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Moral Song on Money.

Money is not happiness;
Wealth may coexist with gout;
Buys the physio, meretricious,
Which you can't be cured without.
Money is not nutron—no;
Money is not beer or wine;
But to lack it is to owe
Grievous bills, or not to dine.
Money occupies the purse;
Happiness is in the mind;
Else its state is the reverse—
Woe with indigence combined.
Happiness you purchase through
Money that you wisely spend.
Money is the means unto
Happiness, and that's the end.
Who can keep a conscience clear,
That can have a mind at rest,
That of rain lives with fear
Ever gnawing at his breast?
Others' happiness you own
Would you render if you could?
Tie by money's aid alone
You can do your Species good.
Happiness he may, below,
Find, with money who abounds;
None else can until they go
To the Happy Hunting-grounds.
Money when a man desires,
Ten to one his mind is dus,
And that presently he'll see
Out of cash to swindle you.

THE VASA D'AGUA.

One very hot evening, in the year 1815 the curate of San Pedro, a village distant but a few leagues from Seville, returned very much fatigued to his poor home, where his worthy housekeeper, Senora Margarita, about seventy years of age, awaited him. However much any one might have been accustomed to distress and privation among the Spaniards, and how much more to be struck with the evidence of poverty in the house of the priest. The nakedness of the walls, and scantiness of the furniture, were the more apparent from a certain air about them of better days. Senora Margarita had just prepared for her master's supper an olla porrida, which, notwithstanding the name, and high-sounding name, was nothing more than the remains of his dinner, which she had disguised with the greatest skill. The curate, gratified at the color of this savory dish, exclaimed—
"Thank God, Senora, for this dainty dish. By San Pedro's friend, you may well bless your stars to find such a supper in the house of your host."
At the word host, Margarita raised her eyes, and beheld a stranger who accompanied her master. The face of the old dame assumed suddenly an expression of wrath and disappointment. Her angry glances fell on the new comer, and again her master, who looked down, and said with the timidity of a child who dreads the remonstrances of his parents—
"Peace, Margarita! Where there is enough for two there is always enough for three, and you would not have wished me to leave a Christian to starve? He has not eaten for three days."
"Santa Maria! he a Christian! He looks more like a robber," the stranger interposed to her housekeeper left the room. During this parley, the curate remained motionless at the threshold of the door. He was tall, with long black hair and flashing eyes; his clothes were in tatters, and the long rifle which he carried excited distrust rather than favor.
"Must I go away?" he inquired.
The curate replied with an emphatic gesture—
"Never shall he whom I shelter be driven away or made unwelcome; but sit down, put aside your gun, let us say grace, and eat of my bread."
"I never quit my weapon. As the proverb says, two friends are one. My rifle is my best friend, and I shall keep it between my knees. Though you may not send me from your house till it suits me, there are others who would make me leave your house with my will, and perhaps headless. Now to your health; let us eat."
The curate himself, although a man of good appetite, was amazed at the voracity of the stranger, who seemed to bolt rather than eat almost the whole of the dish, besides drinking the whole flask of wine, and saving none for his host, scarcely a morsel of the enormous loaf which occupied a corner of the table. Whilst he was eating so voraciously, he started at the slightest noise. If a gust of wind suddenly closed the door, he sprang up, and leveling his rifle, seemed determined to repel intrusion. Having recovered from his alarm, he sat down again and went on with his repast. "Now," said he, speaking with his mouth full, "I must tax your kindness to the utmost. I am wounded in the thigh, and eight days have passed without its being dressed. Give me a few bits of linen: then you shall be rid of me."
"I do not wish to rid myself of you," replied the curate, interested in his guest, in spite of his threatening demeanor, by his strange exciting conversation. "I am somewhat of a doctor. You will not have the awkwardness of a country barber, or dirty bandages to complain of, as you shall see." So speaking, he drew forth from a closet a bundle containing all things needed, and turning up his sleeves, prepared himself to discharge the duty of a surgeon.
The wound was deep, a ball having passed through the stranger's thigh, who, to be able to walk, must have exerted a strength and courage more than human. "You will not be able to proceed on your journey to-day," said the curate, probing the wound with the satisfaction of an amateur artist. "You must remain here to-night. Good rest will restore your health and abate the inflammation, and the swelling will go down."
"I must depart to-day, at this very hour," replied the stranger, with a mournful sigh. There are some who mourn for me, others who seek me," he added, with a ferocious smile. "Come, have you done your dressing? Good; here am I light and easy, as if I never had been wounded. Give me a loaf, take this piece of gold in payment for

your hospitality, and farewell." The curate refused the tendered gold, with emphasis. "As you please, farewell." So saying, the stranger departed, taking with him the loaf which Margarita had so unwillingly brought at her mistress's order. Soon his tall figure disappeared in the foliage of the wood which surrounded the village.
An hour later, the report of firearms was heard. The stranger reappeared, bleeding, and wounded in the breast. He was ghastly, as if dying.
"Here," said he, presenting to the old priest some pieces of gold. "My children—in the ravine—in the wood—near the little brook."
He fell, just as half a dozen soldiers rushed in, arms in hand. They met with no resistance from the wounded man, whom they closely bound, and, after some time, allowed the priest to dress his wound; but in spite of all his remarks and warnings, of moving a man so severely wounded, they placed him on a cart.

"Basta," they said, "he can but die. He is the great robber, Don Jose della Ribera." Jose thanked the good priest by a motion of his head, then asked for a glass of water, and as the priest stooped to put it to his lips, he faintly said, "You remember?"

The curate replied with a nod, and when the troop had departed, in spite of the remonstrances of Margarita, who represented to him the danger of going out at night, and the impropriety of such a step, he quickly crossed the wood towards the ravine, and there found the dead body of a woman—killed, no doubt, by some stray shot from the soldiers. A baby lay at her breast, and by her side a little boy of about four years old, who was endeavoring to wake her, pulling her by the sleeve, thinking she had fallen asleep, and calling her mamma. One may judge of Margarita's surprise when the curate returned with two children on his arms. "Santa Madre! what can this mean? What will you do in the night? We have not even sufficient food for ourselves, and yet you bring two children. I must go and beg from door to door for them and ourselves. And who are these children? The sons of a bandit—a gypsy; and what name have they? Have they been baptized?"
At this moment, the infant uttered a plaintive cry. "What will you do to feed the baby? We cannot afford a nurse; we must use a bottle, and you have no idea of the wretched nights we shall have with him."
"You will sleep, in spite of all," replied the good curate.
"O! Santa Maria, he cannot be more than six months old! Happily I have a little milk here: I must warm it, and forgetting her anger, Margarita took the infant from the priest, kissed it, and bathed it to rest. She knelt before the fire, stirred the embers to heat the milk quicker, and when the little one had enough, she put him to sleep, and the other had his turn. Whilst Margarita gave him some supper, undressed him, and made him a bed for the night of the priest's cloak, the good old man related to her how he had found the children, and in what manner they had been bequeathed to him.
"Oh! that is fine and good," said Margarita; "but how can they and we be?"
The curate took the Bible, and read aloud—
"Whoever shall give, even a cup of cold water, to one of the least, being my disciple; verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."
"Amen!" responded the housekeeper.

The next day, the good father ordered the burial of the poor woman, and he himself read the service over her grave.
Two years afterward, the curate of San Pedro, then seventy years of age, was warming himself in the sun in front of his house. It was winter, and there had been no sunshine for two days previously.
Beside him stood a boy, ten or twelve years old, reading aloud the daily prayers, and from time to time casting a look of envy on a youth of about sixteen, tall, handsome, and muscular, who labored in the garden adjoining that of the priest. Margarita, being now blind, was listening attentively, when the youngest boy exclaimed—"O! what a beautiful coach!" as splendid equipage drove up near the door.
A domestic, richly dressed, dismounted, and asked the old priest to give him a glass of water for his master.
"Carlos," said the priest to the younger boy, "give this nobleman a glass of water, and add to it a glass of wine, if he will accept it. Be quick!"
The gentleman alighted from the coach. He seemed about fifty.
"Are the children your nephews?" inquired he.
"Much better," said the priest; "they are mine—by adoption, be it understood."
"How so?"
"I shall tell you, as I can refuse nothing to such a gentleman for poor and inexperienced in the world as I am, I need good advice how best to provide for these two boys."
"Make ensigns of them in the king's guards; and in order to keep up a suitable appearance, he must allow them a pension of six thousand ducats."
"Ask, your advice, my lord, not mockery."
"Then you must have your church rebuilt, and by the side of it a pretty parsonage house, with handsome iron railings to enclose the whole. When this work is complete, it shall be called the church of the Vasa d'agua, (Glass of Water). Here is the plan of it; will it suit you?"
"What do you mean?"
"These features—this voice means that I am Don Jose della Ribera. Twelve years ago I was the brigand Jose. I escaped from prison, and the times have changed. From a chief of robbers, I have become the chief of a party. You befriended me. You have been a father to my children. Let them come to embrace me—let them come!" and he opened his arms to receive them. They fell on his bosom.
When he had long pressed them, and kissed them, by turns, with tears, and half uttered expressions of gratitude, he held out his hand to the old priest.
"Well, my father, will you not accept the church?"

The curate, greatly moved, turned to Margarita, and said—"Whosoever shall give, even a cup of cold water, to one of the least, being my disciple; verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."
"Amen!" responded the old dame, who wept for joy at the happiness of her master, and his children by adoption, at whose departure she also grieved.
Twelve months afterwards, Don Jose della Ribera and his two sons attended at the consecration of the church of San Pedro, one of the prettiest churches in the environs of Seville.

A Fatal Familiar.

In Jersey City, according to the *Journal*, there is a physician who has won considerable fame from the successful cures he has made both in medicine and surgery. For some years past, the doctor says, whenever one of his patients dies, no matter where he is, what time, day or night, a small white butterfly comes directly to him, and flits about until it has attracted his notice, when it departs. The moment the doctor sees the little winged messenger of death, he is at once made aware of the demise of his patient; and if at night the notice comes to him, he invariably remains in his office in the morning in order to give a certificate of death. The first time the doctor ever saw this butterfly was a few years ago, while he was looking at the body of a dead child, which was very dear to him, and the butterfly alighted on the breast of the child, and there remained, slowly raising its wings up and down, until the body was closed up in its little coffin. A few evenings since, while the doctor was attending a patient in Clark place, the butterfly entered the window, and commenced flitting about the doctor's head; he looked up at it, and one of the ladies in the room, thinking it annoyed him, said, "Oh, leave it alone; it will soon burn its wings by the blaze of the gas." "No it won't," said the doctor; "it has come on a mission, and will soon disappear. I have just lost a patient, and in the evening I shall be called upon for a certificate of death." Sure enough, the next morning, the father of the child that had died the night before called upon the doctor, and notified him of the loss of his little one. This is only one of many instances where the doctor has received this strange visitation, and kept a record of the circumstances, besides that of calling the attention of those present to the fact of the butterfly-warning of death among his patients.

An Awkward "Catch."

A man named Gilsey—who, by strict economy and severe industry, had succeeded in getting his family a little place, of five acres, near the village in Still river, near the Beaver brook mills, on a Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on a flat stone in the water, snapping-turtle sunning itself. He went to it, and, while he was handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bareheaded man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet-bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. The snapping-turtle was swinging in its claws, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face, and bare head, and dust-begrimed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.

Novelties in Fashions.

Over-kirts deeply pointed on the sides and clinging to the figure are worn abroad. They are made of twisted India silk, China crepe, or any soft, flexible fabric, are edged with knotted fringe, or else lace or insertion, and are worn over white muslin or tulle dresses. Raised embroideries in colored silks and wool are favorite trimmings on French dresses of foulard and other silken fabrics. Every hue of the flower and leaf is represented, instead of the modest designs now wrought in one color, tone upon tone. Embroidered laces are also announced as a garniture, used especially by Worth on very dressy toilettes.

There is an effort abroad to bring into favor what is called the Restoration of hair, which is a long, straight, hanging puff at the top. This is unbecoming as it gives an appearance of too great breadth, and destroys the graceful slope of tapering shoulders.

Fish as a Diet.

Dr. Merryweather says: "A fish diet is a great humanizer of the temper of mankind. Its consumption tends wonderfully to render them more kindly to one another, and consequently tames the passionate disposition to crime. As carnivorous animals are always the more fierce and violent, so become human beings who have carnivorous stomachs. Could such stomachs have an occasional respite by the consumption of fish, the world would be all the better for it. I speak as a medical man, and firmly assert that many maladies could be mitigated, and, perhaps, annihilated by such a process."

Toads Living Without Eating.

The notion that toads can live without material food is both more generally believed and better supported than that touching the jewel in its head. Numerous accounts, apparently well authenticated, relate the finding of toads entombed in the centre of aged trees when they had been dropped by the woodman's wedge, or enclosed in chambers of chalk or stone until disinterred by the miner, but still alive, and seemingly in good health. Their presence in such places was accounted for, in the case of the trees, by the supposition that they had either climbed, or been dropped by the woodman's wedge, or enclosed in chambers of chalk or stone until disinterred by the miner, but still alive, and seemingly in good health.

The ordinary healthy human body has the power of excreting the morbid cause of the cholera, and I would agree to insure any number of persons, if they would observe the above rules. This is a fact of great consequence, and ought to be insisted upon at each visitation of the dreadful scourge. It should be placarded and posted upon the door of every dwelling, and if any member of a family should at such a time say, "I am sick," require him at once to lay down and keep still no cholera in its full nature can be developed.

"Suppose, however, the disease cannot be avoided, can it be successfully treated? I affirm that it can."
The doctor then describes his treatment in terms intelligible only to the medical reader. He concludes as follows:
"In conclusion, let me say guard the people against nostrums and cholera syrups of all kinds, especially peppers which injure the tone and ultimately destroy the stomach. A little spirit of camphor and laudanum, together with a box of mustard, are all that is necessary. With these, and laying flat on the back, any one may bid defiance to cholera."

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The Prevention and Cure of Cholera.

In response to a request signed by a number of physicians of Tennessee, Dr. Chas. K. Winston of Nashville has written an interesting review of the cholera epidemics of that city and the treatment adopted by him. Respecting the prevention of the disease, Dr. Winston writes:

"Can this be done? I affirm that it may. If it were not for this fact cholera would be substantially the most dreadful of all scourges. If every family would establish a strict police, call the roll three times daily, observe the rule of every dwelling, and if any member of a family should at such a time say, 'I am sick,' require him at once to lay down and keep still no cholera in its full nature can be developed."

"The ordinary healthy human body has the power of excreting the morbid cause of the cholera, and I would agree to insure any number of persons, if they would observe the above rules. This is a fact of great consequence, and ought to be insisted upon at each visitation of the dreadful scourge. It should be placarded and posted upon the door of every dwelling, and if any member of a family should at such a time say, 'I am sick,' require him at once to lay down and stay there until he can say 'I am well.' The *materies morbi* of many diseases may not be shunned or turned aside. We cannot shun measles, small-pox, or scarlet fever, but we may avoid cholera in the way to which I have now referred."

"Suppose, however, the disease cannot be avoided, can it be successfully treated? I affirm that it can."
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"In conclusion, let me say guard the people against nostrums and cholera syrups of all kinds, especially peppers which injure the tone and ultimately destroy the stomach. A little spirit of camphor and laudanum, together with a box of mustard, are all that is necessary. With these, and laying flat on the back, any one may bid defiance to cholera."

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