answer to her first question of trembling eagerness. 'But she is an orphan, madam.'

'Are you sure, sir? Oh, I must see her at once!'

She followed him to the door of a large room, where fifty girls sat busied with their books and needlework. The buzz of conversation died, as they heard the sound of strange footsteps—and a hundred sightless eyes were turned toward the door.

Near a table, on which lay a bunch of delicate straw filaments, sat Mittie Hamilton. She had been braiding a bonnet, but her fingers had ceased their work, and buried in a sort of reverie, she was the only one who did not notice the entrance of a stranger.

'Was there any distinguishing feature by which you would recognize your daughter, my dear madam?' asked the gentleman.

The mother's eye wandered over the group, as though she dreaded the confirmation of her fears to lose her last hope.

'Show me the child of whom you spoke,' she faltered.

'Meta Hamilton'—but he stopped, for, at the lady's first word, Mittie had sprung from her position, and throwing back the curls from her face, turned wildly from side to side.

'Who is that?' she cried, with outstretched arms. 'That voice—speak again!'

'Mittie, my child!' cried Mrs. Hamilton, springing to her side, and sinking, overpowered, upon her knees.

'Mother, oh mother!'—and Mittie fell into the arms that had cradled her in infancy.

That was a moment never to be forgotten!

Uncle Wythe Harris (for the mistake which had clouded many years of the lifetime of mother and child, was that of Mittie in substituting—child that she was—the first name of uncle for the last) found a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Hudson for his sister and her now happy family. What a loving welcome the dear girls and boys, whom Heaven had blessed with the power of seeing their sister, gave to the wanderer Mittie! How she comforted her mother's heart, making her forget her great bereavement—making her even forget to sorrow that she had a blind child, in her joy at feeling that she had another living darling!

The sunshine of Mittie's girlhood came back to her spirit. The dear blind girl was the joy of the house. How could any body cherish a feeling of discontent or peevishness, when that glad voice was pouring out its songs of thankfulness from morning until night! Oh, dear blind Mittie, never more—happy spirit that she was—mourned that God had not given her eyes to see. 'He has given me back my mother,' she once said, 'and these precious brothers and sister, and he will let me see them all in Heaven!'

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made;
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river, far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged—may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend at the right—
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."
Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over, side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side.
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.
For all had put on Christ's righteousness."

Old Folks

Ah, don't be sorrowful darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray,
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses, long ago,
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Whenever he leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling,—
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

Mr. HENRY says;—"I have heard of a married couple who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed, viz, "Never to be both angry at the same time;" and he adds, that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children, when they were married:

"Doth one speak fire t'other with water come:
Is one provok'd? be t'other soft and dumb."

Safety of Steamers.

There is much practical good sense in the following suggestions which we copy from the *Buffalo Courier* :—

1st. Every vessel seaward bound, should by law be compelled to carry boats enough for all on board.

2d. Every boat should have along its sides, narrow cases, securely fastened, containing provisions in boxes hermetically sealed, and small stores of water, wines and liquors, in water tight compartments. Each boat should have lashed to it all the necessary implements and means of navigation.

3d. On leaving port, the passengers and crew should be called on deck and designated by names as those who, in case of disaster, were to occupy this or that boat. Each boat should have its compliment of sailors and a captain be appointed by the commander of the vessel. In case of accident, those on board knowing to what boat they were assigned, would take a position near it. If the vessel must be deserted, the boats would be launched without confusion and their occupants would be saved.

These precautions would have saved the lives of all who perished with the Arctic.

From the London Athenæum.

Mr. Charles Wells, whose interesting notes on an Arab newspaper appeared in last week's Athenæum, sends us a specimen of Turkish poetry, which occurs in a Turkish romance. The translation is almost literal:—

And, lo! a maiden of heavenly face,
From head to foot full of grace,
Tall of stature, light was she,
Like unto the cypress tree.

In every age hath woman been
Cause of madness and of spleen.
So soon, O soon, was Hassan seen
Prostrate 'fore this winning queen.

The torrent of love where dashes he?
He sweeps o'er the walls of philosophie,
The bulwark of sense must down needs be,
For in are rushing the waves of love's sea.

The Human Hair.

It would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vauquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The coloring matter, however, form but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races. An eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blonde he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 100,440; in a black, 102,062; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blonde tresses owe the rich and silk like character of their flow—a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE.—A Protestant Journal in America lately spoke of an old lady who triumphantly pointed out the Epistle to the Romans, and asked where one could be found addressed to the Protestants?

The Catholic Mirror happily retorts by telling us of a negro Baptist at the South, who said to his Methodist master—

"You've read the Bible, I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"Well, you've read in it of John the Baptist?"

"Yes."

"Well, you never saw nothing about John the Methodist?"

"No."

"Well, den you see, dere's Baptists in the bible, but dere ain't no Methodists, and de bible's on my side."

SPECIMENS OF MODERN SYNTAX.—A New Orleans Editor, recording the career of a mad dog, says, "We are grieved to say that a rabid animal, before it could be killed, severely bit Dr. Hart and several other dogs."

"For sale, an excellent young horse would suit any timid lady or gentleman with a long silver tail."

FOR THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.
A G N E S.

One whose nature, raptured, teems
With noble aims and golden dreams:
Slender, graceful, lithe and pale,
Not too tall, and not too frail;
Grave, ethereal, mocking, sad,
Look to make a sane man mad,
Teasing, coaxing, modest, gay;
Aye at work, and aye at play;
Strange compound! with will, and wit,
And power to charm, not knowing it.
O, such silken raven hair,
Combed and braided back with care!
O, such great, expressive eyes,
So arch, so sad, so gay, so wise!
The haughty head! the stately walk!
The arched lips a-swell with talk!
One would go one hundred mile
But to win one little smile.
Rounded, polished, softened grace
Breathes in the form, shines in the face—
Such a face! oh, could I say
How the changeful features play!
One time, looking, you would think
Of odorous gardens by the brink
Of sheeny lake, where many a bird
Thro' sun smit groves all day is heard—
Picture changes with a glance
To helmed head and couched lance—
And flashing eye and rising glow
The struggling of the spirit show—
You ride with Richard Leon Cœur,
Or wage fierce conflicts with the Moor—
Again the tangle of base care—
The wheat o'powered by the tare—
Again the world's slow poison comes,
Again sad sorrow's chill benumbs:
And earthly contemplation dull
Fills up the chalice to the fall!
Courage, faint heart! the day is nigh—
See yonder gleaming in the sky!
The richest sadness has on earth,
The contra of the richest mirth;
The deepest gloom has brightest light,
As sunshine drives away the night.
Wait! for thee is care's surcease,
Music, comfort, joy and peace!
ALBANY LAW SCHOOL, Oct. 27th. J. C. O'B.

THE PLEASURE OF CARE.—Three-fourths of our acquaintance lay great stress on the fact that children are free from care, as if freedom from care was one of the beatitudes of Paradise; but I should like to know if freedom from care is any blessing to beings who don't know what care is. You who are careful and troubled about many things may dwell on it with great satisfaction, but children don't find it delightful by any means.—On the contrary, they are never so happy as when they can get a little care, or cheat themselves into the belief that they have it. You can make them proud for a day by sending them on some responsible errand. If you will not place care upon them, they will make it for themselves. You shall see a whole family of dolls stricken down simultaneously with malignant measles, or a restive horse evoked from a passive parlor chair. They are a great deal more eager to assume care than you are to throw it off. To be sure, they may be quite as eager to be rid of it after a while; but while this does not prove that care is delightful, it certainly does not prove that freedom from care is not.—[Gail Hamilton.]

Some More of Them 'Ere Beans

A Legislative assembly, gathered as it is from all quarters and every profession, must necessarily include all varieties of character, some of a most amusing kind.

Several years since, the town of—saw fit to elect a sturdy farmer, whom the love of travel had never led out of the precincts of his native county, to the onerous post of a 'member of the General Court.'

Arrived in Boston, our friend, being somewhat hungry, and desirous of taking something substantial "for the stomach's sake, found his way into one of our hotels at the dinner hour.

He sat down to dinner, and being requested by the waiter to select from the bill of fare whatever he chose, expressed a desire for some baked beans.

This was brought him, and from the gusto with which it was eaten, evidently suited our representative. The plate was cleared in an incredibly short space of time, and the attentive waiter was at his side.

"Will you have your plate changed?"

"Yes."

"What will you have next?"

The bill of fare was consulted, and the guest announced the decision—
"I reckon I'll have a few more of them 'ere beans."

The second installment was not long in disappearing. Again the question was proposed—

"Will you have your plate changed?"

"Yes."

"What will you take?"

"You may bring me a few more of them 'ere beans."

The waiter turned away to conceal a smile, but did as he was ordered. He kept an eye on the new fledged Representative, and by the time his third plate was dispatched, was by his side with the old question.

"Of course," thought he, "he'll want something else this time.

"What dish shall I bring you sir?"

The representative took up the bill of fare and followed up its various items with his finger till he came to the end, a process which occupied some ten minutes. He was apparently in some doubt, but in a few moments his face lighted up, and he said—

"I don't care if I take a few more of them 'ere beans."

They were brought, and we need not say, went the way of their predecessors.

"Perhaps; sir," said the waiter, as he took away the empty plate, "you would like some kind of pudding. We have all kinds."

"I don't know," was the hesitating reply. "Have you got any more of them 'ere beans?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I guess you may bring me a few more to finish up with. I don't want any pudding."

For every day of the session our country representative patronized his favorite dish. When at length his services were dispensed with and he returned home, he was asked how he liked Boston?

"Boston is a great place," he exclaimed with enthusiasm; "Boston is a great place for baked beans!"—*Yankee Blade.*

The Strasburg Clock.

MANY and many a year ago—
To say how many I scarcely dare—
Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,
In the wide and open square, [gold
Where, quaint and old and touched with the
Of a summer morn, at stroke of noon
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled;
And into the church with the crowd we strolled
To see their wonder, the famous clock.
Well, my love, there are clocks a many,
As big as a house, as small as a penny;
And clocks there be with voices as queer
As any that torture human ear;
Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,
That wheeze like a pump, and hoot like an owl;
From the coffin shape, with its brooding face,
That stands on the stair, (you know the place,)
Saying, "Click, cluck," like an ancient hen,
A-gathering the minutes home again,

To the kitchen knave with its wooden stutter,
Doing equal work with double splutter,
Yelping, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,
As much as to say: "Just see me work!"
But of all the clocks that tell Time's bead-roll,
There are none like this in the old Cathedral;
Never a one so bids you stand
While it deals the minutes with even hand:
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,
And some you dote on, and some you curse;
And clock and man may have such a way
Of telling the truth that you can't say nay.

So in we went and stood in the crowd
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud,
With sound and symbol, the only tongue
The maker taught it while yet 'twas young.
And we saw St. Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands,
And the Twelve Apostles come and go,
And the solemn Christ pass sadly and slow;
And strange that iron-legged procession,
And odd to us the whole impression,
As the crowd beneath in silence pressing,
Bent to that cold mechanic blessing.

But I alone thought far in my soul,
What a touch of genius was in the whole,
And felt how graceful had been the thought
Which for the signs of the months had sought,
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train;
And much I pondered, if he whose brain
Had builded this clock with labor and pain
Did only think, twelve months there are,
And the Bible twelve will fit to a hair;
Or did he say, with a heart in tune,
Well-loved John is the sign of June,
And changeful Peter hath April hours,
And Paul, the stately, October bowers,
And sweet, or faithful, or bold, or strong,
Unto each one shall a month belong.

But beside the thought that under it lurks,
Pray, do you think clocks are saved by their
works?—*Atlantic Monthly for April.*

Through Death to Life.

BY HENRY HARRAUGH, PASTOR OF THE FIRST GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH, LANCASTER.

Have you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years,
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown,
Breaks out in a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once and in blooming dies.
Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
That grows in the sunny clime,
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls to the ground;
And fast as they drop from the parent-stem,
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that springs from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arab's Gun el Baar,
That lives in the African solitude,
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from the fountains afar,
And fishes the sea for their food!
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard of the tale they tell of the Swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the oft still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it enters heaven.
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales; shall I tell you one
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heaven's adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine!

Have you heard the tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but his life now in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew;
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the skies above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life—his loss is our gain—
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all;
The Saviour hath told you the seed that would
grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear;
The grain that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life—by loss comes gain—
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

JEALOUSY IN A DOG.—A singular instance of jealousy on the part of a dog has just occurred in the Rue Michel-Lecomte. M. P., an ink manufacturer in that street, accompanied by his wife, made an excursion for some few days into the country, leaving their house and dog in the care of Mme. P.'s father and mother. On their return yesterday, their first thought was to embrace their parents. Meanwhile the dog attempted to attract their notice by fawning about them and barking. Not succeeding in his object, he became so jealous that he flew at the old people and bit them both severely, nor could they escape his attacks till a neighbor, who was present, seized the animal by the neck and choked it. The body of the dog has been dissected, and as none of the usual symptoms of hydrophobia were found, it is hoped that no evil consequences will ensue.

[Gatignani,

Thoughts beside our Mother's Grave.

BY MRS. A. M. NORTHRUP.

For the Democrat.

The last sad rite is ended now; affection's task is o'er;
And we have laid thee gently down, where cares oppress
no more.
With breaking hearts we turn away, and leave thee to thy
rest;
Death's icy signet on thy brow, the cold earth on thy
breast.
O! never more for us will beam a mother's tender smile;
No more thy words of hope and love life's weary hours
beguile;
No more thy prayers for us ascend to heaven's eternal
King,
Borne upward to His mercy-seat, on Faith's untiring wing.
Our home is sad and cheerless now, its holiest charm hath
 flown,
And nought remains of vanished joys, save Memory's
haunting tone;
There is a chord within our souls no hand henceforth may
thrill,
Within our hearts "an aching void" which Earth can
never fill.
We're kneeling, mother, by the grave where thou art
lying low,
Unconscious of our bitter grief, unmindful of our woe;
We miss the gentle loving hand which wiped our childish
tears,
And bathed the fevered, throbbing brow, of manhood's
later years.
And we shall miss thee, more and more, as years go speed-
ing by,
As one by one our joys depart, and loved ones droop and
die;
When storm-clouds gather round our way, and hushed is
Hope's glad tone,
Then, mother, we shall sadly feel that we are left alone.
Yet not alone; there is a hand can wipe the mourner's
tears,
And point us to the "better land," beyond the flight of
years;
There is a love which ne'er will change, a Friend who can
not die,
A rest, to weary wand'ers given, a home above the sky.
To Him who wept o'er Lazarus' grave, in this dark hour
we come;
Dear Saviour, be thy lamp of love our guide 'mid nature's
gloom;
Speak to these troubled heart-waves now, bid murmur-
ing
thoughts begone,
And give us strength and faith to say, "Thy will, not
ours, be done."
Rochester, May 27th, 1857.

Moonbeams.

Over the fields of thymy blossom,
Over beds of dewy flowers,
Now upon the streamlet's bosom,
Now within the whispering bowers,
Soft and slow
The moonbeams go
Wandering on through midnight hours
Lightly o'er the crested billow,
Where the heaving waters flow,
Where the sea-bird finds her pillow,
There the glistening moonbeams go—
Soft and slow,
Soft and slow,
Ever wandering, soft and slow,
Queen of beauty! robed in splendor,
Finds thy foot no rest!
Looks thy smile, so soft and tender,
Ne'er upon a kindred breast?
Soft and slow,
Thy footsteps go,
In their silver sandals dress'd.
Queen of beauty! canst thou ever
Thus thy lonely task fulfill,
Sister voices never, never,
Answering thee from bower or hill?
Soft and slow
As winter's snow,
Fall thy footsteps cold and still.
Silent moon! thy smile of beauty
Fainting hope will oft renew;
Teach me, then, thy holy duty,
Waste and wild to wander through,
Soft and slow,
Still to go,
Patient, meek, but lonely too.

The following quaint poem is said to have been written by King James I, though by some it is attributed to Bishop Andrews:

If any be distressed, and fain would gather
Some comfort, let him hasten unto
Our father.
For we, of hope and help, are quite bereaven,
Except thou succor us
Who art in heaven.
Thou showest mercy, therefore for the same
We praise Thee, singing
Hallowed be thy name.
Of all our miseries cast up the sum,
Show us thy joys and let
Thy kingdom come.
We mortal are, and alter from our birth;
Thou constant art,
Thy will be done on earth.
Thou mad'st the earth, as well as planets seven
Thy name is blessed here
As 'tis in Heaven.
Nothing we have to use, or debts to pay,
Except thou give it us;
Give us this day,
Wherewith to clothe us, wherewith to be fed,
For without Thee we want
Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for no day passeth
But we do sin—
Forgive us our trespasses.
No man from singing ever free did live,
Forgive us, Lord, our sins
As we forgive.
If we repent our faults, thou never disdain'st us,
We pardon them,
That trespass against us.
Forgive that is past, a new path tread us;
Direct us always in Thy faith,
And lead us—
We, Thine our people, and Thy chosen nation,
Into all truth, but
Not into temptation.
Thou that of all good graces art the giver,
Suffer us not to wander,
But deliver
Us from the fierce assaults of world and devil
And flesh, so shalt thou free us
From all evil.
To those petitions let both church and layman,
With one consent of heart and voice, say
Amen.

The lovely moon had climbed the hill
Where eagles big aboon the Dee,
And like the looks of a lovely dame,
Brought joy to everybody's ee;
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
A voice drapt safely on her ear,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

She lifted up her waukening een,
To see from whence the voice might be;
And there she saw her Sandy stand,
Bending on her his hollow ee!
"O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
I'm in death's thralls below the sea;
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

"The wind slept when we left the bay,
But soon it waked and raised the main,
And God he bore us down the deep,
Who strave wi' him, but strave in vain!
He stretched his arm, and took me up,
Tho' laith I was to gang but thee,
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

"Take all thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
Which thou hast faulded down for me;
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
I'll meet wi' thee in heaven hie."
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,
To mark the morning lift her ee,
And thrice the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

The difference between a carriage horse and a carriage wheel is this, one goes best when tired, and the other don't.

Songs for the Million—A Prayer for us all.

God of the mountain, God of the storm,
God of the flowers, God of the worm!
Hear us and bless us,
Forgive us, redress us!
Breathe on our spirits thy love and thy healing,
Teach us content with thy fatherly dealing—
Teach us to love thee,
To love one another, brother his brother,
And make us all free—
Free from the shackles of a ciant tradition,
Free from the curse of man for his neighbor;
Help us each one to fulfil his true mission,
And show us 'tis manly, 'tis Godlike to Labor!

God of the darkness, God of the sun,
God of the beautiful, God of each one!
Clothe us and feed us,
Hilume us and lead us!
Show us that variety leads us in thrall—
That the land is all thine, and thou givest to all.
Scatter our binne-s;
Help us to do right, all the day and the night—
To love mercy and kindness;
Aid us to conquer this age of the past;
Snow us our future to cheer us and arm us,
The number, the better, the man-ness thou hast;
And God of the grave! that the grave cannot harm us.

One of our physicians, making his morning professional calls not long ago, in passing the residence of one of his families, saw a piece of crape attached to the door knob. Naturally interested in the circumstance and seeing a little "five year old" girl belonging to the family standing on the walk, he reigned up his horse and asked, "M— who is dead at your house?" "Sister." "Ah, what doctor did you have?" "Oh we didn't have any; Sister managed to die without a doctor."
[Buffalo Express.]

How SHE DID IT.—Lady Mary Duncan was a rich heiress, and Sir William Duncan was her physician during a severe illness. One day she told him she had made up her mind to get married, and, upon his asking the name of the fortunate chosen one, she bade him go home and open the bible, giving him the chapter and verse, and he would find out. He did so, and thus he read: "Nathan said unto David, thou art the man."

A PRIZE INFANT SHOW.—Among other American "notions" that have lately prevailed, is the novel idea of getting up shows of fat children. Massachusetts has already had an exhibition of the kind, at which there was a very large collection of adipose infancy. Prizes have also been given to the parents who could show the fattest child, and a system of oil-cake feeding has been adopted to produce large oleaginous masses of fatty deposits in the shape of offspring. We cannot say that we approve of this new plan of cramming the young, for we cannot bear to see anybody's children made too much of.—[Punch.]

THE COOK'S HOLIDAY.—Did you ever hear the story of the Cook's Holiday? She had requested to be indulged with "a day to herself"—and her mistress (one of the kind-hearted) took care that it should be a long summer day, with plenty of light and sunshine, arranging so that Betty (your cook is always Betty) "might start the very first thing in the morning." Towards noon, the lady inquired at what time the cook had gone? "Ms'am," was the reply, "Betty has not gone at all! She came down and took her breakfast, ms'am, and went up again to bed directly. She's now in a fine sleep!"

A visitor going lately into a free school in New England during a half yearly examination, noticed two fine looking boys, one of whom had taken the first prize and the other the second. "Those are two fine looking fellows," he said to the teacher, "I suppose they belong to the higher class of society." "That's not the way we class our boys," said the teacher; "we follow the old maxim, 'handsome is as handsome does.' The boy who took the first prize is the son of the man who saws my wood, the one that took the second is the son of the Vice President of the United States."

A Valuable Cook. From the New York Tribune.

A friend of ours recently being left a widower and having a small family, he still cherished the notion of having them about him in his own home, so he sought help in an intelligence office. Our friend is a sympathetic soul, and seeing one poor girl more ordinary in her appearance than the others, he chose her for a trial. She assured him none could compare with her in all domestic duties, "only give me the conveniences," says she. "Biddy," said her master, next morning, "make some coffee, and when it is ready, call." "Faith in' I will sir." And Biddy busied herself in preparing breakfast. After the lapse of some time, and no call, Biddy's master went in and found her engaged in building a pyramid of the sediment taken from the coffee pot, after having thrown the delicious liquid away. "Why, what are you doing Biddy?" "I am a fether wondering d'ye ate the black stuff with butter on it, or how." Biddy was enlightened, and promised amendment. A few mornings after Biddy was troubled to kindle a fire; she had well-nigh burst her lungs and cheeks in her efforts to obtain a flame. At this juncture an inveterate joker, a friend of the family, steps in, and seeing Biddy's fix kindly volunteers to relieve her; so pointing to a horse pistol that hung against the wall, he bid her reach that down and point it at the refractory spark, intimating his astonishment that so intelligent a girl should not have known of its use before. She did as she was bid, and singularly enough the wood at the same moment began to blaze. Biddy was in raptures to think how easy—only to point and it burns. Why, in Ireland they have to pull and push until their arms ache; wouldn't she know where to find it now. She was thankful to the gentleman for showing her, and Biddy was seen many mornings after that patiently pointing the big horse-pistol at the fire-grate to kindle the fire. Successive failures, however, induced her subsequently to relinquish the novel experiment.

Her last effort at cooking eclipsed all her other exploits. To the inquiry of her master, could she cook green corn, her indignant rejoinder, "Cook it, d'ye say? Sure, hav'n't I cooked it many's the time?" silenced all scepticism, and she was instructed to prepare a choice lot of the best to be had in market. Noon came and with it hungry, expectant men. On the table stood a large pyramid of smoking corncobs; by the side of the table, like a faithful sentinel, stood Biddy with beaming eyes, watching alternately her master and the cobs. His eyes caught the cobs, and, although very angry, he could not restrain his risibles and so roared out justly, in which Biddy, ignorant of the cause, joined him heartily. "So, so, Biddy, you cooked me some corn did you? said he when he had cooled off a little.

"So I did," said she; "how d'ye like it?"
"These are the cobs, Biddy, where is the corn?"
"If ye mane those bis o' things I took from those holes, sure I threw them away," said she; and sure enough she had been at the trouble of picking the green corn from the cobs, boiled the cobs and thrown the corn away.
Biddy had leave of absence for an indefinite period, and should any humanitarian seek to cultivate her acquaintance she can probably be found in the same intelligence office she was taken from before. Any person can tell her; she has green corn unmistakably marked on her countenance.

From the Knickerbocker for Sept.

THE BITTER NIGHT.
All night we stood beside his bed;
All night with brooding sighs,
We sadly turned his aching head,
And wished the morn would rise.
His little hands, so thin and pale,
His eyes, half closed with pain;
Without, the wailing autumn-gale,
And cold November rain;
The great trees rocking in the blast,
Ah! soon it all was o'er.
The little heart that beat so fast
Could beat for us no more.
Ere the morn its beams had lent;
Upon his little hand
He laid his cheek, and softly went
To the better land.

Jenny Lind's Kindness of Heart.

From Barnum's Autobiography.

Mr. Barnum has furnished for publication in the Evening Post the following passage from his forthcoming literary work, which is expected to make its appearance in December. We understand that unlike other authors, the great showman has been chiefly embarrassed by the multiplicity of publishers who have offered to issue his Autobiography:

In Havana, the house occupied by Jenny Lind and those who accompanied her from Europe, as well as my daughter and myself, was pleasantly situated near the Tacón Theatre, just outside the walls. Signor Vivalla, the little Italian juggler and plateancer who, in former years, had performed under my auspices, called on me frequently. He was in great distress, having lost the use of his limbs on the left side of his body from paralysis. He was thus unable to learn a livelihood, although he still kept a performing dog, which turned a spinning-wheel and performed some curious tricks. One day, as I was passing him out of the front gate, Miss Lind inquired of me who he was. I briefly recounted to her his history. She expressed deep interest in his case, and said something should be set apart for him in the "benefit" which she was about to give for charity. Accordingly, when the benefit came off, Miss Lind appropriated \$500 to him, and I made the necessary arrangements to have him return to his friends in Italy. At the same benefit \$4,000 was distributed between two humane hospitals and a convent. A couple of mornings after the benefit our bell was rung, and the servant announced that I was wanted. I went to the door and found a large procession of children, neatly dressed and bearing banners, attended by ten or twelve priests, dressed in their rich and flowing robes. I inquired their business and was informed that they had come to see Miss Lind and thank her in person for her benevolence. I took their message and informed Miss Lind that the leading priests of the convent had come in great state to see and thank her. "I will not see them," she replied; "they have nothing to thank me for. If I have done good, it is no more than my duty, and it is my pleasure. I do not deserve their thanks. I will not see them." I returned her answer, and the leaders of the grand procession turned away in disappointment.

The same day Vivalla called and brought her a basket of the most luscious fruit that he could procure. The little fellow was very happy and extremely grateful. Miss Lind had gone out for a ride.

"God bless me! I am so happy; she is such a good lady. I shall see my brothers and sisters again. Oh, she is such a good lady," said poor Vivalla, overcome by his feelings. He begged me to thank her for him, and give her the fruit. As he was passing out of the door he hesitated a moment, and then said; "Mr. Barnum, I should like so much to have the good lady see my dog turn a wheel; it is very nice; he can spin very good. Shall I bring the dog and wheel for her? She is such a good lady, I wish to please her very much." I smiled, and told him she would not care for the dog; that he was quite welcome to the money, and that she refused to see the priests from the convent that morning, because she never receives thanks for favors.

When Jenny came in I gave her the fruit, and laughingly told her that Vivalla wished to show her how his performing dog could turn a spinning-wheel.

"Poor man, poor man, do let him come, it is all the good creature can do for me," exclaimed, and the tears flowed thick and fast down her cheeks.

"I like that, I like that," she continued, "do let the poor creature come and bring his dog. It will make him so happy." I confess it made me happy and I exclaimed, for my heart was full, "God bless you, it will make him cry for joy; he shall come tomorrow." I saw Vivalla the same evening, and delighted him with the intelligence that Jenny would see his dog perform the next day. At four o'clock precisely. "I will be punctual," said Vivalla, in a voice trembling with emotion, "but I was sure she would like to see my dog perform."

For full half an hour before the time appointed did Jenny Lind sit in her window on the second floor, and watch for Vivalla and his dog. A few minutes before the appointed hour she saw him coming. "Ah, here he comes, here he comes," he exclaimed in delight, as he ran down stairs and opened the door to admit him.

A negro boy was bringing the small spinning wheel, while Vivalla led the dog, and handing the boy a silver coin, she motioned him away, and taking the wheel in her arms she said, "This is very kind of you, to come with your dog; follow me, I will carry the wheel up stairs;" her servant offered to take the wheel, but no, she would let no one carry it but herself: she called us all up to her parlor, and for a full hour did she devote herself to the buppy Italian. She went down on her knees to pet the dog and to ask Vivalla all sorts of questions about his performances, his former course of life, his friends in Italy and his present hopes and determinations. She sang and played for him, gave him some refreshments and finally insisted on carrying his wheel to the door, from whence her servant accompanied Vivalla to his boarding house. Poor Vivalla! He was probably never so happy before, but his enjoyment did not exceed that of Miss Lind. That scene alone would have paid me for all my labors during the whole musical campaign.

"Juniper" of the Boston Post, perpetrates the following parody on a popular poem of Miss Gould's:—

"HE CAME TOO LATE."

He came too late! The toast had dried
Before the fire too long;
The cakes were scorched upon the side,
And every thing was wrong!
She scorned to wait all night for one
Who lingered on his way,
And so she took her tea alone,
And cleared the things away!

He came too late! At once he felt
The supper hour was o'er.
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt—
She closed the pantry door!
The table cloth hath passed away—
No wishes could he see.
She met him, and her words were gay—
She never spoke of tea!

He came too late! The subtle chords
Of patience were unbound—
Not by silence of spoken words,
But by the sighs that wound.
She knew he could say nothing now,
That could the past repay.
She bade him go and milk the cow,
And coldly turned away!

He came too late! The fragrant steam
Of tea had long since flown,
The fires had fallen in the cream,
The bread was cold as stone.
And when, with word and smile, he tried
His hungry state to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
And never deigned to move!

A young lady of 18, Miss S——, was engaged to be married to a gentleman of 36. Her aunt, having noticed her low spirited for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh, dear, aunt!" replied the young lady. "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age." "That's true—but he's only thirty-six." "He's only thirty-six, now, aunt: but when I'm sixty—" "Well?" "Oh, dear! why, then he'll be a hundred and twenty."

Old Parson Murray, of Torrington, was a queer sort of a man. One time when his congregation had most of them fairly disposed themselves for their afternoon nap, he startled them, as well as their ideas of propriety, by asking them in his loudest tone, "What's the price of butter?"—At another time, some strangers coming to church with him, the congregation paid more attention to them than they did to him. Losing all patience, he stopped in his sermon, and said, "Those folks in my pew are my cousins, so you needn't stare at them any more."

Entering into an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus—you know where you start from, but it is impossible to tell where it will carry you.—[Punch.

The Charter Oak.

From the Hartford Times, Sept. 22.

All of our citizens venerate the Charter Oak, the grand old tree that so completely shielded the written charter, which continued to be our organic law till 1818. In song and story, the old oak is made famous; and thousands of strangers from abroad annually visit it. The tree stands upon the Wyllis Place, now owned and occupied by the Hon. I. W. Stewart, who has kindly cared for it. A few years since some boys kindled a fire within its trunk, which burnt out most of the rotten parts of it. Mr. S. soon discovered the fire, and at once had it put out. He then, at considerable expense, had the hollow enclosed by a door, with lock and key. He also had the stumps of branches that had been broken off, covered with tin and painted. The tree, from this time, seemed to be imbued with new life, each succeeding Spring dressing itself in a richer and denser foliage. On the 22d inst. the New Haven fire companies, who came up to join their brethren in Hartford on the occasion of their annual muster, visited the famous oak. To show them the capacity of the tree, they were invited to enter the hollow trunk, when twenty-four of the men belonging to No. 6 entered together. They came out, and twenty-eight of No. 7 then entered. By placing twenty-eight full grown men in an ordinary room of a dwelling, one may judge of the great size of the famous old "charter oak."

The Albany Register tells a story which occurred in that city. We heard about the same confab on Salina street in this city on Saturday:

'Hello!'
'Hello back agin.'
'Who'd you vote for?'
'Clyron H. Mark! and be hanged to you!
And who'd you go for?'
'Scoratio Heymour, the hop growers' favorite.'
'I didn't vote for neither of 'em.'
'And who did you cast your inainable suffrages for?'
'For Breene C. Cronson and 'hard times.'
'I say, you were all fools.'
'Do you?'
'Yaas, I do.'
'Why?'
'Because you all voted wrong, that's all.'
'Wrong?'
'Yes, wrong.'
'Then who did you vote for?'
'I voted the Hindoo Pagan, Asiatic Hail Columbia Ticket myself. I voted for Aniel Dullman and the Goddess of Liberty. That's the ticket. Hail Columbia and the Constitution.'
And the four worthies went their ways each satisfied with what he had done.

A Little While.

A little while, and every fear
That o'er the perfect day
Flings shadows dark and drear,
Shall pass like mist away;
The secret tear, the anxious sigh,
Shall pass into a smile;
Time changes to eternity—
We only wait a little while.

A little while, and every charm
That steals away the heart,
And earthly joys that warm
And lure us from our part,
Shall cease our heavenly views to dim;
The world shall not beguile
Our ever-faithful thoughts from Him
Who bade us wait a little while.

A little while, and all around,
The earth, and sea, and sky,
The sunny light and sound
Of nature's minstrelsy,
Shall be as they had never been,
And we, so weak and vile,
Be creatures of a brighter scene—
We only wait a little while.

[Examiner.

DEATH OF A GOD-DAUGHTER OF DR. JOHNSON.—We find in a London paper of Aug. 22d, the following announcement:—

"Died on August 12th, at Richmond, England, Mrs. Jane Langton, last surviving daughter of Bennet Langton, Esq., of Langton, Lincolnshire. Mrs. Jane Langton was the god-daughter of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Her birth is mentioned by Boswell under the year 1777, and however strange it may seem, she was the correspondent of the great lexicographer who died 70 years ago. In 'Boswell,' may be seen a beautiful letter from Johnson to his little god-daughter, acknowledging a pretty letter he had just received from her.

"It begins, 'My dear Miss Jenny,' is full of good advice for a girl of her years, conveyed in words of great simplicity, for the great author, and written withal, as Boswell tells us, in a large round hand, nearly resembling printed characters, that she might have the satisfaction of reading it herself. 'When you are a little older,' (it is thus the great man concludes his letter to Miss Jenny,) 'I hope you will be very diligent in learning arithmetic, and above all, that through your whole life you will say your prayers and read your Bible; an injunction Miss Jenny remembered. She was, moreover, proud of showing her illustrious god-father's letter, and kept it framed and glazed in her favorite apartment at Richmond. Mrs. Langton is believed to be the last survivor of all the persons mentioned in Boswell's delightful biography."

FOR THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.
October Sunsets.

BY JOHN H. CANOLL,

I love an autumn sunset. 'Tis the hour
When Nature, in her richest drapery clad,
Glows with entrancing loveliness.

I view
From this proud eminence a thousand forms
Of soul-absorbing beauty. All is still.
A one, the clouds are lingering on their way.
Below, far distant in the vale, a lake
Beside the forest pines seems lovingly
To nestle.

Over all the sunlight rules
With gentle sway; radiating the sky with hues
Of sapphire brightness: winning even the lake's
Pure bloom to voluptuous life; scattering
Its wreaths so pensive; around, that now
You forest seem a mountain decked with dahlias!

His covert arch the all-encircling love
Records of Him who spans the universe;
This autumn sunse faintly images
His glory, inconceivable and unrevealed.

ALBANY, October, 1854.

Softly and low,
As streamlets flow,
Our and notes faintly swell;
The heaving breast,
That may not rest,
Breathes forth, farewell, farewell!

A- o'er the deep
The lone birds sweep,
And on its white foam dwell;
O'er life's dark sea,
On on ye flee—
Loved ones, farewell, farewell!

The lonely heart
Must widely part
From those it loves so well;
But memory's glim
Shall light life's dream—
Dear friends, farewell, farewell!

And in you skies,
Where ne'er shall rise
The fearful parting knell;
Life's fever past,
We'll meet at last—
Sisters, farewell, farewell!

My Little Street Acquaintance.

I meet her very, very oft,
When out to take the morning air;
Her eyes are bright, and dark, and soft,
And very soft and dark her hair!

It matters not what name she bears—
She is a winsome little thing!
A little Quaker bonnet wears,
That shades a face as sweet as Spring.

She always lifts her eyes to mine,
Half lovingly, half wondering—
As though she could not quite divine
Why I should heed so small a thing!

Upon her face a lingering smile
Waits but a word—a look from me;
And, o'er that face so free from guile,
It breaks!—as bright as bright can be.

O! it is well one soul to meet,
Untamed by custom, here and there!
Among the scores that throng the street,
One face untouched by grief or care!

When, thoughtful, wandering up and down,
I chance this little one to see,
Of all the children of the town
Looking most wondrously at me—

Upon that face, I only say,
Fresh as a newly opened rose,
Ne'er may a heavier shadow lay,
Than that her Quaker bonnet throws!

The Battle Field.

How fine a contrast has Macaulay drawn in these lines from his Days of Ancient Rome between the corn fields as they are, and the battle field as it was.—*Bath Mirror*.

Now on the place of slaughter
Are cots and sheep folds seen,
And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
And apple-orchards green;
The swine crush the big acorns
That fall from Corne's oaks;
Upon the turfs by the fair fount,
The reaper's pottage smokes.
The fisher baits his angle,
The hunter twangs his bow;
Little they think on those strong limbs
That moulder deep below.
Little they think how sternly
That day the trumpets peal'd
How, in the slippery swamp of blood
Warrior and war-horse reel'd;
How wolves came with fierce gallop,
And crows on eager wings,
To tear the flesh of captains,
And peck the eyes of kings;
How thick the dead lay scatter'd
Under the Portian height;
How through the gates of Tusculum,
Raved the wild stream of flight;
And how the lake Regillus,
Bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome.

Tennyson's Cradle Song.

What does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger;
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, boastingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

Valle Crucis.

A WELSH SONG.

Vale of the cross, the shepherds tell
'Tis sweet within thy woods to dwell;
For there are sainted shadows seen,
That frequent haunt the dewy green:
In wandering winds the dirge is sung,
The convent bell by spirits rung,
And matin hymns, and vesper prayer,
Break softly on the tranquil air.

Vale of the Cross, the shepherds tell,
'Tis sweet within thy shades to dwell;
For peace has there her spotless throne,
And pleasures to the world unknown;
The murmurs of the distant rills,
The Sabbath-silence of the hills,
And all the quiet God hath given
Without the golden gates of heaven.

—Roscoe.

"When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully
Beneath the keen stroke bends—
E'en on the edge that brought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath—
As if to token in her fall
Peace to her foes and love to all.
How hardy man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns:
To see the blow and feel the pain,
But render only love again.
This spirit ne'er was given on earth—
One had it: He of heavenly birth,
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made;
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers and died."

SINGULAR. A number of metallic pins were recently exhibited to the Pathological Society of London, removed from various parts of the body of a young woman who was taking down the drying lines, and putting the pins in her mouth, when some one came behind her and seized her by the arms starting her so much that she swallowed the whole mouthful; sickness and emaciation followed; a small swelling showed itself under her left breast, which ulcerated and burst, giving passage to a pin, the head of which was gone—Sixteen others were removed from the same spot, and others from the left knee, from over the sternum, and from the wrist—twenty-two in all. They had all lost their heads except two.

The Dance of the Autumnal Leaves

Borne by the restless winds along
Where the sorrowful woodland grieves,
Hither and thither a fitful throng,
Merrily dance the autumn leaves.

Upward they mount to the murky sky,
Downward they plunge to the earth below;
Now in a giddy whirl they fly,
Now in a mad chase they go.

Tinkling gaily, their feet advance
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;
And the music to which they dance,
Hark! 'tis a dirge a melody.

Onward merrily still they go
Through the wood and over the wave,
Till they find in the wintry snow,
Chilly and dark, their lonely grave.

Borne by the tempter's power along,
While kind Heaven in pity grieves,
Giddily pass the human throng
Thoughtlessly as the autumn leaves.

Upward they mount in fancies high,
Downward they plunge in pleasures low;
Now in the passions' whirl they fly,
Now in Ambition's chase they go.

Merrily still their feet advance
Over the graves in thoughtless glee;
And the music to which they dance,
Hark! 'tis a dirge of melody.

Onward! giddily on they go,
Over the earth and over the wave,
Till they find in the depth below,
Chilly and dark, their lonely grave.

Scene in a Car.

From the New York Times.

The seats of the car were all occupied—crowded. None of the avenue cars ever yet was full, and of course, the house on wheels stopped for me.

Not wishing to disturb those who were seated, I was intending to stand, but a gentleman up at the far end arose and insisted upon my taking his seat. Being very tired I thanked him and obeyed.

Presently a young lady, much younger, much prettier, and much better dressed than myself entered the car. No less than four gentlemen arose instantly offering her a seat. She smiled sweetly and unaffectedly, and thanking the gentleman who urged the nearest seat to her, she seated herself with a peculiar grace of manner.

She had one of those faces Raphael was always painting—touching, sweet and expressive.

A little after the young beauty had taken her seat, a poor woman, looking very pale with that care-worn haggard look that poverty, and sorrow, and hard labor, always give, came in. She might have been one of those poor seamstresses who work like slaves and—starve for their labor. She was thin and meanly clad and seemed weak and exhausted. She had evidently no sixpence to throw away and came into the car not to stand but to rest, while she was helped on her journey.

While she was meekly standing for the moment none of the gentleman (?) offering to rise, Raphael's angel, with sweet, reproving eyes, looked on those who so officiously offered her a seat, and seeing none of them attempt to move, and just as myself was rising to give the poor old lady a seat, she rose and insisted upon the woman taking her seat.

It was all the work of but a moment; and the look of grateful surprise the old woman gave her, and the glance of sweet pity the beautiful girl bestowed upon the woman as she yielded her seat, and the evident consternation of the broadcloth individuals, who were manifestly put to shame, all were to me irresistibly interesting and instructive.

One of these same broadcloth wearers, apparently overpowered with confusion, got up and left the car and Raphael's angel took his vacant seat.

A THOUSAND YEARS.

A thousand years I through storm and fire,
With varying fate, the work has grown,
Till Alexander crowns the spire
Where a Bark laid the corner-stone.

The chieftain's sword, that could not rust,
But bright in constant battle grew,
Raised to the world a throne august,
A nation grander than he knew.

Nor he alone: but those who have,
Through faith or deed, an equal part—
The subtle brain of Yaroslav,
Vladimir's arm, and Nikon's hearts:

The later hands that built so well
The work sublime which these began,
And up from base to pinnacle
Wrought out the Empire's mighty plan.

All these, to-day, are crowned anew,
And rule, in splendor, where they trod,
While Russia's children throng to view
Her holy cradle, Novgorod.

From Volga's banks, from Dwina's side;
From pine-clad Ural, dark and long;
Or where the foaming Perek's tide
Leaps down from Kaabek, bright with song!

From Altai's chain of mountain-cones;
Mongolian deserts, far and free,
And lands that bind, through changing zones,
The Eastern and the Western sea.

To every race she gives a home,
And creeds and laws enjoy her shade;
Till, far beyond the dreams of Rome,
Her Caesar's mandate is obeyed.

She blends the virtues they impart,
And holds, within her life combined,
The patient faith of Asia's heart,
The force of Europe's restless mind.

She bids the nomad's wandering cease;
She binds the wild marauder fast,
Her plow-shares turn to homes of peace
The battle-field of ages past.

And nobler far, she dares to know
Her future's task—nor knows in vain,
But strikes at once the generous blow
That makes her million's men again!

So, firmer-based, her power expands,
Nor yet has seen its crown'd hour,
Still teaching to the struggling lands
That Peace the offspring is of Power.

Build up the storied bronze, to tell
The steps whereby this light she trod—
The thousand years that chronicle
The toil of Man, the help of God!

And may the thousand years to come—
The future ages, wise and free,—
Still see her flag, and hear her drum.
Across the world, from sea to sea!

Still find, a symbol stern and grand,
Her ancient eagle's strength unshorn,
One head to watch the western land,
And one to guard the land of morn!

BAYARD TAYLOR.
Novgorod, Russia, Sept. 20, 1862.

"A VOICE FROM HEAVEN."

I shine in the light of God:
His likeness stamps my brow; [trod,
Through the shadows of death my feet have
And I reign in glory now.

No aching heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Hath coursed, and left its stain.

I have found the joy of heaven!
I am one of the angel band!
To my head a crown is given;
And the harp is in my hand.

I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free;
And the glorious walls of heaven now ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain!
Safe in my happy home;
My fears all quieted, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come.

Friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
You are walking still thro' the valley of tears,
And I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh no!
For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright;
And love's celestial flame
Flows swiftly down, like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

And why should your tears flow down,
And your hearts be sorely given,
For another gem in your Saviour's crown,
Another soul in heaven!

THE HYMN MADE IN THE BASTILE.—About a hundred and sixty years ago, a lady was in one of the dungeons of the Bastille. It was no new thing for her to be in prison; for she had spent many years of captivity in various parts of France. And what was her crime? Religion. She loved her Saviour, and had laid herself at His feet, to live for Him, and, if need be, to die for Him. Her name was Madame Guyon. While in her lonely dungeon, she composed a good many hymns: one very beautiful one is, "A little bird I am." She was not allowed paper or pen; but she committed her hymns to memory, and often sung them to herself; and, when at last she was released from prison, she wrote them down on paper.

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

"Nought have I else to do,
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

"Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless,
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

"My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom, of my soul.

"Oh! it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,—
Whose providence I love;
And in thy mighty will to find,
The joy, the freedom of the mind."

A Categorical Courtship.

From the New York Mirror.

I sat one night beside a blue-eyed girl—
The fire was out, and so, was her mother;
A feeble flame around the lamp did curl,
Making faint shadows, blending in each other;
'Twas near twelve o'clock, too, in November;
She had a shawl on also, I remember.

Well, I had been to see her every night
For thirteen days, and had a sneaking notion
To pop the question, thinking all was right,
And once or twice had made an awkward motion
To take her hand, and stammered, coughed and stuttered,
But, somehow, nothing to the point had uttered.

I thought this chance too good now to be lost;
I hitched my chair up pretty close beside her,
Drew a long breath, and then my legs I crossed,
But over, sigh'd, and for five minutes eyed her;
She looked as if she knew what next was coming,
And with her foot upon the floor was drumming.

I didn't know how to begin, or where—
I couldn't speak, the words were always choking;
I scarce could move—I seemed tied to the chair,
I hardly breathed—'twas awfully provoking!
The perspiration from each brow was oozing,
My heart and brains and limbs their power seemed losing.

At length I saw a brindle tabby cat
Walk purring up, inviting me to pat her;
An idea came, electric-like as that—
My doubts, like summer clouds began to scatter;
I seized on tabby; though a scratch she gave me:
'And said—'Come, Pass, ask Mary if she'll have me.'

'Twas done at once—the murder was now out,
The thing was all explained in half a minute.
She blushed, and turn'd pussy cat about,
Said—"Pussy, tell him yes," her foot was in it!
The cat had thus saved me my category,
And here's the catastrophe of my story.

FOR THE EVENING JOURNAL.

Three Score Years and Ten.

The silvery threads of time,
Have gathered on my brow,
My three score years and ten are o'er,
My life dream passeth now.
I'm wand'ring once again among
The scenes of early days,
To watch behind my native hills,
The sun's departing rays.

I'm standing in the old church yard,
Where many loved ones sleep,
And o'er their mouldering graves I've come
The tear of love to weep.
The sister with the golden curls,
That joined me in my play,
Was the first they carried here to rest,
The first that passed away.

At every Sabbath's twilight,
My mother led me here,
And told me, 'neath that mossy spot,
Was little sister dear.
The phantoms of the past arise,
And I'm a boy once more,
And mingle once again among
The happy scenes of yore.

The Church where once the Bread of Life,
My father used to break—
Where young, and old, each Sabbath came,
To hear the words he spake,
Is somewhat changed, although the walls
Are still the same, I know,
As when my mother led me in,
A long, long time ago.

My early home stands by the hill,
But now in ruin lies,
The Autumn wind is whistling there,
And through the trees it sighs;
And dying leaves are on the green
Where once we used to play—
Fit emblems of departed hours,
For all have passed away.

The "old school house" has larger grown,
Since we were boys and girls,
And in the corner sits no more,
The pretty one with curls.
Ah! well do I remember now,
The little cottage white,
Where after school I stopped to bid
That pretty girl "good night."

And when I had to manhood grown,
With noble, trusting pride,
I took her hand in mine, and pledged,
To love my gentle bride.
But ah! she was too pure to live,
The angels called her home,
And 'neath the willow's bending boughs,
I laid my love, my own.

Our little one, whose happy voice,
Would ring with childish glee,
Whose infant lips were taught to pray,
Beside its mother's knee,
God took to Heaven, and in His crown,
My gems shall ever shine;
They're safe at home, with those they love,
Then why should I repine!

Earth has no charms to bind me here,
The joys of life are fled,
I long to rest my weary form,
Beside the silent dead.
And while I'm bending o'er the tomb,
A blessed hope is given,
That they are waiting now to bear,
My spirit safe to Heaven.

DO YOU CALL THAT PRAYER?—The late S. Kilpin, of Exeter, was one summer's evening walking along the streets, when a party of men going from work passed him, one of whom was swearing dreadfully. Mr. Kilpin observed it, but said nothing. When he arrived at home, he began to think how wrong it was to allow a man to pass by, using such language, and not make an effort, at least, to convince him of the sin he was committing. It so disturbed him that he could not rest during the night, and he began to think if there was any way of remedying his neglect. He resolved to rise early in the morning to be at the corner of the street where the man passed, if possible, to meet him when he was going to his work. He did so, and after waiting anxiously for a time, he saw the man coming. When he approached, he said, "Good morning, my friend, you are the person I have been waiting for; I am very glad to meet with you." "O, sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think." "I do not know you, but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting for some time to see you." "O, sir, you are mistaken; it could not be me, I never saw you in my life that I know of." "Well, my friend, I heard you pray last night." "Sir, I know that you are mistaken—I never prayed in all my life." "Oh!" said Mr. Kilpin, "If God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would blast your eyes, and damn your soul." The man turned pale, and trembling, said, "O, sir, do you call that prayer? I did, I did." "Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for your damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer." The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.

THE FOUR PISTAREENS.

John was born in New Jersey, and when about thirteen years of age came to Philadelphia to learn a trade. He was bound as an apprentice to his brother, who was a coach maker, whose place of business was in the northern part of the city. One of the things which John had to do in his new situation, was to go to a drug store for oil. He had an old jug without a handle to carry the oil in. The jug was large enough to contain a half gallon, which was the quantity of oil he was usually sent for, and for this he commonly had to pay twenty-five cents. One day when he was sent for his half gallon of oil, he took a dollar note with him to pay for it. The oil had fallen in price, and was selling for twenty cents a gallon, but as he did not ask the druggist the price, did not think of telling him. When the oil was put in the jug, John handed the note, and received as change four pistareens. A pistareen is a Spanish coin, much smaller than a quarter of a dollar, and it was considered to be worth twenty cents. Fifty years ago when the event we are narrating took place, there were a great many pistareens in circulation in Philadelphia, but now they are seldom seen.

John, who never had much to do with money changing, was ignorant of the value he had received, and supposed the druggist had, through mistake, given him four quarters of a dollar instead of three. He knew that he ought to do to others, as he would have others do to him; and that it was as dishonest to take advantage of another's mistake, as to cheat in any other way. His first impulse, therefore was to return one of the pieces to the man.

Before he had time to carry his feelings into practice, the thought occurred to him, that he would give three of them to his brother, and keep the fourth for himself. He closed his hand upon the money, picked up the jug, and left the store. He stopped, however, upon the step, and looked at his money. There was certainly four, and he should have but three. Conscience began to reprove him, but selfishness made him wish to keep the fourth coin as his own. The latter appealed the hardest; and fearing lest the druggist should discover his mistake and recall him, he hurried off homeward.

The jug having no handle, John was forced to carry it by a string tied around its neck. This so cut his fingers, that after changing it from one hand to the other several times he was compelled to stop at the distance of a square and rest. Setting down the oil, and seating himself upon a step, he took out his supposed quarters of a dollar to convince himself that there was one too many. But though he congratulated himself on the circumstances, John's heart was not at ease.—He knew he ought to have returned one of the pieces to the druggist; that in keeping it he was acting dishonestly, and that he ought still to turn back and correct the mistake.—But covetousness was as busy as conscience, and soon found a number of reasons why he might keep the money. The druggist ought not to have made the mistake, and should justly lose by his carelessness; and that in short, a quarter of a dollar was but a trifle with him, and would not be missed, while to the little reasoner it was a large amount. Besides, it was too late now to return. If he did, he would probably be censured for not returning it at first, and then he would be wronging his brother of his valuable time, by returning to rectify a mistake. He proceeded on his way.

By the time he had reached a second corner his conscience as well as his jug began to be very heavy again. He sat down to rest, and to settle the dispute between his principles and his desires; and again went on his way determined to keep the money, but by no means satisfied that he was doing right.

The next corner brought John a third time to a stand. Rest soon relieved the smartings of his hands, but not the cuttings of his conscience. He meditated some minutes. Conscience now became urgent in its demands. But he was ashamed to go back.

He wished he had obeyed the first impulse. He felt very unhappy. But he must not delay. He had already been a good while about his errand. He took up his jug.—He was undecided whether to go or return. He stood one moment, and then honest principle conquered, and he determined to go back.

It was a hard task to trudge back three long squares with a heavy jug, without a handle; and more than once he had almost given up his honest resolution. But he persevered, reached the store, and set down his load. 'You have given me too much change,' said he, presenting the four pistareens to the druggist; 'You have given me four quarter dollars instead of three.' The druggist inquired how far he had got before he discovered the mistake. This confused John very much, and he imagined the druggist knew all that had taken place. He only knew that from the time John had been gone he must have got to some distance and he wished to know how far. Supposing from his silence that he did not understand him, he repeated the question in another shape: 'I say, how far, my boy, have you been since you were here?' 'To Callowhill street.' 'You think there is a quarter too much, do you? Well you may have that for your honesty.'

John thanked him, and putting the pistareens into his pocket, without suspecting the joke, he resumed his burden with far different feelings from those that had filled his bosom half an hour before. And as he was about leaving the store 'stop, my man,' said the druggist, 'I will not deceive you. You have your right change. The oil is twenty cents, and those four pieces are not quarter dollars; they are twenty cent pieces. Here is a quarter,' continued the benevolent storekeeper, taking one from his drawer, 'which I will give you. You can notice the difference between them as you go home, and let me advise you always to deal as honestly as you have to-day.'

Who can imagine the feelings of the boy, when he saw the real state of the matter, and knew in an instant that, had he persevered in his sinful project, he must, from the very nature of the circumstances, have been discovered!

'Had I carried out my first intention,' said he to a friend to whom he related the occurrence, 'I should have handed my brother three of the pistareens. He would of course ask for the balance, and I should have been driven to add falsehood to my crime, by saying that was all he gave me. In all probability I should have been detected and sent back to my father in disgrace. It would have stamped my character with dishonesty,' from which I might never have recovered. As it was, he picked up his jug, and with a light heart and rapid step proceeded up the street. He was so rejoiced at the happy result, and so thankful for his preservation, that he set out on a run, and did not feel the old string cut his fingers, till he reached the third corner, where he had resolved to return to the store. During the thirty-five years that he lived after this event, he never forgot the lesson it taught him and throughout his life in private business, and public office, he ever acted under the firm conviction that 'honesty was the best policy.'

John filled some important public stations in the county of Philadelphia. One of his associates says of him, 'He was a friend of mine, and a christian in heart and life. He was remarkable for his integrity. I have frequently known him to suffer losses in his business rather than take advantage when the law allows, and which public opinion does not condemn, but which an upright man will despise. He attributed a good share of his honesty of principle and practice to the effects of his mind made by the event which we have related.'

Young persons do not know how much the whole life of an individual is often influenced

by an event in childhood, which at the time it occurs, appears to be of little importance. If we give way to the commissions of little sins then, evil habits will be formed, and we shall find it more and more difficult to do right. The commission of small sins may lead us into the practice of greater crimes, which may make us forever to be unhappy in a life to come.—[Tract Association of Friends.

Dancing of the Brown Crane.

From the Prairie (Ill.) Farmer.

Many of these noble birds still nest in this vicinity, but their number is small, compared with the numerous flocks that, a few years since, might be seen holding their strange dances on some favorite knoll, or feeding, while their sentinels, judiciously posted, stood ready to give warning of any suspicious intruder.

Some are incredulous as to the dancing of cranes. It is true their movements are not as graceful as a Frenchman's, or their quadrilles quite à la mode; but dance they certainly do. As for their music, though lacking the harmony, it is about as loud and melodious as a fashionable opera air.

The bird is easily domesticated. I kept one for several years, who showed all the attachment and intelligence of a dog. He never forgot a friend, or forgave an injury. If any one had abused him, it was of no avail to attempt disguise; he recognized his enemies in any dress, and by an angry croak showed his displeasure, and warned them to keep out of his reach. He was a great go-mandizer, and was very fond, among other things, of field mice, (*Arvicola*), many of which he destroyed, being quite expert at finding their nests, and searching out the inmates with his long bill. He would have been of service in the garden, were it not for his inquisitive propensities, which led him to pull up for examination everything he saw us plant. Though a desire for knowledge might be very laudable, this mode of obtaining it met our disapprobation, and eventually caused his banishment.

Though a migratory bird, he did not seem to suffer from cold in the winter, and being fond of wading, even kept a neighboring slough free from ice till late in the season, by tramping about in it. I provided him with a warm house, but he preferred to sleep with the cows. He always slept beside one of them, lying flat on his breast, with his legs folded under him, and his head and long neck turned back between his wings. He was on good terms with the cattle, and might frequently be seen playing with them—his part of the performance consisting in springing up, flapping his wings, and whooping tremendously. This was precisely the same as the dancing of his wild brethren. He would also dance to the waving of the handkerchief; and on windy washing days, sometimes danced for hours at a time, to the clothes on the line. When much enraged, he would stand with his head and bill pointed directly upwards, and utter a harsh, croaking sound, quite unlike his usual whoop.

Mountain Storm.

Janet Ray lived with her mother in a lonely cottage on the mountain-side. It was far away from the rest of the world, but they had not always lived alone there. Mrs. Ray's two sons went away from their mother to go to sea, and Mrs. Ray intended to leave her solitary cottage, and before winter find a home among the little cottages at the foot of the mountain. But she was so much attached to her own picturesque home where she had lived many years, that she delayed leaving it as long as possible. All through the lingering autumn there was more freedom than Janet, who was enterprising, and fond of mounting some of the greatest heights in search of flowers. She would go, too, every day down to the glen where their friends lived, who would fill her basket with some delicacy to take to her mother, and every day asked when she was coming down to live amongst them.

One day as Janet left her mother's house for one of these daily visits, both she and her mother saw how threateningly the clouds were gathering.

"I fear there is going to be a storm," said Mrs. Ray, "I am almost afraid to let you go down through the glen. If it should surprise you, and delay you in coming home, it would give me great anxiety."

"Oh, do not be afraid," said Janet, "if there is going to be a storm, there is more need we should have something to eat in the house, and I shall be back before you have time to be anxious."

Janet set forth, but among the mountains it began to snow before she had been long gone. She, meanwhile, had passed through the glen, and had reached the little huts in the valley.

"I am surprised to see you," said her mother's friend, Anne Ross, "or rather, I wish your mother had come with you. Donald was saying this morning, your mother ought to be safely housed among us. And to day it looks quite threatening."

Janet promised that she would urge her mother's moving away directly, and she did not linger long, but exchanged some of her own and her mother's work for the little supplies they should need, and set out homeward.

Her path led up the glen, and she could not help stopping to admire how the swollen stream dashed over the rocks. Presently her way was impeded by the rushing current, and she soon met the storm of snow that was fast increasing. She hurried on, through the blinding flakes and by the rising stream, and then she had to leave the water-course and climb up the hillside. She found the snow had been fast increasing for some hours, and it was difficult to keep her footing in the midst of the deepening drifts. She kept courageously on, till at last her strength failed her.

"My mother, how frightened she will be for me," she thought, "and am I quite without help?"

Then she remembered how, in the stormy nights when she and her mother had fancied her two brothers were struggling against the storms of the sea, her mother had always ended in saying, "They are in His hands, and I could not ask a better protection, even were they close by my side."

"And so she is praying for me now," said Janet to herself. "God is here as well as there, and his arms will uphold me, even in death," she added; for the snow was folding about her chillingly.

Then she began to sing with a loud voice, "The Lord my refuge is!" for she was beginning to feel benumbed with cold. And she thought if her mother should come out to find her, she would send out her voice to meet her.

Meantime Donald Ross had returned home towards evening, and when he found that Janet had been down into the glen, and set out to return, he was very much alarmed.

"You should not have let her go back," said he to his poor wife; "the snow is gathering fast among the mountains, and I do not know how Janet can get home alive."

He set out directly with his dog and one or two his neighbors, in the steps of Janet. With difficulty they made their way up the glen; the drifting snow clouded it still more the dying light, and they could not decide at what point Janet left the glen. The men took different paths, and Donald followed one path with his dog, who seemed to understand the object of their search, eagerly led him upon. Yet even the dog seemed uncertain, for Janet had lost her usual course, and had been wandering blindly through the snow.

At length Donald reached the cottage, and Janet had not been there. The poor mother was almost distracted, and had been calling Janet's name in every direction, and herself having searched in vain among the drifts. Donald went back upon the search again with his dog, and just as the faithful animal had started forward, as if he had come

upon the scot, Donald heard a voice in the distance. He hastened on, and found Janet sinking in the snow, her breath almost gone, but still singing out the words of her hymn. She was hardly conscious when Donald took her in his arms. He carried her to the cottage, and by the warmth from the fire she opened her eyes and said:

"Ah! mother, God was there as well as here. I had no fear in his arms, and I trusted that you, too, felt him near."—[S. S. Gazette.]

NURSERY RHYME.—Does the little baby want to go ridy-pidy in the coachy-pochy up the hilly-pilly, to see the wheezy-peely go roundy-rounder!

THE FIRST NAPOLEON.—We never thought Napoleon a bad man, but the incident below shows that he was a good one. He at once announces decision and a noble sentiment with the condensed brevity of command on the field of battle.

The Minister of Marine recommended to the Emperor to cancel the appointment of a young man in his department, on the ground that his father was a man of bad character, and that one of his relations had been convicted of a crime. Napoleon wrote (20th of February, 1805) in the margin: "Rejected. The young man must be kept in his employment. Faults are personal."

"Faults are personal." How just a distinction, and prompt as intuition!

Last Hours of a Single Gentleman.

From the London Punch.

This morning, November 11th, at half past eleven o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jones' at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there and then first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handing her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is no belief that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly after, his younger brother Henry knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"Not yet." The question was then put to him, how he thought he would sleep? To which he answered, "I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who partook of the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take anything more that night. He said, "Nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerably advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven, the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called according to his desire, he arose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self control to shave himself, without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a light blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trowsers, with patent boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corrazzo of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breastpin, of conspicuous dimensions.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the department where his brother and sister, and a few friends, awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present, and on being asked how he slept, answered—"Very well!" And to the further demand, as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy." One of the party hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through; he exclaimed, with some emphasis, "Decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served; when he ate a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs;

which he washed down with three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons present, he declared that he had never felt happier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over. His brother then inquired, if he could do any thing for him; when he said he would take a glass of ale. Having drunk this, he appeared to be satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his cigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch key, with due solemnity, to the landlady. The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said—"I am ready," and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his other friends following on behind, in others.

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place, after which they were joined by the lady, with her friends—Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinckney endeavored to preserve decorum; but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows proclaimed his inward agitation.

All necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed necessary formalities gone through, the usual question was put—"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife?" "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into—matrimony!

What saith it? "Murmur not though soon

Thy breath shall hasten from its sinking clod;
He who hath made the endless years thou cravest,
Hath made thee too: Be humble; Trust in God!"

L. R.

SUCCOTASH IN THE BOWL.—Previous to the American Revolution, an Indian, who had been converted to Christianity under Elliot, happened in town during Sunday; and, feeling to reverence the day, was impelled by the dictates of duty to attend the church of the white men. He entered the house; but no one wishing to be contaminated by contact with the Indian, he was left to stand alone in one of the aisles. The preacher commenced and went through his routine of service.

At the conclusion, the Indian modestly lifted up his voice and requested liberty to speak. It was a request that could not well be denied, as it was plainly enough discovered that the congregation had a curiosity to hear what the red man had to say. He commenced, and related the history of his conversion to the Christian faith. From this he proceeded to exhort the people. He had burning thoughts, and being related in the artless simplicity of his soul, he soon brought tears from almost every eye.

As he concluded, the parson descended from the desk and approached the Indian. "How is it possible," said the parson, "that you, an untutored savage, having no education, possess the power so greatly to affect my hearers as even to bring them to tears; while I, an ordained minister of Christ, who have received a regular theological education, after preaching many years, was never able to move them in this manner?" "Oh," replied the Indian, "it be all very plain. You come here—bring silver bowl, all very nice—and silver spoon, all handsome; but you have no succotash in de bowl. You give de people nothing to eat. But I, poor, dirty Indian, come here—bring great wooden bowl and wooden spoon; but I bring succotash in my bowl—I bring de people something to eat. Dey glad to get it—dey be all hungry—no satisfied with looking at de silver bowl. I bring them de bread of life—dey eat; I bring them de waters of salvation—dey drink; and dey so glad dey cry for joy—dey bless God and be thankful. You go to de fountain of living waters and fill your bowl; den your people glad to come here—den dey no more go sleep to hear you preach."—*Christian Advocate.*

Miscellaneous Department.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WASHINGTON.

[From "The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington," by Dr. Griswold.]

From the note-book of the late Mr. Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, I am permitted to transcribe a record of some conversations with his mother, Mrs. Susan Wallace, in which that lady—so eminent for whatever is beautiful and noble in her sex—disclosed her recollections of Washington's habits, personal appearance, and manners. On the removal of the Government to Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary Binney, mother of Mrs. Wallace, resided in Market street, opposite to General Washington's—the door of her house a few paces further east. It was the General's custom, frequently, when the day was fine, to come out to walk, attended by his secretaries, Mr. Lear and Major William Jackson—one on each side. He always crossed directly over from his own door to the sunny side of the street, and walked down. He was dressed in black, and all three wore cocked hats. She never observed them converse; she often wondered and watched, as a child, to see if any of the party spoke, but never could perceive that anything was said. It was understood that the aids were kept at regal distance. General Washington had a large family coach, a light carriage, and a chariot all alike—cream-coloured, painted with three enameled figures on each panel, and very handsome. He drove in the coach to Christ church every Sunday morning with two horses; drove the carriage and four into the country—to Lansdowne, the Hills, and other places. In going to the Senate he used the chariot with six horses. All his servants were white, and wore liveries of white cloth, trimmed with scarlet or orange. Mrs. Wallace saw General Washington frequently at public balls. His manners there were very gracious and pleasant. She went with Mrs. Oliver Wolcott to one of Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms. The General was present, and came up and bowed to every lady after she was seated. Mrs. Binney visited Mrs. Washington frequently. It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day; and she thus always returned Mrs. Binney's. A footman would run over, knock loudly, and announce Mrs. Washington, who would then come over with Mr. Lear. Mrs. Wallace met Mrs. Washington in her mother's parlour; her manners were very easy, pleasant, and unceremonious, with the characteristics of other Virginia ladies. When Washington retired from public life, Mrs. Wallace was about nineteen years of age.

The recollections of Mr. Richard Rush on the subject are in agreement with those of Mrs. Wallace. That accomplished and distinguished gentleman has communicated to me a very graphic account of some interesting scenes, of which he was an observer, about the close of Washington's first administration. Looking upon the old Congress Hall, at the corner of Chesnut and Sixth streets, a few years ago, he says: "It recalled a scene never—no, never—to be forgotten. It was, I think, in 1794 or 1795, that as a boy I was among the spectators congregated at this corner, and parts close by, to witness a great public spectacle.

"Washington was to open the session of Congress by going in person, as was the custom, to deliver a speech to both Houses, assembled in the chamber of the House of Representatives. The crowd was immense. It filled the whole area in Chesnut street before the State House, extended along the line of Chesnut street above Sixth street, and spread north and south some distance along the latter. A way kept open for carriages, in the middle of the street, was the only space not closely packed with people. I had a stand on the steps of one of the houses in Chesnut street, which, raising me above the mass of human heads, enabled me to see to advantage. After waiting long hours, as it seemed to a boy's impatience, the carriage of the President at length slowly drove up, drawn by four beautiful bay horses. It was white, with medallion ornaments on the panels, and the livery of the servants, as well as I remember, was white, turned up with red—at any rate, a glowing livery; the entire display in equipages at that era, in our country generally, and in Philadelphia in particular, while the seat of Government, being

more rich and varied than now, though fewer in number. Washington got out of his carriage, and, slowly crossing the pavement, ascended the steps of the edifice, upon the upper platform of which he paused, and, turning half round, looked in the direction of a carriage which had followed the lead of his own. Thus he stood for a minute, distinctly seen by everybody. He stood in all his civic dignity and moral grandeur—erect, serene, majestic. His costume was a full suit of black velvet; his hair, in itself blanched by time, powdered to snowy whiteness, a dress sword at his side, and his hat held in his hand. Thus he stood in silence; and what moments those were! Throughout the dense crowd profound stillness reigned. Not a word was heard, not a breath. Palpitations took the place of sounds. It was a feeling infinitely beyond that which vents itself in shouts. Every heart was full. In vain would any tongue have spoken.

"All were gazing in mute, unutterable admiration. Every eye was riveted on that form—the greatest, purest, most exalted of mortals. It might have seemed as if he stood in that position to gratify the assembled thousands with a full view of the Father of their Country. Not so. He had paused for his secretary—then, I believe, Mr. Dandridge or Colonel Lear—who got out of the other carriage—a chariot, decorated like his own. The secretary, ascending the steps, handed him a paper—probably a copy of the speech he was to deliver—when both entered the building. Then it was, and not until then, that the crowd sent up huzzas, loud, long, earnest, enthusiastic."

Of the simple manners of Washington and his family, we have an interesting account in the travels of Mr. Henry Wansey, F. S. A., an English manufacturer, who breakfasted with them on the morning of the 8th of June, 1794. "I confess," he says, "I was struck with awe and veneration when I recollected that I was now in the presence of the great Washington, the noble and wise benefactor of the world, as Mirabeau styles him. When we look down from this truly illustrious character on other public servants, we find a glowing contrast; nor can we fix our attention on any other great men without discovering in them a vast and mortifying dissimilarity. The President seemed very thoughtful and was slow in delivering himself, which induced some to believe him reserved; but it was rather, I apprehend, the result of much reflection, for he had to me an appearance of affability and accommodation. He was at this time in his sixty-third year, but had very little the appearance of age, having been all his life so exceedingly temperate. There was a certain anxiety visible in his countenance, with marks of extreme sensibility.

"Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, and dry toast, bread and butter, but no broiled fish, as is the general custom. Miss Eleanor Custis, her granddaughter a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, sat next to her, and next her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, about two years older. There were but slight indications of form, one servant only, attending, who had no livery; and a silver urn for hot water was the only expensive article on the table. Mrs. Washington struck me as something older than the President, though I understand they were both born the same year; she was short in stature, rather robust, extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her gray hair turned up under it." This description of Mrs. Washington corresponds perfectly with that in her portrait by Trumbull, painted the previous year, and now in the Trumbull gallery at New Haven.

Mr. Wansey says her drawing-rooms were objected to by the democrats "as tending to give her a supereminency, and as introductory to the paraphernalia of courts." With what feelings the excellent woman regarded these democrats is shown by an anecdote of the same period. She was a severe disciplinarian, and Nelly Custis was not often permitted by her to be idle or to follow her own caprices. The young girl was compelled to practice at the harpsichord four or five hours every day, and one morning, when she should have been playing, her grandmother entered the room, remarking that she had not heard the music, and also that she had observed some person going out, whose name she would very much like to know. Nelly was silent, and suddenly her attention was

arrested by a blemish on the wall, which had been newly painted a delicate cream colour. "Ah! it was no federalist," she exclaimed, looking at the spot just above a settee, "none but a filthy democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner!"

The public business so entirely occupied his time, that Washington had few opportunities of visiting Mount Vernon. In 1793, however, he was there nearly three months during the terrible period of the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. The disease broke out some time in August, but he continued at his post until the 10th of September. He wished to stay longer,

but Mrs. Washington was unwilling to leave him exposed in such danger, and he could not think of hazarding her life and the lives of the children by remaining—"the house in which we lived," he says, "being in a manner blockaded by the disorder, which was every day becoming more and more fatal." Two days after Washington left, Mr. Wolcott wrote to his father, "The apprehensions of the citizens cannot be increased; business is in a great measure abandoned; the true character of man is disclosed, and he shows himself a weak, timid, desponding, and selfish being. The ravages of the dreadful sickness are extending with added circumstances of terror and distress many now die without attendance. The kind attention, the tears of condolence and sympathy which alleviate pain, and in some degree reconcile the dying to their fate, are frequently omitted by the nearest friends and relatives; when generously bestowed they are too often the price of life."

Among the public characters attacked by the fever were Mr. Willing and Colonel Hamilton; but they both recovered. The officers of Government were dispersed, and the President even deliberated on the propriety of convening Congress elsewhere; but the abatement of the disease rendered this measure unnecessary, and near the close of November the scattered inhabitants returned to their homes, and Congress reassembled on the 2d of December.

In 1794, his official duties not permitting him to make more than a flying visit to Mount Vernon, and Mrs. Washington deciding against a summer residence in the city, the President took a house in Germantown, where, with his family, he remained during the months of July and August.

Tame Whale.

An Eastern traveler, in a newly published work entitled "Notes of Travel," relates the following singular fact, which came under his observation at Muscat. No visitor to the harbor is better welcomed by the natives than "Muscat Tom." This name has been given by sailors to a male fin-back whale which has made it an habitual practice for over forty years to enter, feed and frolic about the cove several hours each day, always leaving before night. Sometimes a smaller one of his tribe, supposed to be a female, accompanies him. His length may not be less than seventy feet, and that of his companion fifty feet. Since his arrival signals the departure of the sharks which infest the waters of the harbor to the prevention of sea bathing by the natives, the most strenuous caution is observed not to interfere with his pursuits and diversions. He shows no fear of such vessels as trespass upon his watery field.

One day as he came rolling leisurely and jollily alongside of a vessel at anchor in the harbor, and on board of which I was, one of the crew threw with considerable impetus a stick of wood into his open mouth, as he raised his head out of the water. This breach of the good treatment which he had been wont to receive, did not draw any signs of displeasure from his whaleship, although more than one malediction was bestowed upon the imprudent far, by exasperated natives who had observed his censurable conduct.

Bayard Taylor, in a recent letter to the *New York Tribune*, states that he first entered Wisconsin, on his head. Having arrived at Beloit, which is located just on the line dividing Illinois and Wisconsin, he was pitched from his buggy into the borders of the latter State.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Sung and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gaily drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass, while her husband sings
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here,
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,—
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nerer was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day
Robert is singing with all his might
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln 's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Properties of Glass.

Glass has properties peculiarly its own; one of which is that it is of no greater bulk when hot, or in the melted state, than when cold. Some writers state that it is, (contrary to the analogy of metals) of greater bulk when cold, than when hot.

It is transparent in itself; but the materials of which it is composed are opaque. It is not maleable, but its ductility ranks next to gold. Its flexibility also is so great that when hot it can be drawn out like elastic thread miles in length, in a moment, and to a minuteness equal to that of the silk worm. Brittle, also, to a proverb, it is so elastic that it can be blown to a gauze-like thinness, so as easily to float upon the air. Its elasticity is also shown by the fact that a globe, hermetically sealed, if dropped upon a polished anvil, will recoil two-thirds the distance of its fall, and will remain entire until the second or third rebound. Vessels called bursting glasses are made of sufficient strength to be drawn about the floor: a bullet may be dropped into one without fracturing the glass; even the stroke of a mallet sufficiently heavy to drive a nail has failed to break such glasses.

Some years ago the Imam of Muscat sent to Boston 9,000 worth of gold, to be manufactured into coffee cups for his own use. The cups were made by Obadiah Rich, then the best, and at one time the only manufacturer in the city. The labor expended upon the set of cups was very great, and after being beautifully chased and enamelled, the cups were valued at \$115 each, though hardly as large as hen's eggs. These were probably the only golden vessels ever made in Boston.—Atlas.

Sleep.

There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than in Leigh Hunt's papers:—"It is a delicious movement, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good to come, not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perceptions creeps over you; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more, and with slow and hushing degress, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

For the Ambassador.

Autumn and Frost.—A Fable.

BY MISS MARY A. BRAINARD.

One day as the sun went down, Autumn came to Frost and whispered, "come with me, and we will hasten to the throne of Summer. For three months has she ruled the fair realm of Nature. Her beauty is always praised, and her cool shades sought by the weary wanderer. Now she is dead, and I am to linger in her place, to ripen the broad fields of waving wheat, and watch the tender flowers that have blossomed beneath her eye."

The Frost answered, "why would you take me, the stern king, to rifle the boughs of Summer's glory? Enter the peaceful domain that Summer has left you, and be happy in the joys that made her blest. The Dahlia and Aster will yet bloom to deck your gardens; the vines will strengthen their tendrils, and the purple clusters grow of a deeper color. Let me still linger in my mountain cave, nor come forth to be cursed by men, as the stealthy blighter of beauty."

"I ask you not to blight the gardens of nature, my mother. She has made everything so fair for my sister Summer; yet I would have you make the paradise of earth still fairer."

Then night after night, Autumn silently guided the Frost-artist to the dwellings of her forest-children. He painted some boughs in glowing crimson, others in gold, veined with green, and others in russet brown. Autumn rejoiced as she gazed on the surrounding splendor and said—"Believe ye not that the children of earth regard me with

more admiration than Summer? Long do they gaze on the unrivaled colors you have spread on the foliage." Frost listened and sighed, that the Autumn knew not what sorrow awaited her. For in a few days, the trees were left leafless, stretching forth their arms mournfully, as in supplication. Then Autumn wept over the loss of her beautiful children, the leaves and flowers, and she wandered sad and comfortless through the fields of brown. But Frost drew near to her gently, and consoled her thus:—

"I gave your beautiful children, the leaves, a big brother; but death is my invisible companion, and kisses with his cold lips whatever I touch with my pencil. Yet weep not. All that he has taken from you, will again be restored. Death is my brother and ever walks beside me. We take the fair things of earth ere the Winter comes to destroy them. We gather and bind up the sheaves while they are yet full of life and loveliness, and preserve them to ripen in another land. Mortals call us hard-hearted, but we take the gentle ones so tenderly, and bear them beyond the changes of another season, to the land of immortal bloom." Then Autumn smiled through her tears, and waited with meek resignation for the time when she might rejoin her loved ones, in the land of which he spoke.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—The following remarkable prediction was made by Friar Bacon, who was born in the year 1214, some 640 years ago. "Here" says a certain writer, "is poetry and philosophy wound together, forming a wondrous chain of prophesy."

"Bridges unsupported by arches will be made to span the foaming current. Men shall descend to the bottom of the ocean, safely breathing, treading with a firm step on the golden sands, never brightened by the light of day. Call but the secret powers of Sol and Luna into action, and behold a single steersman sitting at the helm guiding the vessel which divides the waves with greater rapidity than if she had been filled with a crew of mariners toiling at the oars; and the loaded chariot, no longer encumbered by the panting steeds, shall dart on its course with restless force and rapidity. Let the simple elements do thy labor; bind the eternal elements and yoke them to the same plough."

[Written for the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury.]

MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

BY HARRIE ST. CLARE.

She lay within the winding sheet,
A form of soulless clay;
The chamber dark with sorrow's cloud,
Obscured each sunny ray;
I gazed upon that sunken eye,
That wan and hollow cheek;
I knelt beside the bed of death,
And pray'd those lips to speak;

To call some fav'rite, darling name,
To ask a cherish'd boon;
Ah, how I wished to hear again
That voice of angel tone;
To press again that fondling hand,
To feel that mother's heart;
When closely lock'd in fond embrace,
The throbs of love would start.

And when they came to raise that form
From off the snowy sheet,
I heard an angel singing nigh,
In music soft and sweet;
"Though great in life this loss may be,
With it this hope is given,
That when that light had died on earth,
A star was born in heaven."

A Spanish hen, which was a great favorite with her mistress, was accustomed to be fed with a dainty meal every time she laid an egg. Chucky soon found this out, and would go to her nest and sit there a few moments, and then come forth chuckling as loud as if she had performed a great feat, and for a day or two got her usual reward; but no egg being found on several occasions, it was suspected that Mrs. Chucky was playing false; and her usual feed being withheld, it was found that two or three times together on the same day, she would repeat the dodge of going and sitting for a short time on her nest, and then come forth chuckling as loud as she could for her expected reward.

Self-Government in Children.

A modern writer says:—"I know nothing more touching than the self-government of which little children are capable, when the best parts of their nature are growing vigorously under the warmth of parental love. How beautiful is the self-control of the little creature who stifles his sobs of pain because his mother's pitying eye is upon him in tender sorrow! or that of the babe who abstains from play and sits quietly on the floor, because somebody is ill! I have known a very young child to slip over to the cold side of the bed on a winter's night, that a grown-up sister might find a warm one. I have known a little girl to submit spontaneously to hours of irksome restraint and disagreeable employment, merely because it was right. Such wills as these—so strong and yet so humble, so patient and so dignified—were never impaired by fear, but flourished thus under the influence of love, with its sweet excitements and holy supports."

Sixty-two!

Just sixty-two! Then trim thy light,
And get thy jewels all reset;
'Tis past meridian, but still bright,
And lacks some hours to sunset yet.
At sixty-two,
Be strong and true;
Scour off thy rust and shine anew.

'Tis yet high day; thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth;
For what is age but youth's full bloom—
A riper, more transcendent youth!
A wedge of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow, as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life is begun;
At seventy-three begin once more;
Fly swifter as you near the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four;
At ninety-five,
Shouldst thou arrive,
Still wait on God, and work and thrive.

Keep thy locks wet with morning dew,
And freely let thy graces flow;
For life well spent is ever new,
And years appointed younger grow.
So work away;
Be young for aye;
From sunset into breaking day!

PICTURE OF NAPOLEON.—He was everything. He was complete. He had in his brain the cube of human faculties. He made codes like Justinian—he dictated like Cæsar—his conversation joined the lightning of Pascal to the thunderbolt of Tacitus—he made history and he wrote it—his bulletins are Iliads—he combined the figures of Newton with the metaphors of Mahomed—he left behind him in the Orient words as grand as the Pyramids—at Tilsit he taught majesty to Emperors, at the Academy of Sciences he replied to Laplace, in the Council of State he held his ground with Merlin, he gave a soul to the geometry of those and to the trickery of these, he was equal with the attorneys and sidereal with the astronomers; like Cromwell blowing out one candle when two were lighted, he went to the Temple to cheapen a curtain tassel; he saw everything; he knew everything; which did not prevent him from laughing a good man's laugh by the cradle of his little child; and all at once, startled Europe listened, armies set themselves in march, parks of artillery rolled along, bridges of boats stretched over the rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the hurricane, cries, trumpets, a trembling of thrones everywhere, the frontiers of the kingdoms oscillated upon the map, the sound of a superhuman blade was heard leaping from its sheath, men saw him, standing erect in the horizon with a flame in his hands and a resplendence in his eyes, unfolding in the thunder his two wings, the Grand Army and the Old Guard, and he was the archangel of war!—V. Hugo.

IMPERISHABLE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth.
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes,
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves the friend indeed.
The plea of mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart,
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and frail
That make up love's first bliss.
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell.
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unending record kept,
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love,
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee,
These things shall never die.

ROMANCE OF THE MUMMY. From the French of Theophile Gautier. Translated by Mrs. Annie T. Wood. With an introduction by Wm. C. Prime, author of "Boat Life in Egypt," "Nubia," "Tent Life in the Holy Land," &c. New York: J. Bradburn, successor to M. Doolady, 49 Walker street. 1863.

This is one of the most interesting and instructive books lately published. The accuracy and fidelity of its descriptions of ancient Oriental customs are vouched for by the distinguished author of the introduction. It is a story of a young English nobleman, who, by means of liberal "backsheesh," obtains entrance to a tomb never before profaned by modern touch. All the miracles of excavation, of underground architecture, painting and statuary are described with great minuteness; and within this wonderful palace death lies the embalmed body of a Queen of Egypt. Within the wrappings of a mummy is found a parchment, which tells, in mysterious hieroglyphics, the romantic story of the wondrous creature, who looks as fair and beautiful as though she had but just fallen asleep, instead of having been laid there three thousand years before. The tale is not devoid of interest in itself, for the scene is laid in the great city of the Pharaohs, at the time when the Jews were released from their bondage and started on their weary pilgrimage to the land of promise. By the slender thread of a love story the reader is chained to descriptions of the gorgeous and magnificent scenes of royal and noble life in ancient Egypt, and he scarcely knows which to admire most, the interesting and learned descriptions of scenery and manners, or the delineations of the beautiful Tahoser and the gifted, proud and cruel Pharaoh.

For sale by Hudson Taylor.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view.
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid
(Love that has never seemed to tire)
Such rich provision made.

A Modern Dictionary.

Public Abuse—The mud with which a cleaner is spattered on the road to distinction.
Distant Relations—People who imagine they have a claim to rob you if you are rich, but sult you if poor.

Belle—A beautiful, but useless insect with wings, whose colors fade on being removed from sunshine.

Heart—A very rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes a possession to its possessor.

Housewifery—An ancient art, said to have been once fashionable among young girls and now entirely out of use or practiced only by "lower orders."

Wealth—The most respectable quality of a man.

Virtue—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It is a great mirth in fashionable circles.

Honor—Shooting a friend through the eye whom you love, in order to gain the praise of others whom you despise.

Friend—A person who will not assist you because he knows you will excuse him.

State's Evidence—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

Sensibility—A quality by which the possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people loses his own.

Paddle your own Canoe.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true.
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back;
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view;
And toward the beacon mark,
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its silent source has gone
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due;
But, while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofly state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower;
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue;
And to gain the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow man?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant wrong,
In the world's free light?
With a Spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind—
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to heaven in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Miscellaneous.

For the Ambassador.

The Minstrel, Gammer.

It was toward the close of a bright autumnal day, near the commencement of the sixteenth century, that then in a splendid apartment of the royal palace at Westminster, sat the most lovely and accomplished princess of her time, Mary, sister to Henry VIII, king of England. On the morrow she was to embark, accompanied by a numerous retinue, for France, to share the glory of the crown with Louis XII, the beloved monarch of that realm.— She wore an air of dejection; for her heart was averse to the coming nuptials. Charles Brandon, the young Duke of Suffolk, had already won her affections, and this projected ambitious alliance would give a death blow to her dearest hopes. It is true Suffolk was to accompany her in the capacity of an Ambassador; but he would necessarily be shut out from her society. Only on certain great occasions, and at public festivals, would she be permitted to see and converse with him; and even then, at the risk of being overheard by some inquisitive courtier.

The hazy twilight had already begun to give place to the deeper shades of evening, before she summoned the tire-woman to arrange her dress for a banquet which her royal brother had caused to be given that night in her honor. She bade her haste as the hour was already late, and to bestow her daintiest skill upon the toilet of that night; for perchance, said she, "I may never again meet all those I love so well."

After the toilet was finished, and the Princess had donned her most becoming attire, she approached a mirror of polished steel to examine the taste her maid had displayed in plaiting her hair.— While thus engaged the soft notes of a harp fell upon her ear. Hastening to the casement she heard the voice of her favorite minstrel singing a plaintive ballad. Immediately her countenance brightened. "A thought has occurred to me," she murmured. "Gammer is to be of my train, and his harp will gain him admittance where others may have no access. The old king to whom I'm to be married is even now in his dotage. His death is spoken of as an event soon to be expected, and until that event occurs, Gammer shall be the means of communication between me and my beloved Suffolk."

That night, high festival was held in the great palace hall. Renowned lords and brilliant ladies thronged the festive board. On a platform somewhat elevated the royal family were seated, and near them stood the minstrel playing upon his harp and singing an occasional ditty. When the entertainment was at length ended, the Princess received the parting congratulations of the guests with befitting grace. But only when she caught the admiring gaze of the gallant Duke, and thought of her minstrel Gammer, was her face illumined with its brightest smile and flushed with its richest beauty.

The morning came. A long and splendid cavalcade issued from the palace gates just as the sun was rising in the east. It was led by two knights clad in full armor. Next rode the Princess Mary on a white palfrey richly caparisoned, and by her

side the young Ambassador. He was mounted upon an iron colored charger, and superbly attired in a complete war-harness of purest Milan steel.— Immediately after them rode two esquires bearing the respective standards of France and England. The minstrel followed next, borne in an open litter. His head was bared, and his long white hair floated loosely to the morning breeze. He wore a rich Scottish dress of blue, purple and red; plaid gathered about the waist with a green caddis girdle.— From his neck depended an escutcheon resplendent with the ancient arms of Lancaster. His harp was borne behind the litter by a lad whose flaxen curls bespoke his Teutonic birth; and who was known by the German name of Friedel. Then followed the long line of lords and ladies who comprised the train. A grand flourish of trumpets announced that the last of the cavalcade had emerged from the palace court. It moved briskly forward, its gay banners streaming gloriously in the sunlight. In a few moments it was lost to sight in the vast forest which lay between the palace and the place of embarkation; and which was now mantled with the gorgeous hues of Autumn.

The sun had as yet scarcely reached the zenith when the Princess and her train set sail for France. The voyage was long and boisterous. The vessels encountered a most frightful storm in the Channel. For many days terror possessed all on board, but once more the sea grew calm, and the sun came out in the heavens. Having landed at Boulogne the Princess was received by Count d'Angouleme and conducted to Abbeville. Here the king met her with an escort of fifteen hundred of the French nobility.

The nuptials were celebrated in the most magnificent manner. Never since the days of queen Isabella had such splendid fetes and tournaments been witnessed on the continent. The youthful Mary turned with aversion from all this pomp and parade. At times she confessed herself to be dazzled with the magnificence of the pageantry, but her thoughts were always with the young Duke of Suffolk.

One evening, nearly two months after the marriage, the king gave a grand dinner for the entertainment of his wife. There were several minstrels present, but among them none was so conspicuous as Gammer. He had by this time become a great favorite in the French Court, on account of both talent in song and his somewhat advanced age.— He had now free access to every part of the palace, and was often in conference with his royal mistress. Seldom did he visit her apartment without delivering into her hands a packet from Suffolk; or leave it without being entrusted with one for him. It was his custom to sit at meals with the king and queen, and to cheer the hour with songs of chivalrous knights who fought to win fair ladies.

His dress on this occasion differed somewhat from his former costume. He wore a bright scarlet gown clasped about the waist by a silver belt. The sleeves were slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with mineves. The hem of his gown, which came about to the knee was fringed with white silk tufts. His stockings were of the same color as his gown, while on his feet he wore a sort of half sandal ornamented with silver buckles. His snow-white hair, the belt about his waist, the silken fringe, and the buckles on his shoes contrasted finely with the bright scarlet of his dress.

Friedel was with him and dressed in a blue frock and trowsers. The frock was confined about the waist with three silken cords, one of blue, the others white.

The attachment existing between the young queen and the English Ambassador however, had not escaped observation. A complete system of espionage was carried on in respect to them.— Every glance they exchanged became the subject of court gossip. The queen was seldom permitted to be left alone. The Baroness d'Aumont was appointed to sleep in her apartment at night; and the Countess d'Angouleme to keep her company during the day. Gammer could no longer find opportunities to see his mistress alone, and the presence of the countess forbade even the mention of Suffolk's name. The minstrel's quick wit soon hit upon another plan for keeping up the correspondence, which was adopted at this feast, as indeed it had been on one or two former occasions.

The king and queen were seated on a royal throne of cloth of gold, covered with a rich canopy of crimson silk, supported on silver staves. Beside the king stood his favorite troubadour, Claude, while near the queen Gammer was stationed, together with his boy Friedel. During the feast, while the shouts of merriment were echoing through the high arches of the hall, Friedel, by instructions from his master, adroitly managed to take from the folds of the queen's robe a small packet directed to Suffolk; and to pin one directed to her in its place.

This was the last feast the king ever attended. The excess of gaiety and pleasure in which he had indulged since his marriage was ill suited to his advanced age and declining health. He died shortly after, leaving the throne to Francis I.— His death was deeply mourned by his subjects; by whom he was called the "father of his people."

Three months had scarcely elapsed after the death of the king, when the Duke of Suffolk was secretly married to the widowed queen. The marriage was a violation of the usual forms, and was only performed by special permission from Francis I, who had long been aware of the existing attachment between the parties. Immediately after their nuptials they returned to their native land, accompanied by the faithful Gammer.

The aged minstrel was worn down by the fatigue attendant upon the voyage. He lingered but a short time after their return. His death was the occasion of great lamentation throughout the royal household. From that time Henry VIII. seemed to conceive a dislike for all minstrel company, saying that none could equal the lamented Gammer. The Duchess lost by his death a most faithful friend. She had from her earliest years gone to him for council even on matters of the greatest importance. His influence over her character had been more powerful than any other person she had ever known; for beside the almost filial love she bore him, she revered him with a kind of superstitious veneration.

Like most of his order, Gammer was supposed to have been deficient in education. He was always considered as possessing an unusual degree of common sense, and an extraordinary command of language. Occasionally, however, the Duchess had been surprised to discover his acquaintance with the subjects then known only to the priesthood and such persons as possessed peculiar advantages for the acquisition of knowledge. A few mornings after his death, Friedel presented her with an oaken box, curiously inlaid with ebony and mother of pearl, informing her that his master had frequently requested him to give it into her hands in case of his death. On opening the box, to her surprise, she found it to contain, besides a

quantity of manuscript ballads, a long account of his life, written in Latin. It appeared from this account that he had once been a monk, but being sent on a tour through Germany he had become enamored of a lady of rank, and for her sake renounced his vows. The lady died in giving birth to the boy Friedel. He desired the Duchess to retain the boy; which request she scrupulously fulfilled. Years after the minstrel's son, under an assumed name, was known as the bravest knight England could boast. And his immediate descendants rank among the proudest names of English nobility.

For the Daily Advertiser.
To a Bereaved Mother.

A little boy is at my side
Some five years old or so,
Me questioning of many things
Which he would like to know.
Fond Mother, had you such a boy
A little while ago?

He wonders who could make the stars,
And new moon's silver bow—
What makes the sparkling waters run,
And who the winds to blow.
Fond Mother, had you such a boy
A little while ago?

For pastime, he his top would spin,
Or string his Indian bow,
And, like a warrior he will shoot
His arrow to and fro.
Fond Mother, had you such a boy
A little while ago?

His eyes are of the azure hue,
His cheeks of ruddy glow,
His lips like winter-berries seem,
Half buried in the snow.
Fond Mother, had you such a boy
A little while ago?

Some hands a little grave had made—
A bell was tolling slow;
And raised a hand, and breathed a prayer,
And heard a wail of woe!
Fond Mother, did your darling die
A little while ago?

No more he'll for his playthings call,
His drum or Indian bow;
Nor play the hero with his sword—
His shadow for a foe;
Nor need the garments that he wore
A little while ago!

Deep in the bosom of the sand,
His head is resting low—
His pallid cheeks, his hands and feet
Are colder than the snow!
And hushed the voice so musical
A little while ago!

But He who makes the waters run,
And bids the winds to blow,
Will make him happier in the sky,
If love can make him so.
Yes, Mother, happier than he was
A little while ago!

S. S.

Begin with God.

Begin the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn;
To him address thy lay.

Sing a new song at morn!
Join the glad woods and hills!
Join the fresh winds and seas and plains.
Join the bright flowers and rills!

Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream or sea or mountain path
Still seek his company.

Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love!

From Once a Week.
Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon a rocky shore;
The brave waves whispered courage,
And hid with friendly roar,
The faltering words that told the tale
I dared not tell before.

I ask'd if she with the priceless gift
Her love, my life she'd bless,
Was it her voice or some fair wave—
Forsooth, I scarce may guess—
Some morning wave, or her sweet voice
That hushed so sweetly "Yes."

And, then, in happy silence too,
I clasped her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there carelessly,
While o'er the darkened land
The sun set, and the fishing boats
Were sailing for the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four and twenty then,
And now I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But wrinkled brow, or silver locks
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing boats a score of years
Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkened land,
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand in hand.

"My darling, there's our oldest girl,
Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says, "You should know,
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago."

Ants' Nests.

There is in Australia a species of ant, which builds its nests in trees by bending down several adjacent leaves and glueing them together in the form of a purse. Says Hawkworth, in his account of Cook's first voyage:—

Their method of bending down the leaves we had no opportunity to observe, but we saw thousands uniting their strength to hold them in their position, while other busy multitudes were employed within, applying the gluton that was to prevent their returning back. To satisfy ourselves that the leaves were sent and held down by the efforts of these diminutive artificers, we disturbed them in their work; and as soon as they were driven from their stations, the leaves on which they were employed sprang up with a force much greater than we could have thought them able to conquer by any combination of their strength; but, though we gratified our curiosity at their expense, the injury did not go unrevengeed, for thousands immediately threw themselves upon us and gave us intolerable pain with their stings, especially those which took possession of our necks and hair, whence they were not easily driven."

A Song of Spring.

BY A SURGEON.

Spring's delights are now returning,
Tree and shrub begin to bloom;
But while the sun at noon is burning,
The wind is in the East at eve.

Lovely woman, prone to folly,
Too soon her winter clothing doffs;
And the doctor makes up jolly
Lots of draughts for colds and coughs.

Now gentle showers the hedges splash on,
Each sprig its coat of green renews;
But greener are those sprigs of fashion
Who in damp weather wear thin shoes.

They who trust this treacherous season,
Venture out and take a chill;
Prudently the man of reason
Stays within, and takes a pill. [Punch.

Buttercups and Daisies.

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell,
And though old time has marked my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile if ye will, but some heart strings
Are closest link'd to simplest things;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past.
And then the only wish I have
Is, that the one who raises
The turf sod o'er me, plant my grave
With buttercups and daisies.

The Learned Professions.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The annexed is old, but if you think it worth a place in your paper, please insert the same and oblige one of your readers.

Law, Physic and Divinity,
Being in dispute, could not agree
To settle which of all the three
Should have superiority:
Law pleads, he doth protect men's lands,
And all their goods, from ravenous hands;
Therefore, of right, challenges he
To have superiority.
Physic prescribes receipts for health,
Which men prefer above their wealth;
Therefore, of right, challenges he
To have superiority.
Then straight steps up the priest, demure,
Who for men's souls proclaims the cure;
Therefore, of right, challenges he
To have superiority.
If judges end this triple plea,
The lawyers, sure, will gain the day;
If epicures the verdict give,
The doctors best of all will thrive:
If bishops arbitrate the case,
The priest will have the highest place:
If honest, sober, wise men judge,
Then all the three away may trudge.
If men will live in peace and love,
The lawyer's acts they need not prove:
If men forbear excess and riot,
They need not feed on doctor's diet:
If men attend what God doth teach,
They need not mind what parsons preach;
But if men knaves and fools will be,
They'll be hard ridden by all three.

Mountain Musings.

On lowland marts and marble domes,
Still craven vassals gavo;
But never yet on mountain top
Was born or dwelt a slave.
On mountain top the prophet first
God's awful mandates bore;
On mountain peak the dove did rest,
That flew, the deluge o'er.
Then ye, whose heart doth weary beat,
With care or sorrow riven,
Come, climb with me Slieve Callan's brow:
And let your thoughts, like Titan's, now
Ascend from thence to Heaven!

The scholar hath a quiet look
Within his cloistered cell,
He poreth o'er some goodly book
Till peals the vesper bell.
But tho' his life unruffled flows,
Like gentle streams that glide
All smooth and still, through level plains,
With sunshine on their tide,
That student pale, I envy not—
Such guise ill suiteth me.
Oh, better, far, the wave tossed lake,
The pine crowned crag, the forest brake,
And step o'er heather, free!

The trickling rill that cools your lips,
Soft flowing thro' the glen;
Or else the spring that burst from rocks,
Like tears from rugged men;
Hath Cyprus wine such flavor sweet,
Or stoup of Malvoisie?
Preached ever abbot like those hills,
So true a homilie?
Then, in their Sabbath solitude,
Go, often meditate;
And when their lesson right is read,
The valley slope then boldly tread,
A wiser man in heart and head,
To wrestle with your fate!

[Dublin University Magazine.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE flowers of Spring have come once more,
The gay, the gentle flowers;
They scatter all their sweetness o'er
This fair, bright land of ours.
The pale Spring beauty lifts her cup,
Veined o'er with faintest rose,
While frail anemones look up
And soft their lips unclose:
And butter-cups their vases fill
With beams of purest gold.
We loved them as a child, and still
They gladden us as of old.
And in the fields, on every side
Where the ferns and grasses grow,
Gay painted cups,* all scarlet-dyed,
With the tender violets blow—
Blue violets, bathed in morning dew,
The fairest flowers of Spring!
That thrill the inmost being through
With the fresh glad thoughts they bring.
From crowded homes in narrow courts,
With their faces pale and lorn,
The little children wander forth
On the clear, still sabbath morn;
O'er field and marsh, in forest bowers,
Their tireless footsteps stray—

entirely or for dissolving all union with it. Yet it can point, to the absolute necessity for shaking off all halls, to listen to a discourse pointing, as plainly as a but the most fashionable street of our city, in one of its of ment, an audience, numerous and respectable, meeti luck stood, we may rejoice at the event. Conceive, for

MR. PEPPER'S WIFE.

HOW HE SHUT HER UP.

'Mrs. Pepper, I labor under the impression that it is high time you were getting breakfast. As my former housekeeper understood all my wishes with regard to these things, I found it unnecessary to give any orders respecting them; but with you it is different. As you have never got a meal in this house, of course you know nothing of the regulations of the household.

'In the first place you will make a fire in the kitchen, put on the kettle, &c.; then you will make a fire in here. That done, you will cook the breakfast and bring it in here, as I have always been accustomed to taking mine in bed, and do not consider it necessary to depart from that custom on your account; but should you prefer it, you can eat yours in the kitchen, as it is perfectly immaterial to me.'

This occurred the morning after Mrs. Pepper went to housekeeping. Mrs. Pepper was a sensible woman—she made no reply to Mr. Pepper's commands; but as soon as her toilet was finished, she left the room, and sitting down in the kitchen, she thus ruminated:

'Make the kitchen fire! Yes I'll do that.—Then make a fire in the bed-room; I'll see to that too. Then take the breakfast to his bed side! Just see if I do!' And then Mrs. Pepper sat and thought deeply for a few minutes, when apparently having arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, she proceeded to business.

Having got a nice fire kindled in the kitchen, she carried some coal into Mr. P.'s apartment, and filled up his stove, having first ascertained that there was not a spark of fire in it. That duty performed, she next prepared the breakfast, of which she partook with a great relish, and after matters and things were all set to rights in the kitchen, she went down town on a shopping excursion.

Meanwhile Mr. Pepper began to grow impatient. 'He labored under the impression that the atmosphere of his room did not grow warm very fast, and he began to feel unpleasantly hungry. Peeping out from behind the bed-curtains, he saw how affairs were with regard to the stove. Something like a suspicion of the real state of affairs began to dawn upon his mind. He listened for a few minutes, but all was still about the house.

Hastily dressing himself, he proceeded to investigate the affair. He soon comprehended the whole of it, and was very wrathful at first; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he had the power to punish Mrs. P., and he felt bound to do it too. After some search he found the remains of the breakfast, of which he partook with a gusto, and then sat down to wait for Mrs. P. She was a long time in coming, and he had ample time to nurse his wrath. While setting there he thus soliloquised:

'That ever I, Philander Pepper, should be so treated, and, by a woman, too, is not to be believed. I can't believe it, no, nor I won't either. But she can't escape, that's certain, if she should, my reputation for dignity would be forever gone! for hav'n't I told Solomon Simpleton all along how I was going to make my wife stand around, and how I was going to make her get up and make the fire every morning, and let me lie abed, and how I was going to shut her up, and feed her on bread and water, if she dared to say she wouldn't do it?'

'A cosy little arrangement, Mr. Pepper,' said a soft voice behind him.

Mr. P. started up, and there stood Mrs. P. right behind his chair, laughing just as hard as she could. Mr. Pepper put on a severe look.

'Sit down in that chair, madam,' he said, 'pointing to the one he had just vacated,' while I have a little conversation with you.

'Now I should be pleased to know why you did not obey my orders this morning, and where you have been all the forenoon?'

'Where have I been this forenoon, Mr. Pepper, I have not the least objection to tell you; I have been down town a shopping.—I have purchased some lovely napkins; just look at them,' said she, holding them up demurely for his inspection; 'I only paid a dollar a piece for them—extremely cheap, don't you think so?' she added.

Mr. Pepper was astonished; how she dared to turn the conversation in this way was a mystery to him. Suddenly his bottled wrath broke loose. Turning fiercely upon her, he said—

'Betsy Jane, you disgust me; you seem to make very light of this matter; but it is more serious than you imagine, as you will find to your cost presently. If you do not instantly beg my pardon in a submissive manner, I shall exert my authority to bring you to a proper sense of your misconduct, by imprisoning you in one of my chambers until you are willing to promise strict obedience to my wishes.'

At the close of this very eloquent and dignified speech, Mr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height, and stationed himself before Mrs. P., ready to receive expressions of sorrow and penitence; he had no doubt that she would fall down at his feet, and say—

'Dear Philander won't you please forgive me this time, and I'll never do so any more!'

And he was going to say, 'Betsy Jane, you'd better not;' but instead of doing all this, what do you think she did? Laughed him right in the face!

Mr. Pepper was awful wrathful. He spoke up in a voice of thunder, and said:

Mrs. Pepper, walk right up stairs this very minute, and don't you let the grass grow under your feet while you are going either.—You have begun your antics in good season, Mrs. Pepper, but I'll have you know that it won't pay to continue them any length of time with me, Mrs. Pepper. Again I command you to walk up stairs.'

'Well, really, Mr. P., it is not at all necessary for you to speak so loud—I am not deaf as all that comes to; but as for walking up stairs I have not the least objection to doing so, if you will wait until I have recovered from my fatigue; but I can't think of doing so before.'

'But you *must*, Mrs. P.'

'Then all I've got to say is this, you'll have to carry me, for I won't walk!'

Mr. P. looked at his wife for a moment with the greatest astonishment; but as she began to laugh at him again, he thought to himself—

'She thinks I won't do it and hopes to get off in that way; but it won't do; up stairs she's got to go, if I do have to carry her; so here goes,' and taking the form of his lady in his arms, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her safely lodged in her prison, and carefully locked her in, he stationed a little red-headed youth on the front door steps to attend to calls and see that Mrs. P. did not escape; and then he betook himself to a restaurant for his dinner, and after despatching that, he hurried off to his office, and was soon in business.

About the middle of the afternoon, our young sentinel rushed into the office, and said, never stopping to take breath.

'Mr. Pepper had better run home just as fast as he can, for that woman what's shut up be making an awful racket, and she be tearing around there, and rattling things the distressingest kind, and if she beant splitting up something or other, then I don't know what splitting be!'

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. P. seized his hat, and hurried off home at a most indignant pace.

Opening the hall door, he stole up stairs as carefully as possible, and applying his eye to the keyhole, he beheld a sight which made him fairly boil with rage.

Mrs. P. was sitting in front of the fire place, reading his love-letters. The one she was engaged in perusing, at that particular moment, was from Miss Polly Primrose, who

it appeared had once looked favorably on the suit of Mr. Pepper; but a more dashing lover appearing on the scene, Miss Polly sent him a letter of dismissal, promising her undying friendship, and accompanying the same with a lock of her hair, and some walnut meats.

But it was not the love-letters alone that made Mr. P. so outrageous. He had been something of a traveller in his day, and had collected a great many curiosities in his rambles, which he had deposited in a cupboard in the very room he had confined Mrs. P., and she had got at them.

She had split up an elegant writing desk with his Indian battle axe, in order to have a fire, as the day was rather chilly. In one corner of the fire-place was Mr. P.'s best beaver, filled up with love letters.

On a small table, close to Mrs. P. was a beautiful flat China dish, filled with bear's oil, in which she had sunk Mr. P.'s best satin cravat, and having fired one end of it, it afforded her sufficient light for her labors—for Mr. P. had closed the blinds, for the better security of the culprit.

On some coals in front of the fire was Mr. P.'s crusting bowl, in which Mrs. P. was popping corn, which she ever and anon stirred with the fiddle bow, meanwhile occasionally punching up the fire with the fiddle, for Mr. P. had, with commendable foresight, removed the shovel and tongs.

Mr. P. condescended to peep through the keyhole until he had obtained a pretty correct idea of what was going on within. Never was a Pepper so fired as he. He shook the door, it was securely fastened within, and resisted all his efforts to open it. He ordered Mrs. Pepper to open the door or take the consequences; but as she did not open it, it is to be presumed that she preferred the consequences. Mr. Pepper darted down stairs like a madman.

'I must put a stop to this,' he thought, 'or I shall not have a rag of clothes to my back.'

Procuring a ladder, he began to mount to the bedroom; but Mrs. P. was not to be taken so easily. She knew that he left the door unlocked, for she had examined it as soon as he had left; but she had no idea of letting him have the benefit of her fire; so hastily seizing several large bottles of cologne, she threw the contents upon the fire, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of seeing it entirely extinguished. That duty performed, she left the apartment, and locking the door, she stationed herself in a convenient position to hear everything that transpired within.

In a few moments Mr. P. was safe in the apartment, and as soon as he had closed the window, he stood bolt upright in the middle of the room, and said in a deep voice—

'Jezebel, come forth!'

No answer.

'Jad, do you think to escape?'

Still no response. Mr. P. begins to feel uneasy, and hastily commences to search the room; but he had not proceeded far when he hears a slight titter somewhere in the vicinity of the door. He listens a moment and it is repeated. Darting to the door, he attempted to open it, but he finds himself a prisoner. There is one more chance, he thinks and hurries to the window; but alas for Mr. Pepper! his wife has just removed the ladder and he cannot escape.

He sits down on a chair and looks ruefully around him, and presently he arises and picks up the fragments of a letter which was lying on the carpet, and finds it is from Polly Primrose. He wonders what she has done with the lock of hair.

At this moment his eye falls upon his daguerreotype, which is lying on the table before him—mechanically taking it up, he opens it, and sees—what? nothing but his own face. All the rest of him being rubbed off, and around his lovely phiz is the missing curl, and walnut meats are carefully stowed in the corner of the case. Mr. P. fairly blubbered aloud.

'Good!' thought Mrs. P., 'when you find your level, I'll let you out, and not till then.'

A little wholesome discipline will do you good, and I'm fully prepared to administer it.' How long Mrs. Pepper kept her leige lord in durance vile, deponent saith not, and as to what passed between them when he was released from captivity, we are not any better informed; but on this we are sure, Mr. Pepper might have been seen, a morning or two afterwards, to put his head into the bedroom, and heard to say in a meek manner: 'Betsy Jane, I've made the kitchen fire, and put on the tea-kettle; won't you please to get up and get breakfast.'

ELOQUENT BREVITY.—Once upon a time, in a certain city, there lived a merchant whose name is not at all necessary. Times were hard, as they are now, and the merchant had received from one of his customers at a distance, in answer to a previous dun, stating his difficulties, and requesting time.

Agitated, not with that matter only, but many others, the merchant paced the floor of his counting-room with arms behind his back, and a lowering brow. Stopping suddenly he turned to the clerk and said:

'Mr. —, write to that man immediately.'

'Yes, sir.' The paper was ready, and the pen filled with ink; but still the merchant held his peace; his clerk called to him one or twice, and not receiving any answer, left his stool and went to remind him that he was ready.

'Well write?' 'What shall I write?' 'Something or nothing and that very quick.'

Back to his desk went the clerk, rapidly moving his fingers over the paper. The letter was sealed, and backed, and sent to the office. By return mail came a letter from his delinquent customer in losing the money in full of his account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened his letter, and hastening to his desk he said:

'What did you say to — when you wrote the other day? Here is the money this morning in full of his account.'

'I wrote just what you told me—and kept a copy of the letter.'

Going to the letter book, and opening, he found the following:

'Dear Sir:—Something or nothing, and that very quick. Yours, &c., ———'

By ——— And this letter brought the money.— [Louisville Democrat.]

THE SPRINGFIELD BALLAD.

In a "History of Western Massachusetts" we find the following account of a well-known ballad:

"On the 7th of August, 1761, occurred an event which has been celebrated in song. It is doubtful whether any piece of American doggerel has been so fortunate in the term of its perpetuation. It relates to the death of Timothy Merrick, from the bite of a rattlesnake, and has been added to and modified until the versions of it are numberless. The verses are said to have been written by a young woman to whom the unfortunate man was engaged to be married. A gravestone still marks the place where he sleeps, but the ballad, of which the following is an authentic copy, preserved in the family, bids fair to outlast the marble:"

"On Springfield mountains there did dwell
A likely youth was known full well
Lieutenant Merrick onley son
A likeley youth near twenty one

"One friday morning he did go
in to the medow and did mow
A round or two then he did feal
A pisen serpent at his heal.

"When he received his deadly wound
he dropt his sythe upon the ground
And strate for home wase his intent
Calling aloude still as he went.

"tho all around his voys was hered
but none of his friends to him apierd
they thought it was some workmen called
and there poor Timothy alone must fall.

"So soon his Carfull father went
to seak his son with discontent
and there his fond only son he found
ded as a stone a pon the ground.

"And there he lay down sopose to rest
withe both his hands Acrost his brest
his mouth and eyes closed fast
And there poor man slept his last,

"his father viende his track with greate concerne
Where he had ran across the corn
unevin tracks where he did go
did appear to stagger two and frow,

"The seventh of August sixty-one
this fatall axidint was done
Let this a warning be to all
to be prepared when god does call."

Religious Intelligence.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS AT ALBANY,
"A HOUSE OF PRAYER FOR ALL PEOPLE,"
Was Erected by a Childless Man, as the Memorial of his
Four Dead Children.

From the New York Churchman.

In the chancel is a mural tablet of the purest marble, with the simple record of their names and deaths, in four compartments, surrounded and separated by an exquisite wreath of lilies of the valley, the leaves and flowers together—the design of a young saint, the wife of the architect, who came from a northern climate, to find with us an early grave. At the foot of the tablet a lamb is sleeping on the cross.

"Behold the lilies, how they grow." "Of such is the Kingdom of God."

Sweet lilies of the valley, ye have been
From earliest childhood my instinctive joy;
And still, to meet you in the early spring,
My spirit leaps as lithe as when a boy;
The bells that seem to tinkle with perfume,
And spring so jauntily from those broad leaves—
The purest white upon the deepest green,
That tricksome spring in her embroidery weaves.

I've twined you on the breast of blushing bride,
And strewed you on the hearse of coffin'd child;
Till love grew fragrant with a new delight,
And childless sorrow kissed the rod and smiled.
But here within this still and sacred aisle,
Ye charm anew my meditative heart;
Where mimic nature in the marble blooms,
And buried beauty lends a grace to art.

Four lovely children glide into the grave;
A childless father bends beneath the rod;
He makes their monument a house of prayer—
The gold he meant for them he gives to God.
Upon a tablet of the purest white,
Enwreathed with lilies, he records his loss;
Their innocence he emblems with his faith;
A lamb, recumbent, sleeps upon the cross.

The New Craft in the Offing of Heaven.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

BY D. F. TAYLOR.

'T was a beautiful night on a beautiful deep,
And the man at the helm had just fallen asleep,
And the watch of the deck, with his head on his breast,
Was beginning to dream that another's it pressed,
When the look-out aloft cried, 'A sail! ho, a sail!
And the question and answer went rattling like hail:
'A sail! ho, a sail!' 'Where away?' 'No'th-no'th-west!
'Make her out?' 'No, your honor!'—The dim drowned
the rest.

There, indeed, is the stranger, her first in these seas,
Yet she drives boldly on, in the teeth of the breeze.
Now her bows to the breakers she steadily turns:
Oh, how brightly the light of her binnacle burns!
Not a signal for SATURN the Rover has given,
No salute for our VENUS, the flag-star of heaven;
Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
She has saucily sailed by 'the red planet MARS';
She has 'doubled,' triumphant, the Cape of the SEX,
And the sentinel stars, without firing a gun!
Now, a flag at the fore and the mizzen unfurled,
She is bearing right gallantly down on the world!
'Helm a-port?' 'Show a light! She will run us aground.'
'Fire a gun!' 'Bring her to!' 'Sail a-hoy! Whither
bound?'

'Avast! there, ye lubbers! Leave the rudder alone:
'T is a craft 'in commission'—the ADMIRAL'S OWN;
And she sails with sealed orders, unopened as yet,
Though her anchors she weighed before LUCIFER set!
Ah! she sails by a chart no draughtsman could make,
Where each cloud that can trail, and each wave that can
break;
Where each planet is cruising, each star is at rest,
With its anchor 'let go' in the blue of the best;
Where that sparkling flotilla, the Asteroids, lie,
Where the scarf of red Morning is flung on the sky;
Where the breath of the sparrow is staining the air—
On the chart that she bears, you will find them all there!
Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she came,
With her trackings of fire, and streamers of flame!

THE "PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL."

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Thursday Evening, May 31, 1855.

The clouds roll up—and o'er their boding white tops,
In glory mantled, towers an awful form!
Our thirsty souls with joy drink in the light drops
Of the great Northern storm!

Joy! for the slave may rest him by our fountains,
And laugh to scorn the hunter and the chain!—
Let the deep cannon speak it to the mountains,
Let the crags blaze again!

Joy fills the land! Our State, as comes the dawning,
Has risen at last from her long night's eclipse;
There is no brand upon her brow of morning,
No dust upon her lips!

Say—heard ye of that creature of an hour,
Who scorned the justice, and the truth defied?
Pandering to State street's lust of pride and power,
He sought to stem the tide.

And when, amid a nation's mirth and wonder,
He raised his puny arm to ward the stroke,
"VOX POPULI! VOX DEI!"—How God's thunder
Through House and Senate broke!

Mark ye! what time the Autumn winds are lifting
The withered leaves upon the upland lea,
Ye'll see his torn and shattered bark far drifting,
A feather on the sea!

Upon this platform, many a year, undaunted,
A Nation's outlaw, Freedom faced her foes;
Amid the darkness, here the seed was planted,
Whose harvest this day knows.

And they who planted it, in tears and sorrow,
Walked the dark path by Earth's best martyr's trod,
With faces ever toward Faith's great "to-morrow,"
And boundless trust in God!

The sacred Cause, offspring of Truth and Reason,
Despised of men—the babe twice manger-born—
Outlived the Church's sneers, the Pulpit's treason—
Outrode the storm of scorn.

Hourly man's life upon the earth enhancing,
Gathering to God the weary souls astray,
Far up Truth's solemn heights, yet still advancing,
It lights the world to day!

From her deep sleep, New England is awaking—
New Hampshire's cliffs, Maine's silent solitudes,
Old Massachusetts, where the sea is breaking,
And Vermont's echoing woods—

Each to the other calls!—and brave Rhode Island,
Looking far out upon the heaving main,
And stanch Connecticut, from every highland,
Send answer back again!

List to that cry! where now the darkness gathers,
Its startling summons rings along the line:
"Down with the Stripes! Up, Pine Tree of our Fathers!
Be thou the Northmen's sign!"

No more by battle plain, hill-side and meadow,
Shall Southern hunters sound their rallying horn;
From the (London) Empire.

AUSTIN HENRY LAYARD.

are by no means all.—Punch.
consideration of the animal, rejoicing that "some A
skinned race of cuts; with which remark we dismiss
American nation. "Some Americans" are a very t
us, because the English Press abuses and ridicules
[The other chief reason why "some Americans"]
scourge the flesh from the bones of miserable blacks.
white and turn up the whites of their eyes, whilst t
to revolve and the cow-hide; so do they sanctimonio
knout in the other. So "some Americans" carry
his heart—he had, indeed, the sword in one hand and
has had, he said, the sword in his hand and the Cros
to this the pious sentiment of "some Americans." Ni
whose acts are a protest against our own conduct. A
ed, managers, and malicious against their prosecu

CITY NEWS.

OLDEN TIMES.—We take further extracts from Watson's "Historic Tales of Olden Times," entitled "Manners and Customs," which do not correspond with the present customs of society:—

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN ALBANY.

"A different face of things each age appears,
And all things alter in a course of years."

I am indebted for the following ideas of "Men and Manners once," as seen in the middle state of life generally, by facts imparted to me by the aged, to wit:—

The Dutch kept five festivals, of peculiar notoriety, in the year: say *Kerstyd*, (Christmas;) *Nieuw jar*, (New Year) a great day of cakes; *Paas*, (the Passover;) *Pinzter*, (i. e. Whitsuntide;) and *San Claus*, (i. e. Saint Nicholas, or Christ-kinkle day.)

The observance of New Year's day (*Nieuw jar*) is an occasion of much good feeling and hospitality, come down to the present generation from their Dutch forefathers. No other city in the Union ever aims at the like general interchange of visits. Cakes, wines, and punch abound in every house; and, from morning till night, houses are open to receive the calls of acquaintances, and to pass the usual salutations of a "happy New Year," &c.

It was the general practice of families in middle life, to spin and make much of their domestic wear at home. Short gowns and petticoats were the general in-door dresses.

Young women who dressed gay to go abroad to visit, or to church, never failed to take off that dress and put on their home-made as soon as they got home; even on Sunday evenings when they expected company, or even their beaux. It was their best recommendation to seem thus frugal and ready for any domestic avocation. The boys and young men of a family always changed their dress for a common dress in the same way. There was no custom of offering drink to their guests; when punch was offered, it was in great bowls.

The negroes used to dance in the markets, where they used tomtoms, horns, &c., for music. They used often to sell negro slaves at the coffee-house.

All marriages had to be published beforehand, three weeks at the churches, or else, to avoid that, they had to purchase a license of the governor:—a seemingly singular surveillance for a great military chief! We may presume he cared little for the fact beyond his fee.

Before the revolution, tradesmen of good repute worked hard;—there were none as masters, mere lookers-on; they hardly expected to be rich; their chief concern in summer was to make enough a-head to lay up carefully for a living in severe winter. Wood was even a serious concern to such, when only 2s. 6d. to 3s. a load.

None of the stores or tradesmen's shops then aimed at any rivalry as now. There were no glaring allurements at windows, no over-reaching signs, no big bulk windows; they were content to sell things at honest profits, and to trust to an earned reputation for their share of business.

It was the Englishmen from Britain who brought in the painted glare and display. They also brought in the use of open shops at night, an expensive and needless service!—for who sells more in day and night, where all are competitors, than they would in one day if all were closed at night!

In former days the same class who applied diligently in business hours, were accustomed to close their shops and stores at an early hour, and to go abroad for exercise and recreation, or to gardens, &c. All was done on foot, for chaises and horses were few.

The candidates for the Assembly, usually from the city, kept open houses in each ward, for one week; producing much excitement among those who thought more of the regale than the public weal.

At funerals, the Dutch gave hot wine in winter; and in summer they gave wine-sangaree.

I have noticed a singular custom among Dutch families;—a father gives a bundle of *goose quills* to a son, telling him to give one to each of his male posterity.

Many aged persons have spoken to me of the former delightful practice of families sitting out on their "stoopes" in the shades of the evening, and there saluting the passing friends, or talking across the narrow streets with neighbors. It was one of the grand links of union in the Knickerbocker social compact. It endeared and made social neighbors; made intercourse on easy terms; it was only to say, "come sit down." It helped the young to easy introductions, and made courtships of readier attainment.

I give some facts to illustrate the above remarks, deduced from the family of B—— with which I am personally acquainted. It shows primitive Dutch manners. His grandfather died at the age of sixty-three in 1782, holding the office of alderman eleven years, and once chosen mayor and declined. Such a man, in easy circumstances in life, following the true Dutch ton, had all his family to breakfast, all the year round, at day-light. Before the breakfast he universally smoked his pipe. His family always dined at twelve exactly. At that time the kettle was invariably set on the fire for tea, of Bohea, which was always as punctually furnished at three o'clock. Then the old people went abroad on purpose to visit relatives, changing the families each night in succession, over and over again all the year round. The regale at every such house was expected as a matter of course, to be chocolate supper and soft waffles.

Afterwards, when green tea came in as a new luxury, loaf sugar also came with it; this was broken in large lumps and laid severally by each cup, and was nibbled or bitten as needed!

The family before referred to actually continued the practice till as late as seventeen years ago, with a steady determination in the patriarch to resist the modern innovation of dissolved sugar while he lived.

Besides the foregoing facts, I have had them abundantly confirmed by others.

While they occupied the stoopes in the evening, you could see every here and there an old Knickerbocker with his long pipe, fuming away his cares, and ready on any occasion to offer another for the use of any passing friend who would sit down and join him. The ideal picture has every lineament of contented comfort and cheerful repose. Something much more composed and happy than the bustling anxiety of "over business" in the moderns.

The cleanliness of Dutch housewifery was always extreme; every thing had to submit to scrubbing and scouring; dirt in no form could be endured by them; and dear as water was in the city, where it was generally sold, still it was in perpetual requisition. It was their honest pride to see a well-furnished dresser, showing copper and pewter in shining splendor, as if for ornament rather than for use. In all this they widely differed from the Germans, a people with whom they have been erroneously and often confounded. Roost fowls and ducks are not more different. As water draws one, it repels the other.

It was common in families then to cleanse their own chimneys without the aid of hired sweeps; and all tradesmen, &c., were accustomed to saw their own fuel. No man in middle circumstances of life ever scrupled to carry home his one cwt. of meal from the market; it would have been his shame to have avoided it.

A POSTSCRIPT TO PRAYER.—A characteristic anecdote of a colored preacher is stated to have had its origin in a meeting house for colored worshippers, in the village of Whitestown, N. Y.:

The colored minister was closing up his prayer, when some white boys in the corner had the ill manners to laugh, so that the sable suppliant heard them. He had said but a moment before, and very earnestly "We pray dat de Lord will bresh all flesh dat is human," when the laugh occurred; and commencing again, just before the "Amen," the pious old man said: "O Lord we are not in de habit ob adding posescrips to our prayers, but if the 'spression, 'Bress all dat is human' won't take in dese wicked white-fellers, den we pray dat de Lord will bress some dat ain't human, also besides."

Cradle Song.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

Hither, sleep! a mother wants thee!
Come with velvet arms,
Hold the baby that she grants thee
To thy own soft charms.

Bear him into Dreamland lightly!
Give him sight of flowers;
Do not bring him back till brightly
Break the morning hours!

Close his eyes with gentle fingers,
Cross his hands of snow!
Tell the angels where he lingers
They must whisper low.

Bonnie Kitty.

When the sunlight kissed the mountain,
Bonnie Kittie came to bring
Silver water from the fountain,
Where the water-cresses spring.
Shrinking from my love's caresses,
Loose her raven ringlets drooped,
And the streamlet caught her tresses,
As she blushed but smiling stooped—

"Kitty!" cried I, "hear thy lover!"
But the laughing maiden fled
To the cottage, through the clover
With its nodding blossoms red—
"Wanton Willie, cease to tarry,"
Said she, as her black eye smiled,
"Bonnie Kitty may not marry,
Mother needs her darling child."

Kitty's eyes are drowned in sorrow,
From her cheek the rose has fled;
For that mother, on the morrow,
In the valley found a bed!
Round her green couch friends are weeping,
Oh, 'twas sad to see them part!
Through the hand that I am keeping
I can feel her beating heart!

Like the night that leaves the mountain,
When the gloom is turned to gold,
Once again beside the fountain
Bonnie Kittie I enfold.
There I spoke my love's beguiling,
But she answered not my strain;
But upon my breast wept, smiling—
Like the roses after rain!

The Child and the Mourners.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted merrily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day.
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart, too great to speak,
Her husband died but yester morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child,
That looked to Heaven, and singing smiled,
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she, but few sad days before,
Had lost the little babe she bore,
And grief was heavy at her soul,
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the Past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spoke of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed.
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the Destroyer smote her low,
And changed lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the live-long day,
Chanted to itself in play—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved,
The mother's grief, though unreprieved,
Softened as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung,
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over in his heart.

And though the child—if child it were—
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears,
And oft in midst of grief and tears,
The strain recurred when sorrow grew,
To warm them and console them too,
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all!"

Mr. Malthus.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN.

I was at Vienna a few days ago. After trying several *tables d'hôte*, I established myself at a hotel in Judenstrasse, frequented by a select society. Mr. Muller, master of this establishment, did its honors with thorough German gravity. Perfect order, extreme and conscientious cleanliness, reigned throughout the house.

In the conversation at this *table d'hôte*, there prevailed a tone of good society which excluded neither ease nor pleasantry; but a caustic or indelicate expression would have jarred on the ear like a false note in a well executed concert. The countenance of Mrs. Muller, in which dignity was blended with benevolence, was the barometer by which the young men regulated themselves when the influence of the Rhine wine and Stettin beer might lead them a little too far. Then Mrs. Muller resumed an air of reserve; by a few words she adroitly broke off the conversation, and turned it into another channel; and she glanced gravely at her daughter, who without affectation or pouting kept her eyes fixed on her plate until the end of the meal.

Ellen Muller was the type of those beautiful German faces which the French call cold, because they know not how to read them; she was a happy mixture of the Saxon and Hanover characters. A pure and open brow, eyes of expressive softness, lips habitually closed with maidenly reserve, a transparent complexion, whose charming blushes each moment protested against the immobility of her bearing, auburn hair, whose rich and silken curls admirably harmonized with the serenity of her features, a graceful and flexible form just expanding into womanhood—such was Ellen Muller.

A councillor of the Court, Hofrath Baron von Noth, who had resigned his functions in consequence of an injustice that had been done him, several students whose parents had recommended to the vigilance of Mr. Muller, and a few mercenary composed the majority of the habitual guests. The party was frequently increased by travellers, literary men and artists. After dinner, philosophy, politics, or literature, were the usual topics of conversation, in which Mr. Muller, a man of extensive acquirements and great good sense, with a choice of expressions and an elevation of views that would have astonished me in a man of his station in any country but Germany.

Sometimes Ellen would sit down to the piano, sing some of those simple and beautiful melodies, in which the tenderness, the gravity, and the piety of the German national character seem to mingle.

I was not long in perceiving that Baron von Noth and a young student named Werter were particularly sensible to Ellen's charms and merit. In the baron, a middle-aged man, there was a mixture of dignity and eagerness, which betrayed an almost constant struggle between pride and the energy of a strong passion. It is between the ages of thirty and forty that the passions have the most empire over us. At that period of life, the character is completely formed, and as we well know what we desire, so do we strive to attain our end with the energy of a perfect organization.

Werter was little more than nineteen years old. He was tall, fair and melancholy. I am persuaded that love had revealed itself to the young student by the intermediation of the musical sense. I had more than once watched him when Ellen sang. A sort of fervor agitated him. He isolated himself in a corner of the room, and here, in mute ecstasy, the poor boy inhaled the poison of love.

An attentive observer of all that passed, I did my utmost to read Ellen's heart and to decide as to the future chances, of the baron's or the student's love. She was passionately fond of narratives of adventure, and thanks to the wandering life I had led, I was able to gratify this taste. I noticed that traits of generosity and noble devotion produced an extraordinary effect upon her. Her eyes sparkled as through time and space, at the hero of a noble action, then tears moistened her beautiful lashes, as reflection called her to the realities of life. I understood that neither the baron nor Werter was the man to win her heart, they were neither of them equal to her.

One night, that we were assembled in the drawing room, one of the habitual visitors to the house presented to us a gentleman who had just arrived from Lemburg and whom business was to detain for some months at Vienna. In a few words, Mr. Muller made the stranger acquainted with the rules and customs of the house. He re-

plied by monosyllables, as if he disdained to expend more words and intelligence upon details so entirely material.

Mr. Malthus—that was the name—had a decided limp in his gait; he was a man of the middle height, and of decent bearing; his hair was neglected; but a phrenologist would have read a world of things in the magnificent development of his forehead.

He had one of those penetrating sonorous voices whose tones seem to reach the very soul, and which impart to words inflexions not less varied than the forms of thought. He summed up the discussion logically and lucidly; but it was easy to see that, out of consideration for his interlocutors, he abstained from putting forth his whole strength.

The conversation was intentionally led to religious prejudices; at the first word spoken on this subject, his countenance assumed sublime expression. He rose at once to the most elevated considerations; it was easy to see that his imagination found itself in a familiar sphere. He wound up with so pathetic and powerful a peroration, that Ellen yielding to a sympathetic impulse, made an abrupt movement towards him, their two souls had met, and were destined mutually to complete each other.

Some celebrated authors were spoken of, he remained silent, Baron von Noth leant over towards me and said, in a low voice,

"It seems that our new acquaintance is not literary."

"I should be surprised at that," I replied; and what is more, I would lay a wager that he is musical." The baron drew back with a moment of vexation, and, as if to test my sagacity, he asked Ellen to sing something. The amiable girl begged him to excuse her; but without putting forward any of those small pretences which most young ladies would have invented on the instant. Her mother's authority was needed to vanish her instinctive resistance. Her prelude testified to some unwonted agitation; its first notes roused the Jew from his reverie; soon she recovered herself, and her visible emotion did but add a fresh charm to the habitual expression of her singing.

Suddenly she stopped short declaring that her memory failed her.

Then, to our great astonishment, a rich and harmonious voice was heard, and Ellen continued, accompanied by the finest tenor I ever listened to in my life.

The baron bit his lips; Werter was pale with surprise. The warmest applause followed the conclusion of the beautiful duet.

Malthus had risen from his chair and seemed entirely under the spell of harmony. He gave some advice to Ellen, who listened to him with avidity; he even made her repeat a passage which she afterwards sang with admirable expression. He took her hand, almost with enthusiasm, and exclaimed, "I thank you!"

He led the regular life of a man who knows the value of time. He worked until noon, paid or received few visits, went upon "Change about two o'clock, then shut himself up in his apartment, and was visible to nobody, and at precisely four o'clock, entered Mr. Muller's room, where Ellen awaited him at the piano.

I had more than once felt tempted to ask Malthus the history of his lameness; but he eluded with much care every approach to the subject, that I deemed myself obliged to respect his secret.

One night that the family party were assembled, Werter approached Mr. Muller, with a suppliant air, and delivered to him a letter from his father. The poor young man's agitation made me suspect that the letter contained a proposal. Mr. Muller read it with attention and handed it to his wife, who rapidly glanced over it and cast a scrutinizing glance at her daughter to make sure whether or she was forewarned of this step. A mother's pride is always flattered under such circumstances, and the first impulse is generally favorable to the man who has singled out the object of her dearest affections; but the second thought is one of prudence; a separation, the many risks of the future, soon check the instinctive satisfaction of the material heart, and a thousand motives concur to arrest the desired consent.

"It were well," she said, "first to hear what Ellen thinks."

The words were like a ray of light to the poor girl, whose countenance expressed the utmost surprise.

"Besides, he is very young," added Mrs. Muller, loud enough for the baron to hear.

Werter's position was painful; he stammered a few words, became embarrassed, and abruptly left the room.

"A mere child," quoth the baron, "who should be sent back to his books."

Malthus, who had observed all that passed, rested his two hands on his stick, like a man disposed to argue the point, and warmly defended the student.

"It cannot be denied," he said in conclusion, "that the young man's choice pleads in his favor; and his embarrassment, which at that age is not unbecoming, proves in my opinion, that, whilst aspiring to so great a happiness, he has sufficient modesty to admit himself unworthy of it."

"If a declaration were a sufficient proof of merit," interrupted the councillor, "I know one man who would not hesitate"—

"And who is that!" inquired Mrs. Muller, with ill-concealed curiosity.

"Myself, madam," replied the councillor—"Baron von Noth."

By the way in which this was spoken, the dissyllable "myself" appeared lengthened by all the importance of the personage.

"At my age men do not change," continued the baron; and the present is a guarantee for the future."

Ellen was really to be pitied. When Malthus took Werter's part, I saw that she was on the point of fainting. Her countenance, naturally so gentle, was overshadowed by an expression of vexation and displeasure. She had taken the benevolent defence as a mark of indifference. Whilst still under the influence of this painful impression, the baron's declaration came to add to her agitation; she cast a reproachful glance at Malthus, sank back in her chair and swooned away. He sprang forward, took her in arms, laid her on a sofa, and knelt down beside her.

"You have not understood me, then?" he exclaimed.

Ellen opened her eyes, and beheld at her feet the man whom her heart had selected, and absorbed in her passions, unconscious of the presence of those who stood around, she murmured, in a feeble voice,

"Yours! Yours alone!—ever yours!"

"Sir," said Malthus to Mr. Muller, "my proposals come rather late; but I hope you will be so good as to take them into consideration."

In his manner there was the dignity of a man in a position to dictate conditions. Ellen had recovered herself. As to Mr. Muller, there had not been time for his habitual phlegm to become disturbed; but his wife could not restrain a smile at his dramatic complication whose denouement remained in suspense.

"Mr. Y." said she to me, somewhat maliciously, "do you not feel the effect of the example?"

"Perhaps I might have been unable to resist I replied, "had not Mr. Malthus declared himself before me."

Ellen blushed, and he pressed my hand. Just then Werter re-entered the room, pale and downcast, like a man who comes to hear sentence passed upon him. This was profound silence which lasted several minutes, or at least seemed to me to do so. At last Mr. Muller broke it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am much flattered by the honor you have done me"—

He paused and seemed to be recalling past events to his mind. During this short silence, Werter gazed at us in turn, with an air of astonishment, and I doubted not that he included me in the number of rivals.

"I have something to tell you," continued Mr. Muller, "which will perhaps modify your present intentions. About ten years ago I had to visit Berlin, where my father and mother just died. The winding up of his affairs proved complicated and troublesome, and I was obliged to place my interest in the hands of a lawyer who had been recommended to me as extremely skillful. The business at last settled, I found myself entitled to about forty thousand florins, which I proposed to embark in trade. I was happily married, and Ellen was seven years old. Our little fortune had been greatly impaired by a succession of losses, for which this inheritance would compensate.

One day I went to my lawyer's to receive the money. He had disappeared, taking it with him. Despair took possession of me; I dared not impart the fatal news to my wife, and I confess with shame, I determined to commit suicide. All that day I rambled about the country, and at nightfall I approached the banks of the Spree. Climbing upon the parapet of a high bridge, I gazed with gloomy delight into the dark waters that rolled beneath. On my knees, upon the cold stone, I offered up a short but fervent prayer to Him who wounds and heals; I commended my wife and daughter to his mercy, and precipitated myself from the bridge. I was struggling instinctively against death, when I felt myself seized by a vigorous arm. A man swam near me, and drew me towards the shore,

SYBELLE.

SYBELLE AND OTHER POEMS. By — 12mo. pp. 192
Carleton (late Rudd & Carleton.)

The modest dedication of this volume to Mr. Longfellow, couched in language of equal gracefulness and vigor, creates a presumption in favor of the character of its contents. Nor will the lover of sweet and tender poetry be disappointed in its perusal. If not remarkable for the depth of reflective power, which has become a characteristic of so many modern poets of eminent name, it exhibits a truly genial imagination, a warm sympathy with the emotions that impart the brightest coloring to life, and the gift of expressing them with admirable dramatic effect. The author, though doubtless conversant with the best models of the art, especially among the living, is no imitator. Almost every poem presents an original development of character, with fresh and impressive illustrations which have been derived not from study, but from spontaneous insight. The descriptions of nature are singularly faithful and lifelike, bearing the stamp of Western luxuriance and freedom, and reproducing the bounty of the teeming prairies. Few recent poems are so unmistakably genuine in this respect, so truly fragrant of the forest and the wildwood. Nor is the volume less remarkable for its cheerful and healthy tone of sentiment. It breathes throughout the pure inspiration of the open air. No repulsive energy is sought from the wailings of pent-up sorrow. The unknown writer has certainly never tasted poison from the fountains of Byronic misanthropy. The earth is clad with verdure and flowers, perennially rejoicing in the smile of Heaven, or if yielding to the chill touch of Winter, it is only to prepare for another outburst of vernal bloom. The vein of sentiment which inspires the volume finds harmonious expression in the versification. This is, for the most part, sweet as the song of earliest birds, flowing with the natural grace and beauty of a sparkling stream.

The principal poem, which gives its name to the volume, is the history of a human heart, gaining strength from the indulgence of tenderness, and learning lessons of self-control from the sincerity of passion. The heroine is introduced in a pleasing picture:

Sybello, with face as fair and calm
As this sweet hour of bloom and balm,
But form as still, and seeming cold,
As though she were not mortal mold,
Waits by the river's side to-night:
Around her falls the golden light;
Now on the green turf where she stands,
Now on her closely folded hands
The glory rests; unconscious still,
The slight form gives no answering thrill,
Though upward blushing from her lips
The shade that marks the day's eclipse,
Goes deepening, warming in its hue,
Above her cheeks, her eyes of blue,
Above her forehead calm and fair,
Till like a halo round her hair
It flushes, pales, then fades in air.

What wondrous spell, what wizard glance
Has bound her in that dreamy trance?
'Tis not indifference, not surprise,
That fixes thus her steady eyes
With that strange look of vacancy,
That seeing all seems naught to see.
All sights and sounds of beauty here,
That meet her eye or charm her ear,
Have to each sense familiar grown
As though her life were nature's own,
And she a leaf, a flower, a bird,
By all their sweet emotions stirred, [sung,
Bloomed when they bloomed, sung when they
Or in enchanted silence hung,
While Summer sunlight round her played,
And Summer winds their music made.
These are the haunts, where when a child,
She found such inspiration wild
In all surrounding sympathies,
The changeful stream, the murmuring trees,
The blossoms on the hillside dying,
Or tempests through the dark sky flying,
As wakened in her youthful breast
Ambition's dreams, its strange unrest.
Vague dreams they were, for that young face,
That form so full of girlish grace,
The pure soul looking wistful through
Those deep and tender eyes of blue,
Knew naught of fame save that the word
On many a careless tongue was heard;
And naught of life, unless it meant
Some change of outward element,
Such as the varying seasons made

When round her childish years they play,
When Winter melting into Spring
Would to her path fresh roses bring,
And Summer's deepening blooms bestow
On cheek and lip a warmer glow,
Or Autumn softly shadow down
Their brown leaves on her tresses brown,
Beloved and loving, her young years
Scarce found a place for grief or tears.
Yet, was the soul within content
That thus the Summers came and went,
And found and left her like the flowers
That blossomed in her wildwood bowers,
Only a rose, or if a bird,
Still one whose songs were all unheard?

Her natural vocation to poetry is encouraged by the counsels of one who would lead her to seek solace for disappointed affection in devotion to art.

"You sigh for fame. O forest child,
Though o'er your birth the muses smiled,
Though step by step in childhood's hours
They led you through enchanted bowers,
Though round your maiden brow were wreathed
Their crowns, and on your lips were breathed
Their inspirations pure and high,
All these are still but prophecy,
Not deeds, that give you right to claim
That proud reward the world calls fame.
Ah, little cares that world to know
What time your wildwood roses blow;
How dimpling flows your forest stream,
Or how in twilight bowers you dream,
Tranced by the blended harmonies
Of Summer leaves and sunset skies.
It would have thoughts born of the strife,
The conflicts of your hidden life,
Great truths from nature, and, as meet
From woman's hand, unwoven sweet
With tender human sympathies—
Love, grief, and joy; such themes as these
Reach its great heart, if from your own
Springs the key note, the moving tone,
The spark magnetic that alone
Touches all natures, and can thrill
The world obedient to one will.
O never poet's subtlest art

Could weave you laurels from the air;
Go down into your woman's heart,
And find your own crown jewels there!
Turn from the flowery, dim ideal,
And live and sing the present real.
Your own still life upon you falls—
Look out beyond your garden walls;
No close horizon's bound is there,
Nor low-drooped skies nor stagnant air.
The West! to me the very name
Sends blood new bounding through the frame.
In wilds like these, if e'er on earth,
Might giants claim immortal birth.
True life is here, and brave and strong,
Is working out a nation's song,
As foot by foot it makes the lines
From tropic plains to arctic pines,
And stanza after stanza sweeps
From prairie bounds to mountain steep,
The golden chorus rises o'er
The broad, fair land to shore.
Thought grows not tame in life like this.
Nor were those years of nothingness
That round your young, pure being threw
Their bloom and shone, and sweet life dew;
Their springtime sunlights soft and dear,
Their Autumn shadows chill and drear,
The splendors of their Summer bloom,
Their Winter nights of storm and gloom,
All were to you as suns, and showers,
And winds, and dews are to your flowers;
All molding you as they are molded,
When in the silent seed enfolded,
In perfect form embalmed they lie,
A slow unfolding mystery.
Nor breath of wind, nor fall of rain,
Nor dews nor sunlit skies were vain."

The sequel, which records the triumph of ambition over the aspirations of love, must be found by our readers in the poem itself.—Of the smaller pieces, which possess various degrees of merit, the following is a good specimen of the hopeful and cheery spirit of the volume:

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Away with thoughts of pall and bier,
And cypress bough and funeral tear,
And wailings for the dying year.
Our household fires shall burn to-night
With warmer glow, while children bright
Dance round us in the rosy light.

Life was not given for tears and groans,
The god-like gift of speech for moans,
Or faces made for churchyard stones.
Hang the green holly on your walls,
And let the children's laughing calls
Re-echo through the lighted halls.

Those who have killed the year may weep,
And low in dust and ashes creep,
With wild laments and anguish deep;
But we who loved him best while here,
Can bid him go with festal cheer,
And lights and garlands round his bier.

He came to us a helpless child,
Amid the snows of Winter wild—
Our hearths with blazing logs we piled,
We gave him shelter from the storm,
And closely wrapped his shivering form,
In softest wools and ermine warm.

We fed him from our garden store—
The richest fruits our orchards bore
And nuts from many a foreign shore.
Our corn and wine his strength supplied,
Till, grown to boyhood by our side,
We gloried in his youthful pride.

We gave him flocks and fertile lands,
We bowed our heads to his commands,
And tilled his fields with willing hands;
When lo, to crown his manhood's morn,
The ripening wheat, and tasseled corn,
Were of our loving labor born.

Through all the Summer's noontide heat,
We toiled amid the clover sweet,
And piled its fragrance at his feet.
We reaped his fields of waving grain,
Then plowed o'er all the vale and plain,
And sowed the hopeful seed again,

And when the Autumn's withered leaves
Fell rustling round our household eaves,
We gathered in his golden sheaves,
We bound his furrowed brow with maize,
And honored his declining days
With jubilees of grateful praise.

His work is done; his Harvest-home
Is gathered where no blight can come,
And his sealed lips are sweetly dumb
From the full perfectness of bliss,
The rapture trance that ever is
Just where the Heavenly life meets this.

We want for him no death bells slow,
No sable plumes and hearse of woe,
With mourners wailing as they go.
But bring, in place of tolling knells,
The music of your merry bells,
And cheerful songs for sad farewells.

Hang the green holly on the walls,
Let social mirth and music cells
Ring through your festal lighted halls.
Life from the Old Year's death is born,
Let bright'ning hopes with smiles adorn
The breaking of the New Year's Morn!

One or two of the minor poems attempt the humorous vein, but, without challenging decided condemnation, they can scarcely be regarded as eminent successes in that line.

THE KEY-STONE.—Christ is the *Key-stone* of that arch of spiritual knowledge, a copy of which we have in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. Remove him from the system and the whole falls to pieces. Give him that place in it which he claimed for himself, and then each part has a special relation to him, derives its significance from him, and helps to constitute a symmetrical whole of which he is the centre. "I am the way, the truth and the life—no man cometh unto the Father but by me." This is the position in the economy of spiritual life and government which, on his own representation, he assumes to fill; and all that he said and did must be judged of in its relation to that position. Christ's life is to us the medium through which God has morally displayed himself to our religious nature. In the firmament of divine revelation, Christ is the sun, and toward him all things pertaining to the system gravitate.—[Edward Miall.

Slavery embraced "Nothingism," intending and expecting to make it auxiliary to that peculiar Institution. And so far as the "Silver Gray" leaders in this State were concerned, they "reasoned well." FILLMORE and his Buffalo mercenaries are among the most abject Dough-faces. The "Hindoo" faction of the City of New-York follow of course.

But MASSACHUSETTS, though bewildered by this new political heresy, remains true to the teachings of her Fathers in relation to Slavery. Senator WILSON, in this great crisis, was as bold and faithful as OTIS, ADAMS and HANCOCK proved in other trials. And his courage, backed by kindred spirits from other Free States, has saved the Republic from the double disgrace of falling into the hands of Intolerance and Slavery.

An Old Story.

Once upon a time, a maiden
Sat beneath a hawthorn tree,
And her lover, close beside her,
Murmured vows of constancy.
Fairer, sweeter, than the blossom
Hanging over her, was she;
And her heart within her bosom
Throbb'd and glow'd tumultuously.

Both were young, and fond, and foolish,
Neither rich, the story goes,
Ma was proud and Pa was mulish,
Great their love and great their woes.
So they kiss'd, and wept, and parted,
Swearing ever to be true,
Died the maiden broken hearted?
Was the lover faithful too?

Pshaw! she wed a wealthy banker,
(Slander whisper'd she was sold,
And no city dames outrank her,
With her pockets full of gold;
Queen at every ball and party,
Docked with lace and jewels rare,
Looking very fresh and hearty
Reigns this victim of despair.

Ho—confound the little fellow—
Took a widow, twice his years,
Fat and forty, ripe and mellow,
With a brace of little dears;
Big plantation, servants plenty,
Splendid mansion, pomp and ease,
Cured the boyish love of twenty,
That incurable disease!

Learn from this—ye doting lovers—
In your anguish, not to break
Anything of greater value
Than the promises you make.
Breasts were made to put in motion,
Blood that otherwise would cool;
Pleasure, profit, and promotion,
Graduate at Cupid's school.

What Pair of Andirons Cost.

[The following story is an old one, and may be familiar to many of our readers, but it ought to be read at least once a year.]

"Peter," said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and laying it on the corner of the shelf, and then fixing his eyes on the andirons, "Peter, those andirons cost me one thousand dollars!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed my aunt.

"Oh, father?" cried the girls.

"Impossible!" said I.

"True, every word true. One thousand did I say?—yes—two thousand—full two thousand dollars."

"Well, well," said my aunt folding up her knitting for the night, "I should like to know what you are talking about?"

My uncle bent forward, and planting his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he began:

"Well, you see, a good many years ago we had a pair of common old andirons. Your cousin Letty says one day, 'Father, don't you think these old andirons are getting too shabby?' Shabby or not, I thought they would hold the wood up as nicely as if they were made of gold. Soon after that, Peter," continued my uncle, "your aunt took it up."

"There it goes," interrupted my aunt, "you can't get along without dragging me in."

"Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said, 'our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and they were no better off than we were. And she said Letty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the old stungy looking andirons might hurt their market.' I knew that women will have their own way, and there is no use in objecting, and so I got the andirons. The price of them was four dollars and a half—"

"Ah, that's more like it," cried my aunt; "I thought you said two thousand dollars?"

"My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Four and a half. Well the first night after we got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andirons, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home, your aunt and cousins all beset me at once to have a marble slab, and they put their heads together.

"La, me!" exclaimed my aunt, "there was no putting heads together about it. The hearth was a real old worn out thing, not fit for a pig pen."

"They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till we got a marble hearth which cost me twenty dollars—yes, twenty dollars at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I was wrong. Soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out about the brick work around the fire place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood out a moment or

two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have a marble one. The cost of all this was nearly one hundred dollars. And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start there was no stopping. The new marble mantel put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted, of course, and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared to be quite satisfied, and when it was done, they had no idea the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace—"

"Now, my dear!" said the old lady, with a pleasing smile, accompanied with a partial rotation of the head—

"Now, father!" exclaimed the girls—

"Till I got a new carpet. That, again shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, count up, my lad—twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred and thirty for the mantel piece and repairs. What does that make?"

"One hundred and fifty, uncle."

"Well, fifty for paper and paint?"

"Two hundred."

"Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred at least for furniture—"

"Three hundred and fifty."

"Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the blinds—fifty more—"

"Four hundred, exactly."

My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

"Now," continued my uncle, "so much for this one room. No sooner was the room finished than the complaints came from all quarters about the dining room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at discretion, and handed in my submission. The dining room cost two hundred more. What does that count, Peter?"

"Eight hundred, uncle."

"Then the chambers—at least four hundred to make them chime with the down stairs."

"Twelve hundred."

"The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that."

"Fourteen hundred."

"Then there must be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred."

"Sixteen hundred."

Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to twirl over the leaves of a book.

"A new carriage came next, Peter; that cost two hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred dollars."

"Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties given occasionally—bonnets and dresses at double the former cost, and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the new order of things. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars."

The opposition was silent. My aunt immediately rose and guessed it was bed time. I was left alone with my uncle, who was not inclined to drop the subject. He was a persevering man, and never gave up what he undertook, till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought out his books and accounts and set about making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight before he got through. His conclusion was that the pair of andirons cost him twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars!

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

CHARLES MACKAY.

What might be done if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother—

Would they unite

In love and right,

And cease their scorn for one another?

Oppression's heart may be imbued

With kindling drops of loving kindness;

And knowledge pour,

From shore to shore,

Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs—

All vice and crime might die together;

And air and corn

Be free as warmth in sunny weather.

What might be done? this might be done:

And more than this, my suffering brother—

More than the tongue

Ever said or sung.

If men were wise and loved each other.

INSECT CURIOSITIES.

AMONG the many marvels which are continually before our eyes, there are few more worthy of observation, or which more forcibly illustrate the condescending wisdom and beneficence of the great Maker of all things, than the wonderful instincts, if instincts they are to be called, implanted in the minutest creatures, to enable them to provide for their hourly wants, and to secure the welfare of the progeny, which, in the case of insects, for the most part come into existence after the death of the parent. We demur somewhat at the word "instinct," because, from occasional observation of the doing of these little creatures, and from what we have read of the observations of others, persons of very good authority, we feel inclined to question the appropriateness of the term. It is our object at present to bring together a few of the characteristic performances of the insect race, some of which have passed under our own notice, while for others we are indebted to the writings of a celebrated naturalist, Rymer Jones, from whose second volume on the "Natural History of Animals," we shall make a few abbreviated selections. We shall confine our instances to the facts which we have personally observed, and to others already recorded, but not generally known.

The most casual observer must have remarked at times, in field or garden, upon the leaf of an oak, or some fruit-bearing tree, a brownish patch of a downy texture, looking not very unlike a mole on the human skin. Did he ever imagine that this was a moth's nest? "Several kinds of moths," says Rymer Jones, "construct very beautiful and curious nests, impervious to wet, and entirely composed of hair stripped from their own bodies. With this material, which they tear off by means of their pincer-like ovipositor, they first form a soft couch on the surface of some leaf; they then place upon it, successively, layers of eggs, and surround them with a similar downy coating; afterwards, when the whole number is deposited, they cover the surface with a roof of hairs, the disposition of which cannot be too much admired: those used for the interior of the nest are scattered without order, but those that are placed externally are arranged with as much art and skill as the thatch of a cottage, and as effectually keep out water; one layer of these hairs partially overlaps another, and, all having the same direction, the whole resembles a well-brushed piece of shaggy cloth or fur. When the mother has finished this labour, which often occupies her for twenty-four hours, and sometimes for even twice that period, her body, which before was extremely hairy, is rendered almost wholly naked; she has stripped herself to clothe her offspring, and having performed this last duty of her life, she dies."

Many have seen the chrysalis of the butterfly hanging by its tail to a leaf of the hawthorn or a rose-bush, without perhaps considering how the caterpillar accomplished the business of suspending himself by the tail by means of silk spun from his mouth, while encased in a skin which must be cast off before the process is finished. Let us see how he sets about it. "When the caterpillar has selected an object to which it proposes suspending itself, the first process is to spin upon it a little hillock of silk, consisting of loosely interwoven threads; it then bends its body so as to insinuate the anal pair of prolegs amongst these threads in which the little crotchets which surround them become so strongly entangled as to support its weight with ease. It now hangs perpendicularly from its silken support, with its head downwards. In this position it often remains for twenty-four hours, at intervals alternately contracting and dilating itself. At length the skin is seen to split on the back, near the head, and a portion of the pupa appears, which, by repeated swellings, acts like a wedge, and rapidly extends the slit towards the tail. By the continuance of these alternate contractions and dilations of the conical pupa, the skin of the caterpillar is at last collected in folds near the tail, like a stocking which we roll upon the ankle before withdrawing it from the foot. But now comes the important operation. The pupa being much shorter than the caterpillar, is yet at some distance from the silken hillock upon which it is to be fastened; it is supported merely by the unsplit terminal portion of the latter's skin. How shall it disengage itself from this remnant of its case, and be suspended in the air while it climbs up to its place! Without arms or legs to support itself, the anxious spectator expects to see it fall to the earth. His fears, however, are vain; the supple segments of the pupa's abdomen serve in the place of arms. Between two of these, as with a pair of pincers, it seizes on a portion of the skin, and bending its body once more, entirely extricates its tail from it. It is now wholly out of the skin, against one side of which it is supported, but yet at some distance from the leaf. The next step is to climb up to the required height. For this purpose it repeats the same ingenious manœuvre; making its cast off skin serve as a sort of ladder, it successively, with different segments, seizes a higher and a higher portion.

until in the end it reaches the summit, where, with its tail, it feels for the silken threads which are to support it. But how can the tail be fastened to them? This difficulty has been provided against by Creative Wisdom. The tail of the pupa is furnished with numerous little hooks pointing in different directions, and some of these hooks are sure to fasten themselves upon the silk the moment the tail is thrust amongst it. Its labours are now nearly completed; but one more exertion remains: it seems to have as great an antipathy to its cast-off skin as one of us would when newly clothed, after a long imprisonment, to the filthy prison-garments we had put off. It will not suffer this memento of its former state to remain near it, and it is therefore no sooner suspended in security than it endeavours to make it fall. For this end, it seizes with its tail the threads to which the skin is fastened, and then very rapidly whirls itself round, often not fewer than

twenty times. By this manœuvre it generally succeeds in breaking them, and the skin falls down. Sometimes, however, the first attempt fails; in that case, after a moment's rest, it makes a second, twirling itself in an opposite direction; and this is rarely unsuccessful. Yet now and then it is forced to repeat its whirling not less than four or five times; and Réaumur has seen instances where the feet of the skin were so firmly hooked that, after many fruitless efforts, the pupa, as if in despair, gave up the task, and suffered it to remain. After these exertions, it hangs the remainder of its existence in this state, until the butterfly is disclosed."

Some larvæ, in an equally ingenious manner, suspend themselves horizontally, by means of a girth of silk wound many times round their bodies. Others, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, roll up a portion of a leaf of a plant in the form of a cylinder, in the interior of which they spin their cocoons, and pass their pupa condition. The work is managed thus: the little labourer first begins by spinning silken threads, which it fastens to the edge of the leaf by one end, whilst the other is attached to a distant part of the leaf's surface; she then pulls at these cables, one after another, with her feet, so as at each effort to bend the edge of the leaf a little inwards, in which position she fastens it by means of additional threads. This operation is repeated again and again; and as the ropes are thus progressively shortened, the leaf becomes gradually folded more and more, until at length it is bent into a roll, and securely tied in that position by innumerable silken filaments of sufficient strength to resist the resiliency of the material employed.

The above instances of ingenuity, which, were it necessary, we might multiply a hundredfold, show the insect providing for its self-preservation, or for the preservation of its offspring. Let us glance as briefly at the singular measures which some of them adopt, and the management they display in procuring food. The ant-lion, which in its perfect state closely resembles the dragon-fly, is in its larvæ condition more like a spider in the shape of its body; it has a small head, a very movable neck, and jaws like a strong pair of callipers, toothed along their inner margin. This creature will feed only on such game as he catches himself; nevertheless, he is unable to hunt even the slowest-paced insects, for not only are his movements excessively tardy, but from the construction of his legs, he is only able to move backwards. But as he cannot go in quest of his prey, it must come to him—so he employs a stratagem, by the effect of which the game positively falls into his jaws. Selecting a sandy soil, and choosing a situation beneath the shelter of some wall or tree, so as to be protected as much as possible from rain, the ant-lion proceeds to excavate a pit, which he accomplishes by throwing out the sand with his long jaws, walking backwards round and round until a deep conical excavation is formed in the loose sand, at the bottom of which he buries himself, remaining quietly concealed, with the exception of his jaws, which are kept half open and ready for action. No sooner does a thoughtless insect approach the fatal pitfall, than the loose sides giving way beneath its feet, the unfortunate traveller is precipitated to the bottom of the ant-lion's den, and falls at once into the jaws of its destroyer. The insect sometimes perceives the danger, and tries to lay hold of the grains of sand at the border of the dreadful gulf: some yield beneath its feet, and it sinks lower and lower still; at last, with desperate efforts, it succeeds in getting hold of some piece of earth more stable than the rest, whereby it holds, or even attempts to regain the top of the dangerous steep; but the bandit has still a resource to enable him to secure his escaping prey; with the top of his flattened head, which he uses as a shovel, he throws up a deluge of sand, which, falling in showers upon the miserable victim, already exhausted with its futile efforts, soon brings it to the bottom, there to become an easy prey to the ruthless savage.

It is interesting and amusing at times to watch the motions of a working bee in its busy pursuit after the two things which constitute its treasures, the pollen and the honey. The visit which it pays to each flower is of short duration, and, according to our experience, it invariably helps itself to pollen first, and to honey, if there be any, which is not always the case, afterwards. Honey, in the proper sense of the word, it does not get at

all from the flowers; but it sucks a sweet fluid, which is afterwards elaborated into honey in its own stomach, and thence regurgitated into the waxen cells of the hive. We may add, moreover, that the bee does not collect the wax, as some suppose; the wax being nothing more than a secretion from its own body, a provision of nature for the exigencies of its architecture. The bee appears to sweep the pollen together, making besoms of its hairy hind-legs, and then in a manner to dredge it into certain small receptacles on the outward surface of its thighs. This is not always a silent process, but is mostly accompanied with a subdued hum, while the performer straddles and fidgets about, sweeping the whole calyx of the flower, by no means in a neat and cleanly fashion, and leaving a portion for the next comer. The sucking process, however—by which it is to be supposed he pumps the sweet fluid which is to become honey, into his stomach—is always one of profound stillness, and it is to be hoped of enjoyment as well. It happens sometimes that the industrious and thirsty gentleman is balked, after having secured the pollen, in his attempts to get at the delicious nectar; but if he is perplexed, it is but for a moment if he cannot get at it one way, he tries another. Look at him engaged with a larkspur in full bloom. There is but little pollen or bee-bread to be got from this flower, and he has soon done with the open blossom; but the larkspur wears a long and slightly curling horn in the rear, which sticks out like an old gentleman's pigtail in a picture; and in that, at the very extremity of it, is the fluid which Master Bee is in search of. To reach it at the natural opening is out of the question. The orifice would not admit the smallest pin's head, and the tube is two-thirds of an inch long. What does he do? He quietly crawls round to the end of the tube, and by means of some apparatus with which a kind Providence has furnished him, drills a small hole in the extremity of it, inserts his pumping engine, and drains the vessel dry. We are not aware that this curious circumstance has been remarked before; but we have watched the operation many times in our own garden. Upon plucking the flowers thus rifled, and examining them, we found the holes neatly drilled, the soft fibre of the flower being removed in the operation, the whole being clean, without jagged edges, and not larger than would be made by the puncture of a shirt-maker's needle. Any person who is sceptical as to the object of the bee in this proceeding, may, by biting off the ends of a few of these larkspur tubes, taste very perceptibly the saccharine matter which attracts him. Is this also an instinct?—*Leisure Hour.*

CHEESE MAKING.

PERHAPS some of your city readers would like to know how things go in-doors during hay-making—for every farm has an in-door view, which is equally essential to the prosperity of the farm. The early dawn of the morning finds all hands astir, for there is no time to be lost; if the labor is not done in the cool of the day, why then there is a sorry time of it. There is but little time to listen to the singing of birds, crowing of cocks, or the humming of bees; no, you must slip on your clothes and hasten right quick to the milk-room, else in these warm, sultry mornings you will find the milk sour in the bottom of the pans. Well, here you will find long rows of pans filled with milk, ready for the skimmer to separate the cream from the milk—such cream as is one of the luxuries of the farmer's table, whether in coffee, or gravies, or indeed almost any dish on the table. When skimmed it must be warmed to be of the same temperature of new milk, to which it is added when it is ready for the rennet, which is to convert it to curd, and if designed for market a little coloring is added, made of lye and anatto—dirty stuff; we ourselves would not eat a cheese with it in, or make one for our friends; but in it goes. What a nice rich color it gives, but we prefer the cheese as white as the milk from which it is made. While this chemical change from milk to curd is progressing, we will attend to breakfast; for our labors have already been sufficiently arduous as to give us better appetites for the table.

In a short time the curd is ready to be broken up and drained, to separate it from the whey, which being done, it is scalded and salted ready for the press, to be turned in an hour or two.

To-day we have been making one to send to India. We received a letter a few days since from a missionary friend of ours wishing us to send her one of our good cheeses, it would there be such a luxury she says, and when it arrives they will cut it in small bits and put it in a bottle, then it will keep a long time—so to-day we laid the corner-stone in a corner of the hoop, consisting of a handful of curd—in the center we placed a small vial with the inscription, I will not say what; she will know when she reads it. She says "the Board will pay you for the cheese and other expenses," but we reserve that privilege for ourselves.

The cream, too, must have early attention, else the butter will be soft and unpalatable. This ushered into the churn and set in motion, you must by this time have a lunch prepared for the haymakers. Next look a little to the baking, for haymakers love good things to eat these hard-working days, and plenty of it. The bread being mixed, the fruit is soon encased in pastry; the cakes and puddings are soon in waiting; the oven being cleared!—yes, the large brick one, for we have quite discarded the tiny one found in our cook-stove; and now that the last dish is in the oven we can breathe a little more freely, but not long, for the dinner; that must not be a moment behind in these important days of haying—no matter that the dear little baby cry half the time, it were better so than that the dinner should be too late, and then we country people do not have a nurse for every child; if we can get one green girl from the Emerald Isle, it is thought sufficient for twenty or thirty cows, three or four men in the hayfield and half-a-dozen children; one, too, that is as likely to hang clothes on a walking horse as on a horse-frame. The dinner through—what next ma'am? Are there not some seventy or eighty cheeses to be turned and buttered, some butter to be packed for market, and if you are likely to get out of employment, Bridget, you can do the ironing that has for a day or two been patiently waiting its chance. The late rains, too, have brought forward a luxuriant growth of weeds in the flower-garden as well as among the vegetables. But hold yourself in readiness, Bridget, so that should a shower chance to rise you can take the rake, for although you may be of actual service in the hayfield, my father thinks ladies that have such delicate hands might be about as useful in holding their aprons over the hay during a shower as playing with the rake. The labor of the day being nearly completed, and your toilet a little looked too, company is announced, friends from the city, thinking it a nice time to spend a few days in the country, where they can enjoy the fine air and delightful scenery; an extra tea must be prepared for them, for haymakers do not like fancy things, they only look to the substantial. "As one swallow does not make a summer," so this day's work is but one of the many tedious ones that go to make the complement of every year's haying.

OPHELLA.

WOMAN.—Here are some beautiful lines from the pen of William Leggett:—

No star in yonder sky that shines,
Can light like woman's eye impart;
The earth holds not in all its mines
A gem so rich as woman's heart;
Her voice is like the music sweet
Poured out from airy harp alone;
Like that, when storms more loudly beat,
It yields a clearer, richer tone.
And woman's love's a holy light,
That brighter, brighter burns, for aye;
Years cannot dim its radiance bright,
Nor even falsehood quench its ray;
But, like the star of Bethlehem,
Of old to Israel's shepherds given,
It marshals with its steady flame
The erring soul of man to heaven.

PATTY.

EARLY one morning, Margaret and Patty, two little sisters, went out into the field near the house, to gather strawberries. They liked very much to do this. It was so pleasant to dance along, breathing the fresh, cool morning air, before the sun had risen high enough to drink up the little sparkling dew-drops. The grass was greener than and the sky bluer, and the flowers gayer than at any other time. The lambs frolicked so wildly, the birds sang so sweetly, the bees hummed so merrily; and just as wild as the lamb, just as happy as the birds, just as busy as the bees were the little girls. Then the great round strawberries looked so tempting, peeping out from the leaves, though Patty said she would rather see them popping up their jolly red faces, half smothered in cream and sugar. Papa thought them much sweeter when his daughters brought them in fresh, in their nicely-made leaf baskets, than when the gardener fetched them in a tin pail.

On this particular morning they were, as usual, in high glee. They skipped about in search of the largest burrs and leaves to make their baskets—now and then darting off after a gay butterfly, and laughing and chatting all the time. When they had found burrs enough, they sat down under the shade of a large tree, and had but just finished their baskets, when Jack came out and said his mamma wanted to see Margaret. As she went away she told Patty not to begin picking till she came back. So Patty stretched herself out on the soft grass, and watched the birds, twittering and hopping in the tree above her, and the white, fleecy clouds chasing each other across the sky. When she had looked and wondered till she was tired, she turned over, and, leaning upon her elbow, saw a little ant-hill close by her. The ants were running hither and thither; up and down, in and out, as fast as possible; not knowing or caring that a little girl was watching them all the time.

Presently Patty began to wonder where Margaret was, and why she did not come; and then she thought she would go and find her. She took up the two baskets and slowly sauntered along to the house. As she came near she saw a carriage standing by the door, and entering the parlor, met her aunt Kitty, cousin Julia, and Margaret, all dressed for a drive. She had hardly kissed her aunt and cousin, when she hurriedly asked Margaret where she was going. Margaret did not reply but glanced inquiringly at her aunt, who said "We are going to take Margaret with us to Charlton to spend the day. We should be glad to take you, too, but there is not room enough in the chaise."

"Yes, there is!" cried Patty, forgetting how rude it was. "I am only a little girl. I won't take up any room. I will sit right down on the bottom of the chaise! O, mamma, mayn't I go?"

"My dear child," replied her mother, "this is very impolite. Your aunt has not invited you."

"Patty shall go next time," said cousin Julia; "and see, there is a book on the table which I brought for you to read; just see what pretty pictures."

"I won't look at the book!" said Patty, throwing it on the floor, "I don't want any pictures! I don't want to go the next time! I want to go now;" and as they went out to enter the carriage, she cried out very loud, "I will go! I say I will go!"

"Patty," said her mother, "go up stairs to your room immediately."

Patty did not dare to disobey, but she screamed all the way up, and when she had entered her room, she shut the door with all her might, making a great noise, and then threw herself on the floor. If you had seen her lying there, crying, screaming, and kicking, you would not have believed it could be the same little girl, who, only a few minutes before, had lain so happily under the shady tree

After a while she grew tired of crying, particularly as there was no one to see or to hear her, and slowly rising, she went straight to the looking-glass; but the little swollen, red face that met her eyes, was not very pleasant to look at. Then she went

to the window. The flowers were just as bright, the grass just as green, the bird-songs just as sweet, but they brought no gladness to poor little Patty's heart. Evil passions had been at work there, trampling down the good. She saw no beauty. She heard no music. She did not feel the south wind that came to her hot forehead over a bed of violets. She only thought how happy her sister was, and felt how miserable she was herself.

Ah! little Patty, if you had only remembered that this was temptation. If you had only known how sad you were making your mother's heart. If when you looked up into the blue sky, you could only have seen the dear Savior's face looking sorrowfully upon you, I am sure you would not have continued to be so naughty. But alas! little Patty saw none of this. As her passion and excitement passed away, she did not become happy-hearted and sunny-faced, but—sullen. Do you know what it is to be sullen, little friends? Did you ever see children go about with sulky, pouting lips, scarcely speaking at all except when spoken to, and then only saying "yes" and "no"? I hope you have never done so yourselves.

This was the way Patty felt; only she did not go down stairs, so there was no one to see her, or be annoyed by her.

After she had stood by the window till she was tired, she began to think what she should do to amuse herself. She did not wish to go down in the parlor and sit with her mother, as she generally was so happy to do. Oh! no. She was unwilling to meet that dear mother's face after having behaved so ill. It would have been much better had she gone at once to her mamma and begged to be forgiven, and promised to do so no more. But she was not ready to do this. She did not yet feel sorry for what she had done. She was still angry with her aunt for having taken Margaret instead of herself.

Patty had been crying so long that her face was very red and hot, so she bathed it in cold water and then went to the looking-glass to comb her hair. The glass being on the top of a bureau, was so high that she could not see herself in it. So she opened the lower drawer a little way, just far enough to stand on it. As she did so, she saw her black silk apron lying in it, folded very neatly, and when she had finished brushing her hair, she took off the gingham apron which she always wore in the morning, and put on the silk one. She knew it was wrong to do this without leave, as her mamma wished this apron to be kept very clean and nice, and only allowed her to wear it when she went abroad or when friends were visiting them—but all this made no difference to her.

Then she opened the upper drawer, where her mamma kept her muslins, ribbons, jewelry, etc., and took out the cambric collars and tried them on, one after another. When she had found one that suited her, she pinned it on with her mamma's cornelian pin, and fastened a very handsome bow with long ends to her apron in front. Then she went to the closet and took out of the band-boxes her best bonnet and gloves, and her mamma's lace veil, silk mantle, and parasol. Arrayed in these, she walked back and forth before the glass, thinking she looked very pretty indeed.

Do you think she was happy? No, indeed. She knew all the time it was wrong; but she was so wicked that she did not care.

As one wrong thing soon leads to another, she began to think how grand it would be to go over to Ellen Howard's and show her fine things. The great trouble was that she was afraid she could not

get out without being seen by her mamma. As she stood at the window wondering whether she would better try it, her mother, with a garden-knife in her hand, went down the path into the garden. She immediately "tip-toed" down stairs, passed round through the back gate into the road and ran as fast as she could, till she came to a turn in the road, which hid her from the view of those at home. Then she walked on leisurely, swinging or opening and shutting her parasol, occasionally untying and taking off her bonnet for the pleasure of putting it on again.

When she reached Ellen's home, Mrs. Howard told her that Ellen had gone out of town, but she invited her to sit down and rest. Patty did so, trying all the while to appear as much like her mother as possible. She asked Mrs. Howard if her children had ever had the whooping cough, and when she heard from her husband in California, and if she had ever read "Marmion," which Patty had happened to hear her papa speak of the day before.

Mrs. Howard could not help smiling to hear her talk, and to see her dressed in such an odd way; and she asked if her mamma knew she had come. Patty was on the very point of saying "yes," but she was not quite wicked enough to tell a lie, and replied, "no, but mamma always likes to have me come to see you."

The question, however, made her feel rather uncomfortable, and in a few moments she took her leave.

When she came within sight of her home, she stopped, looked around very carefully, and then, not seeing any one, hurried on and crept into her chamber as slyly and as quietly as she had crept out of it. She placed the bonnet, mantle, etc., in the closet where they belonged, folded the apron, and put the collar and pin back into the drawer.

Then she remembered the book that her cousin Julia had brought, and felt some curiosity to see it. She put on her gingham apron again, and went down stairs. The book was lying on the table. As there was no one in the room, Patty sat down and began to read. She was soon so much interested in the stories that she quite forgot her ill-humor, and when her mamma came in she began to talk with her about them just as if nothing had happened. Her mother was very gentle and kind; explained everything which she did not understand; told her what the pictures meant, and for half an hour Patty was very happy.

Presently, in reading she came to the word *passion*. "Mamma" said she, "what does passion mean?"

Her mother looked at her very gravely, and said in a low voice, "My dear Patty was in a passion a little while ago, because she could not go out with her aunt."

Then it came into Patty's mind, all at once, how naughty she had been, and her heart was filled with sorrow.

"O, mamma," said she, "I have been so very, very wicked."

"You have, indeed, my dear child," replied her mother.

"But, mamma, you do not know half how naughty I have been," and then laying her head in her mother's lap, with many sobs and tears she told her the whole story.

Her dear mother was greatly surprised and grieved to hear what her little daughter had done, but as she believed that Patty was really sorry, she did not think it necessary to say very much to her; she told her that as a punishment, she must stay in her room alone for the rest of the morning, and have her dinner sent up to her.

Patty wept bitterly, but she felt that it was right, and when her mamma came up to see her after dinner, she threw her arms round her neck, and said she did not believe she should ever be so naughty again.

Family Reading.

THE TRUE BEAUTY.

THE influence of beauty is universal, and an influence to which every one will confess himself susceptible, whether it be the beautiful in nature or in art. But the beauty of the human face is perhaps the most impressive, and yet there are few who think that it depends at all on cultivation. The commonly-received idea is, that one is born good or ill looking, and cannot help himself, which is a very false and injurious notion.

There may be cultivated upon every face an enchanting beauty—an expression which will kindle admiration in every one who looks upon it, which will attract attention and win love far more than any mere physical combination—any perfection of form and coloring.

The physiognomist insists that the character is indelibly stamped upon the face—that what one uniformly thinks and feels, traces itself in unmistakable lines upon the brow and cheek. This I fully believe, though there may be so many variations that it requires long and skillful practice to read correctly what is written.

Aaron Burr is known to every American as a heartless, unprincipled man, but well versed in the knowledge of the world and the workings of the human heart. He had an only daughter, of whom he was very proud, and of whom he was determined to make a noble, high-minded woman. Yes, he said, when she was a child, if he thought she would grow up a fashionable worldling he should prefer to see her in an early grave. He knew well the shoals and quicksands on which women were in danger of being wrecked, and very carefully he guarded his daughter, that the evils he knew so well should not come upon her.

He began in earliest childhood to cultivate and store her mind. He wished her to be an elegant and accomplished woman, but he did not fear that knowledge, however profound or abstruse, would destroy her true womanly qualities, and he knew it would be one of the best safe-guards in the midst of temptation, disappointment, and sorrow. She was familiar with several languages, and was instructed in all the learning of the schools which is usually thought only necessary for boys, while the accomplishments considered exclusively adapted to women were not neglected.

But bad and wholly irreligious and immoral as he was himself, the father was scrupulously careful that his daughter should grow up with very different sentiments. She was not beautiful, was not even handsome, but he told her that beauty was a thing of cultivation; and if at any time she was moody or impatient or irritable, she was counseled to look in the mirror and see the effect it had upon her countenance, and the habitual indulgence of these tempers, she was told, would make any face repulsive. She was not commanded to be cheerful, good-tempered and benevolent, for this would have been sure to increase the evil he was trying to remedy, but a motive was given her that could be almost sure to influence a child and a woman besides setting forth the importance of the virtues, themselves, he was inculcating. It was so thoroughly impressed upon her that kindness, disinterestedness and charity to all, would cause her brow to beam with a spiritual beauty more desirable than any nature alone can confer, that it was a continual suggestion to the cultivation of right feelings, and the restraining of bad ones.

The wicked man, too, understood the necessity of appearing good in the eyes of his child, and so well did he succeed that she honored him as almost super-

human, and loved him with the most earnest affection. When he was absent from her he wrote her every day, and every day expected her to write to him, thus accustoming her to the expression of her thoughts and opinions, keeping himself informed of her progress in her studies and the development of her mind, and creating the strongest chain to bind him to her heart.

Theodosia was the idol and object of unceasing care and attention of the man whose whole life was devoted to schemes of ambition and debasing self-gratification, and it seems strange that he should not have attempted to be, what he was continually attempting to seem in her eyes.

When she became a young lady, she was called handsome, and pronounced by many Europeans the most accomplished American woman of her day. Her manners, as well as the expression of her countenance, were characterized by a dignity and sweetness which won the love as well as admiration of all who saw her.

It may seem a foolish motive to present to a child, the desire to be beautiful, and it might very easily be misconstrued and misapplied. To attempt to cultivate the expression without the qualities of heart on which alone it depends, would be very likely to stamp upon the face a meaningless simper, a hypocritical smile which would be anything but pleasing. Our first impressions of a person are derived from the expression of the face and the manners. We every day hear the expression: "There is a good face," "I like that countenance," or "What pleasing manners," and these are generally very true indications of character. And a face which is repulsive, an external appearance from which we involuntarily shrink, will be almost sure to belong to a character from which we should shrink too.

I see before my eyes an old lady from whom every person turns away—concerning whom it is the universal remark, "how disagreeable." She is one who is ever meddling with the affairs of others, ever repeating or manufacturing some vulgar gossips, and never contented unless her tongue is in motion. I see before my mind's eye another old lady who is even more destitute of natural beauty, and yet on whose face your eyes are involuntarily riveted the moment she speaks—whose manners are so charming, that though she has seen more than seventy summers you are fascinated as by a spell, and her conversation is a continual well-spring of beautiful thoughts. Though time has furrowed her brow and age has bent her form, she is welcome in every circle, and the command to "honor the aged" is entirely forgotten, for all are ready to yield involuntary homage. Here the character is one of the utmost harmony, the intellect is highly cultivated, and the heart and soul expanded with all good and noble thoughts, and the countenance one of the strongest proofs of the theory of the physiognomist. In this case there was probably no thought of the beauty in the cultivation of the heart, but the good and noble were sought and loved for their own sake alone. But we do not see any thing wrong in wishing to be beautiful as well as good, in cultivating the heart with special reference to the face. We are sure that many a young lady would make a greater effort to be amiable if she were perfectly convinced that it would add essentially to her personal attractions.

Theodosia Burr had a short life, and her death was a very sad one. She was married to a gentleman of high standing in Charleston, South Carolina, and after residing there a few years, returning to her northern home with her only son, in a vessel bound to New-York. After leaving port they were never heard from, and nothing was ever known concerning their fate. Whether a storm arose and swept them out into the sea and sunk them in a watery grave, or whether pirates, who

were then in great numbers upon our coasts, boarded and murdered them, was only conjecture. It was a terrible blow for a fond father. She was his only child, and her son his only grandchild, and now he was indeed alone; and in this one thing he can be commended, and this only, for an example in the education of his daughter. He knew all about the fashionable world, and its fashionable women, and would rather have buried her than see her become one. Would that there were more to become like her.

M. M.

A FEMALE ARTIST.

From The London Daily News.

THE short visit of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur to London must have fixed in many minds the floating desire which has existed for some time past that English and foreign artists should know one another, and become acquainted with one another's works in a less hap-hazard way than hitherto. Thanks to partial efforts, vigorous but too arduous to be required of individuals, we have for some years been able to see in London a good many works of French and German artists. But the plans of such exhibitions are precarious; and it is really impossible that individual enterprise should present such works either extensively or impartially. Under the immediate influence of Rosa Bonheur's presence and achievements we believe it would not be difficult to form an association which would charge itself with procuring an annual exhibition in London of the works of artists of all nations.

Many of our readers no doubt remember the sensation excited in London—first, among artists, and then in the public—by Biard's picture of "A Slave Ship on the African Coast." That lurid and terrible picture made such an impression on artists and connoisseurs that they were heard to say that, whatever was Biard's intention, his picture would have a social operation which fine pictures have long to wait for, if they ever obtain it. They said it would do more toward negro emancipation than the acts of Clarkson and the silver speech of Wilberforce. The human interest, of which good hearts might form some conception, was so enhanced and vivified by the true presentment of scenery and climate, that the careless and the "bored" about anti-slavery, and the devoted Abolitionist, familiar with the topic, were alike moved and amazed at the spectacle of the slave trade in action. How many of the English in Paris now are longing that everybody belonging to them could see Brion's little picture of an "Enterrement dans les Vosges." It would be a fine thing if all Paris could see Millais' "Order of Release"; and it would be a fine thing if all London could see that most touching mountain funeral, where the coffin is drawn in a little hand-sledge down the difficult path, encumbered with snow, and the blast catches the white cotton pall, and the weeping women are knee-deep in the snow; and the little child carries the wooden cross; and a friendly group looks on mournfully from the cottage garden on the steep. And who does not wish that to see Rosa Bonheur's pictures, present and to come, should be the common privilege of both nations? And who that met her last week does not wish that the mind and conversation of distinguished artists should be reciprocated like their productions?

The literature of Art has been reciprocated freely enough. There is plenty of talk and books about it. Even the Americans find they can talk about it, by following the lead of Goethe; and practical artists in our own country are quite sufficiently annoyed by the discourses of pedants who never drew a line, but who have been to Munich, or Dresden, or Dusseldorf, and have picked up or made up theories of art which, arising in a metaphysical and critical age, can afford no true account of the paintings of an anterior period, or any guidance as to the genius of a coming time. In the midst of the æsthetic babble of pedants, masculine and feminine, up rises Rosa Bonheur to strike them dumb. Some may murmur that hers is not high art; but there will be a general consent that we have got hold of a treasure of true art, and that we may well be thankful for what we have got. We shall obtain no high art by imitating the ancient, or by calling out for it. The faculty will find its own way of manifesting itself—a new and fresh way—which there is no use in guessing at beforehand. Meantime, here is, in Rosa Bonheur and her works, something new, fresh, strong and capital; and our business is to be thankful for what we have seen, and to see as much more as we can.

This distinguished woman is an agreeable subject of contemplation in every way. She is good and wise, healthy and happy, beloved and cherished by family and friends, and with every prospect of a long career, enviable for better things than the fame which will accompany it. No one can look at such works as hers—produced before she had passed her thirtieth year—and doubt her industry. They are the results of genuine study of nature—close, prolonged and animated. Yet she has neglected no duty, domestic or social, for the indulgence of her own tastes. She is one of the happy number which would become

admitted if education were what it ought to be—whose chief pleasure happens to be also their first duty. Her father was an artist, and she studied under him was qualified to fill his place in his home, and supple educate the family he left. Simply and nobly

that duty; and now, at thirty-one, she has achieved fame and pecuniary ease, and may cultivate and exercise her genius according to her bent. Those who saw her in London must have been struck with the heart's content in her countenance, mingled with its bright expression of exhilaration. Courage is exhilaration and peace in one; and what her courage is, her countenance and pictures show. The subject and treatment of her "Horse Fair" is such a proof of courage as is not often afforded by men. In a woman it takes the world by storm, as the artist world of London saw last week.

Without touching on the old question of the comparative intellectual ability of women and men, and the dispute as to the causes of the acknowledged inferiority of women in the department of art, we may point out that Rosa Bonheur has brought up a new phase of that old question. The French call her their Pauline Potter, and insist on her equality with Paul. We hope she has many years before her to ascertain the scope and power of her genius; but meantime, whatever may be the place finally assigned her, we know to a certainty that it is by her power of toil that she has reached her present eminence. There is genius in the conception and endurance of such toil as she has undergone, and out of which she comes with an evergrowing strength and freshness. Those who see her in her own home see what her power of study is. She has, because she must have, a house of her own in Paris, on account of the necessity, not only of the ordinary requisites of light, space, &c., but of room for her curious, happy family of animals, of which a splendid goat is the most conspicuous member. There are no women like the French for the free exercise of industry and ability; and Rosa Bonheur has been working like a Frenchwoman in a department open to all, while women elsewhere—and men too—have been talking, or trying by mean of books to enter into other folks' labours.

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HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

DAY stars! that open your eyes with man, to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle,
As a libation—
Ye matin worshipers! who, bending lowly,
Before th' uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalice a sweet and holy
Incense on high!
Ye bright Mosses! that with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create!
'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth,
A call to prayer!
Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column,
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned—
To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunders—
Is dome the sky!
There, as in solitude and shade I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—
Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.
Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!
"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur!—ah! how transitory
Are HUMAN FLOWERS!"
In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou' almost nature's wide-spread hall
What a delightful lesson thou impartest,
Of love to all!
Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sacredness bids me treasure
Harmless delight!
Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope!
Posthumous glories, angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth!
Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!
HORACE SMITH.

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A CARD.

NEW HYMN BOOK BY REV. HENRY BEECHER.—It was announced in the papers three years since, that this clergyman was preparing a collection of Hymns for Religious worship—a want felt in the churches for a larger collection of Hymns, adapted to seasons of revival and also to special occasions. The author has collected, from the four quarters of the globe, every book of Psalms and Hymns ever published, and also from new authors, a large number of new ones. A book is to be published the first of the month of September, containing about 1,200 Hymns. The work has been in process of preparation for five years, and is believed will surpass any work of the kind ever published. It will be as large as the best collections of Psalms and Hymns, and will embrace every variety necessary to make it a useful and practical book, for any occasion. It will be published in various sizes and bindings, and in one edition music will be introduced on unprepared paper. In this new feature special preparation has been had to congregational singing—or singing by the congregation. All or nearly all of the old and new Revivals, used in different denominations, and also the best and most familiar to the churches, are here introduced. This is a complete collection than has before been published. It has also been reserved for the best character, but of a type harmonious and devotional, and designed to make a book for the devotion, and devotion.

"Only a Year."—By Mrs. Stowe.

[These tender and beautiful lines, from the pen of Mrs. Stowe, refer, we presume, to the melancholy death by drowning, about a year since, of her son, a young student of fine character and promise.]

[From the Independent, July 22.]

One year ago—a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

Only a year—no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die!

One year ago—what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

The silent picture on the wall,
The burial stone—
Of all that beauty, life and joy,
Remain alone!

One year—one year—one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head;
No scrawling tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

No pause or hush of merry birds
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form we love.

Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What visions fair, what glorious life,
Where thou hast been?

The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
"Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall
That we may see?

Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear;
We lay in silence at thy feet
This sad, sad year!

ANDOVER, July 9, 1858.

H. B. S.

THE SLEEPING TROUT.

I remember last summer a beautiful trout,
In a brook that ran under a stone;
He was leaping and flashing and darting about,
And I thought the poor fellow would like to get out
Of the brook, for he lived there alone.

There he ate and he slept and pretended to play,
Without any sister or brother;
I am sure he was weary of having his way,
And nobody loved him but me, for they say
He don't know his father and mother.

Now the water is cold, there is ice on the brink,
And the mosses are crusted with snow;
There are no little robins to come there to drink,
And the beautiful trout must be sleeping, I think,
In his snug little bedroom below.

By-and-by, when the blue-bird sings sweet overhead,
And the violet opens her cup,
And the sunshine looks in, where he lies in his bed
In the night-gown all dotted with yellow and red—
Do you think he will ever wake up?

Dead.

The seasons weave their ancient dance,
The restless ocean ebbs and flows,
The world rolls on through day and dark,
Regardless of our joys or woes!
Still up the breezy western slopes
The reaper girls, like apples brown,
Bend singing to their gleeful toil,
And sweep the golden harvest down:
Still, where the slanting sunlight gilds
The boles of cedar and of pine,
Chants the lone black-bird from the brake
With melancholy voice divine:
Still all about the mossy tracks
Hums at his drag the wood-ward bee;
Still fitfully the corn-crake's note
Comes to me from the upland lea:
Still round the forest bower she loved,
The woodbine trails its rich festoons;
The slumbrous poppies burst and fall
Beneath the silent autumn moons:
Still round her lattice, perched aloof,
In sunny shade of thatched eaves,
The jasmine clings, with yearning pale,
And withers in its shroud of leaves:
Still round the old familiar porch
Her cherished roses blush and peer,
And fill the sunny air with balm,
And strew their petals year by year.
Nor here within, one touch of change!
The footstool—the embroidered chair—
The books—the arras on the wall—
The harp—the music—all are there.
No touch of change! I close my eyes—
It cannot be she comes no more!
I hear the rustling of her dress;
I hear her footsteps on the floor;
I feel her breath upon my brow;
I feel her kiss upon my cheek:—
Down, phantoms of the buried past!
Down, or my heavy heart must break!

—CHARLES LAMB.—The letters of Charles Lamb are among the most delightful in the language. Here is one, hitherto unpublished, which ought to have had a place in Talfourd's Memorials. It was written on the marriage of one of Lamb's dearest friends, only a year before he became the "superannuated man," the "gentleman at large," the Jacob married to the Rachel for whom he had waited and served so long. One may see, underneath this pleasant letter, with its quaint figures of speech, half-mirthful, half-mournful, how the drudgery of the desk had come to gall him at last: "My Dear Barry—I do agonize a shame in not having been to pay my congratulations to Mr. B. and your happy self; but on Sunday (my only morning) I was engaged in a country walk; and in virtue of the hypostatical union between us, when Mary calls, it is understood that I call, too, we being univocal. But, indeed, I am ill at these ceremonious inductions. I fancy I was not born with a call on my head, though I have brought one down upon it with a vengeance. I love not to pluck that sort of fruit crude, but to stay its ripening into visits. In all probability, Mary will be at Southampton Row this morning, and something of that kind be matured between you; but in any case not many hours shall elapse before I shake you by the hand. Meantime give my kindest felicitation to Mrs. B., and assure her I look forward with the greatest delight to our acquaintance. By the way, the deuce a bit of cake has come to hand, which hath an inauspicious look at first; but I comfort myself that that Mysterious Service hath the property of Sacramental Bread, which mice cannot nibble, nor time moulder. I am married myself to a coarse step-wife—who keeps me, not at bed and board, but at desk and board, and is jealous of my morning aberrations. I cannot slip out to congratulate kinder unions. It is well she leaves me alone o' nights—the Day-hag BUSINESS. She is even now peeping over me to see I am writing no love-letters. I come, my dear. Where is the indigo sale book? Twenty adieus, my dear friend, till we meet. Yours most truly, C. LAMB. Leadenhall, 11th Nov., '24."

—INFANT GARDENS—THEIR DESIGN.—Only fourteen years have elapsed since the first Infant Garden was established, and already Infant Gardens have been introduced into most of the larger towns of Germany. Let us now welcome them with all our hearts to England. The whole principle of Froebel's teaching is based on a perfect love for children and a full and genial recognition of their nature, a determination that their hearts shall not be starved for want of sympathy; that, since they are by Infinite Wisdom so created as to find happiness in the active exercise and development of all their faculties, we, who have children round about us, shall no longer repress their energies, tie up their bodies, shut their mouths, and declare that they worry us by the incessant putting of the questions which the Deities of us all have placed in their mouths, so that the teachable one for ever cries to those who undertake to be its guides—"What shall I do?" To be ready at all times with a wise answer to that question ought to be the ambition of every one upon whom a child's nature depends for the means of healthy growth. The frolic of childhood is not pure exuberance and waste. "There is often a high meaning in childish play," said Froebel. Let us study it, and act upon hints—or more than hints—that Nature gives. They fall into a fatal error who despise all that a child does as frivolous. Nothing is trifling that forms part of a child's life. * * * An Infant Garden must be held in a large room, abounding in clear space for child's play, and connected with a garden into which the children may adjourn whenever weather will permit. The garden is meant chiefly to assure more perfectly the association of wholesome bodily exercise with mental activity. If climate but permitted, Froebel would have all young children taught entirely in the pure, fresh air, while frolicking in sunshine among flowers. By his system he aimed at securing for them bodily as well as mental health, and he held it to be unnatural that they should be cooped up in close rooms, and glued to forms, when all their limbs twitch with desire for action, and there is a warm sunshine out of doors. The garden, too, should be their own; every child the master or mistress of a plot in it, sowing seeds and watching day by day the growth of plants, instructed playfully and simply in the meaning of what is observed. When weather forbids use of the garden, there is the great airy room, which should contain cupboards, with a place for every child's toys and implements; so that a habit of the strictest neatness may be properly maintained. Up to the age of seven there is to be no book work and no ink work; but only at school a free and brisk, but systematic strengthening of the body, of the senses, of the intellect, and of the affections, managed in such a way as to leave the child prompt for subsequent instruction, already comprehending the elements of a good deal of knowledge.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

A THANKSGIVING.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches—
The birdling's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod—
For the waving of the forests
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the sound of waters, gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies—
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the buds that throng to gladden
The toiler's plodding way;
For the bursting of fresh roses
With every new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Whence giant cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the splendor of the sun-sets
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold fringed clouds, that curtains
Of heaven's blue windows be;
For the burning bars of twilight
Where thought leans glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the earth and all its beauty—
The sky, with all its light;
For the dim and cooling shades
That reach the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For an eye of inward seeing—
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
Which our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod,
For the amaranth saved from Eden
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For hidden scroll o'er written
With one dear name adored;
For the heavenly in the human—
The spirit in the word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad,
For thine own great gift of being
I thank thee, oh, my God!

A RESTLESS WOMAN.—Madame George Sand, or Dudevant, in the last *feuilleton* of her life in *La Presse*, gives an amusing account of her deceased mother, who had a hatred off repose:

"She would buy, for instance, a bonnet, because she thought it charming. The evening of the day she would find it hideous—take off the ribbons, and then the flowers—take out the lace and change the arrangement with readiness and taste. Her bonnet would please her all the next day. But the day after there must be another radical reform—and so on, for some eight days, until the unlucky bonnet, always in a state of metamorphosis, became totally indifferent to her. Then she would wear it with the utmost disdain, professing that she did not care what she put on—till the fancy should seize her to buy another new bonnet! Her black hair was still very fine. She got tired of being a brunette, and put on a blonde wig; yet by doing so she could not manage to disfigure herself. She took a fancy for

And Marine Insurance Company.
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Miss Watkins.

This young colored lady lectured on slavery with us a few days since, and fully sustained, and even surpassed the high estimate we had, from previous acquaintance, formed concerning her. If she continue faithful to her high calling, and her life be long spared, she will do good and great service to the Anti-slavery cause. We commend her to hearty sympathy wherever she may labor. If would seem that the prejudice against *female speaking*, which prevails, still in some sections, but which we think is every day becoming less, might be, by *every body*, laid aside, so far as to hear a *colored young lady* plead eloquently and powerfully for the oppressed of her race. Miss W.s' lectures are thoroughly studied and highly finished. Her labors have thus far been confined principally to Maine we believe. Her first effort at lecturing was some years ago, in our, Roger Williams, church, Providence. May her last be, many, *many*, years hence. She has published a small pamphlet volume of poetry and prose. From her poetry we copy the following, and ask if it not poetry indeed.

"ETHIOPIA."

Yes, Ethiopia yet shall stretch
Her bleeding hands to God;
Her cry of agony shall reach
The burning throne of God!

The tyrant's yoke from off her neck
His fetters from her soul,
The mighty hand of God shall break,
And spurn the base control!

Redeemed from dust, and freed from chains,
Her sons shall lift their eyes;
From cloud capped hills and radiant plains,
Shall shouts of triumph rise!

Upon her dark despairing brow
Shall play a smile of peace;
For God shall bend unto her woe,
And bid her sorrows cease.

'Neath sheltering vines, and stately palms
Shall laughing children play,
And aged sires with joyous psalms
Shall gladden every day!

Secure by night, and blest by day,
Shall pass the happy hours;
No human tigers hunt for prey
Within her peaceful bowers!

Then Ethiopia! stretch, oh! stretch,
Thy bleeding hands abroad;
Thy cry of agony shall reach
And find redress with God.

There, is not that poetry. May its authors have due credit for it. It is difficult to find the line in which the blood of African weakness runs. If you do not think so, pray let some female sconer of colored ladies take up the pen.—M. J. S.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND.—Two charming women were one day discussing what it is that constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the member, whose merits they were discussing. A young gentleman presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other beautiful white hands presented to him, which, by the way he had the cunning to hold for some time in his own, for the purpose of examination, he replied at last, "I give it up, the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand is the hand that gives."

Sally Sly and Jane, McKearn.

HUMOROUS REPORT ON BUTTER

We copy the following from the *Farmer's Monthly Visitor*. There is a good moral conveyed in it, told with a rich vein of humor that is capital. It is from the pen of S. D. Little, of the Merrimac (N. H.) Agricultural Society.

The beneficence of the Creator is manifested in so disposing our tastes, and so adapting these to the varieties with which we are surrounded, as to make life a scene of enjoyment instead of a burden. It might have been that necessary food would have been noisome as it is sometimes to the diseased stomach, had it not pleased the Creator to have ordered it otherwise. Bread is the staff of life, but butter is given to make it slip down easier, and with a better relish. But it depends something on who makes the butter, whether it answer this purpose. Butter made in Joe Bunker's house, needs to be eaten in the dark; then to make it pass well, one or two other senses should be laid aside—while that made by his brother may be eaten in the full blaze of noon; you would wish that your neck was as long again, that you might have the pleasurable sensation of swallowing prolonged. Perhaps a bit of history of their better halves will explain the whole matter.

Joe's wife was Sally Sly—when a small girl she was sly—she would not half wash the milk pail, but sly it away and let it sour. She was sly at school and did not half get her lessons, but would have her books in sight when reciting; but as she grew older she learned that to get well married, she must appear well, and so she bent all her cunning to get a superficial education in every thing, from roasting a potato to playing the piano. Poor Joe fell in love with her, and "love has no eyes," so he married her. But soon after he entered on housekeeping, his eyesight came, and he saw his fix, that it was "for better or worse," and he thought it was all for worse. Like a true philosopher, he concluded to endure what what he could not avoid or cure, and got along tolerably well, only when he came to her butter, for his mother was a real butter maker. Every time he saw or tasted of Sally's butter he felt the horrors. Her manner of making butter is somewhat as follows:

She thinks it of no consequence whether the milk pail is sweet or sour—sets the milk in a warm room because it is easier than to go into the cellar, and if some dirt should blow into the pans she thinks every man must 'eat a pack of dirt,' and in no place will it slip down easier than in butter—she lets the cream pots be open, and when she churas forgets the poke; leaves the cream at blood heat that it may come quick. When she takes it out of the churn, she picks out the bodies of all flies and spiders—the legs and wings are so small they can't be swallowed. She works out half the buttermilk and sets it away in a warm place for use. Poor Joe has seen so much of this kind that he declares butter does not agree with his health, and will not taste it. Yet his wife wonders why he does not try it, and marvels that he does not keep a dairy and make butter for market.

Jonathan was a younger brother of Joe, and he had occasion to eat at his brothers enough to know why he did not eat butter; and he declared he never would marry without knowing what his bread would be buttered with. Following the bent of his fancy, he made several attempts at matrimony, and Julia Jumper almost caught him—for there was always good butter on the table for tea, but he was determined to know who made it. On inquiry she says:

"La me! mother makes the butter; I take lessons on the piano."

"Well," says Jonathan, "I want a wife that takes lessons on the churn—and I shall look further."

After several unsuccessful attempts, and just ready to despair, he started in pursuit of stray cattle before breakfast, and wandered through the forest in the next town, and weary and hungry, called at a decent looking house, and asked for some refreshments, which were most cordially granted, for the family were what are called Scotch Irish—in religion Presbyterian, and in hospitaly boundless.

Here he found the butter exactly right though the weather was hot, the butter kept the shape as well as beeswax. He catechised the old lady about her housewifery, for the bread was as right as the butter. The old lady said her health was feeble—she could do but little, and Jenny had the whole management. He made some roundabout inquiries concerning Jenny, and heard that she was a hearty black eyed lass of two and twenty; she had never seen a piano or attended a ball but knew the assembly's catechism, and could sing Old hundred to a charm, spin flax and darn stockings, and was then gone to town with butter. He lingered but she was delayed, and when his excuses for staying were exhausted, he started out of his mind, and how it happened, I know not, he soon found his way there again and the result of his adventure was, he made a wife of Jane McKearn. And now one lump of his butter is worth more than Joe's wife would make in a month. There's no trouble in going to market—the keepers of the genteel boarding houses in the neighboring villages send and take it at the highest market price.

Now the main difference between these two women arises from the manner of training, though there is no difference in natural disposition. Old Madam Sally never looked on to see that Sally did up her work right, and though a good housekeeper herself, was altogether too indulgent, and, like some others, thought more of getting Sally well married than of making her fit for a wife; while old Madam McKearn was determined Jenny should be fit for any man's wife, whether she got married or not. Perhaps, there is no more certain criterion by which to judge of a woman's general character for neatness and good housekeeping, than by the quality of her butter. Find on the farmer's table a good, solid, properly salted, well worked slice of butter, and you need not fear to eat the cakes or hash; but see a splach of half worked butter—salt in lumps, and a sprinkling of hair and flies' legs, you may be sure that if you board there very long death will not be obliged to wait much for you to finish your peck of dirt.

My advice, to young farmers, to make it a *sine qua non* in a wife that she makes prime butter, and the young ladies who aspire to be farmers' wives had much better be imperfect in flagee and music, than to be deficient in that most important art of making butter, which smooths, not only the sharp corners of crust and crackers, but will smooth asperities of the husband's temper.

Sparkling Sunday Night.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ALL WHO ARE GUILTY.

Sitting in a corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper finger
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting
On your face their light;
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
'Gainst your Sunday vest—
How wickedly 'tis working,
On this day of rest!
Hours seem but minutes,
As they take their flight;
Bless me! ain't it pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night?

Dad and Mam are sleeping
In their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said.
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite:
Bless me! don't we do it—
Sparkling Sunday night!

One arm with gentle pressure
Lingers round her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand,
Her pouting lips you taste;
She freely slaps your face,
But more in love than spite;
Oh, thunder! ain't it pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night!

But hark! the clock is striking—
It is two o'clock I scum!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come!
You ask in spiteful accents,
If "that old clock is right?"
And wonder if it ever
Sparkled on a Sunday night!

One, two, three sweet kisses,
Four, five, six, you hook—
But thinking that you rob her,
Put back those you took;
Then, as for home you hurry,
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day was
Only Sunday night?

—Life Illustrated.

THE NORTH WIND—BY C. G. DUNN.

Against the gray December sky
The city steeples lean their heads,
And long shadows, like low, low beds,
Asleep within their cloudy beds,
Thro' every street the North wind thins
Its way unseen, tho' readily felt:
The very whisper of its breath
As icy as the touch of death—
Asiles of snow that never melt.
It craves admittance at each gate—
It loudly knocks at every door,
And awes the seeds of winter fate
Around the hearthstones of the poor,
It dims the light of fevering stars
Of those who eat the crust of want,
And, like a spectre grim and gaunt,
It passes by the sliding bars
Which guard the places where riches haunt,
But utters not one gasp or taunt,
The rich can smile as it sweeps by
And deem its weird notes music sweet;
It brings no fears to luxury,
And drops no frost around its feet;
But on the poor and stricken hearts
Who, mindless, tread the icy way,
With but one faith, and that in God,
It sends a thousand pattering shafts,
O, North Wind! stay thy cruel wrath!
In mercy cease, in mercy go;
And spare, spare, spare the wretched folk
Who walk the prison-ward way!
Depart not from thy hair of snow
And the ice-bergs of the North,
Unless in mercy and in God,
O, North Wind, North Wind, come not forth,
To send the trumpet of despair,
Come with the burden of the wind
That breathes thro' Carolina's vales,
And in thy cold realm lay behind
The deeper pass of Arctic gales.

Selected Poetry.

I CANNOT CALL HER MOTHER.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

The marriage rite is over,
And though I turned aside
To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide,
I wreathed my face in smiling
And led my little brother
To greet my father's chosen—
But I could not call her mother.

She is a fair young creature
With a meek and gentle air:
With blue eyes soft and loving,
And silken sunny hair—
I know my father gives her
The love he bore another;
But she were an angel
I could not call her mother.

To-night I heard her singing
A song I used to love,
When its sweet notes were uttered
By her who sings above.
It pained my heart to hear it,
And my tears I could not smother,
For every word was hallowed!
By the dear voice of my mother.

My father, in the sunshine
Of happy days to come,
May half forget the shadow
That darkened our old home;
His heart no more is lonely,
But me and little brother
Must still be orphan children,
God can give us but one mother.

They've born my mother's picture
From its accustomed place,
And set beside my father's
A younger, fairer face,
They've made her dear old chamber
The boudoir of another,
But I will not forget thee,
My own, my angel mother.

MR. SPARROWGRASS DESCENDS TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS IN A DUMB WAITER.

We have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took a candle and the pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First, I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up in the dining room. As is always the

case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors, there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile: I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go!

We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen, at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door, it was locked; I tried to force it open; it was made of two inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody, it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice cold barriers and looked out at the sky; not a star visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck, and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened—it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us; how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me,—and then, he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him,—somebody tells everybody everything in our village.

Through all the conflicts of Freedom with Slavery, we have never seen the day or the hour that an open advocate of Slavery, from the South, did not command more of respect and confidence than a Northern "Doughface." We would much rather see a legitimate Pro-Slavery Administration, than one constituted like those of FILLMORE or PIERCE, of men ready, for Office, to sign Fugitive Slave Laws and Missouri Swindles.

A "Doughface" inspires the contempt of those who purchase and appropriate him. In the Philadelphia "Know Nothing" Convention the New York "Doughfaces" were told by KENNETH RAYNOR that they were yielding more than the South required. But they were incapable of appreciating the severity of this rebuke.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856

Neighbor Nelly.

I'm in love with Neighbor Nelly,
Though I know she's only ten,
While I am eight-and-forty,
And the married-est of men.

I've a wife who weighs me double,
I've three daughters, all with beaux;
I've a son with noble whiskers,
Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a Squaretoes and a Buffer,
Yet I've sunshine in my heart,
Still, I'm fond of cakes and marbles—
Can appreciate a tart.

I can love my Neighbor Nelly
Just as though I were a boy,
And could hand her plums and apples
From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller,
She is vigorous of limb;
(You should see her play at cricket
With her little brother Jim!)

She has eyes as blue as damsons;
She has pounds of auburn curls;
She regrets the game of leap-frog
Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my Neighbor Nelly;
I invite her in to tea,
Add I let her nurse the baby,
Her delightful ways to see.

Such a darling bud of woman!
Yet, remote from my teens—
I have learnt from Neighbor Nelly
What the girl's Doll-instinct means.

O to see her with the baby,
(He adores her more than I),
How she choruses his crowing,
How she hushes ev'ry cry.

How she loves to pit his dimple,
With her light forefinger, deep,
How she boasts, as one in triumph,
When she's got him off to sleep.

We must part, my Neighbor Nelly,
For the summers quickly flee,
And thy middle-aged admirer
Must, too soon, be supplanted be.

Yet—as jealous as a mother,

A suspicious, canker'd churl—
I look vainly for the setting
To be worthy such a pearl.

—Household Words.

I'm a Flirt—I'm a Flirt.

AIR—"I'm Afloat, I'm Afloat."

I'm a flirt, I'm a flirt, by no promise I'm tied,
The ball room's my home, and the Polka's my pride;
I trip lightly by in the soul-stirring dance,
I win with my smile, and I wound with my glance.

I heed not the prudes, let them say what they will—
A flirt I am now, and a flirt I'll be still;
I ne'er will resign the proud sway that I hold,
O'er talent and riches, the great and the bold.

I'm a flirt, I'm a flirt, I have suitors in shoals,
Who're dying to have me, the poor sighing souls;
How they fret if I frown, how they smile if by chance,
They can just squeeze my hand 'twixt their own in a dance.

There's De Spoon of the Blues, with ten thousand a year,
And dashing Lord Dawdle the young Fusileer,
A Duke or an Earl I could easily get,
And wear on my forehead a proud coronet.

I should have my fine carriage for making my calls;
I should give, too, my breakfasts, my routs, and my balls;
But no cavaliers at my feet then would fall
To hand me my gloves or to put on my shawl.

Then away with the thought of a dull wedded life,
Its cares and its troubles, its slowness and strife;
There's nothing on earth but to me's cheap as dirt,
Compared to the pleasure of being a flirt.

PREACHERS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—Instances are cited of earnestness in preaching and of persistent labors in the gospel, that appear at the present day astonishing and almost incredible. Hooper, bishop of two diocesses, preached daily. Tobias Matthews, bishop of Durham, eighty years old, preached daily. John Wesley is said to have preached forty thousand times in fifty years.

THE SABBATH DAY.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

What spell has o'er the populous city past?
The wonted current of its life is stay'd;
Its sports, its painful schemes are end'ward cast,
Although their villainess were at once display'd;
The roar of trade has ceased, and on the air
Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.

Far spreads the charm; from every hamlet spire
A note of rest and heavenward thought is peal'd;
By his calm hearth reclines the peasant sire;
The toll-worn steed basks in the breezy field.
Within, without, through firm and cottage blest,
'Tis one bright day of gladness and of rest.

Down from their mountain dwellings, whilst the dew
Shines on the heath bells, and the tern is bending
In the fresh breeze, in festive garbs I view
Childhood, and age and buoyant youth descending.
God! who has piled thy wonders round their home,
'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main—
Oh! many a league from our own happy land!
Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain;
For there its little isolated band,
Amid the ocean desert's awful roar,
Praise him whose love links shore to distant shore.

O'er palmy woods where summer radiance falls,
In the glad islands of the Indian main,
What thronging crowds the missionary calls
To raise to heaven the christian's glorious strain!
Lo! where, engird by children of the sun,
Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

In the fierce desert of the distant zone,
'Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,
A lonely aton, sever'd from his own,
The traveler wends, death or renown to earn:
Parch'd, fasting, wearied, verging to despair,
He kneels, he prays; hope kindles in his prayer.

O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies;
Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings;
Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies:
The expanding heart from earth's enchantment springs
Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban,
Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

The Wonderful Works of God.

You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the finny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle has been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dewdrop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. The earth took them to the daisy gem; and all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an aliment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes toward the sky they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on; and, by starlight and moonlight, they worked on. And the daisy lifted up its head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars.

EXCELLENT ADVICE FROM A HIGH SOURCE:—Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that it will be troublesome to you in after time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passage which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.—[Sir M. Hale.

The Three Handfuls of Grain.

It was one day in the early spring of the year that Gerard Steimer called his three sons, Adolphus, Henry, and the little Bernard, to his side. In his hand he held an open letter. The tears shone in his eyes, and his voice was very sad, as he addressed them:

'You have often heard me speak, my children, of my brother Bernard, who left home many years ago to go into business in a distant country.'

'Yes,' they replied, and they gazed wonderingly at their parent.

'Well, my sons,' he continued, 'your uncle Bernard, having at last amassed a considerable fortune, has determined to return to his native village, and take up his abode with me; for we are the only two that remain of a happy family of seven brothers and five sisters,' he added, as he drew his hand hastily across his eyes.

'And is uncle coming soon?' inquired Henry in an animated tone.

'He should have been here by this time, my son,' replied his father, 'but an all-wise Providence has ordered it otherwise; and now,' he added, 'I fear that you will never see him, for this letter informs me that he is lying very ill in a distant city, and he desires me to come to him that he may see me once more, and that I may assist him in arranging his affairs.'

'And you will go, father?' said Bernard anxiously.

'Certainly, my child. And during my absence cousin Jacob Reimmer and his wife will come and take care of the house, for I shall probably not return until the fall, as I shall have to travel some distance and in case of your uncle's death, here may be a great deal for me to attend to.'

'Perhaps he will get well, and then you will bring him home with you.'

'I fear, Bernard, that that may not be, for he writes me word that the doctors say his case is hopeless. Listen now attentively, my children, to what I am going to tell you, for it is a message to each of you from your dying uncle. He says, 'Give a handful of grain to each of your three children when you leave them to come to me, and tell them to do with it what they think best during your absence, and when you return you will decide who has made the best use of it, and will reward that one accordingly as I shall tell you.'

It is autumn. The little Bernard stood watching at the open window, when a carriage drove hastily up to the door, and the aged Gerard stepped from it holding in his hand a small tin box.

'Oh, there is papa!' he exclaimed.

Then the children rushed from the room and threw their arms around him, saying:

'Oh, we are so glad to see you, papa, you have been so long away.'

'And I am glad to see you, too, my children, and all looking so well,' replied the aged man, as he bent forward and gave them each a kiss.

Cousin Jacob Reimmer and his wife now approached to welcome him, and he inquired of each of them how the children had behaved during his absence.

'Oh, they have been very good boys,' he replied.

They all now entered the house. Gerard Steimer then placed the tin box that he held in his hand upon the table, and taking a small key from his pocket, opened it, and drew from thence the last will and testament of his brother Bernard Steimer.

All gazed sadly upon the old man, as with trembling hands he unrolled it, and said:

'I had the sad pleasure, my children, of closing my brother's eyes in peace, and of laying his remains in their last resting place. In this will, he bequeaths the whole of his property to the one that I shall decide has made the best use of the handful of grain that I gave to each of you before I left home. Let me now hear, my children,' he added, 'what you have done with it.'

'I,' said Adolphus, 'have saved mine. I put it in a small wooden box in a dry place, and it is just as fresh as the day that you gave it to me.'

'My son,' said his father, in a stern voice, 'you have laid by the grain, and what hath it profited thee? Nothing!—So it is with wealth. Hoard it, and it yieldeth neither profit nor comfort. And you, Henry,' he continued, 'what have you done with your handful?'

'I ground it to flour, papa, and had a nice sweet cake of it, which I have eaten.'

'Foolish boy!' he replied, 'and it is gone, having given thee but a moment's comfort and support. So it is with money. Spend it upon thy pleasures, they are also but for a moment.'

The aged Gerard now turned towards his youngest son, and drawing him towards him, said:

'What use has my little Bernard made of the handful of grain that I gave him?'

The child smiled, and clasping his father's hand between his own, said—

'Come with me, papa, and I will show you.'

They all followed the boy as he led the way toward a field that belonged to his father, but which was situated some distance from the house.

'See, papa!' exclaimed the happy child; 'see what has become of my handful of grain!'

And he pointed in delight toward a corner of the garden where grew the tall, slender corn, which, laden with its golden ears, waved and rustled beneath the gentle breezes.

The aged Gerard smiled, and resting his hand upon Bernard's head, said, 'You have done well, my son. You sowed the grain in the earth, and it has brought forth a bountiful harvest; to you I must award my brother's fortune. Use it as wisely as you have the handful of grain. Neither hoard it up nor spend it merely upon thine own pleasures, but bestow it upon the poor, upon the fatherless and widow, upon the little ones of Christ, and he shall remember it with a plentiful reward.'—[N. Y. Independent.

It is the invariable practice throughout Holland to bid down instead of up at an auction. An article is set up at any price the auctioneer pleases; if nobody bids, he lowers until some person cries "Mine," and that person who so claims it is then entitled to it; a practice congenial to Dutch taciturnity.

The following letter, purporting to have been found in a bottle, on a voyage from San Francisco to New York, is supposed to be the last adieu of a lover at sea to his innamorata at home:

MY DARLIN JULIA—We are goin down! At least so the fast mait informs me, very soon; and that kind gentleman advises me to do my little choars before the fatal stroke ends my career on yearth. I feel very queer, having et no breakfast, and my supper having gone the rong wa. The waves is rolin mountains hi; and our dyin stuard advises pork and molasses tied to a string; I feel very sad; I shoed like to take mi hat and go ashoor. The captin is very kind harted, and I am so soft shell stummickd that he is always orderin me b'low, and I feel constantly like comin up. Oh, if I was ashore, Id never come to sea agin, never, never.

Just tu plege me, theyve been and salted all the wotter. This morning I was sick tu my stummick and undertuk tu git a drink. O youve no idear how salt it was. I asked the mait what the kause was, and he sed it was on akkount of all the pork barrels havin leaked.

There were a goin! I heerd the bigge cullurd gentleman—the lamps before you go in feel it two. The ship is salors is a doin up the sales ashore, them as kan swim—? I aint ust tu the Klimate, the sows sow damp that cum into the laite. All youll ever no about be this ere bottel, and yu kant rely up gettin it very sartin, the whales is sow this logertude.

* There were goin down. Now I m t hot—

illegible.

At the Bottom of the Sea.

who accompanied the recent survey the projected North Atlantic route between Great Britain and America, has brought back some important notes of new facts in natural history which he has ascertained. His main object was to determine the depth to which animal life extends in the sea, together with the limits and conditions essential to its maintenance. He has proved that at a depth of two miles below the surface animal life exists. Here, where the pressure is calculated to amount to at least one ton and a half per square inch, and where it can hardly be conceived that the most attenuated rays of struggling light can penetrate, Dr. Wallich has not only discovered the minute infusorial *Foraminifera*, whose calcareous envelopes protect them from pressure, and whose organization is of the simplest; but he has obtained from a sounding, twelve hundred fathoms deep, a number of star-fishes (genus *Ophiocoma*) adhering to the lowest fifty fathoms of the deep-sea line, which must have rested on the bottom for a few minutes, so as to allow those star-fishes to attach themselves to the rope; so that it is now established that in these regions of watery desert and everlasting darkness there exists "a highly organized species of radiate animal, living, entwining, and flourishing, with its red and light pink tints as clear and brilliant as its congeners which dwell in shallow and comparatively sunshiny waters." Others, doubtless, exist; for this is but a first inquiry so conducted, and in time we may come to hear of a new submarine fauna peopling these dark abodes, and preparing this subaqueous floor just as the land on which we now walk, once submerged, is believed to have been prepared.

LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.—SERMONS BY REV. DAY K. LEE, AND REV. A. M. HOPPER.—The loss of the Central America fell with stunning effect on the whole country, and particularly was its force felt in this city, where it is supposed that one of its citizens, Charles J. Leonard, son of Mons. Jacob Leonard, has perished in the terrible calamity. Our ministers yesterday alluded to it in eloquent and feeling terms. In the forenoon Rev. DAY K. LEE, Pastor of the Universalist Church, preached a beautiful and appropriate sermon on the occasion.

His text was, "The Lord's Portion is his People." (Deut. 32, 9.)

His subject was the Preciousness of Life, and the Love of God for His Offspring.

He drew illustrations from instances of parental love, and quoted the words of the Roman matron to the Campanian lady, when her children came trooping in before her, "these are my jewels." "So," said the speaker, "has God said of his children, 'they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels.'" He then alluded to the recent shipwreck. "In the dreadful losses occasioned by the last calamity on the sea, who has not felt that property was nothing, and fortune but a vapor, compared with the people whose dear life was quenched by the drowning waters?"

"The Ship was, no doubt, itself a fortune for the owners. It was the symbol of noble enterprise—it was the ark of prosperity and pleasure; and there were millions of treasure on board. Had the ship and treasure been lost, and the passengers saved, the misfortune would have seemed a great one. But even the loss of a single life should have made that of the ship and treasure appear trifling in comparison; while in the loss of hundreds of fellow beings, the owners forget the gallant steamer, and the men of capital their treasures. Their grief is now for the precious lives that found no hand to save them, and received no answer to their piteous cries, but struggled in vain to escape their fate, and battled in vain with the roaring waters, and sank to rise no more.

"And what are their poverty and anguish now? And what is the loss of others who had a father or mother on board, or brother, or sister, or friend, among the sufferers? Had they returned with sickness, their trouble had seemed little cared. But to return no more to their home and friends on earth; to die on the lonely sea; to die in such wild alarms; to die in such terrible distresses;—this is the heaviest stroke of woe! This tears the hearts of mourners, and fills them with inexpressible grief!"

The speaker then passed to the testimonies of God's love to His people, and the joy He would have in bringing them home from their tribulations to His household, and said: "Shall we admire a parent's love, and not adore the love of God? Shall we rejoice with a parent, when a child is healed of sickness, or delivered from vice, or snatched from flaming fires, or drowning waters; and shall we not be glad for God, that though His children have sickness, they shall all be healed; though they have sins, they shall all be holy; though they wander like prodigals, they shall all return; though they pass among perils, they shall walk unharmed; though they be slaughtered even, or buried or drowned, yet He will deliver them from death; He will bring them into heavenly safety; they shall remember the worst pang they suffered as only a sigh of grief, and He will wipe away all tears, and crown them with peace, and rejoice in their joy forever."

Rev. A. M. HOPPER, Pastor of the Baptist Church, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon from the text, "The sea shall give up its dead."

After alluding to the many lives lost at sea by early attempts at navigation, shipwrecks and naval conflicts, the speaker then in nearly the following language referred to the late heart-rending disaster:

"And now again there is sorrow upon the deep. A despairing cry is heard amid the wild shrieks of the tempest. At her pier, at Panama, lies the steamer CENTRAL AMERICA, all ready to sail. Her precious cargo is on board. It consists of nearly two millions of dollars in gold dust, and six hundred living souls, one of which exceeds in value all the golden sands of the Pacific.

"Among the passengers are some of the most respected and intelligent of the land. Some there are who have long been absent from their families, toiling hard for wealth on a distant shore, and having realized their desires are now hastening home, to spend the remainder of their days in the bosom of their family.—Among the passengers, one unseen and unknown, has come on board. He has no ticket from the Clerk. His name is not registered upon the list. That passenger is Death, and another harvest will he now reap upon the high seas. Already has he stamped the seal of doom upon the steamer and the most of her unsuspecting passengers. Gaily the noble vessel clears her moorings, amid the waving adieus of anxious friends. Everything seems auspicious. She reaches the beautiful Island of Cuba, and all is well. Fresh supplied, she starts on her homeward bound-track, while all hearts beat exultant with hope. But now the fatal hour has come. The unknown passenger, Death, comes forth and takes the helm, and, as if at his bidding a Tempest, like a Demon of wrath, walks upon the face of the deep. Nobly the steamer contends with the angry surges. Groaning and pitching amid the waves, she seems determined to outride the storm.—The merciless Tempest renews its strength, rolling the crested billows over the noble vessel. She sinks. That awful scene, what tongue can describe! What moans of anguish were then heard from hundreds of helpless beings struggling with the angry waters? How many hearts bleed with anguish whose kindred then went down to swell the number of the dead of the sea? How many, also, are held in the most painful suspense, fearing, when they shall have more definite information, that some of their loved ones have perished by this disaster. Great God, how marvellous are thy doings! Of thy infinite mercy, sustain the thousands thus bereaved, and in this, Thy providence, may the human family learn wisdom, not to make gold their hope, but trust in Thee, the living God!"

"From this and similar disasters, how many human beings, said the speaker, have gone down to pave the bottom of the ocean? Kind friends cannot visit their graves and plant upon them the flowers of affection. Over their watery tombs old ocean pours its melancholy dirge, and the sea-gull utters its despairing cry. Their bodies constitute the true wealth of the sea. Its treasures consists not in the coral, in costly shells and pearls, but in the precious relics of human bodies, which will be redeemed in that day, when 'the sea shall give up its dead.'"

Rev. HENRY A. NELSON, of St. Louis, at the 1st Presbyterian Church, yesterday morning, alluded to the loss of the Central America, with eloquence and feeling, and expressed a tender sympathy with the friends of the lost, in their great affliction.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

To whitt! to whitt! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid
And the nice nest I made?

Not I, said the cow, moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do,
I gave you a wisp of hay,
And did not take your nest away.
Not I, said the cow, moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.

Bob-a-link! bob-a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?

Not I, said the dog, bow-wow!
I wouldn't be mean, I vow,
I gave the hairs the nest to make
But the nest I didn't take.

Not I, said the sheep; oh, no
I wouldn't treat a bird so;
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa, baa! said the sheep, oh, no;
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

Chuck, obuck, said the hen,
Don't ask me again,
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together;
I'd scorn to intrude
On her or her brood.

Chirr-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We'll make a great stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry for shame!

I would not rob a bird,
Said little Mary Green;
I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean.

'Tis very cruel, too,
Said little Alice Neal;
I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed.
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

The Head of the Household.

Marmaduke Mellen was devoutly thankful that he was a man. Entertaining, as he did, that woman was vastly inferior, intellectually, he felt that he had reason to be so. Perhaps, if he had a sister, his sentiments might have been modified, but Marmaduke was an only child, and the indulgence which was lavished upon him in consequence, doubtless led him to think himself of more consequence than, perhaps, others might consider rightfully his due.

Marmaduke married at a suitable age. His wife was a mild, inoffensive sort of a woman, who would have as soon thought of chopping her own head off, as of disregarding a command of her liege lord. Her submissiveness strengthened Marmaduke in the idea of man's superiority to woman.

Accustomed to have his slightest wish regarded as law, he unconsciously acquired a certain degree of imperiousness, which, besides striking into the heart of his unfortunate wife, had the effect of making him generally unpopular, and caused him to be regarded, in surrounding households, as a sort of modern Blue Beard.

All things have an end, and so it was with the life of Mrs. Marmaduke Mellen. Poor woman! her life had been far from a happy one. Meekly and uncomplaining she had walked through life, yielding in all things to the strong will of her despotic husband. Ungrudgingly she had devoted herself to his service. She now took the liberty to die—the only thing, it may be said, during the whole course of her wedded life, which she had ventured to do without his permission.

Mr. Mellen missed his wife. It would have been strange if he did not. He began to feel that she had been far more necessary to his comfort than he supposed. He hired a housekeeper, but found she was far from supplying the place of his deceased wife. Besides, being a housekeeper, he did not feel at liberty to order her about as authoritatively as if she were his wife.

Under these circumstances it was not strange that he should think of taking to himself a second partner. He pondered for a long time on the important question. On whom of all the marriageable ladies of his acquaintance, should he bestow the honor of his hand?

This was a weighty question, and he felt it to be so. He pondered long and anxiously. His anxiety, however, did not proceed from any apprehension of rejection, in whatever quarter he might pay his addresses. That idea never crossed his mind. It was rather that of one who, having a variety of articles presented for his acceptance, is puzzled to decide of which to make choice.

At length he decided upon addressing Mrs. Kent, a widow who had lately moved into the neighborhood. Of her, personally, he knew little, except that she had a moderate property left her by her husband.

Having once made up his mind, he proceeded, worthy of a Napoleon, to put his plan into execution. With the air of one conferring a favor, he laid his proposals before the fortunate lady whom he had selected as the recipient of his address.

She took the matter very coolly, and requested time for consideration.

A BUSINESS MAN.—A commercial gentleman recently arrived at Niagara Falls just before midnight. He immediately bought a globe lantern, crossed to Goat Island, examined the cataract, and in thirty-seven minutes had finished up the great American wonder, and was once more on his way to Albany.

He was somewhat surprised that any lady should require time to consider such a brilliant proposal. However as he felt quite easy about the ultimate answer, he bowed acquiescence, informing the lady that he would call upon her that day week.

She was not ignorant of his imperious character. She could not help hearing of what was a topic of general remark. She well knew that the death of his first wife was generally attributed to a long course of tyranny on the part of her husband.

Did not this lead her to reject his suit summarily?

It did not. She was aware that, whatever might be his peculiarities of temper, he was a man of wealth and position. Of course, as his wife, she would share in the advantages. As for the drawback hinted above, she was a woman of strong will, and did not feel particularly dismayed.—She anticipated that he would attempt to domineer over her, but was quite prepared for such an emergency.

Having duly weighed all the considerations above mentioned, when he waited upon her on the day appointed she graciously acceded to his proposal, and fixed upon an early marriage day. This was not long in arriving. Four weeks from the day of her acceptance she bade farewell to the name bequeathed to her by her first husband, and became Mrs. Marmaduke Mellen the second.

For a brief period all went smoothly.—He thought it best to wait until the close of the honey-moon before he made known to his wife the plan of government which he had adopted for her benefit.

One day, after the usual dinner hour, he returned, to find his mother-in-law seated quietly at the dinner table beside his wife. Now to mother-in-laws he had a special abhorrence. He would have been very glad never to have one enter his home. As, however, a regard to appearances would not sanction their utter exclusion, he was disposed to have their visits like those of angels (which he was far enough from considering them,) few and far between. Accordingly, the look which he directed towards the hapless lady sustaining that character was by no means a welcome one.

This was not all. Actually, his wife had the audacity to order up dinner before he arrived. To be sure he was nearly an hour too late, but what of that? Wasn't it his wife's duty to wait for him, even if he were three or four hours later?

'Eating dinner!' he exclaimed, with mingled surprise and asperity, as he entered the room.

'Yes,' said she, carelessly, 'you are rather late to-day, and as mother had quite a long walk, and I felt hungry, we decided to have dinner immediately.'

'And I suppose,' said he hastily, 'I am expected to eat a cold dinner?'

'Really, sir,' said his wife, lifting her eyebrows in some surprise, 'one would think you were angry!'

'So I am, madam. I am accustomed to have dinner wait for me.'

'However late you return?'

'Yes, however late I return.'

'There is no objection to that, I am sure. You will have your dinner whenever you choose, of course; and I suppose I may exercise the same privilege.'

'We shall see, madam.'

'Certainly, we shall see.'

'Really, Maria, and Mr. Mellen, you should not differ,' expostulated the mother-in-law.

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.—Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigours or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseeded pilgrimage and penance.

[Hannah More.]

'Oh, don't be troubled, mother, said her daughter, coolly; 'it's only a little difference which will be speedily arranged. We shall understand each other better by and by.'

'Yes, madam,' said he, significantly, 'your daughter is quite right. We shall understand each other by and by.'

'You see, mother, there is no cause for apprehension.'

'But I am afraid—'

'Will you have another potato? Yours must be quite cold,' interrupted Mrs. Mellen.

Finding remonstrance was useless, the mother-in-law was silent.

Mr. Mellen was somewhat disturbed by this occurrence. He could not conceal from himself that his wife, as yet, was far from being in the state of subordination which he considered proper and becoming. 'However, time will remedy that,' thought he to himself.

The next day, although his business arrangements were by no means urgent, he purposely delayed half an hour beyond the regular dinner hour. When he returned, he found his wife and mother-in-law just rising from the dinner table.

'What does this mean?' he exclaimed angrily.

'Only that two is our regular dinner hour,' answered the wife composedly, 'and that dinner is always served punctually at that hour.'

'And you expect me to eat a cold dinner whenever an engagement detains me later?'

'Not at all. I directed Bridget to keep a portion of the dinner hot for you. She shall bring it up directly.' So saying she moved toward the bell and rang it loudly.

Mr. Mellen was nonplused. He hardly knew what to say. He finally determined to wait until some plan should strike him calculated to humble his wife's pride. At present, therefore, he said nothing, but ate his dinner in gloomy silence.

Meanwhile, his wife continued to chat in a lively strain with her mother, and their frequent laughter jarred very discordantly on Mr. Mellen's nerves.

Shortly after dinner he contrived to see Bridget without his wife's knowledge.

'Bridget,' he said, 'I find that for two days past dinner has been served up before I came home. Hereafter you must wait until I return before doing so.'

'But the mistress told me,' said Bridget.

'I know that,' said Mr. Mellen; 'but you are bound to obey me rather than her.'

'Sir?' said the bewildering Bridget, who did not comprehend at all.

'I will tell you what I expect you to do,' said her master. 'To-morrow, for example, I shall not be at home until four o'clock. Four, remember. On no account must you serve up the dinner before that time.'

'But what shall I say to mistress, when she tells me?' asked Bridget, with her eyes wide open with astonishment.

'Say? you must tell her that I forbade you doing it. And you must tell her, also, that I threatened to dismiss you immediately if you failed to comply with my directions. Will you remember that?'

'I'll try,' answered Bridget, whose faculties, never very bright, were completely thrown into confusion by her antagonistic duties, and the idea she had got to disobey her master's positive command.

'Oh, what will I do?' she said to herself. However, she wisely determined not to think of it at all till the time came.

'There,' thought Mr. Mellen, with a grim smile of satisfaction. 'I think that will set matters right. Madam will find that I am not so easily thwarted. No; Marmaduke Mellen is not one to be frightened by a woman's vamping, or inclined to submit tamely to petticoat government. I would give something,' he thought, chucking inwardly, 'to see how she will take it when Bridget refuses to obey her, by my direction. She will begin to find out who she has to deal with then! She doesn't know Marmaduke Mellen yet!'

The next day Mrs. Mellen at the usual time directed Bridget to serve up dinner.

'I can't ma'am,' responded the perplexed handmaiden.

'Can't?' repeated Mrs. Mellen, with some surprise. 'What do you mean, Bridget?'

'It's my directions of my master,' she replied.

'Then he has forbidden you to follow my directions?'

'Yes, ma'am. He told me he should not be at home until four, and he would send me away if I took up dinner before that time.'

'Indeed!' said Mrs. Mellen, coolly; 'he is interfering beyond his province. However, you are to obey me, not him. You must take up the dinner now.'

'He will send me away if I do,' said Bridget.

'And I will send you away if you don't,' said her mistress.

'Och, what will I do?' exclaimed Bridget, in the greatest dismay. 'It's turned away I've got to be, whether I obey him or not.'

'Better obey me, Bridget. If he should turn you away, you shall be back again in less than a week, and, meanwhile, I will pay you wages; but if I turn you away it will be for good.'

It did not take long for Bridget to see on which side her bread was buttered.—Relieved from her embarrassment, she bustled about, and, at the hour appointed, dinner was on the table.

At four o'clock, when Mr. Mellen returned, nothing was seen of the dinner table. This he hailed as a good omen. Looking triumphantly at his wife—

'You may order up dinner now, Mrs. Mellen.'

'Dinner!' exclaimed his wife with an air of surprise. 'Is it possible that you have not eaten dinner, at four o'clock?'

'Have you eaten dinner?' inquired Mr. Mellen, in an appalling voice.

'Certainly,' said his wife, coolly, continuing the work upon which she was engaged. 'The table has been cleared up two hours since.'

'May I inquire if Bridget served up the dinner?' asked Mr. Mellen, with an ominous look.

'Of course you may,' said she. 'What objections can I have?'

'Madam,' said he, in a voice of thunder, 'enough of this trifling. Did Bridget serve up the dinner?'

'Really,' said the wife, 'you don't suppose I am deaf, do you? I could hear you very distinctly if you spoke considerably lower. But what was your question?'

'Did or did not Bridget serve up dinner?'

'To be sure she did. You don't suppose I did it?'

'At two o'clock?'

'Certainly.'

Without more ado Mr. Mellen rang the bell violently.

Bridget speedily made her appearance.

'Bridget,' said he, looking daggers at his handmaiden, 'do you recollect my telling you yesterday that I should not be at home to-day until four?'

'Yes, sir?'

'Then why did you dare to disobey?' inquired he, with an explosion of anger.

'Because,' said Bridget—who, fully confiding in the promise of her mistress, was quite undaunted—'the mistress told me to.'

'Then you are to learn that I am the master, and that my commands are to be obeyed. I dismiss you from my service.'

'Yes, sir,' said she, courtesying.

'This instant. Do you hear?'

'Yes, sir. My clothes are all packed,' returned Bridget, with a second courtesy.

Mr. Mellen was a little bewildered by the composed demeanor of Bridget. He had anticipated that she would burst into tears, and promising amendment beg to be taken back.

This he was fully resolved not to grant, but, with Roman firmness, to carry out his sentence to the letter. Of this satisfaction, Bridget's coolness, and evident preparation to meet the consequences of her disobedience deprived him. However, he had the consolation of knowing that on this point, at least, he had asserted his authority.

He glanced at Mrs. Mellen. She was working steadily, without any trace of emotion, seeming quite unconscious of what was going on.

'Good bye, ma'am,' said Bridget.

'Oh, good bye, Bridget,' she replied, looking up with an air of unconcern. 'So you are going, are you?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Perhaps you would like a recommendation.'

'I shall give none,' said he, hastily.

'Because, if you would,' said Mrs. Mellen, paying no regard to what her husband had just said, 'I will give you one very cheerfully.'

'No, ma'am,' said Bridget, dropping a courtesy. 'I don't think I shall live out again just yet. I shall take a little vacation.'

'Very well, Bridget; you must call again soon.'

This was said with an intonation which Bridget understood. A moment afterwards and she left the room, much to the relief of Mr. Mellen, who had been fuming inwardly, during the few words which had passed between his wife and Bridget.

He now sat down triumphantly, and leaned back, exulting in the consciousness that he had maintained his dignity and asserted his authority as head of the household. If Mrs. Mellen had only exhibited a mortification, he would have felt still better satisfied.

There was no trace of anger or mortification on her face. At length she broke the silence by asking, with an air as if nothing had happened, if there was any news from abroad.

'No!' said he, crustily.

'What course is the Emperor expected to take?' she inquired farther.

'I don't know,' said he in a forbidding tone.

Meanwhile Mr. Mellen, who had no dinner, was getting hungry. However he consoled himself with the idea that he could compensate by eating a hearty supper; and he thought, with a thrill of gratification, that Mrs. Mellen, in the absence of Bridget,

would be obliged to prepare it. He had no doubt on this score, as he knew that, neither on her own or on her mother's account, would she be willing to forego that meal.

At length Mrs. Mellen rolled up her work and rose.

'She is going to get supper,' thought he. 'I am very glad of it, for I am quite faint. Still authority must be maintained at however great a personal sacrifice.'

By this time, Mrs. Mellen had advanced to the door. Arriving there, she turned as if she had forgotten something.

'By the way, Mr. Mellen,' she said, 'my mother and myself are going out to tea. We are invited to Mrs. Smith's.'

'But what am I to do?' inquired he paralyzed by this unexpected stroke.

'I don't know, really, said his wife, carelessly, 'unless you come with us. I presume Mrs. Smith will be very much gratified to see you. Will you come!'

'No,' said he, sharply.

That evening he took tea at an eating-house. He was beginning to realize that Mrs. Mellen had a will as well as himself, and even more difficult to cope with, on account of the means by which it was brought about. Let me only add that within a week, Bridget was re-established in her old place. Mr. Mellen has learned a useful lesson—namely, never enter into a contest until you have counted the cost.—[Anglo Saxon.]

The Imp of the Perverse.

When we read, the other day, of the suicide of Allen, at Niagara Falls, it occurred to us—though subsequent facts render it improbable—that this was perhaps one of those cases where suicide is simply the result of an impulse coming without motive. There are many "self-murderers" which are not to be accounted for on either the supposition of some rational cause, or of any true insanity. We know of an excellent clergyman, a man of more than usual solidity of intellect, who disliked to visit Niagara Falls, for fear he should jump off the precipice. Whenever he approached its verge, the impulse to plunge into the abyss below was almost uncontrollable.

We once heard another gentleman, distinguished for scientific ability—an Englishman, but now resident in this country—tell an incident of the same sort in his own life. He had been engaged in prolonged and exciting study with a friend in London, and started at three in the morning to return to his home on the Surrey side of the Thames. As he crossed Vauxhall bridge, he stopped, and leaning over the parapet, watched the play of the rippling waters. A sense of peace and repose stole over him, and with it the thought that if once buried beneath that placid surface he should solve all problems and find rest. Before he could analyse his motives he found himself climed upon the parapet. Another moment and he would have been a suicide; but a sudden revulsion of feeling came; and with a strong effort of the will he threw himself back upon the bridge, and ran in mortal terror to the land.

Many other similar instances might be recorded, and most imaginative men have felt more or less of this impulse, if not to commit suicide, to do some other absurd thing. Only a year or two since, a man deliberately put his hand under a trip-hammer, and drew it forth mangled and crushed, at the prompting of this "imp of the perverse." How this happens, or by what inexplicable mystery of the mind it is controlled, will, perhaps, never be explained; but students of suicide have

Spirits Out West.

A correspondent of the Du Quoin Mining Journal, in southern Illinois, vouched for by the editor as "a man of truth under ordinary circumstances," gives the following account of some very singular manifestations near that place, of which he says he was an eye witness:

"About the middle of the month, after I had retired to bed for the night, and was thinking of my plans for the next day, I heard a loud knocking upon the door, and opening it, found my nearest neighbor, Mr. L., awaiting me. He was trembling from head to foot, at which I was greatly surprised, as the night was quite warm considering the time. 'For God's sake, come to my house immediately. Satan or some of his crew have taken possession of the premises, and are playing the d—l generally!'

"He would give me no time to ask questions, but was exceedingly anxious I should accompany him. I had scarcely got my clothes on until he took me by the arm and hurried me along towards his residence.—He entered the main room of the building, closely followed by myself. There the most wonderful sights I ever beheld presented themselves to my view. Mr. L.'s wife and two eldest daughters were huddled up in one corner of the room, and each was the personification of terror. They were clinging to each other and sobbing violently.—Near the fire place was the youngest daughter, a very pretty girl, moving round in a kind of waltz like dance, with arms in a horizontal position, seeming paralyzed, and humming a singular air. Strangest of all, every piece of furniture in the house was keeping perfect time with the movements of the girl, and a clock on the mantle-piece had ceased running, but a continuous stream of sounds rung from its bell, and added greatly to the confusion then prevalent.—A square table cut the queerest antics of any thing in the room. First it would tip forward on the two front legs, then on the two hinder ones, and lastly spin around on one leg like a top, and again tip forward and backward. A fire shovel was dancing a jig on the hearth, the wood was rolling about, and the pots and skillets made an outlandish racket.

"Suddenly the young girl ceased her waltzing—stood like a statue—and instantaneously every article of furniture settled in their accustomed places. The lighted candle, which was standing on the mantle-piece, was suddenly extinguished, as if by an invisible person. The fire upon the hearth was quite low, and gave a very faint light. Immediately after the extinguishment of the candle, a green light, interspersed with orange colored rays, seemed to envelope the upper portion of the girl's body, giving her a supernatural appearance, and the most melodious sounds followed, resembling the music of the Æolian harp, appearing to be around, below, and above the occupants of the room. This lasted about ten minutes, when the music ceased and the green light disappeared; but, as if by magic, the candle on the mantle-piece was again ignited, and the girl fell insensible to the floor."

A BETTER PROSPECT.—Paddy—Judy, darlint, listen, jist. It's not washing the dirty dishes ye'll be, but minding the pigs, and other bousome employments, after I've made yer Mrs. O'Flyn!

SELF-DECEPTION.—I think that one of the most terrible spectacles in the world is to see a man that has destroyed the power of moral judgment in respect to his own action, his own moral state, his own moral character. The number of such persons is not small; it is growing more and more; and what is more remarkable, they are found more frequently in the Church, and within the sound of preaching, than out of it, and in rounds of wickedness. [Beecher.]

However feeble the hand of your faith, once put it into the hand of Christ, and you have his promise that he will not let you go. Once put yourself under his care as that of the Good Shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep, and he will answer for your safety to the end. Once give yourself to him, he in turn will give himself to you, and the union thus formed, will outlast that of the soul and the body, and exist for ever.

When a man goes thirsty to the well, his thirst is not allayed merely by going there. On the contrary, it is increased every step he goes. It is by what he draws out of the well that his thirst is satisfied. And just so it is not by the mere bodily exercise of waiting on ordinances that you will ever come to peace; but by tasting of Jesus in the ordinances—whose flesh is meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed.—[M'Cheyne.]

There is something essentially mean and detestable in a man who is always passing off a kind of a small coin of lies—living wrong, feeling wrong, doing wrong, and yet perpetually imposing upon himself upon other persons by excuses. Making excuses is a very mean business. It is like the manufacture of bogus money—the issuing of false bills.—[Beecher.]

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you dislike it at present.

A desire in men's minds to be something they are not, and have something they have not, is inherent in their nature.

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights but my old shabby coat and hat, which to say the truth, have no particular claim to admiration. So if my hat and choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."

A gentleman in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determining to cure him upon a repetition of the offence, said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful." The effect may be imagined.

How folks differ! We chew tobacco. The Hindoo takes to lime. The children of this country delight in candy, those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length" on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks tallow the climax of dainties.

A servant being sent to match a china plate, returned with an entirely different pattern. After scolding for some time, the mistress said—"stupid, do you not see that the two are entirely different?" "No mum," was the reply, "only one of them is different."

A traveller, relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed that there was no great matter in it—"for," said he, "we ran, and they ran after us."

In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue (says one of our exchange papers) there is decidedly more truth than poetry:

Foreman—You fellow with the red hair, what are you at now? Compositor—I'm setting "A House on fire;" almost done. Foreman—What's Smith about? Compositor—He's engaged on a "Horrible murder." Foreman—Finish it as quick as possible and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up? Bob—"A Panic in the Money Market." Foreman—Jim what are you distributing? Jim—"Prizes in Perham's Gift Enterprise." Foreman—Stop that and take hold of this "Runaway Horse." Slocum, what in thunder have you been about in the last half hour? Slocum—Justifying the "Compromise Measures" which my sub set. Foreman—you chap on the stool, what are you on? Compositor—On the "Table" you gave me.—Foreman—Lay it on the table for the present; have no room for it. Compositor—How about those "Municipal Candidates?" Foreman—Run them in. What did you say. Slocum—Shall I lead these "Men of Boston?" Foreman—No they are solid of course. Compositor—Do you want a bold-face head to "Jenny Lind's Family?" Foreman—No; such things go in small caps. John have you got up that "Capital Jcke?" John—No, sir; I'm out of sorts. Foreman—Well, throw in this "Million of California Gold," and when you get through with it I'll give you some more. Wilson, have you finished the "Coalition?" Wilson—Yes, sir, the "Coalition" is all up. Editor—What do you want now? Devil—More copy, sir Editor—Have you completed the "Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?" Yes, sir; and I have got up a Warm Winter." Scissors—Here, take this "Official" and be off. Exit Devil with a fat take!

The Girl with the Calico Dress. BY B. JOSEPH.

A fig for your upper-ten girls, With their velvets and satins and laces, Their diamonds and rubies and pearls, And their milliner figures and faces; They may shine at a party or ball, Embellished with half they possess, But give me, in place of them all, The girl with the calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair As the rose in its earliest bloom; Her teeth will with ivory compare, And her breath with the clover perfume. Her step is as free and as light As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press, And her eye is as soft and as bright, My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer At her simple and modest attire, But the charms she permits to appear Would set a whole iceberg on fire! She can dance, but she never allows The hugging, the squeeze and caress; She is saving all these for her spouse, My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true, And kind to her father and mother; She studies how much she can do For her sweet little sisters and brother; If you want a companion for life, To comfort, enliven, and bless, She is just the right sort for a wife, My girl with the calico dress.

A Dutchman's defence upon an indictment for bigamy, as stated in the following, has at least the merit of being ingenious.

"You say," says the Judge, "that the squire who married you to the first wife, authorized you to take sixteen! What do you mean by that?"

"Well," says Hans, "he told me that I should have four petter, four vorser, four richer, four boorer—ant in my country four times four always makes sixteen."

THE OLD SEXTON.

'Twas nigh the hour of evening prayer, The Sexton climbed the turret stair, Wearily, being very old, The wind of Spring blew fresh and cold, Wakening their molian thrills, And carrying fragrance from the hills.

From a craven cleft he leaned, Eyeing the landscape newly greened— The large sun slowly moving down, Flushed the chimneys of the town— The same where he was first alive— Eighty years ago and five.

Babe he sees himself, and boy; Youth astrir with hope and joy; Wife and wedded love he sees; Children's children 'round his knees; Friends departing one by one; The graveyard in the setting sun.

He seats him in a stony niche; The bell-rope aways within his reach; High in the rafters of the roof The metal warder hangs aloof; All the townsfolk wait to hear That voice they knew this many a year.

It is past the ringing hour, There is silence in the tower; Save that on a pinnacle A robin sits and sings full well. Hush! at length for prayer they toll; God receive the parted soul!

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH—This lady speaks at Corning Hall this evening. She is, if we may believe all the accounts we have read of her, one of the most remarkable women the world has ever produced. She is seventeen years old, of medium height, delicately formed and possessed of an ethereal beauty which may not at once attract, but enlists the admiration of the beholder by its deep absorbing *spirituelle*. In ordinary circumstances she is simple and childlike to a charming degree, but on the stage, when laboring under what she believes to be the spirit agency, her flights of eloquence are bold, lofty, sublime and beautiful beyond description. Philosophers have heard her reason with astonishment, and orators have listened to her declamations with boundless enthusiasm. She has carried the New Yorkers by storm, and every one of her lectures in that city have been attended by wondering thousands, and frequently the streets have been thronged a whole square with persons unable to obtain admittance. The New York journals have devoted whole pages to minute descriptions of her personal appearance and elaborate reports of her addresses. Whatever may be our faith in spiritualism, it will be well, as a matter of interest, to see and hear this remarkable young girl, who is now creating a greater interest than any other woman in the country.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will speak in this city on Tuesday and Thursday evenings of next week, at Corning Hall. Whatever may be Mrs. Hatch's peculiar views, we must acknowledge her the most eloquent and talented speaker of her sex in this country, and, moreover, the most beautiful and attractive woman we have ever seen on the rostrum.— It will be remembered that Mrs. Hatch is the lady who created so much excitement in New York city last spring, at which time she is reported to have converted the notorious Capt. Rynders, "who came to scoff and remained to pray." "Mrs. Hatch, though but nineteen years of age, is regarded as the most profound reasoner, accomplished elocutionist, and poetical speaker of the nineteenth century." So says the N. Y. Tribune.

CORA L. V. HATCH, OF NEW YORK
A young woman, who has created
a great excitement wherever she
appears, will speak at Corning
Hall on Tuesday and Thursday
evenings of next week. Her views
on the subject of spiritualism
will be of great interest to all
who are conversant with the
subject. She is a native of
New York, and is the daughter
of a prominent family. She is
now in her nineteenth year, and
is a student in the New York
Theological Seminary. She is
a member of the New York
Theological Seminary, and is
a student in the New York
Theological Seminary.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine. THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field In every human breast, Where two opposing forces meet, And where they seldom rest.

That field is hid from mortal sight, 'Tis only seen by one Who knows alone where victory lies, When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce Their chief of demon form; His brow is like the thunder-cloud, His voice like the bursting storm.

His captains, Pride, and Lust, and Hate, Whose troops watch night and day, Swift to detect the weakest point, And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force Is but a little band; Yet there with an unquelling front, Those warriors firmly stand!

Their leader is of God-like form, Of countenance serene; And glowing on his naked breast A simple cross is seen.

His captains, Faith, and Hope, and Love, Point to that wondrous sign; And gazing on it, all receive Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth, A truth as great as sure, That to be victors they must earn To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife, Imparts a holy calm; For every deadly blow a shield, For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field, Past toil is quite forgot; The plain where carnage once had reigned Becomes a hallowed spot.

A spot where flowers of joy and peace Spring from the fertile sod, And breathe the perfume of their praise On every breeze to God.

Mrs. H., though but seventeen years of age, is regarded as the most profound reasoner, accomplished elocutionist and poetical speaker of the nineteenth century, and this is the only opportunity our citizens will have of listening to this wonderful woman. She has carried the New Yorkers by storm, and the public journals have devoted whole pages to a minute description of her personal appearance and reports of her lecture; and whatever we may think of the cause in which she is engaged, it would be well to see and hear for ourselves a woman who, so early in life, is creating such a deep sensation in the literary world wherever she goes. Admission 15 cents. did

Good men are the stars and planets of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times.

Fall of Aerolites.

At a meeting of the London Astronomical Society, the following extract of a letter from Mr. Richardson, dated off Jerbah, 25th January, 1850, was read:—

I will trouble your lordship by the mention of that astronomic phenomenon which arrested or terrified the attention of the whole of this coast some two months ago. This was the fall of a shower of aerolites, with a brilliant stream of light accompanying them, and which extended from Tunis to Tripoli, some of the stones falling in the latter city. The alarm was very great in Tunis, and several Jews and Moors instinctively fled to the British Consulate, as the common refuge from every kind of evil and danger. The fall of these aerolites was followed by the severest or coldest winter which the inhabitants of Tunis and Tripoli have experienced for many years.

TEMPERATURE OF THE EARTH—By experiment made during the last year by Prof. Smith, at Edinburgh, with a series of earth-thermometers, imbedded in the earth at varying depths, it was proved that there was a gradually increasing heat of one degree Fahrenheit for every forty feet of depth, so that at less than two and a half miles, would be at boiling heat; and at less than one hundred miles depth, all things must be in a state of fusion

SINGULAR RESULT OF A KISS.—An English paper informs us that a girl of seventeen, residing at Bridegate, Glasgow, named Catharine Burt, was brought to the central police office of that city, having had her neck fractured in a struggle arising from a young man having attempted to kiss her. No extra violence, it was said, had been used. Dr. M'Gill was in attendance, and reported that the injury sustained appeared to be partial dislocation of one of the vertebræ of the neck, causing great difficulty in respiration and swallowing—It is presumed, from pressure on the infirmity, but her friends preferred taking her home where she now lies in a dangerous state.—Steps are being taken to have the young man apprehended.

"The Higher Law."

Seven years have elapsed since the great debate in the Senate of the United States on the admission of California, and the passions of that hour having subsided, we think it may not be thought impertinent by candid men, to place side by side two passages, the one from the speech of Wm. H. Seward and the other from the speech of Henry Clay in the same debate, and ask why was the former denounced, and the latter idolized for the utterance of absolutely the same sentiment?

"We hold no arbitrary authority over anything, whether acquired lawfully or seized by usurpation. The Constitution regulates our stewardship. The Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare, and to Liberty. But **THERE IS A HIGHER LAW** than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same purposes."—[Speech of William H. Seward, Seward's Works, Vol. 1, page 84, published from the Appendix to the Congressional Globe, 1st Session, 31st Congress.

"And you are bound not only by the Constitution of the United States, but the Treaty by which she was acquired, and by the **HIGHER LAW** of God Himself, to give to those who are thrown in your power or possession by conquest or by purchase, the benefits of Government."—[Speech of Henry Clay, Congressional Globe, 1st Session, 31st Congress, Part 1, page 100, third column.—[Albany Jour.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between killed soldiers and repaired garments? Ans.—The former are dead men, and the latter are men dead (dead)!

Why are washerwomen the most inconsistent of persons? Ans.—Because they put out tubs to catch "soft" water, when it rains "hard."

Why are book-keepers like chickens? Ans.—Because they have to "scratch" for a living.

Which is the longest letter in the alphabet? Ans.—O, because there is no end to it.

What color does flogging give to an unruly boy? —It makes him yell oh (yellow)!

I am composed of 50 letters.
My 1, 21, 39, 49, 24, is a river in Europe.
My 2, 16, 14, 20, is the name of a bird.
My 13, 38, 27, 43, 46, 22, is a menial.
My 4, 8, 18, 23, 32, 45, was a celebrated portrait painter.
My 7, 10, 33, 37, 17, is a species of horse.
My 50, 25, 35, 42, 48, 36, is something written.
My 12, 30, 9, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 26, 34, 19, 44, 5, 31, is a kind of game.
My 40, 6, 11, 47, is a reptile.
My 15, 41, 29, 23, is a musical instrument.
My whole is a Spanish proverb.
New York. **DEMETRICUS.**

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 21, 9, 8, 1, 12, 11, 15, 13, is a county in Florida.
My 14, 26, 15, 5, 19, is a river in Europe.
My 25, 14, 7, 5, 8, 19, 9, 9, 4, 16, 5, 17, is a county in Virginia.
My 19, 10, 25, 26, 14, 1, 2, 19, 9, is a river in Asia.
My 12, 11, 9, 8, 4, 2, 15, 16, 21, is a town of note in Iowa.
My 5, 4, 25, 3, 17, 9, is a kingdom of Europe.
My 25, 26, 7, 20, 3, 15, 25, 9, is a county in Arkansas.
My 25, 14, 10, 9, 9, 7, 1, is an Empire of Europe.
My 23, 17, 16, 5, 21, 3, 24, 19, 23, is a county in New York.
My 12, 17, 14, 23, 15, 12, 4, 8, is a river in New England.
My whole will be, when completed, one of the greatest achievements of art. **J. E. D.**

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 1, 6, 26, 5, 28, 4, 1, is one of the United States.
My 10, 12, 23, 10, 15, 33, was a King of Persia that invaded Greece with the largest army of which history gives us any account.
My 40, 31, 36, 35, 1, 34, was a giant of the Philistines.
My 4, 26, 2, is a biped.
My 29, 37, 31, 32, is not fast.
My 39, 38, 4, 18, 6, 7, is not slow.
My 23, 31, 4, 19, was an Empire in ancient times that embraced the whole of the known world.
My 21, 25, 31, 4, 28, 8, is a man's name.
My 11, 3, 13, 22, is a kind of tree.
My 27, 31, 23, 24, 34, 14, 26, 23, 31, 30, 9, 2, 28, is one of the United States.
My 32, 26, 17, 25, 16, 13, 40, 21, 31, 27, was a renowned General and firm patriot in the times of the Revolution.
My 4, 28, 2, 14, 25, 19, 29, 20, 22, 23, is a city in England noted for its manufactories.
My 4, 3, 8, 29, 9, 33, 17, 16, 11, 11, 35, is a river in the United States.
My whole is an ancient adage. **T. B. S.**

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found upon the land,
And in the ocean deep;
'Tis found upon the desert's sand,
And on the mountain steep.
My second's sold in every town,
'Tis used in every state;
And if you guess it, you will own,
It's sale is very great.

Some find my whole deep in the ground,
Far away from mortal sight;
Now, if you have the answer found,
You'll know if you are right.

Pequea, Pennsylvania.

ALPHA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the coalman's—is used by the crown;
My second is part of a lock, jail, or town;
My whole is always seen with derision;
Does the answer loom up before your dim vision?
GAHMEW.

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
Transpose my whole, and I am what many shun.
Omit my 1, 2, and transpose, and I am a word of command.
Omit my 5, 6, and I denote happiness.
Omit my 3, 4, 5, 6, and I am a personal pronoun.
Omit my 1, 4, 6, and I am what we often do.
Omit my 1, 2, 4, and transpose, and I am an article of dress.
My whole is what many wish for.
Warren, Vt. **HARP.**

THE LOVE OF HOME.—Goldsmith, speaks in the following lines of the universality of this sentiment, the love of home, which needs but a place which it can call home, irrespective of its merits or demerits, and sighs to be there, and is miserable when away:

The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly claims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the joys he sees;
Such is the patriot's boasts, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home.

It is worthy of remark that the inhabitants of dreary, desolate, and barren, and of high-bleak, mountainous and picturesque countries, seem more attached to their native land than those whose homes are in more favored sections of the world. One reason for this may be found in the fact that equality of rights is more general in countries of the former description. Luxury has not, because it cannot, enervate the rich, whom Nature thus makes physically the equals of the poor, while these latter seem instinct with a Spirit of liberty, which the mountain heights of their country are particularly calculated to foster; and their robust constitutions, invigorated by climbing the heights and breathing the pure atmosphere of the everlasting hills, increase this same Spirit by heightening the buoyancy and elevating the tone of mind, and giving it that elasticity which perfect health imparts, and in which independence finds those conditions requisite for maintenance and perpetuity.

Here's your money, Dolt. Now tell me why your father wrote me eighteen letters about such a contemptible sum? said the exasperated debtor. 'I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were because seventeen letters didn't fetch it, sir.'

Carlyle thus describes "Morning":—Right ahead, the great north-east sends up evermore his gray blinded dawn; from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short, deep warble, salute the coming sun. Stars fade out, and galaxies, street lamps of the city of God. The universe, oh my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the levee of the Great High King.

A BENEVOLENT old gentleman used to give away wood to the poor by the cord, in order, as he said, to have it recorded above.

FOR THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.
Dead—April 5th, 1861.

Dead, though over his beautiful eyes
Nor coffin-lid, nor the grave-sod lies:
Dead, though he wears his living smile,
And his step falls firm, as it fell erewhile:
Dead, though his lips of "bearded bloom,"
Never have gathered the dust of the tomb:
Lost, though his footsteps do not roam,
And he wanders not from his older home.

Dead, to the loftier life of hope,
That once was his, in its glorious scope;
To the radiant promise of earlier years,—
Dead, and bemoaned with passionate tears!
Lost forever, out of the arms
That gladly would shield him from earthly harms—
Out of the heart, that fain would brave
All things to save him, yet could not save!

Dead while he liveth! God pity us all
Who thus o'er the living, must spread the pall!
Who watch the slow ravage of sin's deep blight,
And never can bury our dead from our sight.
O pitiful God! who to beauty and bloom
Yearly dost waken the earth from its tomb,
Strong to deliver and mighty to save—
Quicken this *Soul*, in its living grave!

ZOE.

This World is Full of Beauty.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

There lives a voice within me, a guest-angel of my heart
And its sweet blessings win me, till the tears a-trembling
start;
Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,
And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs to me—
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.
* * * * *
The leaf-voices of the forest, and the flow'r-lips of the
glad—
The happy Birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of
God—
The summer wind that bringeth music over land and
sea—
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs
to me—
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

WILLIE BELL.

Down in yonder shadowed valley,
Where the death tide's waters roll,
Where dark phantoms ever dally
With the fleeting, fainting soul;
Where the hymn of death is waking,
In the gloom with measured swell;
Thither went our heart strings breaking,
Little, loving Willie Bell.
Chorus—Gentle Willie, darling Willie,
How we loved thee none can tell;
Thou hast left us, and forever,
Little, loving Willie Bell.

All the spring-time played he gladly,
With the sunbeams from the sky,—
In the summer watched he sadly
All the spring flowers fade and die.
And he wander'd by the brook side,
Where the gushing waters fell,—
Where the angels sing at night-tide,
Music low to Willie Bell.

But, when summer blossoms faded,
And the autumn leaves flew by;
When the gentle buds were shaded
By the snow-wreaths from on high,
Then a voice come down from heaven,
Like the waves in winding shell,
And an angel crown was given
To the brow of Willie Bell.

Folded they his hands of whiteness,
O'er the marble, lifeless breast,
While sweet strains of harps from brightness
Welcomed him to heavenly rest,
And the eyes of blue were closing
O'er the cheeks where death damps fell,
Wherein dreamless sleep reposing
Was the form of Willie Bell.

Down within the grassy meadow,
Down within the silent vale,
Where at even comes the shadow
Of the moonbeams, still and pale;
There, upon the earth's cold bosom,
Mid the snow-flakes as they fell,
Laid we our bright summer blossom,
Lov'd in death, sweet Willie Bell.

Dosticks thus describes the bashful man:—
"First call—bell rings, enter bashful young man
evidently his first attempt at a fashionable visit
came in with his hat in his hand, put it behind
to make his bow, dropped it, tried to pick it up,
stepped in it, put his foot through it, fell over it,
and in his frantic struggle to recover himself,
burst his coat, fractured his pantaloons, untied
his cravat, demolished his shirt collar, and was
finally borne away to the hall, by his sympathiz-
ing friends, minus his patent moustache, one
half of which was found in Laura Matilda's scrap-
book, and the rest discovered in the coal-scut-
tle."

A young man was frequently cautioned by his
father to vote for "measures, not men." He
promised to do so, and soon after received a
bonus to vote for Mr. Peck. His father, aston-
ished at his voting for a man whom he deemed
objectionable, inquired his reason for voting so.
"Surely, father," said the youth, "you told me
to vote for measures, and if Peck is not a meas-
ure, I don't know what it is."

THE AMERICAN AUTUMN.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak of russet clad—
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an emperor, triumphing,
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glowing purple canopies.
How can't ye this season fall,
That seems the pageant of the year?
Richer and brighter far than all
The pomp that spring and summer wear—
Red falls the western light of day
On rock and stream and winding shore;
Soft woody banks and granite gray
With amber clouds are curtained o'er.

The wide, clear waters sleeping lie
Beneath the evening's wings of gold,
And on their glassy breast the sky
And banks their mingled hues unfold;
Far in the tangled woods the ground
Is strewn with fall'n leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around
Beneath a crimson canopy.
The sloping sun, with arrows bright,
Pierces the forest's waving mask!
The universe seems wrapt in light,
A floating robe of rosy haze.
Oh, Autumn! thou art here a king—
And round thy throne the smiling hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring,
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.

Invita Minerva.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

The Bardling came where by a river grew
The whispering reeds, that, as the West wind blew,
Gleamed and sighed plaintively, as if they knew
What music slept enchanted in each stem,
'Till Pan should choose some happy one of them,
And with wise lips enliven it through and through.

II.

The Bardling thought,—A pipe is all I need;
Once I have sought me out a clear smooth reed,
And shaped it to my fancy, I proceed
To breathe such strains as yonder 'mid the rocks,
The strange youth blows, that tends Admetus' flocks,
And all the maidens will to me pay heed.

III.

The Summer day he spent in questful round,
And many a reed he marred, but never found
A conjuring-spell to free the imprisoned sound;
At last his vainly-wearied limbs he laid
Beneath a sacred laurel's flickering shade,
And sleep about his brain her cobweb wound.

IV.

Then strode the mighty mother through his dreams,
Saying "The reeds along a thousand streams
Are mine, and who is he that plots and schemes
To snare the melodies which fated breath
Sounds through the double pipes of Life and Death,
Attuning what to men mad discord seems?"

V.

"He seeks not me, but I seek off in vain
For him who shall my voiceful reeds constrain,
And make them utter their melodious pain;
He flies the immortal gift, for well he knows
His life of life must with its overflows
Flood the unthankful pipe, nor come again.

VI.

Thou fool, who dost my harmless subjects wrong,
'Tis not the singer's wish that makes the song:
The rhythmic beauty wanders dumb, how long,
Nor stoops to any daintiest instrument,
Till, found its mated lips, their sweet consent
Makes mortal breath than Time and Fate more strong."

EDITH LOVELL;

—OR—

THE AMERICAN SPY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun had set twice over the
camp of the British; and when it
again rose, it was upon the day de-
signed for the execution of Walter
Lovell, the American spy. Ere the
day king had reached the meridian,
the preparations for the young man's
death were completed, and Walter
was informed that the moment for
his death was near. With a fearless
smile upon his noble features, he suf-
fered himself to be led from the tent,
where, since his capture, he had re-
mained, under a strong guard. As
the captive advanced, General Howe
welcomed him with a smile of haugh-
ty triumph, and a very evident ex-
pression of satisfaction on his counte-
nance, for he rarely got such a daring
American as Walter Lovell into his
power, and he knew well that Wash-
ington would mourn the loss of his
young and trusty favorite. The sol-
diers were impatiently awaiting the
moment of his execution, for they
could not forget that the hand of the
young American had slain many of
their comrades, and his weapon had
been the death of one of their most
faithful companions, two days before,
and, in eager expectation, each was
waiting for the moment of revenge.
There was a shade of sorrow upon
the brow of Walter, for not without a
 pang of anguish could he turn his
thoughts to his beautiful young sis-
ter, the gentle Edith. She would
learn of his sad fate—she would
mourn his untimely death; her bright
eyes would grow dim with weeping,
and the rose upon her fair cheek fade
to a deathly paleness. Walter could
not think of this without a pang of
the keenest anguish. He was arou-
sed from his mournful reflections by
the voice of General Howe, informing
him that he had but five minutes to
live. The young man closed his
eyes, and kneeling, clasped his hands
in prayer. He committed his father
and sister to the care of a never sleep-
ing Father, and prayed that his be-
loved native land might soon be re-
leased from the power of a tyrant-en-
emy, and yet be free. Then commit-
ing his soul to God, he rose from his
kneeling posture, and said calmly, "I
am ready."
'And you ought to be, for the time
has far elapsed,' said the general.—
'Melton,' he continued, addressing a
soldier who stood beside him, 'you
are to shoot the spy, remember.'
'And am very glad to perform the
office,' returned the fellow, with a
grin.
'All is ready, I believe,' said Gene-
ral Howe. 'Lieutenant Lovell, the
moment of death has come.'

'I am prepared,' said the young man, firmly. Melton raised his musket, and aimed it at the heart of Lovell. All was still as death. The words came from the General's lips—'Ready—aim,' but the fatal word, 'fire,' had not escaped them, when a loud cry of alarm from the sentinels, and a rushing sound, as of an army approaching, came upon their ears.—Melton turned pale, and dropped the musket, and a gleam of hope lighted the features of Walter Lovell.

'The Americans! the Americans are upon us!' was the ringing cry.—And the next instant, with a fearful shout, a large band of Americans sprang upon them, with Washington himself at their head. With an answering shout, Walter Lovell caught up the musket that Melton had dropped, and once more stood among the noble band. The British were terror-stricken at the sudden attack; their surprise was equalled only by their despair. General Howe seemed to have entirely lost his presence of mind, and terror and confusion reigned among the British. The mad shout of victory rose upon the air from the Americans—and that cry seemed to rouse the self-possession of General Howe. Snatching up his sword, and swinging the glittering weapon high above his head, he shouted:

'To arms! to arms! they shall not gain the victory!'

The ringing tones of their commander once more roused the spirits of the men.—The dismay and confusion seemed to have left them—and following the example of the General, they fought with the courage of despair. For a brief space of time the conquest seemed nearly equal. But after a few decisive thrusts of the British, the Americans evidently gave ground. The ringing voices of both Howe and Washington rose above the tumult, each exhorting their respective armies by their words, as well as by their example—yet the British were evidently gaining—the American's losing ground! Yet both Lieutenant and Colonel Lovell fought with a bravery that should have inspired new courage in the hearts of others—the enemy seemed determined to once more capture the daring young spy, and with a determination to conquer them, a whole band closed around the father and son, and after a desperate fray, both were captured.—At this moment, in spite of the words of their commander, even while there was yet a chance to conquer, (would that the action were blotted from our nation's history!) the Americans began to retreat, and the British were left masters of the field, with the noble Lovells as their prisoners!

In the whole history of that glorious war, there is no retreat recorded, which was not done under the most honorable circumstances, save the disastrous defeat of Germantown, Washington could never forget it—and though he bore no ill will to the soldiers for the lack of bravery they displayed on that occasion, which had been rarely, if ever, seen before in

them, still he never forgot the disgrace at Germantown. Yet the splendid victories which were achieved, both before and after the defeat, fully cancelled the disgrace, and the glorious termination of the war of American Independence forms one of the most brilliant pages in the history of nations.

Fatigued and dispirited, the Americans returned to their camp, their hopes of ultimate success now growing still fainter, while the British, highly elated by their victory, remained masters of the field. Two of their most daring enemies—Colonel and Lieutenant Lovell—had been taken, and though their victory had been dearly bought, yet it was to them a most successful one. The prisoners were put under a strong guard, the dead and wounded removed, and the sentinels again posted around the camp.

'We have caught two splendid birds,' said General Howe, addressing one of his lieutenants; 'the young spy is safe in our hands yet, and his father, a man little less dangerous than himself, is also in our power.'

'The cowardly rebels were not quite so brave as usual,' returned the lieutenant, with a laugh, 'I was really surprised to see them retreat so easily. They have shown their cowardly spirit to day.'

'Yes,' returned Howe, with a light laugh, 'their vaned bravery has been tested in this action. But the Lovells—I think the intelligence of their capture ought to be sent to Lord Cornwallis. It will please him much to hear of it, for the two rebels have annoyed him much, and he may wish to have the daring Americans brought to his head-quarters to be executed in the presence of his army. A messenger must be sent to his lordship to-morrow with the news.'

'A very good idea, General,' returned the lieutenant; 'but the prisoners must be kept under the strongest guard, for they will leave no means untried that may afford them a hope of escape.'

'I well know that,' said the general; 'they will be most securely guarded, for I would not on any account have them escape. You, Lieutenant d'Estay, I shall appoint as the messenger, and to-morrow morning, you will start for the head-quarters of Lord Cornwallis.'

'I shall be ready at any hour, your lordship,' returned the lieutenant, as, at a motion from the General, he withdrew from his superior's presence.

CHAPTER IV.

In his tent sat the American commander, General Washington, with his head resting upon his hand, and a shadow of grief and disappointment resting upon his noble brow. He was thinking of the disastrous defeat of Germantown—of the cowardly retreat of the American troops, and not least in his thoughts was the capture of two of his noblest officers—Colonel

and Lieutenant Lovell. The father he had loved as a brother—the young lieutenant as a son—and as he knew that their fate would be certain death, as they had been deadly foes to the British, it was not to be wondered at that the great heart of Washington bled for his noble fellow-countrymen.

He was roused from his reflections by the curtain of the tent being raised, and a soldier informed him that a youth was without, who wished to speak with him.

'Admit him,' was the reply of the general, and the next instant a young man entered, and bowed gracefully to the commander. His form was elegant and symmetrical, and his hands small and white as a maiden's. His forehead and hair were concealed by a large cap, which was drawn over them, but beneath it his large, brilliant black eyes gleamed with the fire of a proud spirit. The portion of his features that was visible was decidedly handsome, and his full curved lips wore the same independent expression that flashed from his dark eyes.—He was neatly dressed, and could not have been more than twenty years of age, yet he seemed even younger.

'Sit down my lad,' said the general who already felt quite an interest in the youth. 'I shall be happy to hear whatever you have to say.'

'The Americans attacked the British at their camp, yesterday, did they not?' hesitatingly asked the youth.

'We did, but were defeated,' answered the general, while an expression of pain crossed his features.

'And were Colonel and Lieutenant Lovell engaged in the fight,' anxiously asked the youth.

'They were,' returned the general, while the painful expression again crossed his features.

'And are they safe?' gasped the youth, while his eyes were fixed with intense eagerness upon the countenance of the commander.

'My lad,' said the General, kindly, 'I feel very sorry that I am the first one to break to you the sad intelligence. Two days before the battle, Lieutenant Lovell was sent to the British camp, as a spy. By some means, I know not how, he was detected, and I was informed that he would be shot, and therefore made preparations to attack the enemy as soon as possible. Yesterday we surprised them—just in time to save Lieutenant Lovell from death.'

'And he is now—' gasped the youth, who had listened with the intensest interest.

'Prepare your mind for the worst, my lad,' said Washington, who was really distressed for the young stranger; 'both Colonel and Lieutenant Lovell were taken prisoners by the British, and will doubtless be shot as rebels! But be calm, my dear young man, for—'

A shriek of agony from his listener interrupted him, and the youth fell

senseless to the ground, and a shower of rich raven tresses covered the stranger's shoulders! The general started for he saw that it was a female that he held in his arms! He remembered seeing that face once before—it was the sister of the American spy—Edith Lovell!

The general snatched a pitcher of water from the small table, and sprinkled its contents profusely over the face of Edith. She soon revived, and opened her eyes, but recollecting where she was, and the fearful intelligence she had received, with a deep sigh she again closed them. The commander spoke a few words of comfort and hope to the distressed girl and assisted her to rise to her feet and again assume her disguise.

"General Washington," said the young girl, as she again pressed her dark ringlets beneath the large cap, "you are doubtless surprised to see me here, and in this costume; but my anxiety for my dear father and beloved brother would not permit me to remain at home, after I received the intelligence of the attack upon Germantown. But my informant did not give me any intelligence of those I loved, and determining to know the truth, I this morning donned this costume and made my way to the American camp. I think you cannot accuse me of unmaidenly conduct, now that you know the truth."

"Miss Lovell," said the general, his face lighting up with enthusiasm, "I admire your noble spirit, your filial and sisterly devotion, and your conduct upon this occasion. I could not accuse you of even the slightest fault in this matter, and for your sake, if for no other reason, I would do my best to rescue your father and brother."

"May Heaven bless you for your kindness to a friendless girl!" exclaimed Edith, warmly. "But I must now return to my home, for, as I have been so long absent, search may be made for me."

"If you wish it, any of our horses are at your service, and a trusty soldier shall accompany you home, that no harm shall come to your person," said the general, kindly.

"My own horse waits for me at a short distance from here," answered the maiden, "and to these," she continued, drawing a dagger and a pair of small pistols from her bosom, "I shall trust for my protection."

"Brave girl!" exclaimed the general, highly pleased at her daring manner, "you are well worthy the name of Lovell!"

"The young girl smiled sadly, and answered:

"If any daring upon my part could effect the release of my father or brother, I should fear no mortal man in attempting to rescue them."

"Miss Lovell," said the general, a smile lighting up his countenance as he took the fair Edith by the hand, "remember that wherever you are, you have at least one friend—George Washington."

The grateful tears of the beautiful Edith fell upon the hand which so kindly clasped her own, and at that moment she felt that though she might be an orphan and friendless, the 'father of his country' would not allow the daughter of one of his most daring followers to go unprotected.—As she mounted her trusty horse and rode leisurely on towards her home, she thought long and anxiously upon the sad intelligence she had that morning received, and though the prospect was indeed depressing, she had not entirely given up all hope,

CHAPTER V.

A week had passed away since Colonel Lovell and his noble son had been taken prisoners by the British, and during that time, though a messenger had been despatched to Lord Cornwallis, no tidings had been received from him. Though a strong guard had been placed over both the American prisoners, yet they had several times made attempts to escape, and it was considered best to execute them at once, without waiting further orders from his lordship. During this time, the prisoners had heard nothing from the beautiful Edith, and they had felt that they must die without again seeing the beloved one. They were prepared—it was a consolation to both to know that they died for their country.

Seven days had elapsed—the eighth was the one appointed for the execution of Lieutenant Walter Lovell, the American spy, and Colonel Lovell, his father. The sun arose bright and beautiful, and though it was the 12th of October, the air was soft and pleasant, and the sky presented a surface of unbroken azure. As young Walter Lovell was led forth to execution, he could not but heave a sigh to think of death when all around was so bright and lovely, yet the thought was useless, and the young hero resigned himself to his fate.

It was decided that both the father and son should die at the same instant, and for this purpose, two muskets were loaded, and two men appointed to shoot the "rebels." But just before the instant arrived which was to launch them into eternity, a commotion was heard outside the camp, and the next moment, a splendid looking officer appeared, dressed in full British military costume, and mounted upon a handsome black charger, while behind him followed a band, eight in number, of British soldiers!

"Hold!" cried the officer, in a ringing voice, as he reined up his high mettled steed, "harm not those two Americans upon peril of your lives! I am Lord Eustace de St. Clifford, commissioned by the commander of His Majesty's troops in America, Lord Cornwallis, to bring to him safely, and without harm to them, the two American prisoners, under your care, known as Colonel and Lieutenant Lovell."

"His lordship's commands must be obeyed," said General Howe, with perfect self-possession which he usually displayed.

"You were about to execute them, were you not?" asked Lord de St. Clifford, his fine black eyes flashing brightly as he spoke.

"We were, your lordship," returned Howe; "they have been very troublesome, for they have attempted to escape several times, and only the strictest watch could have kept them in our hands until this time. You will be obliged to watch them very vigilantly during the march to the camp, Lord Eustace, or they will surely escape."

A half scornful smile curled the lips of Lord de St. Clifford, but he did not answer. The eyes of almost every one of the soldiers were fixed upon the splendid looking officer, yet he did not seem to notice their admiration. And he was indeed handsome—though his complexion was dark as a West Indian's and his hair and forehead concealed by his plumed military cap, yet the fine features and symmetrical form, added to the rich costume, were sufficient to cause the soldiers to murmur among themselves, "He was as handsome an officer as could be found in the whole British army!"

The prisoners were soon prepared, and two spirited horses being furnished by Howe, Colonel Lovell and his son were mounted upon them, and placed in the care of Lord Eustace's band. As they were turning away, the handsome officer turned to General Howe, and said:

"Lord Howe, I was instructed by Lord Cornwallis to tell you that he thought it would be useless for you to attempt to take Philadelphia in spite of the firm resistance of the Americans, and that you had better give up the project."

Gen. Howe bowed, without answering, and Lord de St. Clifford, with a cold salutation, turned his head and rode away at the head of his band, in the midst of whom were the two prisoners. An hour passed, yet they rode on in silence, when Walter suddenly perceived that they were riding toward the American camp. The Colonel perceived it at the same time, but they only exchanged glances with each other and said nothing.

Hours passed—and still they rode briskly on, when suddenly turning a corner of the road, the American camp hove full in sight! Walter and his father were now thoroughly roused, yet they said nothing, resolving to wait the issue of the strange proceeding. At length they reached the camp, and Lord de St. Clifford, who had not spoken since they left the British, sprang from his charger, and the whole company, including the prisoners, followed his example. The American sentinels, instead of firing upon them, welcomed them with a shout of joy, and admitted them into the camp. A large band of sol-

Anecdotes of Nicholas.

THE EMPEROR IN THE STREET.

At Peterhof, says M. JERRMANN, I often met the Emperor walking alone in the park and gardens. There he puts himself at his ease, lays aside his sword, uniform and epaulettes, and rambles about in a surlout and foraging cap. But in his capital, where he is "on duty," he never appears otherwise than in uniform. Even in the coldest weather he wears only a cloth cloak, like any other officer. I never saw him in a fur coat, nor do I believe he has one. In the metropolis his appearance is quite unassuming; he walks about the Newsky unattended, and his presence is only to be noticed by the jovial movement of the crowd. None are allowed to address him; and, although it were most agreeable to him, if he could with propriety be left unnoticed, yet he exacts due respect from those by whom he knows that he is recognised. He once stopped opposite to two young men belonging to one of the imperial schools, who were staring him in the face, and asked why they did not salute him. One of them maintained a terrified silence; the other plucked up courage and replied, "We do not know you!" "No matter," replied the Emperor, "you see that I wear a general's uniform. Go, both of you to the Winter Palace, and report yourselves to the guard as under arrest. There you will find out who I am, and will know it for the future."

With throbbing hearts the young men obeyed orders, auguring little good from the unfriendly reception of the officer on guard. The guard had their dinner; nobody heeded the prisoners. Several hours passed, still they were kept fasting. They had just received a harsh refusal to their humble petition to be allowed to send out for a loaf, when one of the imperial servants entered with a dinner from the Emperor's table and a bottle of champagne. For that day he told them they were the guests of the Emperor, who requested them to drink his health and not to forget in future to salute when they met him, as he could not afford to invite them to dinner every day.

ALEXANDER'S COLUMN.

This colossal memorial reminds one of the most stupendous monuments of antiquity. Probably it is hitherto unsurpassed; at any rate, it is a higher pillar than either Pompey's or Trajan's. It consists of a single granite block, and weighs 17,640 cwt. The pedestal, in due proportion to the height and circumference of the column, is also a solid block of granite, and both were hewn out of the quarries of Pyttelaxa, a village on the Gulf of Finland, one and twenty German miles from St. Petersburg. On the apex of the column hovers an angel of extraordinary beauty, with head depressed, the cross in one hand, and the other pointing to Heaven. Pity it is that on two sides, when you contemplate this lovely statue from a distance, the head can hardly be seen at all; only on a nearer approach does the beholder discern all the beauty and perfection of the work. The story goes that Louis Philippe of France, in the days of his greatest power and prosperity, applied to the Emperor Nicholas for a similar column out of the Finland quarries. The Emperor begged to be excused. "He would not," he said, "send him a smaller one; a similar one he could not send him; and a greater was not to be obtained." It is much to be regretted that this splendid monolith is already cracked.

THE CZAR AND THE POOR GUARDSMAN.

Passing, on a winter's evening, by one of the guard houses in St. Petersburg, he had the curiosity to see what was going on in the interior. The officer on duty was seated near a table, tranquilly sleeping, but with helmet on, sword at his side, and accoutrements irreproachable. The Emperor made a sign to the sentinel to let him enter, and approaching the table, he perceived on it a paper, on which was the following written memorandum:

"STATE OF MY EXPENSES AND OF MY RECEIPTS."

Debt.	
Lodging, maintenance, fuel, &c.,	2000 roubles.
Dress and pocket money,	2500 "
Debts,	3000 "
Alimentary provision to my mother,	500 "
Total,	8000 "
Credit.	
Pay and other receipts,	4000 "

SIR BARNES AND LADY NEWCOME.

The proceedings in the Newcome Divorce Bill filled the usual number of columns in the papers—especially the Sunday papers. The witnesses were examined by learned peers whose business—nay, pleasure—it seems to be to enter into such matters; and, for the ends of justice and morality, doubtless, the whole story of Barnes Newcome's household was told to the British public. In the previous trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, how gallantly Sergeant Rowland stood up for the rights of British husbands! with what pathos he depicted the conjugal paradise, the innocent children prattling round their happy parents, the serpent, the destroyer, entering into that Belgravian Eden; the wretched and deserted husband alone by his desecrated hearth, and calling for redress on his country! Rowland wept freely during his noble harangue. At not a shilling under twenty thousand pounds would he estimate the cost of his client's injuries. The jury were very much affected: the evening papers gave Rowland's address, *in extenso*, with some pretty sharp raps at the aristocracy in general. The "Day," the principal morning journal of that period, came out with a leading article the next morning, in which every party concerned and every institution was knocked about. The disgrace of the peerage, the ruin of the monarchy, (with a retrospective view of the well known case of Gyges and Candaules,) the monstrosity of the crime, and the absurdity of the tribunal and the punishment, were all set forth in the terrible leading article of the "Day."

And so on, and so on, between Rowland and Oliver, the battle waged fiercely that day. Many witnesses were mauled and slain. Out of that combat scarce anybody came well, except the two principal champions, Rowland, Sergeant, and Oliver, Q. C. The whole country looked on and heard the wretched story, not only of Barnes' fault and Highgate's fault, but of the private peccadilloes of their suborned footmen and conspiring housemaids. Mr. Justice C. Sawyer charged the Jury at great length—those men were respectable men and fathers of families themselves—of course they dealt full measure to Lord Highgate for his delinquencies; consoled the injured husband with immense damages, and left him free to pursue the farther steps for releasing himself altogether from the tie, which had been bound with affecting Episcopal benediction, at St. George's, Hanover

"So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplures her. She scarce dares to look out of the windows of her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach her. All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dares to go abroad she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through it; and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People as criminal but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best; that his friends who see her, treat her with but a doubtful respect; and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the county town, neighbors look aside as the carriage passes in which she sits splendid and lonely.

If Barnes Newcome's children meet yonder solitary lady, do they know her? If her once-husband thinks upon the unhappy young creature whom his cruelty drove from him, does his conscience affect his sleep at night? Why should Sir Barnes Newcome's conscience be more squeamish than his country's, which has put money in his pocket for having trampled on the poor weak young thing, and scorned her, and driven her to ruin? When the whole of the accounts of that wretched bankruptcy are brought up for final audit, which of the unhappy partners shall be shown to be most guilty? Does the Right Reverend Prelate, who did the benedictory business for Barnes and Clara his wife, repent in secret? Do the parents who pressed the marriage, and the fine folks who signed the book, and ate the breakfast, and applauded the bridegroom's speech, feel a little ashamed? O Hymen Hymenae! The bishops, beadles, clergy, pew openers, and other officers of the temple dedicated to Heaven, under the invocation of St. George, will officiate in the same place at scores and scores more of such marriages; and St. George of England may behold virgin after virgin offered up to the devouring monster, Mammon, (with many most respectable female dragons looking on,)—may see virgin after virgin given away, just as

Professor EWBANK'S Sketches of Brazil are continued. Among the multitude of customs they describe is the annexed, which will be new to most readers:

SAINT ANTONY.

As the restorer of lost things, Antony is constantly appealed to in the cases of runaway slaves, stray horses, mules, and stolen furniture of every description. Senhora P— has great devotion for him. She carries his picture in her bosom, and, like thousands here, keeps an image of him in her house. Not a day passes without her addressing him. I took the liberty to ask what she wanted him to do for her now? She had lost a silver spoon! To convince me that he was "a very miraculous saint," she mentioned that he had sent one of her mother's slaves back after a long absence, and how a valuable one of her own had run off, and been forced to return. The last confessed that the tortured image of the Saint used to appear and tell him he must return.

The treatment of Antony is peculiar to him. When other saints do not comply with requests preferred to them, resignation is a duty; while in such case he is scourged, bruised, abused, and tormented in every imaginable manner; and, what is strange, this is said to be agreeable to him! The measures adopted by Senhora P— were such as her mother had recourse to. She took Antony—a figure, about the length of one's hand, of pottery, or more commonly of plaster of Paris—placed a lighted candle before him, and besought him to send the fugitive home, and to mind and give him no rest till he returned. A week elapsed and he came not; another and another passed away, and still no tidings of him. She then took the Saint, laid him, with his face downward, on the floor behind the door, and put a heavy stone upon him, that there might be no intermission, as in flagellations, of his pains. I asked, "Why treat him so severely?" Then came the stereotyped story: "St. Antony wished to be a martyr, but as Our Lady did not permit him to have that honor, he loves to be afflicted in his representatives, and very often will not listen to his friends until they are tormented." As soon as the fugitive was recovered, the load was removed from the back of the little sufferer; he was washed, put on a covered table, two candles lit before him, and the best thanks of the lady presented with a courtesy.

It is common with some to put the uncomplying Saint into ovens, and throw him into ash-pits, and never to take him out except to thank him, or to chastise him; but the most general punishment is consignment to a dark and wet prison. Every house in Rio has a shallow well or cistern in the yard of brackish water, rising within a few feet of the surface. In these the Saint is immured. So common is it "to put St. Antony into the well," that the expression is proverbial for having lost something. H— says he had a slave who ran off, and was caught and returned in a few weeks. On communicating the news of the recovery of the fugitive to his family, his wife led him to the small well in the yard, and opening the cover, showed him Antony suspended by a cord just over the water. She had placed him there soon after the slave was missing. Of course he was drawn up, like Jeremiah out of the pit, and complimented with thanks, and a couple of candles, and the slave reminded how useless were attempts to escape the vigilance of this heavenly negro catcher.

Next comes THACKERAY'S novel "the Newcomes," the plot of which rapidly develops as it approaches a conclusion. "The Newcomes" is aimed at mercenary marriages, as "Vanity Fair" was at fashionable vice. The upshot of one such marriage is sketched in the paragraphs we copy:

This question terminated the account, and the officer, unable to find any answer, had fallen asleep with the pen in his hand. The Emperor approached him, and recognizing one of the best conducted among his guards, took the pen gently and wrote beneath the appalling question the significant name of "NICHOLAS." He then quietly withdrew, without awakening the officer or having been seen by any other of the soldiers on guard. The surprise of the guardsman may be imagined, when on awakening he found the Emperor's signature on the paper before him, and learned the mysterious visit with which he had been favored. The next morning, to his further surprise and delight, he was presented by an orderly with a letter from Nicholas, in which he was admonished to choose for the future a better time and place to sleep, but to continue, as in the past, to serve his Emperor, and to take care of his mother.

VERNET, THE ACTOR.

On one occasion the Emperor met Vernet, the favorite actor at the French theater, in the street and stopped to speak to him. A group of persons quickly formed itself, and no sooner had the Emperor walked on again than the police—of whose customary literal interpretation of the laws I have had already occasion to give examples when mentioning the thaw of the Neva and the burning of Lehmann's theater—came up and took Vernet to the nearest guard house, for having spoken to the Emperor. Vernet needed but to write a line to the director of the theater, to clear up the mistake and obtain his release; but he, delaying doing this, missed his rehearsal, and waited till the evening's performance began before he informed Gen. Gedeonoff of his mishap. Of course a carriage was immediately sent to fetch him to the theater, where he was to perform in the second piece. On his arrival there the General bitterly reproached him for having carried the joke so far, for having missed a rehearsal, and probably caused a delay in the performance: he informed him at the same time that he was fined a week's salary.

Vernet said nothing, but began very deliberately to dress. When it was time for the second piece to begin, Vernet was not ready. The manager went to hurry him. Vernet, seemingly absorbed in thought, merely replied, with perfect coolness, "That costs me three hundred francs!" Next came the government inspector and urged him to haste. "Three hundred francs!" was the sole reply he obtained. Finally, Gen. Gedeonoff himself came to hurry the tardy actor, overwhelmed with his reproaches, entreated, swore, stamped with his feet, cursed in all sorts of languages. Vernet would not be put out of his way, but continued quietly to lay on his rouge, stepped back a pace to study the effect, then returned to the glass and touched up the paint, looking all the while straight before him. Ready at last, he hurried past the General to the door of his dressing room; there, turning suddenly round, "Excellency," said he, "do you know that costs me three hundred francs?"

When Vernet stepped upon the stage he was received with murmurs. But he was not the man to be disconcerted by them, and he acted with more spirit and humor than ever. The Emperor laughed immoderately, and, knowing nothing of what had occurred, (that having been carefully concealed from him,) wished to console his favorite for his bad reception, went behind the scenes between the acts, spoke to him in the most friendly manner, and asked him if he could not do him a pleasure in return for all the amusement he had afforded him? "Sire," replied the actor, "the greatest favor you can do me is, never to accost me again in the street." The Emperor looked astonished; Gedeonoff changed color. Vernet proceeded to relate, in humorous strain, his adventure with the police, and concluded by pointing to the General and saying, "Sire, to complete my misfortune, I am fined three hundred francs." The Emperor, convulsed with laughter, hurried back to his box to tell the story to the Empress, and next day Vernet received the receipt for the fine paid out of the imperial purse, and in his Majesty's name, a costly diamond ring, as *dommages-intérets*.

THE BURNING OF THE WINTER PALACE.

In December, 1837, the court was witnessing a performance of the French company at the Michael's Theater, when an aid-de-camp entered the Imperial box and whispered to Prince Wolkonsky, one of the ministers there present. The Prince gave him orders and continued to look quietly on at the performance. Half an hour later, the aid-de-camp returned, and this time the Prince, after listening to him, spoke to the Emperor, who rose, gave his arm to his wife, and conducted her to her carriage. The coachman received orders to drive to the Anitchkoff Palace, instead of to the Winter Palace. The Emperor mounted a horse that was in waiting for him, and galloped to the Winter Palace. There was a terrible crowd and crushing in the streets; half St. Petersburg was on foot; it was as light as day, and flames roared up into the sky; the Winter Palace was on fire.

A terrible sight awaited the Emperor. The cradle of his childhood stood in a sea of fire. From every window of the facade the flames flared furiously upwards; from that side, nothing could be distinguished of the whole upper portion of the building, but high, high in the air, glimpses were occasionally caught of gigantic figures towering above the flames and rocking on their lofty pinnacles. These were the allegorical figures which decorated the summit of the roof, and which the flames actually spared; blackened, but otherwise uninjured, they passed through that terrible conflagration.

The Emperor galloped round the building to look after his sentries. The precaution was not superfluous. On the western side, two soldiers were near falling victims to the fire. In the general confusion, those whose duty it was had forgotten to relieve them, and there they stood, notwithstanding the frightful heat, musket on shoulder and resigned to their fate. The Emperor relieved them himself and pressed forward into the palace. At a glance he saw that the whole must soon fall in, and he hastened into the rooms where the danger seemed greatest, to call out the men who were saving the furniture. At his command, everybody fled from the building, with the exception of four workmen, who had received orders to save an enormous mirror, and who would not leave the palace without it. The Emperor drew his sword, and, with one blow of the hilt, shattered the glass. Scarcely had the last man passed the threshold, when the roof fell in with a terrible crash. Having satisfied himself that no more lives were in danger, Nicholas hurried to the Empress, at the Anitchkoff Palace.

The Empress had recovered from her first alarm. She was tired, and when she had seen her husband she asked, with some uneasiness, where she was to pass the night. Her secretary, the Privy Councillor Chambeau, begged permission to conduct her to the sleeping room that had been hastily prepared for her. There she found, to her great astonishment—through the delicate attention of an attached servant—her sleeping apartment out of the Winter Palace, with its thousand little comforts and conveniences; everything in the same place and order as if it had been untouched since she last dressed herself. When the fire had reached that wing of the palace (and it spread with tremendous rapidity) Chambeau hastened to the boudoir with a dozen servants and muschiks. "All here belongs to the Empress," he cried; "not a thing must be broken;" and in aprons, baskets, and pockets, were carried away all those thousand-and-one nicknacks—clocks, vases, boxes and ornaments—without which such a boudoir would not be complete. Without the slightest injury, they were carried out of the burning palace, and for half a league, through the heaving throng that filled the streets; and when Chambeau had arranged everything as it was in its former place, the locality alone was changed; all things seemed to stand where they had been left—not a riband was crumpled nor a sheet of paper soiled. I doubt there being many masters in Germany, who are so well and so quickly served.

The next day the Emperor returned to the scene of destruction. Without the walls the fire still raged. It had been allowed to burn on, whilst all efforts were directed to saving the *Hermitage*, fortunately with complete success.

Long gazed Nicholas, in deep sorrow, at the grave of one of the principal ornaments of his beautiful city. At last he raised his head, passed his hand over his brow, and said, quite cheerfully, "This day year will I again sleep in my room in the Winter Palace. Who undertakes the building?"

All present recoiled from the challenge. There stood around the Emperor many competent judges in such matters, but not one had the courage to undertake that which seemed impossible. There was a brief pause, and then Gen. Kleinmichael, an aid-de-camp of the Emperor, stepped forward and said, like the Duke of Alba to Don Philip, "I will."

"And the building is to be complete in a year?" asked the Emperor.

"Yes, sire."

"'Tis good! Set to work."

An hour later, the still burning ruins were being cleared away. The destruction of the building had occurred in December, 1837; by December, 1838, it was rebuilt. Three months later, it was occupied by the court.

Kleinmichael had kept his word; the building was completed, completed in the time specified, but—at what price? Only in Russia, was such a wonderful work possible; only in Russia, where the will of the "master" is a decree of Providence; only in Russia, where they spare nothing, recoil from nothing, to fulfill his commands. In the December of the following year, and in a proud consciousness of his power, he entered the resuscitated palace and rejoiced over his work. The whole was constructed on the previous plan, but with some improvements and many embellishments. With the empress on his arm, and followed by his whole family, he traversed the apartments of this immense building, completed in one year's time, by the labor of thousands of men. He reached the saloon of St. George, the largest and most beautiful of all, and the royal family remained there longer than anywhere else, examining the costly gold moldings of the ceiling, the five colossal bronze chandeliers and the beautiful relievo over the throne, which represents St. George slaying the dragon. The Empress was tired and would have sat down. As yet, there was no furniture in the hall, so she leaned upon the Emperor's arm and walked into the next room, followed by the entire retinue. The last of these had scarcely passed through the door when a thundering crash resounded through the palace, which trembled to its very foundations, and the air was darkened by clouds of dust. The timbers of the ceiling of the saloon of St. George had yielded to the weight of the chandeliers, and the whole had fallen in, crushing everything beneath its enormous mass. The saloon, a moment before so brilliant, was a heap of ruins. The splendid palace was again partly destroyed; but the Imperial family was saved.

Translated for the Standard.

LIEDCHEN.

FROM THE OLD GERMAN OF WERNHER VON TEGERNSEE.

I.
Thou art mine, I am thine,
Of that rest sure, beloved mine;
Fast locked thou art
Within my heart,
And lost forever is the key
Within it thou must ever be.

II.
Floret silva undique,
For my love I grieve away;
The wood is budding everywhere,
Where is my love so long, oh where?
He, on his steed, afar doth rove,
Ah! who shall sing to me of love?

H. W. G.

"On Monday the twelfth, the inhabitants of Boston gathered in a town meeting at Faneuil Hall, where the arms belonging to the town, to the number of four hundred muskets, lay in boxes on the floor. After a prayer from the fervid and eloquent Cooper, minister of the congregation in Brattle-street, and the election of Otis as moderator, a committee inquired of the governor the grounds of his apprehensions that regiments of his majesty's troops were daily to be expected; and he was also requested 'in the precarious situation of their invaluable rights and privileges, civil and religious, to issue precepts for a general assembly.' On the next morning at ten o'clock, report was made, that troops were expected to arrive; and that Bernard refused to call an assembly. Rashness on the part of the people of Boston would have forfeited the confidence of their own province, and the sympathies of the rest; while feebleness would have overwhelmed their cause with ridicule. It was necessary for them to balt; but to find a position where it was safe to do so; and they began with the declaration that 'It is the first principle in civil society, founded in nature and reason, that no law of the society can be binding on any individual, without his consent, given by himself in person, or by his representative of his own free election.' They further appealed not to natural rights only, but to the precedents of the revolution of 1688; to the conditions on which the house of Hanover received the throne; to the bill of rights of William and Mary; and to their own charter; and then they proceeded to resolve, 'That the inhabitants of the town of Boston will, at the utmost peril of their lives and fortunes, maintain and defend their rights, liberties, privileges and immunities.' To remove uncertainty respecting these rights, they voted, 'that money could not be levied, nor a standing army be kept up in the province but by their own free consent.'

This report was divers times distinctly read and considered, and it was unanimously voted that it be accepted and recorded. The record remains to the honor of Boston among all posterity.

'There are the arms,' said Otis, pointing to the chests in which they lay. 'When an attempt is made against your liberties, they will be delivered.' One man, impatient to offer resistance, cried out, that they wanted a head; another, an old man, was ready to rise and resume all power; a third reasoned, that liberty is as precious as life, and may equally be defended against the aggressor; that when a people's liberties are threatened, they are in a state of war and have a right to defend themselves.

But every excessive opinion was overruled or restrained, so that the country might the more cheerfully respond to the town of Boston. The bill of rights declared that for the redress of grievances, parliaments ought to be held frequently; the assembly of Massachusetts had been arbitrarily dissolved; and Bernard refused to issue writs for a new one; so that the legislative rights of the colony were suspended. The town, therefore, following the precedent of 1688, proposed a convention in Faneuil Hall. To this body they elected Cushing, Otis, Samuel Adams, and Hancock, a committee to represent them; and directed their selectmen to inform the several towns of the province of their design. It was also voted by a very great majority that every one of the inhabitants should provide himself with fire-arms and ammunition; and this vote was grounded partly on the prevailing rumor of a war with France, but more on the precedent of the revolution of King William and Queen Mary. A cordial letter was read from the merchants of New York, communicating the agreement of themselves and the mechanics, to cease importing British goods.

It was also unanimously voted, that the selectmen wait on the several ministers of the gospel within the town to desire that the next Tuesday might be set apart as a day of fasting and prayer; and it was so kept by all the Congregational churches.

AMERICAN "HELP."—Paleontologists will, by and by, be examining the floors of our kitchens for tracts of the extinct species of a serving man. The female of the same race is fast dying out; indeed, the time is not far distant when all the varieties of young women will have vanished from New England, as the Dodo has perished in the Mauritius. The young lady is all that we shall have left, and the mop and duster of the lost Almira or Loizy will be stared at by generations of Bridgets and Noras, at that famous head and foot of the lost bird are stared at in the Ashmolean Museum.—"Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny," by Oliver Wendel Holmes.

BULLFROG.

I CLAIM to be a free-born Briton. I have been told I am, so many times, by so many different persons, from so many platforms, newspaper columns, and honourable houses, to which honourable gentlemen come down on purpose to tell me that I am free and a Briton, that I have grown quite to believe in my freedom and my British birth. I believe in them implicitly and without reservation.

I say, I am a free-born Briton, and I am proud of it. I pay my taxes—a few with pleasure, more with reluctance, some with grumbling and aversion; but I do pay them all somehow. I know that my house is my castle; that the blackest bondsman landing on my shores becomes free; that my representative system does (in a certain bungling manner) represent me, my wife and children, my wants and wishes; that my ministers only hold office during good behaviour; that my press is free as the air I breathe; that the Queen cannot shut me out of her parks (even if she wished to do so, of any such intention of doing which I entirely acquit the illustrious lady); that the Woods and Forests cannot shut me out of Westminster Hall, nor the sheriffs out of the gallery of the Old Bailey—at least that they cannot legally do so, though they do shut me out from time to time on the pretex of half-crowns, interesting murder trials, &c. I know that I am legally free and independent; that I have a legal guardian in the Lord Chancellor, and three legal nursing mothers in the Poor Law Commissioners; that all in this great Res Publica is done for me and by me—The People.

It is because I know this, and have read and sung Rule Britannia, chorusing till I was hoarse that Britons never, never, never will be slaves, that I am determined not to submit to the tyranny of Bullfrog. Who is Bullfrog I should like to know, that he is to dictate to me how I am to act and speak and think; whom I am to like and dislike; what I am to read and write; what I am to eat, drink and avoid; whom I am to recognise and whom to cut? Who is Bullfrog, that he should stand at my elbow, a thousand times more exigent and obtrusive than Sancho's physician, and with his puny baton wave away the viands that I love—nay, with even more insolence and pretension than the Baratarian practitioner, insist upon my gorging myself with meats of his selection—meats which my stomach rebels against and my soul abhors? Is it because Bullfrog is related by the mother's side to the Bellow family, and is a distant connection of the Blowers, and the Puffs, and the Blatants? Is it because he married Miss Hogg (of the Wholecombe family), that I am to pin my faith on Bullfrog, and reverence his dicta in all matters of taste as well as conduct, and accept him as my arbiter elegantiarum—my guide, philosopher and friend? Am I to give up my convictions, to abandon my preconceived notions, to write myself down an ass, which is a hundred degrees worse than being written down one by somebody else? Am I to see through Bullfrog's spectacles; to ride behind him on his hobbyhorse and a pillion; to stand in his shoes; be fed with mind-pap from his spoon, and learn my A B C from his hornbook? No, not for a thousand Bullfrogs.

It is my steadfast opinion that the British public are not only in danger of falling under the tyranny of Bullfrog, but that a considerable section of them are absolutely subject to his humiliating domination. Not believing in, or setting the slightest store by the opinions of Bullfrog, I am sensible that he has legions of dupes, admirers and adherents. I deplore this. I consider Bullfrog to be a shallow, conceited, mischievous imposter, and I denounce him as such. I don't care about his being on visiting terms with Sir Fretful Plagiary, and having Dangle and Sneer at his elbow. I don't care for his kinsman Mr. Puff's tragedy, in which the heroine goes mad in white satin and the confidant in white linen. I don't care for his having the "press under his thumb" (as he boasts); for his telling me "what they say at the club"; for his after-dinner speeches; for his platform speeches; for his stage speeches; for his pulpit speeches; for his advertisements, placards, posters, slips, cards, circulars and handbills. I won't believe in his coats, his hats, his cookery,

his books, his patriotism, his pills, his temperance, his accomplishments as a linguist, his leaders, his travels I don't know how far beyond the Rocky Mountains, his æsthetic tragedies, his poetry (spasmodic or otherwise), his pictures, his lectures, his Shakspearean impersonations, his Seers (of Poughkeepsie or otherwise), his remedial measures and his finafity. I snap my fingers at the statistics which he vomits; I scorn his tables that turn, his cheffoniers that argue, and his music-stools that reason. Let him pass acts of parliament, I will drive six-in-hand through them, till they are repealed. Let him croak, puff, blow and swell as much as he pleases; he will burst at last; and his marsh will know him no more. For Bullfrog would not be Bullfrog if he were not continually emulating that emerited prototype of his in the fable, and straining till his eyes start out of his head, and the froggish blood out of his veins, in a miserable attempt to attain the size and stature of the lordly bull above him. Whenever a great thing is done, a great principle recognised, a great man made manifest, forthwith he rises Bullfrog from the mud and rushes; forthwith he swells, and swells, and swells. He is ridiculous of course; it would be well enough if he were only ridiculous; but the worst of it is that the other frogs believe in him; likewise the toads, and tadpoles, and the newts; they all believe in him, and cry what a fine frog he is as they see him swell and hear him roar (for your Bullfrog can roar lustily)—till he bursts.

When a few learned and pious men possibly vain, perhaps mistaken, certainly enthusiastic, obviously disinterested, parted from the church that reared, and the schools of learning that nurtured them, then, from afar off, uprose Bullfrog, and swelled and roared. Bullfrog gave up no fat living; not he. Prebend he stuck to, and fellowship he held on to with prehensile tenacity; but he parted his hair down the middle, and allowed it to grow down his back; he left off wearing collars to his coat, collars to his shirt, and bows to his neckcloth; he fastened his waistcoat behind; abjured pomatum; shaved three times a day; cut out a large cross in red cloth, and pasted it on his prayer-book; and dated his letters Feast of St. Puterpoote, Eve of St. Gilles. He did not read the Fathers, but he quoted them. He dined upon parched peas twice a week, and was suspected of wearing vegetables of that description in his patent leather boots. He did not condemn while mildly refraining from absolutely approving the wearing of, hair shirts, spiked girdles, and sackcloth drawers. He talked of lecterns, piscinæ, pyxes, octaves, novenas, matins, vespers and complins. He almost ruined himself in the purchase of flowers for the communion-table of his quiet, humble, little country church. He preached in a surplice, and put the ragged little boys of the village into surplices too, and made them chant drearily, to the great scandal of the White-headed organist and the parish clerk. He made more bows than a dancing-master, and went into more postures than an acrobat, in the solemn, simple Liturgy. He wrote foolish letters to his bishop, and foolish pamphlets for the benefit of his butterman. He shared, with lap-dogs, bearded music-masters and quack-doctors, the capricious admiration of wheezy dowagers and sentimental young ladies with long auburn ringlets. In short—what is curious, but perfectly reconcilable with the Bullfrog organization—he made an ass of himself.

Bullfrog's great cynosure—the bull—is remarkable for his obtuse perversity in running at a gate: it is all the same to Bull should the gate happen to be a railway one, with an express train passing in front of it, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In a parity of perverseness the ecclesiastical Bullfrog endeavours to puff the poor twopenny wax taper, anent which, with its attendant candlestick there is such a terrible pother between him and his bishop, into the dimensions of that famous candle which Latimer told good master Ridley should never be extinguished in England. But it will not do Bullfrog. We know which is the twopenny taper and which the church candle. You may preach in a surplice, a shirt over your clothes, like a Whiteboy, a smock-frock, a flour-sack, or a harlequin's jacket, if you like; you may make such reverences and gyrations before carved screens and ornamental brass-work as may warrant your being mistaken for my friend Salambaque tumbling over head and ears in the booth yonder;

you may wear your hair parted in the middle, behind, before, or twisted into a tail, after the Chinese fashion; you may mortify yourself with fasts, macerations, vigils, and disciplines, till you become as emaciated as Jean Baptiste Whatshisname, the living skeleton (a dead skeleton now, I opine); you may publish whole libraries of controversial portmanteaus, bandboxes, and Cheshire cheese wrappers, but you shall not ride over me, Bullfrog.

I am a free-born Briton (I think I observed that before) and I hate cant—which is Bullfrog. Also arrogance. Which is Bullfrog. Also the conceited puffery and exaggeration of ridiculous and offensive ceremonies into rules of faith and conduct. Bullfrog again. If I am to be a religious Briton let me have by all means as much faith, hope, and charity as possible; but don't tell me that there is any faith, or hope, or charity in the Reverend Bullfrog bribing the blackguard, "little Froggees," to pelt his rivals—the billstickers—with rotten eggs, on a disputed question of churchwardens and candlesticks.

You had better paint, Bullfrog. No free-born Briton in this favoured island would be happier than I would be to recognise and admire a good, a great picture from your pencil. And though I denounce you by times, as an imitator, I would in no case decry imitation in art where imitation is associated with study, with appreciation, with progress. Copy, follow, dwell upon those grand old masters of the Loggie and Stanze, whose footsteps echo through the corridors of Time. Pin your faith upon a Giotto or a Cimabue. Cry with Gainsborough that you are going to heaven, and that Vandyke is of the company; paraphrase Erasmus, and say, "Sancte Raffaele, orate pro nobis;" be a disciple, and a passionate one, of the colourists of Venice, the draughtsmen of Florence, and the thinkers of Rome. Do this, Bullfrog, and I will immediately change my name from Muggius to Mæcenas, and give you commissions for canvases fifty feet by twenty, the painting of which shall last you life long, and make you a millionaire. But you can't do it, Bullfrog. Here are two or three good and true young men. Scholars, enthusiasts, thinkers; indefatigable in study, triumphant in performance. They paint pictures in which the subtle delicacy of thought and poetical feeling, arms itself against the world in the chain-mail of reality. Because these painters depict with minute fidelity the minutest accessories to the story they tell; because they conquer the manipulated representation of the mortar between the bricks, the reticulations of the leaves, the bloom on the petals of the flowers, the ruddle on the sheep, the pores of the flesh, the reflection of the lace in the glass and the form in the water; therefore Bullfrog, who thinks he had better paint and be a brother too, perches himself on the topmost peak of the easel, and begins to swell and croak for brotherhood. "Let us have the B. B. B., the Beauty in Bricks Brotherhood," says Bullfrog. No more aerial perspective, no more middle distance, no more drawing from the antique, no more classical landscape; have we not the bricks in the workhouse-wall opposite, to study from? And they are not real? Go for reality. Go for a basket of sprats with every osier in the basket and every scale on the sprats, because the basket is a basket, and the sprats are sprats. Go for bad drawing, because you cannot draw; for grimy colour, because a factory chimney is grimy; for violently inharmonious colour, because a yellow bonnet with scarlet poppies in it, though producing a violent and inharmonious effect, is real. Go for ugliness, because ugliness is oftentimes terribly real, and because you cannot depict beauty. Reality is ugly (sometimes) and must be faithfully rendered for the honour and glory of the B. B. B., certainly. A lycastle is ugly; a wretched, ragged, untaught, street Arab boy is ugly; but you, miserable Bullfrog, can you paint, can you even understand, the beauties of the gold and silver skies, the leafy woods, the spangled and jewelled fields, the sounding sea?

It is because I wish the character of Bullfrog to be thoroughly known (with a view to his being as thoroughly exposed and ultimately demolished) that I now call attention from his mischievous imitative foolery to his more mischievous imitative roguery. It is the delight of this reptile friend of mine to foist delusions on the public mind; to pass off brainless impostors for transcendant geniuses; to exaggerate back-stairs scamagery into grave conspiracies; to set ignorance and impudence and conceit, side by side with wit and learning and pathos; to persuade Pennywhistle that the eyes

of Europe are upon him; to tell Earthworm that forty centuries look down upon him from the pyramids; to elevate the Three Tailors of Tooley Street into the people of England.

Bullfrog must be literary, of course. Here is a brave but tender-hearted Christian gentlewoman, who sits down and writes us a good book upon a subject that must come home to every Christian man and woman in this working world. Suppose we call the book the great Patagonian novel. Bullfrog is on the alert. He has his pen ready nibbed, his distending apparatus in first-rate working order. He covers the dead walls and boardings with gigantic announcements of the forthcoming publication of the great trans-Patagonian novel—the Scavenger. Twelve million copies sold in twelve weeks. Fifty-five thousand cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, and forty-eight thousand phials of sal-volatile purchased in trans-Patagonia on the first day of publication. Everybody ought to read the Scavenger. I read it, and don't like it. I don't think much of the other great Patagonian novel—the Mudlark, though it contains that exquisitely-sentimental lyric, Little Dirty's Song of the Rushlight. I don't care for Gauze and Gilt, Mrs. Madely's great Crim-Tartar novel. I yawn over Miss Wiredraw's Passion and Pantomime, ninety-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-six copies of which were disposed of in the space of three days, four hours, nine minutes, and twelve seconds. I fall asleep over Miss Ada Johnnyeake's Tears, Treacle, and Terror. I find in all these great novels little but platitudes, wishy-washy sentiment, contemptible and transparent imitations of great exemplars, and endless, drouthy, water-eyed maudlin "talkce." I reverence real pathos and real sentiment; but I scorn Bullfrog hiding his fat foolish face in a pocket handkerchief (squinting over the corner thereof at the publisher's ledger), and weeping sham tears enough for that larger reptile friend of his, the crocodile.

Bullfrog is a noisome pest in every field of literature. Young Flackus, for instance (Horace is his Christian name), is a poet. He writes the most delicious ditties, the most captivating sonnets. He flings flowers of grace, and loveliness, and humour, and pathos, around him with the most delightful caprice—bless him! But sometimes he has what the French call lubies. He is dark, mysterious, hazy, vehement about nothing. He is occasionally nonsensical. He grinds his teeth, and is spasmodic. Bullfrog beholds him, and instantly has the stomach-ache, and foams at the mouth. His friends Rogg, and Tatters, and Bævius, and Mævius, have frightful spasms, roll on the hearth-rug, and make poetry hideous by their howlings. Bad grammar, involved style, foggy ideas, incoherent declamation, wordy bombast, pass (at least, Bullfrog endeavours to make them pass) current for poetry. Thus, too, because Viking, the great Nordt-konig of philosophy, is strong and terrible to look upon; because he writes with an adamantite stylet upon a plate of seven-times tempered steel; because he knows what Thor said and Odin thought; because he has so many good words and good thoughts at his command that he is occasionally troubled with the embarrass de richesses, and becomes complicated; Bullfrog, who has nothing whatever to say, except "Croak," attempts to conceal his ignorance by the assuming to be complicated.

You are not to suppose, Bullfrog, if I only adduce one more instance of your ubiquity, that I am at a loss for subjects, on which to vent my just indignation against you. There are things I know about you, my friend, connected with the Beer question, the general Sunday question, the Education question, the Colonization question, the Prison discipline question—things in which you have manifested enough rancour, ignorance, and presumption, to bring you a thousand times to shame, if shame you had, or knew, or ever heard of.

In common with many other free-born Britons I have great liking and respect for public amusements. I like the sound, sterling, nervous English drama—the good play, played by good actors. But if my friend Charles Bodger chooses to get up the second part of Henry the Sixth, at the Royal Pantechnicon, with the most gorgeous accessories of scenery, costume, and decorative furniture in general, I will not quarrel with him, nor will I stand out for the text. I am for catholicity; but for toleration in catholicity. Rope dancing is good in its place. Tumbling and posturing are good (though painful) in their place. I like to see the clown steal sausages at Christmas, but not in the awful play scene in Hamlet. Richardson's

show is admirable; Horse-riding is capital. Let Bullfrog fool himself with fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, ribbon-vomitors, conjurors, acrobats, learned pigs, live armadillos, and spotted girls. But do not let Bullfrog tell me that the drama is to be revived through the agency of the live armadillo, or that the only hope of the admirers of Shakespeare, rests on the spotted girl. Neither shall Bullfrog revive the drama by crystal curtains, distributions of soup, coals, and counterpanes to the ruffians of Low Lane, or presentations of a glass of ale and a sandwich to every visitor to the pit, and a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to every occupant of a private box. Herein, as in other presentments, Bullfrog swells and swells exceedingly; and when he is swollen to his largest dimensions—bursts!—Household Words.

How Insects Eat.

The feeding of the Madreporas affords much amusement; they are very greedy, and the presence of food stimulates them to more active efforts, and the display of greater intelligence, than we should give them credit for. I put a small spider as large as a pinhead, into the water, pushing it down with a bit of grass to a coral, which was lying with partially exposed tentacles. The instant the insect touched the tip of a tentacle it adhered, and was drawn in with the surrounding tentacle, between the plates, near their inward margin.—Watching the animal now with a lens, I saw the small mouth slowly open, and move over to that side, the lips gaping unsymmetrically; while at the same time by a movement as imperceptible as that of the hour hand of a clock, the tiny prey was carried along between the plates towards the corner of the mouth. The latter, however, moved most, and at length reached the edges of the plates, and gradually took in and closed upon the insect, after which it slowly returned to its usual place in the centre of the disk. After some quarter of an hour, observing that the tentacles were more fully expanded than before, and inferring that so tiny a morsel had only whetted the coral's appetite, I caught a horse-fly, and taking hold of its wings with a pair of pliers, plunged it under water. The tentacles held it at the first contact, as before, and drew it down upon the mouth, which instantly began to gape in expectation. But the struggles of the fly's legs, perhaps, tickled the corals tentacles in an unwonted manner, for they shrank away, and presently released the intended victim, which rose to the surface like a cork; only to become the breakfast of an expectant actina bellis, which was much too wise to reject or to let slip so dainty a prey. The poor coral evidently regretted the unadvised necessity of letting it go; for his mouth—will not say watered, for being under water the expression might be open to criticism, but gaped or some time after the escape.

Depth and Mellowness of Soil.

Depth and mellowness of soil may be considered the principal characteristics of successful gardening. In our school-boy days, we have all read of the dying husband, who told his son never to part with the vineyard, as there was a valuable treasure lying within a few inches of the surface. The young man, in the expectation of finding a bag of money, carefully turned over the soil but found nothing. In the subsequent harvest, however, he was astonished at the extraordinary luxuriance of his crops, and then understood for the first time the enigmatical meaning of his father's words.—Boston Cultivator.

PUBLIC DINNER RULES.—Oranges and apples are to be taken *one at a time*, until the coat pockets begin to become inconveniently heavy. Cakes are injured by sitting upon them; it is, therefore, well to carry a stout tin box of a size to hold as many pieces as there are children in the domestic circle. A very pleasant amusement at the close of these banquets, is grabbing for the flowers with which the table is embellished. These will please the ladies at home very greatly, and, if the children are at the same time abundantly supplied with fruits, nuts, cakes, and any little ornamental articles of confectionery which are of a nature to be unostentatiously removed, the kind hearted parent will make a whole household happy, without any additional expense beyond the outlay for his ticket.—"Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Speak Gently.

Speak gently, father, to thine erring son,
If thou to virtue's path wouldst win him back;
His course of crime is only just begun,
His first step only, taken in the downward track.
Speak gently, father, to thine erring son,
If thou to noble deeds wouldst lure him on.

Speak gently to thy daughter, mother dear,
Touch no harsh note that will resound
With jarring discord on her youthful ear;
For her chief charm in gentleness is found.
Speak gently to thy daughter, then, if thou
Would'st see Truth's halo bright encircle her fair brow

Speak gently to thy brother, sister fair,
Around him twine the silver chord of love;
And make him feel the home you share,
A true type is of that bright home above.
Speak gently, then, if thou would'st guide
Thy brother's steps to Truth's pure crystal tide.

Speak gently to thy sister, in thy turn,
Thou brother, of a sterner, mightier mind;
For kind and gentle words her bosom yearns,
And shrinks from all that's harsh and unrefined.
And if she err, do not with harshness frown,
For that to deeper crime would sink her down.

Speak gently to that little loving child,
And answer its ten thousand queries bright;
Why fade the flowers? why moans the wind so mild?
The moon with starry train light up the night?
Oh! gently speak, and guide its thoughts above,
To that eternal source of Truth and Love.

Speak gently, then, to one and all,
Make all men feel the power of love;
Thus break down each partition wall—
Tell them we all shall meet above.
And gently say we all shall share
The glories of that Heaven so fair.

Speak gently when you speak of that great truth,
Let your tones with sweetest cadence fall;
Like love's first notes in sunny youth—
Say gently, we are brothers, sisters all.
And softly, Oh! in gentlest tone,
Say, God's our father, we're his own.

Fulton, N. Y.

Eva

"Lyra's" Response.

O, no—mine is no "stranger soul,"
In this great world astray,
And journeying with tear dimmed eyes,
Upon the lower way;
Forever as I tread along,
Across the earth's broad breast,
My spirit howsoever tried
In perfect love finds rest.

And many hearts now black with crime,
Where poison weeds entwine;
In life's young morning, years ago,
Were just as "pure as mine;"
But ah! one held my little hand,
When I was but a child;
And told me how "Our Father" led
His children through the wild.

And though above my early way
Dark sorrow spread her wing;
Yet whereso'er my young feet strayed,
Some flower of joy would spring!
But when I saw the fringe of night
Wave through the dew of morn;
I know, that I must learn to take
Life's roses with its thorns.

Then, when upon my weak, young heart,
A heavy foot had trod,
I took the little, fluttering thing,
And lifted it to God:
And now, as on my path I go,
It is my daily prayer,
To take from bleeding hearts, the thorn,
And plant sweet blossoms there.

Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. As to be invisibly good is as godlike as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure.

SUN-STROKE—SYMPTOMS AND REMEDY.

During the past few days of intensely hot weather, our exchanges from different parts of the country have informed us of very many sudden deaths, caused by the unusual heat. Several cases have occurred in Baltimore. We have frequently been surprised at beholding laborers engaged at fatiguing exercise in the hot sun, whilst perspiring copiously, partake intemperately of cold water, without an apparent thought of consequences. It is generally among this class of persons, seemingly ignorant of results, that deaths from sun-stroke or heat occur. They do not seem to think, or give heed to admonitions of caution, until too late. The *New York Post* has a timely article upon this subject, a perusal of which may prove serviceable. It is alleged that the symptoms of sun-stroke generally indicate a constitution previously impaired. Sometimes there is active congestion and apopleptic effusion within the cranium, and in such cases death generally ensues. But more often the signs are those of physical, and, particularly, cerebral prostration; the pulse is feeble, the cheeks, and in fact the whole surface of the body, are pale and ghastly. The blood is defective in quality, thus impeding the vital processes. The heart is evidently the organ at fault, having suddenly succumbed under fatigue and exhaustion, though the head gives the first intimations of danger. This premonitory symptom of sun-stroke mentioned in the first instance is recorded in history, which may be found in the Bible: "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father, to the reapers. And he said to his father, 'My head, my head!' And he said to a lad, 'Carry him to his mother.' And when he had taken him and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and died."—2 Kings iv, 18—20.

Manasses also, the husband of Judith the heroine, (chap. viii, 2, 3,) died in a similar manner. "Manasses was her husband, of her tribe and kindred, who died in the barley harvest. For as he stood overseeing them that bound sheaves in the field, the heat came upon his head, and he fell upon his bed and died, in the city of Bethulia."

Convulsions sometimes occur, and in the intervals there are tremblings of the muscles and limbs, not greatly unlike those of *delirium tremens*. These are very common in diseases of debility, where the nervous system is largely involved, but generally do not require specific attention. Even during the progress of recovery, there is sometimes considerable mental aberration.

The premonitions of an attack are readily recognised. There is a feeling of pressure upon the head, the blood tingles in the vessels, the air seems too hot and tenuous for breathing. A person who was once thus affected tells us that he was cured by immediately bathing the head, arms, and shoulders, in water. While undergoing this process, he experienced a sensation as if burning coals were spread over the whole scalp, but in less than an hour every oppressive symptom passed away. A brother of the same gentleman, similarly attacked, was not so cautious. He fell to the ground insensible, while at labor in the harvest field, and after lingering two or three days, much of the time comatose,

and with what a physician mistakenly termed and treated as typhoid fever, was suffered to die.

The remedies "laid down in the books" are alcoholic and ammoniacal stimulants; these being "diffusive," and causing an equable circulation of blood throughout the body, and particularly to the surface. The patient is advised to swallow the medicine, but if he is "out of his head" it can be given by enema. Washing the head with cold water, and rubbing liniments upon the surface with the hands, keeping up the friction as long as may be necessary, will generally answer the purpose. When much dullness or stupor remains, coffee or strong tea are efficacious.

The means of prevention are simple. Persons in sound health are seldom attacked; previous debility, general depression of the vital forces, unusual and excessive physical exertion, violent gusts of passion, excessive drinking of cold water or of alcoholic beverages, superadded to exposure to the summer sun or a hot fire, create the danger.

Careful moderation in these particulars will generally secure exemption. The Arab, wandering in an arid desert, subsisting on camel's milk and a few vegetables, usually enjoys immunity. His blood is not vitiated by stimulating food or unwholesome drinking. Sir Joseph Banks spent twenty minutes in an oven where beef was cooking, without harm. Fishermen, for the sake of protection, sometimes fill their hats with moist sea weed, though any large leaves, or even a wet cloth upon the head, will answer as well. This is an infallible preventive, and should be more generally observed by laboring men.

PROBABLY FATAL ACCIDENT FROM CAMPHENE.—Early yesterday morning, Catherine Flanagan, an Irish girl, servant of the Rev. Dr. Smith, at Block Island, got up to build the fire. She poured a quantity of camphene over the kindling wood in the stove—a much larger quantity than she supposed or intended, it appears. On touching a match to it, the mass exploded, throwing burning camphene and fire all over her clothing, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. Her screams aroused the family, who came to her rescue, and extinguished the fire, but not before she was horribly burned. Her breast, legs and back are frightfully scorched, while her right arm is fairly roasted. She is not expected to recover.—[Buffalo Republic, 5th.

Age of Animals.

A bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a fox, 14 or 15; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of 70; the average of cats is 14 years; squirrels and hares, 7 or 8 years; rabbits, 7. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the King, named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found 354 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 20 to 25 years; camels sometimes live to the age of 100 years; stags are long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; cows live 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1,000 years. Dolphins and porpoises attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104. Ravens have frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 360 years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 260 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107 years.

Some men read so much and think so little, that nothing short of forgetting half of what they know would ever give them the use of the other half.

My Children.

BY J. G. HOLLAND IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR AUGUST.

Have you seen Annie and Kitty,
Two merry children of mine?
All that is winning and pretty
Their little persons combine.

Annie is kissing and clinging
Dozens of times in a day,
Chattering, laughing, and singing,
Romping and running away.

Annie knows all of her neighbors,
Dainty and dirty alike,
Learns all their talk, and, "be jabbers,"
Says she "adores little Mike!"

Annie goes mad for a flower,
Eager to pluck and destroy,
Cuts paper dolls by the hour,
Always her model—a boy!

Annie is full of her fancies,
Tells most remarkable lies,
(Innocent little romances,
Startling in one of her size.

Three little prayers we have taught her,
Graded from winter to spring;
Oh, you should listen my daughter
Saying them all in a string!

Kitty—ah, how my heart blesses
Kitty, my lily, my rose!
Wary of all my caresses,
Chary of all she bestows.

Kitty loves quietest places,
Whispers sweet sermons to chairs,
And, with the gravest of faces,
Teaches old Carlo his prayers.

Matronly, motherly creature!
Oh, what a doll she has built—
Guileless of figure or feature—
Out of her own little quilt.

Nought must come near it to wake it;
Noise must not give it alarm;
And when she sleeps, she must take it
Into her bed, on her arm.

Kitty is shy of a caller,
Uttering never a word;
But when alone in the parlor,
Talks to herself like a bird.

Kitty is contrary, rather,
And, with a conical smile,
Mutters, "I won't," to her father,
Eyeing him slyly the while.

Loving one more than the other
Isn't the thing, I confess;
And I observe that their mother
Makes no distinction in dress.

Preference must be improper
In a relation like this;
I wouldn't toss up a copper—
(Kitty, come, give me a kiss!)

A Pickpocket's Explanation.

"When I saw you go into the banking house, I backed myself at two to one that I should relieve you of your money. When I saw you come out with the money in your left coat-tail, instead of buttoned up in a breast-pocket, the odds rose five to one. I knew it was in your left coat-tail, because you kept your hand there."

"And," I said, impatiently, "I never took it out again; that I can swear to."

"You did not take it out for a long time, sir," replied Mr. Daddles, applauding moderately; "you gave me a great deal of anxiety, I must confess, but you did take it out at last."

"Where?" cried I, "where? If I did before I got home, I'll be hanged."

"Don't say that, sir," replied my new acquaintance, rather severely: "don't use an expression of that kind, whatever you do. You stopped at a print shop on the west side of Templebar, and then my last hope began to expire, for a few steps more would have taken you into the Spider's territory, and my chances would have vanished."

"Why did you not cut the bottom of my pocket?" I asked, intensely interested.

"Because you would have missed the weight of the coin," explained Mr. Daddles. "Nothing remained for me but to try the fly dodge."

"A fly, Mr. Daddles, explain yourself; I saw no fly."

"You felt it though, Mr. Brown, if you remember, upon the left cheek, and you took your hand out of your pocket to remove it."

"I see it all now."

"That was it," assented Mr. Thomas Daddles, in conclusion, "and a very neat thing it was, though I say it."—[Dickens's Household Words.

FALSE AMBITION.—It is the over-curious ambition of many to be best, or to be none; if they may not do so well as they would, they will not do so well as they may. Pride is the greatest enemy to reason.

CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.—Whatever is of nature's spinning must be all unraveled, before Christ's righteousness can be put on.—[Wilcox.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

From the National Era.

The carriage stopped at the door, and, in a few minutes, Margaret Hale entered the apartment where her husband sat, wholly absorbed in poring over day-books and ledgers.

"Those tiresome accounts still," she exclaimed. "Will you never find time for anything but business, Ralph? Have you no taste for anything beyond figures?"

"Margaret;" but the sadness in the tone was unheeded, as she continued—

"We had such a charming evening at Mrs. C's. Capt. Hill related many interesting incidents of his residence in Egypt, and Mr. Warren, the famous young poet, read 'Maud,' and some of the most beautiful passages in 'Aurora Leigh.' I must read to you some of Romney's 'Great Thoughts on Duty.'"

She went hastily to her chamber for the volume. When she returned her quiet entrance was unheard by her husband, whose pen was rapidly moving over the almost interminable columns of figures. With an expression of impatience, almost of scorn, resting on her face she hastily turned away.

"And this is the end of all my dreams of marriage," said she, as she reached her room. "He has a taste for drudgery. His pursuits and tastes are all commonplace, and I must go from home to find the sympathy I need, to find those who will appreciate, with me, the books I love, and the beautiful in art, for which he has neither eye nor ear. Why did he not marry a woman who had neither heart nor mind to be continually unsatisfied?"

In the room she had left, Ralph Hale sat, hour after hour, till his brain was weary and eyelids drooped. Then, laying aside his books, he remained a long time in deep thought.

"God bless my Margaret," he prayed, "and give me strength to bear all things. Give me power to make her happy."

Putting away all thoughts of her husband's real nobleness of character, jealously preserving the memory of every slight difference in their tastes and pursuits, Margaret cherished the spirit of discontent, till it embittered every hour of her life, and sent suffering she never dreamed of, to the heart of her husband, who would gladly have sacrificed every earthly good for her happiness.

A sudden and severe illness came to her while Ralph was in a distant city. One day during her slow recovery, the aged minister, who had baptized her in infancy, was sitting by her side.

"Margaret," he said, after steadfastly watching her troubled face, "you are unhappy. I have seen it a long time. I should not recognize in you my once cheerful, happy child. May I not know what great sorrow has come to you?"

Then, with sobs and tears, she told him all her unhappiness.

After a short silence, the old man spoke again, and there was sadness, almost sternness in his voice. "Years ago, Margaret, a wealthy New York merchant became involved in a speculation, whose failure suddenly took from him the accumulated wealth of his years of commercial enterprise. There were a few years of weary, vain struggling to regain what he had lost; then deep despondency, a lingering disease and death. His wife and four children were left penniless. The eldest child, a boy of sixteen, had finished his preparatory studies, and was about to enter college. By this stroke, he found his prospects for the future clouded; but with a noble self-forgetfulness, he turned cheerfully into the way marked out for him, and walked resolutely in it.

"He obtained a situation with a merchant, who had known his father, where his faithfulness and untiring devotion to his duties, won the confidence of all who knew him. During the first years of her widowhood, his mother had taught a private school for the young; and it was the boy's highest ambition to relieve her of this necessity, and give her the rest her feeble health required. I cannot tell you all his privations, his willing sacrifice of every recreation, his continued self-denial, that he might lighten the burdens of those so dear to him.

"Year after year, success crowned his efforts. In the village where his mother had passed the years of her childhood and the first years of her married life, he purchased a pleasant residence for her, and then, a lucrative business being opened to him in the West, he came here.

"At the time of his removal here, accident revealed to him the fact that the widow and invalid daughter of one whose fortune was, by his father's advice, risked in that unfortunate speculation which had so changed his own life.

were living in extreme poverty. To him they are indebted for the pleasant home that now shelters them, and for the delicate, thoughtful ministrations to their daily comfort.

"Now, when the commercial world is clouded, and disasters crowd thick and fast upon him, as upon others, his anxious thoughts turn to the mother, and suffering sister, in the little village home, whose comfort depends upon him, to the other lonely fireside, to which his constant thoughtfulness imparts its only light, and to his own home, and the young wife whose happiness is dearer to him than life. For this, Margaret, Ralph Hale gives his days to incessant toil, and willingly sacrifices the social pleasures he is so eminently fitted to enjoy.

"I have been in these three homes. With a love that is almost reverence, his mother and sister speak his name, and with full hearts thank God for his life—that life so filled with the beauty of self-renunciation. The widow and daughter whose hearts he has made glad, tell of his numberless acts of kindness, of his delicate, and unceasing watchfulness, and daily they ask God's blessing on him whose life is a blessing to others.

"In his own home, the wife whose love should bless him, whose gentle ministry should comfort and strengthen him, turns coldly from him, because he prefers the happiness of others to his own gratification, because the pressing duties of life claim all his waking hours, leaving him little leisure for the claims of society, or for the high intellectual culture which few attain whose lives are not wholly devoted to it."

"Oh, Ralph, I have never known you! I have so cruelly misjudged you," said the weeping wife.

The old man continued: "Some men talk poetry, some write it in words, and some write it in their lives. The true heroism which poets have sung, the beauty of self-abnegation and of ceaseless devotion to duty, which have been their inspiration, Ralph Hale has lived. The woman who has won the deepest love of such a heart should reverently and gratefully cherish it, as the richest blessing of her life."

In the twilight of that day, Margaret was awaiting her husband's return. Amid the bitter self-reproachings that darkened the hour, gleamed a new and holy light. Higher purposes were aroused within her. In the future she would make divinely real in her life the beautiful ideals which had filled her heart with unsatisfied longings. She, too, would live for others, and first of all for him whom she had so misunderstood.

A hurried step in the entrance hall, then on the stairs, and the next moment she was clasped in her husband's arms.

"You have been very ill," said a voice faltering with emotion, "but, thank God, you are safe now, my Margaret."

"Oh, yes, I am safe indeed now," said Margaret's heart.

In that hour, all was made clear between them. With new resolves for the future, with a deeper love for each other, and a prayer for strength, another page of life was turned for them.

Years afterwards, Margaret, a proud and happy wife, wrote, "I cannot tell you all he has been to me—my guide when I was ignorant, my strength when I faltered, my best earthly friend, always: What do I not owe you for revealing the mistake which had almost wrecked the happiness of both."

He that is hasty fishes in an empty pond,
He that is warm thinks all are so.

When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed.

THE ACTORS.—Sheridan once, when the actors struck for arrears of wages to the amount of three thousand pounds sterling, and his bankers refused flatly to Kelly to advance another penny, screwed the whole sum out of him in less than a quarter of an hour by sheer talk. He got a gold watch from Harris, the manager, with whom he had broken several appointments, complaining that as he had no watch he could never tell the time fixed for their meetings; and, as for putting off pressing creditors, and turning furious foes into affectionate friends, he was such an adept at it, that his reputation as a dun-destroyer is quite on a par with his fame as comedian and orator.

One thousand years ago, the Chinese built suspension bridges of more than four hundred feet span.

GROWN WISER.—When we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have displaced old ones.

SHE WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

From the London Family Herald.

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in his easy-chair, and gracefully removed a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling the clouds of the perfumed smoke; "no, by Jove!" he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to woman-kind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which, with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she were any way jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw, Everett!" exclaimed Harry; "that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements—vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of and you—or, that is, you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry!—I'll show how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of variety.

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife, that she was duly instructed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too acute for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at a ball or party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice

with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady, and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *tete-a-tete*, or a flirtation, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure!" Mrs. V. replied with equal enthusiasm, "She has, indeed, and she danced admirably." Or if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party," Susie added, gently, "that rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while, at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that, things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts, however, availed her little; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, his wandering, inconstant heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then, dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road, instead of going down it, to his place of business. The quick perception of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out, too.

She fitted a dainty pair of boots to her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was intrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. There lay the steamer, with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excursionists down the river. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the pier, followed by Mary and baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer with its holiday company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the fore part of the vessel, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is, indeed, a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated of your company. After you left home I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable wife-like greeting? Mrs.

Vane was not at a loss, however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume—introduce me to her, Harry," said she, turning to the lady. "Mr. Vane's circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all them. I hope, however, to know them all

in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is—? I didn't quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Vane, complacently. "I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and indeed he might have mentioned your name, casually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Mary, come here."

Mary answered the call, and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm?—so it was. Mamma will take off its hat—so she will. There—does it see its papa?—there, so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See! Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old yet." And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked, enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa'?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters and jokes at poor Harry's expense circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

"What the deuce am I to do?" he soliloquized. "To blow out at her, as I should like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp with her too! It is a pretty child enough, though; of course it couldn't be anything else, and be my child; and she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her?"

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet-tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Vane called to Mary to take the baby, and, rising, exclaimed, "Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, "and we will hurry in to dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite!"

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who, to tell the truth, was a little absent-minded,) to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl," said Mrs. Vane. "Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft to enjoy (!) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excursionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite?" said Mrs. Vane. "We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for the last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane hustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Souchong upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good-humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and, save his penitent confession, (made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" to which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech,) there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is gray-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of her grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the WOMAN WHO WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS.

Various interesting facts have been noted in relation to the demeanor of animals prior to a great convulsion. It was towards noon, beneath a clear and almost cloudless sky, with the sea breeze freshly blowing, that the cities of Conception and Talcahuano, on the coast of South America, were desolated in 1835. At ten o'clock, two hours before their ruin, the inhabitants remarked with surprise, as altogether unusual, large flights of sea fowl passing from the coast towards the interior; and the dogs at Talcahuano abandoned the town before the shock which levelled its buildings was felt. Not an animal, it is believed, was in the place when the destruction came. In 1805, previous to an earthquake at Naples, which took place in the night, but was most severely felt in the provinces, the oxen and cows began to bellow; the sheep and goats bleated strangely; the dogs howled terribly; and the horses fastened in their stalls leaped up endeavoring to break the halters which attached them to the mangers. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their burrows; birds rose, as if scared, from the places on which they had alighted; and reptiles left in clear daylight their subterranean retreats. Some faithful dogs, a few minutes before the first shock, awoke their sleeping masters by barking and pulling them, as if anxious to warn them of impending danger; and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves. On the recent occasion all the dogs in the neighborhood of Vallo howled before the people were sensible of their danger. To account for these circumstances it is conjectured that, prior to actual disturbance, noxious gasses and other exhalations are emitted from the interior of the earth through crannies and pores of the surface, invisible to the eye, which distress and alarm animals gifted with acute organs of smell.

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.—Christian cheerfulness is honorable to God, and of happy influence on man. Let the cheering and tranquilizing power of the gospel break forth and shine from your character. Jeremiah sung psalms in the dungeon; Luther translated the Bible while in prison; John beheld the brightest visions of the New Jerusalem in Patmos; Bunyan, in later days, composed his Pilgrim in confinement. There is very impressive power in Christian happiness, on those who see it from without. It is a sunshine amid dripping clouds—a Sabbath heart in a week-day body; and Sabbath speech amid the dialects of Babel. It is brightest when all around it is blackest. When our natural affections cease their music, we then hear sung out of the sky, unutterable melodies which ear hath not heard; when the world is all gloom, a regenerated soul treads glories out of every pebble, and sees the stars as arteries along which pulsations of felicity reach him. He can say with Habakkuk—"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the field, and there shall be no herd in the stalls, yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

The Hair of the Presidents. From the Wilmington Journal.

In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the government, and those who administered its affairs in times gone by. While examining some of these objects of curiosity when in Washington in December last, there was nothing that struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair taken from the heads of the different Chief Magistrates, from President Washington down to President Pierce, secured in a frame, covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals, whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrances of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth, Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse, and of a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any admixture whatever. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is peculiar, being coarse and yellowish grey in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Fillmore is on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop.

A brave man thinks no his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other by forgiving it.
]Pope.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

A TRUE HYMN.—

Since o'er thy footstool here below,
Such radiant gems are strewn,
Oh! what magnificence must glow,
My God! about thy throne!
So brilliant here those drops of light—
Where the full ocean rolls, how bright.

If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil—
What splendor at thy shrine must dwell!

The dazzling sun at noontide hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze
But shows, O Lord! one beam of THINE—
What, then, the day where thou dost shine!

Ah! how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays,
Or bow my spirit, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord! anoint my sight,
And robe me for that world of light.
[Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg.

BENEVOLENCE.—What a beautiful virtue is benevolence! It is a precious tie existing between man and man, as children of one common father—a tie wholly unaffected by difference of age, station, kindred, or country, and over which the artificial distinctions of a vain world have little power.

REPENTANCE.—Repentance is the key that unlocks the gate wherein sin keeps man a prisoner. It is the aqua vitæ to fetch again to itself the fainting soul.—[Feltham.

More Rags from the Crimea—Poetry and Florence Nightingale.

At the paper mill of Messrs. William Clark & Son, in this town, among the rags recently received from the Crimea are many labels, which were upon the bundles of linen when sent out from England, stating the name of the person who sent them and the place of residence. Attached to one of these labels was found the following beautiful tribute to Florence Nightingale, the beloved and honored of America as well as England.—[Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.

Lady! in our England's story
There are names, we proudly say—
Names of women now in Heaven
Still our own, tho' passed away;
But in all the shining record
Which the angels love to read,
Few can claim the earnest homage
By our hearts to thee decreed.

Lady! when to weeping households
Word of thy devotion came,
High and lowly called thee angel,
Wives and mothers blessed thy name.
Where the rectory roses cluster;
Where the whitened cottage peers;
In the old manorial mansion,
Eyes were filled with thankful tears.

Lady! when the wounded soldier
Lifts his head and looks on thee,
Hope will come and softly whisper,
"I may yet recross the sea."
Yet return his mother's kisses,
As she shudders at his scars,
Yet behold a face still dearer,
Seen in dreams beneath the stars.

Lady! thou hast left, for duty,
All that gives to life its charm,
And we pray that God may keep thee,
With thy sisters, safe from harm—
Ever shall thy name and story
Cause the heart a blissful thrill;
When our warfare long is over
And our beating hearts are still.

Should this meet the eye of Miss Nightingale, let her know that there are thousands of hearts beating high in admiration of her heroic, praiseworthy conduct, sacrificing the comforts of an English home to attend to the wants of our brave wounded sailors and soldiers.

M. A. HUMPHRIES.
BROSELY, SHROPSHIRE, December 5, 1854.

LEARN TO BE WORKING CHRISTIANS.—"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." It is very striking to see the usefulness of many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions. So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness; but it is alone and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not, and yet will not speak of him? See, here you have got work to do. When Christ found you, he said, "Go, work in my vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? O, my Christian friends! how little you live as though you were the servants of Christ! How much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself! how few for Christ and his people. This is not like a servant.
[McCheyne.]

Love to our fellow man is essential to a manly character. The duties of justice between man and man and the spirit of universal brotherhood, are manifest dictates of the human constitution; and when man violates these principles, he so far forth ceases to be human, and approaches the character of spirits and beasts of prey. The relation of mutual dependence and essential equality, which characterizes the race, stamps its destiny in this respect. "No man liveth to himself" and obeys the laws of his being; and he who lives a life of supreme selfishness, lives in violation of the laws that are written upon his constitution, and he experiences all the melancholy consequences of transgression. His heart is withered, his moral sense blunted, and his whole spiritual nature vitiated. Look at the selfish world. Man rioting upon the blood and bones of his fellow! Is this manly? Is it the dictate of human constitution? Is man really a beast of prey? Has God furnished him with the mean selfishness of the wolf? the sly deception and trickery of the fox? and the fatal poison of the adder, that he should go about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour? Whence this divine sense of justice, and those celestial promptings of benevolence and generosity? Ah; man was made to be the brother, and not the tyrant and robber of his fellow man. Those fraternal promptings of his unsophisticated nature are unmistakable. They utter plainly the voice of nature's God.—[Basset.]

THE REWARD OF COURTESY.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

A few years since, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of our large workshops in Philadelphia, for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit them to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about, if you please;" said the superintendent, vexed apparently, at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspapers. He then scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretension to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolfe, the elder of the strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent, "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of his reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolfe and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolfe, bowing; and taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolfe, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps we shall have better luck here," said the other stranger; and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk, apparently, who in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "Oh, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the area strewn with iron bars, broken and rusty heels of iron, fragments of old cylinders, into the principal workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they paused where workmen were riveting the external casting of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his right foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience. Whereupon, Mr. Wolfe remarked: "We will not detain you longer, sir;" and with his friend took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolfe, "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building, not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and a workshop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list. Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion. "Nevertheless, let us try it," said Mr. Wolfe.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and apron round his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and the counting-room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection."

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell and telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showing with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unsuspecting manners. "Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolfe.

"I am afraid we have given you a deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolfe; and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic whose means were quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolfe, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia."

"From the Emperor? Impossible?"

"Here are our credentials."

"But gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolfe. "Because we were strangers, you did not think necessary to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw we were in earnest in acquainting ourselves with your works, and did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon afterwards removed his whole establishment there. He had imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.

Out-Door Safety.

The fear of the weather has sent multitudes to the grave, who otherwise might have lived in health many years longer. The fierce north wind and the furious snow storm kill comparatively few, while hot winter rooms and crisp summer suns have countless hecatombs of human beings to attest their power. Except in localities where malignant miasmas prevail, and that only in warm weather, out-door life is the healthiest and happiest, from the tropics to the poles.

The general fact speaks for itself, that persons who are out of doors most take cold least. In some parts of our country, nearly one-half of the adult deaths are from diseases of the air passages. These ailments arise from taking cold in some way or other; and surely the reader will take some interest in a subject from which, by at least one chance out of four, his own life may be lost.

All colds arise from one or two causes.

1. By getting cool too quick after exercise, either of the whole body or any part of it.
2. By being chilled and remaining so for a long time, from want of exercise.

To avoid colds from the former we have only to go to a fire the moment the exercise ceases in the winter. If in summer repair at once to a closed room, and there remain with the same clothing on until you are cooled off.

To avoid colds from the latter cause, and those engender the most fatal diseases, such as pleurisies, croup, and inflammation of the lungs, called pneumonia, and we have only to compel ourselves to walk with sufficient vigor to keep off a feeling of chillness. Attention to a precept contained in less than a dozen words, would add twenty years to the average of civilized life:—

Keep away chillness by exercise—do it slowly. Then you will never take cold—in door or out.—[Hall's Journal of Health,

HYPOCRISY.—Hypocrisy desires to seem good rather than to be so; honesty desires to be good, rather than seem so. The worldlings purchase reputation by the sale of desert; wise men buy desert with the hazard of reputation. I would do much to hear well, more to deserve well, and rather lose opinion than merit. It shall more joy me that I know myself what I am than it shall grieve me to hear what others report me. I had rather deserve well without praise, than do ill with commendation.—[Quarles.

KIND WORDS.—Kind words never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's own good-nature and good-will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it burn it more fiercely. Kind words make other people good-natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words in our day, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and silly words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

[Pascal.

HIGH PURPOSE.—A systematic organization of the personal habits, devised in moments of devout and earnest reason, is a necessary means, amid the fluctuations of the spirit, of giving to the better mind its rightful authority over the worse. It belongs to the humility of a devout heart, not to trust itself to the uncertain ebb and flow of thought, and float opportunity away on the giddy waters of inconstancy: but to arrange a method of life in the hour of high purpose and clear insight, and then compel the meaner self to work out the prescription of the nobler. Yet this, after all, though an essential check to our instability, is but the beginning of wisdom. The mere distribution of action in quantity, however well proportioned, does not fulfill the requisites of a Christian order.

[Martineau.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I freely confessed to you, says Dr. Sharp, that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his manhood would stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I say I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.

A Touching Incident.

From an Edinburgh Paper.

Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the vale of Leven, Dumbartonshire, about nine o'clock at night, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep, over a recently made grave. Thinking this was not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up, and asked him how he came to be there. He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton," was the answer. "In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off!—and how came you to wander so far away from home?" "I just came," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here." His mother had been buried there a short time before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow, was a beautiful touch of nature in a child, who could scarcely have yet learned to realize the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrows, and to moisten with his tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself to sleep.

There are occasions when the gentlest and most delicate girl should be bold. There ought to be in every young female bosom a reflection of that heavenly zodiac in which the lion shines beside the virgin.

BY M. H. C.

"Anything but a female politician!" said Judge Compton, and his masculine lips curled with most dignified contempt, as he threw himself lazily back on the lounge, and unfolded a fresh newspaper.

"And pray, why?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, looking up from her embroidery, with a look of mischievous inquiry in her merry, black eyes.

"I believe, my gallant cousin, that Eve partook of the fruit of the tree of knowledge even before her liege lord and master, and what is to hinder her daughters from studying politics, or aught else they may choose?"

"Oh, if you are to commence an argument, Jennie, I yield in advance, for you will be sure to have the last word. You know that when the angels threw down twelve baskets full of talk, in the days when the world was young, tradition says that the women took immediate possession of eleven."

"Ah, yes, and did you know that whenever a man is outwitted in argument by some sensible woman, (you needn't laugh, such things have happened,) there is sure to come out that vile slander about our talking. No evasions, sir! Question!"

"Well, then, if you will persist in taking the matter seriously, there are several reasons why a woman should not be a politician. A woman's sphere is home, and it is her's to make that home a Paradise, if she will, while it is incompatible with that delicacy which is her greatest charm, to mingle with the noisy crowd that fill the dusty political arena. Imagine an election day with female voters! How disgusting!"

"The very ground I expected you to take. Let women say anything about politics, and immediately you men imagine we are possessed with an insane idea of rushing to the ballot box forthwith. No true woman desires that, and you know it, or ought to, but she may keep herself informed concerning the state of affairs, or even appreciate a good political speech, without that."

"My dear cousin, what good will it do her when she has done all that?"

"What good!" "If her mind will not be as much improved by such a course of reading, as by silly romances and sentimental poetry, I am mistaken. But how much such knowledge would your Highness allow us?"

"Oh, I have no objection to your knowing who is President, or Governor of your State, if you wish it!"

"Thank you! How generous!"

"Seriously, Jenny, you know as well as I, that woman's sphere is not a political one, and she had best let such things alone."

"Yes, sir, I think you made a similar remark not long since. Woman's sphere!—That means she is to stay at home and administer to the wants of some incarnation of masculine indolence, and self-complacency, like yourself, for instance;" and Jenny hastened from the room in answer to a call from the nursery, while the Judge turned for consolation to his cigar.

Why Judge Compton was an old bachelor, was a question often asked without a satisfactory answer being received, but that he was in a confirmed state of single blessedness, was beyond a doubt. Nevertheless, forty summers had rested lightly on his head, for not a thread of silver gleamed in his brown hair, and his keen eyes had a ray of mischief lurking in them, that betokened an unfailing fount of good nature somewhere in his capacious heart.

A gallant man was the Judge, yet withal somewhat fastidious in his notions of female

propriety, and dreading a strong-minded woman as if she were the Arch Enemy in disguise. At present, he was rusticated for a few weeks at the pleasant country home of one of his relatives, where he was gladly welcomed, as indeed he was everywhere.

The quiet of Maple Glen was broken shortly after the above conversation, by the advent of Miss Maude Latimer, a ward of Mr. Smith, and who had just "finished" at a fashionable boarding school. Though Cousin Jennie had had much to say to our gallant hero concerning her darling Maude, yet he paid very little attention to it, not having, in fact, much opinion of the intellectual abilities of "boarding school misses," as he was pleased to term them. Still, as his cousin's guest, he was prepared to receive her with due deference, though it must be confessed his anticipations were not of the most pleasant nature. It was late one evening when Maude arrived, and he only caught a glimpse of a slight figure in a sober, gray traveling dress, which figure was rapturously seized and embraced by Jennie.

The next morning at the breakfast table they were ceremoniously introduced, and even the Judge's critical eye was at fault as he scanned the lithe, slender form before him, the clear, dark, gray eyes, and the brown hair lying smoothly above the high, white brow. No sickly sentimentalism was there, but an earnest, true soul had stamped its impress on every feature. It would be needless to state all the incidents that marked the progress of the friendship that sprung up between the Judge and Maude. Had they met in society, the result would have been very different, but being under the same roof, thrown into constant companionship and with minds that perfectly accorded, they could not but be friends.

Maude was well read in the best literature of the day, and her cultivated mind had grasped the grand thoughts of the master spirits of the age, and made them all her own. The well furnished library of Maple Glen was the scene of many pleasant morning hours spent in conversation or in listening, as one or the other read, to the strains of the great old bards "whose footsteps echo down the corridors of time."

Then there were long rides, taken through the winding woodland roads, and along the rocky banks of the picturesque river that wound around Maple Glen, and sails on the crystal lakes embosomed in green hills that fed its clear waters. There were gorgeous sunsets to be admired together, when the dying day drew around him all his royal drapery of crimson, purple and gold, and died in a blaze of glory—calm solemn moonlight evenings, whose perfect beauty filled the heart too deep for words, and sometimes, yes, often, there were times when they watched the sun lit his head above the eastern hills, and saw the earth glorified with a fresh baptism of loveliness.

Yes, the Judge and Maude got along amazingly well together, and cousin Jennie smiled to herself as she saw it; but, like a prudent woman, as she was, she kept her own counsel and said nothing. But the sensibilities of our hero were destined to receive a rude shock. One morning he entered the library in search of some book he wished to consult, and discovered Maude engaged in the perusal of something very interesting, evidently, for his entrance failed to attract her attention. He watched her a moment in silence, and then said:

"May I ask what has the honor of absorbing your thoughts so completely this morning, Miss Maude?"

She started slightly, and laughed, as she answered—

"Oh, Seward's last speech! It's grand, isn't it?"

Imagine his feelings, especially when it is taken into consideration that the Judge was a Democrat of the most ardent stamp, and consequently entertained about the same affection for Seward and his speeches that a rabid dog might be supposed to have for a stream of water. He made a wry face in spite of himself, and Maude, looking up, caught him in the act.

"Why, Judge," said she smiling, "you are not a Democrat, I hope!"

"I am happy to say I am," replied rather stiffly.

"I am sorry for you my friend, I may say," said Maude, while her eyes danced with mirth to see how shocked the Judge looked.

"And you are——"

"A Republican, and of the blackest dye, to be sure," returned she.

"Well, every one to his taste," and Maude was alone again.

What Judge Compton's meditations were, it would be difficult to say, but that night he dreamed that Maude was President of the United States, and in the act of giving her hand to Seward, who was a big negro with intensified woolly hair and thick lips, and Henry Ward Beecher was performing the marriage ceremony. He was rather shy of Maude for a day or two, but gradually affairs returned to their old channel.

One quiet afternoon Jennie and Maude were alone together, the gentlemen being absent on some business or other. They were seated on the piazza with their sewing, conversing on various feminine topics, or pausing to admire the quiet beauty of the blue sky gleaming through the heavy foliage of the trees, or of the golden bars of sunlight that lay upon the thick, green grass. At length Maude some remarks that had a tinge of her political opinions in it, and Jennie laughingly said,

"Now, Maude, what's the use of talking in that style? You'll marry a Democrat some day, and then what will become of your politics?"

"But I shan't, though," said Maude, energetically; "I wouldn't marry St. Paul himself, if I knew he were a Democrat!"

"Why, Maude," said Jennie, her black eyes enlarging themselves considerably, you really look as if you were in earnest! What are your reasons, may I ask?"

"Because I should fear that a man whose principles would allow him to support such a system of fraud, oppression and wrong, would make a poor husband."

"Nevertheless, I'll wager my pet cameo pin against your new riding hat, that you will not only receive an offer from a Democrat, within two weeks, but will accept him!"

"I accept the bet and refuse the man in advance," said Maude, bending over her work, that her companion might not see the blushes that burned on her cheek and brow; so consider your cameo as mine."

"We shall see," answered Jennie gaily, as she turned to welcome her husband, who entered just then.

Judge Compton was to leave Maple Glen in a few days, and the final catastrophe came at last. It happened in this wise. The purple gloom of the dying twilight had just melted away in the silver beams of the rising moon, that threw dancing shadows of tree and flower on the velvety lawn, when Maude and the Judge returned from a ride and sat down on the vine-wreathed piazza. Maude's eyes had a sober, dreamy look in their clear depth, and perhaps the mystic beauty of the night had cast its spell over them, for both were silent. At length she looked up, but for an instant, for her companion's eyes were fixed upon her face with an intense gaze, as if he would read her very soul, and she looked down as quickly, while a faint flush crept over her white brow.

"Maude, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

It was noble, this earnest, manly declaration, and Maude felt it, after all the unmeaning flattery to which she had so long listened. For a moment she hesitated, then something of her old sauciness came back, as she recalled the conversation with cousin Jennie, and glancing up, she said, demurely:

"My dear Judge, I know of but one objection."

"Name it," he exclaimed eagerly.

"Only this: I made a solemn promise, long since, never to marry a person of your peculiar political belief."

"Maude, this is no time for trifling! It may be nothing to you, but it is more than life or death to me. I am serious in this matter."

"So am I."
"And this is all for which you reject me!"
"All."

LET
ains w
RAIN



October.

From the New Orleans Delta.
The year is in October,
No birds are in the trees,
And sullen, sad, and sober,
Plieeth now the breeze.

In the forest solemn,
Marked with Autumn's hue,
Gray, and grand, and solemn,
Are the trees to view.

The Summer's requiem
The winds are lowly sighing,
The last upon its stem
Of summer flowers is dying.

In the darken'd shadows
Underneath the hills—
O'er the dried-up meadows
And the choked-up rills,

The Autumn time is creeping,
With a hollow plaint,
And a half-toned weeping
Like some martyr'd saint;

For the winter's speeding,
Drawing near again;
And the reapers heeding,
Gather in the grain.

The good old farm-dog barketh,
As his trusty eye
Looketh up and marketh
The temper of the sky;

And the squirrel hopping,
Gathers up his store,
Garnering and dropping
Nuts for winter hoar;

For the lone October
Is upon us here;
And sedate and sober
Dies the summer year. W. H. P.

MARTIN LUTHER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL—WRITTEN FOR HIS SON HANS. [From the N. Y. Independent.] We give the following well-verified translation of this famous German hymn, from Lyra Germanica, published by R. L. Delisser, of this city.

"Behold I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all people."—Luke ii, 10.

From Heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:

To you, this night, is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

'Tis Christ our God, who far on high,
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your Salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth, His kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
These swaddling clothes and manger dark.
There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladness cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near,
To see this wondrous gift of God
Who hath His only son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yonder manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, Thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery,
What can we render, Lord, to thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast Thou made Thee weak and small,
That Thou shouldst choose Thy infant bed
Whereas and art lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Bset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon, Thou King, so rich and great,
As 'twere Thy heaven, art throned in state.

This hath it pleased Thee to make plain
The truth to us, poor fools and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are naught and worthless in Thy sight.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I, too, must sing, with joyful tongue,
That sweetest ancient cradle song—

Glory to God in highest Heaven,
Who unto man His Son hath given!
While angels sing, with pious mirth,
A glad New Year to all the earth.

THE BIRTH OF THE LILY.

One by one the beasts and birds of Paradise came down,
With noiseless movement, to the water's edge,
And waited on the margin. Creatures huge,
With longest, liquid eyes, and those that stooped
With cushioned feet and feathered foothold, stole
About the brink, with all the tribe that gave
The forest life. The serpent reared its crest,
Not yet polluted with the valley's dust,
And stood like one with royal gems encrowned:
White beast, and bird, and serpent turned to gaze
Upon each other with inquiring eyes,
And half-bewildered glance.

Then last of all
Came Eve with Adam to the circling rim,
Her fingers grasping roses, and her lip
All beautiful with Love's own witchery.
She stood and noted with admiring look
The strength of Adam's form, the expansive chest,
The sloping muscle, and the sinew knit,
The firm athletic limb, and every grace
Combined and joined in that first, perfect man.
Then Eve, grown humble in her wondrous love
Of Adam's beauty, knelt upon the turf,
While her long hair fell down in shining waves,
And pressed her lip upon his dew-washed feet.
Then with her agitated fingers broke
The foxglove pitcher from the stem, and stooped
To fill it up for him; but quickly drew
Her pearl-white hand away from the still lake,
And held it o'er her heart, with such a look
Of awe and mystery, as if a spell
Was on the water that she dared not break.
So all was hushed and waiting; when, behold!
A flash of gold shot from the silver East,
A gush of new perfume spread through the grove,
The rose drooped lower, and the impatient birds,
Loosed from restraint, sang in a strain refined,
Of dulcet clearness, such as these young hovers
Had never heard before. The beast crouched down
Upon the velvet turf, the serpent's crown
Flashed richer splendor, and the angel guard
Whose fearful sword gleamed by the Tree of Life,
His very plumes were tremulous with joy.

Then Eve looked o'er the swelling wave, and, lo!
The lake was overspread with blooming stars,
Or snowy golden centred cups, that rocked
And spilt the choicest incense. Adam cried,
The Lily; but the sweet voice at his side,
Grown tremulous and faint with over joy,
Could only whisper—Purity.

—A FRAGMENT, from the Atlantic Monthly.

I have been mistaken in you, Maude! I imagined you had a heart."

Another moment, and she was alone. The moon peeped in between the waving sprays of the vine just then, and saw something very much like a tear in Maude's eye, as with a troubled face she entered the house, and made her way to her cousin's quiet room, accosting her thus:

"Jennie, I've done it!"
"Done what?"
"Refused the Judge."
"How, and where? Tell me all about it."

And as Maude, in a word, told what had passed, Jennie's gay laugh rang out as she exclaimed, "Good! I wish I could have seen his Highness' face when he found out that one woman had read politics to some purpose.—What! a tear in your eye. Puss? Don't feel bad, we shall see what we shall see, and if the Judge is not contented, why—you will have vindicated your principles at last." I don't think Maude was comforted much.

Like most others of his party, Judge Compton's knowledge of Republicanism was confined to the application of a few choice epithets to it, and the general idea that its followers were the embodiment of fanaticism and violence, while of its real character and workings, he was wilfully ignorant. He left Maple Glen the following day, and Maude saw no more of him. It may have been an accident; but some weeks after, he was actually surprised reading a Republican newspaper. What the results were, can only be surmised from a short correspondence that took place between our hero and heroine, some months later. It ran thus:

DEAR MAUDE: One of the best Republicans you ever knew, wishes to see you. May I come? COMPTON.

DEAR JUDGE: Come. MAUDE.

There was a merry wedding in Maple Glen before Autumn had doffed her robes of scarlet and gold, and the fair face, that the misty folds of the bridal veil enveloped, was none other than that of Maude.

Judge Compton stumps his State for Lincoln and Hamlin this fall, and rumor says that Maude will be a Senator's lady before many years are passed. Reader, if you are a Democrat, go and do likewise!

WOLLEY & JOHNSON
Hemp Mill
AND OFFER FOR
Lake Superior and Scrap
sold by the Com
and is far

A Lay of Olden Times.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

One morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the outer side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit
For the chaste garb of old;
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit
For Eden's grapes of gold.

Behind them smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay;
Before them, wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

"Arise!" he said, "why look behind
When hope is all before,
And patient mind and willing hand
Your loss may yet restore?"

I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As far as Eden had.

I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through toil.

Go, cheerful as yon humming bees
To labor as to play,
White gimmering over Eden's trees
The angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth
Obedient to the word,
And found where'er they tilled the earth
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn-tree cast its evil fruit
And blushed with plum and pear;
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parents' fate,
And in our turn and day,
Look back on Eden's sworded gate
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The p' tying angel leaves,
And leads through Toll to Paradise
New Adams and new Eves!



Cometh a Blessing Down.

BY MARY FRANCES TYLER.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the one whose passion
Is for a world's renown,
Not in a form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest,
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the one steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal-minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit,
Yearns for the great and good;
Unto the one whose store-house
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors,
Fearless of fog or frown;
Unto the kindly hearted,
Cometh the blessing down.

A Traveler's Evening Song.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Father, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hushed is now the convent's bell
Which erewhile with breezy swell,
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset shore.
Now the sailor's vesper hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim,
Be my stay!

Darker, wilder grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By Thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness—
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father through the time of dread,
Save, oh! save!

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still,
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all."

GIVE ME THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me the grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy woman,
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the hand that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has not foresworn it;
Give me the grasp that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue veined maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze unshackled by party;
Let friendship give the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has not wrong'd another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

ROBERT HALL AND MATTHEW WILKES.—The celebrated divine, Robert Hall, and Rev. Matthew Wilkes, were on one occasion guests in the same house; and, after the services, were seated in the parlor, surrounded, of course, by numerous friends.

Mr. Hall, full of wit and pleasantry, and as cheerful as the painful disease from which he suffered permitted him to be, entertained the ladies, and was the life of the party. Presently up spoke old Wilkes,

"I am surprised, Mr. Hall, after the very serious discourse you gave us this afternoon, to see you display so much levity as you do this evening."

"My dear sir," said Robert Hall, "there is just this difference between you and me, you have your nonsense in the pulpit, and I have mine in the parlor."

Matthew was quiet the rest of the evening.

(For Life Illustrated.)

LITTLE LOO,

THE CHILD OF PENURY PRAYING TO THE SAINTS.

BY LAURA ELMER.

O Santa Claus! O good Kriss Kringle!
Now hovering o'er both town and dingle,
En route for many a favored ingle;
Blithe trysting-place for you;
Packed snug as leaves in half-blown roses,
Your nice great pocket lid incloses
Sweet gifties, bonbons, brilliant posies;
When lavishing like dew,
Pray skip not Loo.

O Santa Claus! list to my praying—
Would you were here one minute staying—
Why, never with your reindeer sleighing,
Glide down our chimney flue?
Too fearful in the wind is't rocking,
All thoughts of merry Christmas mocking?
Or is't because there hangs no stocking?
Woe's me, the whole is true—
Alas! for Loo.

Whenever Christmas morn is beaming,
O Santa Claus! fond eyes are streaming—
My own sweet mother's—for no gleaming
Of joy comes for her Loo!
Loo, stockingless, sits mute and quaking—
Poor mother's heart is sadly aching—
Come, o'er us deign one little shaking,
Of those nice pockets too—
Remember Loo.

Hymn to the Flowers.

[The following exquisite verses from the pen of Florence Smith, are well worth of republication and re-perusal, at least once a year.]

Daisies! that open your eyes with man, to twinkle,
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle,
As a libation—

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly,
Before the risen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalice a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright Mosaics! that with storied beauty,
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty,
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth,
A call for prayer!

Not to the domes, where crumbling arch and column,
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand;
But to that fairest most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—
Its dome the sky!

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or stretch'd upon the sod,
Awe'd by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendor,
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O! may I deeply learn and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah! how transitory
Are HUMAN FLOWERS!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest,
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye flowers, though made for pleasure,
Booming o'er field and wave, by day and night;
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight!

Ephemeral eages! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yes fount of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel like collection,
Uprais'd from seed or burb into red in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My voice would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Onward and Sunward.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Tell me the song of the beautiful stars,
As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,
Looking, in spite of our spirits' sin-scars,
Down on us tenderly, yearning to love us.
This is the song in their work-worship sung,
Down through the world-jeweled universe rung;
"Onward forever, forevermore onward,"
And ever they open their loving eyes sunward.

"Onward!" shouts earth, with her myriad voices
Of music, aye, answering the voices of the seven,
As like a winged child of God's love she rejoices,
Swinging her censor of glory in Heaven.
And lo! it is writ by the finger of God,
In sunbeam and flowers, on the living, green sod—
"Onward forever, forevermore onward,"
And ever she turneth all trustfully sunward.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,
Who labored like Gods among men, and have gone
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us;
They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on,
Looking down victor-crowned from the glory-crowned hill,
They beckon, and beckon us on, onward still;
And the true heart's aspirings are onward, still onward,
It turns to the future as earth turned sunward.



THE LEGEND OF EASTER EGGS.

Trinity bells with their hollow lungs,
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues,
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs on Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,
And every face in the street is gay,
Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?
So I cudgel my brains for the tale he begs,
And tell him this story of Easter eggs:

You have heard, my boy, of the Man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward!—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tomb'd it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves, and blossoms of blue;
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the Heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail,
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long till the moon was up
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup,
A song of sorrow as wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill;
So full of tears, so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon there came through the weeping night
A glittering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the Earth and the Heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom,
And in living lustre came from the tomb.

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial Mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night;
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest,
Thyself, thy eggs, and thy moss-wreathed nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When Death bowed down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red, and gold, and blue—
Reminding mankind in their simple way
Of the holy marvel of Easter day.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

"I am a Pebble, and yield to none!"
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
"Nor time nor seasons can alter me—
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail and the drizzling rain
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart; but it was not felt.
There's none that can tell about my birth,
For I'm old as the big round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That's gone from sight, and under the sod.
I am a Pebble, but who art thou,
Battling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;
She never before had been so near
This gravelly ball, th' mundane sphere;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look or keen retort,
At length she said, in a gentle tone,

"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abused, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom tide, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued or made to feel."
And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak!
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,
"A modest Acorn! never to tell
What was enclosed in its simple shell!
That the pride of the forest was folded up
In the narrow space of its little cup!
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
Which proves that nothing could hide her worth,
And oh! how many will tread on me,
To come and admire the beautiful tree,
Whose head is towering towards the sky,
Above such a worthless thing as I!
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
I have been idling from year to year,
But never from this shall a vaunting word
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,
Till something without me or within,
Shall show the purpose for which I've been!"
The Pebble its vow could not forget,
And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.



ВЪ ПАРКѢ

гравюра на дереве





Fashion for July 1858.

"THE LAST MAN,"

NOT BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Erskine Collegiate Recorder promulgates the following lines:

THE PETTICOAT CATASTROPHE.

I dreamed a dream the other night,
When everything was hushed and still,
Which made each hair stand straight with fright,
Stiff as the porcupine's last quill.
Methought that petticoats had grown
To such a vast and monstrous size,
That there was room for them alone—
And none for man—beneath the skies.

The beasts and every creeping thing
Had died. The flowers bloomed no more,
The grass and tender herbs of Spring
Were withered on the desert shore;
Ten million leagues of crinoline
Stretched over all like funeral pall;
And on the cold and cheerless scene,
The sun's warm rays could never fall.

On Ararat's cloud-curtained peak,
The last man stood with pallid face,
Sick, trembling, weary, worn and weak—
Sad remnant of a smothering race,
In vain—alas! poor man! in vain—
His footstep's sought that rest of old,
For clouds of skirts soon filled the plain,
And hid the mountain in their fold.

Still bigger grew those spheres of white,
Until they reached the summit high,
And steamed above the wretched wight,
Like snowy banners in the sky,
The man looked o'er the precipice,
"Make way for petticoats!" he cried;
And plunging down the dark abyss,
Made way for petticoats—and died.

Erskine Journal - 1857 - 8.

Katy Pease, of Utica.

There is but I on earth I love,
And that is K-T-P's ;
Without her, whereso'er I rove,
My heart is ill at E's.

She dwells beyond the deep blue C,
In lovely U-T-K,
York State—3,000 miles or more
From Cal-i-for-ni-A.

Venus might N-V her her charms,
When decked in full R-A ;
And then to paint her P's & O's,
'Twere idle to S-A !

Her cheeks R'O Z as the morn,
Her teeth are white as pearl ;
To fill one's love with X T-C,
Oh, she is just the girl !

The I-V green elims at her door,
The awe-et-P blossoms there ;
Of all the flowers that ever blow,
My K-T is most fair.

I do not lavish M-T praise,
Through wild X S of love ;
But, oh ! I worship her next to
The D E-T above.

Though former joys R dead to me,
That once I held so D K,
I will not mourn taeir sad D-K,
Nor shed a single T-R.

And though N-F-I-G I am,
As every body C's,
I ask but one to P-T me,
And that is K-T-P's.

Her smile or sympathy would soon
My N-R G restore,
And make me something like the man
I used to B B-4.

Not given 2 Q-R-D-T,
Yet I've enough of pelf ;
But still F-M-I-N-3 I'm grown,
And careless of myself.

My coat and vest R C-D now,
My pants let in the breeze ;
Life's turbid stream runs I-C cold,
Unwarmed by K-T-P's.

Apostrophe.

X-Q's me, K-T—as I live,
I hope you soon 2 C ;
And then, if "mother" don't object,
Y—married we will B !

And then prepare, my charming I,
2 vamous U-T-K ;
For we will go 2 O-I-O,
Or else 2 I-O-A.





THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER.

A Legend of Byzantium.

THE Sultan's daughter went within
Her turret cell to pray,
To kneel, confessing every sin,
To scourge her fair and tender skin,
To weep and fast, that she might win
Sweet pardon, if she may.

She closed and barred the turret door,
To shut out all beside,
While round the threshold wait the poor,
The beggars, lame and soiled and sore,
Who seek the help she gave before,
And will not be denied.

The murmur of their piteous plaint,
Disturbs her pious prayers:
And mortal miseries touch and taint
The holy raptures of the saint:
The heavenly visions seem but faint
By side of earthly cares.

Reluctant, rising from her knees,
She said, with accents sweet,
"Oh Lord! I must take care of these;
Their weary, sad, and hungry pleas
My listening ears unconscious seize,
Even at my Savior's feet."

She left her cell, and gave them food,
And bound up many a wound.
They thanked and blest the maiden good;
In service all the day she stood,—
At night she sought her solitude;
A miracle she found.

Weary in oratory's gloom,
She mourned her vanished hours—
A seraph towered within the room,
Unearthly light his locks illumed,
And all around floats sweet perfume,
From garlands of fresh flowers.

Upon the altar these he laid,
Bright roses, red and white.
"Take these for token, holy maid,
Thy prayer and penance thou hast stayed,
The call to labor prompt obeyed;
Better than many a matin said,
Is active service freely paid,
Thy God in thee delights."

The Sultan's daughter, pale with joy,
Adoring, knelt to pray,
So thankful for her day's employ;
The charity which did annoy,
Now turned to bliss without alloy—
The angel soared away.

So when we long to muse alone,
In sweet and serious thought,
Or send our wishes to his throne,
Or make a worldless, heart sore moan,
Which only to our God we own—
By this sweet legend taught,

In working life to find content,
In outward dutiful toil;
For angel visitors are sent,
And wondrous light and perfume lent,
For after-cher, to hours thus spent,
In weary, drudging toil.

The thorn of sacrifice shall bloom
With roses fair and white,
Immortal garlands deck the tomb
Of buried self, which may assume
An altar's shape, and fire illumed,
And sacred incense light.

—E. F. F.

Brooklyn, Jan. 10, 1859.

MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

"We glory also in tribulations."—Rom. v. 2.

Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancy

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor and bare
Of shape or luster, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skillful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film, which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart:
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

—S. Welberforce.

The little fragment which ensues, narrates an actual occurrence. We know not who is the author, but the lines are very beautiful:

"PRAY," said a mother to her dying child:
"Pray," and in token of assent, he smiled.
Most willing was the spirit, but so weak
The failing frame that he could hardly speak.
At length he cried—"Dear mother, in God's book
Is it not written, Unto Jesus look?
I can look up; I have no strength for prayer.
'Look unto Me, and be ye saved,' is there."
"It is, my child, it is: thus saith the LORD,
And we may confidently trust His word."
Her son looked up—to Jesus raised his eyes,
And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

ONLY a baby's grave!
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all!

Only a baby's grave!
Strange! how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space—
O more strange, could we forget!

Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead;
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer Heaven for it!

—Good Words.



The Red River Voyageur.
From the New York Independent.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land,
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins
The smokes of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboin!

Breadth blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And, with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voices of the north wind
The tones of a far off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And, when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

THE ANGEL'S MISSION.

BY LOUISE.

Soft was the night breeze, and a gentle wing,—
Bore on its pinions, spicy gales like spring;
A hallowed influence round its path was strown—
It bore a mandate from Jehovah's throne.
It paused not in its airy flight afar,
Till it had wandered past each beauteous star;
It gently parted from the seraph band,
To bear a mortal to that glorious land.
My FATHER faded with the rising dawn,
Fit emblem of the mild, the smiling morn;
And man, with his high, his heaven-born power,
Passed like the vapor at the noontide hour.
'Twas noon, and now glad nature's fair array
Was mentled with the sunbeam's brightest ray:
When lo! that angel wing came brooding nigh,
To seek another trophy for the sky.
A Mother's form bent o'er a lovely child,
And sought for comfort in her features mild.
The angel's wing came brooding o'er that nest,
And bore thee, SISTER, to its "home of rest."
Eve's shadows deep'ning in the west afar,
Gave place in beauty for each silvery star,
When 't' sweet strains like those on seraph string,
Waken soft gushes from the soul's deep spring,
That wing is seen again in heavens blue sphere;
Again it stoops to visit earth so drear.
And MOTHER, dear! enrapt with that soft lay!
Passed gently as the day-beam fades away—
The seal is set, on cherub beauty fair,
The brow of manhood, must that signet wear!
And age when day is glimmering in the west,
Seeks for a brighter home, a "Land of Rest!"

FOR THE ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL.

Death.

Pale spirit, thou art beautiful! to thee I gladly bow,
For lo! the wreath immortal is blooming on thy brow;
This weary, ceaseless yearning, thy touch can lull to
rest,
And cool the life-long fever that is burning in my breast.
Oh! blessed is thy coming, to the waiting child of Earth,
Thou herald to a brighter dawn, than fairest mortal birth!

Now shadows pass before me, I see with cloudless eye,
That life is but the seeming, and man to live must die.
Oh Spirit! I was faithless in the years of long ago,
And trembled at thy coming, as the consummate of woe;
But now the veil has fallen from the glory of thy brow,
I know thy name and mission, I am waiting for thee
now!

Life's visions, faded phantoms, how frail and dim they
seem
Before the spirit waking from life's uneasy dream;
And yet how strong the magic, how binding was the
chain
By which you often linked me to ecstasy or pain.
Dim phantoms, ye are blended with the shadows of the
Past,
Death's touch is scarcely needed to dissolve in mist the
last.

Why should I name illusions, that so quickly pass away,
Like visions from our waking, or darkness from our day:
Ambition, Wealth, and Glory, Love, Friendship, what
you will,
They brought the heart a fever that nought but death
can chill.
Pale vision, whisper gently of a quickly opened portal,
And cheer my weary spirit, with a glimpse of life
Immortal!

Oh, come, for I am waiting! Earth's fullest cup of bliss
I would not take exchanging for the soothing of thy kiss!
I know thy welcome mission, from the gracious Lord
above,
Thou art the latest blessing, the crowning gift of Love!
Pale Spirit! draw me closer to the quiet of thy breast,
Earth has no boon I ask for, but Thou canst give me
rest.
MARCH 22, 1859. M. A. H.

MORTE.—PASSING AWAY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

The death-bell is swelling, ask not whose knell telling,
But kneel ye and pray;
The sad rhythmic roll tells some Christian soul
Is passing away.

What caste matters not, the soul has forgot
Its tenement since;
And little they care in realms of the air
If pauper or prince.

The Paraclete pray, as Christ taught the way,
But count ye no beads;
And vex not with show—crimped crape is not woe—
Away with the weeds!

Tread softly and slow, speak gently and low,
'Tis a couch that ye near:
Our neighbor reposes; with June's freshest roses
Entwine ye the bier.

No need of vain weeping, the wearied is sleeping,
And happy his lot!
Have done with misgiving—pray, but pray for the living,
The dead need it not.

Alike with the sod the mantle of God
Is thrown o'er the sleeper;
In the portals of Morn an angel new born
Now weeps for the weeper.

Still swings the death-bell! ask not whose the knell,
But kneel ye and pray;
For with each measured roll some good Christian soul
Is passing away.

IN MORTE VITA.

Mourn ye for the bride, when, wooed from thy side,
She stands by the Groom?
The one ye call dead has gone to be wed—
The altar the tomb.

The swart-visaged Night is usher of Light,
And herald of Morn;
From darkness and fear, a pall and a tear,
The Dayspring is born.

The diamond once hid by earth's confined lid
Is freed from its clay,
Transfigured to gem a King's diadem—
It "passed" not "away."

Who wails the decree that sets the gem free,
Its prison-bed riven?
Is death not a birth? say not "Last of Earth,"
But write First of Heaven.

Oh! strangely mistaken, a truth bids us waken,
An error is rife;
Bewildered by breath, we call the change Death,
Which angels name Life.



HOW TO KEEP LENT—BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Is this a Fast, to keep
The harder lean
And clean
In fat of neat's and sheep?—
to quit the dish
Flesh, yet still

Water high with fish?

Fast an hour,
And to go,

Not look and sour?
Fast to dole
Of wheat

My soul,
A strife,
To

My life;
Griefrent;
Sib,

Op thy lent!



Charles G. Davis by
Plymouth Mass

THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO
THE FOREFATHERS.



Published by the Government of the United States, Washington, D.C., 1855.

REA
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THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave
men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she longed for the peace of her dear native
glenn.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart:
The foes of auld Scotland forever will fear it!
"We are saved! we are saved!" cried the brave
Highland maid,
"Tis the Highlander's slogan, O, dinna ye hear
it?"

A moment the tempest of battle was hushed,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal;
Again to their shot shattered rampars they rushed—
Again roared the cannon, again flashed the steel!
Still the Highlander maid cried, "Let us welcome the
brave!"
The death-mists are thick, but their claimore
will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing, The Campbells are
coming,
They are charging and cheering, O dinna ye hear
it?"
Ye heroes of Lucknow! fame crowns you with
glory;
Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your
praise!
And brave Jessie Brown, with her soul stirring
story,
Forever will live in the Highlander's lays.
Long life to our Queen, and the hearts who defend
her!
Success to our flag! and, when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Campbells are
coming,
And an angel voice crying, "O dinna ye hear it?"
Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din hail it and cheer it,
'Tis the Highlander's slogan, O dinna ye hear it.

MY MOTHER.

My mother's voice—how often creeps
Its cadence o'er my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep
Or dew to the unconscious flowers:
I can't forget the melting prayer,
Even while my pulses madly fly;
And in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee!

With My Heart.

BY ALICE CARY.

My heart, my heart! I'm weary of your sigh,
Your dumb despair, your doubt;
I've listened, listened, listened to your cry,
Till I am wearied out.

Desolate, desolate! and your wounds full to
der—

I know it, my poor heart;
But what have I of help, or hope to render?
'Tis better we should part.

Better to part at once with no returning—
(since I can nothing give)
To any piteous pain, or mood of mourning,
So long as we both live.

Vex me no more! Can I by my consenting
To wail, make less your woe,
Or, with my foolish tears, or wild lamenting
Lighten your burdens? No!

Nothing can meet, or match the sad disgrace
Which Fortune doth prefer;
You can but gather from life's rough, ha-
places

Stones for your sepulchre!

No more, no more! no silence can befriend you
My bleeding, pleading heart;
The demon you have cherished needs mu-
rend you
Before it can depart.

This, only this: through sorrow cometh learn-
ing;
Through suffering, greater growth;
In patience, therefore, wait the golden morning
That draweth near us both.

After the Shadows, the Morning.

The tempest may dash on the vale and hill,
But the sunshine will shine behind it!—
The caverned rock hide the mountain rill,
Yet a gleam from above will find it!—
Gladness will sleep upon grief's pale breast
To soften the voice of its warning,—
Over the darkness sweet hope will rest,
And after the shadows,—the morning.

Life may grow darkened, though love has thrown
The strength of its light around it,
Till, longer and deeper the shadows grown,
Hide the halo of bliss that crowned it;
Clouds may float down on our valley of peace,
And crush our meek flowers with coming,
Yet never this song in our spirits shall cease—
After the shadows, the morning.

Never so closely does pain fold its wings,
But the white robe of sympathy's near it;—
And each tear that the dark hand of misery wrings
Brings the touch of a blessing to cheer it;
As fades the dim night at the coming of day,
When it weaves its bright web of adorning,
So floateth pale grief from our life path away,
Comes, after our shadows, the morning.

FAIRIES.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Oh, these be fancy's revellers by night!
Stealthy companions of the downy moth—
Diana's notes, that flit in her pale light,
Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;—
These be the feasters on night's silver cloth,—
The gnat, with shrilly trump, is their convener,
Forth from their flowry chambers, nothing loth,
With lulling tunes to charm the air serene,
Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

These be the pretty geni of the flowers,
Daintily fed with honey and pure dew—
Midsummer's phantoms in her dreaming hours,
King Oberon, and all his merry crew,
The darling puppets of romance's view:
Fairies, and sprites, and goblin elves we call them,
Famous for patronage of lovers true;
No harm they act, neither shall harm befall them,
So do not thou with crabbed frowns appal them.

For these are kindly ministers of nature
To soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress;
Pretty they be, and very small of stature—
For mercy still consorts with littleness:
Therefore the sum of good is still the less,
And mischief grossest in this world of wrong:
So do these charitable dwarfs redress
The tenfold ravages of giants strong,
To whom great malice and great might belong.

A Fatal Duel between Two Bloods—Scene in Kentucky.

[Found in the Archives of a "Code of Honor Society."]

One Mr. Knott, with Mr. Schott
Into some quarrel got,
The cause was what?—No matter what,
Their anger waxed hot.

Then Mr. Knott called Mr. Schott,
Hard names—no matter what,
And Mr. Schott replied to Knott
In terms—no matter what.

Wrote Mr. Knott, straightway to Schott,
And Schott wrote back to Knott,
Wrote Mr. Knott again to Schott,
And Schott wrote back to Knott.

So Mr. Knott, from Mr. Schott,
The deadly challenge got,
And Mr. Knott sent back to Schott
That he declined it not.

Now Mr. Knott and Mr. Schott,
Their tried Revolvers got,
The friends of Schott, the friends of Knott,
All went into the lot.

Big Mr. Knott, big Mr. Schott,
Three glorious rounds there fought,
Our Mr. Knott, he got the shot,
And Schott he got it not.

As Mr. Knott had missed his Schott,
And Schott had missed his not,
So Knott was shot, and Schott was not,
And Schott the glory got.

MORAL.—'Tis better to be Shot than Not.
[Southern Observer]

THE GOLDEN RULE.—

Do we forgive and pray
For those who, day by day,
Cast shadows on our way?

Does hatred form no part
Of our sad, wounded heart,
Aching with sorrow's smart?

And when our idols all
Beloved and trusted, fall,
Shrouded in envy's pall;

When like a fluttering bird,
Our spirit shall be stirred
By some ungracious word—

Oh, can we pause and pray
With child-like faith for they
Who make so dark our way?

Redeemer of mankind!
In thee, so good and kind,
A faithful friend we find.

Thou'lt grant us grace, and give
Us strength that we may live,
May suffer and forgive. C. A.

To find some new interpreter
My spirit vainly tries,
I only know that God is love
And know that love is wise.
[Alice Cary]

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Second Series. 12s. pp. 430. Ticknor & Fields.

The collection of essays in this and a preceding volume forms a portion of the author's contributions to English and American periodical literature, which have already attracted not a little attention by their genial pictures of quiet rural life, their fine and wholesome vein of moral feeling, their suggestive, and often acute, comments on character and society, and their rare beauty of expression. Although proceeding from the ranks of the clerical profession, their topics are of a miscellaneous, and mostly of a secular nature, betraying not only the habit of studious contemplation, but a quick perception of the events of the day, and of the shifting phases of thought and feeling among all classes of people. The author is an egotist by choice; he weaves the staple of his remarks from the materials of his own experience; but his egotism is as innocent as that of Montaigne or Charles Lamb; he makes no revelations of cynicism or misanthropy, finds no themes for his pen in morbid states of mind, nor puts forth his own humors and fancies with the air of an oracle. His method is too elaborate for the charm of conversation; no one could exercise so much ingenuity in company without offense; he often puts "too fine a point" on his suggestions; but still his discourse has much of the freedom and flow of familiar talk; and he entices us into a certain companionship, as if he were present in person. The most common concerns call forth his warmest eloquence. Like Emerson, he does not disdain to draw a moral from "the milk in the pan, or the meal in the tub," but unlike him he does not dazzle by sparkling phrases, or leave his readers to grope through a labyrinth of brilliants for the purport of his thought. He is always lucid and transparent, if not profound; his style has a racy heartiness, strongly tinged with the flavor of the vernacular; and without conceit or affectation, his pages leave a deep impression of the healthiness of his intellect and the sincerity of his utterance.

We find the following sage reflections in an excellent essay concerning

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.

I suppose that no one will dispute the fact that in this world there are such things as disappointment and success. I do not mean merely that each man's lot has its share of both; I mean that there are some men whose life on the whole is a failure, and that there are others whose life on the whole is a success. You and I, my reader, know better than to think that life is a lottery; but those who think it a lottery must see that there are human beings who draw the prizes, and others who draw blanks. I believe in Luck, and ill Luck, as facts; of course I do not believe the theory which common consent builds upon these facts. There is, of course, no such thing as chance; this world is driven with far too tight a rein to permit of anything whatsoever falling out in a way properly fortuitous. But it cannot be denied that there are persons with whom everything goes well, and other persons with whom everything goes ill. There are people who invariably win at what are called games of chance. There are people who invariably lose. You remember when Sydney Smith lay on his deathbed, how he suddenly startled the watchers by it, by breaking a long silence with a sentence from one of his sermons, repeated in a deep, solemn voice, strange from the dying man. His life had been successful at last; but success had come late; and how much of disappointment he had known! And though he had tried to bear up cheerily under his early cares, they had sunk in deep. "We speak of life as a journey," he said, "but how differently is that journey performed! Some are borne along their path in luxury and ease; while some must walk it with naked feet, mangled and bleeding."

Who is there that does not sometimes, on a quiet evening, even before he has attained to middle age, sit down and look back upon his college days, and his college friends, and think sadly of the failures, the disappointments, the broken hearts, which have been among those who all started fair and promised well? How very much has after life changed the estimates which we formed in those days, of the intellectual mark and probable fate of one's friends and acquaintances! You remember the dense, stolid dunces of that time; you remember the men who sat next to you in the lecture-room, and never answered rightly a question that was put to them; you remember how you used to wonder if they would always be the dunces they were then. Well, I never knew a man who was a dunce at twenty, to prove what might be called a brilliant or even a clever man in after life; but we have all known such do wonderfully decently. You did not expect much of them, you see. You did not try them by an exacting standard. If a monkey were to write his name, you would be so much surprised at seeing him do it at all, that you would never think of being surprised that he did not do it very well. So, if

a man you knew as a remarkably stupid fellow preaches a decent sermon, you hardly think of remarking that it is very commonplace and dull, you are so much pleased and surprised to find that the man can preach at all. And then, the dunces of college days are often sensible, though slow; and in this world, plain plodding common sense is very likely in the long run to beat erudite brilliancy. The tortoise passes the hare. I owe an apology to Lord Campbell for even naming him on the same page on which stands the name of a dunce; for assuredly in shrewd, unwise sense, as well as in kindness of manner, the natural outflow of a kind and good heart, no Judge ever surpassed him. But I may fairly point to his career of unexampled success as an instance which proves my principle. See how that man of parts which are sound and solid, rather than brilliant or showy, has won the Derby and the St. Leger of the law; has filled with high credit the places of Chief Justice of England and Lord Chancellor. And contrast his eminently successful and useful course with that of the awful meteor, Lord Brougham. What a great, dazzling genius Brougham unquestionably is; yet his greatest admirer must admit that his life has been a brilliant failure. But while you, thoughtful reader, in such a retrospect as I have been enjoining, sometimes wonder at the decent and reasonable success of the dunce, do you not often lament over the fashion in which those who promised well, and even brilliantly, have disappointed the hopes entertained of them? What miserable failures such have not unfrequently made! And not always through bad conduct either; not always, though sometimes, by taking to vicious courses; but rather by a certain want of tact and sense, or even by just somehow missing the favorable tide. You have got a fair living and a fair standing in the Church; you have held them for eight or ten years; when some evening as you are sitting in your study or playing with your children, a servant tells you, doubtfully, that a man is waiting to see you. A poor, thin, shabbily-dressed fellow comes in, and in faltering tones begs for the loan of five shillings. Ah, with what a start you recognize him! It is the clever fellow whom you hardly beat at college, who was always so lively and merry, who sang so nicely and was so much asked out in society. You had lost sight of him for several years; and now here he is, shabby, dirty, smelling of whisky, with bloated face and trembling hand; alas, alas, ruined! Oh, do not give him up. Perhaps you can do something for him. Little kindness he has known for very long. Give him the five shillings by all means; but next morning see you go out and try what may be done to lift him out of the slough of despond, and to give him a chance for better days! I know that it may be all in vain; and that after years gradually darkening down you may some day, as you pass the Police office, find a crowd at the door, and learn that they have got the corpse of the poor suicide within. And even when the failure is not so utter as this, you find, now and then, as life goes onward, that this and that old acquaintance has, you cannot say how, stepped out of the track and is stranded. He went into the Church; he is no worse preacher or scholar than many that succeed; but somehow he never gets a living. You sometimes meet him in the street, threadbare and soiled; he probably passes you without recognizing you. O reader, to whom God has sent moderate success, always be chivalrously kind and considerate to such a disappointed man!

I have heard of an eminent man who, when well advanced in years, was able to say that through all his life he had never set his mind on anything which he did not succeed in attaining. Great and little aims alike, he never had known what it was to fail. What a curious state of feeling it would be to most men to know themselves able to assert so much! Think of a mind in which disappointment is a thing unknown! I think that one would be oppressed by a vague sense of fear in regarding one's self as treated by Providence in a fashion so different from the vast majority of the race. It cannot be denied that there are men in this world in whose lot failure seems to be the rule. Everything to which they put their hand breaks down or goes awry. But most human beings can testify that their lot, like their abilities, their stature, is a sort of middling thing. There is about it an equable sobriety, a sort of average endurableness. Some things go well; some things go ill. There is a modicum of disappointment; there is a modicum of success. But so much of disappointment comes to the lot of almost all, that there is no object in nature at which we all look with so much interest as the invariably lucky man—the man whom all this system of things appears to favor. You knew such a one at school; you knew him at college; you knew him at the bar, in the Church, in medicine, in politics, in society. Somehow he pushes his way; things turn up just at the right time for him; great people take a fancy to him; the newspapers cry him up. Let us hope that you do not look at him with any feeling of envy or bitterness; but you cannot help looking at him with great interest, he is so like yourself, and at the same time so very unlike you. Philosophers tell us that real happiness is very equally distributed; but there is no doubt that there is a tremendous external difference between the man who lives in a grand house, with every appliance of elegance and luxury, with plump servants, fine horses, many carriages, and the poor struggling gentleman, perhaps a married curate, whose dwelling is bare, whose dress is poor, whose fare is scanty, whose wife is careworn, whose children are ill-fed, shabbily dressed, and scantily educated. It is conceivable that fanciful wants, flights, and failures, may cause the rich man as much and as real suffering as substantial wants and failures cause the poor; but the world at large will recognize the rich man's lot as one of success, and the poor man's as one of failure.

Not a few of our readers will be able to vouch for the truth of the following comments on the peculiar pains and pleasures of

SUMMER DAYS.

Several years since, on a Sunday in July, I went to afternoon service at a certain church by the sea-shore. The incumbent of that church was a young clergyman of no ordinary talent; he is a distinguished professor now. It was a day of drenching rain and howling hurricane; the sky was black as mid-winter; the waves were breaking angry and loud upon the rocks hard by. The weather the previous week had been beautiful; the weather became beautiful again the next morning. There came just the one gloomy and stormy Summer day. The young parson could not foresee the weather. What more fitting subject for a July Sunday than the teaching of the beautiful season which was passing over? So the text was, *Thou hast made Summer*: it was a sermon on Summer, and its moral and spiritual lessons. How inconsistent the sermon seemed with everything around! The outward circumstances reduced it to an absurdity. The congregation was diminished to a sixth of its usual number; the atmosphere was charged with a muggy vapor from sloppy garments and dripping umbrellas; and as the preacher spoke, describing vividly (though with the chastened taste of the scholar) blue skies, green leaves, and gentle breezes, ever and anon the storm outside drove the rain in heavy plashes upon the windows, and, looking through them, you could see the black sky and the fast-drifting clouds. I thought to myself, as the preacher went on under the cross influence of these surroundings, Now, I am sure you are in small things an unlucky man. No doubt the like happens to you frequently. You are the kind of man to whom *The Times* fails to come on the morning you specially wish to see it. Your horse falls lame on the morning when you have a long drive before you. Your manservant catches a sore throat, and is unable to go out, just when the visitor comes to whom you wish to show the neighboring country. I felt for the preacher. I was younger then, but I had seen enough to make me think how Mr. Snarling of the next parish (a very dull preacher, with no power of description) would chuckle over the tale of the Summer sermon on the stormy day. That youthful preacher (not Mr. Snarling) had been but a few months in the church, and he probably had not another sermon to give in the unexpected circumstances; he must preach what he had prepared. He had fallen into error. I formed a resolution never to do the like. I was looking forward then with great enthusiasm to the work of my sacred profession: with enthusiasm which has only grown deeper and warmer through the experience of more than nine years. I resolved that if ever I thought of preaching a summer sermon I would take care to have an alternative one ready for that day in case of unfavorable weather. I resolved that I would give my Summer discourse only if external nature, in her soft luxuriant beauty, looked Summer-like: a sweet pervading accompaniment to my poor words, giving them a force and meaning far beyond their own. What talk concerning Summer skies is like the sapphire radiance, so distant and pure, looking in through the church windows? You do not remember how blue and beautiful the sky is, unless when you are looking at it; nature is better than our remembrance of her. What description of a leafy tree equals that noble, soft, massive, luxuriant object which I looked at for half-an-hour yesterday through the window of a little country church, while listening to the sermon of a friend? Do not think that I was inattentive. I heard the sermon with the greater pleasure and profit for the sight. It is characteristic of the preaching of a really able man, preaching what he himself has felt, that all he says appears (as a general rule) in harmony with all the universe; while the preaching of a commonplace man, giving us from memory mere theological doctrine which has been drilled into him, and which he repeats because he supposes it must be all right, seems inconsistent with all the material universe, or at least quite apart from it. Yet, even listening to that excellent sermon (whose masculine thought was very superior to its somewhat slovenly style), I thought, as I looked at the beautiful tree rising in the silent churchyard—the stately sycamore, so bright green, with the blue sky all around it—how truly John Foster wrote, that when standing in January at the foot of a large oak, and looking at its bare branches, he vainly tried to picture to himself what that tree would be in June. The reality would be far richer and finer than anything he could imagine on the wintry day. Who does not know this? The green grass and the bright leaves in Spring are far greener (you see when they come back) than you remembered or imagined; the sunshine is more golden, and the sky more bright. God's works are better and more beautiful than our poor idea of them. Though I have seen them and loved them now for more than thirty Summers, I have felt this year, with something of almost surprise, how exquisitely beautiful are Summer foliage and Summer grass. Here they are again, fresh from God! The Summer world is incomparably more beautiful than any imagination could picture it on a dull December day. You did not know on New-Year's day, my reader, how fair a thing the sunshine is. And the commonest things are the most beautiful. Flowers are beautiful: he must be a blackguard who does not love them. Summer seas are beautiful, so exquisitely blue under the blue Summer sky. But what can surpass the beauty of green grass and green trees! Amid such things let me live; and when I am gone, let green grass grow over me. I would not be buried beneath a stone pavement, not to sleep in the great Abbey itself.

My Summer sermon has never been written, and so has never been preached; I doubt whether I could make much of the subject, treated as it ought to be treated there. But an essay is a different matter, notwithstanding that a dear, though sarcastic friend says that my essays are merely sermons played in polka time; the thought of sermons, to wit, lightened somewhat by a somewhat lighter fashion of phrase and illustration. And all that has hitherto been said is introductory to remarking, that I stand in fear of what kind of day it may be when my reader shall see this essay, which as yet exists but vaguely in the writer's

and upon four pieces of paper, three large and one small. If your eye lights upon this page on a cold, bleak day; if it be wet and plucky; above all, if there be east wind, read no further. Keep this essay for a warm, sunny day; it is only then that you will sympathize with its author. For amid a dismal, rainy, stormy Summer, we have reached fair weather at last; and this is a lovely, sunny Summer morning. And what an indescribably beautiful thing is a Summer day! I do not mean merely the hours as they pass over; the long light; the sun going up and going down; but all that one associates with Summer days spent in sweet rural scenes. There is the warm, bright, still Summer day; when everything seems asleep, and the topmost branches of the tall trees do not stir in the azure air. There is the breezy Summer day, when warm breaths wave these topmost branches gently to and fro, and you stand and look at them; when sportive winds bend the green corn as they swiftly sweep over it; when the shadows of the clouds pass slowly along the hills. Even the rainy day, if it come with soft summer-like rain, is beautiful. People in town are apt to think of rain as a mere nuisance; the chief good it does there is to water the streets more generally and thoroughly than usual; a rainy day in town is equivalent to a bad day; but in the country, if you possess even the smallest portion of the earth, you learn to rejoice in the rain. You go out in it; you walk about and enjoy the sight of the grass momentarily growing greener; of the trees looking refreshed, and the evergreens gleaming, the gravel walks so free from dust, and the roads watered so as to render them beautifully compact, but not at all sloppy or muddy; Summer rain never renders well-made country roads sloppy or muddy. There is a pleasure in thinking that you have got far ahead of man or machine; and you heartily despise a watering-cart, while enjoying a soft Summer shower. And after the shower is over, what fragrance is diffused through the country air! every tree and shrub has an odor which a Summer shower brings out, and which senses trained to perception will perceive. And then, how full the trees and woods are of the singing of birds! But there is one feeling which, if you live in the country, is common to all pleasant Summer days, but particularly to sunny ones; it is that you are doing injustice to nature, that you are losing a great deal, if you do not stay almost constantly in the open air. You come to grudge every half hour that you are within doors, or busied with things that call you off from observing and thinking of all the beauty that is around you everywhere. That fair scene—trees, grass, flowers, sky, sunshine, is there to be looked at and enjoyed; it seems wrong, that with such a picture passing on before your eyes, your eyes should be turned upon anything else. Work, especially mental work, is always painful; always a thing you would shrink from if you could; but how strongly you shrink from it on a beautiful Summer morning! On a gloomy Winter day you can walk with comparative willingness into your study after breakfast, and spread out your paper, and begin to write your sermon. For a though writing the sermon is undoubtedly an effort; and although all sustained effort partakes of the nature of pain; and although pain can never be pleasant; still, after all, apart from other reasons which impel you to your work, you cannot but feel that really if you were to turn away from your task of writing, there is nothing to which you could take that you would enjoy very much more than itself. And even on the fairest Summer morning, you can, if you are living in town, take to your task with comparative ease. Somehow, in town, the weather is farther off from you; it does not pervade all the house, as it does in the country: you have not windows that open into the garden; through which you see green trees and grass every time you look up; and through which you can in a minute, without the least change of dress, pass into the verdant scene. There is all the difference in the world, between the shadiest and greenest public garden or park oven within a hundred yards of your door; and the green shady little spot that comes up to your very window. The former is no very great temptation to the busy scholar of rural tastes; the latter is almost irresistible. A hundred yards are a long way to go, with purpose prepose of enjoying something so simple as the green earth. After having walked even a hundred yards, you feel that you need a more definite aim. And the grass and trees seem very far away, if you see them at the end of a vista of washing your hands, and putting on another coat and other boots, and still more of putting on gloves and a hat. Give me the little patch of grass, the three or four shady trees, the quiet corner of the shrubbery, that comes up to the study window, and which you can reach without even the formality of passing through the hall and out by the front door. If you wish to enjoy nature in the Summer-time, you must attend to all these little things. What stout old gentlemen but know that when he is seated snugly in his easy chair by the Winter evening fireside, he would take up and read many pages in a volume which lay within reach of his arm, though he would do without the volume, if in order to get it he had to take the slight trouble of rising from his chair and walking to a table half a dozen yards off? Even so must nature be brought within easy reach of even the true lover of nature; otherwise on a hundred occasions, all sorts of little, fanciful hindrances will stand between him and her habitual appreciation. A very small thing may prevent your doing a thing which you even wish to do; but which you do not wish with any special excitement, and which you may do at any time. I dare say some reader would have written months since to a friend in India to whom he promised faithfully to write frequently, but that when he sat down once or twice to write, and pulled out his paper-drawer, he found that all the thin Indian paper was done. And so the upshot is, that the friend has been a year out; and you have never written to him at all.

But to return to the point from which this deviation proceeded, I repeat, that on a fine Summer morning in the country it is excessively difficult to take to your work. Apart from the repellent influence which is in work itself, you think that you will miss so much. You go out after breakfast (with a wide-awake hat,

and no gloves, into the fresh atmosphere. You wander round the garden. You look particularly at the more eminent roses, and the largest trees. You go to the stable-yard, and see what is doing there. There are twenty things to think of; numberless little directions to give. You see a weedy corner, and that must not be suffered: you see a long spray of climbing rose that needs training. You look into the corn-chest: the corn is almost finished. You have the fact impressed upon you that the old potatoes are nearly done, and the new ones hardly ready for use. These things partake of the nature of care: if you do not feel very well, you will regard them as worries. But it is no care nor worry to walk down to your gate, to lean upon it, and to look at the outline of the hills: nor to go out with your little children, and walk slowly along the country lane outside your gate, relating for the hundredth time the legend of the renowned giant-killer, or the enchanted horse that flew through the air; to walk on till you come to the bridge, and there sit down, and throw in stones for your dog to dive after, while various shouts (very loud to come from such little mouths) applaud his success. How crystal-clear the water of the river! It is six feet deep, yet you may see every pebble of its bed. An undefined laziness possesses you. You would like to sit here, and look, and think, all day. But of course you will not give in to the temptation. Slowly you return to your door: unwillingly you enter it: reluctantly you take to your work. Until you have got somewhat into the spirit of your task, you cannot help looking sometimes at the roses which frame your window, and the green hill you see through it, with white sheep. And even when you have got your mind under control, and the lines flow more willingly from your pen, you cannot but look out occasionally into the sunny, shady corner in your view, and think you should be there. And when the prescribed pages are at length completed, how delightful to lock them up, and be off into the air again! You are far happier now than you were in the morning. The shadow of your work was upon you then: now you may with a pleased conscience, and under no sense of pressure, saunter about, and enjoy your little domain. Many things have been accomplished since you went indoors. The weeds are gone from the corner: the spray of the rose has been trained. The potato-beds have been examined: the potatoes will be all ready in two days more. Sit down in the shade, warm yet cool, of a great tree.

A mingled tone of gayety and gravity characteristic of the author, will chime in with the experience of many, in his remarks on

SOLITARY DAYS.

Great numbers of educated people in this country live solitary lives. And by a solitary life I do not mean a life in a remote district of country with hardly a neighbor near, but with your house well filled and noisy with children's voices. By a solitary life I mean a life in which, day after day and week after week, you rise in the morning in a silent dwelling, in which, save servants, there are none but yourself; in which you sit down to breakfast, perhaps set yourself to your day's work all alone, then dine by yourself, and spend the evening by yourself. Barristers living in chambers in some cases do this; young lads living in lodgings, young clergymen in country parsonages, old bachelors in handsome town houses and beautiful country mansions, old maids in quiet streets of country towns, old ladies once the center of cheerful families, but whose husband and children are gone—even dukes in palaces and castles amid a lonely splendor which must, one would think, seem dreary and ghastly. But you know, my reader, we sympathize the most completely with that which we have ourselves experienced. And when I hear people talk of a solitary life, the picture called up before me is that of a young man who has always lived as one of a household considerable in numbers, who gets a living in the Church, and who, having no sister to keep house for him, goes to it to live quite alone. How many of my friends have done precisely that! Was it not a curious mode of life? A thing is not made commonplace to your own feeling by the fact that hundreds or thousands of human beings have experienced the very same. And although fifty Smiths have done it (all very clever fellows), and fifty Robinsons have done it (all very commonplace and ordinary fellows), one does not feel a bit the less interest in recurring to that experience which, harkened as it may be, is to you of greater interest than all other experience, in that it is your own. Draw up a thousand men in a row, all dressed in the same dark-green uniform of the riflemen, and I do not think that their number or their likeness to one another, will cause any but the most unthinking to forget that each is an individual man as much as if he stood alone in the desert; that each has his own ties, cares, and character, and that possibly each, like to all the rest as he may appear to others, is to several hearts, or perhaps to one only, the one man of all mankind.

Most clergymen whom I have known divide their day very much in the same fashion. After breakfast they go into their study and write their sermon for two or three hours; then they go out and visit their sick or make other calls of duty for several hours. If they have a large parish, they probably came to it with the resolution that before dinner they should always have an hour's smart walk at least; but they soon find that duty encroaches on that hour, and finally eats it entirely up, and their duty calls are continued till it is time to return home to dinner. Don't you remember, my friend, how short a time that lonely meal lasted, and how very far from jovial the feast was? As for me, that I might rest my eyes from reading between dinner and tea (a thing much to be desired in the case of every scholar), I hardly ever failed, save for a few weeks of midwinter, to go out in the twilight and have a walk—a solitary and very slow walk. My hours, you see, were highly unfashionable. I walked from half-past five, to half-past six: that was my after-dinner walk. It was always the same. It looks somewhat dismal to recall. Do you ever find, in looking back at some great trial or mortification you have passed through, that you are pitying your-

self as if you were another person? I do not mean to say that those walks were a trial. On the contrary, they were always an enjoyment—a subdued quiet enjoyment, as are the enjoyments of solitary folk. Still, now looking back, it seems to me as if I were watching some one else going out in the cold February twilight, and walking from half-past five to half-past six. I think I see a human being, wearing a very thick and rough great-coat, got for these walks; and never worn on any other occasion, walking very slowly, bearing an extremely thick oak walking stick (I have it yet) by the shore of the bleak gray sea. Only on the beach did I ever bear that stick; and by many touches of the sand it gradually wore down till it became too short for use. I see the human being issuing from the door of a little parsonage (not the one where there are magnificent beeches and rich evergreens and climbing roses), and always waiting at the door for him there was a friendly dog, a terrier, with very short legs and a very long back, and shaggy to that degree that at a cursory glance it was difficult to decide which was his head and which his tail. Ah, poor old dog, you are grown very stiff and lazy now, and time has not mellowed your temper. Even then it was somewhat doubtful. Not that you ever offered to bite me; but it was most unlucky, and it looked most invidious, that occasion when you rushed out of the gate and severely tore the garments of the dissenting minister. But he was a worthy man; and I trust that he never supposed that upon that day you acted by my instigation. You were very active then; and so few faces did you see (though a considerable town was within a few hundred yards), that the appearance of one made you rush about and bark tremendously. Cross a field, pass through a hedgerow of very scrubby and stunted trees, cross a railway by a path on the level, go on by a dirty track on its further side, and you come upon the seashore. It is a level, sandy beach; and for a mile or two inland the ground is level, and the soil ungenial. There are sandy downs, thinly covered with coarse grass. Trees will hardly grow; the few trees there are, are cut down by the salt winds from the Atlantic. The land view, in a raw twilight of early Spring, is dreary beyond description; but looking across the sea, there is a magnificent view of mountain peaks. And if you turn in another direction, and look along the shore, you will see a fine hill rising from the sea and running inland, at whose base there flows a beautiful river, which pilgrims come hundreds of miles to visit. How often, O sandy beach, have these feet walked slowly along you. And in these years of such walks, I did not meet or see in all six human beings. A good many years have passed since I saw that dismal beach last; I dare say it would look very strange now. The only excitement of those walks consisted in sending the dog into the sea, and in making him run after stones. How tremendously he ran; what tiger-like bounds he made as he overtook the missile. Just such walks, my friends, many of you have taken. *Hominis estis.* And then you have walked into your dwelling again, walked into your study, had tea in solitude, spent the evening alone in reading and writing. You have got on in life, let it be hoped; but you remember well the aspect and arrangement of the room; you remember where stood tables, chairs, candles; you remember the pattern of the grate, often vacantly studied. I think every one must look back with great interest upon such days. Life was in great measure before you, what you might do with it. For anything you knew then, you might be a great genius; whereas if the world, even ten years later, has not yet recognized you as a great genius, it is all but certain that it never will recognize you as such at all. And through those long Winter evenings, often prolonged far into the night, not only did you muse on many problems, social, philosophical, and religious, but you pictured out, I dare say, your future life, and thought of many things which you hoped to do and to be.

A very subdued mood of thought and feeling, I think, creeps gradually over a man living such a solitary life. I mean a man who has been accustomed to a house with many inmates. There is something odd in the look of an apartment in which hardly a word is ever spoken. If you speak while by yourself, it is in a very low tone; and though you may smile, I don't think any sane man could often laugh heartily while by himself. Think of a life in which, while at home, there is no talking and no laughing. Why, one distinctive characteristic of rational man is cut off when laughing ceases. Man is the only living creature that laughs with the sense of enjoyment. I have heard, indeed, of the laughing hyena, but my information respecting it is mainly drawn from Shakespeare, who was rather a great philosopher and poet than a great naturalist. "I will laugh like a hyena," says that great man; and as these words are spoken as a threat, I apprehend the laughter in question is of an unpleasant and unwholesome character. But to return from such deep thoughts, let it be repeated that the entire mood of the solitary man is likely to be a sobered and subdued one. Even if hopeful and content, he will never be in high spirits. The highest degree in the scale he will ever reach may be that of quiet lightheartedness; and that will come seldom. Jollity, or exhilaration, is entirely a social thing. I do not believe that even Sydney Smith could have got into one of his rollicking veins when alone. He enjoyed his own jokes, and laughed at them with extraordinary zest; but he enjoyed them because he thought others were enjoying them too. Why, you would be terrified that your friend's mind was going, if before entering his room you heard such a peal of merriment from within as would seem a most natural thing were two or three cheerful companions together. And gradually that chastened, subdued stage comes, in which a man can sit for half an hour before the fire as motionless as marble—even a man who in the society of others is in ceaseless movement. It is an odd feeling when you find that you yourself, once the most restless of living creatures, have come to this. I dare say Robinson Crusoe often sat for two or three hours together in his cave, without stirring and or foot. The vital principle grows weak when sed. You must have a number of embers together to make a warm fire; separate them, and they will

brisk, vigorous life, you must have a number of lives together. They keep each other warm. They encourage and support each other. I dare say the solitary man, sitting at the close of a long evening by his lonely fireside, has sometimes felt as though the flame of life had sunk so low that a very little thing would be enough to put it out altogether. From the motionless limbs, from the unstrung hands, it seemed as though vitality had ebbed away, and barely kept its home in the feeble heart. At such a time some sudden blow, some not very violent shock, would suffice to quench the spark for ever. Reading the accounts in the newspapers of the cold, hunger, and misery which our poor soldiers suffered in the Crimea, have you not thought at such a time that a hundredth part of that would have been enough to extinguish you? Have you not wondered at the tenacity of material life, and at the desperate grasp with which even the most wretched cling to it? Is it worth the beggar's while, in the snow-storm, to struggle on through the drifting heap toward the town eight miles off, where he may find a morsel of food to half-appease his hunger, and a stone stair to sleep in during the night? Have not you thought, in hours when you were conscious of that shrinking of life into its smallest compass—that retirement of it from the confines of its territory, of which we have been thinking—that in that beggar's place you would keep up the fight no longer, but creep into some quiet corner, and there lay yourself down and sleep away into forgetfulness? I do not say that the feeling is to be approved, or that it can in any degree bear being reasoned upon; but I ask such readers as have led solitary lives, whether they have not sometimes felt it? It is but the subdued feeling which comes of loneliness carried out to its last development. It is the highest degree of that influence which manifests itself in slow steps, in subdued tones of voice, in motionless musings beside the fire.

The influence of such a volume, if not in the highest degree exciting to the intellect, is kindly and humanizing, beguiling the mind of the reader amid the toils and conflicts of life with gentle fancies and pleasant images. The questions which it so agreeably discusses belong less to the head than to the heart; they are answered by feeling rather than by reason; and, as treated by this writer, who evidently adds the most refined culture to natural endowments of exquisite temper, they afford a source of valuable instruction as well as of rare pleasure.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

From the Atlantic Monthly for September, 1861.

MRS. BROWNING'S LIFE IN FLORENCE.

From their wedding-day Mrs. Browning seemed to be endowed with new life. Her health visibly improved, and she was enabled to make excursions in England prior to her departure for the land of her adoption, Italy, where she found a second and dearer home. For nearly fifteen years Florence and the Brownings had been one in the thoughts of many English and Americans; and Casa Guidi, which has been immortalized by Mrs. Browning's genius, will be as dear to the Anglo-Saxon traveler as Milton's Florentine residence has been heretofore. Those who now pass by Casa Guidi fancy an additional gloom has settled upon the dark face of the old palace, and grieve to think that those windows from which a spirit face witnessed Italian revolutions, and those large mysterious openings where a spirit-hand translated the great Italian poems into burning verse, and pleaded the rights of humanity in the thoughtless or unsympathizing, passing homes of the Casa Guidi as it was could be those who have known her now and speak above a kindly enter the loved rooms so favored can never whisper. They who have been in the great picture and get the square anteroom, with its passed many piano-forte, at which the boy Browning, in an hour—the little dining-room covered with tapestry, and where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning—the long room filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning's retreat—and, dearest of all, the large drawing-room, where she always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the old iron-gray church of Santa Felice. There was something about this room that seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-walls and the old pictures of saints that looked down from their carved frames of black wood. It sat on large book-cases, constructed of specimens of Florentine carving selected by Mr. Browning, were brimming over with wise-looking books. Tables were covered with more gayly bound volumes, the gifts of brother authors. Dante's great profile, a cast of Keats's face and brow taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Pennyson, the genial face of John Kenyon, Mrs. Browning's good friend and relative, little paintings of Browning's good friend and relative, little paintings of the boy Browning, all attracted the eye in turn, and gave rise to a thousand and a hundred nothings, that easy chairs and sofas, and a hundred nothings, that always add an indelible charm, were all massed in this room. But the glory of all and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm chair near the door. A small table, strewn with writing materials, books, and newspapers, was always by her side.

HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

To those who loved Mrs. Browning (and to know her was to love her) she was singularly attractive. Here was not the beauty of feature; it was the loftier beauty of expression. Her slight figure seemed hardly large enough to contain the great heart that beat so fervently within, and the soul that expanded more and more as she came close to another. It was diff-

cut to believe that such a fairy hand could pen thoughts of such ponderous weight, or that such a "still small voice" could utter them with equal force. But it was Mrs. Browning's face upon which one loved to gaze—that face and head which almost lost themselves in the thick curls of her dark brown hair. That jealous hair could not hide the broad, fair forehead, "royal with the truth," as smooth as any girl's and

"Too large for wreath of modern woe."

Her large brown eyes were beautiful, and were in truth the windows of her soul. They combined the confidingness of a child with the poet-passion of heart and of intellect; and in gazing into them it was easy to read why Mrs. Browning wrote. God's inspiration was her motive power, and in her eyes was the reflection of this higher light.

"And her smile it seemed half holy,
As if drawn from thoughts more far
Than our common feelings are."

HER CHARACTER.

Mrs. Browning's character was well-nigh perfect. Patient in long suffering, she never spoke of herself, except when the subject was forced upon her by others, and then with no complaint. She judged not, saving when great principles were imperiled, and then was ready to sacrifice herself upon the altar of Right. Forgiving as she wished to be forgiven, none approached her with misgivings, knowing her magnanimity. She was ever ready to accord sympathy to all, taking an earnest interest in the most insignificant, and so humble in her greatness that her friends looked upon her as a divinity among women. Thoughtful in the smallest things for others, she seemed to give little thought to herself; and believing in universal goodness, her nature was free from worldly suspicions. The first to see merit, she was the last to censure faults, and gave the praise that she felt with a generous hand. No one so heartily rejoiced at the success of others, no one so modest in her own triumphs, which she looked upon more as a favor of which she was unworthy than as a right due to her. She loved all who offered her affection, and would solace and advise with any. She watched the progress of the world with tireless eye and beating heart, and, anxious for the good of the whole world, scorned to take an insular view of any political question. With her a political question was a moral question as well. Mrs. Browning belonged to no particular country; the world was inscribed upon the banner under which she fought. Wrong was her enemy; against this she wrestled, in whatever part of the globe it was to be found.

HER INTEREST IN AMERICA.

Nor was Mrs. Browning so much engrossed in the Italian regeneration that she had no thought for other nations and for other wrongs. Her interest in America was very great.

"For poets (bear the word!),
Half-poets even, are still whole democrats:
Oh, not that we're disloyal to the high,
But loyal to the low, and cognizant
Of the less scrutable majesties."

In Mrs. Browning's poem of "A Curse for a Nation," where she foretold the agony in store for America, and which has fallen upon us with the swiftness of lightning, she was loath to raise her poet's voice against us, pleading:

"For I am bound by gratitude,
By love and blood,
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who stretch out kindly hands to me."

And in one of her last letters, addressed to an American friend who had reminded her of her prophecy and of its present fulfillment, she replied, "Never say that I have 'cursed' your country. I only declared the consequence of the evil in her, and which has since developed itself in thunder and flame. I feel with more pain than many Americans do the sorrow of this transition-time; but I do know that it is transition, that it is crisis, and that you will come out of the fire purified, stainless, having had the angel of a great cause walking with you in the furnace." Are not such burning, hopeful words, from such a source, worthy of the grateful memory of the Americans? Our cause has lost an ardent supporter in Mrs. Browning; and, did we dare rebel against God's will, we should grieve deeply that she was not permitted to glorify the Right in America as she has glorified it in Italy. Among the last things that she read were Motley's letters on the "American Crisis," and the writer will ever hold in dear memory the all but final conversation had with Mrs. Browning, in which these letters were discussed and warmly approved. In reference to the attitude taken by foreign nations with regard to America, she said,—"Why do you heed what others say? You are strong, and can do without sympathy; and when you have triumphed your glory will be the greater." Mrs. Browning's most enthusiastic admirers are Americans; and I am sure, that now she is no longer of earth, they will love her the more for her sympathy in the cause which is nearest to all hearts.

HER CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Browning's conversation was most interesting. It was not characterized by sallies of wit or brilliant repartee, nor was it of that nature which is most welcome in society. It was frequently intermingled with trenchant, quaint remarks, leavened with a quiet, graceful humor of her own; but it was eminently calculated for a tête-à-tête. Mrs. Browning never made an insignificant remark. All that she said was always worth hearing; a greater compliment could not be paid her. She was a most conscientious listener, giving her attention to her hearer, as well as her magnetic eyes. Though the latter spoke an eager language of their own, she conversed slowly with a conscientiousness and point that, added to a matchless earnestness, which was the predominant trait of her conversation as it was of her character, made her a most delightful companion. Persons were never her theme, unless public characters were under discussion, or friends were to be praised—which kind of office she frequently took upon herself. One never dreamed of frivolities in Mrs. Browning's presence, and gossip felt itself out of place. Yourself (not herself) was always a pleasant subject to her, calling out all her best sympathies in

joy, and yet more in sorrow. Books and humanity, great deeds, and, above all, politics, which include all the grand questions of the day, were foremost in her thoughts, and, therefore, oftenest on her lips. I speak not of religion, for with her everything was religion. Her Christianity was not confined to church and rubric; it meant civilization.

HER LAST DAYS.

Mrs. Browning's illness was only of a week's duration. Having caught a severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual, medical skill was summoned; but, although anxiety in her behalf was necessarily felt, there was no whisper of great danger until the third or fourth night, when those who most loved her said they had never seen her so ill; on the following morning, however, she was better, and from that moment was thought to be improving in health. She herself believed this; and all had such confidence in

her wondrous vitality, and the hope was so strong that God would spare her for still greater good, that a dark veil was drawn over what might be. It is often the case, where we are accustomed to associate constant suffering with dear friends, that we calmly look danger in the face without misgivings. So little did Mrs. Browning realize her critical condition, that, until the last day, she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed, and then the precaution was accidental. So much encouraged did she feel with regard to herself, that, on this final evening, an intimate female friend was admitted to her bedside, and found her in good spirits, ready at pleasantry and willing to converse on all the old-loved subjects. Her ruling passion had prompted her to glance at the "Athenæum" and "Nazione;" and when this friend repeated the opinions she had heard expressed by an acquaintance of the new Italian Premier, Ricasoli, to the effect that his policy and Cavour's were identical, Mrs. Browning "smiled like Italy," and thankfully replied—"I am glad of it; I thought so." Even then her thoughts were not of self. This near friend went away with no suspicion of what was soon to be a terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy came his mother good night, cheered by her oft-repeated, "I am better, dear, much better." Inquiring friends were made happy by these assurances.

One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her with all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As morning approached, and for two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy; and though not apparently conscious of the coming of death, she gave her husband all those holy words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman-poet raises herself up to die in the arms of her poet-husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure, until the drooping form grew chill and froze his heart's blood.

At half past four, on morning of the 29th of June, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died of congestion of the lungs. Her last words were, "It is beautiful!" God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proof to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words, "It is beautiful!" The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth.

Gazing on her peaceful face with its eyes closed on us forever, our cry was her "Cry of the Human."

"We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed,
Our tears drop on the lips that said:
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!
O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!'
To see a light upon such brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!"

On the evening of July 1, the lovely English burying-ground without the walls of Florence opened its gates to receive one more occupant. A band of English, Americans, and Italians, sorrowing men and women, whose faces as well as dresses were in mourning, gathered around the bier containing all that was mortal of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Who of those present will forget the solemn scene, made doubly impressive by the grief of the husband and son? "The sting of death is sin," said the clergyman. Sinless in life, her death, then, was without sting; and turning our thoughts inwardly, we murmured her prayers for the dead, and wished that they might have been her burial-service. We heard her poet-voice saying:

"And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep.'"

But the tears would fall, as they bore her up the hill, and lowered "His beloved" into her resting-place, the grave. The sun itself was sinking to rest behind the western hills, and sent a farewell smile of love into the east, that it might glance on the lowering bier. The distant mountains hid their faces in a misty veil, and the tall cypress trees of the cemetery swayed and sighed as Nature's special mourners for her favored child; and there they are to stand keeping watch over her.

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Till slowly!
And I said in under-broth, Ah our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?"

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
Till slowly!
And I 'paused' to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness, His rest."

Dust to dust—and the earth fell with a dull echo on the coffin. We gathered round to take one look, and saw a double grave, too large for her; may it wait long and patiently for him!

And now a mound of earth marks the spot where sleeps Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A white wreath

to mark her woman's purity lies on her head, and friendly hands scatter white flowers over the grave of a West as symbols of the dead.

We feel as she wrote:

"God keeps a niche
In heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty, glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light."

THEODORA.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

By that name you will not know her,
But if by my words I show her
Unto you as perfectly
As she always seems to me;
If, attending, you shall find
The fair picture in my mind,
This will seem her title meekest,
Gift of God, the best and sweetest.

With each impulse so enacted
That she makes the heart distracted;
Witching, as a sprite may grow,
Just a lover's playfellow:—
Coral, half-concealing pearls,
In between dark rows of curls,
And her speech, dropt soft and slowly,
Seems half raving, half holy.

For a very saint, too human,
Yet too saintly for a woman;
The child's sweetness in her face
Blended with maturer grace;
One, though always pure and good,
Perfected by motherhood:—
Eyes, madonna-like, love laden,
Holier than befits a maiden.

Simple in her faith unshrinking,
Wise as sages in her thinking;
Showing in her artless speech
All she of herself can teach;
Hiding love and thought profound
In such depths as none may sound;
One half known, half comprehended,
Yet with wondrous mystery blended.

Sitting meekly and serenely,
Sitting in a state most queenly;
Kneeling, though dethroned, disrowned,
That her kingdom shall be found;
That her Father's child must be
Heir of immortality;
This is yet her highest merit,
That she ruleth her own spirit.

Thou to whom is given this treasure,
Guard it, love it without measure;
If forgotten it should lie
In a weak hand carelessly,
Thou mayest wake to miss and weep
That which thou hadst failed to keep—
Crying, when the gift is taken,
"I am desolate, forsaken!"

—Independent.

b.

Montgomery, April 13.

Maj. Chambers, of the Alabama Army has arrived here from Pensacola, bringing Lieuts. Reed and Worden, of the federal navy as prisoners of war. He was the bearer of dispatches to Fort Pickens and the Federal fleet off Pensacola bar.—He is held by the Secretary of War who sent a detachment to arrest them.

GEN. CASS.—A letter to the Philadelphia Press says:

"I learn that Gen. Cass is resolved, even in his old age, to die with harness on his back and has mounted his old uniform, and reviews his troops now congregated in Detroit every morning. He has contributed out of his private fortune \$25,000 to the equipment of the Michigan volunteers and \$10,000 more to the support of their families, during their absence."

A noble woman, worthy of Virginia, in her palmy days, a native of that State, but long a resident in Kentucky, thinking that the Free States are on the side of justice and right in this unprovoked war, and regretting that she has no sons to assist the Government cheerfully offers all her means, several thousand dollars.

DAYBREAK.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Died, half an hour after daybreak, Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, at Florence."

The morning blushed out from the heart of the summer,
And rippled its rosiness over the world;
It dawned where the shadows slept under the murmur
Of cadenced white waterfalls, silvered and curled.

It stroked its white fingers o'er beards of bowed barley,
And rippled its breath over billowed wheat seas;
It never a day has stooped o'er us so fairly,
With peace in its sunshine, and balm in its breeze!

The core of the year, with its affluent gladness—
Its beauty, its music, its plumage of corn—
Passed deep in the shadow of infinite sadness;
For she, our Queen Poet, went up with the morn.

Oh! pale grew the robing that folded the mountain,
And wrapped its grieved face in a sorrowing spray—
Exhaled the last heart-drop from poesy's fountain,
When she sang with angels at breaking of day.

O Freedom! thy priestess lies dead at the altar!
And well for thy temple her life had been long.
When Liberty chanted, her voice did not falter;
Transfigured, God made her Archangel of Song.

And well may Italia bow low in her weeping!
And well may the summer grow pallid with ruth!
Cavour rests in silence, and Browning is sleeping—
The foe-man of tyrants, the singer of Truth.

Be hers in Valhalla the throne-room of glory—
The sceptre of poets—the crown she has won—
The purple of spirits; and ours be the story,
The sweet rhythmical life which at morning was done.

"GLEN IRIS," Summer, 1861.

Letter from Archbishop Hughes.

The following letter from Archbishop Hughes was read at the great meeting in N. Y. Saturday.

NEW YORK, April 20.

DEAR SIR:—Unable to attend the meeting at Union Square, in consequence of indisposition, I beg leave to state my sentiments on the subject of coming to gether, in the following words:

Ministers of religion and ministers of peace, according to the instructions of their Divine Master, have not ceased to hope and pray that peace and union may be preserved in this great and free country. At present, however, that question has been taken out of the hands of the peacemakers, and it is referred to the arbitrament of a sanguinary contest. I am not authorized to speak in the name of any of my fellow citizens. I think, so far as I can judge, there is the right principle among all of them whom I know. It is now thirty years since, a foreigner by birth, I took the oath of allegiance to this country, under its title of the United States of America. [Loud cheers.] As regards conscience, patriotism, or judgment, I have no misgiving.—Still desirous of peace, when the Providence of God shall have brought it, I may say that since the period of my naturalization, I have known but one country.

In reference to my duties as a citizen, no change has come over my mind since then. The Government of the United States was then, as it is now, symbolized by a National Flag, popularly called "the Stars and Stripes." [Loud applause.]—This has been my flag, and shall be to the end [Cheers.] I trust it is still destined to display in the gales that sweep every ocean, and amid the gentle breezes of many a distant shore, as I have seen it in foreign lands, its own peculiar waving style of beauty, whether at home or abroad, for a thousand years, and afterwards as long as Heaven permits, without limit or duration.

JOHN HUGHES,

The Words of General Jackson.

A friend who reveres the memory of Old Hickory, requests us to copy the following extract from a letter written by the old Hero in 1833. The last sentence is prophetic:

* * * WASHINGTON, May, 1, 1833.

* * * I have had a laborious task here, but Nullification is dead, and its actor and courtiers will only be remembered by the people to be execrated for their wicked designs to sever and destroy the only good government on the globe, and that prosperity and happiness we enjoy over every other portion of the world. Hamen's gallows ought to be the fate of all such ambitious men, who would involve their country in civil war, and all the evils in its train, that they might reign and ride on its whirlwinds and direct the storm. The free people of the United States have spoken, and consigned the wicked demagogues to their proper doom. Take care of your nullifiers; you have them among you; let them meet with the indignant frown of every man who loves his country. The tariff, it is now known, was a mere pretext. * * * * *

Therefore, the tariff was only the pretext, and disunion and a Southern Confederacy the real object. The next pretext will be the Negro or Slavery Question. * * *

"ANDREW JACKSON."

Of Gen. Scott's preparations for war a letter from Washington says:

Only the other day a member of the Cabinet asked Gen. Scott if it would not be well to push forward a column of troops into Virginia, to which the old soldier replied "that he had never yet lost a division of an army, and he did not intend to; that if a move were made then one of two things must happen—it would be cut off; or be compelled to retreat; or the rest of the army would have to be advanced to support it, before it was ready—either of which would be very disastrous."

Wherefore, we are not at all impatient but quite willing to leave the direction of our military affairs to the grand old patriot and hero who has never yet lost a battle nor failed in a campaign; who will not sacrifice needlessly the life of a single man, but sparing where he may, will yet prepare such a force as will strike a blow that will entirely break the power of this wicked rebellion. Again we thank God for having spared him to us and pray that he may live to complete the last service to his country.

The most ungrateful villain in the whole secession camp is Lieut. Maury, who ran away from Washington and his oath of office on Thursday last. For 20 years this rascal has been one of the pets of the Government. During that time he has had an excellent salary and has lived in clover. For a whole lifetime he has drawn a living from the United States and yet the very moment the Government needs his services to put down treason he turns sneak and runs away. The conduct of Maury shows that no Southern man is to be trusted. They know nothing about honor and attach no more importance to the most solemn oath than they do to a chew of tobacco. That a whole people should be thus demoralized is truly wonderful.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD

BY THEODORE TILTON.

I WEAVE a tale—part old, part new;
The half, a fact—the rest, a dream;
Yet many dreams, I think, are true,
However strange they seem.

So quiet was the summer day
That one could hear the far-off bees,
Till sudden winds from fields of hay
Blew whistling to the seas.

A fisher drew his skiff to land,
Half up above the water's reach,
And left it grinding in the sand,
To strand upon the beach.

Along the shelving water-edge
His little son played up and down,
And gathered stately spears of sedge,
To braid them for a crown.

But when he spied the rocking craft,
He climbed aboard with childish glee,
And, shouting to the breezes, laughed,
And wished himself at sea.

The skiff, amid the splash and roar,
Was like a warning finger laid
Across the lips of sea and shore
To hush the noise they made.

A double wave, with sudden swell,
Ran up the beach with foam and spray,
And dashed so high that when it fell
It launched the craft away!

The fisher's cherry-trees grew green
Between his cottage and the tide;
And sadder sight was never seen
Than out they branched to hide.

On curling waves, the drifting hull
Was watted past the harbor-light,
And seaward like a flying gull
It dwindled out of sight.

At sunset, searching for the child,
The fisher called and called his name,
But though his cry was loud and wild,
No voice in answer came.

Whereat, as with a giant's hand,
And stung with woe, he seized a boat,
And dragged it down the gripping sand,
And through the surf afloat.

His oars gave groans for thrice a league,
And down his brawny beard ran sweat,
But not a sinew felt fatigue,
And hope inspired him yet;

Until his strength was overspent;
Then over on his panting breast
His hot, bewildered head he bent,
And, swooning, dropped to rest;

And dreamed that through a yawning wave
The child, with sea-grass on his head,
Made entrance to a spacious grave,
And wandered with the dead;

Whence, rising to a beauteous land,
The mortal child stood crowned divine;
To whom the fisher waved his hand,
And sought an answering sign.

Then, waking with a sudden start,
And shuddering in the chilly dew,
He knew, by token in his heart,
The vision must be true.

And when in grief he home returned,
And sat aweary in his chair,
And low and dim the hearth-fire burned,
He saw an angel there!

O pleasantest of pleasant things!
That angels dwell in homes on earth,
Where silently, with folded wings,
They tarry by the hearth!

—Independent.

INCIDENT AT THE ARMORY.—Rev. Charles Hawley, by request, visited the Armory this morning and addressed Capt. Kennedy's command, closing by a fervid prayer for our country and our soldiers. In the course of his remarks he said that the citizens of this city had ordered a Bible for all the soldiers who desired the sacred book, and asked those who desired a copy to raise the hand. Every right hand was raised. Gen. Segoine, who was present, said that the speech he was about to make to the company was unnecessary. He intended to warn the boys about indulging in drink and noisy demonstrations at night, but he knew that the boys who would vote for the Bible did not need a lecture from him.

THE Porta a-Pinta is one of the eastern gates of Florence. Through it passes the street that crosses the thick-shaded valley of the Arno, and winds by high-walled gardens and pleasant villas to the lofty summit of Fiesole. Close to the right hand of the gate, a wall some twenty feet high starts out of the city wall, and, suddenly curving southward, goes for about two hundred yards parallel with it, and then as abruptly turns westward and joins the wall. In its southern front are plain iron gates, opening into a small court. Opposite to them is a similar pair of gates over which is written, in French, "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

This is the Protestant Cemetery. Within its high walls and close under these ancient battlements lie what is mortal of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Theodore Parker.

Their names were enough to draw our feet thither. The Sabbath-day finds us at the gates. The concierge responds to the bell from a neighboring cottage, and we are ushered into the sacred resting-place. The ground slopes up from the outer to the inner wall both from the south and the east. A broad path ascends from the gate to near the rear of the inclosure, where a handsome marble column is surmounted by a cross. At right angles with this path another passes from the wall of the cemetery to that of the city. On the first path, about half-way up, not more than six or eight rods from the entrance, on the left hand side, just over an outer border of box and an inner one of roses, is a small square, sufficiently large for but two bodies. It is inclosed by a low iron rail, resting on four low gray sandstone pillars. In the centre of the lot is a small block of the same stone, some eight inches square and high, with a cross engraved on the top. Over the little lot the myrtle is slowly and carelessly growing; and a pot with the tall flowerless stalk of an unhandsome plant, was negligently placed near the head of the grave.

This is the "long home" of Mrs. Browning. The sun lay too fiercely upon it at that hour to allow the place to convey all the tender impressions that one could properly expect. Still, the roses glowing on every side, the tall slim cypresses that guarded the outer wall, the gray old walls of the city rising high over the head, and covered thick with ivy, the intense quiet of the spot, and, above all, the mountains of mingled brown and green that lifted themselves high above the walls and the valley beyond, filling all the horizon with strength and beauty—these made the spot worthy of her whose body slept below. The charm of the purple sunset was subsequently thrown over the scene. But the full blaze of that harvest sun was more accordant with the former, certainly more with the present life of her great soul than any fading of a glimmering landscape—any tokens of approaching dark. Her eyes, powerless to confront the blaze of the sun, delighted to gaze unwinking on the fuller effluence of truth. No writer of this age saw it more clearly or pronounced its decrees with more authority. The first poetess of the English—of any tongue, she laid all her treasure upon the altar of God in Christ, and Christ in man. As a prophetess of God, she announces his curses on America for her sin against her children—prophecies which have been terribly fulfilled. With like courage she uttered like warnings against England for her treatment of the poor, which, unless that government speedily repents, abolishes the system of caste and crime, will as assuredly bring upon itself like calamities. Italy, in its struggles, won her sympathy; in its democratic chiefs, her confidence. The overthrow of those leaders, and the putting back of her liberties under the heel of France and despotism, would have met with her most tearful sympathies and most burning indignation. Thus we muse over the narrow house of this scholarly, gifted, consecrated woman. We leave her in the warm bright sun, which her nature loved so well, in a garden full of roses; awaiting, in blessed hope, the glorious resurrection. No monument marks her grave. The straggling ivy is its only covering. Whether this is to be her sole memorial or not, I did not learn. It would not be unlike her husband, judging from his works, to leave the spot untouched. Silence is golden.

Pass up the path to the central cross, and turn to the right. Go a few feet toward the wall. The path is lined with young cypresses. Close to it, on the left or north side, under the cypresses, in a cool and perpetual shadow, is a large, thick, gray sandstone slab, with this simple inscription: "Theodore Parker, born at Lexington, Massachusetts, United States of America, August 24, 1810. Died at Florence, May 10, 1860."

The spot is better kept than that of Mrs. Browning, and in a pleasanter spot—less slightly, less sunny. The thick grass about it was wet with the dew at that after mid-day hour. The grave was overrun with ivy and myrtle. Two rose-bushes were flourish-

ing near the headstone, and a small evergreen shrub was growing near his feet. The tall cypresses covered it with their dense shade. From under their boughs you could look out eastward, and see the hills of Fiesole across the valley, with their bright villas—the tall gray tower of its ancient cathedral, and the lofty seat where Lorenzo de Medici and his friends held high converse on Plato. The spot was very inviting, from its coolness, shade, and silence. The chirp of a few birds alone displaced the Sabbath stillness with Sabbath melody.

One could not look upon the spot without feeling that, after all, the desire of Jacob and Joseph was eminently human: "Bury me with my fathers." "By faith he gave commandment concerning his bones." A foreign land may do to look at, but our own is the land to live and die in. Why Mr. Parker was left here, is to me a mystery. Pleasant and retired as is the spot, soft and grand as is the scenery, the grave-yard at Lexington is preferable.—Rev. Gilbert Haven, in *The Independent*.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. September, 1861. Ticknor & Fields.

A scholar-like and instructive discussion of the question concerning Collier's Shakesperian folio, by no means to the credit of Mr. Collier, opens the present number. The writer who, it must be presumed, is the accomplished author of "Shakespeare's Scholar," concludes that either Mr. Collier introduced additional readings upon the margin of the volume, for the purpose of obtaining for them the same deference which he supposed those already there would receive for their antiquity, or he is the victim of a mysterious and marvelously successful conspiracy. "My Out-Door Study" is the title of one of the series of aromatic papers, in which a cordial lover of nature breathes his own enthusiasm over the spirit of his delighted readers. A deeply interesting contribution from an American in Florence contains a generous and appreciative tribute to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with some pathetic detail concerning the last days of the gifted poetess. The extracts, which we give on another page, will only tempt the reader to indulge in the perusal of the original article. Several other miscellaneous articles of uncommon merit combine to increase the attractions of this number. The Publishers announce that while they shall spare no exertions to sustain the high literary character of "The Atlantic," they intend to give its future issues a political tone of equal elevation, devoting much of its space to the different phases of the present great national struggle. Among the prominent writers in the last three, and the present, numbers, are James Russell Lowell, O. W. Holmes, the late Major Winthrop, Mrs. Howe, T. W. Higginson, C. C. Hazewell, G. W. Curtis, C. E. Norton, and others of whose names as contributors the publishers of the magazine may well be proud.

A New Parlor Amusement.

A new game, far in advance of the silly parlor amusements usually indulged in, has lately been introduced. It consists of the pantomime acting of rhymes, and is described as follows:

The actors are chosen, and they select a word to which all the players in succession have to express a word in dumb show. For instance:

The word selected is *Lane*.

The first player comes in, making most absurd grimaces and contortions to show that he is in *pain*.

The second rubbing his coat with a rag as if to remove a *stain*.

The third going through the motions of using a *plane*.

The fourth walking as if with a *cane*.

The fifth as if carrying an umbrella and walking through the *rain*.

And the sixth coquetting before the glass to show that she is *vain*.

The ingenuity of the audience is exerted to discover the name, and the various rhymes.

Forfeits may be exacted for imperfect or badly expressed rhymes.

The game is instructive as well as amusing, calling the ingenuity into action to devise and express rhymes.

POETRY.

July.

Surely, just such a July as that now passing must have said to John Clare, when he painted it in these choice words:

The cricket on its bank is dumb,
The very flies forget to hum,
And, save the wagon rocking round,
The landscape sleeps without a sound;
The breeze is stopped; the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that danceth now.

The taller grass upon the hill,
And spiders' threads are standing still;
The feathers dropped from moor hen's wing,
Which to the water's surface cling,
Are steadfast, and as heavy seem
As stones beneath them in the stream.

Hawkweed and groundsel's ferny downs
Unruffled keep their seedy crowns;
And in the over-heated air
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that unto the earnest eye,
The restless beat seems glittering by.

Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers e'en within the shade,
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveler, glad to rest
On pillowed clouds of many hues,
Then Nature's voice its joys renews.

And checkered fields and grassy plain,
Hum with their summer's songs again,
A requiem to the day's decline,
Whose setting sunbeams coolly shine,
As welcome to day's feeble powers
As falling dew to thirsty flowers.

Little Nellie.

From "The Age."

When the drooping blue-bells lingered
On the mossy grass-grown hill,
And the little snowy star-flower
Bent above the flowing rill;

When the lovely babe of summer
Wooded the breezes wandering by,
Then our little angel Nellie
Folded her soft wings to die.

Twilight had her curtains gathered,
Pinned them gently with a star,
And the fragrant summer zephyrs
Floated sweetly from afar.

Softly kissed the marble forehead
Of our little guileless one,
Lightly waved the golden ringlets
Tinted by the setting sun.

Then the snowy lid was lifted
From above the violet eye,
And a voice of music sil'ry
Whispered low, a sweet good bye.

Tearful eyes were bending o'er her,
Lent "love glories" to her own,
Gentle voices sad and mournful
Answered low her trembling tone.

But the idol fair was shattered,
Sweetly had the spirit fled,
Plumed were her bright wings for Heaven
And the blue-eyed one was dead.

Then with care the shining ringlets
Twined they from her marble brow,
Clasped the dimpled hands and whispered—
"Nellie is an angel, now."

Pressed the last kiss on her forehead,
Round her wrapped the robe of white,
Rosebuds twined amid her tresses—
Sadly breathed the last "good night."

Heaven retaineth now our treasure,
Earth the lovely casket keeps,
And the sunbeams love to linger
Where our little Nellie sleeps.

A Christmas Hymn.

BY LONGFELLOW.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Pescator died o'er the bushed domain;
Apollo, Pallis Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The Senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Trumpion arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless away;
What raked the Roman what befel
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half shut stable door
Across his path. He paused, for nought
Told what was going on within?
How keen the stars! his only thought:
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh strange indifference!—low and high
Drooped over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening—unaware!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
The r'ryous peals around, and soothe
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

The Golden Gate.

Dim shadows gather thickly round, and up the
misty stair they climb,
The cloudy stair that upward leads to where the
closed portals shine,
Round which the kneeling spirits wait the opening
of the Golden Gate.

And some with eager longing go, still pressing
forward, hand in hand,
And some with weary step and slow, look back
where their Beloved stand;
Yet up the misty stair they climb, led onward by
the Angel Time.

As unseen hands roll back the doors, the light that
floods the very air
Is but the shadow from within, of the great glory
hidden there:
And morn and eve, and noon and late, the shad-
ows pass within the gate.

As one by one they enter in, and the stern portals
close once more,
The halo seems to linger round those kneeling
closest to the door:
The joy that lightened from that place shines still
upon the watcher's face.

The faint low echo that we hear of far-off music
seems to fill
The silent air with love and fear, and the world's
clamors all grow still,
Until the portals close again, and leave us toiling
on in pain.

Complain not that the way is long—what road is
weary that leads there?
But let the Angel take thy hand, and lead thee up
the misty stair,
And then with beating heart await the opening of
the Golden Gate.

[Miss Proctor's Poems.]

The Cherry Tree.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

To Spring, the good God spake, and said
"Go for the worm a table spread,"
And soon the cherry tree is seen,
Covered with leaflets fresh and green.

Within his shell the worm awakes,
And quick his winter house forsakes,
Stretches himself, and yawns and tries
To open wide his sleepy eyes.

And thereupon, without a pause,
Upon the nearest leaf he gnaws,
And says, "'Tis hard to get away,
So tender are the leaves to-day."

And yet again the good God said,
"Now for the bees a table spread,"
At once the cherry tree is light
With myriad blossoms pure and white.

A little bee the banquet spies
At early morn, and thither flies,
Thinking "I now my thirst can slake,
And here my fragrant coffee take,

Out of these cups so clean and nice."
Then puts his tongue in, in a trice,
And sips and says, "How very sweet!
Plenty of sugar here I west."

To Summer next, the good God said,
"Go, for the birds, a table spread,"
And now the cherry tree doth glow
With ruddy fruit—a tempting show.

A sparrow lights upon a bough
And says, "I'll eat my fill here now;"
'T will make me vigorous of wing
And give me strength of voice to sing."

Then to the Autumn, God did say,
"They've had enough; clear all away;"
And chilling winds the branches tost,
And fell the sharp and bitter frost.

The leaves were changed to gold and red,
Then fluttered downward, withered, dead,
Till stript of all its foliage fair,
The cherry tree stood lone and bare.

To Winter, then the good God said,
"O'er what is left a covering spread,"
Softly and fast the snowflakes fall,
And quiet settles o'er all.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

BY "ILLINOIS."

The little girl read, in her fairy book,
Strange tales of that old, old time,
And of wonderful things that happened then,
In that far off, wonderful clime.

She read of the cottage girl, that sat
In her door at the close of day,
And the beautiful prince that on horseback came,
And carried her far away.

Far away to a palace bright,
In a city by the sea;
There, forever, in love and light,
A beautiful queen lived she.

The little girl slept o'er her book, and dreamed;
And over her slumbering brain
The tale she had read, of the beautiful prince
And the cottage girl, came again.

But, somehow, the cottage girl wore her hair,
And her dress and her form were the same,
And, when the beautiful prince came by,
He called her her own sweet name.

And she was the cottage girl that rode
The lady and queen to be,
And to live for aye with her beautiful prince
In the city by the sea.

Now in every maiden soul that breathes—
By mountain, valley or stream—
Whether they read the old tale or not,
Hovers the same sweet dream,

Away in the depths of their virgin souls,
Where other dreams come not in,
Hid from the world's unkindly eyes,
And the soiling breath of sin.

And each one thinks it a prophet's voice—
And so it may prove to some—
But they all sit down, like the cottage girl,
And wait for their prince to come.

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- Hon. R. M. Blatchford, New York.
- Hon. Moses H. Grinnell, New York.
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- Auburn City Bank, do
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- Weedsport Bank, Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y.
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May 2.

THE SABBATH MADE FOR MAN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THERE is such an excessive occupation of thousands during the week that it is almost an inhumanity to ask them to shut themselves up on Sunday. You do not perhaps know about it. There are many that go away from their families before their children are awake in the morning, and do not get back till they are asleep at night. I suppose there are laborers, accountants, mechanics, men working with machinery in subterranean places, or setting type in lofts, persons engaged in various grim industries, and occupying themselves in unwholesome nooks, who, if it were not for Sunday, would hardly know but that their children slept the year round. To them, Sundays is the greatest of all blessings; and when, after they have toiled through Monday, and Tuesday, and Wednesday, and Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday, the Lord's day comes, they say, "Thank God, it is Sunday, and to-day I need not go away from home, nor to work!" It is the only day of the seven that the workman has a right to wake up when he has a mind to. It is the only day of the seven that he has a right to hear his children chirping around the house. Oh, you do not know anything about Sunday—you that live in ceiled houses; you that have comfortable houses; you that enjoy your evenings with your families; you that enjoy the privilege of visiting your neighbors! Put a man in an iron cage, and work him all the week, and then give him, Sunday, when there is rest for his bones and muscles, and when he is at liberty to stay at home with his wife and children, and say to him, "Now, you ought to go to Sunday-school in the

morning, and into the church immediately afterward, and then you know there is the afternoon service, and there are some little visitations to be made in the evening," and he says, "Why should I, that am shut up all the week, and that have no time except Sunday, be shut up on that day too? I want one day at least to stretch myself, and feel that I have nothing to do?"

Do you say, "You ought not to justify such a course?" I say that I am not speaking of what is the ideal condition of men. I am not saying whether that man might find better rest in the house of God than elsewhere on Sunday. I say to you what perhaps I should not say to him—for you are inclined to take too severe a view of the case, and he is inclined to take too lax a view. I might say to him that it would be better for him to rest part of the day, and go to church the other part. But you that manage business so that by depriving the workman of all his time during the week, and by imposing excessive labor upon him, he is tempted, in spirit and heart and soul, to abstain from divine worship on Sunday—what have you to say about it?

If there is any class in the community that has a right to Sunday, it is the poor laboring man. And if we that are Christians are well off, we are not to pull up the harness till the buckle snaps; we are not to turn the screw, and, having screwed up all the week, to screw up on Sunday too. And that is the reason why, when a protest was circulated against the cars running on Sunday, I would not sign it. I have been glad ever since that I did not. "Well, why did you not sign it?" it is asked. In the first place, because I believe it is better for people to go to church where they want to than not to go to church at all. There are thousands of people living in the outskirts of the city who would not go to church if the cars did not run, because they would be unable to go where they want to; and I see no more sin in their riding in the cars than in your riding in your coach. And I said, "The car is the poor man's coach; and if he wants to go to church, I have no objection to his having the necessary conveniences." Then, in the next place, there are thousands of people of the very class that I have been speaking of, who certainly will not go to church if they are confined to the city, and who, if they have a chance, at a low price, will go out into the country and see their friends, or ramble in the open fields, and so spend a comparatively innocent day. If they are denied that chance, they not only will not go to church, but they will go into pot-houses, and there smoke and drink, and wallow in low social pleasure, while their wives and children are at home and uncared for. If you ask me, "Would it not be better that they should go to church?" If the choice was between their going to church and not going to church I should not hesitate a moment; but where the choice is between their going to the corner grog-shops in New York or Brooklyn and going with their wives and children into the country, I think the latter is a means of grace as compared with the former. I look at it as a practical question, and form my judgment according to the facts as they are. Since the cars have been running on Sunday, I have inquired of many and many a conductor concerning the deportment of these poor men who spend the day in the country; and the universal testimony which I have received has been that they are well-behaved, in the main, both when going out and coming in; that, as a general thing, they do not make it a day of intoxication, and that they almost invariably take their wives and children with them. And I say that, if a man will not go to church and hear God's saints on Sunday in the city, let him take his own little saints and go to church in the country. It is a great thing for a man to go church with his family, even if it is in the open fields.

These remarks will scarcely at all apply to country places. The people there have no need, and therefore, no excuse, for such excursions. But there is a large population in our cities who might follow the Lord's disciples through the fields on Sunday, eating grain and rubbing it in their hands!

You may say, "What about the drivers and conductors on the cars?" Well, I am glad you have asked me that question. I am not aware of the arrangements of the railroad companies, and I speak with delicacy and reserve in respect to them; but I have a strong suspicion that there is an unwitting oppression of the men in their employ. I know that these men think that they work more hours for relatively less pay than other persons. And I submit whether, if they are to add Sunday to the other days of the week for the convenience of citizens, there should not be some arrangement made for securing alternate Sundays to them. I thank the Union Ferry Company. It gives Sundays to its workmen. It is arranged so that in rotation they have whole Sundays and half Sundays. They are thought of and cared for. And I hold that every man who employs

Auburn, May 1, 1861.

WM. H. SEWARD, JR., & CO.—William H. Seward, Jr., and C. D. McDougall, have entered into a copartnership under the name and firm above given, for the transaction of Banking, Exchange, Collection and Insurance business. The firm take possession of their new office, recently fitted up for them, directly over the Post Office, in the rooms recently occupied by the Ambassador establishment. The senior partner is too well known in this community to require formal introduction through these columns. His financial abilities have been thoroughly tested in the management and control of a large estate in this city, and the experience thus gained has rendered him thoroughly competent for the business in which he is now engaged. Troops of friends in this city will be glad to testify their appreciation of his integrity and manly character, by a substantial recognition of the firm.

The Junior, Mr. McDougall, has been connected, for several years past, with the Auburn Exchange Bank, where he retained the entire confidence of his employers. Here, also, he acquired valuable experience in the banking business, and possessing financial abilities of a high order, he is eminently qualified to transact all business pertaining to the new firm. Wm. H. Seward & Co. are agents of several of the most reliable Fire Insurance Companies in the United States, and are prepared to take insurance at liberal rates. Their arrangements for home or foreign exchange are completed, and terms will be liberal. They are, also, prepared to effect loans upon approved paper. The firm will at once recommend itself to the confidence of the community in which the gentlemen composing the firm are so well and favorably known.

These enterprising young men will be welcomed by the business men, as supplying a demand long existing in this city.

is bound to consider that man's duty, and to help them to avail themselves of the blessing which these days are designed to afford. How can he do by his neighbor as Christ commanded him to do, if he does not? We must make our Sundays humane. Otherwise we shall stumble on that very sin for which Christ set his face against the Pharisaic Sunday. The Jews had a Sunday, and they made it an inexorable task-master. And wherever Christ came in contact with the Jewish Sabbath, he struck the oppressive rigor, or the superstition with which it was kept. If we do not look out we shall use our Sunday as an instrument of inhumanity. For it is in the nature of things that men who are strong, and who have leisure and social comfort, are apt to be Sabbath observers, and to have but little charity for those who are poor and who have to gain their livelihood by hard work, and who are deprived of social comfort and leisure. They do not put themselves in their places and then do by them as they would wish to be done by.

QUAKER MEETING.

BY P. THORNE.

THE room was high, square and unpainted, furnished with wooden benches. This was all, except a stove which might have come over in that capacious vessel, the Mayflower, had such inventions of the enemy been known to our forefathers. Those benches I never, never shall forget; I can truly say they impressed me deeply. Made of the hardest of all hard wood, without even one mitigating coat of paint, so narrow and slippery that one could not slide forward into the graceful posture usually assumed by church-goers, but must perforce strain every nerve to sit bolt upright and keep on the seat, with a little slat for back contrived to rasp the shoulder blades to the last degree of human endurance, they were evidently designed to mortify the flesh and promote meditation. The room had that dreary, old-fashioned sort of a smell peculiar to rooms kept closed most of the time. Not one visible speck of dirt contaminated the floor; not a fly broke the profound silence by his buzzing. My first feeling, somewhat increased perhaps by the dismal howling of a March wind, was one of home-sickness.

Gradually, by twos and threes, the Friends began to drop in; no, nothing so violent as to drop, but to glide in, ghostlike and noiselessly. As the odd figures in all shades of drab and grey moved quietly past, sank silently on the seat, and sat there motionless, I felt constrained to pinch myself to ascertain if I were still in this world. "Are these real, live women, endowed with hearts, headaches, nerves and 'feelings' like the rest of us? If so, why don't they settle their bonnet strings, adjust the folds of their dress, smooth their hair, tighten their gloves, loosen their shawls, fan themselves, cast an occasional glance at the broadbrim side of the house, and, in short, conduct themselves like ordinary femininity, instead of sitting in that rigid, statue-like manner, with their 'eyes looking right on, and eyelids straight before them?' No, they are ghosts, dim phantoms from the twilight land of shadows, who will vanish into thin air at the first crow of chanticleer." Thus communed I with my own spirit.

One thing, however, convinced me I was still in the land of the actual. On the masculine side of the house, I noticed several young gentlemen whose moustaches and general attire indicated them most decidedly of the world's people. These gay deceivers sat with their hats on, preserving a solemnity of countenance fairly out-Heroding Herod, making even the broadest of the broadbrims seem a light and trivial fellow in comparison. This phenomenon was easily accounted for by the presence of several lovely and wealthy young Quakeresses. Quaker papas being proverbially hard-hearted towards young men of the world, the motives of these wolves in sheep's clothing may be easily divined. The only excuse for such barefaced hypocrisy was the fact of the aggravating prettiness of the Quakeresses in question. They could not have devised a more becoming dress had they been the most arrant coquettes. Fancy a soft brown silk expanded by a hoop of modest dimensions, above this a black cloak nicely fitted to the graceful form, still above this a cottage hat of shirred silk of the same soft, rich brown, out of which looks a fresh, girlish face, with innocent brown eyes to match the dress—and then deliberate ere you cast the first stone at our erring Friends.

For a while, the very novelty of the scene kept me from weariness. Besides, I was every moment expecting the spirit to move. Did a brother utter a subdued "He-em!" I instantly expected to see him rise and speak. Did a sister meekly wipe the nasal organ? (I observe noses are becoming obsolete) I thought to hear strains of eloquence from her. But as time wore on, and the deathly silence was still

unbroken, dread sensations began to overwhelm me. I tried to fancy myself a Quaker, to view their method of worship from their own stand-point, to meditate on profitable subjects, but in vain. I fear the adversary that day made me his victim. Though the peculiar nature of the seats had begun to manifest itself by a cramp in my side, an ache in my back, and a numbness in my limbs, yet I dared not ease my agonies by varying my posture. So profound was the silence that the slightest noise would have had the effect of a clap of thunder. The only relief I found was in swallowing incessantly, but soon I began to fancy that this made a sepulchral rattling, distinctly audible throughout the room. Then came reactionary impulses. Wild thoughts shot through my mind. As a person looking down from a great height sometimes feels an almost irresistible desire, from the very horror of the thing, to throw himself over, so I felt a sudden desire to rise, throw my bonnet at the head of the presiding elder, and give vent to my feelings in a scream. The more I struggled against this wicked impulse, the more fascinating did it become. I wondered what punishment would be considered worthy such a crime, and whether the astonished roof would fall on my sacrilegious head. Happily I was spared the solution of these doubts. The presiding elder (if that be his title; at least the man with the broadest-brimmed hat and most geometrical coat-tails) gave his right hand to the very plain-looking sister at his side, and, lo, the spell was dissolved, and meeting was over without a word. Dreamily I sauntered forth. Years seemed to have elapsed since last I saw the outer world. People in the streets looked strangely to me, the sound of a human voice was startling, and as for smiling, I did not venture upon that till many blocks lay between me and that enchanted ground, the Quaker meeting-house.—*Springfield-Republican.*

THE RIGHT END OF THE SKEIN.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

MRS. MORRIS had passed a delightful Sabbath. It had closed a week every day of which had been devoted to special religious offices by the Church to which she belonged, and each day, by its prayers, its sermons and hymns, had lifted her as by successive wave on wave, to a higher and still serener height of religious enjoyment. Seated now in the calm twilight of the Sabbath, she reviewed the week as from some serene height the traveller looks over an evening landscape. Never had she seemed to herself to have risen to calmer regions of the spiritual life. The world of common interests and petty cares; all that ever distracted or wearied her, seemed to lie far below her feet, as a faintly remembered dream. There seemed no longer to be any trouble she could not endure, any cross she could not easily carry. The year had been marked with disappointment and bereavement; but now the yearning of grief was still; a celestial light seemed to gild even that distant grave over which she had shed so many tears. "Yes," she said to herself, in a sort of inward rapture, "at last the mystery of sorrow begins to explain itself, and God's will and my will have become one. This great peace is worth all it cost."

In the midst of all this peace she was conscious of a sort of shuddering aversion at the thought of Monday. Mother of a large family, pressed with a thousand daily and hourly calls, she felt the repugnance to pass from the serene spiritual regions of tranquil thought to the coarse common-place life. Then, too, she was a woman of sensitive nerves, quick to feel the jar and shock of aught that was jarring. Ah, she sighed, if it were only my duty to listen and to adore, if the worship and services of a holy week like this might be perpetual, if I could be in some serene, calm retreat where selected souls worship perpetually, surely, I might almost live without sin forever.

But Monday rose—bright, positive, sharp, worldly Monday—most Martha-like of all days of the week; and with it came burned toast and washy coffee for breakfast, to the manifest discomfort of the masculine head of the family; and when inquiry was made into causes, came back the message, "Cook says she is not going to get the breakfasts washing days, any more. Them as wants it must get it themselves."

The second girl in the staff, from whose unpracticed hands originated the defective articles, was sure it wasn't her place to get it, and in general the week was ushered in in as uncomfortable a manner as possible; and Mrs. Morris, being thoroughly discomposed, lost patience, and spoke several sharp words all around; and the celestial peace was broken. The domestic trouble was after awhile smoothed over and arranged, but she was vexed with herself, and somewhat vexed that she should be met in the very outset of the week by such a mortification.

In the course of the forenoon came in Miss Brightbody, the general factotum of all the benevolent arrangements and sewing societies of the Church, to hold a consultation with Mrs. Morris—and as is very apt to be the case with these excellent people who gather a handful of seed out of everybody's vineyard, she dropped some grains of strife here and there among her good seed.

"Do you know, Mrs. Morris," she said, "Mrs. Brown said she thought you hadn't shown good judgment in buying those calicoes? She said you gave too much a yard by three cents. I stood up for you. For my part I think Mrs. Brown always wants to have the lead in everything herself; and then Mrs. Simpkins said you didn't do your part in having the society meet at your house; and I put 'em in mind how you'd been afflicted, and all that. I always stand up well to 'em, I can tell you"; and then came another half hour of talk, and the good soul went away, leaving the sting of two nettle strokes to inflame in her listener's heart.

"Why should I mind it?" she said to herself a dozen times that day; but she did mind it. It came between her and her peace, and often hung on her with a vague sense of something disagreeable, even when she put it out of her mind.

It would seem as if the week, so inauspiciously begun, was fated to poor Mrs. Morris. Her cook was in one of those surly periods to which the minds of most human beings are often subject, and nobody can say why cooks shouldn't be allowed their ill-humor sometimes, as well as their betters; at all events, Mrs. Morris's head woman had such phases, which were only borne in peace because of her general honesty and ability. The second girl, a new hand, was well meaning, but blundering, and succeeded on Tuesday in breaking an elegant cut glass dish, which had come down as an heir loom to Mrs. Morris, from her mother's family. Had it been the death of a child, Mrs. Morris would have borne the stroke like an angel, but as it was only her best glass dish, she thought she did well to be angry, and was angry, accordingly. In short so many mischances happened this luckless week, that when Sunday came again she seemed to herself like some chilled, shipwrecked mariner, who crawls, shivering, on to a rock to dry his wet garments and look about him. What a difference between this Sunday and the last.

"How am I ever to make progress in religion?" she said to her old Aunt Martha, who had come to spend the day with her. "I really think if I had nothing to do but attend on the means of grace; if we could have constant Sabbaths, and prayers, and

hymns, I might endure; but each week's cares seem to wash out what Sunday does." "Daughter!" said Aunt Martha, "you haven't got hold of the right end of the skein. It won't unwind as you are doing it."

"Do tell me, then, what is the right end?"

"The right way is to call your crosses and your cares your means of grace. They are better than prayers, and psalms, and hymns, when you take them in that way. Your means of grace, this week, have been your servants' ill-temper; the breaking of your glass dish; your children's heedlessness; the little unjust, provoking things people have said of you. Call these your means of grace, accept, value, use them as such, and you will grow faster in religion than if you went to church every day of the week."

Mrs. Morris was silent. A whole new vein of thought was awakened within her.

"Now," said Aunt Martha, "have you told your Father in heaven all these things you have been telling me?"

"These things! O, no! It has been my object to keep such trifles out of my mind in my prayers."

"Better let them in, and show them to Him."

"These little foolish things?"

"It seems they are great enough to hinder your peace; to stand in the way of your Christian life; if they can do that, they are not little things. Call them your lessons; take them into your prayers; speak freely to your Father of them; look at them as the daily tasks He sets you; believe every one of them has an appointed meaning, and no church or sermon can do so much for you. My child, I had not been alive this day, if I had not learned to do this."

Mrs. Morris knew that her aunt had been through the long trial which only the wife of a drunkard knows, and yet the peace of God was written in every line of her face, and these few words showed the secret of that peace. She resolved that the next week she would try and begin the skein at the right end. Good friend, if your life skein will not wind smoothly, try the same experiment.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

The Battle of Winchester.

WINCHESTER, Va., Tuesday, March 25

On Saturday, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy showed themselves a mile and a half from Winchester. The enemy consisted of 500 of Ashby's Cavalry and two guns. They drove in our pickets and then skirmished with the Michigan Cavalry and a portion of the Maryland First. Gen. Shields brought up his forces, and fired rounds of shell, drove them back, and took several prisoners. Gen. Shields was wounded in the arm by the first fire of the enemy. Jackson had been informed by the inhabitants that the town was deserted by the Union troops, and he advanced to retake it. Gen. Shields' force slept on their arms Saturday night.

Sunday morning, at sunrise, Jackson, being reinforced, attacked Gen. Shields, near Kearnsstown, three miles distant. The enemy's force consisted of 500 Ashby's cavalry, 5,000 infantry, nine pieces of artillery, with a reserve of eighteen pieces of artillery. The fight was kept up till noon, when a charge made by the Ohio Infantry, First Michigan, and First Virginia Cavalry, on their right, drove them back half a mile, when the enemy got their guns in position again in a dense woods, flanked by infantry, and drove us back. A short artillery engagement ensued, when Gen. Shields, through Col. Kimball, ordered Col. Tyler to turn their left flank, which was executed by our troops, but with terrible loss, the enemy being protected by a stone ledge.

The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania and the Thirteenth Indiana charged their centre, and the fight became general, with a terrible massacre on both sides. Col. Murray, of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, was killed. The enemy retired slowly, bringing their guns to bear at every opportunity. Our men rushed forward with yells, when a panic among the enemy ensued. Our troops followed and drove them till dark, capturing three guns, three caissons, muskets, equipments, &c., innumerable. Our troops bivouacked on the field, and the dead and wounded were sent here yesterday noon.

Gen. Williams' First Brigade, Col. Donnelly, of the Twenty-eighth New York, Commanding, reinforced Gen. Shields' forces. Gen. Banks, who was on the way to Washington Sunday, returned and assumed command. Meanwhile, Gen. Shields' Division, commanded by Col. Kimball, pursued the enemy beyond Newton, shelling them the whole way.

Jackson's men were perfectly demoralized and beyond control. They threw overboard the dead and wounded to lighten the wagons. It is noticeable that nearly all the Confederates wounded were shot in the head and breast, testing the superiority of our marksmen. The troops engaged on our side were chiefly Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana troops.

It was evidently known to many in the town that Jackson was approaching, from the holiday attire and buoyancy of spirits among men and women here.

Gen. Shields' command being screened from observation on the east side of the town, led the informants to believe that all our troops were evacuating, and that Jackson would enter unobstructed. This evidence is from prisoners.

Fifteen hundred muskets were thrown away by the flying Rebels, and picked up by our pursuing troops. Gen. Shields reports the Union loss at 150 killed and 300 wounded; that of the Rebels at 500 killed and 1,000 wounded, of whom he has 300 prisoners.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the evening of the 21st inst., at the Baptist Church, by Rev. Samuel Adsit, Lieut. JAMES O. WOODRUFF and ERMINA JANE ADSIT, all of Auburn.

PARCHMENT being sometimes very scarce, the copyists of the middle ages adopted the plan of taking old manuscripts of that material, scratching out their contents, and penning them over again with some more recent production. These were called palimpsests; and very frequently the recent writing was some fabulous story or a detail of the miracles of some pious saint, for the conveyance of which worthless trash to posterity valuable works had been erased. Numbers of these may be found in the National Library of France and in the Vatican; in many instances the new writing has totally effaced the old, but sometimes the original has resisted all the efforts of washing or erasing; and in this way

have been recovered invaluable manuscripts of the Holy Scriptures and classic literature. This practice was so common in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, that if the books of that age are examined, there will be found as many written on erased as on new parchment.

[For the Phila. Evening Bulletin.] A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Mary went out in the gloaming. Mary went out with her baby at her breast. She leaned against the little gate, and looked back at the bright wood fire, glowing at the hearth of the little, homely cabin, the white bed, the baby's clean cradle. She thought with pride of the nicely-cooked supper, ready to place upon the table. She laughed as she pressed her baby (the baby he had never seen) to her expectant bosom. How often he said she would never do to be a poor man's wife; her hands were too small; she was too tiny to do all her work in the lonely country.

All day she had worked carefully, joyfully, to make everything clean, neat and tasteful; talking baby-talk and looking at the clock. Now all was ready. She would soon hear the roar and whistle of the locomotive sound over the trees. She listened—there it was—like a huge giant's sigh. William always walked from the station in a half hour. "I shall not go to meet him, for my boy would take cold in the night air." She turned, went into her cabin, moved about with a beating heart, and the little sleeper into his cradle, looked, and thought how kind and good of the General it was to give William a furlough when he told him he had never seen his boy—the dear, blue-eyed boy. "Yes, darling, you shall soon smile in your father's face." Leaving the cradle, she walked again to the gate; listening intently, she heard no footsteps—only the wind sighing among the tree tops, and her own heart throb. She gazed into the distant night; saw nothing but the darkened woods and the old pine that stood like a sentry at the end of the lane. "But he does not come. If he does not come in twenty minutes more, I will know that he is coming on the midnight train." Twenty—thirty minutes—yes, an hour—no whistle, no footsteps. She returned to her cabin, weary, desolate, to wait, watch, and listen for the next train; to reason with her fears; to weave conjectures why he did not come. He had been behind time, she thought, and missed the train—yes, that was the reason. Oh, how long and soundly baby slept; how slow the clock was; the lamp light was never so dim; she could not see to read. Mary tried to sing; her voice sounded so strange it made her cry. She readjusted dishes;

placed the lamp in the window and door, so that light might flash out that he could see it away off. With parched lips and throbbing pulses, now standing in the door, now listening at the gate, looking at the solemn, hangless stars fail—for it was dark but tarry. Autumnal winds moaned and made mysterious whispers among crisp leaves, and sighed away in melancholy sobbings. * * * Midnight came—through deep night the roaring locomotive swept its sound over hills and woods, and died among distant hills. Gladness—joyful expectation had full sway; joyfully she seized the sweet sleeper, forgetful of the night air, and rushed to the gate, then to the old fir-tree;—no whistle, no footsteps. * * *

Chilled, weak, numbed with disappointment, filled with vague apprehension, dread of she knew not what, Mary clasped her boy tighter and slept—the uneasy half-sleep of the anxious. In her dreams long lines of blue coats and gleaming bayonets, marshes, hills, and flooded rivers moved past. It was still grey and dark when she left her cabin; the food cooked but untasted which she had intended for William. "I cannot wait; I will go to the station and meet the early train." The mist rolled up, unheeded by Mary. The rose flushed the east unseen. The fairy webs, woven from leaf to leaf, dropt their diamonds without her notice. The gorgeous sun rode gallantly forth in the sky, but Mary saw not. No gleesome baby-talk; no snatch of song or hymn beguiled the way. Silently, like one in a dream, Mary reached the station long before the proper time. Bright daylight, the voices and laughter at the hotel comforted her. * "I was foolish to be so frightened. He could not come before. I shall look out for a blue coat." She looked back at the woods she had walked through; she smiled at herself; remembered how each shaded nook made her think of battle-fields, where forgotten dead might lie, with the dead leaves falling upon their upturned faces; faces that had been pressed in loving embrace just where her boy's lay, and kissed as often in loving joy.

But here is the train! Yes; there are blue coats. Blinded with tears, Mary ran out. Yes; there are soldiers—but not William. There is a bustle, eager talk and newspaper reading. Mary hears there has been a battle—bloodshed—treachery—Col. _____'s Regiment, Company _____, her husband's regiment and company. * * * * * Mary's baby wails unheeded; a kind woman takes it from her unresisting arms—Baby will never, never know its father!

NATIONAL HYMN.

Praise to His Right Hand that made us,
Nation, soil and empire one;
And while that Right Hand shall aid us,
Spoil the hallowed work shall none.

God be nigh—

Speed the cry

Union, Law, and Liberty!

Heirs of freedom, could we cower?

Give the way to traitor rage?

Stand and see a slave born power

Rend our glorious heritage?

This we've armed for—not defiant,

Not athirst for vengeful strife;

But on Duty's sword reliant,

Strike we for the Nation's Life.

Conflict dire—yet Heaven's probation,

Bracing into one our might:

Strength is born of tribulation;

Right is sure to come out right.

To the Lord of Hosts, Hosannah!

Rebel madness, pray Him, cease—

Make undimmed our star lit banner

Float again o'er realms of peace.

Praise Him, praise Him, ever giving

First or last, the just award;

Praise Him, Praise Him ever living

Our sole king, and sovereign Lord.

February, 1862.

THE FORLORN CHILD'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Translated from the German of F. Ruckert

BY EDWARD ROTH.

It was the holy Christmas Eve;
The windows brightly blazed
Along the city's silent streets;
When, with the glare amazed,
A stranger-child by turns ran on,
By turns he stopped and gazed.
For, glittering in each house, he saw,
A lamp-illumed tree,
And smiling faces, young and old,
Grouped round in social glee;
And all things spoke of happiness:
But sad at heart was he.

And, weeping bitterly, he said,
"The humblest child to-night
Beside his happy parent rears
His little tree and light:
Alas! that I've no pretty tree,
Nor lamp a-burning bright!

"Once I too had a happy home,
Where, on each Christmas Eve,
Did I from fondest sister's hands
My little tree receive;
But here no friendly hand extends,
The stranger to relieve.

"Will no one, then, invite me in?
Or give me a little bread?
In all these rows of houses grand
Is there for me no bed?
The smallest corner would suffice,
Though in the humblest shed.

"Will no one, then, invite me in?
Will none relief supply?
And is my only Christmas gift
That glare that blinds my eye?
Oh! on this holy Christmas eve,
Of hunger must I die?"

He goes and knocks at gate and door;
No friendly face looks out:
Within is warmth and happiness,
And food and merry rout,
Alas! unhappy stranger-child,
They heed not thee without!

Their ears are full; they cannot hear
Thy low and dying wail:
Each father to his children tells
The wondrous, heavenly tale;
Each mother sees on such a night
That plenty should prevail.

Oh! bitter, bitter blows the blast,—
He rubs his hands in vain;
His clothes are stiff and o'er him now,
Slow creeps the torpid pain.
He sinks—but still with wistful glance,
Looks up and down the lane.

And see! there comes another child,
In garments dazzling white;
A ray of glory round his head,
And in his hand a light!
He stood before the stranger-child,
Who saw him with delight!

He said, "I am the holy Christ,
And once was such as thou;
A child with heart unknown to sin,
With bright and open brow;
And so I think on thee with love,
Though men forget thee now.

"I'm with the poor, I'm with the rich,
I'm present everywhere;
Whoever calls on me for help,
I always hear his prayer.
Here in the street my shield is spread,
As in your chamber fair.

"And I will give thee, stranger-child,
Thy wished-for Christmas tree;
And, standing in this open space,
It shall so brilliant be,
That those in yonder rooms shall shine
Not half as gloriously."

With eyes directed heavenwards,
His hand the Christ-child raised,
And lo! a dazzling tree of stars
Against the dark sky blazed!
All silently the stranger-child
In admiration gazed.
For there he saw his Christmas-tree,
So far and yet so near,
How bright the twinkling tapers gleamed
With light so soft and clear!
O ne'er before did Christmas-tree
So gloriously appear.

And now the little stranger-child
He sees, as 'twere a dream,
Down from the tree white angels sail;
With love their mild eyes beam,
To raise him off the dark, cold earth,
To regions bright they seem!

And so of this poor stranger-child
Was heard the earnest prayer:
Heaven is now his resting place,
Immortal bliss his share;
And all he suffered here below,
Is soon forgotten there.

MUNIFICENT PATRIOTISM.—The following proposal has the ring of genuine patriotism, and is like the person who makes it:—

\$1,000 BOUNTY MONEY.—The subscriber will pay *Ten Dollars* to each able-bodied man who will enlist in the 29th Regiment, N. Y. S. V., under Col. Christian, up to Fifty.

Also, the like sum of *Ten Dollars* to each able-bodied man who will enlist in the 14th Regiment, Col. McQuade, up to Fifty, if enlisted within Thirty days from this date.

Certificate of Commanding Officer of the Regiment, or Captain of the Company in which the recruit enlisted, will be required, when, if all right, the money will be paid.

T. S. FAXTON.
Utica, August 12th, 1862.

HOW MEN WORK IN TRENCHES.—It may be a puzzle to many to conceive how our men throw up fortifications right in the face and in plain sight of the enemy, without being seriously disturbed by them. A brief description may be interesting.

A working party is detailed for night duty; with muskets slung on their backs and shovels and picks on their shoulders, they proceed to the select ground. The white tape marks the line of excavation, the dark lanterns are "faced to the rear," the muskets are in hand, and each man silently commences to dig. Not a word is spoken; not one spade clicks against another; each man first digs a hole large enough to cover himself; he then turns and digs to the right hand neighbor; then the ditch deepens and widens, and the parapet rises. Yet all is silent; the relief comes, and the weary ones retire; the words and jests of the enemy are often heard, while no noise from our men disturbs the stillness save the dull rattle of the earth, as each spadeful is thrown to the top; at daylight a long line of earth works, affording a complete protection to our men, greets the astonished eyes of the enemy, while the sharpshooter's bullet greets their ears. Frequently this work is done in open daylight, the sharpshooters and picket keeping the enemy from annoying our men.

View from Low's Balloon.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Col. Lowe's balloon was yesterday stationed near the Mills, on the right centre of the Union line, and within six miles of Richmond. It was in the air the whole day, and in the few hours it ascended, some thirty or forty army officers observed the position of the enemy's troops from the elevated point of view it afforded. The balloon is held to the ground by a strong cord a thousand feet in length, and of course ascended to that distance above the earth. A pulley and tackle arrangement worked by men below, is the power used to pull it down, and, being strongly fastened to the earth, there is very little danger of the machine's escape. The Colonel and his assistants very seldom ascend, officers and others, with authority for the ascension, being sent up by twos and threes at a time, and, after a few minutes' stay, hauled down.

When the balloon has ascended at this point to the end of its tether, a grand view of both armies is unfolded. Within a circle of two miles in radius the sight is very perfect; beyond that the angle of view becomes so nearly horizontal that woods, houses, and hills, materially interfere with the view. The landscape has three marked objects upon it, which are the first to strike the eye. The Chickahominy, almost beneath one's feet, bordered by the dark-green swamps, runs like a thread from where it rises on the horizon, a way off to the north-west, to where it blends with woods and hills in the south-east. The James River in front, though distant, runs in a deep, crooked valley, and bears on its bosom hundreds of craft that, in the distance, look like white specks upon the blue waters.

Richmond, covering a large portion of the western horizon, is, however, the principal sight. It appears to the balloonist as a confused medley of red, white, and black, and heavy brown fortifications stretching from the right to the left, with their walls plentifully sprinkled with cannon, surrounding it on all sides. The Capitol Square can scarcely be discerned, being too thickly surrounded by buildings. The white Capitol, however, is quite conspicuous, and, of course, the stars and bars float over the roof. Three church spires, seemingly all in one spot, are the brightest part of the town, and catch the eye almost before the observer is aware he is looking at Richmond. But little, however, can be distinguished, although, for a general view of the town, nothing could be better than that from the balloon.

The space between the Chickahominy and the fortifications around Richmond is almost filled with rebel camps. A thousand cavalry horses were picketed in one field, and others were plentifully sprinkled all about. Wedge tents, used by the officers, and little dog tents by the men, shone in every direction as the sun's rays struck them. Intrenchments and rifle pits line the front of their position, though very few guns of heavy calibre are scattered along these earth-works.—Rebel camps, however, are the most prominent of all the sights. They show in every direction, and the southern and western horizon seems to be their only boundary.

Of our own position, as seen from the balloon, I must be silent. One thing, however, in the whole view, is remarkable. Right through the center of the picture runs a curved belt of dark green and yellow about a mile wide. Not a man, gun, tent, or wagon appears upon it. It is the line between the two armies.—Over it cannon balls are thrown, and on its surface scouts and pickets hide from each other, but no military sign is to be seen upon it. Everywhere else, stretching as far as the eye can reach, are the thousand and one things incident to war; but this broad, quiet, deserted belt of land, so lonely, so somber, varying only as it is swamp or field, or stream, lies there so still that it almost inspires the beholder. Jupiter's rings or Saturn's belts never wore a grander sight than this belt of land on which nothing like tent or gun appears.

SIXTY NEW YEARS' DAYS AGO.

Is my darling tired already,
Tired of her long day of play?
Draw your little stool beside me,
Smooth this tangled hair away.
Can she put the logs together,
Till they make a cheerful blaze?
Shall her blind old uncle tell her
Something about long past days?

Hark! The wind among the cedars
Waves their white arms to and fro;
I remember how I watched them
Sixty New Years' Days ago:
Then I dreamt a glorious vision
Of great deeds to crown each year;
Sixty New Years' Days have found me
Useless, helpless, blind—and here!

As I feel my darling stealing
Warm, soft fingers into mine;
Shall I tell her what I fancied
In that strange old dream of mine?
I was kneeling by the window,
Reading how a noble band,
With the red cross on their breast-plates,
Went to gain the Holy Land.

While with eager eyes of wonder,
Over the dark page I bent;
Slowly twilight shadows gather'd
Till the letters came and went;
Slowly, till the night was round me,
Then my heart beat loud and fast:
For I felt before I saw it
That a spirit near me passed.

So I raised my eyes, and shining
Where the moon's first ray was bright,
Stood a winged angel-warrior
Clothed and panoplied in light;
So, with Heaven's love upon him,
Stern in calm and resolute will,
Look'd St. Michael, in the cloister;
Does the picture hang there still?

Threefold were the dreams of honour,
That absorb'd my heart and brain;
Threefold crowns the angel promised,
Each one to be bought by pain;
While he spoke, a threefold blessing
Fell upon my soul like rain;

Helper of the poor and suffering;
Victor in a glorious strife;
Singer of a noble poem;
Such the honours of my life.

Ah, that dream! Long years have brought me
Joy and grief as real things;
Yet never touch'd the tender memory
Sweet and solemn that it brings—
Never quite effaced the feeling
Of those white and shadowing wings.

Ah, I guess, those blue eyes open!
Does my faith too foolish seem?
Yes, my darling, years have taught me
It was nothing but a dream.
Soon, too soon, the bitter knowledge
Of a fearful trial rose,
Rose to crush my heart, and sternly
Bade my young ambition close.

More and more my eyes were clouded,
Till at last God's glorious light
Pass'd away from me forever,
And I lived and live in night.
Dear, I will not dim your pleasure,
New Year's should be only gay,
In my night the stars have risen,
And I wait the dawn of day.

Even then I could be happy,
For my brothers' tender care
In their boyish pastimes ever
Made me take, or feel a share.
Phillip, even then so thoughtful,
Charles so noble, brave and free;
And your father, little Godfrey,
The most loving of the three.

Phillip reason'd down my sorrow,
Charles would laugh my gloom away,
Godfrey's little arms put round me,
Helped me through my dreariest day.
And the promise of my Angel,
Like a star, now bright, now pale,
Hung in the black night above me,
And I felt it could not fail.

And his people, too, felt honour
 To be ruled by such a name;
 I was proud, too, that they loved me,
 Through their pride in him it came.
 He had gain'd what I had long'd for,
 I meanwhile grew glad and gay,
 'Mid his people, to be serving
 Him and them, in some poor way.

How his noble earnest speeches
 With untiring fervour came;
 Helper of the poor and suffering,
 Truly he deserved the name!
 Had my angel's promise fail'd me?
 Had that word of hope grown dim?
 Why, my Phillip had fulfill'd it,
 And I loved it best in him!

Charles meanwhile—ah, you, my darling,
 Can his loving words recall—
 'Mid the bravest and the noblest,
 Braver, nobler, than them all.
 How I loved him! how my heart thrill'd
 When his sword clank'd by his side,
 When I touch'd his gold embroidery,
 Almost saw him in his pride!

So we parted; he all eager
 To uphold the name he bore,
 Leaving in my charge—he loved me—
 Some one whom he loved still more:
 I must tend this gentle flower,
 I must speak to her of him,
 For he fear'd—Love still is fearful—
 That his memory might grow dim.

I must guard her from all sorrow,
 I must play a brother's part,
 Shield all grief and trial from her,
 If it need be, with my heart.
 Years pass'd, and his name grew famous,
 We were proud, both she and I;
 And we lived upon his letters,
 While the slow days fled by.

Then at last—you know the story,
 How a fearful rumour spread,
 Till all hope had slowly faded,
 And we knew that he was dead.
 Dead! Oh, those were bitter hours;
 Yet within my soul there dwelt
 Something, while the rest all mourn'd him,
 Something like a hope I felt.

His was no weak life as mine was,
 But a life, so full and strong,
 No, I could not think he perish'd
 Nameless, 'mid a conquer'd throng.
 How she droop'd! Years pass'd; no tidings
 Came, and yet that little flame
 Of strange hope within my spirit
 Still burnt on, and lived the same.

Well, my child, our hearts will fail us
 Then, when they the strongest seem;
 I can look back on those hours
 As a fearful evil dream.
 She had long despair'd; what wonder
 If her heart had turn'd to mine?
 Earthly loves are deep and tender,
 Not eternal and divine!

Can I say how bright a future
 Rose before my soul that day?
 Oh, so strange, so sweet, so tender,
 And I had to turn away,
 Hard and terrible the struggle,
 For the pain not mine alone;
 I call'd back my Brother's spirit,
 And I bade him claim his own.

Told her—now I dared to do it—
 That I felt the day would rise
 When he would return to gladden
 My weak heart and her bright eyes.
 And I pleaded—pleaded sternly—
 In his name, and for his sake:
 Now, I can speak calmly of it.
 Then, I thought my heart would break.

Soon—ah, Love had not deceived me
 (Love's true instincts never err);
 Wounded, weak, escaped from prison,
 He return'd to me; to her.
 I could thank God that bright morning,
 When I felt my Brother's gaze,
 That my heart was true and loyal,
 As in our old boyish days.

Bought by wounds and deeds of daring,
 Honours he had brought away:
 Glory crown'd his name—my Brother's,
 Mine, too!—we were one that day.
 Since the crown on him had fallen,
 "VICTOR IN A GLORIOUS STRIFE,"
 I could live and die contented
 With my poor ignoble life.

Well, my darling, almost weary
 Of my story? Wait awhile;
 For the rest is only joyful,
 I can tell it with a smile.
 One bright promise still was left me,
 Wound so close about my soul,
 That as one by one had fail'd me,
 This dream now absorb'd the whole.

"SINGER OF A NOBLE POEM,"
 Ah, my darling, few and rare
 Burn the names of the true Poets,
 Like stars in the purple air.
 That too, and I glory in it,
 That great gift my Godfrey won;
 I have my dear share of honour,
 Gain'd by that beloved one.

One day shall my darling read it,
 Now she cannot understand
 All the noble thoughts, that lighten
 Through the genius of the land.
 I am proud to be his brother,
 Proud to think that hope was true;
 Though I long'd and strove so vainly,
 What I fail'd in, he could do.

It was long before I knew it,
 Longer ere I felt it so;
 Then I strung my rhymes together
 Only for the poor and low.
 And it pleases me to know it
 (For I loved them well indeed),
 They care for my humble verses,
 Fitted for their humble need.

And it cheers my heart to hear it,
 Where the far-off settlers roam,
 My poor words are sung and cherish'd,
 Just because they speak of Home.
 And the little children sing them
 (That, I think, has pleased me best),
 Often, too, the dying love them,
 For they tell of Heaven and rest.

So my last vain dream has faded
 (Such as I to think of fame!),
 Yet I will not say it fail'd me,
 For it crown'd my Godfrey's name,
 No; my Angel did not cheat me,
 For my long life has been blest;
 He did bring me Love and Sorrow,
 He will bring me Light and Rest.

[Household Words.]

THE HARVEST OF DEATH.—Dr. Lyon,
 Brigade Surgeon under General Lyon, at
 the Battle Wilson Creek, was witness to
 the following extraordinary incident:
 "A tall rebel soldier waived a large and
 costly Secession flag defiantly, when a
 cannon ball struck him to the earth,
 dead. A second soldier instantly picked
 up the prostrate flag, and waived it again
 —a second cannon ball shattered his
 body. A third soldier raised and waived
 the flag, and a third cannon ball crashed
 his breast and he fell dead. Yet the
 fourth time was the flag raised, the sol-
 dier waived it, and turned to climb over
 the fence with it into the woods. As he
 stood astride the fence a moment, balan-
 cing to keep the flag upright, a fourth
 cannon ball struck him in the side, cut-
 ting him completely in two, so that one
 half of his body fell one side of the fence
 and the other half the other side, while
 the flag itself lodged on the fence, and
 was captured a few minutes afterward by
 our troops. Our troops captured three
 rebel flags, but lost none."—[Hartford

Justice and Law.

After General Schenck's arrival
 at Cumberland, one of his first de-
 cisions, says a correspondent of an
 Ohio paper, was very characteristic.
 A secesh colonel had sold his negro
 to the Confederate government,
 taking pay, of course, in scrip. The
 negro, employed in fortifications,
 managed to escape to Cumberland,
 where he spread himself considera-
 bly. A constable, knowing the cir-
 cumstance, and wishing to turn a
 penny, had the negro thrown into
 prison as an escaped slave. Gen.
 Schenck, hearing the facts, sent for
 the parties. "By what right," he
 asked of the constable, "do you
 hold this man in prison?"
 "As a fugitive from service."
 "Don't you know that he escaped
 from service of the rebels?" "Yes,
 but we have a law in Maryland
 that covers the case, General."
 "And I have a law upon which it
 can be decided. Colonel Porter,
 set that negro at large, and put this
 constable in his place."
 The astonished snapper-up of
 trifles was marched off to the cell
 lately occupied by his proposed
 victim. After being detained there
 precisely the same number of days
 he had imprisoned the poor darkey,
 he was set at large, fully impress'd
 with the belief that your grim-vis-
 aged General was not to be trifled
 with.

A Speech From Gen. McClellan.

On Friday evening General McClellan
 was serenaded at his headquarters, Fair-
 fax Seminary, Virginia, by the 95th Penn-
 sylvania regiment. After the serenade
 the General appeared and addressed the
 regiment as his comrades, adding that he
 thanked them for three things:
 One in the past, one in the present and
 one in the future: In the past, for the
 superior discipline and military skill dis-
 played on every occasion when he had
 been permitted to witness them on the
 field; in the present, for the smiling con-
 fidence which shone in the faces which
 he was able to see in the dim light, and
 in the future for the assurance that he
 could rely on them to help him, to fight
 for him, and, if necessary, to die with
 him. Can I not?
 At this a thousand voices answered,
 "Yes, yes, every time."
 He then said he did not think this last
 would be necessary; that he hoped to
 subdue the rebellion without resorting to
 such sacrifice.
 With three times three and a tiger,
 they bade the General good night, nearly
 every man as they passed him, insisting
 upon giving him a hearty shake by the
 hand.
 The General's wife, who was present,
 seemed fully impud with the enthusiasm
 of those around her.

COUNT CAVOUR.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TURIN, June 8, 1861.

Count Cavour died on the morning of the 6th inst., a victim of unskillful medical treatment. On Wednesday, May 29, he had received an unpleasant dispatch from Paris about the adjourning of the removal of the French troops from Rome, which excited him very much. He went to the Chambers, and followed with great attention the debate about the unification of the debts of the different Italian States into one great Italian debt, as he intended himself to speak. At 6 o'clock he felt uncomfortable, and drove with a friend in an open carriage to his country seat, where he took a long walk across the dewy meadows, and caught cold. He returned on Thursday, May 30, and sent for his physician, ordering to be bled at once, since he felt that the blood rushed to his head, and he was subject to congestions. On Friday, he felt somewhat relieved, and therefore when the congestions returned, again and again he was bled six times profusely, until it was found that he had a typhus fever. On Wednesday, he became delirious; on Thursday, he died.

Even in his delirium he spoke of Italy, Rome, Venice, Napoleon, and the state of siege. He repeated emphatically, "Italy will be made." It is impossible to describe the consternation of the Italians when the sad news was published. The shops, the exchange, the theaters, and all places of public amusement were closed, everybody felt his death to be a public calamity. Yesterday all Turin was mourning, and followed the bier of the deceased statesman in spite of the pouring rain. All the windows and balconies were draped in black; the public authorities, the ministers, the members of Parliament, the officials, the military, the National Guard, the deputations of the Roman, Venetian, and Hungarian Emigrations, the University, the Association of the Workingmen, went with the funeral. The King offered the family of the Count a resting-place for his great minister in the Superga, the royal Mausoleum, where the members of the House of Savoy are buried, the municipality opened a subscription for a statue of the deceased, the ladies resolved to wear mourning Sunday next, and from all the principal towns of the realm telegrams are arriving, expressing the deep emotion of the nation. The King sent for Bettino Ricasoli, Ex-Dictator of Tuscany, to form the Cabinet. The funds at Paris and Vienna declined.

Count Camillo Benso di Cavour, the second son of General Joseph, first Marquis of Cavour, and of his wife Miss Sellon of Geneva, was born the 10th of August, 1810. His father was a rich corn-merchant, having retired from business, bought considerable landed property, and was created a marquis. Since there is no law of primogeniture in Piedmont, younger sons are commonly expected not to marry, and so seek their advancement in the army or in the Church. Count Camillo was accordingly, in early youth, sent to the Military College, but he felt little inclination to military service, and his military education being pushed, he remained for some time in Switzerland and England, studying the political institutions and economical conditions of these countries. Keeping aloof from Mazzini and his friends, the rich young nobleman interested himself at his return to Piedmont in infant schools, industrial undertakings and agricultural societies, at a time when even these subjects excited suspicion and were discountenanced by Government. In 1848 King Charles Albert granted a constitution, and Count Cavour was returned to the Piedmontese Chamber by the IVth District of Turin, which from that time he continued to represent in all the subsequent Parliaments. He rose rapidly into notoriety, though not endowed with eloquence, but his speeches on any subject were lucid and marked by practical common sense.

In 1850 he became Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, and reduced the tariff; soon after, Minister of Public Works, and as such he originated the system of railways which now covers Piedmont, and which were of such great importance in the war of 1859. As Minister of Finance, he was less successful. The confusion which still reigns in that department began under his Administration. Minister of Foreign Affairs since 1854, but often cumulating the portefeuilles of the Interior, of War, and of the Marine, he became more of a Dictator than of a Minister. His policy to get the supremacy of Italy for the house of Savoy, as a means ultimately to arrive at the unity of Italy, induced him to send Sardinian troops to the Crimea, and to enter into an alliance with England and France, by which he was enabled to bring the Italian question before the European Arecpague of the great Five Powers at the Congress of Paris. He denounced there the encroachments of Austria, and spoke about the destiny of Italy and of Sardinia. Fully aware that Napoleon cannot but favor the transformation of kingdoms by Divine right into kingdoms of uni-

versal suffrage, he attached himself to the Emperor, seconded his plans in Moldo-Wallachia, and at last, in 1858, at Plombières, signed that famous Convention by which a family alliance was established between the houses of Savoy and Bonaparte, and Napoleon engaged himself to make war against Austria and to conquer Lombardy and Venetia for Victor Emmanuel, in exchange for Nice and Savoy. The plan being only partially completed, the territorial consideration was abandoned after the peace of Villafranca, and Cavour retired into private life, highly dissatisfied with the turn affairs had taken by the sudden stop in Napoleon's military plans. But though Rattazzi was at the head of the Cabinet, Cavour, from his country seat at Leri, continued to direct Italian policy, if not in Sardinia and Lombardy, at least in Tuscany, in Parma, in Modena, and the Legations. Farini, Ricasoli, and Pepoli acted according to his instructions; the Emilia, consolidated by his advice, and Tuscany, were soon secured against the restoration of their former Austrian and Bourbon rulers, and as soon as everything was ripe for the complete annexation, Cavour formed a new Cabinet, but Napoleon insisted again upon the cession of Nice and Savoy, the new provinces acquired partly by the principle of non-interference imposed by Napoleon to Austria, being an ample equivalent for Venetia. Cavour yielded to political necessity, but his conduct on that painful occasion was not straightforward. Up to the last moment he denied the existence of the treaty, the French pretensions, and the intention of the Government to yield to them. The principle of universal suffrage was desecrated by the way in which it was carried, and though the Italian Parliament sanctioned the cession by a public and solemn vote, Cavour's prestige had greatly suffered, and his veracity was ever since doubted. Not less ambiguous was his conduct during Garibaldi's expedition toward the Neapolitan Government, when he officially repudiated any connection with the hero, while it was known that Garibaldi drew his resources from Upper Italy. Still more blameable was the ingratitude with which the Dictator of the Two Sicilies continued to be treated, but Cavour had identified his policy with the behests of Napoleon, and had to give pledges to the French Emperor that he can and will keep down revolution. Count Cavour represented the revolution and excited it, but he used it only as a tool for achieving the unity of Italy, and opposed it most strenuously as soon as it had succeeded; thus he got often into false positions, and was unable to surround himself with single-hearted patriots. No superior man ever sat in Cavour's Cabinet, unless he had, like Farini, consented to forego his own conclusions and to become a simple clerk. In the last period of his life the Count felt sorely the heavy weight of the French Alliance, still his antecedents, and the occupation of Rome by the French, which could not be removed otherwise than by the good will of Napoleon, fettered him with irresistible force to all the tortuous course of the Emperor's policy. His death, under such circumstances, is less fatal to Italy than commonly believed. Whoever may become his successor may act more independently, and even if the complete achievement of Italian Unity may be somewhat postponed, parliamentary government and constitutional liberty will gain. Cavour's prestige, and the universal confidence in his success, whatever be his means, completely nullified Parliament, and nearly silenced opposition. Whether Rattazzi, Ricasoli, or Farini be his successors, they are not implicitly trusted, and will have to get their direction from the country.

In private conversation Cavour was captivating, frank, and benevolent, sometimes passionate, but ready to apologize if he saw he had offended his friends. He was a great man, and Italy owes him gratitude. He has deserved well of his country.

THE RESCUE OF JERRY.

["Jerry," arrested under the Fugitive Slave law, October 1st, 1852, on which day the County Agricultural Fair and also an Anti-Slavery Convention were held at Syracuse was on the same day rescued, and set at liberty by the people. It was an event not merely of local but of national importance, and will forever redound to the honor of the city and County. The following, from one who sometimes courts the favor of the Muses, is in commemoration of it.]

BENEATH a bright October sun
Had come, from far and wide,
The free and hardy sons of toil,
Old Onondaga's pride.
The ploughman from the field was there,
The thresher from his floor;
Ceased for a time the hammer's stroke,
Closed was the smithy door.
From farm and factory, large and field,
From valley and from hill,
Where speeds the plow, or plies the loom,
Or clacks the busy mill;
From where upon her many hills

She gives her rocky store,
Or where from sunken shaft beneath
Her briny treasures pour,
From busy mart, where thriving trade
Its generous profits yield,
And from her rural heartlands and homes,
Whence labor drives afield,
Come up to-day, in peaceful show,
Strong for the True and Right,
The People in their majesty,
The People in their might.
Free labor holds her festival,
Where he is honored most
Who honors her in heart and hand,
Of all this mighty host.
Free labor holds her festival,
Her gala day has come,
And thanks from grateful hearts go up,
With songs of harvest home.
Abundance crowns a year of toil,
And Plenty, from her horn,
Has scattered wide her generous fruits,
Her wine, and oil, and corn.
But hark! what sound is that which breaks
Discordant on the ear?
Why peals the tocsin bell to-day,
This day of all the year?
Can here, within this Northern land,
This land which Freedom gave,
Be found a dastard wretch so mean,
That he would hunt a slave?
Take on his soul the damning curse,
Untoash the yelping pack
Of blood-hounds snuffing human prey
To follow on the track?
Too true, alas! for see, in chains
A trembling captive stands,
The fetters on his swollen limbs,
The cords upon his hands!
Upon his face, in deepened lines,
Is written woe and despair,
While heartfelt groans his heaving breast
Sends out upon the air.
The fear of Federal power prevails,
The shameful bribe has won,
The threat of Webster is fulfilled,
The cruel deed is done!
No! not yet done, not yet fulfilled,
Not yet the exultant yell
Peals through the vaulted arch of Heaven,
"The banner cry of Hell."
No hunting-ground for slaves is this,
And murmurs deep and loud
Denote the coming storm, which swells,
As swells the gathering crowd,
And as defiance marks each tone,
Stout hearts and hands unite
To help a brother in his need,
'Gainst Wrong to shield the Right.
The blood red hand of Power has lost
The terror it inspired,
The People—Liberty have crowned!
With freedom they are fired!
Till like the angry sea, whose waves
Break madly on the shore,
They dash against his prison walls,
Break down his prison door,
Strike off the fetters from his limbs,
The cords which bind his hands,
A MAN again—no more a slave—
The rescued JERRY stands.
Injustice for a while may flaunt,
Wrong seem to hold its sway,
But Right shall follow in their path,
As follows night the day.
God speed the Right! O haste the day
When everywhere shall run
The precepts of thy Truth and Love
The Gospel of thy Son;
When every man in every man
A brother he shall see,
And all shall in the Royal Law
Dwell as one family.
Then the bright Sun, upon a world
Which Jesus died to save,
"Shall rise upon no bondman,
And shall set upon no slave."

—Syracuse Journal.

THE DRUMMER-BOY.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"It is a sin and a shame, sir, to let such a poor little child as that go out into the world—alone—and especially—the way he's going; but indeed, sir, if you only knew—"

She broke down, and was silent. Her last word was half a sob.

"Never mind, aunty," said Captain Belvidere, cheerily; "I dare say he'll come out all right, and be a major-general, some day."

The woman dried her eyes with a worn but snowy handkerchief, and regarded her little son with a glance of pride and affection. He was a rosy-cheeked, curly-pated lad, thirteen years old or thereabout, sturdy and straight, with frank, confiding, blue eyes, and a manly presence.

"I don't want to be a general, captain," said he, "but I can drum, and am not afraid of getting shot."

This was at Camp Union, in Western Kentucky. The woman was a widow, whose husband had recently left her quite destitute. She had struggled along, supporting herself and her little boy, in meagre fashion by sewing and nursing the sick—occupations for which her feeble health did not fit her at all.

Now, however, that hostilities were actually occurring in the neighborhood, and the residents were leaving the region as fast as they could, the poor widow found it impossible to earn even the scanty living she had hitherto encompassed. The prospect of a hard winter, without food, without shelter, without clothing, and without money, was a terrible one. She did not care much for her own comfort, but the idea that her child—the last thing that bound her to the world—should suffer, was too much for her to bear.

Like most boys of that age, Johnnie was imitative. The drums of both armies could be heard plainly at his mother's house; and a neighbor's son having given him an old toy drum, Johnnie betook himself to arduous practice thereon. With an excellent ear for time, and a ready faculty of picking up information, he became a skillful drummer in a short while, and besought his mother, daily and nightly, to let him go with our army, to assist in making the music of the Union. This request she stoutly refused; but the lad could not be happy away from the encampment of the Federal forces. He made many friends there, too, by his manly way and healthy generosity; and an old fifer, McFarlane, gave him a finishing education on the drum.

At length, when the poor widow discovered that she could no longer subsist herself and Johnnie during the approaching winter, she reluctantly acquiesced in the boy's proposition, and submitted him to Capt. Belvidere, of the Tenth Infantry—a young officer who had taken a fancy to Johnnie long before the thought of civil war had affrighted that peaceful country.

Johnnie was accordingly mustered into the service as musician of the Tenth, and a prouder little fellow would have been hard to find, on the day when he first donned the natty gray uniform with its red stripes, and slung his bright, new drum over his shoulder.

One week afterward, the Tenth received orders to march eastward, to join General Buell's command.

They were home soldiers, born, reared, and resident, for the most part, in the State, and the parting-day was a sad one to many hearts. Timid young girls came down to the camp, their faces concealed by deep sun-bonnets, to bid good-bye to brothers, fathers, and—others. Matrons came with their babies, to say farewell to husbands whom they might never see again. Aged men and women came, feebly tottering in, to give the last kiss and blessing to sons who were about to mingle, perhaps, in deadly conflict with foeman like themselves; in many instances, neighbors and friends of a year ago.

Among all these, came little Johnnie's mother, pale and tearful, yet praying hopefully that God might find it in His plan to spare her only child to return, safe and sound, to her arms. She gave the boy many sad words of parting, and he tried to cheer her up as well as he could. The old fifer, too, spoke kindly, and promised to see that Johnnie had his share of whatever comforts the army had. At this moment, the guard-drum sounded the call, and the musicians gathered together.

"There, Johnnie," said McFarlane, "that's for us. Good-bye ma'am; come, kiss him an' let him go."

The heart-broken mother clasped her child to her bosom with convulsive fondness and grief. Then, parting the golden ringlets that clung about his forehead, set there the last seal of maternal love, and turned away. He tried to say good-bye steadily; but his throat filled up, his eyes overflowed, and he could hardly see the bowed figure in faded black that so sadly, slowly, moved away to the boundary of the camp, outside of which the guard were directing the bystanders.

"The assembly" was sounded, the Tenth formed in line of march, and within half an hour, the column wound its way down the road, to the nearest depot town on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

The war in the border States—Kentucky, Missouri, and portions of Tennessee—is very different from the war in Virginia and along the coast.

Where men go forth in battle array, with flags and music, and under regular orders from regular officers, to meet an enemy also in order, the smallest skirmish obtains great proportions in the telling; and newspaper correspondents write lengthy letters about "tremendous battles," wherein there are hardly a hundred men engaged, and hardly half-a-dozen killed and wounded.

In the West, however, where the farmer-boys take down their squirrel-rifles and go out, after a hasty drill, to shoot at each other, there are many dashing exploits and sharp contests that never find historians.

The Tenth, before it reached its place of destination, had several such adventures; but they received only a few lines of mention in a remote country paper, without particulars or comments. One of them, at least, deserves a fuller record.

After leaving the railroad, at about eleven

o'clock at night, the Colonel of the regiment found a march of eighteen miles to be made, between the depot and the encampment of the brigade to which he was ordered.

A good officer never wearies his men unnecessarily. Orders were given to camp for the night; and the Tenth soon arranged its tents, established its pickets, made fires, cooked rations, and, in a word, created in the midst of a wilderness, that picturesque state of half-comfort that becomes so dear—so necessary—to the soldier.

In the morning, the men turned out in an unusual good-humor. It frequently happens that a sad and depressing day is followed by one of peculiar vivacity; even our external and material sorrows have their periods of re-action. The soldiers had left their homes, their friends, their loves. That was over. They were afloat, now, on the broad sea of military life: why not make the best of it?

It was dark and foggy. The forest-trees loomed gray and vague through the chilly mist, which condensing on twig and leaf, kept up a ceaseless pattering, as of a slow rain. The sunrise was not visible through this dense veil, but at the moment when it should have appeared, little Johnnie, who was stationed as drummer of the guard, awoke the reverberations of the silent forest with a clear, well-executed "reveille."

At the instant, horses' hoofs took up the clatter of the drum, and a long line of dark figures, gigantic and spectral in the gloom, thundered down upon the pickets, firing at them with pistols and carbines.

The sentinels, started by this strange onslaught, returned the fire at random, and ran in, hotly pursued.

In a moment, the whole camp was alive. The soldiers hastily formed in fours, back to back, and received the attacking cavalry with a scattered volley. The horsemen galloped straight through the camp. Two of their saddles were empty when they passed.

It was a splendid piece of foolhardiness. The troopers were only about a hundred in number; a single company of Mississippi dragoons, mostly gamblers, who had enlisted in the Confederate army merely for the wild life and desperate adventures permitted by such a course. Their leader, a first lieutenant commanding, was intoxicated, having been debauching with some friends all night, and this charge was hardly more than a drunken freak.

Not satisfied with the hazardous experiment of riding over the camp once, the lieutenant wheeled, when the further sentry-line was passed, and hastily aligning his dare-devil men, gave the word for a second charge, back again!

This time, the Tenth was better prepared. A column had been formed, with bayonets fixed, and had not the cavalry been consummately smart, a prodigious slaughter would have resulted. As it was, the horsemen divided in the centre, and dashed at redoubled speed around the column, firing briskly as they went.

The suddenness and rapidity of this movement took the Tenth by surprise. Only one company had the presence of mind to fire upon the enemy, and the volley was aimed too high. Several of the riders were seen to cling tightly to their saddle-bows; but only one was too much hurt to keep his seat. The Tenth had three men killed and four wounded.

When order was once more established in the camp, the old fifer, McFarlane, observed that little Johnnie was not among the drummers who sounded the "assembly."

He hastened to search for the boy, and finally found him at his post—the place where he was stationed as drummer of the guard.

He sat upon the ground, with his elbow on his drum and his hand supporting his head. His cap had fallen off, and his bright wavy hair covered his forehead in a graceful confusion.

"Hoot, Johnnie, lad?" exclaimed the old fifer, "what's the matter with ye? Dinna ye hear th' assembly?"

The little fellow neither spoke nor stirred, and a sickening sense of doubt overwhelmed the honest Scotchman's heart.

He stopped, and parted away the shining ringlets from the child's forehead, almost as tenderly as his mother had, on the day they parted.

There, just on the spot where the poor woman had set her farewell kiss of love and grief, was a small, red wound—the mark of a pistol bullet.

"Poor lad! poor lad! How can I tell his mother?" was all the old fifer could find words to say.

CHAPLAIN OF THE 75TH.—Rev. Thomas B. Hudson, formerly of this city, now of Union Springs, was elected, last evening, Chaplain of the 75th Regiment. We cannot but congratulate the Regiment on the excellent choice. Mr. Hudson is well known to our citizens, who esteem him highly. The selection will be most unanimously endorsed as one of the very best that could have been made. The compliment at the same time is flattering to Mr. Hudson, and is a flattering tribute to a talented and excellent young man.

Gen. Shields' Account of the Battle of Winchester.

The following letter from Gen. Shields to a friend in Washington, gives the General's informal account of the battle of Winchester:

Headquarters Gen. Shields' Division, Winchester 26.

I will give you a brief account of our late operations. My reconnoissance beyond Strasburg, on the 18th and 19th instants, discovered Jackson reinforced, in a strong position, near New Market, within supporting distance of the main body of the rebels under Johnson. It was necessary to decoy them from that position, near New Market, within supporting distance of the main body of the rebels under Johnston. It was necessary to decoy from that position. Therefore I fell back rapidly to Winchester, and on the 20th, as if in retreat, marching my whole command nearly thirty miles in one day. My force was placed at night in a secluded position two miles from Winchester, on the Martinsburg road. On the 21st, the rebel cavalry, under Ashby, showed themselves to our pickets within sight of Winchester. On the 22d, all of Gen. Banks' command, with the exception of my division, evacuated Winchester en route for Centreville. This movement and the masked position of my division made an impression upon the inhabitants, some of whom were in secret communication with the enemy, that our army had left, and that nothing remained but a few regiments to garrison the place. Jackson was signaled to this effect.—I saw their signals and divined their meaning.

About five o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d, Ashby, believing that the town was almost evacuated, attacked our pickets and drove them in. This success increased his delusion. It became necessary, however, to repulse them for the time being. I therefore ordered forward a brigade and placed it in front between Winchester and the enemy. I only let them see, however, two regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a small force of cavalry, which he mistook as the whole force left to garrison and protect the place. In a little skirmish that evening while placing the artillery in position, I was struck by a fragment of a shell, which broke my arm above the elbow, injured my shoulder, and damaged me otherwise to such an extent that I have lain prostrate ever since. I commenced making preparations for any emergencies that might occur that night the next morning. Under cover of night I ordered an entire brigade (ball's) to take up a strong position in the rear. I pushed forward four batteries, having them placed in a strong position to support the infantry. I placed two batteries on both flanks, to prevent surprise, and to keep my flanks from being turned, and I held Taylor's brigade to operate against any point that might be assailed in front. In this position I awaited and expected the enemy to attack next morning. My advance was two miles from the town, extending perhaps a mile farther on the turnpike, leading to Stras-

About 8 o'clock in the morning I sent forward two inexperienced officers to reconnoitre the front and report indications of the enemy. They returned in an hour, reporting no enemy in sight except Ashby's force of cavalry, infantry and artillery, which by this time had become familiar and contemptible to us. Gen. Banks, who was yet here in person, upon hearing the report, concluded that Jackson could not be in front possibly, or be decoyed so far away from the main body of the rebel army. In this opinion I too began to concur, thinking that Jackson was too sagacious to be caught in such a trap. Gen. Banks therefore left for Washington. His staff officers were directed to follow the next day, by way of Centreville. Knowing the crafty enemy, however, I had to deal with, I omitted no precaution. My whole force was concentrated, and prepared to support Kimball's brigade, which was to advance. About 10 1-2 o'clock, it became evident that we had a considerable force before us; but the enemy still concealed himself so adroitly in the woods that it was impossible to estimate it. I ordered a portion of the artillery forward to open fire and unmask them. By degrees they began to show themselves. They planted a battery after battery in a strong position, on the centre and on both flanks. Our artillery responded, and this continued until about 3 1-2 o'clock in the afternoon, when I directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left flank, and to assail that flank, which was done promptly and splendidly by Tyler's brigade, aided by some regiments from the other brigades.

The fire of our enemy was so close and destructive that it made havoc in their ranks. The result was the capture of the guns on the left, and the forcing back of their wing on the centre, thus placing them in a position to be routed by a general attack, which was made about five o'clock by all the infantry and succeeded in driving them in flight from the field.—Night fell upon it at this stage, leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns and four caissons, three hundred prisoners, and about one thousand stand of small arms. Our killed in this engagement cannot exceed two hundred and thirty-three. The enemy's killed and wounded exceed one thousand. The inhabitants of the adjacent villages carried them to their houses as they were removed from the battle field. Houses between the battle field and Strasburg, and even far beyond, have since been found filled with the dead and dying of the enemy. Graves have been found far removed from the road, where the inhabitants of the country buried them as they died. Gen. Banks, in his pursuit of the enemy beyond Strasburg afterwards found houses on the road twenty two miles from the battle field in this manner and presenting the most ghastly spectacle. The havoc made in the ranks of the rebels, has struck this whole region of country with terror. Such a blow has never fallen on them before, and it is more crushing because wholly unexpected. Jackson and his stone wall brigade, and all the other accompanying him will never meet this division again in battle.

During the night they managed to carry off their artillery in the darkness. We opened upon them by early light next morning, and they had commenced to retreat. General Banks returned from Harper's Ferry between 9 and 10 o'clock A. M., and placed himself, at my request, at the head of the command, ten miles from the battle-field, pursuing the enemy. Reinforcements, which we had ordered back from Williams's division, and which I had ordered forward during the night, now came pouring in, and with all these we continued the pursuit, pressing them with vigor and with repeated and destructive attacks as far as Woodstock, where he halted from mere exhaustion. The enemy's sufferings have been terrible, and such as they have no where else endured since the commencement of this war; and

yet such was their gallantry and high state of discipline that at no time during the battle or pursuit did they give way to a panic. They fled to Mount Jackson, and are by this time no doubt in communication with the main body of the rebel army. I hope to be able in a few days to ride in a buggy and place myself at the head of my command; but I have neither sufficient force nor sufficient rank to do that service to the country that I hope and feel that I am capable of. No man could be better treated than I am by Gen. Banks; and yet if he and his command had been here on the 22d you would have heard nothing of a fight because our wily enemy would not have been entrapped. I want an efficient cavalry regiment—the third United States cavalry for instance—and additional infantry. I wish you would see the Secretary of War, in relation to this matter. I can do the country service if they give me a chance.

JAMES SHIELDS.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp met a bee that was buzzing by,
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why
You are loved so much better by people than I?"

"My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold,
And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold;
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'t is all very true;
But if I had half as much mischief to do,
Indeed they would love me no better than you."

"You have a fine shape and a delicate wing;
They own you are handsome; but then there 's one thing
They cannot put up with, and that is your sting."

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see,
Yet nobody ever is angry with me,
Because I 'm a humble and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware;
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,
They will never be loved, if they 're ever so fair.

—Jane Taylor.

MY HOSPITAL EXPERIENCE

BY A LADY.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

"What shall I do to pass my time away pleasantly and usefully?" was the question I put to myself after the last "good-bye" had been spoken, the last kiss exchanged, and the parting words of my husband had died out of the now desolate room, leaving a lingering echo in my heart which sounded like desolation. "It will never do to sit down here idly, and brood in vain regret during his absence; and surely, if he thought I should do nothing but pine and grieve for him, it would add a heavier weight than now rests upon his mind, for then two sore causes for trouble would rest upon him. It is enough to feel that our dear country calls for him in her affliction, and God go with him in her cause. I should blush for him if he held aloof now, nor offered himself in the full vigor and pride of his young life, as a shield against the arrows of destruction which threaten her, and which have already severed some of the brightest links which united our beloved nation. And while he has gone forth, brave in defense of right and truth, shall I sit down and cry like a miserable, selfish child, because it cannot have the toy it loves best always in its hand? No, no. That will never do! I should never claim to be a daughter of my proud, beautiful mother, America, I could for one moment be guilty of such a selfish weakness."

So ran my thoughts as I stood beside the window, listening to the last clang and clatter of the bell on the boat which bore him away.

Slowly it put off from the wharf, and then up to God went as deep and fervent a prayer as ever wife breathed, for guidance and safety. His last kiss was still warm upon my lips—his last words ringing in my ears—and soon, perhaps, that voice, with its loving tones, might be forever hushed, and the warm lips cold and mute, under the icy seal of death! Yet not for one moment would I have recalled him, even while I grew sick at heart, and a heavy dread strove to creep into my brain, driving away its usually hopeful and pleasing fancies.

"It is right and just," I murmured, as I turned away, "and God will go with him. I know what I shall do. I shall go and take care of the poor sick boys up at the hospital."

To think, with me, is to act. In a moment my bonnet and cloak were donned, and I was on my way with a light heart. Are there any wives, mothers, or sisters who will wonder how I could feel light-hearted, when I had just sent my husband away to battle—perhaps never to look upon his dear face again? I will tell you why. *I trusted in God, and was yielding to an impulse to good deeds.* I say good, because I was animated solely by the desire to render assistance and relieve suffering, and not for what other people might think or say of me.

On entering the hospital, I found the attending physician, Dr. L., there, and introduced myself.

"I have nothing to do," I said, "and want you to employ me. Can I render assistance in any way?"

"Yes, madam," was his prompt response. "If you will come in sometimes and prepare something nourishing, and talk to them, to keep them in good spirits, we shall be very glad."

"I shall certainly do so. I am glad if I can be of use."

I laid aside bonnet and cloak, without further ceremony, and went to the sickest man I saw.

"How do you feel?" I asked, bending over him.

"Weak, ill—nigh to death," he replied, in a tone so pitiful and full of despair that I felt the tears spring to my eyes. I sent them back to their source, however, and spoke in a full, firm, yet kind tone.

"Oh, no. You are not near death. You are ill, but you will not die. Uncle Sam has use for you yet, and in a few days you'll be up and ready to shoulder your musket again. Don't you think so?"

His eyes sparkled in their deep sockets, and a momentary flush rose to his pale cheek.

"Oh, if I could only think so! But the time drags so slowly, and here I lie useless, helpless, keeping those who could fight away to take care of me."

"O, well, you needed a little rest any way," I said cheerfully. "Now I want to do something to cure you. Do you want your face bathed?"

"Yes, if it is not too much trouble," he said eagerly.

"Not a bit. Now be easy, and I'll soon have you feeling nicely."

I got a basin of water, combs, brushes, sponge and soap, and came back to him. His large dark eyes rested with child-like pleasure on my face, as I carefully bathed his face and hands. He had grown so feeble that he could scarcely connect a sentence without pausing, and lay panting on his pillow from the slightest exertion. After bathing his face, I took the comb and straightened out the snarled masses of long black hair that grew thickly over his brow. I soon found that illness had made him childish, though I at first started at his childish bluntness.

"You're mighty purty," he said suddenly, and for a moment I did not know what to say, but then, I thought, "I may seem so to him, poor fellow," and only smiled in reply.

"What's your name?" he next asked.

"S—," I replied.

"You ain't married, are you?"

"Yes, and my husband's gone to fight as you did at Fort Donelson."

"Oh, dear," he said fretfully, "I'm so sorry. What did you get married for? Never mind I'll put a spider in his dumpling when I get well."

With the last words, a mischievous light broke over his face, and his black eyes twinkled. I laughed merrily at him, and he seemed to enjoy it hugely. Poor fellow! little enough amusement he had. If he could amuse himself at my expense, I would have no objections.

My next patient was an orphan boy, sixteen years of age. Frank B— belonged to Birge's Sharpshooters, and a braver heart never beat in the bosom of mortal than that which throbbed in his.

While bathing his face, I asked him what induced him to leave his home and friends in Nebraska, to come away and peril his life at such an early age. His reply is worthy to be written by that of the noble Nathan Hale, who regretted having but "one life to offer to his country." He said: "I joined the army because I was young and strong. I have but one life, and that would be worth nothing to me if not offered to my country."

"Noble boy! How many more like him have fallen willing sacrifices!"

The next day I carried a basket of apples, oranges, pies, tea, &c., to the hospital. As I went in, several of the men lifted their heads, and nodded pleasantly.

"I'm glad you've come back," said one, and another thought "it looked so home-like to see a woman amongst them."

My "admirer" with the black eyes clasped my hand when I offered him an orange, and kissed it gratefully.

"If I live," he said, "I'll always pray God to bless you. If I die, I'll watch over you from Heaven."

"Poor fellow! I wonder, if from that heaven to which his spirit has flown, he is watching over me to-night as I pen these lines?"

Frankie's blue eyes greeted me with a glad smile before I was near enough to speak to him. When I bent over and asked how he felt, he answered me cheerfully, saying he hoped to be able soon to return to his regiment.

I bathed his face, gave him a cup of hot tea, with some toast, and left him sleeping sweetly.

Those who have never visited the hospitals, cannot conceive of the wretched condition in which the men are brought into them. That day twenty-eight were brought in from Donelson and Savannah, and such objects I never saw. Their faces and hands were stiff with coal dust, and burning with fever. Their hair long and matted—beard uncut and full of dirt.

It was a serious task to attempt rendering them comfortable, but I did not shrink from it. On the contrary, I felt grieved at my inability to serve more than one at a time. Oh, how I longed for the power to stir some of my own sex, who in that town passed the days in thoughtless idleness, to action, if only for an hour, to assist in bringing those poor sufferers to a comfortable condition.

From morning till noon, I toiled faithfully, glad from my heart and thankful for the impulse that had sent me there. I went home

and dined, and feeling tired, wanted to lie down and rest. But then I had promised to bring some fruits to the boys in the afternoon, and I could not feel satisfied till I had done so, knowing that I could rest any time, while they lay tossing in pain and fever, perhaps longing for a cooling draught they could not get.

It was four o'clock before I got away again, and then I was really tired. So days merged into weeks, and it became a regular routine. From eight till ten or eleven, and from half past one till four, I took pleasure amongst them, even while pain stirred my heart to see their sufferings. One by one I could see them fading. No care or skill could save them. They had offered their lives to our country, and she accepted the sacrifice.

Poor little Frank B— daily grew weaker. Nothing could tempt him to eat, and his cough grew worse, while his face became thin and pale. He never lost his joyous spirit, but always seemed hopeful, even when too ill to rise from his berth.

One afternoon I was startled on entering, by the most piteous cries, and found that they came from my little favorite, generally so brave and patient.

"Why, Frankie, what is the matter?" I asked, bending over him.

"Oh, you have come! I did wish for you so much. Oh, I shall die, and I wanted somebody by who seemed to care for me a little. You do like me, don't you, dear Mrs. S—? You've been so kind to me. Oh! this pain! I can't stand it long!"

His hands grasped mine nervously, and every fibre of his frame quivered with pain. I saw that the dews of death were standing thickly already, on the broad, beautiful forehead over which the fair hair clustered so prettily, and my eyes filled with tears of sorrow deeper than words could express. I stooped to kiss him, and a glad cry escaped the poor blue lips of the dying poor.

"Oh, kiss me again, won't you? That is like my sister. Do kiss me once more; I feel better. Oh, I wouldn't mind to die if my sisters were here to tell me they loved me. You do love me a little, don't you?"

"Yes, a great deal, Frankie; as much as if I were your sister. Don't you think so? I'm sure you're a good boy, and I am sorry to see you suffer so."

He drew me down toward him, and pressed his face close to my arms. I could endure no more. The poor boy's mute appeal for tenderness and sympathy in his dying hour, far from home, breathing out his young life amid strangers, unnerved me. I drew that young bright head to my bosom, and my tears fell fast upon its sunny curls.

Did the gentle sister he loved, have one thought of the scene that was transpiring on that night, while perchance they sat and talked of him, their only and petted brother, in their far off home in Nebraska?

"You will stay with me to-night, won't you?" he pleaded again. "Oh, you won't leave me to die alone!"

"No, Frankie, I'll stay with you."

He was comforted, and became more quiet as I clasped his hands and tried to soothe him. Gradually a purple hue overspread his face. Now his lips became whiter, and the large clear eyes grew restless. When he could no longer speak, those eyes plead for some token of endearment, and each time that I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, a look of deep and earnest gratitude softened the suffering expression of his face.

About nine o'clock he breathed his last, and now every time I look down at my hand and see the little ring of mine he wore before he died, I seem to see the parting look of his great sad eyes ere they fixed in death. How sad the task to brush back the damp locks from the cold brow, and compose the blue limbs in their last repose! That night I wept and prayed for the sisters as I had never wept and prayed for myself, for he was all they had.

A few days after this, another of my patients, one who was fast recovering, I thought, had a relapse, and was again confined to his berth. There had been a storm that dashed in the windows, and he got wet.

On Friday, he asked me to write some letters to his brother, sister, and his betrothed. I did so, while he dictated. He appeared to be well-educated, and had a rich vein of mirth and sentiment pervading his nature. This I soon discovered in his dictations, and was much interested. He showed me the miniatures of his friends, and talked of soon returning

home. Bade me say to his sister, that he was coming soon. If he couldn't get a furlough, he would make one, &c.

Saturday found me almost blind from inflammation of the eyes, and I did not get to the hospital again until Monday morning. Sad faces greeted me. Matron, physicians and nurses, wore serious faces, and the Steward quietly placed letters, miniatures and description roll in my hands. I looked toward Fred's place—it was vacant!

Oh, that was a sad task that I had then to perform! To sit down, three days after writing those pleasant, hopeful letters, and tell them that the heart which dictated them was still forever! I wrote to the lady he would have made his wife, and returned her letters. I had rather have performed any other task on earth. The poor old father and mother, whose bent forms were fast tottering to the grave—the bright, sweet faced sister—the loving brother! To all these I must convey tidings that would sting the hardest heart. Yet, such is the fortune of war!

These are but a few of the many instances of the kind which might be given to the public. Every day, for three or four weeks, I witnessed such scenes, performed such tasks as those I have named.

Since that, however, fortune has called me to scenes of a more startling nature. I have seen where the conflict raged, the forms of the dead, dying, and amongst those who yet lived, such suffering as the heart could not conceive without the eye having witnessed it. Forms mangled, crushed—to live and suffer for a few days, and then to die in the most horrible agony.

Oh, God! when will it cease? When will the hand of the father fall listless, as he attempts to cleave his son to the earth, and brothers cease to regard each other as foes? Will peace ever be restored? Shall we ever again be united? Alas! will we ever love each other again, or give room in our hearts for other than revengeful, bitter feelings?



A SHADOW, NOT A STAIN.
BY W. G. EATON.
A maiden bright, in robes of white,
Beside the fire was sitting;
Her labor done, at rest of soul,
Her thoughts afar were sitting.
Some linen there hung on a chair;
As stainless as the maid;
But o'er their snow some object lay
Stood up and cast a shade.
"See there, my child; the cloth's defiled,"
The angry father cried;
"In thoughts, no doubt, of some poor loiterer,
You lose what's at your side.
See what a spot, which nought can blot!"
"Nay, father, feel no pain;
You but remark a shadow dark—
A shadow—not a stain."
She moved the chair, and now elsewhere
The lying shadow fell;
Unhindered light, showed all was white,
Suspicious to reveal.
The harsh assault for double fault
Was soiled and proved unjust;
While he, more meek, with glowing cheek,
His own mistake discussed.
"O thus in life how much of strife
By rude mistake begins!
By slumbers how many die,
Through innocent of sins.
The purest snow will soonest show
A spot upon its plain;
And oft we find what vice maligns
A shadow, not a stain."
Dear daughter! may thy work always
Unsoiled meet the light;
And when a frown would put thee down,
The blaze of truth intrude.
There's not a shade but light has made;
And virtue's art sublime,
By slight remove, may often prove
The slander was the crime.
Yet, if she fall, she should not quail;
For misconception's gaze
Can never change, by glancing strange,
A noble thing to base.
The cheering sense of innocence
Will in the breast remain;
And they who hurt cannot convert
A shadow to a stain!"
New York, Jan. 8th.

FOUND.
BY J. C. O'BRIEN, A. M.
I have read of lovely maidens,
In the chronicles of old—
Swarthy beauties, with black tresses
Hanging down from crowns of gold.
I have read of peerless ladies,
Ladies of the olden time,
Haut and noble, loved and courted
By those names we call sublime.
I have dreamed of radiant virgins,
Much more beautiful than they—
Angel-eyed and heart-entrancing,
But they vanished at the day.
I have known some dainty Damsels,
Gay and brilliant, sweet as are
The wines of Seville—but as changeful
As the notes of my guitar.
Now, I read no antique folios;
Now, I list no glowing tales;
Now, I dream no dreams of Hours,
Dwellers in the Blissful Vales:
Now, I know a little Lady,
Grandeur than the Queens of old,
Though her tresses are not circled
With a coronet of gold.
She is crowned with all the radiance
Of a sinless, stainless youth;
And her riches are her meekness,
Beauty, chastity and truth.
Who'd not love her for her gentle,
Modest, unpretending looks,
And her plaintive voice, far sweeter
Than are told of in the books!
ALBANY LAW SCHOOL, Jan. 23, 1863.

TOUCHING INCIDENT IN THE FORTY-FOURTH, N. Y. VOLUNTEERS—In a letter to Lieut. Col. Chapin, from Major Connor, dated Harrison's Landing, July 28th, appears the following:—
"Last Friday we were reviewed by Gen. McClellan, that is the reserve artillery and Porter's Corps, to which has been added McCall's Division, since you left. We passed in review seven Commissioned officers and one hundred and thirty two men. The 83d Pennsylvania beat us an officer and two men. When the 44th passed in review, Gen. McClellan turned to Gen. Porter and said, 'Is that all of the 44th?' His reply was 'Yes,' they were at Hanover, Chickahominy, Malvern, and lost heavily through a week of battles—that old flag is perforated sixty-eight times.' The General made no reply, but smiled on us as if we were all heroes, of whom he was proud. * * *
"Our boys are rapidly recovering from their wounds and returning to the regiment. Within another week we shall muster four hundred, all told."

What Lincoln Said.

After the President's emancipation message of March 6th had been sent to Congress, a large delegation of Border States members waited on him at the White House to remonstrate. They set forth various objections and insisted that he must recede from the position which he had assumed. Mr. Lincoln listened patiently to all they had to say, and replied as follows:

Gentlemen: The difference between your view and mine consists in this; you *love slavery* and therefore, desire to have it protected, strengthened and extended, as a good and desirable institution. Now I *hate slavery*, because I believe it to be wrong. Therefore I think it should be restricted, discouraged, and the support of the Government withdrawn from it; and whatever can be done, constitutionally, towards terminating it, ought to be applied. Hence, I recommended to Congress the adoption of a joint resolution that the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may take steps for its abolishment.

And as all parts of the country are responsible for the existence and tolerance of slavery among us, I suggested on the ground of equity that pecuniary aid on the part of the United States should be tendered to the emancipation States to compensate for the inconvenience produced by such change of system. I hope, gentlemen, that on more mature reflection you will consent to lend me your influence to bring about a result that, in my judgment, would redound greatly to the happiness and prosperity of the border States and do much towards saving and perpetrating the Union.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Whatever General McClellan's shortcomings may be he has one virtue at least, which he shares in common with all really great men. He is self-reliant and strongwilled. Tempted, as not even Gen. Scott was ever tempted, to move prematurely upon the enemy, he has quietly held to his determination, maintained his self-poise, and resisted the importunities of friends, the sneers of his detractors, the clamors of an impatient soldiery and people, and has waited until to his instructed and mature judgment, movement was fit and assured of success. Whatever the noisy curs who are now baying on his track may say, history will credit him with remarkable personal qualities even should the fortunes of war be against him. He is not popularity hunter, for in the absence of military movements he could have amused the public by proclamation and pronouncements, a sort of a thing he would shine in, as he is a terse and spirited writer. This his official orders prove. On this point the Boston *Advertiser* well says:

"We have no proclamations, trimmed to catch the breath of popular favor; no speeches designated to commend him to the public; no attempt in any way to improve his position with the people, either for present or for future purposes.— He maintains the calm attitude of a soldier intent upon one great work, master of the situation, and indifferent to all attempts to divert him either from his object or from the method by which it is to be attained. It is precisely this sort of single minded unobtrusive devotion, that the country has been longing for, and which, we believe, it now welcomes."—*N. Y. World.*

THE 19TH REGIMENT.—A letter from a perfectly reliable member of the 19th Regiment, dated Sept. 14th, says: "The Regiment has had an election of officers. Major Ledlie has been promoted to Colonel, Capt. Stewart to Lieutenant Colonel, Capt. Giles to Major. The boys are all pleased with their officers, and now every thing goes off in good order. Lieutenant Colonel Seward resigned on account of his health. He looks bad. We did not want to part with him, for he is a good man. There is not a man in the Regiment, but would lay down his life for him."

Sergeant John T. Potter reached this city yesterday from the 19th Regiment. He left on Sunday last. He confirms the statement in the above letter. The 19th were paid off in gold on Saturday last, and Sergeant Potter brought upwards of \$600 home from members of the Regiment to their families. The health of the Regiment was very good.

Presentation of Colors to the 75th—Speeches, &c.

Thursday afternoon was an animated time with the military, it being the occasion of the presentation of a Stand of Colors to the 75th Regiment.

Three o'clock was fixed upon for the ceremonies, and almost to the minute the Regiment made its appearance on Genesee street, and they formed in double columns closed in mass, directly in front of the Court House.

Soon after, the carriage drove up containing the ladies through whose efforts the Stand of Colors were procured. The ladies bearing the Standards took their position on the steps of the Court House, when Col. Dodge and his Staff advanced to the front.

Hon. Theodore M. Pomeroy presented the Colors in the following speech:

COL. DODGE:—I am commissioned by the ladies of Cayuga County, through their patriotic representatives who stand beside me, to commit to the keeping of yourself and of your noble Regiment this Stand of Colors.

These dual banners, representing no divided allegiance, and yet distinct forms of a popular government—neither sovereign, but each equally emanations from the only sovereignty we acknowledge, that of the people—evidence the complex nature of our institutions, and the consequent necessity, for their preservation, of a high order of popular intelligence and patriotism. Would you witness how beautiful are the fruits of this unity of spirit, with divided organization—look to New England, the Empire and the Key Stone States, and the growing commonwealths of the great West, whose birth was but of yesterday, announced to the world by the added Stars upon our National Flag. Would you witness the desolating effects of a divided allegiance—look to the so-called Confederate States of America. No language can add force to these teachings of cotemporaneous history.

Learn, Sir, in the evidences of the passing hour that in no blind obedience to an abstract idea of State or National Sovereignty, as antagonistic the one to the other, or supreme the one above the other, is freedom to be maintained, but by unflinching, personal adhesion to those immutable and underlying principles of individual liberty and equality, baptised with the blood of the faithful of all ages, clearly enunciated in the Declaration of Independence of the American Colonies, and preserved and perpetuated in the organized forms of our State and National Governments.

We are not only in the midst of war, but far worse, in the midst of revolution. Disintegration, under the pretence of State Sovereignty, meets us with the sword on the one side, and timidity involuntarily shrinks toward consolidation on the other. In the golden mean established by the fathers, lie our hopes and those of posterity. Victory won at the cost of the extinction of that blue field of promise to the children of the Empire State, (pointing to the State Banner,) however bright in heroic deeds, and however sanctified by individual sacrifice, would be a dear bought victory. By that Banner, be admonished that through war, carnage, desolation, revolution, reconstruction, our State organization, with its reserved and unimpaired rights, is at all hazards and at any cost to be maintained. To it let us forever look for the protection of our personal rights, our business interests, our pub-

lic charities, our great works of internal improvement, for municipal life and growth. Our troubles arise from no inherent want of harmonious adjustment of the powers of government, and are not to be remedied by increased centralization or decentralization. The army, above all others, should realize this fact.

But why should I say ought of admonition to you, who go, not as a soldier of fortune, or a national conscript, to fight the great battle of this generation? The commission you bear, your regimental designation, everything connected with your history as a Regiment, indicate that you go as the 75th Regiment of New York Volunteers, to defend the common interests of freedom, loyalty and constitutional government, not only in our own State, but in all the States of this Union. Common interests make this a common cause. By that National Flag we are guaranteed Republican forms of State governments, protection from domestic insurrection and foreign invasion, and beneath its folds we gather that strength and protection which fit us individually and as communities for the unlimited growth and expansion of an increasing civilization. Stand by it firmly, reverently, as the hope of freedom and the world. If consolidation is the highway to despotism, secession is of itself anarchy.

It is but four short months since legislation sanctioned this vast armament of volunteers, and already you are about to bring up the very rear of a half million men, who but yesterday were citizens, but to-morrow shall be veterans. We know not what in the future the final issue may be, but this we do know, that the 75th will do its duty, and that, having put your hands to the plough, you will not look back till the Flag of our Fathers floats from every rebel battlement, and loyalty again breathes free throughout all our borders.

Take, then, this stand of Colors, now supported by female worth and beauty, but henceforth, through all vicissitudes of fortune, to be upborne in honor and dignity by manly virtue and by manly courage.

At the conclusion of Mr. Pomeroy's speech, Col. Dodge briefly responded, returning his thanks and the thanks of his Regiment to the ladies of Auburn and Cayuga County for the splendid present. They have left their homes, friends and private fortunes to go forth and fight for the maintenance of the Constitution, law and order. It was not becoming in him to say what he *should* do but this much he could say—that he had no doubt but that every member of his Regiment would do all that man could do to sustain and defend the glorious colors which had just been presented. He trusted that those who were permitted to return, would find their friends at home enjoying the blessings of health and comfort, and in the full possession of every civil and religious right. He felt that the Regiment would be made to succeed in every effort, would be made to secure an honorable position, worthy of the home from which it emanates; and in so laboring, we can only say that "In God is our trust!"

Three cheers were called for the 75th Regiment, which were given with a will. Not to be outdone in cheering, Col. Dodge called for three cheers for the ladies of Auburn and Cayuga County, which were responded to by the Regiment in an enthusiastic and hearty cheer that made the streets ring again. The Regiment then took up the line of march through the principal streets to their camp ground.

The colors thus presented, are the richest and most beautiful stand of colors imaginable. They were procured through the untiring and patriotic exertions of Miss Helen M. Bartlett and Miss Sarah Dill, who have generously devoted their time in procuring subscriptions for the purchase of the materials for and in manufacturing the banners. The work on these banners by these young ladies are monuments of patience, skill and excellent taste. The colors are now on exhibition in the windows of the Exchange Bank in the Colonnade Block, where they may be seen for a short time.

More Rhymes "Done Brown" for the Ear of the Town.

"Right is ever on the scaffold; Wrong sits ever on the throne; But the scaffold sways the sceptre, and amid the dim unknown Standeth God, within the shadow, Keeping watch above his own."

On this second of December (will we not the date remember?)

Is relighted freedom's ember, by the side of Charlestown jail;

Where two thousand bayonets gleaming, whilst the fre sunlight was beaming

On a soil with bondsmen teeming, seemed to flash a sneer: "All hail!"

(To a man of act mistaken; one by prudent thought forsaken:)

"Hangs he like a fitch of bacon from a Charlestown cabin-rail."

Half the troops of Old Dominion march to act as phalanx pinion

To the executioner minion, in this hanging match so brave;

Whilst more thousands, far off, quaking, as Brown's thread of life is breaking,

Lest before his next-world waking he should try to free a slave!

So the troops are there deploying, while the executioner toying

With the rope, and skill employing, doth *again* the Union save.

In the old French Revolution (dread days of retribution To despotic institution) scenes like these were daily rife;

When the traveller was searched; when barrack troops were church'd,

By some despot office-perched through brief lease of public life,

And when victim-cries were hushed, as the crimson death stream gushed,

And Civilization blushed, gazing helpless o'er the strife!

On this second of December (let us well the date remember), They've relighted freedom's ember by that Virginia gal- lows-tree,

And that hanging is fresh data whereby to gauge new barter

Of an anti-slavery martyr for a Union truly free!

For Brown's hanging is a token, how e'en a rash outspoken Old Kansas scout has broken rusty locks on Liberty.

How many must remember (on this second of December, Which relighteth freedom's ember in the Jeffersonian state.)

How once a mere petition in the Senate was *SEDITION!* Bringing partisan perdition on its friend, however so great—

But the ship-of-state is moored beyond the reefs that then were "leeward"

And, thanks to Captain Seward, the reckoning's changed of late:

For 'tis slavery's institution, and *not* the constitution, That such hangings (worse than Russian) will endanger from this day.

"Wise" may issue valiant orders against mythical marauders,

But "Discussion" leaps the borders that Governors cannot slay,

And despite a world of "Wises," who betrayed the compromises,

This day's hanging advertises *what* led Brown to rash affray.

HANS YORREL.

"Hull's" Republican Headquarters, }
Midnight, December 2, 1859. }

On Wednesday last, the young widow accompanied by her friends, visited Ryan photographic having some proved to be an history. The picture likeness that Mr. Ryan retained the privilege

Rheumati

At the recent meeting of the Cayuga Baptist Association, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The interests of the Earthly Kingdom of CHRIST are involved, to an incalculable extent, in the fearful struggle which is now taking place in our land,

Resolved, That every American Christian's duty to his Master requires of him an earnest and prayerful consideration of the question—How can I do most for the putting down of the atrocious rebellion against the Government of my country?

Resolved, That while we have entire confidence in the integrity of the President of the United States, and believe that he has been and is right in keeping the preservation of the Union before his mind, as the one paramount end, we remember with gladness his solemn declaration, that all measures, which are indispensable, or greatly conducive to that end, *must and will come*, and his more recent one, that if he can save the Union by destroying Slavery he will do so.

Resolved, That we believe it has been demonstrated by the events of the past year, that the Union cannot be saved without the destruction of the abominable institution whose legitimate fruit is seen in the horrors of the present civil war; and it is our firm conviction that, as soon as possible, a strong force should be thrown into South Carolina, and all the slaves of the southern department should be invited, as free men and free women, to place themselves under the protection of our National Banner.

Resolved, That proclamations are of no avail unless they are supported by adequate military power, and therefore our first duty is to place in the hands of the President the means to enforce his decrees.

Resolved, That while our trust for the success of our cause should be in God alone, and while the prayers of Christians are to be regarded as the most important human agency which can be employed for that end, we ought to remember that we have no reason to expect our petitions to be efficacious, unless we are ready to follow them up with all the sacrifices and all the exertions in our power; but, on the other hand, if we have the willingness thus to show our faith by our works, we may confidently look for an interposition from On High to prevent the establishment of a despotism over our land by the enemies of all righteousness, who are leading on their deluded followers to strive for the subversion of our beneficent Government.

The Most Extravagant Woman in the World.

The Empress of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor. M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of Finance, threatens to resign his office unless her enormous drafts upon the treasury are curtailed. So costly has she made the toilette in Paris, that fashionable ladies are utterly unable to settle their bills for dress, and it is stated by the English press that it is as much as many of them can do to pay the interest on the large debts which, following the imperial modes, has caused them to incur. The world owes crinoline to the fair Eugenie; and the rougher half of its civilized population does not feel by any manner of means grateful to her for the introduction of the articles. She has made her apartments in the Tuilleries as magnificent as the palaces one reads about in the oriental fables.

The doors of her boudoir are of ivory, inlaid with gold. The furniture is of rosewood, inlaid with mirrors, gold, ivory, and is upholstered with pale red silk. Smyrnanian carpeting of the heaviest texture covers the floor and the ceiling is splendidly frescoed. The desks and portfolios are of tortoise shell, arabesqued with gold, and the most valuable paintings of the old masters ornament the walls. The beautiful woman who has surrounded herself with these luxuries spends an almost fabulous amount annually in rare laces and all the most expensive articles of female costume, besides subscribing unheard-of sums in aid of certain vast political schemes, for she is withal an intriguing politician. The Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the hey-day of her youth and beauty. The Queen of Louis XVI was as extravagant and as fond of meddling in State affairs as Eugenie, and her fool of a husband suffered her to lead him by the nose. One day they lost their heads, poor things. Would it not be well for Louis Napoleon to take this warning to heart?

BOUNTIES OFFERED BY GOUGH.—John B. Gough is in for the Union war as well as for the Cold Water war. Boylston, Mass., offered \$105 bounty to each volunteer before August 5th, and Mr. Gough generously adds to this \$10 bounty to each unmarried recruit and \$20 to each one with a family and \$10 to the family of each soldier from Boylston now in the field, and still more Mr. Gough declares he will devote to his country and liberty nine tenths of his income until the war is ended.

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A Repenting Rebel.

The Philadelphia Inquirer relates a very touching incident which occurred soon after the fight of Sunday. Barclay, commissioner of Pennsylvania, was at White House with the steamer Vanderbilt, to bring away the wounded. Among those brought to White House was a rebel colonel, who had been shot through the lungs. As he appeared to be dying, Mr. Barclay asked him if he wished anything done. He said "yes," and gave the commissioner the names and address of his wife and children.— "And now," said he, "ask God to forgive me for ever having anything to do with this wicked rebellion." Mr. Barclay asked if he desired him to pray with him. He answered in the affirmative, and after a prayer, petitioning the forgiveness of Almighty God for his sins, and His fatherly interposition on behalf of the soon to be widowed wife and orphaned children, the penitent Carolinian raised his trembling arms and threw them about the neck of Mr. Barclay, and kissed him again and again.

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The New Ballad of Lord Lovell.

Lord Lovell he sat in St. Charles Hotel,
In St. Charles' Hotel sat he,
As fine a case of a rebel swell
As ever you'd wished to see—see—see,
As ever you'd wish to see.

Lord Lovell the town had vowed to defend,
A- waving his sword on high;
He swore that his last ounce of powder he'd spend,
And in the last ditch he'd die.

He swore by black and he swore by blue,
He swore by the Stars and Bars,
That never he'd fly from a Yankee crew
While he was a son of Mars.

He had fifty thousand gallant men,
Fifty thousand men had he,
Who had all sworn with him that they'd never surren-
Der to any tarnation Yankee.

He had forts that no Yankee a'ive could take,
He had iron-clad boats a score,
And batteries all around the lake
And along the river shore.

Sir Farragut came with a mighty fleet,
With a mighty fleet came he,
And Lord Lovell instanter began to retreat
Before the first boat he could see.

His fifty thousand gallant men
Dwindled down to thousands six;
They heard a distant cannon, and then
Commenced a cut ing their sticks.

"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell," Sir Farragut said,
"Oh tarry, Lord Lovell," said he;
"I rather think not," Lord Lovell replied,
"For I'm in a great hurry."

"I like the drinks at St. Charles' Hotel,
But I never could bear strong Porter,
Especially when it's served in a shell,
Or mixed in an iron mortar."

"I reckon you are right," Sir Farragut said,
"I reckon you're right," said he,
"For if my porte should fly to your head,
A terrible smash there'd be."

Oh! a wonder it was to see them run
A wonderful thing to see
And the Yankee called ou' without shooting a gun,
And captured their great cide.

Lord Lovell kept running all day and night,
Lord Lovell a-running kept he,
For he swore he could not abide the sight
Of the gun of a live Yankee.

When Lord Lovell's life was brought to a close
By a sharp-shooting Yankee gunner,
From his head there sprouted a red, red nose,
From his feet—a scarlet runner.

[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

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— Mrs. ELVINA ELLET, wife of the late Col. Ellet, died at her residence in Philadelphia, on Monday last, in the forty-sixth year of her age. She was the daughter of the late Judge Daniel, of Virginia, and brother of the present Judge Daniel, on the same bench. She has had four children, all of whom are now living. She was present at the death of her husband, in Cairo, Ill., and with his remains. Her death has resulted from no disease, being mainly from exhaustion and grief.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADVICE.—A few days ago, the President told a committee of Marylanders, who visited him upon the subject, that nothing would give him greater satisfaction than the voluntary adoption of his emancipation policy by Maryland; that he would prefer State action to the exercise of the war power of the federal government, believing, as he did, that where slave-holders refused to adopt a plan of liberation voluntarily, it would be forced upon them.—A. Baptist.

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A Romantic Story of Love and War.

"The Course of True Love never did run smooth," but, "All's well that ends well."

Many of those who on Thursday morning last stopped to admire the handsome faces among the *cartes de visite* hung up at the entrance of Ryder's photographic gallery on Superior street, must have noticed the likeness of a young and strikingly beautiful lady attired in mourning, and those of them who stopped later in the day for the purpose of again looking at that attractive face, noticed its disappearance. With that portrait and its withdrawal from exhibition a very romantic, but true story is connected, of which we are at liberty to give the outlines.

About a year ago the original of the portrait lived with her father, a "well-to-do" farmer of the Grand river valley, Michigan, these two constituting the entire family. The old man was in rapidly failing health, and was desirous that his daughter should be married to a neighboring young farmer, who passionately loved her. The girl, however, had already given her heart to a young man whom she had frequently met while she was on a visit to Detroit, and who was sincerely attached to her. The lover was not in a position that would justify his pressing his suit, and therefore the engagement was kept a secret.

The old man finding himself gradually failing in health became more urgent in his wish that his daughter should marry his neighbor, but she pleaded for delay on various pretexts. But by some means the father at length became possessed of the secret of the attachment, and without communicating the fact of his knowledge to his daughter, he wrote a letter to the Detroit lover, pointing out the hopelessness of his suit and stating that the lady was to become shortly the bride of a young farmer for whom she had been for years destined. He added that an attempt to change this decree would be giving the lady needless pain.

Immediately on the receipt of this cruel blow to all his hopes, the young man enlisted in a Michigan regiment under orders to leave for Washington, he wrote the lady a brief note, announcing the fact, begging her to forget him, and bidding him farewell forever. The regiment almost immediately went to Washington.

The sad 21st day of July, 1861, followed, and when the fainting and disheartened soldiers returned from the fatal field of Bull Run to the defence on the line of the Potomac, the young Detroitier was not among them. Nothing definite was heard from him, and he was supposed to have been killed. The sorrowful news in time reached the young lady, and she secretly mourned for her lover as among the slain. Shortly afterwards the old man was taken sick, and lay on his death bed. Some days before his death he again pleaded with his daughter in behalf of the young neighbor, urging that if he could see her properly cared for in marriage he could die in peace. There being no longer any reason for refusal, her consent was given, and the marriage solemnized two days before the death of her father.

The lady's wedded life was short. Her husband, who was very kind to her, and endeavored to win her from her double sorrow, was attacked with typhoid fever shortly after marriage, and died after a few days' illness, leaving the young widow possessed of considerable property.

As soon as possible, she set about disposing of her property at the west, in order that she might join her friends in New England. During all this time nothing had been heard to contradict the story of the death of her former lover at Bull Run. Her affairs were after some delay finally settled, and she made a round of visits to her friends in the west previous to her going to settle for life in New England. Last week she arrived in this city on her way east, and met a few days with a lady friend residing on the west side.

On Wednesday last, the young widow, accompanied by her friends, visited Ryder's photographic gallery for the purpose of having some card likenesses taken, and this proved to be an important step in her history. The picture was so admirable a likeness that Mr. Ryder solicited and obtained the privilege of placing a copy in his show case at the street entrance. On Thursday morning the likeness made its appearance there, and, as we have before remarked, attracted considerable attention.

On that morning a number of Michigan soldiers taken prisoners at Bull Run, and set at liberty on parole after nine months' incarceration in southern prisons, arrived from Washington, and remained in the city until the departure of the Detroit boat in the evening. During the day they amused themselves by strolling around the town. One of them, seeing a group of people gathered around the steps near the Merchants' Bank, stepped up to learn the cause, and like the others, turned to examine the photographs. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of surprise, looked closely at the portrait of the young widow, and then rushed up stairs to find the artist. Mr. Ryder being pointed to him, the soldier brought him down stairs and begged to know how he became possessed of the picture—and an explanation was given. In a few hurried words the soldier stated the cause of his interest, obtained the picture from the case, and declared his intention of finding the lady if she was anywhere to be found.

Fortunately, Mr. Ryder knew the lady who accompanied the young widow, and at once went with the soldier to her residence. Both ladies were at home. Sooner did the young widow see the soldier than she shrieked and fell in a fainting fit, for her lover, whom she had supposed dead, stood before her. He had been taken prisoner at Bull Run instead of being killed, but had refused to write to any person, and his comrades in prison knew nothing of his friends or previous history, so that the fact of his captivity remained known to but few, if any. Mutual explanations followed the happy meeting—and there is every indication that all obstacles having been removed, the sorrows and sufferings of the pair will be terminated by a happy marriage at no distant day. At all events, the widow's visit to she east has been indefinitely postponed, and she has returned to Michigan—the now happy reunited couple having first sat to Ryder's for a pair of large photographic portraits, and taking his own portrait with them as a souvenir of the joyful meeting caused by a picture from his camera.

FOR THE EAGLE.

Ode on the Fourth of July.

Let the shouts of Freemen swelling
Greet this glorious festal morn,
To each tribe and nation telling,
Freedom on this day was born!

How obscuring clouds unfolding,
Freedom's day-star full displayed,
All earth's sons its sheen beholding,
Despots saw and were dismayed.

How our fathers, famed in story,
That bold declaration made,
Which crowned them with deathless glory,
For their mem'ries ne'er will fade.

Then oppress'd of every nation
Here, a land of refuge found;
And in this, our great ovation,
Their exultant shouts resound.

Though war-bolts have torn our standard,
And some stars have left its field,
Risen millions, armed and banded,
Have the fate of Treason sealed.

Ere this day, again returning,
Sees our banner woo the air,
In its azure, brightly burning,
Stars, now wandering, will be there.

Let us raise the loud hosanna
For the Freedom we have won!
Let our glory-crowned banner
Sparkle in the morning sun!

CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

Ode.

The Birthday of Freedom, July 4th, 1776.

BY DR. THOMAS CLARKE.

The die is cast,
Whether for good or ill,
Let no regrets our anxious bosom fill;
The Rubicon is passed,
Nailed are our colors to the mast,
A truce to doubting or unmanly fear;
For home, for country now
Are pledged the solemn vow,
Our fortunes, honor, life, and all that we hold
dear!
Thus to his loved one did each hero say,
When home returned at eve of this immortal
day.

And she replied:
Well, since it must be so,
With you we sympathize in weal or woe,
Assert your country's cause with noble pride;
Arm, arm, advance and boldly meet the foe!
Your country calls; you must obey her voice;
A recreant he who shrinks from such a call;
Since she enshrines our homes, our loves, our
all;
Next after God, our country is our choice;
And Heaven forbid, it ever should be said,
That we, Columbia's matrons, felt dismayed!

And let not love
Of wife or children you from duty keep;
What, though your absence lonely here we
weep;
Th' all seeing eye will guard us from above;
And while the battle rages o'er the plain,
Our prayers for you shall not ascend in vain;
Or, should you fall untimely in the strife,
Heaven will befriend your orphans and your
wife!

Beloved, one dear embrace,
And then a long, perhaps a last farewell,
Should Heaven so will, my heart shall not rebel,
But still, this day with pride I shall retrace;
My country born to Freedom and to joy;
Oh! bliss supreme,
This were a theme,
The harps of mighty seraphs to employ;
The world shall hail this truth proclaimed by
thee,
Man is by nature, and he shall be FREE.

Wake, wake the lyre,
Sound drum and trumpet, let the cannons roar,
Proclaim the jubilee from shore to shore;
Go, join yon phalanx like a wall of fire,
Impervious around young Freedom thrown,
And let each hero mark her for his own.
Thus spake each noble matron as she gazed
Undaunted, where no mimic war-fires blazed!

THE HUNGARIANS.—It is stated as a curious but authentic fact that no instance is on record of a Hungarian who has favored the Southern rebellion. Probably every other respectable nationality is represented in the rebel ranks to-day. But Hungarians are lovers of liberty the world over, and all who fight are found on the right side in our revolution. A correspondent of the New York Times says:

"When Gen. Fremont was at the West, his most secret dispatches to the President were sent in Magyar, which was as good as a cipher, since no traitor knows the tongue."

"What a proud compliment to the native tongue of Kossuth—'No traitor knows the tongue!'"

A VAMPIRE IN PRINT.

On reading a recent editorial in which a scurrilous attack on myself and others was prefaced by a brutal fling at the memory of my father.]

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

I thought of the old Arabian tale,
Where the sheeted Ghoul, so lank and pale,
Prowled through the grave-yard with cat-like tread,
Rifled the graves of the sleeping dead,
With her greedy fingers tore apart
The clay, and clutched at the pulseless heart,
Fed and gloated, and smacked her lips,
Sucked the slime from her finger-tips,
Then wiped her mouth and slunk away,
A horrid spectre, at break of day.

The Ghoul made her meal alone, in the night:
Here sits a Vampire, in broad daylight,
Jeering and grinning a devil's grin
At his feast of the dead, and beckoning in
The passers by from the public street—
Selling his share at three pence a sheet!
What wonder, I thought, if he breaks his fast
At the father's grave, the foul repast
And the gloating laugh are no sooner done,
Than he belches up slanders against the son.

O, Men of the Press! with lightning power,
To stamp your words on each rapid hour,
Keep, keep your slanders for living men,
Who can fling them back in your teeth again,
Or brush them off, as our fingers brush
The crawling insect we scorn to crush—
For a lie is a lie, no matter how glib
The tongue that tells it, how fine the nib
Of the pen that writes, or how fair and white
The page which bursts it into the light;
And never a man, be he prince or clown,
Is hurt by a lie if he lives it down,
If his hands are clean, and he goes his way,
In the face of men and the light of day—

But beware how your venomous grudge is fed
With the name and fame of the honored dead.
The bolts of scorn and the fires of wrath
Shall blast you there, in your slimy path,
And the hand of every man stamp you brow
With the brand of shame, as I do now!
Your jeers and jibes are easily tost
Into the limbo of things that are lost,
But the word that a righteous anger gives
Is a sacred thing, and lasts and lives,
And when you and I are under the ground,
Forgotten and gone, may keep its sound.
Then, if these lines of mine are read,
The man who reads them will say, "Well said!
Well if always a heel like this
Smote the serpent whose venal hiss
Out of the mire and filth is thrust
At the blessed in heaven, the pure and just!"

Mock the departed! blacken their fame!
Season a jest with a dead man's name!
Better your hand were stiff and cold,
Better your fingers were church-yard mould,
Lest haply the mockery, unrevoked,
Revisit the meeker when stifled and choked
With the lurid smoke and the poisoned breath
Circling the cap of the Jester Death,
He gropes in vain, at the bitter end
For the warm, strong hand of a living Friend!

NEW YORK, March 12, 1863.

The Tennessee Blacksmith.

Near the cross roads not far from Cumberland Mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and it might be added, the devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood; and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any person a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as Old Bradley."

One night, towards the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labors, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction, as he brought his hammer down with a vigorous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head, as if communicating with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door opened, and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet, faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus protect me."

As Bradley stooped to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaimed:

"We've treed him at last! There he is! seize him!—and as he spoke he pointed out the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, and seized the sledge hammer, and brad-ishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not; or by the grace of God, I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy!" vociferated the leader.

"Of the devil," ejaculated Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolition hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence; "and we must have him. So I tell you, Bradley, you had better not interfere.—You know that you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"Suspected! Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why of adhering to the North was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glance at the speaker, "I adhere to no north!" he continued "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added, as he brought the sledge hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without any further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by your interference.

"Not so long as I live to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing toward the door, he continued, "Leave my shop!" and as he spoke he again raised the sledge hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You'll regret this in the morning, Bradley," said the leader as he retreated.

"Go," was the reply of the smith, as he pointed to the door.

Bradley followed them menaciously to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared from sight down the road. When returned to go back in the shop, he was met by the fugitive, who, grasping his hand exclaimed:

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once."

"But my wife and children."

"Mattie and I will tend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes. In the morning, if not sooner, they will return with a large force, and carry you off, and probably hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky.—They were to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl opened the shop door and hurriedly said:

"Father what is the trouble to-night?"

Her eye resting upon the fugitive, she approached him and in a sympathizing tone, continued—

"Ah, Mr. Peters, has your turn come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, passed her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's house and heart. She was his all—his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild but firm tone said:

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately; then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost. The bloodhounds are on the track. They have scented their prey and will not rest until they have secured it. They may return much sooner than we expect.—So haste, daughter, and God bless you."

This was not the first time that Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape, across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said:

"Come Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and turned off in a by path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with a warm welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets; while others were cleaning their rifles and fowling pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. The fugitive, who was known to two or three of the party, was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying that they would make him chaplain of the Tennessee Union regiment when they got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was about to return home, two of the

party prepared to accompany her, but she protesting against the danger, as the enemy were doubtless in search of the minister. But notwithstanding they accompanied her until she reached the road, a distance above her father's shop.

Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened to go into the shop she thought she could hear the plattering of horses' hoofs down the road. She but the sound died away. Going into the shop she the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things great confusion, and that spots of blood were on the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been seized but not without a desperate struggle.

As Mattie stood gazing at the pools of blood, containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an young man of five and twenty years, got out and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?"

Then observing the strange demeanor of the young man, she continued,

"Why, Mattie, what ails you? What has happened?"

The young girl's heart was too full for her to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't you see that?"

"Have they dared to lay hands upon your father?"

The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening. When she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here Joe!"

At this the other person in the wagon alighted, entered the shop. He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe" said the young man "would you like your freedom?"

"Well, Massa John, I wouldn't like much to be a free man, but den, I's like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race have maintained their valor. Are you willing to fight for your freedom?"

"I's fight for you any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have separate hands to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without prospect of reward. If I succeed, I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death, will you go?"

"I will, massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the ever-living God, that if you falter or swerve the danger you are hereafter consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling in hope that God Almighty may strike me dead if I go wid you through fire and water and eb'rything."

"I am satisfied, Joe," said the master. Then turning to the young girl, who had been a spectator of this singular scene, he continued:

"Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon and go down to the parsonage, and you remain there with Mr. Peters and the children until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was awaiting the turn of his daughter, the party that he had turned with increased numbers and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in seizing the smith and carrying him off. They hied to a tavern half a mile distant from the place there he was arraigned before what was termed a lance committee. The committee met in a room on a small table in front of the chairman.

In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival placed before the chairman for examination. The man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless he defiant look upon those around him.

"Mr. Bradley, this is a grave charge. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" said the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," replied.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. You are charged against me as a harboring abolitionist, and the people have you to say to me."

"That it is a lie, and that he who charges against me is a scoundrel."

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader that had captured Bradley, and who now appeared with a large bandage about his head, to bind up the man who was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley's son."

continued the chairman, "What have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the blacksmith shop, and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found, and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business."

"Mr. Bradley this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where Mr. Peters is. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peter's church, and therefore some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer no."

"Mr. Bradley there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who says it is a villain."

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding the cause of the Union, said Simpson."

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of a traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union—I am still for the Union—and will be for the Union as long as my life lasts!"

At this the chairman clutched a pistol that lay upon the table before him, and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie knife glittered near Bradley's breast, but before he could make the fatal plunge, a swift winged messenger of death laid him dead at the feet of his intended victim; while at the same instant another plunge into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in darkness.

Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic stricken. In the midst of the consternation, a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder, his bonds were severed, and he hurried out of the open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, and then into a wagon and driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith made one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who had been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which the patriot fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, a type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his bosom while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheek. He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he would no longer watch over the safety of his only child.

Was she to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them.

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you leave the State, it will be necessary, in these troublesome times, for Mattie to have a protector, and I have thought that our marriage had better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said as he relinquished his embrace, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh! we arranged that as we came along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed but said nothing. In a short time the hunted down minister was called on to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered on the neck of the bride, no pearls looped up her tress, but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave her assent to a vow which was registered in Heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter bid her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and as they said, "Redeem old Tennessee."

The Temple of Liberty.

BY JENNIE TEMPLE.

When within the Quaker City
The deep-toned State-house bell
Did proclaim in tones of thunder
To the throng that all was well.
How from out its throat of iron
Did the swelling strains arise!
Lightning-like how it was thrilling,
Flashing from their beaming eyes!

O! how happy were the people,
And the bonfires, how they glow'd!
Rang their cheers across the valley—
Down the gliding river flow'd;
Then from out the flaming torches,
Phoenix-like, a temple fair
Rose and stood in peerless beauty,
In the calm, unrufl'd air.

Vast and glorious in proportion,
With a grace that was its own,
Proudly stood it there unrivaled,
Noble, matchless, and alone,
Reaching up its star-capped dome,
Beared aloft within the heavens
To the soaring eagle's home.

Strong and massive its foundation,
With no ravages of time,
Myriads here did come and worship—
Bowed the knee at freedom's shrine.
Thousands more of earth's down-trodden,
Guided by Hope's beaming star,
Hither to the altar hasted,
Bearing offerings from afar.

But a storm came o'er the temple,
Leadon clouds hung all around,
Hoarsely called the muttering thunders,
Earthquakes shook the upheaved ground.
With its dome 'midst wild-winds reeling,
Shrouded in the mist and gloom,
Surely now the glorious structure
Yawning chasms will soon entomb.

But the sable clouds are swaying,
Sinking slowly, surely down,
And across the stormy heavens,
O'er the clouds that erst did frown,
Gleams out the celestial rainbow,
Blazing o'er the circling skies,
Wreathing halos round the temple
With its band of dazzling dyes.

Bidding those who round it linger
To look up with faithful eye,
Putting all their trust in heaven,
Praying Freedom ne'er to die—
Praying that the fallen pillars
Soon again appeared may be,
And that the still glorious building
Reunited we may see.

May the moon, with her bright crescent,
Cleaving through the upper deep,
Beam down on the ark of Freedom,
Sacred treasure that we keep;
Guarded by the blood of millions,
Giv'n to us by hoary sires,
Passing through time's rolling cycles,
Kindling up the sacred fires.

And the golden orient chariot
Of the ever-shining sun,
Moving through the cloud's bright tinges
When his daily track is run,
May it ever, silent gliding
Through the azure depths of sky,
Shine upon a race of freemen
Which, God grant, may never die.

At Shiloh.

Hear ye the tramp of the horsemen?
Hear ye the tread of the foe?
Treading their muffled night marches,
Measured, and stealthy and low;
Hear ye the wheels of the cannon
Rumbling, and heavy, and deep?
Rouse, soldier! rouse from thy dreamings!
Wake, soldier! wake from thy sleep!

Over yon sun-beaconed hill-tops,
Lo! in grim column they come—
Come with their keen, flashing weapons,
Hushing each bugle and drum;
See the wild floating of banners,
See the bright gleam of the spear!
Up, soldier, arm thee for battle!
Up, for the foeman is near!

List, the long roll is quick sounding
Through the camps, stretching far on the shore,
While flash follows flash from the foemen,
And thundering roar follows roar.
Lo! they come, gallant Beauregard's legions,
Like the wild, sweeping waves of the sea,
Firm clad in the trappings of battle,
On the banks of the fair Tennessee.

See the Northmen in battle line forming,
As the ranks of the Southron sweep on,
Shouting "death to the coward invaders!"
They are crushed. Lo! the battle is won,
While the Northrons stand proud and unblenching,

Braving death in the face of the foe,
Asking oft, as they glance tow'rd the river,
"O, why, why is Buell so slow?"

They meet, and the shock is terrific,
They charge at the bugle's shrill peal,
With a shout, as they rush to the onset,
And loud grows the clashing of steel;
The earth, like a summer leaf, trembles;
The smoke, thick and murky, hangs low,
And wild grows the terror of battle
As foe sternly grapples with foe.

Behold freedom's noble avengers,
The Northman the Southron hath met!
Now mingles the crack of the rifle,
With the clang of the steel bayonet,
And the deep heavy boom of the cannon,
And the groans of the dying and slain,
With the tramping and snort of the charger,
On the crimson-dyed, body-strown plain.

Night comes, through the dim, solemn watches,
The mortars each hour drop a shell,
While many their last sleeps are sleeping
On the cold battle-field where they fell;
While many their last dreams are dreaming
In the lone dismal camps where they lie,
Sank wearied, forgetting in slumber
That alas with to-morrow they die.

Morn comes, and the drums are still beating,
The trumpets of brass loudly blow,
And again they are marshaled for battle,
When the fallen of Shiloh lie low;
The conflict grows deadlier, fiercer,
The carnage more dread than before,
But the Southron is routed, is vanquished!
And the Northman is victor once more!

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican states that Jackson's sobriquet of "Stonewall" arose from the fact that, at the battle of Bull Run, Col. Bartow of Georgia, in attempting to rally his men, said: "Look at Jackson's brigade—see them standing there like a stone wall—imitate them;" and ever since that particular brigade has been known as the Stonewall Brigade, and their commander as Stonewall Jackson.

FEDERAL SCOUTS CAPTURED AND HUNG.—A passenger who reached Louisville, July 2d, from the South, reports that Gen. Mitchell detailed 55 men from various regiments for scout service, who were all captured by the rebels, carried to Atlanta, Ga., and hung. One of them, Robert Ruffin, formerly of Salem, Mass., now of Col. Norton's 2d Ohio Regiment, made a speech, saying he considered it no ignominy to die for his country, even in that manner.

THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY.

A bird last spring came to my window-shutter,
One lovely morning at the break of day;
And from his little throat did sweetly utter
A most melodious lay.

He had no language for his joyous passion,
No solemn measure, no artistic rhyme;
Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion
Such perfect tune and time.

It seemed of thousand joys a thousand stories
All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide,
An hallelujah for the morning glories
That bloomed on every side.

And with each canticle's voluptuous ending,
He sipped a dew-drop from the dripping pane;
Then heavenward his little bill extending,
Broke forth in song again.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,
And learn thanksgiving from his tuneful tongue;
But human heart ne'er uttered such devotion,
Nor human lips such song.

At length he flew and left me in my sorrow,
Lest I should hear those tender notes no more;
And though I early waked for him each morn,
He came not nigh my door.

But once again, one silent summer even,
I met him hopping in the new mown hay;
But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven—
The bird that sang in May.

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour
The hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,
In vain I seek through leafless grove and bower
The bird that sang in May.

And such, methinks, are childhood's dawning pleasures,
They charm a moment and then fly away;
Through life we sigh and seek those missing treasures,
The birds that sang in May.

This little lesson, then, my friend, remember,
To seize each bright winged blessing in its day;
And never hope to catch in cold December,
The bird that sang in May.

It cannot be said of diamonds, as of many *deliciae*, that the fashion of these things passeth away. They never bore a higher price, nor were in greater request, than at the present hour; and, eighteen hundred years ago, Pliny stated that they bore the highest price, not only among jewels, but of all human commodities—Maximum, in rebus humanis, non solum inter gemmas, pretium habet adamas.

Few things are less generally known, than the well established fact, that the diamond is carbon—charcoal—that it is inflammable, combustible, evaporable—that, by the application of heat, this costly bauble may be reduced to a little smoke and soot, such precisely as results from the combustion of ordinary charcoal.

The earliest suggestion, that the diamond was inflammable, appears to have come from Bætius de Boodt, in 1607. Some sixty years after, in 1673, the discovery was made by Boyle, that, under the application of great heat, nothing remained of the diamond but an acrid vapor. In 1694 the experiments of Boyle were verified by Cosmo III., the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with his famous burning glass. Lavocier enclosed a very powerful lens, subjected it to the concentrated rays of the sun; the diamond and the oxygen disappeared, leaving carbonic acid in their stead. The experiments of Boyle were tried successfully, in 1800, by Sir George Mackenzie. In 1814 Sir Humphrey Davy, while in Florence, repeated Duke Cosmo's experiment, with the same burning glass, and the same result.

We are not aware that the diamond has ever been applied to any real use whatever, excepting by glaziers, for cutting glass; and for this purpose, a very small fragment, or chip, will suffice, secured by solder, in the end of a metallic stylus. Such, however, was not the original employment of the diamond stylus. It is stated, by Fosbroke, in his *Archæology*, page 300, that the diamond stylus is first mentioned in the sixteenth century, "when it was carried about as a toy, for writing on glass;" and that "the old glaziers used pointed steel, and a red hot iron."

The process of cutting the diamond is not traceable back beyond 1476. Holland monopolized the business for many years, and supplied the European market with the manufactured article.

Diamonds have been most adroitly imitated, especially by French artists; and not a few of these mock pebbles—"far-fetched and dear bought"—are doubtless prized and guarded by their fair possessors, as highly, and as watchfully as though they were real diamonds, of the purest water.

If all the diamonds, in this afflicted country, were gathered together, shipped to the States of Europe, and disposed of there, the aggregate avails would furnish an enormous sum. If that sum were cast upon the national altar, the national debt would be greatly diminished, if not extinguished altogether.

Can we draw no precedent for such a magnificent movement of practical patriotism, from the history of empires, in the hour of their deepest need? Let us see. In Alison's *History of Europe*, there are some stirring passages, descriptive of the conduct of Prussian women, when their almost exhausted country was about to renew the struggle against Napoleon, after the Moscow campaign. We cite from vol. 9, page 162. "The women universally sent their precious ornaments to the public treasury, and received in return similar bijoux, beautifully worked in bronze, which soon decorated their bosoms, bearing the simple inscription—'I gave gold for iron: 1813.' Not an ornament, but those of iron, were to be seen, either in dress, or in the shops. Thence have arisen the famous order of the Iron Cross, in Prussia, and the beautiful Berlin bronze ornaments, so well known, and so highly prized, in every country of Europe. It must be confessed, that chivalry cannot boast of a nobler fountain of honor, nor fashion of a more touching memorial of virtue."

A PRAYER FOR AMERICA.

We have a fine illustration of the feeling prevailing among the *people* of England in the following form of supplication for our country, published in the *Methodist New Connexion Magazine*, (London.) We hope it may be offered by thousands, and tens of thousands, of Christians who have power with God, and that it may be answered by Him to whom all power belongs:

"Almighty God, the author of our being, the source of our blessings, and the only proper object of religious worship, humbly would we prostrate ourselves before thy throne, to plead with thee on behalf of the American nation at this solemn crisis. Yet, Lord, we would first abase ourselves at thy feet, because of our own transgressions as a people and a nation. Thou hast, in thy mercy, greatly exalted us, by the bestowment of providential blessings and religious privileges, but we have grievously sinned against thee. Our national injustice and oppressions, our pride and worldliness, our social crimes, our personal neglects of duty, and violations of thy most holy law, have justly exposed us to thy displeasure; yet, O most compassionate Jehovah, enter not into judgment with thy people, and deal not with us according to our manifold iniquities. Grant us true repentance, national reformation, and personal salvation; and while we humbly implore thy mercy for ourselves, graciously hear us, O God, for a great nation allied to us by the ties of blood and religion, but now suffering the dire calamities of war. God of peace and love, we beseech thee to stay the effusion of human blood; calm the rage of malign passions; extirpate the evil principles that sever man from his brother; and restore to a distracted nation the blessings of concord and peace.

"We pray, O Lord, that the causes of thy righteous anger may be removed; that every unrighteous bond may be dissolved, every unlawful captive be made free; that slavery, in every form, may be brought to an utter end; and that the principles of truth and justice, benevolence and freedom, so clearly enjoined by thy Holy Word, may universally prevail. To this end, grant, O Lord, to the ruler of that nation, and to all who are in authority under him, wisdom, judgment, and moderation, adapted to this great and trying exigency; and let thy providence graciously co-operate to give effect to wise counsels and salutary measures for the restoration of order and national prosperity. We pray, O Lord, that thy benediction may abundantly rest on all the labors of industry, on commerce, and the useful arts; that the earth may yield her increase; that plentiful harvests may reward the toils of husbandry; and that the varied resources of the great and fertile country thou hast given to thy people may supply all their need, and cause them to abound in all good things. Grant, O Lord, that the churches of that land may prosper; that their ministers may be clothed with power from on high; that spiritual religion may be revived and extended; and the various denominations calling on thy holy name may live in unity and love. Let thy blessing rest on all their religious and benevolent institutions, revive their missions, and crown with success all their efforts to spread thy truth and extend thy glorious kingdom. We beseech thee, O Lord, to remember in special mercy the downtrodden millions in slavery; and while thy

providence affords them the boon of civil freedom, let thy grace impart to them the spiritual liberty of thy children. Restrain them from revenge and malice, guide and guard them in their future course, and let their history in time to come be one of social happiness and virtue, of mental and moral advancement. We pray, O Lord, that the relations between our country and America may be those of unbroken concord and peace. Distinguished alike by national blessings, allied to each other by the ties of kindred, commerce, and mutual interest, and intrusted with the same great commission to enlighten and bless mankind, may all national jealousies for ever subside, and all hostile feeling be kept far away: may mutual confidence and good will cement our hearts: may mutual labors of benevolence and holy enterprise unite our hands; and let our only rivalry be, that of doing good and glorifying thee.

"We pray, O thou Father of all mankind, that thou wouldst look in mercy on all the nations of the earth, and, in thy wisdom and goodness, overrule the commotions that now agitate them to the general welfare of the human race. O God of truth and love, let the wrath of man be made to praise thee, and the remainder of wrath do thou restrain. May the great conflicts now going on in the earth between truth and error, liberty and despotism, justice and oppression, Christianity and human depravity, speedily issue in that great and universal triumph which shall fulfil thy holy and benevolent designs respecting man; so that the nations of the earth, emancipated from ignorance, superstition, and sin, may worship and serve thee in truth; may live together in amity and peace; may walk in the light of thy countenance, and rejoice in full possession of all the bounties of thy providence, and all the transforming blessings of thy grace. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us, that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be glad and sing for joy; for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him. We pray for all these great blessings through the mediation of thy beloved Son, our Savior Jesus Christ, to whom with thyself and the Holy Spirit, be glory and praise, world without end. Amen."

GLORIOUS EPITAPH.—On a grave stone in New London, Ct., appears the following inscription. The records of ancient Greece or Rome do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotic heroism. "On the 20th of October, 1761, 4,000 Englishmen fell on the town with fire and sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted—thus to blow the fort into the air. Wm. Hotman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three strokes of the bayonet in his body, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends, who was still alive, 'We will endeavor to crawl to this line. We will completely wet the powder with our blood. Thus will we, with the little life that remains with us, save the fort and magazine, and perhaps, a few comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirtieth year he died on the powder he overflowed with his blood. His friends, and seven of his wounded companions, by that means, had their lives preserved." After this simple narrative, are the following words, in large characters:

"HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN."

the hour, to take a near farewell look at the dear boy; for they had embalmed him to send home to the West—to sleep under the sods of his own valley—and the coffin-lid was to be closed before the service. The family had just taken their leave of him, and the servants and nurses were seeing him for the last time—and with tears and sobs wholly unrestrained, for he was loved like an idol by every one of them. He lay with eyes closed—his brown hair parted as we had known it, pale in the slumber of death, but otherwise unchanged, for he was dressed as for the evening, and held in one of his hands crossed upon his breast, a bunch of exquisite flowers—a message coming from his mother, while we were looking upon him, praying that those flowers might be preserved for her. She was lying sick in her bed, worn out with grief and over-watching.

The funeral was very touching. Of the entertainments in the splendid east-room, the boy had been, for those now assembled more especially, a most life-giving variation. With his bright face, and his apt greetings and replies, he was remembered in every part of that crimson-curtained hall built only for pleasure—of all the crowds each night certainly the one least likely to be death's first mark. He was his father's favorite. They were intimates—often seen hand in hand. And there sat the man, with a burthen on his brain at which the world marvels—bent now with the load at both heart and brain; staggering under a blow like the taking from him of his child! His men of power sat around him, McClellan, with a moist eye when he bowed to the prayer, as I could see from where I stood, and Chase and Seward with their austere features, at work, and Senators and ambassadors, and soldiers, all struggling with their tears; great hearts sorrowing with the President as a stricken man and a brother. That God may give him strength for all his burthens, is, I am sure, at present, the prayer of a nation!—*Willis, in the Home Journal.*

LITTLE WILLIE'S FUNERAL.

Willie Lincoln had his acquaintances among his father's friends, and I chanced to be one of them. He never failed to seek me out in the crowd, shake hands and make some pleasant remark; and this in a boy of but ten years of age, was, to say the least, endearing to a stranger. But he had more than mere affectionateness. His self-possession—aplomb, as the French call it—was extraordinary. I was one day passing the White House, when he was outside with a play-fellow on the sidewalk. Mr. Seward drove in, with Prince Napoleon and two of his suite in the carriage; and, in a mock-heroic way—terms of amusing intimacy evidently existing between the boy and the Secretary—the official gentleman took off his hat, and the Napoleon party did the same, all making the young prince-president a ceremonious salute. Not a bit staggered with the homage, Willie drew himself up to his full height, took off his little cap with graceful self-possession, and bowed down formally to the ground, like a little ambassador. They drove past, and he went on unconcernedly with his play: the impromptu readiness and good judgment being clearly a part of his nature. His genial and open expression of countenance was none the less ingenuous and fearless for a certain fineness of fun; and it was in this mingling of qualities that he so faithfully resembled his father.

With all the splendor that was around this little fellow in his new home, he was so bravely and beautifully himself—and that only! A wild-flower, transplanted from the prairie to a hot-house, he retained his prairie habits, unalterably pure and simple, till he died. His leading trait seemed to be a fearless and kindly frankness, willing that everything should be as different as it pleased, but resting unmoved in his own single-heartedness. I found I was studying him, irresistibly, as one of those sweet problems of childhood that the world is blest with in rare places; and the news of his death (I was absent from Washington, on a visit to my own children, at the time) came to me like a knell heard unexpectedly at a merry-making.

On the day of the funeral, I went, before

(Contributed.)
A LETTER FOUND IN A TENT.

I think you will not cast aside, or shred,
With your fair fingers and a scornful smile,
This paper into strips, when you shall read
'Twas writ upon the night before I died.
For I shall die to-morrow—the great fight
Comes off at dawn, and my place is in front—
And I am very glad, for I do know
You cannot cast your careless eyes adown
The long list of the slain, and see my name
Without a stir within your heart, a thought
Of how you held my life within your hand
And cast it unto death; you cannot meet
My widowed mother's face, my sister's grief,
Nor feel your coldness shaken into pain!
And in the solemn silence of the night
Your memories will rise up to slay your sleep,
And I with a sting of sharp remorse avenge
My wrong upon that woman's soul of yours!
Until at last you see thro' your own tears,
How true, how strong, how earnest was the love
Your calm, proud eyes just glanced at and look'd o'er;
Treading with your slow, imperial step
A man's best hopes into despair's dark dust,
And never listening to the throbbing heart
That beat its wild dreams out beneath your feet!

Ah, well! I did not mean to spend this hour,
The last, reproaching you for what is done;
But just to use these moments while my pulse
Still leaps to fever-heat at thought of you,
'To say that I forgive you all the past!
Forgive you that you watch'd my mad love grow
From birth to passion, from faint, timid hope
To ripe presumption and betraying speech,
And never stoop'd from off the icy throne
Of your self-sway, to free by word or look
Your slave from chains of his own high desires!
Until he plac'd the sword within your grasp,
With which you pierc'd his quivering being thro',
Drawing the keen edge of your swerveless will
Against his fate with your untroubled words,
And sweet, clear voice—"I cannot love you, sir!"
And so the phrensy of that bitter hour
Dash'd reason off—and I shall lead the van
Upon to-morrow's field and down in blood
The worthless life your red lips would not save:
And tho' you weep not, yet you shall not blush
To know I lov'd you even unto death!

I think, perhaps, when you shall read these lines,
You will accuse me, for you are not vain,
Of over-rating your weak power, and think
That my forgiveness is too overstrained
For your offence; 'tis true, you could not give
The blossom of your spirit, till the leaves
Had opened into bloom, and mine, alas!
Was not the breath its freshness to inhale!
Nor is it well for an immortal soul
To cast the reins of destiny to hands
That have not learned to guide w/d passion's course!
And I had grown not to that bright sublime
Of human vict'ry, conquest o'er myself!
But eyes that catch a shadow from the wings
Of God's great angel win prophetic sight!
And I can see among the coming years,
A time when living with your idols crush'd,
Your wounded heart, you shall look sadly back,
Upon my sorrow that you scarce heed now,
And think your pain a retribution sent
By justice for your girlhood's deed, and then
It may bring comfort to your stricken soul
'To feel that I forgave you ere I died!
Forgave and loved you so, that when you come
Into the world beyond, and meet me there,
Waiting for you alone, with your deep need
Of love still unfulfilled in earth or heav'n,
And say, with yearning eyes—"But only thou
Gave me the spirit's truest love in life.
And I am lonely, wanting it, e'en here!"
Why I at last shall take you in my arms,
And kiss that curving mouth! 'Till then, Adieu!
—[Sally Bridges]

THINK OF THE SOLDIER!

Think of the soldier! wherever he be,
He is watching, and waiting, and tolling for thee;
He braveth all danger, and suffereth long
To rescue our land from ruin and wrong.

Then think of the soldier! with pity, and prayer,
He needeth Heaven's protection and care;
O, God of battles! be Thou with our brave
Who offer their all, a country to save.

In midnight watches, oft weary and lone,
He sighs, as he dreams of comfort and home;
But love of country, and a soldier's pride
Will strengthen his heart, whatever betides.

Then think of the soldier! &c.

I think of the soldier! when dashing away
To meet the foe, in battle array—
Perchance the south winds, their vigil will keep
O'er the soldier that sleepeth, the hero's last sleep.

Then think of the soldier! &c.

Think of the soldier—oh! think of him now,
Returning from war, with battle-scarred brow;
Ah! noble the gift—the offering free—
The soldier hath made for his country and thee.

Then think of the soldier! &c.

RISTA.

EVERGREENS, July 4th, 1862.

A QUAKER'S OPINION OF THE WAR.—A Quaker merchant in this city yesterday said to one of his clerks:
"Well friend —, is thee willing to enlist?"
"I have thought of it," replied the clerk, "but hesitated, because I feared to lose my situation."
"If thee will enlist," replied the Quaker, "not only shall thee have thy situation, but thy salary shall go on while thee is absent. But if thee will not serve thy country, thee cannot stay in this store."—*N. Y. Post.*

General McClellan.

The Atlantic Monthly for July contains a delightfully pleasant paper "chiefly about War Matters," written "by a Peaceable Man." The "peaceable man" is Mr. Hawthorne. We take from the article the following description of General McClellan:—

"The General was dressed in a simple, dark-blue uniform, without epaulets, booted to the knee, and with a cloth cap upon his head; and, at first sight, you might have taken him for a corporal of dragoons, of particularly neat and so dier-like aspect, and in the prime of his age and strength. He is only of middling stature, but his build is very compact and sturdy, with broad shoulders and a look of great physical vigor, which in fact, he is said to possess,—he and Beauregard having been rivals in that particular, and both distinguished above other men. His complexion is dark and sanguine, with dark hair. He has a strong, bold, soldierly face, full of decision; a Roman nose, by no means a thin prominence, but very thick and firm; and if he follows it, (which I should think likely,) it may be pretty confidently trusted to guide him aright. His profile would make a more effective likeness than the full face, which, however, is much better in the real man than in any photograph that I have seen. His forehead is not remarkably large, but comes forward at the eyebrows; it is not the brow nor countenance of a prominently intellectual man, (not a natural student, I mean, or abstract thinker,) but of one whose office it is to handle things practically and to bring about tangible results. His face looked capable of being very stern, but wore, in its repose, when I saw it, an aspect pleasant and dignified; it is not, in character, an American face, nor an English one. The man on whom he fixes his eye is conscious of him. In his natural disposition, he seems calm and self-possessed, sustaining his great responsibilities cheerfully, without shrinking or weariness, or spasmodic effort, or damage to his health, but all with quiet, deep-drawn breaths; just as his broad shoulders would bear up a heavy burden without aching beneath it.

After we had had sufficient time to peruse the man, (so far as it could be done with one pair of very attentive eyes,) the General rode off, followed by his cavalcade, and was lost to sight among the troops. They received him with loud shouts, by the eager uproar of which—now near, now in the center, now on the outskirts of the division, and now sweeping back towards us in a great volume of sound—we could trace his progress through the ranks. If he is a coward, or a traitor, or a humbug, or anything else than a brave, true, and able man, that mass of intelligent soldiers, whose lives and honor he had in charge, were utterly deceived, and so was this present writer; for they believed in him, and so did I; and had I stood in the ranks I should have shouted with the lustiest of them. Of course I may be mistaken; my opinion on such a point is worth nothing, although my impression may be worth a little more; neither do I consider the General's antecedents as bearing very decided testimony to his practical soldiership. A thorough knowledge of the science of war seems to be conceded to him; he is allowed to be a good military critic; but all this is possible without his possessing any positive qualities of a great general, just as a literary critic may show the profoundest acquaintance with the principles of epic poetry without being able to produce a single stanza of an epic poem. Nevertheless, I shall not give up my faith in General McClellan's soldiership until he is defeated, nor in his courage and integrity even then."

GOOD FOR GOTTSCHALK.—Gottschalk, at a recent concert in Montreal, was loudly called upon by secession sympathizers, to play "Dixie." In response to the request he only played with unusual vigor and effect, "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," and "Yankee Doodle."—[Exchange.]

It may not be generally known that Gottschalk was the possessor of princely estates in Louisiana and that though having connections in Secession, is a staunch Unionist.

Charge Bayonets.

BY SPENCER W. CONE.

Down in storm-clouds, shame and sorrow,
Stinks the sun of Treason's day,
And upon a glorious morrow,
O'er the Union sheds its ray.
Hark our sturdy Stanton calling
"It has dawned; it shall not set,
Steel to steel, their hearts appalling,
Charge them with the Bayonet."

Waste no powder at a distance;
Man to man the contest be,
Tyrants' tools make poor resistance
To the onset of the free.
Yet they boasted, O how loudly,
Till on Roanoke's Isle we met—
Now whose flag floats there so proudly,
Whose the conquering Bayonet.

Stalwart Northmen, labor made you
Not for mudsills of the South,
Not to serve them who betrayed you,
With the dust upon your mouth;
But to grasp the arm of glory,
And with hearts on honor set,
To re-write your Nation's story,
With the Freeman's Bayonet.

In the flag by Treason riven,
God is setting back each star,
Snatched a single night to Heaven,
As the meteors of our war.
They have led us, they shall lead us,
Conquering, and to conquer yet,
Wheresoe'er fair Freedom needs us
With the Union Bayonet.

Be our souls on high uplifted!
To the God who blesteth Right;
His, our strength, and with that gifted,
Death is triumph: weakness might.
He hath borne our banner for us;
On our foes his wrath is set,
Seals he still our arms victorious,
Charge them with the Bayonet.

From the West imperial sweeping,
Closing from the stormy sea,
Drive them for a glorious reaping
By the war scythe of the free.
Proudly Richmond looms defiance,
Last of all their strongholds yet,
Northern freemen, God's alliance,
Win that with the Bayonet.

—Cleveland Herald.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.

"Agate," the admirable correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, tells the following pleasant anecdote of Gen. Burnside, which we take especial pleasure in circulating because the General is a native Hoosier:—

We had been talking—a lady from Cincinnati and I—of probable changes in the command of the army before Richmond, and of the current stories that Burnside was to succeed McClellan. "It cannot be possible," said I; "he has not been prominent enough; he can't gain such an elevation at a single leap." "But I tell you it is," she said, "because—," and she stopped until I began to suspect that with the natural perversity of women, "because" was the only reason; "because—he deserves it!" And then she told me this little story:—

She had been coming over from Philadelphia to Washington alone, expecting to find relatives at the hotel here on her arrival. They had an accident on the train, were delayed several hours, and at last arrived late at night. From Baltimore over, Gen. Burnside and suite, just up from Fortress Monroe, had been on the train, and of course their arrival produced a sensation. Waiters sprang to attend them, the hotel clerks became unusually complaisant, every attention was shown, and in a few moments word came to the reception parlor that their rooms had been assigned and were ready. The party all rose to retire, but the unknown Cincinnati lady was left behind. Her relatives had failed to meet her either at the depot or hotel, and though she had sent down her name to be registered, the clerk was busy with the distinguished party and neglected her.

"There I was sitting," said she, "exhausted with the ride and vexed at the neglect, travel-stained, dusty, and looking certainly very uninteresting, when Gen. Burnside, just as he was leaving the parlor, happened to notice me. He at once turned, addressed me with as much politeness as if I had been a duchess, and enquired if I had received proper attentions. Learning that I had no room yet, and that I had been disappointed in meeting my friends, 'I will see to that myself,' he said, and he instantly left his own party, went down stairs to the office, and returned to see that I was promptly shown to it. Not content with that, he called, next morning, and finding that I wanted to learn something about a relative in Pope's army, and had received no reply yet to my note of enquiry, he went straight to Gen. Pope, got the information for me, and told me that if I wanted anything more I should send word to Gen. Pope that Gen. Burnside said I must have it; and altogether he was so kind, and yet so dignified and soldierly in his courtesy that—that—that I shall never forget him."

READING THE LIST.

"Is there any news of the war?" she said,
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.
"Tis the very thing that I want," she said;
"Read me a list of the wounded and dead,"
He read her the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray;
In the very midst was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth, who had fought so well
That his comrades asked, "Who is he, pray?"
"The only son of the Widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply
Of his Captain nigh;
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!
"Well, well, read on; is he wounded? quick!
O, God! but my heart is sorrow-sick!"
"Is he wounded? no! he fell, they say,
Killed outright on that fatal day!"
But see! the woman has swooned away!
Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the event of the fight;
Faintly she murmured "Killed outright:
It has cost the life of my only son;
But the battle is fought and the victory won;
The will of the Lord, let it be done!"
God pity the cheerless widow Gray,
And send from the halls of Eternal Day,
The light of His peace to illumine her way?"

GENERAL BURNSIDE IN NEW YORK.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—HIS SPEECH.

From the New York Evening Post.

General Burnside, who has been in town *incognito* for a day or two, made this noon an unexpected public appearance. He drove in an open carriage to the Illinois Central Railroad Office, in Nassau street, opposite the Post Office. He wore his uniform and was immediately recognized, a crowd was gathered before he could get out of his carriage, and the General was almost lifted out of the vehicle by enthusiastic admirers. With much difficulty he pressed through the crowd and entered the building.

After remaining about half an hour attending to private business, General Burnside re-appeared, but could not reach the carriage. The enthusiastic crowd insisted upon a speech, and the General thereupon re-entered the house and went to the second story balcony over the door, and in full view of the crowd, which by this time had filled the street from Cedar to Liberty street, had gushed out upon the roof of the Post Office and blockaded all the windows in the vicinity. General Burnside removed his hat, and when order was restored made these remarks:—

BURNSIDE'S SPEECH.

"My friends: The enthusiastic welcome you have extended to me has quite taken me aback. I expected to come here quietly and go away without making any excitement; but the kind interest you take in me gives me—proves that you will also take some interest in what I have to tell you. It is this: *That all is going well if you will only fill up the old regiments.* (Voices—'They shall be filled up.') This is the best advice I have to give you—fill up the old regiments. So many men have so many times predicted the time of the end of the rebellion and been mistaken that I will not do so now; but I can say it will be very soon if the old regiments are filled up. I thank you for the kind reception you have given me, and hope to meet you here again when peace and quiet reigns among us."

General Burnside visits this city on purely private business, and will return to Washington to-night. He looks well and hearty and seems to be in excellent spirits, and cannot but be gratified with the impromptu demonstration he was honored with in New York.

Col. Garibaldi—a nephew, we believe, of the great Liberator—whose arrival in this country has been already announced—was in town this morning and had an interview with the Governor. He comes highly endorsed by Garibaldi and other Italian Generals of eminence and he wishes to draw his sword in behalf of the Union cause. He looks every inch the soldier.—[Alb. Jour.]

BATTLE-HYMN

FOR THE VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNION ARMY.

BY GEO. W. BIRDSEYE.

On the foe,
Souls aglow,
We rush in 'whelming tide.
Band to band,
Hand to hand,
God upon our side!

H hearts be strong!
Conquer wrong!
God rules o'er the fight.
Never yield
The battle-field
Till right has shown her might!

Let "Liberty!"
Our rally be,
Traitors to defy!
From loyal hearts
Fear departs,
Hearing Freedom's cry!

When the fight
Yields to right
On the crimsoned sod,—
Treason dead,—
Lift the head
Praising Freedom's God!

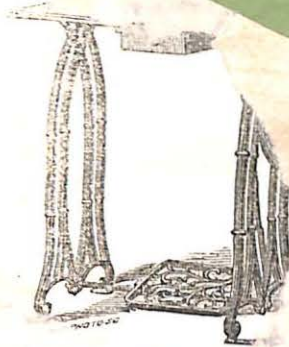
New York, July '62.

HEINTZELMAN'S CHARGE.—The whole corps of this famous warrior, confident that a recovery of the fortunes of the time could be made, prepared to give another great effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day and the cause of the country. Waterloo did not know such a charge of horse and foot, while our batteries upon the hill tops far and near played incessantly upon the foe.

Signals were given to the Galena to cease firing when this advance was determined upon, the Galena having already hauled off. This was done by consecutively placed signal officers all the way from the point of battle to the banks of the James river. When the thunder lulled and the great ship rested after her labors, Heintzelman made a little appeal to his generals, telling them that in the dash about to be made their confidence and courage might not only save the army, but do something towards avenging the great number of loyal men who had fallen in the several fatal encounters.

The soldiers, poor, heroic, jaded fellows, responded with a spirit that must have come from hungry hearts, and soon the grand corps of Heintzelman was in line, with the gaunt, gray figure of its commander galloping down its columns. The enemy anticipated some such dash, for they directed their fire upon this part of the line—if possible—more concentratedly than ever. Then Heintzelman passed down the order, and, like the surging of a sea long embosomed in a plain, the column moved, slowly, certainly, vigorously belching fire and ball at every step, but never halting until they came so close to the rebels that they might have hollowed the names of each, man to man, across the little interval. The latter came up bravely to the offered combat; but there was a destructiveness in our fire and a vehemence in our tread that they could not withstand. The fiery brigade of Meagher edged in gallantly on the right, using the musket right soldierly, and General Sickles' Excelsior brigade, already fearfully cut up, went into action like a battalion of fresh veterans.

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BEAUREGARD'S BELLS.—A newspaper correspondent in New Orleans writes: "One of the most striking objects which presented itself as our steamer reached the levee opposite St. Mary's Market was an immense collection of bells lying on the wharf, amounting in number to hundreds. These were Beauregard's bells, sent in response to his call. They were of all sizes, from very large church bells, weighing hundreds of pounds, down to small plantation and steamer bells. The sight was well calculated to awaken reflection. How many temples of the Most High had been despoiled to furnish this offering on the altar of Moloch! How many thousands had the sound of these church going bells summoned to the house of prayer, whose ears, alas! would never hear them again! How many merry peals had they rung out on days of joyous festivity! How many departed ones have they tolled along to the house appointed for all the living! If Beauregard's benevolent designs had been accomplished they would have uttered forth a far different music, and joined amid the din and roar of the conflict in the great chorus of battle, for they were to have all been melted up and recast into field artillery for the rebel army. Happily, Farragut and Butler came a few days too soon. Now the bells have all been shipped off to the North. I don't know what is to be done with them; but I think a most appropriate disposal would be at the close of the war to cast them into an obelisk, to commemorate the triumph of the Union and the Constitution over treason and rebellion." The bells are now in Boston. They number nearly eight hundred, and the metal is valued at \$50,000.

From the New Orleans Daily Delta.
LITTLE MINNIE'S WISH.
I wish the war was ended,
And father was at home,
Then mother would not cry so much—
Oh! why don't father come?
I'm sure my mother loves me,
But why I cannot tell,
She makes no more new clothes for me,
But sews on clothes to sell.
I asked her once about it,
But mother could not speak—
She only pressed me to her breast,
While tears fell on my cheek.
I'm sure there's something very bad
Has happened, for I know
My mother did not do this way
About twelve months ago.
I am too young to reason much,
But think it very strange,
That just because dear father's gone
That every thing should change.
For since he went away the man
That used to bring us bread,
Has ceased to come along this way—
I'm thinking he is dead.
I see the milk man still goes by,
But why, I cannot tell;
He will not stop at our house,
Nor even ring his bell.
The butcher, too, that used to be
So kind, polite and clean,
Will not bring me one bit of meat;
I think he is right mean.
I told my ma to change them all,
And try some other men;
She sighed, and then came down her cheek
Big tears, like drops of rain.
Ma used to have nice furniture,
But why I cannot say,
She let a man, who had a car,
Haul nearly all away.
I wish this war was ended,
And father was at home;
Then ma, I'm sure, would smile again
Oh! when will father come?

TALKS ABOUT THE WAR.

ARTILLERY.

In ancient times, armies came close together when they fought, and the soldiers cut and thrust at each other with swords. But now we have cannon that will send their balls three and four miles; and sometimes battles are fought at that distance, and no one is safe when a battle is going on, if he is near enough to see it at all.

Balls from the best kind of cannon not only go a great distance, but with great force. I have seen them strike a large tree two miles off, and tear it all to pieces. At Donelson, balls from the gunboats went through the solid logs of the huts in which the rebel soldiers lived, and killed those inside. On the battle-field at Shiloh I saw five men mangled and dead, lying heaped up one on the other, as five bricks would be if they were standing in a row, and you knocked them down at one blow. A surgeon was with me, and on examining them, we were satisfied that the whole five had been killed by one cannon ball. It had cut the first man nearly in two at the loins; had gone through the second a little higher up; through the breast of the third; had torn off one shoulder of the fourth, and had cut away all the upper part of the head of the fifth—leaving the mouth and chin and a sort of basin behind them full of brains and blood. These men had all been killed instantly, as they stood side by side in line of battle; and the cannon that shot the ball was more than a mile from them—so terrible is the effect of artillery in battle.

But often they fill a large cannon with small balls tied up in a bag, or sealed up in a tin canister. The bag or canister is torn to pieces by the force of the explosion, and the balls go scattering like shot from a shot-gun; but they go farther, and with much greater force. One of those grape shot will kill a man at the distance of a mile or two. Hence when a cannon full of them is fired into the ranks of an army, while the men are standing close together, it may kill a great many at every discharge.

At the battle of Shiloh, on Sabbath afternoon, the rebels formed a good many thousand of their army into columns, (that is with one company behind another) and tried to come up a ravine on the right of our army, and get between us and our steamboats on the river. But just at the head of this ravine we had four large cannon. They were filled with grape shot, and fired, as fast as they could be loaded, at the columns of the enemy. The rebels fell as grain does before the cradle of the mower. The men in the front ranks were nearly all killed or wounded, and as others hurried forward to take their places, they were cut down. The generals could not get their soldiers up that ravine. They had to retreat, leaving hundreds of dead behind them. I never saw so many dead bodies together as lay in that ravine, when the battle was over. They were piled up on each other, like the five men that I told you of a moment ago. One cannon loaded with grape shot will often do as much in battle as a thousand muskets.

But cannon are sometimes loaded with explosive shells. These are balls made hollow, and then filled with powder. They have what is called a fuse, or sort of slow match, so arranged that the shell shall burst soon after it is fired—either in the air or when it strikes the ground. The shell bursts into a great many pieces, and they are sent all about, each with the force

of a bullet; but they are a great deal worse than bullets, for they are rough, sharp cornered pieces of iron, which tear and mangle wherever they strike. Nothing in our fighting now-a-days is so terrible as these shells. They can be thrown over the highest walls, and into the thickest woods.—Nothing can protect one from them. If a man gets behind a large tree, where he would be safe from bullets and balls, a shell may explode in the air above him, or on the ground at one side of him, and a piece hit him.

On Sabbath night, the 6th of April, the rebels encamped in the woods near the Tennessee river, between Shiloh church and Pittsburg Landing. They had been fighting us all day, and wanted to rest so as to fight us again in the morning. But we had two gunboats on the river, and they threw shells all night over the bank into the woods. The rebels could not get much rest while these terrible things were bursting all around them. I was told that a party of them kindled a fire and sat around it to play cards. But a shell burst right over them, and four of them were found next day lying dead around the ashes where the fire had been, with cards still in their hands.

You have heard, perhaps, of a hunter who wished he had a rifle that would shoot around a tree. You see that these cannon do better even than that; for with their explosive shells they can not only shoot around, but over whatever protects the enemy. I don't think, children, that you would like to stand before a cannon even if it was two miles off, when it was firing either solid balls, or grape shot, or explosive shells. UNCLE JESSE.

The Moon and the Weather.

The late Marshal Bugeaud, says the Emancipator, when only a captain during the Spanish campaign under Napoleon I., once read in a manuscript which happened to fall into his hands, that from observations made in England and Florence during a period of fifty years, the following law respecting the weather had been proved to hold true:

Eleven times out of twelve the weather remains the same during the whole moon as it is on the fifth day, if it continues unchanged over the sixth day; and nine times out of twelve like the fourth if the sixth day resembles the fourth.

From 1815 to 1830, M. Bugeaud devoted himself to agriculture, and—guided by the law just mentioned—avoided losses in hay time and vintage which many of his neighbors experienced.

When Governor of Algiers, he never entered a campaign until after the sixth day of the moon. His neighbors at Excidenhill, and his Lieutenants in Algeria, would often exclaim—"How lucky he is in the weather!" What they regarded as mere chance was the result of observation. In counting the fourth and sixth days, he was particular in beginning from the exact time of the new moon, and adding three quarters of an hour for each day, for the greater length of the lunar as compared with the solar day.

MY COUNTRY'S HARP.—BY MRS. A. B. FOSTER.
Low, with the dust upon her brow,
Her harp beside her silent now,
My country sits; but from her eye
Outgleams a fire that cannot die.
That mighty harp! whose blending note
O'er lake and mountain used to float,
And mingling with the ocean's roar,
Bore Freedom's strain from shore to shore,
Lies quivering with broken strings;
A wail discordant only rings
Out from its rudely severed wires—
Like dirges for our noble sires—
As warring winds now o'er them sweep
From Southern glen and Northern steep.

Ah! whence shall come that master will,
To tune like this harp with magic skill;
To tune each severed jarring string,
And from them Heaven-born music bring?
Not sickly strains, to please the ear
And flatter and flatter those who hear,
But those that rouse to acts sublime,
Like deeds of men in olden time,
Who paused not in unequal fight,
When feeble right might end in night.
Oh, Holy Spirit! guide the hand
That tunes the harp—strings of our land,
Breathe over these discordant strings,
Till "peace with Union" sweetly rings,
And Freedom's richly pealing note
In sweetest harmony shall float.

MEXICAN FUNERALS.—The Mexicans regard the death of children as merely a translation from a world of sorrow to Paradise. At a funeral of a boy recently in Acapulco, the body, dressed magnificently, crowned with roses, was laid upon a table covered with roses, and carried through the streets on the shoulders of men elegantly dressed and decorated.—Rockets and other fireworks were constantly let off in front as the procession moved, and a band of music playing lively marches, and the military, followed.—No wonder the poor Mexicans rejoice that their sons are removed from a country so distracted and bleeding as theirs is, at present to a world of happiness and bliss.

A Brave Boy.—Capt. Boggs, of the Varuna, tells a story of a brave boy who was on board his vessel during the bombardment of the forts on the Mississippi River. The lad, who answers to the name of Oscar, is but thirteen years of age, but he has an old head on his shoulders, and is alert and energetic. During the hottest of the fire he was busily engaged in passing ammunition to the gunners and narrowly escaped death when one of the terrific broadsides of the Varuna's rebel antagonist was poured in. Covered with dirt and begrimed with powder he was met by Capt. Boggs, who asked him "where he was going in such a hurry?" "To get a passing box, sir; the other one was smashed by a ball!" And so, throughout the fight, the brave lad held his place and did his duty. When the Varuna went down Capt. Boggs missed his boy, and thought he was among the victims of the battle. But a moments afterwards he saw the boy gallantly swimming towards the wreck. Clambering on board Capt. Boggs's boat, he threw his hand up to his forehead, giving the usual salute, and uttering only the words, "all right, sir! I report myself on board," and passed coolly to his station. So young a lad—so brave and cool in danger,—will make himself known as years go over his head.

For the Poughkeepsie Eagle.
The Last Request of a South Carolina Volunteer.

(Found on the person of a dead rebel at Drainesville, Va. Dec. 20, 1861, by a member of Co. K, 6th Regt. Penn. R. V. C. after the contest had ceased.)

Oh! carry me back to my loved Carolina's shore!
 If on the battle-field I fall, take me home once more;
 For I would sweetly rest beneath her bright, blue sky,—

With her green sod on my youthful breast, there let me lie.

Oh boys, carry me back when the bloody strife is o'er,

And a mother dear, with a grateful tear, will bless thee evermore.

I know you will not forget a brother's last request,
 And if there's but one comrade spared, he'll take me home to rest,

And tell the loved ones there—the mourning household band—

To meet me on the blissful shore of a brighter, better land.

Oh! boys, carry me back! carry me if I die,
 Carry me home, no more to roam, there only would I lie.

I had a dream last night—a dream so full of bliss—
 Another hand was on my brow—I felt a sister's kiss;
 I gazed on Reedy's stream—the old moss-covered mill—

The lover's seat beneath the trees—the college on the hill,

Oh! boys, carry me there, in sight of our mountains blue,

In my native town, there lay me down, 'tis all I ask of you.

I saw, too, in my dream, a maiden young and fair—
 A gentle, loving girl was she, with sunny, golden hair,

She was sitting by my side, and whispered vows of love—

Though she may never be my bride, still may we meet above.

Oh! boys, carry me back, there only would I sleep,
 And the maiden fair, with golden hair, over the soldier youth shall weep.

This is a noble state, and generous hearts are here,
 To whisper kind and cheering words to the stranger volunteer;

But it on Virginia's soil I fall to rise no more,
 Carry me back, carry me back, to loved Carolina's shore!

Oh! boys, carry me back, I ask no marble tomb,
 But lay me down in the sacred ground of my own dear mountain home.

There is a lovely spot in the quiet church-yard's shade,
 Beneath a stall and spreading oak, where I have often strayed;

There the deep tones of the organ steal so gently on the ear

In the stillness of the sabbath morn, from the old church standing near.

Oh! boys, lay me there, when my earthly course is run,

That a mother dear may shed a tear o'er the grave of her only son!
 Palmetto Camp, July 3d, 1861.

We give below the names of the localities of the various battles which have been fought by the contending armies before Richmond:

Thursday, June 26—Battle of Mechanicsville.

Friday, June 27—Battle of Gaines' Mill.

Saturday, June 28—Battle of the Chickahominy.

Sunday, June 29—Battle of Peach Orchard; battle of Savage's Station.

Monday, June 30—Battle of White Oak swamp; battle of White Oak creek; battle of Charles City Cross Roads.

Tuesday, July 1—Battle of Turkey Bend.

Union Hymn.

BY J. L. SULLIVAN, JR., M. D.

Let all the people sing,
 City and hamlet ring,
 The heart-song of the free;
 To thee, my native land,
 I pledge my heart and hand,
 My life, my all, to thee—
 God keep thee one,
 God keep thee free,
 While rolls the sea—
 While shines the sun.

Time's youngest born thou art,
 The darling of his heart,
 Daughter of Liberty,
 Dower'd with a Continent,
 The yielding Zone's consent
 To make one clime for thee.
 God keep thee, &c.

Like sisters clasping hands,
 States join with States their lands,
 Dwelling as one in thee;
 Land whom no might may awe
 Save Liberty through Law,
 And Laws for Liberty.
 God keep thee one, &c.

Vigor of mind and mould,
 Rivers that run with gold,
 Arts, commerce, soil and mine;
 School bells and Sabbath chimes,
 All that make prosperous times
 For happy millions—thine,
 God keep thee one, &c.

From the wide world they come—
 Country to find, and home—
 All races—like the sea
 In summer without strife,
 Mingling the waves of life
 In one proud tide for thee.
 God keep thee one, &c.

So comes of noblest blood,
 That rolled its fiery flood
 Through heroes', patriots' veins,
 God's perfect human plan,
 The freeman and the man,
 The race not made for chains.
 God keep thee one, &c.

Virtue, thy corner-stone
 Union, build thou thereon
 Thy battlements sublime;
 Firm as thy rock-bound coasts
 'Gainst earth's embattled hosts,
 Unmoved through rolling time,
 God keep thee one,
 God keep thee free—
 While rolls the sea,
 While shines the sun.

—Zion's Herald.

THE MORAL CONDITION OF OUR NAVY.—Rev. C. S. Stewart, the well known chaplain in the United States Navy, has written a letter to the New York Observer, in which he compares, or rather contrasts the moral and religious condition of the Navy to-day with what it was thirty years ago. Then profane and abusive language was common with officers on duty on the quarter-deck; now it is the expectation to the rule, and during the last ten years, and serving in two ships in that time, Mr. Stewart does not remember to have heard an oath, and scarcely a reproachful epithet, from such officers. Then the use of strong drink among officers was general, and for an officer to be occasionally under its influence was thought light of; now the use of wines and liquors is rare, and intoxication would disgrace an officer. Then a professedly religious naval officer was a rarity; now it is not uncommon for one-half of the ward-room mess and a large number of the crew to be professedly religious and in regular church membership. Then Divine worship was unknown except on Sunday; now daily prayer-meetings and other religious exercises are common on board our ships-of-war.

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THE SONG OF THE NEW RECRUITS.

Tune—Hallelulah Chorus.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

We are coming, brothers, coming,
We are coming, brothers, coming,
We are coming, brothers, coming,
And we'll be with you soon.

Hold out boys a little longer,
Hold out boys a little longer,
Hold out boys a little longer,
And we'll be with you soon.

Left, right, left, right, we're marching along,
Left, right, left, right, we're marching along,
Left, right, left, right, we're marching along,
And we'll be with you soon.

Hip, hip, hurrah for gallant "Little Mac,"
Hip, hip, hurrah for gallant "Little Mac,"
Hip, hip, hurrah for gallant "Little Mac,"
Oh, we'll be with him soon.

Left, right, left, right, we're marching along,
Left, right, left, right, we're marching along,
Left, right, left, right, we're marching along,
And we'll be with you soon.

LITTLE WILLIE.

From the New Haven Palladium,

Some have thought that in our dawning, in
being's freshest glow,
God is nearer little children than their parents
ever know,

And that if you listen sharply, better things
than you can teach,
And a sort of mystic wisdom trickle through
their careless speech.

How it is I cannot answer; but I know a little
child

Who, among the thyme and clover, and the
bees, was running wild—

And he came one summer evening, with his
ringlets o'er his eyes,
And his hat was torn to pieces, chasing bees
and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, for I'm very
tired of play!"

And he said his "Now I lay me," in a kind of
gentle way;

And he drank the cooling water from his little
china cup,

And said, gaily, "When it's morning will the
angels take me up?"

There he lies, how sweet and placid! and his
breathing comes and goes

Like a zephyr moving softly, and his cheek is
like a rose;

But his mother leaned to listen if his breathing
could be heard—

"O!" she murmured, "if the angels took my
darling at his word!"

Night within its folding mantle hath the sleep-
ers both beguiled,

And within its soft embracings rest the mother
and the child;

Up she started from her dreaming, for a sound
hath struck her ear—

And it comes from little Willie, lying on his
trundle near.

Up she springeth, for it strikes upon her trou-
bled ear again,

And his breath, in louder fetches, travels from
his lungs in pain,

And his eyes are fixing upward on some face
beyond the room,

And the blackness of the spoiler from his
cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me" will be said
from mother's knee,

Never more among the clover will he chase
the humble-bee;

Through the night she watched her darling,
now despairing, now in hope,

And about the break of morning did the angels
take him up.

The Little Drummer Boy

AT THE PRISON HOSPITAL, ST., LOUIS—BY FANNY FALES

Looking wistfully, as if there was something still on his
mind: he said: "My mother was a good woman too.—
She would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she
were with your son she would kiss him."

Lonely dying among strangers,
All his heart turned to the South;
Longing for his mother's blessing,
For her kisses on his mouth:

For her arms once more to clasp him,
Her soft hand upon his head;
And the dear old time caresses,
E'er he slumbers with the dead.

Pleading, wistful eyes he turneth
To a gentle face afar,
Bending down with woman's pity,
His low dying words to hear.

"Lady," said he, "at my mother's
If one sick a prisoner lay;
She would kindly watch beside him,
As you watch by me to day.

"If your son, oh, she would soothe him,
And would kiss him—she is good;"
Oh, the wistful glance upturned
All its meaning understood!

Gently bent the lady o'er him,
While his dying lips she prest,
"For your Mother's sake," she murmured—
Comforted, he sank to rest.

Rest, that folds the hands forever—
Sleep, no mother's tears can start,
Lo! two angels kissed him; hushing
The wild, sad cry of his heart!

A Joan d'Arc.

A marauding band of rebels in Ken-
tucky, on their way to Mount Sterling,
stopped at the house of Mr. Oldom, and,
he being absent at the time, plundered
him of all his horses, and among them
a valuable one belonging to his daughter
Cornelia. She resisted the outrage as
long as she could, but finding all her ef-
forts in vain, she sprang upon another
horse and started post haste toward town
to give the alarm. Her first animal gave
out, when she seized another, and meet-
ing the messengers from Middleton she
sent him as fast as his horse could carry
him to convey the necessary warning to
Mount Sterling, where he arrived most
opportunistically. Miss Oldom then retraced
her way toward home, taking with her a
doubled-barreled shot gun. She found a
pair of saddle-bags on the road belong-
ing to a rebel officer, which contained a
pair of revolvers, and she soon came up
with the advancing marauders, and order-
ed them to halt. Perceiving that one of
the thieves rode her horse, she ordered
him to surrender her horse; this he refus-
ed, and finding that persuasion would not
gain her ends, she leveled the shot-gun at
the rider, commanded him, as Damon did
the traveler, "down from his horse." and
threatened to fire if he did not com-
ply. Her indomitable spirit at last pre-
vailed, and the robbers, seeing something
in her eye that spoke a terrible menace,
surrendered her favorite steed. When
she had regained his back, and patted him
on the neck, he gave a neigh of mingled
triumph and recognition, and she turned
his head homeward and cantered off as
leisurely as if she were taking her morn-
ing exercise.

FROM GEN. McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

A Stirring Account of the Battle of Malvern Hill.

A correspondent of the New York Post furnishes a very interesting account of the battle of Tuesday, the 1st instant, at "Malvern Hill." From the Post's account we make the subjoined extracts:

At one o'clock the rebels came up in solid phalanxes and pressed forward towards the guns, supported by column after column as far as the eye could reach, and presenting one of the most fearful as well as interesting sights imaginable. For some miles around, with the exception of a point on the left, the country is almost entirely clear of forest, and one of the largest and most beautiful estates extend, over which the eye sweeps at pleasure.

The fearful havoc of the rapidly bursting shells, from guns so ranged as to sweep any position far and near, and in any direction, was terrible to behold. The burning sun, which had poured down its terrible heat during the previous three days and up to noon, had become over-clouded, and the day was comparatively cool. Still the dust and smoke partially concealed the dreadful carnage.

The enemy's guns were by no means without their effect upon our side, and the dead and wounded were literally covering the field, while as the enemy advanced nearer and nearer, the old dwelling turned into a hospital was immediately under fire; still the surgeons and nurses never flinched, and the stretchers and ambulances came in with their loads of wounded. As the enemy approached General Morell's division met them, received their distant fire, and, advancing, poured in volley after volley, while the several pieces of artillery directed to this point threw canister and grape, and, as it were, mowed them down by battalions. The enemy could not bear it, and our troops fought against a second relief of fresh troops in several instances, and then charging, drove them from the field. Another column came up in front of Gen. Sykes, when the regulars met them in a most admirable and determined manner.

THE FEROCENESS OF THE CONFLICT.

Col. Warren, commanding a division, made a most desperate charge, and was warmly complimented by Gen. Porter for his bravery and the efficiency of his men. At the right a most desperate effort was made to divide the army and penetrate to the hill over a rising sweep of ground, extending down in a less sloping manner and offering a better progress to troops advancing up the hill. But they sadly mistook this point of attack. General Meagher, wounded though he was, was there with his brigade.

As the battle grew warm, General Griffin, until recently in command of Griffin's Battery—who had, during the idleness of the infantry, again taken his accustomed place directing one wing of the artillery, but seeing that the services of his brigade were needed, returned to his command, and at his first advance was met by ten regiments of rebels.

On the right the rebels were later in their approach, but when they advanced it was with a desperate attempt to turn the flank.—Gen. Couch's Division had seen less service, perhaps, than any other, and was fully prepared to receive them, and the men were impatient to get into action.

They were gallantly led by Gens. Howe, Abercrombie and Palmer, and held their own without a moment's flinching, until, when the day seemed to waver, they gave a new impetus to the fight, which seemed to extend along the whole line in a contest which lasted over an hour, when he drove the enemy from the field, his men climbing over the piles of dead as they advanced in the charge. His horse was shot under him during the engagement. It was now approaching night, and the fortunes of the day had only wavered momentarily at times toward the rebels, and the fight was growing desperate. The troops were getting used to smoke, dust, and din of battle, and the roar of cannon and bursting of shells, more terrific than ever, seemed to have less effect upon the rebels.—They pressed up with fearful determination, column after column of fresh troops, and the courage of the whole army was at its best.

The line of the enemy's attack was concentrating, and Gen. Porter rode in front of the army ordering the two wings of Morell, and Sykes and Couch to concentrate, and withdrawing Meagher, placed him in a position on the left to flank the approaching columns, with orders to charge at advantageous opportunities, and giving the same orders to Butterfield's brigade of Morell's division, and Col. Warren of Gen. Sykes', and to Gen. Abercrombie in Gen. Couch's. At this moment Gen. Sickles' brigade came up, proffered by Gen. Heintzelman, and was received by Gen. Porter, and conducted to a point a little neglected.

The engagement now became a scene of madness—a force of thirty thousand contending against fully three times their own number, plunging in with rapid charges and deafening shouts, and successfully driving them from the field. A brilliant charge of the New York Forty-fourth, under Colonel Rice, captured a scotch flag, with the motto "Seven Pines." Our troops were in no condition to follow the enemy beyond the range of the artillery, and they contented themselves with leaving them at a range where the effect of the artillery was most terrible. The roar of musketry died away, and the engagement became an artillery contest, neither side attempting to advance.

Our killed and wounded were numbered by thousands, and what the loss of the rebels was can be imagined.

As night closed in the firing gradually ceased until not an alarm gun was heard.—Detachments of each company were sent out to gather in the wounded and bury the dead, and judging from the appearance of the field, nearly the whole army was out recognizing friends and members of their companies killed and wounded, and bringing them off. The Union and rebel soldiers mingled promiscuously in the search and separation of those of either side, hardly noticing that a few minutes before they had been opposed to each other in deadly combat. All the wagons, guns and the immense siege train were safely removed to Harrison's Bar by Wednesday noon, and the army was set at work to recruit and reorganize.

INCIDENTS.

The scenes of the battle-field are both touching and interesting.

While the engagement goes on and a man here and there falls, one wounded and another dead, the dead body is left lying in the position in which it fell, the soldier sometimes grasping his half-loaded musket and ramrod, or loaded and aiming as if to again discharge it; another dying after a few minutes' or an hour's consciousness, with hands clasped or any little keepsake lying upon his bosom, as if his last word and breath had been a prayer for the loved ones away.

The wounded, if their injuries are slight, are allowed to walk away, or if more serious, one or two comrades lay down their arms and lead him off, until met by the stretcher bearers, when they are laid upon the stretcher and taken to the ambulance in waiting in a protected spot, to take them to the place selected as a temporary hospital, where surgeons are in attendance to receive them.—Here, then, come the trying scenes. The physician discriminates between those mortally wounded and those who will probably live, and the operations are affecting in the extreme.

One mortally wounded soldier asks, "Doctor, what do you think of my case—is it dangerous?" With a feeling which brings tears to the eyes of men of the stoutest hearts, the doctor replies, both for the surgeon and the spiritual adviser, that there is little or no hope, and the soldier closes his eyes for a few moments in despair, then rising, he looks earnestly for a sympathizing friend, and earnestly makes the same inquiry.

Major Barnum, of the Twelfth New York, was mortally wounded, and while lying breathing his last a friend asked him if he had any message, to which he replied: "Tell my wife that in my last thoughts were blended my wife, my boy and my dog." He asked of the physician how the battle went, and

when told that it was favorable to us, he said, "God bless the old flag," and expired with the prayer finishing inaudibly with his closing lips. A braver officer never urged his men to gallantry.

I met one soldier with a ball through his leg, and bleeding to death surely and rapidly. "Oh," said he, "what will Mrs. Ellis and Jennie do? Poor William is dead—how his mother and sister loved him. And he would not have enlisted if I had not. O dear, O dear!" And beseeching me to take a message to them, said: "Poor Mrs. Ellis; poor me, I have no mother and sister to weep for me; I might as well fight those wicked rebels as not."

Another, shot through the lungs, clasped a pocket to his breast and moved his lips till I put down my ear and listened for his last breath: "You'll tell her, won't you?" Tell who or where I could not ask, but the locket was the picture of one who might be wife, sweetheart or sister.

At one place apart from the rest men were carried to have legs and arms amputated. At three different times I saw parties of men carrying away the amputated limbs for burial. When the battle is over, details of men from each regiment go over the field and pick up and recognize the bodies of the dead, carrying them to a convenient place, and laying them face to the enemy ready for burial.

A SKIRMISH.

On Thursday morning the enemy opened with cavalry, artillery and infantry in our rear, and for a time there were some long faces, and the army was ordered under arms. A slight reconnoissance gave us information of the position and strength of the enemy, and showed that by a little dexterity we might capture the whole force. Accordingly, General Davidson, with his brigade, proceeded to cut off the rebel force, and soon returned with six guns and some prisoners, the remainder making their escape.—They were pursued some four miles. The success of this little skirmish had an electrical effect upon our men. The news was received with cheer after cheer, and the army stock immediately moved up one hundred per cent.

LOSS IN KILLED, WOUNDED AND PRISONERS. A correspondent of the New York Times writes:

In all the engagements, Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill included, can hardly fall far short, or much exceed twenty-five thousand men. Our loss in prisoners is heavy, the enemy's cavalry making easy captives of thousands of stragglers, who lined the roads in our rear, and besides these we have left thousands of wounded in their hands. Their loss must be at least as heavy, and probably heavier in killed and wounded than our own, but in prisoners it fell far short, though we have taken about two thousand from them. Included in our loss there were many of our finest officers, the number of line, company and staff officers killed and disabled, being unusually large. Our loss of guns is stated at forty, and we have taken from the enemy perhaps two-thirds that number.

The admirers of the Scotch Poet had a pleasant festival on anniversary night, JAMES DICKSON, presiding. The speeches and toasts were full of National enthusiasm. Copies of what was said and done can be had of the President.

The following beautiful Poem was a contribution by its gifted author:—

ROBERT BURNS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Old Scotia's lyre is loved of Time;
Its echoes leap from clime to clime.

Its frame is moulded of the brae;
The purple moor—the mountain gray;

The highland glen—the lowland dell;
The golden broom—the heather-bell.

Its music is the lyntie's song;
The burnie as it trips along;

The swirling blast—the ticking sleet;
The low of kye—the sheepfold's bleat;

The lover's vow—the claymore's clank
The children playing on the bank;

And legends by the fireside told
Of border raid, and rocky hold.

Ramsay has touched that lyre to lays
With simple skill, of burns and braces.

The Ettrick shepherd swept the string
With untaught Fancy's fairy wing;

Sweet Tannahill has moaned his strain,
With Motherwell's deep tones of pain;

And Scott has swung his roundelay
Of castle, knight, and battle fray;

But best and brightest he than all
Who from the old clay biggin's wall,

The son of poverty and toil,
Born but to breast life's wild turmoil,

Struck the proud lyre with native art
And thrilled his way from heart to heart

In song so sweet, so bold and clear,
The world at length leaned low to hear.

What varied, lofty strains he woke!
The muse in every accent spoke.

Wit aimed its dart, Love twined her wreath,
War flashed his falchion from its sheath,

Right poured its wrath on cowering Wrong
In the full splendor of his song.

Praise to his name! youth, reverent, learns
Life's lessons from the lays of Burns.

Praise to his name! he swept his way
From lowliest lot to loftiest away.

An eagle of the human race,
The sky was his grand dwelling place!

Men saw him in his humble guise
And looked down with their scornful eyes;

Men now look up and see his name
Carved on the heavenmost cliffs of Fame.

G A T

George Morse, the North Woods Guide, Killed in Battle.

We are deeply pained to hear that GEORGE MORSE, the well known North Woods Guide, was killed in the terrible battle of Monday, June 30, near the James river. Born in the woods, he was never contented out of them.—Although friends, who appreciated his good qualities, often tried to induce him to change his mode of life, and to apply himself to some of the ordinary pursuits of civilization, he could never long keep away from the woods and waters of our Northern wilderness. He was lost in towns, while he knew every river and mountain and lake of the vast forest reaching from the Mohawk to the St. Lawrence. He was our beau ideal of a woodsman—of exhaustless endurance—with an eye like the eagle's—equally fearless and gentle—proud of his wife and children, temperate in all things, and the best shot in the State. As a guide, he was invaluable—quiet, attentive, unobtrusive and kind-hearted—anticipating every want—always watchful and never at fault. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

He was an enthusiastic lover of the Union and joined the Herkimer Regiment (the 34th) soon after it took the field. His habits of life rendered him invaluable as a scout, and he was employed as such whenever unusual skill was necessary to accomplish the result desired.—His adventures, while thus employed, would fill a volume. Scores of Rebels were made to bite the dust by his trusty rifle. And yet cruelty constituted no part of his composition. As an illustration: While scouting near Ball's Bluff, on the Potomac, he approached to within a few yards of the dwelling of a noted Rebel spy, who, with his wife, was at the moment drinking tea near the open door of the house, which was surrounded by Rebel troops. The capture or death of the spy was an ambition with him.—Nothing laid so near his heart; (for he had caused the death of two Union scouts a few days before) and he was buoyant with exaltation when he had him thus within short range. But the wife sat in the direct line of her husband, and it was impossible to shoot the one without hitting the other. The temptation was very great, but GEORGE MORSE could not peril the life of a woman even to kill a spy; and, heavy-hearted, he retired, trusting to the chances of another day.

With the best intentions in the world, he could never tie himself down to camp life or to the soldier's drill. His Colonel knew this, and making him a Sergeant, allowed him to do as he pleased. And the whole regiment acquiesced. As a reward, they were often feasted upon Rebel spoils, gathered by our lamented friend as an amusement. It was an almost every day occurrence to see him marching into camp with eatable burthens, heavy as himself, upon his shoulders; and when any sick soldier coveted some delicacy unattainable in camp, it was only necessary to tell "GEORGE MORSE" to ensure it.

Those who knew him can fancy his efficiency in battle. He never fought in the ranks. He was his own Captain and General. He never wasted powder or ball; and every other man in the army may have been fatigued, but he was not. We can imagine him, in the retreat, leaping or crawling, from tree to tree, within short range of the enemy's advance, loading and firing with the rapidity of lightning, but with the red man's caution, and bringing down his game at every shot. When he fell, one of the most effective men in that entire host of heroes fell; and tears will be shed in forest huts and in city palaces when it is announced that GEORGE MORSE is dead.

COOL.—Gen. Howard's right arm was shattered by a ball during the recent battles, and was amputated above the elbow. While being borne on a litter, he met Gen. Kearney, who lost his left arm in Mexico. "I want to make a bargain with you, General," said Howard, "that hereafter we buy our gloves together."

INCREASE OF LITERATURE OF THE COUNTRY.—In the last decade the newspaper and periodical literature of the country has doubled in numbers and circulation. The figures are as follows:—

Year.	Numbers.	Circulation.
1850.....	2,526	426,409,978
1860.....	4,051	927,951,548

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ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS.—As postage stamps are soon to be currency and legal tenders, it is important that the public should know particularly about them.—The one cent stamp is blue, and has the vignette of Franklin. The three cent stamp (the commonly used) is red, with the portrait of Washington. The five cent is chocolate color, with head of Jefferson. The ten cent is green, with the portrait of Washington. The twelve cent is black, with the portrait of Washington. The twenty-four cent is lilac, with the head of Washington. The thirty cent yellow, with the vignette of Franklin. The ninety cent is blue, with the portrait of Washington as appearing when a young general. The stamps now in use by the Post Office Department are distinguished from the old ones (not now receivable) by the fact that the figures denoting the denominations are in the upper corner.

BROWNLOW ON THE REBELS.—Parson Brownlow addressed a public meeting in Newburgh one evening last week in which he said:

"My ancestors were all slaveholders and I am a pro-slavery man, but I say, down with every institution that stands in the way, and up with the stars and stripes.—[Great applause.] Take care of all loyalists and all their property—North and South, but confiscate everything belonging to a rebel—their real estate and their slaves and then confiscate their infernal necks. [Cheers.]"

Gen. Rousseau's Arguments.

Gen. Rousseau has been arguing with a secessionist and had decidedly the best of it. Some secessionist at Huntsville, Ala., demanded a guard for their property, to which the General replied: "Let Jeff. Davis furnish his disciples with guards. They acknowledge the validity of his government, and declare that they are rightfully subjects of no other; let then look to him, then, for protection."

A correspondent also relates the following:

"I was in his tent, when a gentleman came before him requesting permission to go beyond our lines to visit his wife. He had never taken up arms against the Union, but he had aided and abetted those who had, and admitted that he was still a secessionist.

"You can't go!" said the General. "It seems very hard," replied secesh, "that I can't go to see my wife." "No harder for you than it is for me," returned the General. "I want to see my wife. You have compelled me to leave her by your treason. You surely don't expect me to grant you a favor which your rebellious conduct prevents me from enjoying?"

"Well, but, General—"

"It is useless to talk sir. If you will go to work and assist me to return to my wife, I will do all in my power to enable you to return to yours."

"What do you want me to do General?"

"I wish you to return to your allegiance, and, as far as lies in your power to discountenance rebellion and treason."

"But General, my conscience will not allow me to do that."

"Neither, then," replied the Kentucky patriot, "will my conscience allow me to grant you traitors [which is due only to loyal men.]"

"Of course there was nothing further to be urged; the baffled rebel took up his hat and left. The General turned towards those who were sitting in his tent and quietly remarked:

"When you have rendered these rebels fully sensible of how much they have lost by their rebellion, you have taken the first step towards making them loyal men."

THE AMERICAN FLAG.—From the American Patriot, published at Boston, Nov. 2, 1856.—"It is indeed strange that the people of these United States understand so little of the proper form, proportion of size, and number of stripes even of their own national flag, the glorious "Star Spangled Banner." The standard of the army is fixed at six feet six inches by four feet four inches; the number of stripes is thirteen, viz: seven red and six white. It will be perceived that the flag is just one half longer than it is broad, and that its proportions are perfect when properly carried out. The first stripe at the top is red, and the next white, and so down alternately, which makes the last red." The blue "field" for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz: four red and three white. These stripes extend from the side of the "field" to the extremity of the flag. The next stripe is white extending the entire length of it, and directly under the field, in strong and pleasing relief, then follow the remaining stripes alternately. The number of stars on the field is now thirty-one, and the army and navy immediately add another star on the admission of a new State to our glorious Union."

Death of J. Sheridan Knowles.

The last English steamer brought news of the death of the celebrated dramatist James Sheridan Knowles, who died at Torquay, France, on the 29th of November, in his 79th year. The failing state of Mr. Knowles' health, for some time past, has prepared his friends for this news; but the decease of a man who has so long occupied a place in literature as one of the most distinguished dramatic authors of the day, will be heard with regret by the public.

Mr. Knowles was born in Cork, Ireland, and manifested at an early age an extraordinary taste for literature, which was encouraged by his father, who was a man of talent and learning. In his twelfth year he composed the libretto of an opera, which was submitted to Richardson, the literary veteran of the day. Like all aspiring youths he soon found his way to London, and through Chas. Lamb and Haylett became acquainted with the celebrities of England. He had some military tastes, and a commission was procured for him; but he soon relinquished a profession so ungenial to his tastes. He soon after appeared as an actor in the Dublin theatres. He played in the same company with Edmund Kean, and remained on the stage for some years. He then became a teacher in Belfast, where he produced his first dramas which were received with extraordinary favor. His third play of "Virginius" was written for Edmund Kean, and at his request; but he never appeared in it, and when first acted Mr. Macready took the principal part. It met with a warm reception, but he subsequently recast and revised it in its present form.

Other plays followed in quick succession, of which "William Tell," "The Wife," "Love," "The Hunchback," "The Secretary," and "Woman's Wit," were the most celebrated, and still maintain a place on the stage. In some of these plays Mr. Knowles himself took a character, and excelled in "Master Walter," in the "Hunchback."

About ten years ago the weight of age and infirmities began to weigh upon him, and a pension of \$200 a year from the English Government was conferred on him by the late Sir Robert Peel. Since then he wrote several novels, which, though successful, were not equal to his dramatic works.

Of late years Mr. Knowles became a preacher, and wrote several controversial works which are scarcely worthy of his fame. It is as a dramatic writer alone that he is most favorably known. He was twice married and had a numerous family, of whom three sons and three daughters reached maturity.

Shakespeare on the Military Situation.

Is there any conceivable situation of human affairs, whether belonging to public or private life, which Shakespeare has not described? How apt to our own times, and to the recent debates in Congress and the press, is the following extract from the first scene in the first act of the first part of his "King Henry VI.:"

Messenger.—My honorable lords, health to you all! Sa tidings bring I to you out of France, Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture: Gaïenne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris, Guynors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Duke of Bedford.—What say'st thou, man, before I ad the ry's cor e?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Duke of Gloucester.—Is Pa is lost? Is Rouen yielded? If Henry were recalled to life again, These news would cause him once more yield the gh st.

Duke of Exeter.—H w were they lost? What treachery was used?

Messenger.—No treachery; but want of men and money Among the soldiers there is muttered—

That here you maintain several factions;

And, whilst a field should be dispatched and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling ring wa's, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wan e'h wings;

A third man thinks, without expense at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.

Aw ke, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honors, new begot:

Cropp'd are the flower de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one-half is cut away.

Hanging of Union Prisoners in Georgia.

Our readers have doubtless nearly all read the account of the hanging of twenty-one Union prisoners at Atlanta, Georgia, several weeks since, charged with being spies. Barr Hendrick, Esq., of this place, has recently received a letter from Samuel Smith, of Auburn—father of E. Smith, formerly of Elmira, who escaped from Atlanta on the 3d inst., and who brings undoubted confirmation of the horrible affair. He saw the men hung, and states that they protested their innocence to the last. The rope used for the first man proved to long, and the Rebels very coolly proceeded to dig a hole under the poor fellow in order to complete their infernal work. Mr. S. states that the Union men of Atlanta (and their number is not small) have secreted the ropes which the Rebels used for hanging the prisoners, and whenever the authority of the United States is restored, they may have a chance to mete out the same punishment to the guilty which the innocent received. All the facts connected with the affair have been reported to the Government by Mr. S.—[Elmira Press.

RIVAL MARYLAND REGIMENTS.

The sight at Front Royal, when the 1st rebel Maryland regiment surrounded the First loyal, is said to have been perfectly ludicrous. Looking at each other a moment in the face, they rushed together, hugged each other, shook hands and ran around perfectly delighted, as if five minutes before they had not been in deadly enmity, shooting each other. Colonel Kenly and his regiment are true grit. For five hours they kept back the whole rebel column, and then surrendered only when surrounded.

Another instance of their pluck is worth recording. They were brought into Winchester in the evening, when the rebel band was sereuading General Jackson at the Taylor House. The General and his staff and all the officers were out on the piazza of the hotel, the windows were filled with ladies dressed in their best, and the band was playing that favorite Secesh tune "The Bonnie Blue Flag," when the five hundred First Maryland prisoners came down the street.

No sooner had they heard the first notes of the rebel band, when, as with one accord, they all burst out with the "Star Spangled Banner," and with their clear voices sounding loud above the squeaking of the miserable band, with a firm and regular step they marched through the street singing undauntedly, and drowning in their melody the noise of the serenade. Whether because the strains of the old national tune awoke some lingering feeling of patriotism, some smothered love for the old flag which they would not willingly banish, or because they admired the men who had the courage to sing such a song under such circumstances, the rebels did not interfere and the men marched singing through the whole street.

WHAT A BAYONET CHARGE IS.

It is said that, severe as the fight at Pittsburgh Landing undoubtedly was, but one bayonet wound has been discovered by our surgeons there, and that was inflicted by a barbarous rebel upon a helpless sick soldier, lying in a hospital tent. Some surprise has been expressed at this fact; there is a general impression that after a bayonet charge, if the contesting forces are composed of brave men, there should be a great number of such wounds. The truth is, that a bayonet charge is a very different affair from what is generally supposed. In the first place, the regiment or other force which makes the charge, though probably ranged as near as possible squarely opposite its enemy, cannot keep up this formation during the quarter of a mile or more of ground which must be traversed by it before the foe is

reached. Even with the best drilled and bravest men, one end of the line lags behind, and if the enemy should stand still to receive the charge, only a part of the line would be engaged at first. In practice, however, military writers confess that bayonets are very rarely actually crossed. A charge usually takes one of three turns; either the charging party, by its firmness and impetuosity, throws the opposing force into a panic, and it breaks rank and flies without awaiting the thrust of the bayonet; or by firmness and a well delivered volley at short distance, the side which is attacked drives off the other; or, in the fewest cases, both sides behave well, and then, in the words of one of our most experienced generals, "the best sergeant decides the fate of the charge"—because only the sergeant and one or two men at the end of the line which first comes in contact with the enemy's line, are really engaged during the few decisive moments, and thus the conduct, individual bravery and strength of perhaps half a dozen men, who alone cross bayonets with the enemy, gain the victory for the side to which they belong. "What do you suppose we keep our bayonets bright for, but to scare the enemy?" a distinguished general said to one who was inquiring into the nature of bayonet charges, and a Marshal of France wrote: "It is not the number killed, but the number of frightened, that decides the issue of a battle." Jomini says distinctly that he saw a bayonet fight but once in all his military experience; and it is related by one of the historians of Napoleon's wars, that when the French were once charging the Prussians with the bayonet, when the latter would not or could not retreat, there ensued a spectacle unexpected by the officers of either side. The French and Prussian soldiers, when they got within striking distance, apparently by mutual consent, clubbed their muskets, and fought desperately with their arms thus reversed.

DIS'TURBING AN ORATOR.

When our lines advanced towards Corinth on the 28th, a battery was planted on an eminence commanding a considerable portion of the country, but completely shrouded from view by a dense thicket. Scouts were sent out to discover the exact position of the rebels, and were but a short distance in advance, to give a signal as to the direction to fire, if any were discovered.

One of the rebel commanders unawares of our presence, called around him a brigade and commenced addressing them in something like the following strain:

"Sons of the South: We are here to defend our homes, our wives and

daughters, against the hords of vandals who have come here to possess the first and violate the last. Here upon this sacred soil, we have assembled to drive back the northern invaders—drive them into the Tennessee. Will you follow me? If we cannot hold this place we can defend no spot of our Confederacy. Shall we drive the invaders back, and strike to the death the men who would desecrate our homes? Is there a man so base among those who hear me as to retreat from the contemptible foe before us? I will never blanch before their fire, nor —”

“At this interesting period the signal was given, and six shells fell in the vicinity of the gallant officer and his men, who suddenly forgot their fiery resolves, and fled in confusion to their breast works.”

TO ARRANGE A BOUQUET.—Flowers may be arranged either according to the harmony or the contrast of colors. Red harmonizes to orange, orange to yellow, violet to red, indigo to violet, blue to indigo, and green to blue. Green is the contrast to red, sky-blue to orange, yellow to violet, blue to orange-red, indigo to orange-yellow, and violet to bluish-green. To find the contrast to any flower, cut a small circular piece from one of its petals, and place it upon white paper; look at it steadily with one eye for a few seconds, without allowing the eyelid to close, then look from the colored circle to another part of the white paper, when a circle of another color will be apparent. This circle is called the spectrum, and is the true complementary color or contrast required. There is no doubt that arranging flowers according to their contrast, or complementary colors, is more pleasing to the eye than placing them according to their harmonies. Consequently, a blue flower should be placed next to an orange flower, a yellow near a violet, and a red or a white should have plants with abundant foliage near them. “White,” says Dr. Lindley, “suits blues and oranges, and better still, reds and roses; but it tarnishes yellows and violets. In all cases, however, when colors do not agree, placing white between them restores the effect.”

TO OBTAIN FRESH BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are the latest in blowing and ready to open, cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer; and they will keep without corrupting. In winter, or at any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water wherein a intre of salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors and breathe their agreeable odors.

POETICAL CONCEITS.

It is curious to follow certain poetical fancies through the various expressions of different authors. Nearly three centuries ago William Haddington wrote, among many fine things, a poem to Night, commencing thus:

“When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that Night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear.”

Shakespeare modified this sublime figure in the famous exclamation of Romeo:

“O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright,
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of Night
Like the rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.”

Afterward came Morloe, who gave another turn to this same imagery in the following invocation:

“Fair, eldest child of love, thou spotless Night!
Empress of Silence and the Queen of Sleep;
Who, with thy black cheek's pure complexion,
Makes lovers' eyes enamored of thy beauty.”

Young, in *Night Thoughts*, changes the blackmoor for a widow, thus:

“How like a widow in her weeds, the Night,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!”

Bailey tries his hand at the same subject with striking effect:

“Stringing the stars, at random, round her head,
Like a pearl net-work, there she sits—bright Night!”

Then comes Longfellow with the same idea rendered prettily and flippantly thus:

“The day is done, and the Darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward,
From an eagle in its flight.”

When?

Aside from the striking sentiment it expresses the following production is an admirable example of what rhetoricians term the “solemn style”; its manner being declamatory, whilst the diction and measure are such that, like Gray's “Elegy”, it is impossible to read it fast. The contributor is a gentleman of noted poetical attainments:

THE WARNING.

“O when,” the widow cries, “shall all this sorrow have an ending?
How long before this agony shall cease, how long,
O Lord?
How long beneath these storms of war must our torn hearts be bending?
Until to let my people go, your Pharaoh speaks the word!”

“My sons, my eldest born, they're torn away from my embraces,
Slain on the battle-field they lie, by ball and bayonet gored;
No mother's smile was near them, to illumine their fading faces:
O God! how long ere Pharaoh shall speak the magic word?”

“When shall our husbands, brothers, sons return in life and vigor?
When shall their groans of anguish through the land no more be heard?
When shall we cease to see their mangled forms in Death's pale rigor?
“Where'er your stubborn Pharaoh gives the signal,” saith the Lord.

When, with the flowers of peace, shall our loved land bloom like a garden?
When into plowshares shall our heroes beat the avenging sword?
How long, O God, wilt thou permit our Pharaoh's heart to harden?
O! save our ruin-threatened land, and bid him speak the word!

God's hand hath written on the nation's wall, in plain inscriptions.
The warning: “Let my people go, or, as I live, the sword
Shall slay your first-born, as of old it slaughtered the Egyptians.”
Yet Pharaoh's heart is hardened, and he will not speak the word.

“Your sons shall shed their life-blood, and the curse of desolation
Upon your homes and household hearths in fury shall be poured:
Your glory shall diminish, ye shall perish as a nation.
Except ye heed my warning: “Free my people!”” saith the Lord.

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"KILLING, NO MURDER."

BY JAMES K. PAULDING.

I am a sober, middle-aged, married gentleman, of moderate size; with moderate wishes, and moderate means, a moderate family, and everything moderate about me, except my house, which is too large for my means, or my family. It is, however, or rather, alas! it was, an old family mansion, full of old things of no value except to the owner, as connected with early associations and ancient friends, and I did not like the idea of converting it into a tavern or boarding house, as is the fashion with the young heirs of the present day. Such as it was, however, although I sometimes felt a little like the ambitious snail, who once crept into a lobster's shell and came near perishing in a hard winter, I managed to live in it for ten or twelve years very comfortable, and to make both ends meet. My furniture, to be sure, was a little out of fashion and here and there a little out at the elbows; but I always persuaded myself that it was respectable to be out of fashion, and that new things smacked of new men, and, therefore, rather vulgar. Under this impression I lived in my old house with my old-fashioned, moderate-sized family, and moderate means, envying nobody and indebted to no one in the world.

I had neither gilded furniture, nor grand mantle glasses, nor superb chandeliers; then I had a few fine pictures and busts, and flattered myself they were much more genteel than gilded furniture, grand mantle-glasses and superb chandeliers. In truth, I look down with contempt, not only on these but on all those who did not agree with me in opinion. I never asked a person to dinner the second time who did not admire my busts and pictures, considering him a vulgar genius and an admirer of gilded trumpery.

But let no man presume, after reading my story, to flatter himself that he is out of the reach of the infection of fashion and fashionable opinions. He may hold out for a certain time, perhaps, but human nature can't stand forever on the defensive. The example of all around us is irresistible sooner or later. The first shock given to my attachment to respectable old-fashioned furniture and a respectable four square double house, was received from the elbow of a modern worthy, who had grown rich nobody know how, by presiding over the drawing of lotteries, and who came and built himself a narrow four story house at the right side of my four square double mansion. It had white marble steps, white marble door and window sills, folding doors and marble mantle-pieces, and was as fine as a fiddle in doors and out. It put my rusty old mansion quite out of countenance, as everybody told me, though I assure my readers I thought it excessively tawdry and in bad taste.

But alas!—such is the stupidity of mankind—I could get nobody to agree with me.

"What has come over your house lately?" cried one good-natured visitor; "somehow it don't look like it used to."

"What makes your house look so rusty and old-fashioned?" said another good-natured visitor.

"Mr. Blankprize has taken the shine off you," said Mrs. Sowerby; "he has killed your house!"

Hereupon the spirit moved me to go out and reconnoitre the venerable mansion. It certainly did look a little chubby, rusty, old-fashioned quaker by the side of a first rate dandy. I picked a quarrel with it outright, which, by the way, was a very unlucky quarrel. I was not rich enough to pull it down and build a new one; and it was great folly to quarrel with an old house until you can get a better. But if I can't build, I can paint, thought I, and put at least a good face on the matter as this opulent lottery man, my next door neighbor. Accordingly I consulted my wife on the subject, who, whether from a spirit of contradiction, or to do her justice, I believe from a correct and rational view of the subject, discouraged my project. I was only the more determined. So I caused my honest old house to be painted a bright cream color, that it might hold up its head against the scurvey lottery man.

"Bless me!" quoth Mrs. Smith; "what is the matter with this room? It don't look as it used to."

"Why, what under the sun have you done to this room?" cried Mrs. Brown.

"Protect me!" exclaimed Mrs. White; "why I seem to have got into a strange room. What is the matter?"

"You have killed the inside of your house," said Mrs. Sowerby; "by painting the outside such a bright color."

It was too true; this was my first crime. Would I had stopped there!—but destiny determined otherwise. It happened unfortunately that my front parlor carpet was of a yellow ground. It was, to be sure, somewhat faded by time and use, but it comported very well with the unpretending sobriety of the outside of my house, under the old "regime." But the case was altered now, and the bright cream color of the outside "killed" the dingy yellow carpet within. So I bought a new carpet of a fine orange ground, determined that this should not be killed. It looked very fine and I was satisfied that I had done the business effectually.

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Smith, "what a sweet, pretty carpet."

"Save us!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "why you look as fine as twopence."

"Protect us!" cried Mrs. Sowerby, "what a fashionable affair." Then casting a knowing look around the room she added in a tone of hesitating candor, "but don't you think somehow or other, it kills the curtains?"

Another murder! thought I; wretch that I am, what have I done? What is done cannot be undone; but I can remedy the affair. So I bought a new suit of yellow curtains. I'll twig Mrs. Sowerby now.

Mrs. Sowerby came the very next day.

"Well, I declare, now this is charming. I never saw more tasty curtains. But my dear Mr. Sobersides, somehow or other, don't you think they kill the walls?"

Murder again! Four stone walls killed at a blow. But I'll get the better of Mrs. Sowerby yet. So I got the walls colored as bright as the curtains, and bade her defiance in my heart the next time she came.

Mrs. Sowerby came as usual. Her whole life was spent in visiting about everywhere, and putting people out of conceit with themselves.

She threw up her eyes and her hands. "Well, I declare, Mr. Sobersides, you have done wonders. This is the real French white,"—which, by the way, my unlearned readers should know is yellow. "But," continued the pestilent woman, "don't you think these bright colored walls kill the chairs?"

"Worse and worse. Here are twelve innocent old arm chairs, with yellow satin bottoms and backs, murdered by four unfeeling French white stone walls. But there is a remedy for all such things but death. So I forthwith procured a new set of chairs as yellow as custard, and snapped my fingers in triumph at Mrs. Sowerby the next time she came.

But, alas! what are all the towering hopes of man. Dust, ashes, emptiness, nothing, Mrs. Sowerby was not yet satisfied. She thought the chairs beautiful.

"But then, my dear friend," she said after an appalling pause, "my friend those bright yellow satin chairs have killed the picture frames."

And so they had, as dead as Julius Cæsar; the picture frames looked like old lumber midst all my improvements. There was no help for it, and away went the pictures to Messrs. Parker & Clover. In good time they returned, "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." I was so satisfied now that there was nothing left in my parlor to be killed, that I could hardly sleep that night, so impatient was I to see Mrs. Sowerby.

The pestilent woman, when she came next day looked round in evident disappointment, but exclaimed with evident cordiality:

"Well now, I declare, it's all perfect; there is not a handsome room in town."

Thank heaven! thought I, I have committed no more blunders.

But I reckoned without my host. I was destined to go on murdering in spite of myself. The Spring was coming on, and the weather being mild, the folding doors had been thrown open between the front and back parlors. This latter was furnished with green, somewhat faded I confess. I had heretofore considered it the sanctum sanctorum of the establishment. It was only used on extraordinary occasions, such as Christmas and New Year's day, when all the family dined with me, bringing their little children with them to gormandize themselves sick. The room looked very well by itself, but, alas! the moment Mrs. Sowerby caught sight of it, her eye brightened—fatal omen.

"Why, my dear Mr. Sobersides, what has got into your back parlor? It used to be so genteel and smart. Why I believe I am losing my eyesight. The green curtains and carpet look quite yellow I think. Oh, I see it now—the front parlor has spoiled the back one!"

The death of my business. There was another pretty piece in summer and be roasted, or be charged with killing a whole parlor—carpets, chairs, sofas, walls, and all.

It would be but a mere repetition to relate how this wicked woman led me from murder to murder. First the new carpet killed the curtains, then the new curtains killed the walls, the new painted walls killed the oil satin chairs, and so little by little all my honest old furniture went the way of the honest yellow.

"The spell was broken at last," I cried, rubbing my hands in ecstasy. Neither my front nor my back parlor can commit any more assassinations. Elated with the idea, I was waiting on Mrs. Sowerby to the front door, when suddenly she stopped short at the foot of the old fashioned winding staircase, the carpet of which, I confess, was infested here and there with that modern abomination—a darn. It was moreover, rather dingy and faded.

"Your back parlor has killed your hall," said Mrs. Sowerby.

And so it had. Coming out of the splendor of the former, the latter had the same effect on the beholder as a bad set of teeth in a fine face or a rusty iron grate in a fine room.

I began to be desperate. I had been accessory to so many cruel murders that my conscience had become seared, and I went on, led by the wiles of this pestilent woman, to murder my way from ground floor to cock-loft, without sparing a single soul. Nothing escaped but the garret, which having been for half a century the receptacle for all our broken or banished household goods, resembled Hogarth's picture of the "End of the World," and defied the arts of that mischievous woman, Mrs. Sowerby.

My house was now fairly revolutionized, or rather, reformed, after the old French mode by a process of indiscriminate destruction.

I did not, like Alexander, after having thus conquered one world, sigh for another to conquer. I sat down to enjoy my victory under the shade of my laurels. But, alas! disappointment even follows fruition. It is pleasant to dance until we come to pay the piper. By the time custom had familiarized me to my new glories, and they had become somewhat indifferent, bills came pouring in by dozens, and it was impossible to kill my duns, as I had my old furniture, except by paying them; a mode of destroying these troublesome vermin, not always pleasant or agreeable. From the period of commencing housekeeping until now, I have not had occasion to put off the payment of a single bill. I prided myself on paying ready money for everything and it was an honest pride. I can hardly express the mortification I felt at now being sometimes under the necessity of giving excuses instead of money.

I had a miserable invention at this sort of work of imagination, and sometimes when more than usually barren, I got into a passion, as people often do when they have nothing else to do.

More than once I found myself suddenly turning a corner in a great hurry, or planting myself against the windows of a picture shop, studying it very attentively, in order not to see certain persons the very sight of whom is always painful to persons of nice sensibility.

Not being hardened to such trifles by long use, I felt rather sore and irritable. Under the old regime it had always been a pleasure to hear a ring at the door, because it was the signal for an agreeable visitor; but now it excited disagreeable apprehensions, and sounded like the knell of a dun. In short, I grew crusty and fidgety by degrees, inasmuch that Mrs. Sowerby often exclaimed:

"Why, what is the matter with you, Mr. Sobersides? Why, I declare, somehow or other you don't seem the man you used to be."

I could have answered the new Mr. Sobersides has killed the old Mr. Sobersides." But I said nothing, and only wished her up stairs among the old furniture.

My system of reform produced another source of worrying. Hitherto my old furniture and myself were so long acquainted that I could take all sorts of liberties with it. I could recline on one end of the sofa on an evening, or sit on one of the old chairs, and cross my legs on another, without the least ceremony. But now, forsooth! it is as much as I dare do to sit down on my new acquaintances; as for a lounge on the sofa, which was the Cleopatra for which I would have lost the world, I should as soon think of taking a nap on a fine lady's sleeve. As to my little rattle boys, who had hitherto feared neither carpet, chairs, nor sofa, they have at last been schooled into such an awe of finery, that they

gallantry, and threw every obstacle in the way of my system of reform, advocating the cause of every old piece of furniture with a zeal worthy of better success. I alone am to blame in having yielded to that wicked woman, Mrs. Sowerby; and as a man who has ruined himself by his own imprudence, is the better qualified for giving good advice, I have written this sketch of my own history to caution all sober, honest, discreet people, against commencing a system of reform in their household. Let them beware of the first murder!

sit upon the chairs with impunity, and walk on the carpet without going on tiptoe. There would be some consolation in the midst of these sore evils, if I could only blame my wife for all this. Many philosophers are of the opinion that this single privilege of matrimony is more than equivalent to all the rubs and disappointments of life; and I have heard a very wise person affirm that he would not mind being ruined at all, if he could only blame his wife for it. But I must do mine the

I might hope that in the course of time these evils would be mitigated by the furniture growing old and sociable by degrees, but there is little prospect of this, because it is too fine for common use. The carpet is always protected by an old crum cloth, full of holes and stains; the sofas and chairs in dingy covered sheets, except on extraordinary occasions, and I fear that they will last forever—at least longer than I shall.

I sometimes solace myself with the anticipation of walking about the parlor on tiptoe, sit on the edge of a chair with trepidation, and contemplate the sofas at a distance with profound veneration, as unapproachable divinities. To cap the climax of my system of reform, my easy-old-shoe friends, who came to see me without ceremony, because they felt comfortable and welcome, have gradually become shy of my new chairs and sofas, and the last of them was fairly locked out of the house by a certain person for sitting accidentally upon a new brass fender that shone like the sun at

TOMMY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

[From Country Living and Country Thinking.]

Sometimes when I am sitting in my room I hear a prolonged 'g-a-a-h!' Then I know that Tommy is out. Tommy has escaped from his keepers, and is pursuing investigations in the world at large. So I go to the window and a pink gleam flashes up from the grass, and there, sure enough, is Tommy, climbing up toward the house with slow, tottering, uncertain steps, but with a face indicative of a desperate resolve to get somewhere, and with both arms acting as balancing-poles. Then I call out, 'Hul-lo! little Tom-mee!' and every thing changes. The arms drop, the feet stop, the resolution fades out of his face. He looks blankly towards all points of the compass, and when finally his eyes alight on me, what a smile! An ordinary curve of his generous, Irish lips doesn't seem at all adequate to his feelings. He smiles latitudinally and longitudinally—away round towards the back of his head up to his nose, and down into his chin. Out goes his right arm as far as it can stretch, with the fat fore-finger extended towards me, and a more intense 'g-a-a-h!' bursts from the little throat. Then, with renewed energy, he resumes his travels.—He does very well so long as the ascent is gradual, but when it becomes abrupt, his troubles begin. It isn't the tumbling down, however, that hurts him. Like all the rest of us, he can do that very easily, but it is the getting up again that plays the mischief. He rears himself on his toes and fingers, and there he stands, utterly at loss what to do next; for Tommy does not yet understand the use of his knees.—If he thinks I am looking at him, he will stand there and squeal till he becomes convinced that I have gone away, and left him to his own resources, which I generally do; when he drops, or rolls, or wriggles along in some illegal and anatomical way, and at last stands radiant in the porch.—Then he steers straightway to the side-lights. Those side-lights are an unfailing source of admiring wonder. If somebody is on the opposite side to play bo-peep, he is ecstatic. If nobody is there, he is calmly blissful.

Tommy is a great nuisance during the 'fall cleaning.' He is always getting into the soap-suds and hot-water generally. I volunteered once to take charge of him.—I was going to tack down a carpet. Tommy looked on in amazement. Then he got down on the floor, and tried to take the tacks in his soft fingers. I rapped his soft fingers with my tack hammer. He gave one yell, and drew them back. I kept on with my work. In a minute, the soft fingers were creeping in among the tacks. Another rap, another yell, another creep,—rap! yell! creep,—till I grow tired of rapping if he did not of being rapped. I suppose I had'nt hit quite hard enough, but one does'nt like to take liberties with other people's babies. Then I took hold of him by the back of his frock with one hand, carried him, with head and feet hanging, to the farthest side of the room, and deposited him in a corner. I had hardly driven one tack in, before the little rascal was rounding up his back again under my very eye. I gathered him up once more, and dumped him in the corner as before. Evidently it was fine fun for him. Nothing could exceed the alacrity with which he crawled over to me. In despair, I at length put up the tacks, and proceeded to arrange some curtain-fixtures. Tommy was suspiciously still for several minutes, and I went to ascertain the cause, I found that he had got a bucket of sea-sand that had been left in the room, had emptied it on the carpet, and was flinging it about in royal style. I regretted to stop his enjoyment, for I have a fondness for sand myself, but it did not seem to be appropriate under the circumstances, and I scooped it up as well as I could, and put it beyond his reach. The next time I looked at him, which was in

about a quarter of a minute, he was exerting himself to the utmost in pushing a large pitcher off the lower part of the wash-hand-stand. I caught it just as it was toppling over the brink, and before I could get that out of harm's way, he had tumbled a writing desk out of a chair, scattering pens, ink, and paper in all directions. I saw at once that, if I was going to take care of Tommy, I must 'give my mind to it.' I took him into the kitchen, as the place best prepared to resist his incursions. He struck a bee-line for the stove, and covered himself with crock. I could n't undertake to wash him, but I mopped him up a little, put on his hat, and took him out to walk. 'Everything went on blithely till I turned to go home, then he raised the standard of rebellion. Tommy seldom cries, but he has a gamut of most surprising squeals at his command. On the present occasion, he exhibited them in wonderful variety, and with remarkable compass of sound. I might say every step was a squeal. The neighborhood rushed to the windows, not unreasonably fearing a repetition of the 'babes in the wood.' I covered his eyes, and swung him around rapidly three or four times, to bewilder him so that he should not know which way he was going. But Tommy was too old a bird to be caught by such chaff. He pulled backward, sidewise, every way but the way he ought to have pulled, I sat down on the root of an old elm-tree, and gazed at him in silent despair. He smiled back at me serene as a summer morning, but the moment I showed symptoms of starting he showed symptoms of squealing, till at length I conquered my compunctions, took him up in my arms, crock and all, and carried him home.

Tommy has a little black kitten, and the understanding between them is wonderful to see. Whenever you see Tommy's pink dress, you may be sure the kitty's fur is not far off; and she whisks around him, and tantalizes him in the most provoking manner. Sometimes they both run a steeple-chase after her tail; kitty is too wise, by far, to let anything as valuable as her tail get into the clutch of those indiscriminating fingers; but she frisks and gambols around him delightfully, and Tommy turns, too, as fast as he can, and does n't know that the flashing tail is never to be got hold of by him. It is surprising how slowly children develop compared with other animals. Tommy's kitten is a good deal younger than he, yet she makes nothing of climbing up to the ridge-pole of the barn after the doves, which she never catches, or scudding up the tall cherry-tree and peeping down at Tommy from the upper branches. I believe she does it to excite his envy.

Tommy was intimate only with the kitten, but he make friends with the chickens and cultivates the acquaintance of the pig by throwing the clothes-pins over in his pen. An old rooster, nearly as tall as himself, seems to have attracted his especial regard. His efforts to catch him are persistent, though as yet unsuccessful. He evidently has perfect faith in his ultimate success, however, and every time rooster heaves in sight, Tommy makes a lurch after him with both arms extended. Rooster understands perfectly how matters stand, and preserves a dignified composure till Tommy gets within a foot of him, when he leisurely withdraws. Tommy stops a moment, takes a survey, and goes at it again.

The days, and he weeks, and the months pass on, and Tommy's rich Irish blood ripens in the summer sunshine. His totting legs grow firmer. His dimpled arms forebode strength. As I sit at my window I see the apple-trees in the orchard grow white with bloom, and under them my best silk umbrella is marching about, as the courts say, without any visible means of support. While I gaze in astonishment it suddenly gives a lurch, and reveals Tommy under its capacious dome in a seventh heaven of ecstasy. Or am I startled while sitting alone in the warm afternoon, by seeing a blue eye just a naked, human eye, peering in through the lowest chink of a closed

Do not use avocation for vocation; the latter signifies occupation, employment, business; the former whatever withdraws us from that business.

It was impossible to suspect the veracity of this story; it should be, truth of this story; veracity is applicable to persons only.

I had rather walk; it should be, I would rather walk; had denotes past possession, not, will or desire.

I doubt not but I shall be able; it should be, I doubt not I shall be able.

He was too young to have felt his loss; it should be to feel his loss.

I seldom or ever see him now; it should be, I seldom or never, or seldom if ever see him.

Do not say rather childish, rather saltish, as the termination ish and the word rather have the same meaning; such expressions, though very common, are tautological.

I expected to have found him; it should be, I expected to find him.

I intended to have visited him; it should be, I intended to visit him.

I hoped you would have come; it should be, I hoped you would come.

I rode in a one-horse shay; there is no such word as shay.

He can write better than me; say, than I.

When two things are compared, we must say the elder of the two, not the eldest; the richer of the two, not the richest; my brother is taller than I, not the tallest.

Though who is applied to persons, and which is to inanimate things, yet to distinguish one of two or more persons, which must be used: Which is the happy man? not who; Which of these ladies?

The observation of the Sabbath is a duty; it should be, the observance of the Sabbath; observation means remarking or noticing; observance, keeping or obeying.

A child of four years old; it should be, a child four years old, or aged four years.

The negligence of this leaves us exposed; it ought to be, the neglect of this, &c.; negligence implies habit; neglect expresses an act.

No man had ever less friends; it should be fewer; less refers to quantity.

Be that as it will; it should be, that as it may.

The above discourse; it should be, the preceding discourse.

The then ministry; it should be, the ministry of that time.

All over the country; it should be, over all the country.

Provisions were plenty; it should be, plentiful.

I propose to visit them; it should be, I propose to visit them.

I leave town in the latter end of July; omit the word latter.

and live quietly in a little brown cottage on the border of Donegal bog, with a well burnt pipe in the cupboard, plenty of peat on the fire, potatoes smoking in the ashes, a fine fat pig in the corner, and nothing to be careful or troubled about all the days of my life.

While I grieve for Tommy gone, I reflect that he would probably be a little pest if he stayed. Already his feet were swift to do mischief. His rosy lips could swear you as round an oath as any Flanders soldiers, and he beat the calf, and chased the hens, and worried the sheep, and polked the cow, and pulled the cat's tail, and worked the key out of the door and lost it, and was perpetually carrying off the hoe, and making the gravel fly, and surreptitiously possessing himself of the whip. Fumble, rattle,—Tommy is at the door; creak, creak,—he has got it open; thump, thump, thump,—he is making for the whip; silence,—he is getting it down. Tommy! Tommy! don't touch the whip will you? 'No,' says Tommy, stoutly, 'in the very act of marching off with it firmly clasped in both hands, brandishing it right and left, and whisking every living thing, and dead ones, too, that came in his way, or that didn't either, for that matter.'

Accidents, we are told, will happen in the best families, and Tommy awoke one morning and found that his nose was out of joint. A little lumpy baby sister had sadly deranged the machinery of his life, and he didn't know what to make of it.—Formerly when he stole out-doors unawares, his pretty young mother used to run out after him, and toss him up in her stout bare arms into the house. Now an old woman in a cap came, and brought her hand down very heavily on his sensitiveness.—Then, too, he was ousted out of his cradle by the interloper, and his life was in a fire way of becoming a burden to him. But his good nature never failed. To be sure, he would throw the p'as, and the flat-irons, and the coal into the cradle, but it was probably 'all in fun.' When I went to see 'the baby,' the first time, he pointed to it with great exultation, and as soon as the blankets were rolled down, first polked his finger into her eyes, and then, quick as thought gave her a rousing slap on the cheek. Baby screamed, as she had a right to do, and Tommy had the slap returned with compound interest, as he richly deserved.

Yet, in senseless, instinctive, fashion, in his wild, Irish way, Tommy loved his baby sister. The little life drooped and died while the roses were yet in bloom. Tommy's baby sister was borne to her burial, and Tommy's heart was troubled with a blind fear. What it was he did not know, but something was wrong. He lingered around the cradle where she lay, and when the tinny form was taken up to be placed in the coffin he plucked wildly at her white robe, crying bitterly, and refused to be comforted.

Darling little Tommy! The very thought of your happy face, white and soft, and fine as a lily-cup, of your merry blue eyes with their long, curling, black eyelashes, of your bungling little feet, and your meddlesome little fingers, warms my heart. If I could have my way, you should always stay just as you are now, only having your face washed semi-occasionally. But I cannot have my way, and you will by and by run to school barefoot, and wear blue overalls, and smoke bad tobacco in a dingy pipe and carry a hod, and vote the 'democratic ticket.'

So I said last year with foolish human prophecy and now, behold! there is no democratic ticket to vote, and there is no Tommy to vote it. For Tommy has gone. Never any more while I live shall the gleam of his shining hair light up the greensward, or the irregular, thumping of his copper-toed shoes bring music to my ears as he stumbles up the yard and clatters across the kitchen-floor. A dreamy October morning, all gold and amethyst with the haze of the Indian summer, took him beyond my sight over the blue waters to the fair island of his fathers, which had been to me ever since a 'summer isle of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea,' and it seemed to me for the moment that nothing would be so delightful, nothing look so winning, as to leave this surging, eager, battling

land, and sail over the sea with Tommy, and live quietly in a little brown cottage on the border of Donegal bog, with a well burnt pipe in the cupboard, plenty of peat on the fire, potatoes smoking in the ashes, a fine fat pig in the corner, and nothing to be careful or troubled about all the days of my life.

While I grieve for Tommy gone, I reflect that he would probably be a little pest if he stayed. Already his feet were swift to do mischief. His rosy lips could swear you as round an oath as any Flanders soldiers, and he beat the calf, and chased the hens, and worried the sheep, and polked the cow, and pulled the cat's tail, and worked the key out of the door and lost it, and was perpetually carrying off the hoe, and making the gravel fly, and surreptitiously possessing himself of the whip. Fumble, rattle,—Tommy is at the door; creak, creak,—he has got it open; thump, thump, thump,—he is making for the whip; silence,—he is getting it down. Tommy! Tommy! don't touch the whip will you? 'No,' says Tommy, stoutly, 'in the very act of marching off with it firmly clasped in both hands, brandishing it right and left, and whisking every living thing, and dead ones, too, that came in his way, or that didn't either, for that matter.'

In the warm, moonlight evening, Tommy sits again in a high chair in the porch and his mother tells me of the home to which she is going in Ireland, and of the schools Tommy will attend, and the books that he will study, and she promises to send me one to look at, but I greatly fear it will never reach me. As the conversation proceeds, I am driven into a corner, and forced to admit that I do not reckon among my acquisitions an acquaintance with the Irish language. She is silent for a moment, and never fails in the politeness of her race; but I do not think I shall quite recover the ground which that revelation cost me. I fear me my reputation is permanently lowered. Tommy, climbing in and out of his high chair, up his mother's neck, and down the porch steps, wiggling everywhere, and clawing every thing, takes part in the pleasant chat. 'Where are you going, Thomas, by and bye?' asks his mother, designing to show his paces. 'Kitty, kitty,' gurgles Tommy, making a dive after the kitten. 'Now, Thomas,' says she, drawing him back with a strong arm, 'tell 'em where you are going next month, in a ship, you know over the water.' 'Cow,' says Tommy, perversely, having a mortal aversion to water, wholesale and retail. But I know a quick way to his tongue. 'Tommy, tell me where you are going, and I'll give you a sugar-plum.' 'Isle,' says he, with a fine brogue, rapidly coming to his senses. 'An' tell 'em what 'll your gran'-father be sayin' to you, when he sees you.' A pink peppermint in my hand becoming visible to the naked eye, he answers promptly, 'Ye! ga! Tom! wi! ko! yah! bk!' which, being interpreted, meant, 'Here comes Tom with the clock on his back,' referring to a clock which is to be carried with them, and which he evidently believes will be his own personal luggage. Sometimes his answer turns into 'Here's Tom, coming in at the door!' which seems to me to indicate a decided dramatic power. 'Tommy,' I say, pathetically, 'I am afraid you will forget all about me when you go to Ireland.' 'Iss,' roars Tommy, backing out from under his chair. 'But I want you not to forget. Stand still, now, and tell me what my name is.' 'Yah!' shouts Tommy, jumping up and down.—'Yah what?' 'Yah Yah!' And even when the last morning comes,—when Tommy, gay with scarlet frock and feather, and 'bran new' shoses, is borne in his mother's arms up the steps to say his last good-by,—the hard-hearted little pagan is utterly unmoved by her tears, and only jounces up and down, and cries, 'Ride! Horse!' and in virtue of a doughnut in each fist, marched off for fatherland, triumphant.

But Ireland is glorified henceforth. I see no more there want nor squalor, nor suffering, but verdurous meadow-depths, a little child crowned with myrtle and arbutus, flinging around him the crushed wealth of daisy and primroses and gold cups,

while his upturned face, shining against the morning sun, is as it were the face of an angel.

God bless the Irish! I cannot choose but love them. They do unearthly things, I know, and are a grief of heart to the sorely-tried housewives. One whole winter did Bridget sweep my room, and invariably set the table with the draw toward the wall. Never by any mistake did it happen to come right side out. Patsy had a way of swooping up all the contents of all the wash-hand-stands, in her regular round with broom and duster, and distributing them again without respect of persons.—Accordingly, your own stand would be garnished with the tooth-brush of your neighbor on the right, the nail-brush of your neighbor on the left, the hair brush of your neighbor above, and the hat-brush of your neighbor below. But Patsy is a diamond in the rough. I wrote a love-letter for her once. She came to me beaming with ruddy shyness, and, after backing and filling for fifteen minutes, gave me to understand that her lover was 'by the far wash of Australian seas,' and would I write him a letter for her. He was a fond swain, but she had been coy and coquettish, and now that he was so far away, her heart relented, Did I write to him? Of course I did, conjecturing, to the best of my ability, what manner of document a love-letter should be, and 'determining' that at least, it should not lack the quality which gives it a name. So, after exhausting my own vocabulary, I had recourse to the poets, and quoted Tennyson. It smote me in the heart to look up when I had read it to her, and see her 'beautiful almond' eyes filled with tears; for though one's own love-letters may be a serious enough matter, one can hardly voice another's tenderness with entire good faith. 'Oh!' said Patsy, with a sigh from the very bottom of her warm Irish heart, 'them is jes' my feelin's,' and even put her head back through the door after going out, to add, 'An' sure, ye must have had them feelin's yourself, or ye niver could have done it.' 'Ah, Patsy!' I said—but never mind what I said.

God bless the Irish! They supply an element that is wanting to our Anglo-Saxon blood, the easy, eloquent, picturesque race. Their rest is such a cushion to our restlessness. As they mount the ladder, their individuality lose outline, but an Irish poor family is world-wide from an American poor family. The American will be so sharp and angular, and clearly defined. They will have such an air of better days, and not giving up seeing them again. Their poverty is self-conscious, and draws comparisons. A painful scrubbiness is in the air. Everything is neat, whitewashed and made the most of. Evidently they are struggling against fate.—They contest every inch of ground. If you offer them assistance, you must double and turn, and ten to one give mortal offence after all. I know these are the very things that the books applaud, and I suppose they are out of the bases of greatness; but for solid comfort, give me an Irish shanty, where all are dirty and happy and contented. For the spare, stooping American mother, with thin hair, pointed elbows, and never fewer than forty years, you have the Irish matron, always young,—red, round arms, luxuriantly full figure, great white teeth, head set back, and royal hair. You are received with nonchalant courtesy, and your 'remainder biscuit' with graceful gratitude. No care furrows any forehead. If the baby creeps into the ashes one blacksmithy arm whips him out again as good as new. In winter the air is warm with the mingled odor of soapsuds, boiling cabbage, and fragrant tobacco. In the summer they set their wash-tubs at the back door, and in a scantiness of costume, rub to the robin's song, and never seem to look forward to a possible presidency.—They float across the tide acquiescent.—Thus poverty is robbed of its sting.

If one must be poor, it is so much easier to be comfortable about it. And if one is thoroughly comfortable, what matter whether one lives in one room or in twenty?

God bless the Irish! Their strong arms are lifted, their warm hearts are beating, side by side with ours, for the honor and life of their adopted country. Does fam-

ine depend over their island home? We have enough and to spare. From our bursting granaries, from our larders overflowing, let their tables be spread with plenty. Surely the bread, the few crumbs which we cast upon the waters, many days ago, are already returned to us in Irish truth and loyalty. And when their civilization and Christianity are brought abreast with their inborn poetry, Ireland shall come forth fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

Tommy, Tommy, I am loth to leave you. I do not see how you can possibly grow up good; but your angel, always beholding the face of our father which is in heaven may read their plans of love which my dim eyes cannot discern. To God I commend you. Wherever you go, the Lord give his angels charge concerning you, to keep you in all your ways, and even though you worship him blindly, with bell and incense and crucifix and rosary, may be the less keep your eyes from tears, your feet from falling, and your soul from death.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.

To dress becomingly and with delicate taste, says the *New York Sunday Times*, is a most desirable art, and one not generally understood or practiced by either the feminine or masculine portion of society. To follow the fashion seems to be the prevailing idea, without stopping to consider whether, by so doing, the commingling of colors tends to enhance or disguise their beauty. Fashion, to a certain extent, is absolute, but a lady of refined taste should always consider whether, by a slight infringement upon its assumed mandate, she cannot so adapt her dress as to render her appearance neat and pleasing instead of hideous and repulsive. With these few remarks, we commend the following to our fair readers:

Costume embraces both the real and artificial methods of heightening effect. Dress being necessary, the aesthetical arrangement of that dress in form and color may be regarded among the natural aids to beauty. That this arrangement is seldom governed by a delicate taste or any rational principle of subordinating means to an end, is but too well known. The successions of fashion seem rather determined by an ingenious desire of disguising the natural form, and of presenting an image conspicuously unaltered to humanity. Partly this arises from confusion of ideas and imbecility of mind in those who lead and those who follow the fashion; partly from the inherent irrationality of that desire for conspicuous change upon which fashion depends. The caprices of costume, however, form a subject for separate treatment. Here we need only remark, that whether the prevailing costume be intrinsically beautiful or hideous, rational or silly, it cannot altogether be neglected or opposed without injury to the personal appearance; since so long as the conventional demands of the eye require a certain costume, any want of compliance with these demands will, by the conventional standard, be regarded as eccentricity and ugliness. A woman who wishes to please her cotemporaries (and no sane woman dresses for posterity) must accommodate herself to the reigning prejudices. She must be very confident of her beauty, and her power to carry off with grace any appearance of singularity, before openly opposing popular opinion. To be "out of the fashion" generally implies an unpardonable neglect, or a certain insolent independence. When waists are worn under the arms, it is ugliness to make the waist divide the trunk. When skirts are balloons, a woman is held to be a "guy" if she appears in skirts that are scant. When head-dresses are towers of hair and ornament, it is audacious singularity or rusticity to wear simple bands.

Fashion in all its hideousness is despotic, and can only be rebelled against by very exceptional people. There is, however, a rational and aesthetic obedience no less than an irrational and hideous servility. Perhaps in nothing does the feminine intellect more markedly betray its weakness than in the manner of costume. Although personal appearance is of paramount importance to women—although dress forms the occupation, the delight, the dream of one half their lives and

the trouble of the other—although they are never tired of canvassing its details and discussing what is and what is not becoming—the surprising irrationality of their practice is enough to puzzle a reflective mind, until the determining motives of that practice are revealed. These motives are not, as a philosopher might imagine, surveying the circumstances from a rational ground, to secure the admiration of men, and for that purpose to cure the most becoming arrangement of shape and color. Women dress for women, not for men—a paradox, but an incontrovertible truth. Although it is to men they look for admiration of their beauty, it is to their own sex they look for admiration of their dress. Hence costume ceases to be considered primarily as a means of heightening effect or mitigating defect. It ceases to be a means, and becomes an end.

Men are scornfully said to "know nothing about dress." And in the mantua-making sense this is generally true. But, if men know nothing of dress, they may be presumed to know something of the effect which one kind of costume produces on them, and whether it enhances or disguises the beauty. However, just as misers forget the object of money in gloating over the money itself, so women, occupied with the dress itself, forget the original purposes for which its arrangement of color and shape were instituted: and hideous inconvenience is too frequently the result of fashion.

Further, even when the idea of beauty does enter as an element, it is almost always frustrated by the profound irrationality which determines the choice. Not one woman in five hundred is really determined in her choice by what she knows to be becoming to her, but by what she has seen to be becoming to others, or by what she is assured is "much worn now." If her healthy instinct against a color or pattern raises a timid objection, it is crushed at once by the authoritative assertion, "We are selling it very largely, madam." The shopman or shopwoman who would allow a dress to be rejected on the score of ugliness, without a strong assurance of its "being much admired," would soon be dismissed as incompetent by his fundamental ignorance of the feminine intellect. You must acknowledge this, dear madam, although you always, of course, hold yourself above such influence. You have a long face, and your "guide, philosopher, and friend," suggests that a tall bonnet is not becoming to a long face; but your guide, milliner, and enemy, disposes of the objection with, "They are worn so." And you meekly submit. Some leader of fashion, small, round face, finds out that tall bonnets are becoming to her, and because by all the long-faced women concluding that tall bonnets are becoming to them. By the natural tendency of fashion to pass into excess, no sooner is tall bonnets introduced than it gets taller and taller, and exaggeration produces a reaction.

There is an opening for some exceptional judgment even in so capricious fashion. Let a woman by careful observation ascertain what are the colors and form most becoming to her, and then resolutely adhere to them as far as may be without obtrusive singularity. If black is most harmonious with her color, let black be her color; and with regard to form, let her be careful to keep within the limits of the reigning model. If, for example, her face is long, and the taste runs in the direction of tall bonnets, let her bonnet be of the tallest height which will pass unnoticed; if her face is short and stout, and skirts are worn of the "short and stout" variety, let her wear skirts of the "ambiant" sweep, let her wear skirts of the "ambiant" dimensions which will escape the charge of singularity. In like manner, there is one way of wearing the hair which is more becoming to her than any other; let this be found out, and unchangeably preserved. Can anything be more senseless than to see women with fat or ill-proportioned faces dragging back their hair *a la Chinoise*, simply because they have seen some pretty piquante face look charming with that coiffure? If one third of the thought now bestowed on costume were withdrawn from the consideration of how "sweetly Maria looked in that pink," and "what a love of a bonnet Mrs. Tulle had at church"—considerations which at once determine the next order—and if this withdrawn attention were bestowed on mastering the principles of form and color suitable to each woman, there would be ten times as much effective beauty, and the tyranny of fashion would be reduced to moderation.

HOW THE FRENCH ECONOMIZE.

There are few American families who know exactly the expense of a year; they all know probably that it costs about so many hundred or thousand dollars on the whole. But every European family knows the exact expense of every year, of every month, day, or hour—the exact cost of every dinner, supper, or breakfast, of every morsel they eat, every drop they drink. Every German and French housewife knows not only how much meat, potatoes, and bread of any meal have cost, but also the water in which she has cooked them, and the coal or wood she has burned to boil the water. It is infinitely amusing to an American to observe such a *menage*. In Paris there is no aqueduct, but fountains of the city belonging to the Government, and the water is sold by barrels and pails full to water carriers, who supply families at so much a gallon.

In a house of five stories there are two families on each floor, making ten, who ascend the same staircase, up which all articles for family use must be carried. It is a rule that water, coal, and all heavy articles, must be taken up before noon, as about that time the *concierge* cleans the hall and stairs, and they must be kept clean for callers in the afternoon. In every kitchen is a receptacle for water, consisting of an oblong box, containing two or more pailfuls, according to the means of the family or their ideas of cleanliness. In one corner of the box is a small portion of porous stone, which serves as a filter, and to which is a separate faucet.

The *porteur* brings two large pailfuls of water for three cents, and comes every morning. It is therefore very easy to know how much the water costs in which the dinner is boiled. In the same kitchen is a box for coal, which contains the quantity for which they pay forty cents, and they know exactly how many meals can be cooked with this quantity. If they have guests to dinner, they use an extra quantity of water and coal, and know how many cents worth are devoted to each guest, and then of course they know if they can afford to invite anybody again. They know as exactly how much of every article is used every day.

The streets of Paris are lined with small grocers, where everything is purchased by the cent's worth, and are certainly very convenient for people who earn only a few cents a day. If a family comes into the neighborhood who does not patronize these small shopkeepers, it is considered a great injustice, and we have known them to commence a regular persecution of such a family, annoying them in every possible way. They keep coffee, burnt and ground, sugar, powdered and in lumps, tobacco, liquors, and every household article in infinitely small quantities. The morning meal in every French family is bread and coffee, what they call *cafe au lait*, and is made of equal portions of coffee and chickory placed in a biggin, upon which hot water is poured so long as it runs through black. Of this they take two spoonfuls to a half pint of boiling milk.

Three or five cents' worth of coffee is purchased every day, and the milkman and baker, of course, come every morning. The second meal is at noon, though it is called breakfast, and is merely a *ancheon*, cold, or the remnants of yesterday's dinner. For these two no cloth is put upon the table, and all ceremony is unnecessary. The dinner is at six, and consists of meat and one vegetable, and something for salad. I have seen a piece of meat, cooked without onions and garlic, and swimming in gravy. The salad is dressed with oil and vinegar, the rule being a spoonful of vinegar to three of oil, with pepper, salt, and mustard, and also a little onion and garlic. The commencement of dinner is, of course, soup, as this is invaluable in every continental family. There are also soup chops, where a pint or a quart can be purchased every day between four and six. But as often as once or twice a week they have a boiled dinner, what they call *pot au feu*.

In America, the liquor in which meat and vegetables are boiled for such a dinner, is thrown away. It must certainly contain the best juice of the meat, and be very good and nourishing. In Europe, it is every drop saved and eaten.

They fill an earthen pot with meat and vegetables, never omitting the onions, and let it boil away one-half. For the soup, they season it with pepper; and sometimes with sorrel, parsley, and other herbs and spices, and thicken it with vermicelli, or crumbs of bread. Whether it is delicious or not, it certainly seems too good to throw away. American housewives, who may be obliged

to practice economy. Children may be taught to like it, and must not be told it is an institution of economy merely. The desert is almost invaluable—bread and cheese in winter with a little comfiture. I do not mean to say that every family lives in this way, but I have been in many, and seen little difference.

One is expected to take a bit of cheese about an inch square, and a teaspoonful of comfiture. The little shop windows are also lined with jars of preserves, which are sold in quantities of two or three cents' worth, like everything else. Cheese, in the same way, a bit a few inches square for dinner. The pepper and salt are no exceptions to the three cent rule, little three cornered papers being the only receptacles for them. Cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, and similar spices, have no location in a continental family, where they never make a pudding or pie or cake of any description, and where they would consider it the greatest extravagance to eat such things. We are talking of families who have a regular income of \$600 or \$800 or \$1,000 or \$1,500 a year. Such a family does not allow the whole expense of the table to be more than \$8 or \$10 a month to each person, and we know those who limit it to \$5 or \$6, and yet who live very comfortably.—*Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Literary Feuilleton.

BY ADA CLARE.

ADELAIDE PROCTER'S POEMS.

This lady is singularly unlike most of the modern poets—she has something to say, and says it. The absence of the three or four hundred-lined poem on some dreary classic subject, which is considered absolutely necessary by most of the newly fledged poets, was alone enough to win my confidence and respect. Led on by this piece of kindness and consideration for her readers, I wandered through poem after poem, and so carefully and with great pleasure, read every line in the volume.

The author seems to be characterized specially by strong common sense, a singularly pure and sweet spirit, and that true poetic temperament which finds its metre too poor to carry the thought, rather than an utter barrenness of thought adapted to an artificial and hollow rhythm. Her mind is not exactly large in its scope, for it is not a very comprehensive one; but what it does see it sees clearly, and with justice. There is a certain dignity and repose in her verses which causes her not to tell us too often that she desires to be incarcerated in an immediate mausoleum; neither does every other page inform us that life is a cheat, and all human creatures impostors or villains; there is no morbidness in the volume, no bitterness, of bigotry none, and of seduction nothing to speak of. These verses are, besides, simple and single-minded; there is no ornamentation except what is natural, and therefore there is no run on thyme, and hawthorne-hedges, and silver moons, gentle zephyrs, and birds, and bees, and fawns; but these harmless vegetables and insects are not made to prance about through determined verses, which have sworn a terrible oath not to let the poor things ever alone.

When I give her the quality of common sense, I think the subjoined lines fully bear out my assertion:

* * * * *
"There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,
It is useless to thrust away.

Ah, advice may be wise, my darling,
But one always knows it before;
And the reasoning down the sorrow
Seems to make one suffer the more.

If you break your plaything yourself, dear,
Don't you cry for it all the same?
I don't think it is such a comfort,
One has only one's self to blame.

People say things cannot be helped, dear,
But then that is the reason why,
For if things could be helped or altered,
One would never sit down to cry."

There is something, too, specially to be noticed in this volume, that is, its quiet,

mean in a theological sense, nor in the incessant cant and bigotry which mars the efforts of the religious poets proper, but in the recognition of a life beyond as belonging to the soul in its own right, that while the satisfaction of its desires ceases here from a want of material, it is taken up there, and in the largest sense carried out and perfected.

The short poem entitled "A Crown of Sorrow," has, to my mind, a very deep meaning. A deep, large life is almost incomplete without a sorrow. A sorrow binds us to the infinite. A sorrow is a perpetual purifier, a ceaseless consumer of dross. A sorrow is a window from which material life looks out into the great spiritual world. Without a sorrow we get to become inert, gross, egotistical or narrow. But our poet speaks better for herself:

"A sorrow wet with early tears,
Yet bitter, had been long with me;
I wearied of this weight of years,
And would be free.

I tore my sorrow from my heart,
I cast it far away in scorn;
Right joyful that we two could part,
Yet most forlorn.

I sought (to take my sorrow's place),
Over the world for flower or gem;
But she had had an ancient grace
Unknown to them.

I took once more with strange delight
My slighted sorrow; proudly now
I wear it, set with light,
Upon my brow."

"The Sailor Boy," and "Three Evenings in a Life," are the best long poems in the volume; the former is written with great power and is inexpressibly pathetic.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB AND LORD BYRON.

Lady Morgan's recently published "Memoirs" contains an interesting letter of Lady Caroline Lamb's, from which we extract a portion of her autobiography, and also an account of her first introduction to Byron:

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

My history, if you ever care and like to read it, is this: My mother, having boys, wished ardently for a girl; and I, who evidently ought to have been a soldier, was found a naughty girl—forward, talking like Richard the Third. I was a trouble, not a pleasure, all my childhood; for which reason, after my return from Italy, where I was from the age of four until nine, I was ordered by the late Dr. Warre neither to learn anything nor to see any one, for fear the violent passions and strange whims they found in me should lead to madness; of which, however, he assured every one there were no symptoms. I differ; but the end was, that until fifteen I learned nothing. My instinct—for we all have instincts—was for music. In it I delighted; I cried when it was pathetic, and did all that Dryden's ode made Alexander do. Of course I was not allowed to follow it up. My angel mother's ill health prevented my living at home. My kind aunt Devonshire took me; the present Duke loved me better than himself, and every one paid me those compliments shown to children who are precious to their parents, or delicate and likely to die. I wrote not, spelt not; but I made verses, which they all thought beautiful. For myself, I preferred washing a dog, or polishing a piece of Derbyshire spar, or breaking in a horse, to any accomplishment in the world. Drawing-room (shall I say withdrawing-room, as they now say?) looking-glasses, finery, or dress company, forever were my abhorrence. I was, I am, religious; I was loving, but I was, and am, unkind. I fell in love when only twelve years old, with a friend of Charles Fox—a friend of liberty, whose poems I had read, whose self I had never seen, and when I did see him, at thirteen, could I change? No; I was more attached than ever.

William Lamb was beautiful, and far the cleverest person then about, and the most daring in his opinions, in his love of liberty and independence. He thought of me but as a child, yet he liked me much; af-

terward he desired to marry me, and refused him because of my temper, which was too violent. He, however, asked twice, and was not refused the second time; and the reason was that I adored him. I had three children; two died; my only child is afflicted; it is the will of God. I have wandered from right, and been punished. I have suffered what you can hardly believe; I have lost my mother, whose gentleness and good sense guided me. I have received more kindness than I can ever repay. I have suffered, also, but I deserved it. My powers of mind and of body are gone; I am like the shade of what I was. To write was once my resource and pleasure; but since the only eyes that ever admired my most poor and humble productions are closed, wherefore should I indulge the propensity! God bless you, I write from my heart! You are one like me, who, perhaps, have not taken the right road. I am on my death-bed. Say I might have died by a diamond; I die now by a brickbat. But remember, the only noble fellow I ever met with is William Lamb. He is to me what Shore was to Jane Shore. I saw it once; I am as grateful, but as unhappy. Pray excuse the sorrows this sad, strange letter will cause you. Could you be in time, I would be glad to see you. To you alone would I give up Byron's letters—much else, but all like the note you have. Pray excuse this being not written as clearly as you can write. I speak as I hope you do—from the heart.

INTRODUCTION TO BYRON.

Lady Westmoreland knew him in Italy. She took on her to present him. The women suffocated him. I heard nothing of him till one day Rogers, (for he, Moore and Spencer, were all my lovers, and wrote me up to the skies—I was in the clouds)—Rogers said, "You should know the new poet," and he offered me the manuscript of "Childe Harold" to read. I read it, and that was enough. Rogers said, "He has a club-foot, and bites his nails." I said, "If he was ugly as Æsop, I must know him." I was one night at Lady Westmoreland's; the women were all throwing their heads at him. Lady Westmoreland led me up to him, I looked earnestly at him, and turned on my heel. My opinion in my journal was, "Mad—bad—and dangerous to know." A day or two passed; I was sitting with Lord and Lady Holland, when he was announced. Lady Holland said, "I must present Lord Byron to you." Lord Byron said, "That offer was made to you before; may I ask why you rejected it?" He begged permission to come and see me. He did so the next day. Rogers and Moore were standing by me. I was on the sofa. I had just come in from riding. I was filthy and heated. When Lord Byron was announced, I flew out of the room to wash myself. When I returned, Rogers said, "Lord Byron, you are a happy man. Lady Caroline has been sitting here in all her dirt with us, but when you were announced, she flew to beautify herself." Lord Byron wished to come and see me at eight o'clock, when I was alone; that was my dinner hour. I said he might. From that moment, for more than nine months, he almost lived at Melbourne House. It was then the centre of all gayety, at least in appearance. My cousin Hartington wanted to have waltzes and quadrilles; and, at Devonshire House, it would not be allowed, so we had them in the great drawing-room of Melbourne House. All the *bon ton* of London assembled here every day. There was nothing so fashionable. Byron contrived to sweep them all away. My mother grew miserable, and did everything in her power to break off the connection. She at last brought me to consent to go to Ireland with her and papa. Byron wrote me that letter which I have shown you. While in Ireland, I received letters constantly—the most tender and the most amusing. We had got to Dublin, on our way home, where my mother brought me a letter. There was a coronet on the seal. The initials under the coronet were Lady Oxford's. It was that cruel letter I have published in "Glenarvon;" it destroyed me; I lost my brain. I was bled, leeches; kept for a week in the filthy Dolphin Inn, at Rock. On my return, I was in great prostration of mind and spirit.

BYRON'S LETTER.

"MY DEAREST CAROLINE: If tears which you saw and know I am not apt to shed—if the agitation in which I parted from you—agitation which you must have perceived through the whole of this most nervous affair, did not commence until the moment of leaving you approached—if all I have

said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my real feelings are and ever must be toward you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows, I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you, from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other in word or deed shall ever hold the place in my affections, which is, and shall be, most sacred to you, till I am nothing. I never knew till that moment the madness of my dearest and most beloved friend. I cannot express myself; this is no time for words, but I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure, in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. I am about to go out with a heavy heart, because my appearing this evening will stop any absurd story which the spite of the day might give rise to. Do you think now I am cold, and stern, and willful? Will ever others think so? Will your mother ever—that mother to whom we must, indeed, sacrifice much more, much more on my part than she shall ever know or can imagine? Promise not to love you? Ah! Caroline, it is past promising. But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than can ever be known but to my own heart—perhaps to yours. May God protect, forgive, and bless you ever and ever. More than ever,

“Your most attached,
“P. S.—These taunts which have driven you to this, my dearest Caroline, were it not for your mother and the kindness of your connections, is there anything in earth or heaven that would have made me so happy as to have made you mine long ago? and not less now than then, but more than ever at this time. You know I would with pleasure give up all here and beyond the grave for you, and in refraining from this, must my motives be misunderstood? I care not who knows this, what use is made of it; it is to you, and to you only, that they are, yourself. I was, and am, yours freely and entirely to obey, to honor, love, and fly with you when, where, and how yourself might and may determine.”

[From the London Saturday Review.]
WALTER SCOTT.

Is Walter Scott a great writer? In what proportion do his works retain, or may they be expected to retain, that magical ascendency which, at their first publication, followed each successive wave of the living enchanter's wand? In attractive and enlightening force, is their grade to be finally with those supreme and primary luminaries which sway and irradiate the intellectual firmament, or those transient meteors which do but dazzle us as they flash for a second or two across the sky? Three or four observations of a comet's path enable us to approximate closely enough to the law of its orbit. And after thirty years' experience we surely are in a position to work out a sufficiently practical equation to the future path of the most brilliant modern star in the zodiac of literature.

The popularity of Scott has, from the first, been somewhat of a select sort, rather than a popularity of the populace. He never wrote for the multitude, and was not of the number of those who subsist by the sympathies of the masses. Aristocratic in his tastes and feudal in his notions of society, his sphere of thought was one to which a certain style of pomp and sumptuousness was indispensable. To enjoy and love him thoroughly, one must be raised either by birth or by force of cultivation above the vulgar and the commonplace. Below the isothermal lines of heraldic insignia and gentle culture his greatness will hardly vegetate. Yet it has been the fashion to remark, on the other hand, how much better Scott describes beggars, gipsies, smugglers, clowns, and the hangings of kings and queens, even kings and queens themselves, the very highest and meanest of mankind, than the most successful of the mere photographer—there is much to which he himself

longed. How superior, we are told, is the Deans to Lady Staunton, or even Jeanie Deans to Rose Bradwardine! How much more do Mary of Scotland and Elizabeth of England resemble real queens than Julia Mannering or Die Vernon represent real young ladies! Now, we believe the reverse of this complaint to be at least as near the truth. The reader's affinity with his author has been the source of the fallacy. It is not that these ladies and gentlemen are less natural in themselves than those princes, beggars, or rustics. But the reader, it must be remembered, is, in the former case, among his own set, whom he is from familiar observation competent to criticise. He is judging a work of art as an expert, not merely as a critic. No jockey or trainer would be satisfied with the horses even of Phidias. To an old salt, the seamanship of the *Pirate* would perchance smack of the landsman; and a live "gaberlunzie" would stare at his double in the garb and with the diction of Edie Ochiltree. When the romancer of the artificially-bred middle class draws for his patrons a serf or a crusader, a cow-feeder or a queen, he is tolerably safe from jealous judgment, and may dash in his colors with a free hand. His characters are got up for company, and must be clothed, not in the most appropriate, but the most picturesque habiliments. Such art is indeed that of the stage, not that of nature; but Scott could not help being dramatic even in his most naturalistic efforts. He could fascinate his own order by his skill in presenting to it his views of the world beneath itself, through its own conventional medium. Between himself and the lower masses he was fixing at the same time an artificial gulf. He would patronize them as artistic models, not take them to his bosom as of the same living and breathing kin.

If we turn from the quality of Scott's genius to its quantity, and try to gauge or measure his mental stature, we are somewhat at a loss for a standard of comparison. There is a supreme and august rank in the empire of intellect, from which Scott's greatness will for ever fall short. He had no particular message to deliver to the world—no special idea or notion of truth to impart to it—no new scheme or system of thought to elaborate. Neither was his the living, spreading, consuming fire of Shakespeare, Dante, or Goethe. There was not merely the same unconsciousness of any special mission, that unconsciousness which seems the first attribute of genius, with which the Stratford playwright labored, just to fill the Globe Theatre. Each was doubtless equally spontaneous, equally unencumbered by any ulterior aim. But they differed immeasurably in depth. It is in the undesigned, unfelt emanations of the mind that the highest genius distances all lower grades. In the sparkles of light which it throws off without an effort, without the sense of doing anything vast or notable, there is a radiance and a heat which the world recognizes, and rejoices in the glow. Scarce a page of Shakespeare can be turned at random which does not kindle or enlighten us with its latent aphoristic force. No writer, it has been felt on the contrary, has written so many volumes as Sir Walter Scott with so few sentences that can bear to be quoted. His power, as Mr. Carlyle well defined it lay *in extenso*, not *in intenso*. His situations are effective—his delineations of action are graphic, and stir us as they would stir an actual spectator. They form, in truth, a series of masterly *tableaux*, and, with the force of a stereoscope, set before us artistic groups in all the simulated relief of reality. Their still life is admirable. There is somewhat, of course, beyond the power of the mere photographer—there is much

lively motion and many a brilliant scene. But the soul is somehow equally wanting. His men and women seem more or less lay figures, costumed and posed for effect. They say nothing that we particularly care to hear. Scott had no gospel to deliver, and, sooth to say, never professed to have any.

In this respect, at all events, he rises ineffably above those charlatans who are forever prating of their mission to amend, rebuke, and elevate society, and who never treat us to their sugary confections without pounding up in them some one or other of their pet nostrums for the moral diseases of mankind. Scott would be neither the physician nor the pedagogue of society. He came not to call the sickly, but the hale and joyous, and bade them enjoy life as he enjoyed it. Rejoicing in the power to amuse, and finding abundant amusement to himself in the process of so doing, he gave little heed to what lessons he might read to posterity, or with what cut-and-dried theories he ought to prime his soul. To amass good stories, to work up rare and romantic material into fresh and picturesque combinations, was with him too genuine an impulse to need the justifying plea of any moralistic cant. If he never rose to be a prophet, he could never sink into a Pharisee. Health and buoyancy of mind seemed in him the natural reflex of his robust and hardy corporeal frame. In the heartiness and *verve* which he threw into his pages, lay, even more than in his purity and kindly warmth, the secret of that hold which he obtained upon his age. Anything mean, sordid, or cynical, flew off from contact with his soul, as a perfectly healthy physique is said to throw off all bodily impurities. Adhesive in his social instincts, running over with humor and humanity, beaming with constitutional liveliness, his was just the presence to which the *blase* and hypochondriac run, to catch the restorative virus. The effect was electrical when he thus burst upon a languid and jaded generation, cloyed with artificial food, incapable of faith, while shuddering at skepticism. Faith Scott undoubtedly possessed—the faith of all massive, hearty natures—faith in himself, faith in the order of things and the lessons of history. The advent of such a man was like an invigorating bath to an age grown maudlin over Byronism and Werterism, or coddled over the nursery fire and possets of the Minerva Press. All other remedies for ennui were flung aside the moment the Great Unknown began his spells, to which the mystery of their authorship gave an extra piquancy and charm. Kotzebue and the thrilling school were annihilated. Ghosts were sent back to limbo. The chains clanked harmlessly in the Castle of Otranto, and Mrs. Radcliffe no more kept boys and girls tremblingly awake with horrors. The reader was carried back to rough, real, hardy times, when modern nerves were unknown—when life was active, blithesome, vigorous. For old and young, the jaded and the imaginative, there was an inexhaustible store of wonderment in those scenes of martial feats, jousts and tournaments, border forays, royal progresses, gorgeous ritual. Who did not sigh to have had their lot cast in those free, bold, unsophisticated days—when gallant knights caracoled on giant horses of whirlwind speed; ladies of peerless beauty ambled in quaint guise through the merry meadow and lea; when their hawks over greenwood, or slipped gleek churchmen rustled in mediæval braver; when romance was a reality, when adventure waited upon daring, and even the weird and the supernatural still bade defiance to nature's prosaic laws? Novel reading had till then been a forbidden, though coveted pleasure. Scott made

nation of novel readers. He was the founder of the historical novel. By the modicum of fact which he dug up from the buried past, he was able to bribe the conscience which sneered at fiction as a waste of time, as well as the prudery which blushed at it as sinful. And never was literary invention so well rewarded. As, faster and faster, poured forth the magic sheets, the profits of the manufactory rose to £15,000 a year. Novel making has from that date been one of the most gainful of trades, and the circulating library must revere him as its demi-god.

The old saw which Fletcher of Saltoun drew from an unnamed "wise person," that he "cared not who made a nation's laws, so he might make its ballads," has lost its point. Our nation has long left off singing ballads, if, indeed, it was ever given to singing them. The novel has taken the place of the ballad. It were strange, accordingly, if the man who had the making of novels for an entire generation had not some effects of his handiwork to show. Sir Walter's influence upon the thought and taste of our age may be traced in two important directions. His talent, as we have implied, rested upon two powerful instincts—his love of antiquity and his love of nature. From the fountain-head of his genius welled forth both the stream of mediæval revival, and that which has lately taken to itself the technical title of "muscularity." The generation whose youth was nursed upon his tales and songs of chivalry grew up with eye and heart turned wistfully back towards the past. In art, politics, theology, and social life, Young England dreamed of an ideal three or four hundred years bygone. The nineteenth century must be taught to build, to think, to believe, to worship, in forms of mediæval sanctity. The Oxford movement was only possible among minds over which the glamour of those potent fictions had passed. The "Tracts for the Times" were, in some sense, the logical progeny of "Ivanhoe" and the "Monastery;" and the Palace of Westminster is but the architectural development of Abbotsford. Scott's theology, it is true, cost him little thought. It came to him, among the stock in trade of his more proper craft, simply as a legacy from the past. His religious instincts pointed more to objective order and ceremonial than to self-analysis or abstract grounds of belief. His ideas of art, even in his own province of antiquarianism, were of a very superficial order, and much of the collections and heirlooms which made Abbotsford the pride of his soul might now be voted by Wardour street itself very sorry *bric-a-brac*. History itself was ransacked by him, not for its truth, but for its materials of amusement, and would be waste of time to pull to pieces his hasty and fanciful creations under the strong light of modern historical criticism. It would be not less unfair, at the same time, to withhold from him the credit of a first impulse which had yet to receive its severer form and stricter organization at other hands. To have helped to drive out the cold and vapid classicism in architecture, and the sickly sentimentality in fiction, which made the era of the regency England's darkest period, was a service to his age not the less meritorious because Scott had never set himself coolly and scientifically to work it out. Scarcely less striking or salutary in its effects upon the national character has been Scott's grasp of nature and keen zest of physical enjoyment. The breezy mount and the brae, the hardy sports of the moor and the loch, the genial humor and racy dialect of Highland clansmen, were painted by him with a freshness and force entirely his own. New types of

vas. To the Southern readers of his day the manners and speech of the Scottish peasantry were previously all but as strange and outlandish as those of Japan or Central Africa are to ourselves. A real union of interest and feeling began to spring up between the two countries. The very fee simple of all Scotland has been raised by Scott's pen fully ten per cent. Every spot which the novelist described became forthwith classic to the civilized of all nations. It must strike every traveller from the South how much this infusion has percolated even to the lower strata of northern society. Scarce a cottar or drover but has at his fingers' ends the lore which links his home with the genius of the novelist. Provincialism may not, indeed, be favorable to world-wide homage. The taste for what is simply local or grotesque may at any moment pass away among other shifts of fashion. A reaction may, in like manner, ere long set in against the prevalent Gothic mania. But herein, as we have seen, lay but one element of Scott's mental ascendancy. There remains, as the basis of all the rest, his intense and instinctive love of nature.

Riding at these two anchors, the ark of Scott's reputation is in no danger of total or immediate shipwreck. Mediaevalism and muscularity may not be very profound ideas, but few will deny to such ideas their salutary influence in spiritualizing and bracing the mind. All that Scott had to impart of solid gain has by these two channels passed into the age. He has no more to teach us. But he can still make us feel. He will be read for no didactic purpose, but for what is far more the proper end of fiction—the innocent and healthy play of the emotions. Men of mature years will miss, as they peruse once more the tales which fascinated their youth, the vivid and exquisite enjoyment of that first acquaintance. And the young will wonder at the rapt, almost the religious, belief with which their sires still speak of the Waverley novels as the type of all that is perfect in fiction. It is the sign of what the age has gained in mental depth and breadth. But enthusiasm will not be followed in this case by contempt. We have already had writers of deeper insight and higher aim, but none of warmer sympathy or more genuine human heart. And by virtue of these qualities Scott still remains the favorite novelist of his country.

MUSIC IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

By one of the happy accidents of democracy the great people of the city are for a time put in the way of pleasant recreation. A certain number of the wealthy class have purchased that privilege which it would be inconsistent with the theory of a free government to confer. Every such event as the engagement of a band of music to play in public, the erection of a public drinking-fountain by private means, or the accomplishment by such means of any single end for the refining and consolidating of the citizens, is of the utmost moment, and has a profound significance. There is a power that can expend for the champagne of a municipal entertainment twenty thousand dollars. There is not the power that can pay for an hour's music for the crowds once a week. And it is interesting to consider whether an untitled aristocracy, of large sympathies and liberal hands, is not nearer the masses of a republic than their representatives in the government of affairs. It is a thought that should bring no little consolation to those many who murmur under the neglect, and groan at the infamy of their law-givers, and are sometimes, as when a huge outrage rises upon the horizon, tempted to the treason of wishing for the rule of a crumbling despot, that they have a most benignant limited monarchy in that "upper circle" where wealth and refinement, and true patriotism go together. Every person that has faith in the influence of art to guard a people against its own baseness and misfortune, and to supply the poorest and humblest and least successful classes with an equivalent for all that money or celebrity can bring, owes gratitude to the movers in an enterprise like this, and all kindred enterprises, however trivial, and however slight in effect they may seem.

The concerts begin at a good time. When the Park shall have got clothed with protecting foliage, and the present tender sprigs and sprays shall have expanded into thick boughs, there may be other melody than that of the birds all Summer long, if so be that the race of citizens able and willing to pay for it shall not decay before that period. Then the thousands of hard-working people and thousands of harder do-nothings who, through all successive Summers, will probably make it a falsehood to say that "everybody is out of town," may invest the afternoon hour of leisure in a magnificent domain of shade and bright color, and walk entranced by the strains of the Dodworth who shall then have charge of the brass and stringed instruments, through a dream of diamond-wedded Art and Nature. But the fathers must do the best they can with the dawn of delights at the Park, the meridian of which their children will enjoy. The midsummer sun blazed upon an almost leafless Park. The thin saplings diverted without in the least subduing his fervent rays. Not the most dulcet music could persuade the people to endure the blazing baptism. We are not even sure that wealthy citizens were ready to provide it at all. But now and many weeks henceforth, during the golden season of our calendar, the slanting sun will only aid the music and the western breezes to quicken the blood and exalt the soul. The fancy paints gorgeous autumnal afternoons at the Park, when the air shall be exquisite with the lingering mellow warmth, and vibrant with the harmony that even then, we hope, the liberality of our citizens will continue to dispense.

And now the music of the band in the park will be the weekly reveille and salut of the city returned from the Springs and seaside. The tide sets hurriedly in from those dear resorts which, with yearly regularity, gleam so cheerfully in the fashionable imagination, and, growing dim as the days get short and the bills get long, with the same regularity loom up black and sad in the retreating horizon. The brilliant summer court is broken, and the train of joys is disappearing from the palace halls. Laura writes that she is tired of flirting, and without a single dress. Frederick faints in the German, and has lately been seen with the old gentlemen on the porch—sure sign of the approaching end. The housekeepers on the Fifth Avenue, and other beautiful streets, have received instructions to have dinner, and a good one, ready on such a day, and to air the sheets. Bridget, that too susceptible creature, has been counting the spoons. And now the first big round shot is fired from the operatic forces, whose consolidated strength shall shake our very foundations all through the season, and Little Patti perches on her favorite bough; and now darker shades appear in the Broadway kaleidoscope of fashion, the sweet little hats that have fondled the heads of the ladies give way to more substantial coronal, and milliners and modistes are in the throes of invention; and now old friends look at you, and smile at you, from beneath their brawn, and you wonder and pass on; and now the correspondents up in the Provinces redouble their exertions to get us excited about the Prince, and there is a heavy immi-

gration of strange actor folk wanting engagements, and the churches get up to two services on the Sabbath, although the week-day meetings are not yet resumed, and the nights are cool,—and, really, what a short Summer it has been! And the thousands who return jaded and peevish from the watering-places, and the thousands who are just quickened from their dall siesta, with all the queer people "from a distance" who are in and about the hotels, may meet, at the sound of Dodworth's music, in the Central Park!

It was a general reunion on Saturday. The sun shone pleasantly upon the turf, the water, the walks, the workmen, the floating swans, the bushes, the bowers, the flowers, the nurses and their little children, the old men and women held up to breathe the reviving air, the young men and women side by side, the lines of carriages rolling with a music of their own over the hard road, the sleek horses, the massive masonry of tunneled roads, and the delicate curves of airy bridges, the sentimental parties stretched upon the rocks or rustic lounges in the Ramble. Brilliant equipages met and passed each other, or stood arrayed together at favorite points, and the music rose and fell in fitful cadence, the scream of an engine, as it rushed past into the country, alone suggesting that this scene of cultivation and beauty did not belong to some fairy realm, where Nature was too kind to tolerate such a ragged landscape as that described in the third annual report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park.

The band was stationed, not most judiciously, at the end of the Grand Mall, and the immediate audience sat under canvas and listened to the concert. The charm of an *al fresco* entertainment consists in the absence of all actual or implied restraint. In a Park, where there is grass, and water, and life, the music of instruments should be quite auxiliary, and we respect the taste of those who wandered away from the orchestra and caught wafted strains of the melody, or paused in passing to let a passage blend with the other delightful experiences of the moment. But the programme was well made, the performance good, and cold water was provided gratuitously. We should not complain had not the taste of the visitors been indicated by a preponderance of those awry from the music stand over those surrounding it.

Saturday afternoon, then, will be very pleasant at the Park. And by degrees we shall see all classes of people sharing the pleasure. There should not be impatience of a result which has been attained in the foreign cities, only after years of culture.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.
DEPARTURE FROM QUEBEC.

From Our Own Reporter.
QUEBEC, Thursday, Aug. 23, 1860.

The ceremonials on the last day of the Prince's Quebec visit were not so public or so numerous as had been expected. It is possible that his Highness may have been over-fatigued by the exertions of the previous day and evening; but as I am not upon the same terms of intimacy with him as that enjoyed by the gentlemen who chronicle so cleverly his daily thoughts, emotions, and condition of mind, it is not easy for me to speak with decision on this point. Undoubtedly his labors were sufficiently severe. A long and probably tedious levee, a distant drive, and a ball prolonged until dawn, might naturally have interfered with the proposed movements of a succeeding day. And then there was that terrific and wonderful fall during the dances, so effectively made use of by the band of social blotchers, who soak up with thirsty avidity every inadvertent drop of royalty that happens to be spilled. Perhaps the fall had something to do with the Prince's partial seclusion on Wednesday. As an actual occurrence, it was, to be sure, a most insignificant and commonplace fall; but as subsequently recorded, it was one of the most prodigious events that ever claimed the attention of an eager public. A strange and complicated fall, for, according to testimony which nobody ever cared to dispute, it happened in at least three totally different ways, each equally startling, and with no less than three different persons. It does not seem natural that a Prince, any more than the next mortal, should possess the faculty of falling upon his back and upon his face at the same time; or that he could pick up his partner and be picked up by her at the same instant; but the evidence points strongly to just this state of things. At all events, there was a fall; that is agreed upon; and any person who chooses to follow the imaginative lead of those who erect such stately fabrics of fiction on the flimsiest foundations as have been reared about the pathway of the royal visitor, may easily believe that either physical injury, or moral desolation brought on by bashful consciousness of error, induced the Prince's fall.

the more popular festivities of the closing day.

He did not visit Lorette, where a dozen or two of half-breed Indians, who called themselves a tribe, appeared dressed in a style of the most remorseless caricature, and went through such national and illustrative diversions as dancing "The Lancers" and drinking deeply of beer; and where an imperfect set of horse-races was made up; and where one of the most beautiful cascade in the world murmuringly rebuked the silly shams that surrounded it. But he went in the morning to the Laval University, a Roman Catholic institution, where addresses were exchanged, and in the afternoon to the Ursuline Convent, where he was welcomed by some fifty of the inmates, with songs as well as words of greeting. He subsequently visited the citadel, and rode for the last time through the lines of evergreens and beneath the arches which adorned the streets. In the evening a fair display of fireworks was offered. The only serious accident of the visit here occurred. A frail platform, crowded with spectators, broke in pieces, and precipitated some hundreds of persons to the ground. A few were severely injured, but none, I believe, fatally. This morning, at 10 o'clock, the royal party took leave of Quebec, and started in the steamboat Kingston, for Montreal, where the most important ceremonies and the most extensive celebrations of the tour await them.

MONTREAL, Friday, Aug. 24, 1860.

The weather, true to its usual course, was to-day intolerable. The Prince's approach is always proclaimed by storms. A violent rain in the morning caused the postponement of the landing and public procession, arranged for this afternoon, until to-morrow. But as the appointed hour drew near, the heavy clouds rolled away, and all was clear for a while. So it would have been better to have allowed no interruption.

MONTREAL, Saturday, Aug. 25, 1860.

On the arrival of the Prince at Montreal on Saturday, the Mayor presented the following address:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS: We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of the City of Montreal, most respectfully beg leave to approach your Royal Highness, to felicitate you on behalf of the citizens of Montreal on your safe arrival in this Province, and to offer to your Royal Highness our most cordial and hearty welcome to this city.

We avail ourselves of this propitious occasion of a visit from the heir apparent of the British throne to express to your Royal Highness our devoted loyalty and attachment to the person and Government of our most gracious sovereign your illustrious mother; to declare our humble but fervent admiration of her wisdom, moderation, and justice, as our sovereign, and our love and veneration of the virtues and graces which adorn her private life.

As circumstances did not permit our beloved Queen to honor this distant but important section of her empire with a personal visit, Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on her faithful Canadian subjects the next dearest boon it was in her power to bestow, by authorizing this most welcome visit of your Royal Highness. This gracious manifestation of Her Majesty's consideration and regard is hailed with thankfulness and joy by all her loyal and beloved subjects in these provinces; but we beg most respectfully to assure your Royal Highness that by none among the millions who compose their number is it more highly esteemed, more fully appreciated, or more enthusiastically felt and acknowledged, than by Her Majesty's devoted and loyal subjects, the citizens of Montreal.

The immediate object of your Royal Highness's most gratifying visit to Canada is to open the Victoria Bridge—that magnificent monument of enterprise and skill—which the name and prosperity of this city will be most intimately connected—most permanently identified. In this stupendous work your Royal Highness will not fail to observe how natural obstacles, and a most insurmountable in their ponderous strength and complicated variety, have been triumphantly overcome by the combined power of British enterprise and capital, and of Canadian energy and skill. And we beg to assure your Royal Highness that this wonderful achievement of engineering and mechanical perfection will henceforth possess a new claim on our interests and regards, as ocated as it must evermore be in our memories and affection with this auspicious visit of your Royal Highness, and the interesting ceremony of its perfect consummation by your Royal Highness's hands.

We earnestly hope your Royal Highness's visit to this city will be one of unmixd satisfaction and delight, and we pledge ourselves for the citizens of Montreal, that they will one and all esteem it the highest gratification and honor to use every means in their power to render your too short stay among them agreeable, happy and comfortable.

We pray that your Royal Highness will be pleased to communicate to our most gracious Queen, your royal and beloved mother, our feelings of ardent loyalty and devotion to her royal person and crown, and our lively gratitude and acknowledgments for this last gracious evidence of her royal condescension and favor, your Royal Highness's most welcome and grateful visit to this city and province.

To this the Prince replied as follows:

GENTLEMEN: The address you have just presented to me, in which you proclaim your loyalty to the Queen and attachment to the British Crown, demands my warmest acknowledgments. The impression made upon me by the kind and cordial reception which has been accorded to me on this, my first visit to Canada, can never fade from my mind, and deeply will the Queen be gratified by the proofs that it affords that the interest which she takes in the welfare of this portion of

my presence among you, is met on their part by feelings of affectionate devotion to herself and family for myself, I rejoice at the opportunity which has been afforded me of visiting this city, a great emporium of the trade of Canada, and whose growing prosperity offers so striking an example of what may be effected by energy and enterprise under the influence of freedom. But that this prosperity may be still further enlarged is my earnest hope, and there can be no doubt that by the time of the completion of that stupendous monument of engineering skill and labor which have come in the name of the Queen to inaugurate and new sources of wealth will be opened to your citizens, and new links, new elements of power developed, and new links forged, to bind together in peaceful cooperation the exertions of a wide-spread and rapidly increasing population.

The exercises attending the inauguration of the Crystal Palace were few and very simple. After some music, Sir Edmund Head made an address, to which the Prince thus replied:

"Most readily I consent to the request you have made, a request more agreeable because it is conveyed to me by my kind friend, your excellent Governor General. I am not ignorant of the high position obtained by Canada in the great exhibition of 1851, which the Prince Consort, and as carrying out the design of that memorable undertaking the smaller, but to Canada most interesting collection of the products of your pathy, and claims my best wishes for its success. I hope and believe it will realize all the objects for which it has been designed."

The Prince then declared the exhibition open, and walked round inspecting the articles.

Lady Franklin was present. The next event of the day was the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Victoria Bridge.

The approach to the bridge was lined with seats, to which persons were admitted only by ticket. Inside the abutment were seats for the higher classes, covered with red cloth, while the gallery above was reserved for the families of the legislators. A scaffold was erected for the Prince near the corner-stone, which was slightly raised, together with an apparatus for lowering the stone. The Prince and suite having ascended the platform, the builder of the bridge handed him a silver trowel, the handle of which was made of Canadian beaver. On the blade was an inscription commemorative of the completion of the bridge by the Prince, and a representation of Victoria Bridge. The mortar having been placed under the stone by the masons, the Prince took a little on the trowel and spread it under the stone. The latter was then slowly lowered, and the Prince tapped it three times with a wooden mallet. The ceremony completed, the Prince entered the car, proceeded to the center arch of the bridge, fastened two rivets, and then went across to St. Lambert's.

In commemoration of the inauguration of the bridge by the Prince, a gold medal has been struck, which is a beautiful specimen of art. It bears on its face a representation of a train of cars just emerging from the bridge, while in the foreground are visible a steamer ascending, and a raft coming down the river. Above the bridge are the armorial bearings of the Canadian Provinces, the figures of which are in bold relief.

The inscription is as follows:

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE MEDAL.
THE VICTORIA BRIDGE OF MONTREAL.
The greatest work of
ENGINEERING SKILL
in the world.
Publicly inaugurated and opened in 1860.
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Attached to the arms are the names of Ross and Stevenson, the engineers. Three circular medallions on the reverse of the medal contain the busts of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, all well delineated.

The medallion of the Queen is supported by an oak branch, with a branch of roses overhead; Prince Albert is supported by an oak branch with a thistle overhead, while the Prince of Wales's medallion has his crest and motto, "Ich Dien," with a branch of shamrock on one side and a beaver on the other. The royal arms and legend of England in high relief surmount the whole. In the center, is the following inscription:

The Victoria Bridge consists of 23 spans, 242 feet each, and one in center 330 feet, with a long abutment on each bank of the river. The tubes are iron, 22 feet high, 16 feet wide, and weigh 6,000 tons, supported on 24 piers, containing 250,000 tons of stone, measuring 3,600,000 cubic feet. Extreme length, two miles. Cost, \$7,000,000.

The Marriage of the Prince of Wales.

All England in an Ecstasy of Enthusiasm.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN LONDON.

Insufficient Arrangements of the Authorities.

SIX WOMEN KILLED IN THE CROWD.

The Marriage Ceremonies at Windsor Castle.

POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN POLAND

The Inman steamer *Etna*, Capt. Brooks, which left Liverpool at noon on the 11th, and Queenstown on the afternoon of the 12th inst., arrived here at an early hour yesterday morning.

The Hamburg steamship *Saxonia* Capt. Enzens, from Hamburg, via Southampton the 11th inst., with merchandise and passengers, also arrived yesterday morning.

The *Bavaria* arrived at Southampton on the 8th inst.

The *Asia* reached Queenstown at about 6 o'clock on the evening of the 8th, and Liverpool at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th.

The *City of Washington* arrived at Queenstown about 8 A. M. on the 11th inst.

The news is quite meagre save as relates to the royal wedding in England, and its attendant festivities.

The English journals teem with accounts of the triumphal journey of the Prince of Wales and the Princess ALEXANDRA from Gravesend, through London, to Windsor, and of the royal wedding, to the exclusion almost of all other topics.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

INTRODUCTION.

From the *London Times*, March 11.

Yesterday, the marriage ceremony in which the English nation feels so deep an interest was performed with fitting pomp and solemnity at Windsor. The fair Princess, who landed on Saturday morning a stranger to the people, their habits and modes of thought, is now a member of our State, the partner for life of the heir apparent to the throne, and, if the favorable omens under which that union was contracted be verified in the event, is destined to play a not unimportant part in the history of the Royal House of England. For the last quarter of a century we have been so favored, as compared with other nations, in the rule under which it is our privilege to dwell, that we have well-nigh forgotten that there can be such things as injudicious or even indifferent rulers. Lecturers and historians, indeed, dwell on the events of the civil war, and of the period before the Reform bill, as conveying lessons both to Kings and subjects; but in practice we have fallen into the habit of thinking that what is now will always be. Yet it needs but a slight retrospective glance to discern the magnitude of the influences for good or evil which can be exercised by a single well or ill-assorted union. The example of a sovereign nearly related to the present monarch was as pernicious in its effects as the mild and pure influences of her sway have proved beneficial. Hence the instinctive interest which the nation felt in the nuptials just solemnized, and its readiness to share in what was willingly accepted as a marriage of affection. From the moment of its first promulgation the proposed alliance with Denmark was decidedly popular, and the feeling in its favor was gaining day by day, till the culminating point was reached at sight of the fair face which has left home and kindred to become the adopted daughter of England. Among the Orders of Danish Knighthood there is one the ranks of which are open equally to male and female knights, and its name seems singularly applicable to the event which has taken place. Let us hope that in the happiness the Prince and Princess of Wales may mutually derive, the advantages they will each obtain from the counsels and sympathy of the other, above all, in the results of their marriage, as these will affect the nation at large, the English people may feel justified in applying to their union the title of the third Danish Order—"La Parfaite Alliance."

WINDSOR AND THE PROCESSION.

From an early hour the town of Windsor was astir. At 11½ o'clock precisely seven of the Royal carriages, with an escort of Horse Guards, left the Castle and proceeded in the direction of St. George's.

