Family Circle.

A SICK BED.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Long hast thou watched my bed,
And smoothed the pillow oft
For this poor aching head,
With touches kind and soft.

Oh! smooth it yet again,
As softly as before;
Once—only once, and then
I need thy hand no more.

Yet here I may not stay,
Where I so long have lain,
Through many a restless day
And many a night of pain.

But bear me gently forth
Beneath the open sky,
Where on the pleasant earth,
Till night the sunbeams lie.

There, through the coming days,
I shall not look to thee
My weary side to raise
And shift it tenderly.

There sweetly shall I sleep,
Nor wilt thou need to bring
And put to my hot lip
Cold water from the spring;

Nor wet the kerchief laid
Upon my burning brow;
Nor from my eyelids shade
The light that wounds them now;

Nor watch that none shall tread,
With noisy footsteps, nigh;
Nor listen by my bed
To hear the faintest sigh;

And feign a look of cheer,
And words of comfort speak;
Yet turn to hide the tear
That gathers on thy cheek.

Beside me where I rest,
Thy loving hands will set
The flowers I love the best:
Moss-rose and violet.

Then to the sleep I crave
Resign me, till I see
The face of Him who gave
His life for thee and me.

Yet, with the setting sun,
Come, now and then, at eve,
And think of me as one
For whom thou should'st not grieve;

Who, when the kind release
From sin and suffering came,
Passed to the appointed place
In murmuring thy name.

Leave, at thy side, a space,
Where thou shalt come, at last,
To find a resting-place,
When many years are past.

AFRAID TO GO BACK.

There was to be a trip by the steamboat at eleven o'clock, and many were going. There was to be a band of music and a flag flying, and Robert thought he would like to see them start. So when it was almost time, he went up to the master's desk, and obtained permission to go out. He ran all the way to the river, but he had to wait longer than he expected, before he saw them off. He was making haste on his way back, when he met the minister—a venerable and very kind gentleman, who seeing Robert without his cap, knew at once that something was wrong.

"How is this, Master Robert, that you are out so far away from school this morning? I fear you have been trespassing: have you not?"

"Master gave me leave to go out, sir."

"I suspect he did. But how is it you have come so far without your cap? Master did not send you on an errand, did he, without your cap?"

"No, sir, but he gave me leave to come out."

"You told me so before, Robert. Now, tell me the truth; have you not been running away to see the steamboat go off?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a good boy. You should always speak the truth. And how long have you been away?"

"Half an hour, sir?"

"Perhaps more, Robert; for the time goes very fast when you are looking at any thing that pleases you. And so you have been running until you are out of breath, to make up, have you not?"

"Yes, sir, I have. And I am almost afraid to go in now."

"Ah, my boy! So it is. When we do wrong, we always feel unhappy. Don't you wish now that you had not gone?"

"I am sure I do, sir."

"Well, then, as you have told me the truth and as you seem to be sorry for what you have done, I will go with you to the school, and tell the master all about it. Perhaps I can persuade him not to punish you this time."

"Thank you, sir; that will be very kind in you."

"I shall only expect you, Robert, to make one promise both to your master and to me, and that is, that you will never run away again in this way, without his permission."

"I am sure I will not, sir. I am afraid master will keep me in for this."

"Come, we will go this time, and see what can be done."

So, taking him by the hand, Mr. Fairburn, the minister, conducted Robert to his school, who felt very queer, when the boys who had missed him, turned and saw the old gentleman leading him by the hand; and he scarcely dared lift up his eyes to look at the master, who, he felt sure, must have been asking for him. But the kind-hearted old gentleman managed the matter so well, that the master, though generally severe in punishing those who played truant, or stopped out too long, agreed to forgive Robert on condition that he repeated an extra lesson next morning.

Robert was an open-hearted lad, and he was so glad that Mr. Fairburn, the good old minister of the place of worship that his father and mother attended, had acted so kindly to him, that he could not help telling his mother about it that evening. He had been getting his extra lesson, and having done, he shut the book, and lifting up his eyes and looking full in his mother's face as she sat at her needle, said in a trembling tone—

"Mother, I want to tell you something."

"What is it, Robert?" said his mother, looking at him from her work, and seeing that he looked as if something was the matter.

Robert told his mother all about it.

"Ah! my dear boy, and so Mr. Fairburn acted as your mediator?"

"My mediator, mother, what is that?"

"Why, have you not heard him on Sunday, talk about Jesus Christ as the Mediator between us and God?"

"Yes, mother, but I did not know what it meant."

"And, perhaps, if I had tried to tell you, I could not have made you understand it. Now I think you will."

"I will try, mother."

"Well: listen. Jesus Christ is our Mediator in this way. We had all gone away from God, and were wandering from him in ways that were not good. Jesus Christ came from heaven to seek us and bring us back to God. In doing this he did more than Mr. Fairburn did. Now reach the Bible, and read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah."

Robert read it through.

"There, now; you see Jesus Christ was wounded and bruised for us. Just as if Mr. Fairburn, when he took you back, had said to your master, 'This boy has done wrong. You may beat me instead of him.'"

"But Mr. Fairburn did not, mother."

"I know that. I was only showing that Jesus Christ has done more for us than Mr. Fairburn did for you. Then, after he had died for us on the cross, Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, and went back to heaven, and has been ever since, and is now pleading for us with God to forgive us, just as Mr. Fairburn pleaded with your master to forgive you."

"Thank you, mother; I shall always know now what a mediator is."

"I hope you will, my dear; and now, Robert, I hope you will listen better to Mr. Fairburn, who was your mediator, and especially when he is talking about Jesus Christ, the great mediator between God and man."

"I hope I shall, mother."

"Don't you feel as if you loved Mr. Fairburn for his kindness in taking you back, and making all right between you and your master?"

"I am sure I do, mother. I feel as if I shall always love him for it.

"That will be right, Robert. How much more, then, ought you to love the Lord Jesus; for, as the hymn we sing says:—

'It cost Him cries and tears,
To bring us back to God;
Great was our debt, but He appears
To make the ransom good.'

"So it does, mother. I remember it. Pray for me, mother, that the Lord may teach me to know all about those good things."

"I will, my dear. But I want to ask you one more question. Did you feel afraid when Mr. Fairburn took you by the hand to lead you to your master?"

"No, mother, I did not. I knew that he was a good man, and I believed he would do all he could to get master not to punish me."

"Well, Robert, when you have done wrong sometimes, have you not been afraid of coming to God for fear he should punish you for your sins?"

"Yes, mother, I am sure I have."

"Well, Jesus Christ is even more kind than Mr. Fairburn. You believe in Mr. Fairburn, you must also believe that Jesus will take you by the hand and lead you back to God, who, for Jesus Christ's sake, will forgive all your sins. Do you see, Robert?"

"I do, mother, I do. That is good!"

English Magazine.

GOOD MOTHERS.

I was once on a visit at a gentleman's house, in the town of Huntington, and my attention was arrested by a picture that hung in the dining-room. It represented an aged woman in a homely dress. It was not a fine work of art, and it boasted no decoration of peculiarity, but that of extreme simplicity of delineation, yet my eye rested complacently on that good, calm face, with its thoughtful eyes, and kind mouth, that one almost expected to break into a smile. I looked at my host, he had similar bright dark eyes and open brow, and without asking I was assured the picture, with the plain close cap and neat apron, represented his mother. Seeing my eyes fixed on the painting, my host came to my side as I stood gazing, and after a little pause, while a slight mist—it might be a gathering tear—dimmed his eyes, said half abstractedly, as though he was thinking aloud, "I know she was a sinner, because the Bible says all have sinned, so of course she like the rest of us must have been a sinner, but I cannot call to mind a word or deed she ever said or did that was sinful." I turned to him as he was speaking, and his eye caught the inquiring look of mine. He smiled, and repeated, "Yes, it's true, my only knowledge that she was a sinner is, that the Bible says, 'There is none righteous, no not one.'" What a testimony! I exclaimed, "O, that *my children* could say the same of *me!*"

These words of my friend, a man not given to strong, still less to exaggerated expressions, sunk deep into my heart, and led me to think a great deal more about mothers than I had ever previously done.

Reader, the best earthly blessing is a good mother, and the greatest earthly curse is a bad one.

Children may overcome the misery of a bad father, but rare indeed, are the instances where they have escaped ruin when they have had a bad mother. But I have not the heart to write about bad mothers; it's Satan's worst mischief—the mystery of iniquity. Let us comfort our souls as we travel life's journey by thinking over some good mothers.

George Stephenson, the great railway engineer, had a good mother. In all her poverty, and it was bitter, she was spoken of as "a rael canny body," the highest praise her neighbors knew how to give.

Sir Humphrey Davy had a good mother, one who encouraged him to study; one who during her widowhood devoted herself to her children, and taught them perseverance by her good example.

Joseph Hume, M. P., the celebrated statesman, had a good mother. She was a widow in poor circumstances and kept a small pottery shop in Montrose, (Scotland.) She resolved her diligent boy should have a good education, and labored hard to give him every advantage when he started in life. Whatever he learned in public life, he learned economy in private life, at his mother's lowly home.

In specially religious biography what a great number of good mothers come to our remembrance. Mrs. Susannah Wesley had a family of nineteen children. Her husband's income was very limited, but her wisdom in managing her small means and large family, made the rectory of Epworth a memorable dwelling. Here grew up John and Charles Wesley and many pious, gifted daughters. Eloquence, genius and spirituality flourished in that home, and ultimately spread from thence over the length and breadth of the land. Great as were the gifts of nature bestowed on that family, the best gift was the good mother.

Dr. Isaac Watts had a good mother. When he was a little child his pious father was a prisoner at Southampton, for conscience sake, and he remembered his mother carrying him in her arms to the gate of the prison, and weeping over him as she thought of her husband's affliction. Those dark days of religious persecution passed away, and her son grew up, not only to bless and comfort his mother, but to write sweet and holy strains for old and young.

Dr. Doddridge had a good mother. He was the youngest child of a large family. Death had so often entered the dwelling and gathered the infant floverets, that Mrs. Doddridge rejoiced with trembling over her youngest treasure. While she cared for his body she did not neglect his soul. The old Dutch tiles round the fire-place had Scripture stories painted on them, and the child, as he sat on her lap in the evening, used to listen to his mother's voice, telling him the customs of the holy men of old, and God's dealings with his ancient people. The boy grew to manhood, the mother went to her heavenly rest, but those evening hours were never forgotten. When Philip Doddridge became a teacher of truth and righteousness, his mother's voice lingered in his ears, her words dwelt in his memory, her pious teachings throbbed in his heart, and made him in his turn zealous for the truth, and peculiarly forcible and tender in writing for the young. Thank God for good mothers, may their number be ever increasing.

British Workman.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—He cannot be a happy man who has not the love and smile of woman to accompany him in every department of life. The world may look dark and cheerless without—enemies may gather in his path, but when he returns to the fireside, and feels the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency—who will divide his sorrows—increase his joys—lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes.

MAHOGANY.

Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been the first person who used this wood, and he employed it to repair his ships at Trinidad. The captain of a West Indiaman afterward brought some of it over as a present to his brother, who tried to use it in building, but the workmen grumbling that it was too hard, he had some made into a candle-box, which was so much admired for the beauty of its marking and colour, that one or two articles of fancy furniture were made of it for persons of distinction, and thus it became fashionable at first; more was imported, and it has of later years been very common.

Miscellaneous.

RUFUS CHOATE.

In Parker's Reminiscences of Mr. Choate, just published, his manner of keeping accounts and collecting bills is thus described:

"I never remember seeing him collect any money, or make any charges in any books. Indeed, I never saw any account books in his office. He himself never seemed to have any money. If he wanted any, he would get me to draw a check for him, even for five dollars, and he signed it. If he drew the check himself, he made sad work of it. It used to be said round the entry, that when he had to go to Washington to argue cases, or to Congress, he often was obliged to ransack the entry to find some one with money to lend him to go on with. Unlike some others of the fraternity of great men, however, he very often paid what he borrowed.

His accounts of who owed him, and how much, he must have chiefly carried in his head. His office partner could not have known them, and there was not seen any book of original entries. One of his old students of former years, however, used to come to us and tell us of a traditionary set of books, which Choate commenced with the intention of keeping them by double entry.

So, on the first day he opened them, he had occasion to send out for a gallon of oil—it was before gas days; accordingly he entered in the bulky volume, "Office debtor one gallon of oil"—so much. A few days after, an old client came in and asked for his bill. Choate told him he really was very busy, and if he'd call again in a week, he'd have it ready for him. In a week he called again and demanded his bill. "Oh, yes," said Choate, "I really—you must pardon me—but I've not had time to draw it off; but you may pay whatever you think right." This did not suit the client, who said he'd call once more; and so he did in a fortnight after. This time Choate was in despair. "Well there," said he, "take the books and just draw off a minute of the account yourself." The worthy man took the book, despairing of any other information, opened it, and there at the top of the page, in staring characters of vast size, to make them legible, was the entry, "Office debtor one gallon of oil," standing as lonely on its page as its author in his life. He never asked for his bill again, but paid what he thought fair, and asked for a receipt in full, which Mr. Choate promised to have ready for him next time he called.

Mr. Choate very often, however, made a sudden foray and raid upon his clients as he happened to recollect them, if he found himself unexpectedly in want of money. And wo to any unfortunate man then, who had a heavy case actually on trial. He had to pay for all the sins of omission of his predecessors' clients for many weeks.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE AGE.

A shrewd writer, who is in the habit of telling home truths which go direct to the heart of the popular follies of the day, has the following in relation to the pernicious system of domestic education, so fatally prevalent at the present time:

In the town of Somewhere lives Mr. Manygirls. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hard-working housekeeper. Once they were poor, now they are ruinously rich. They have seven daughters, whom they train up in utter idleness. They spend much money, but not in works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments, in painting, dancing, music, and the like, and so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means. They never read nor sing; they are know-nothings, and, only in vain show, as useless as a ghost, and as ignorant as the blocks on which their bonnets are made. Now, these seven 'ladies,' as the newspapers call the poor things, so ignorant and helpless, are not only idle, can earn nothing, but consume much. What a load of finery is on their shoulders, and heads, and necks! Mr. Manygirls hires many men and women to wait on his daughters' idleness, and these servants are withdrawn from productive work in nursing these seven grown-up babies.

On the other side of the way, the Hon. Mr. Manysons has seven sons, who are the exact match for the merchant's daughters; rich, idle, some of them dissolute; debauchery coming before their beard; all useless, earning nothing, spending much, wasting more. The only labor is to kill time; and in summer they emigrate from pond to pond, from lake to lake, having a fishing line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. These are fast families in Somewhere. Their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and five perhaps of Manygirls' daughters, and what families they will have, will be found to live on the oil of their grandfather's bones; till a commercial crisis, and the wear and tear of time has dissipated their fortunes, and they are forced reluctantly to toil.

Besides, there is an enormous waste of food, fuel, clothing, of every thing. We are the least economical civilized people on earth. Of course the poor are wasteful every-where, they do not know how to economize, and they have not the means. They must live from hand to mouth, and half that is put into the hand perishes before it reaches the mouth. So likewise are the rich wasteful, who have inherited money, almost never such who have earned it. The great mass of the people are not economical, but wasteful. It is the habit of the whole country.

WINTER SHOES.

Hall's Journal of Health gives the following sensible advice:

"Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and we may snap our fingers in joyous triumph at disease and the doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woollen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of St. Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary every-day use, as they allow the ready escape of the odours, while they strengthen the ankles, accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to an habitual boot-wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel. Give directions also to have no cork or India-rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow-linen, which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle, while we know that cork does, and after a while becomes 'soggy' and damp for a week. When you put them on for the first time, they will feel as 'easy as an old shoe,' and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity."

CURIOUS RECIPE FOR SLEEP.

There is a curious traditionary story current in some families, regarding a celebrated Scottish nobleman, which, I am assured, is true, and further, that it has never appeared in print. The story is therefore, a Scottish reminiscence, and as such, deserves a place here. The Earl of Lauderdale was so ill as to cause great alarm to his friends, and perplexity to his physicians. One distressing symptom was a total absence of sleep, and the medical men declared their opinion, that without sleep being induced he could not recover. His son, a queer, eccentric-looking boy, who was considered a kind of daft, and had little attention paid to his education, was sitting under the table, and cried out, "Send for that preaching man frae Livingstone, for he (the Earl) aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the doctors thought this hint worth attending to. The experiment of "getting a minister till him" succeeded, and sleep coming on he recovered. The Earl, out of gratitude for this benefit, took more notice of his son, paid attention to his education, and that boy became the Duke of Lauderdale, afterwards so famous or infamous in his country's history.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

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 sun-beam and the dew-drop 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 ailment 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 the 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.

There are in the United States forty-eight Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops, two mitred Abbots, and two thousand two hundred and twenty-three secular and religious priests.

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[Letter from a distinguished Lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.]

ASTHMA.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:—It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the ASTHMA.

I am now satisfied that my relief from one of the most aggravating, most distressing, and most unrelenting disorders that ever afflicted a human being, is to be attributed wholly to this Remedy. For thirteen years I suffered with the asthma, and it grew upon me in severity, until in 1853 and 1854 I was obliged, for months together, to sleep in my chair; and the least active exercise would bring on a paroxysm, oftentimes so severe, that I could not move an inch for hours.

From the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy," to the present hour, I have not had a bad attack, and now my system is so free from it, that the most active exercise and exposure seldom has any other effect than to slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a general release from the tormentor.

With great respect, your obedient servant,
J. H. BRAGDON.

[Extract from a letter written by a distinguished Lawyer in Maine.]

ASTHMA.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:—Gentlemen—I tried more than thirty different specifics for the Asthma, until I had become worn down by disease, and almost discouraged. When I commenced taking your medicine, I had been afflicted with the disease about twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; and in a bad attack I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking your medicine, I found an unaccustomed relief. My health and strength began to improve. I have gained about twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. When I feel the symptoms returning, a few teaspoonfuls of the medicine is sufficient to remove it.

It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease has been broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me. At any rate, no one that has suffered what I have, heretofore, and enjoyed the health that I have enjoyed since last fall, can hesitate to believe that there is a wonderful power in Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma.

Respectfully yours, H. R. VOSE.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

ASTHMA.

WARDSBORO', VT., May 12, 1857.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA;" on my wife. As often as ten or twelve times in a year, she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was