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# The Columbian.

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## THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE.

overs think each tottering form,
That limps along in life's decline,
ares bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle faults as mine!
nd each has had its dreams of joy,
Its own unequalled, pure romance;
ommencing when the blushing boy
First thrilled at lovely woman's glance.

nd each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
ee passion, more unearthly truth
—tale before or since,
Than any, " of tender lays,
et they could tell,— " shades,
At midnight penned in class.
f days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

f whispers in a willing ear;
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
ch kiss, each whisper far too dear
Our modern lips to give or speak.
f passions too untimely crushed—
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
f kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

f beauty's eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
nd forms that all have passed away,
And left them what we see them now.
nd is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
nd must youth's brightest vision move
Forever on Time's restless wing?

ust all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
nd all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
hen what are all earth's treasures worth,
If we at length must lose them thus—
f all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

## A SKETCHING ADVENTURE.

"Isn't it a beauty?" was my greeting as I strolled one morning into the *salon* of our little inn.

"Isn't what a beauty?" answered I.

"This pistol. Elliot bought it in Bayonne yesterday for my birth-day present. I think it's the very prettiest little thing of the kind I ever saw in my life; isn't it, Mr. Campbell?"

"My dear Mrs. Hardinge," I replied, amazed, "what in the world put it into your head to want a pistol? What nonsense! who do you suppose is going to hurt you?"

"I don't know, maybe no one, nor nothing, and I daresay it's very silly; but when I'm out sketching or walking by myself miles away from home, I fancy I shall feel more comfortable if I have some sort of a protector with me, although I don't suppose I shall ever meet with anything dreadful, of course, or I shouldn't go alone."

"Well," said I, after a minute examination, "it certainly is a perfect little affair. Take care you don't shoot yourself, that's all;" and with a laughing promise on her part to "try not," we went our different ways for an hour or two, to prepare as usual for the expeditions of the day.

What blind moles we are! How little did either she or I imagine that before another day dawned her life would hang on the way she used that little revolver; that in a few hours her fate would be to meet that "something dreadful," so lightly spoken of just now, to conquer it, or die one of the most horrible deaths possible to be conceived!

We were a very happy *partie quarree*; Elliot Hardinge and her wife; I, John Campbell, and mine. We had got tired of the coast of Biscay, where we had spent the early part of the Winter, and taken to the little villages among the Pyrenees, where there was very good fishing, and occasionally plenty of shooting besides. Our wives sometimes accompanied us on our excursions, but very often mine, who was rather an invalid, remained at home, while Mrs. Hardinge, a perfect slave to her color-box, would go out alone, sketching, leaving Elliot and me to our own devices.

Thus it had been arranged for the day in question. Elliot, his wife, and I started all together; but we two left the lady at the entrance of a small valley which ran at almost right angles with the tract of country we intend shooting over, in passing which one day she had fancied some particular view or another would make a good subject for a picture, and determined to take advantage of the warmth of this unlucky Friday to have a long day's work there. Accordingly, we bade each other good-by, and went our separate ways. She, of course, went armed with her revolver and plenty of ammunition; "for who knows," quoth she laughing, "but that I may have to kill a giant or two before I return."

At this point of my story I must change places with Mrs. Hardinge, and let her tell her own tale as she told it to us long afterward, when she had in some measure recovered from the horrible effects of this terrible day.

"The weather," said she, "was so delicious, and the scenery so beautiful, that, instead of sitting down at once to any work, I wandered on, always believing I could cap the present view with the one I should get by just climbing the brow of the next hill; this one led to another, and this one to still another; and I had only just begun to find out that I had strayed much further than I had intended, or than, indeed, was quite safe at this time of year, even though I had a grand new pistol to take care of myself with, when I awakened to the very unpleasant fact that the sun was rapidly disappearing behind the high mountains to the west, and that I should soon have only moonlight to help me find my way back again. Of course, sketching was now quite out of the question, and I turned round somewhat anxiously to see what way-marks I could remember to have passed in the morning. Luckily, though long, the valley was straight, and in the open ground just in front of the gorge by which it communicated with the more extended country beyond there was a group of cork-trees, the peculiar shape of which rendered them distinguishable from the bushwood which clothed the bases of the mountains. Luckily, too, the valley, precipitous and rugged on either side, had nearly even ground, perhaps half a mile wide, upon which, when once reached, the walking would be easy. So, though the trees were a good three miles off, and I was already [illegible] tired, I calculated that I sufficient[illegible] about an hour and should reach them in [illegible] and a half, all hindrances considered, and once there, I should be only one mile from the inn; and, after all, I flattered myself, I could get home before you," she said, addressing her husband, "and the others had begun to be frightened about me.

"Off I started, therefore, and walked away with a will. In less than half an hour the sun set, and for a while it was almost totally dark. To press on, not minding the stumbles and occasional falls, and to keep up as brave a heart as I could, was all that was possible; and I had got nearly to the end of the last wood, close to the open ground—which I had not dared try to reach by a direct scramble in the dark—and could see the cork-trees looming large in the glimmer of the rising moon, when I thought I heard a peculiar cry far away behind me, and I paused for a moment to listen, thinking there might possibly be some other belated wanderer in the dark as well as myself.

"For only *one* moment. The next I was rushing along as fast as terror could drive me, sketching things, cloak, umbrella, everything which might impede my flight flung away; for in that one moment all I had ever heard of the now seldom seen Pyrenean dogs, their terribly acute scent and horrible ferocity, flashed through my mind, and I knew by instinct that the sound that I had heard was the cry of one of them as it had stumbled on my trail, and that the whole pack would be upon me long, I feared, ere I could get even as far as the cork-tree.

"At first, as I fled along wildly, I gave myself up for lost, for the idea of defending myself never once occurred to me, so paralyzed was I with fear; but as I went on and heard the occasional cry, and hungry yapping always nearer and nearer, the horror of the threatened death roused in me a courage I had never known before, and remembering now, in fearful earnest, my revolver, I resolved to sell my life, at all events, as dear as I could.

"At this moment I gained the open ground. The moon, white and brilliant, lighted up the valley, and brought into strong relief the group of cork-trees not far away now, and which, oh! if I could but reach, I believed I might yet escape.

"I pulled out my revolver, hardly abating my speed, slipped the safety stop, and made for a little thicket of juniper some fifty yards in front; for now the cruel 'yapping' sounded closer and closer, and it seemed as if hundreds of savage beasts were at my heels; if I could not stop them so as to gain a little time, I must be torn to pieces in a minute. Suddenly facing them as I reached the juniper, and instinctively remembering the direction to fire low which you gave me, you know, Elliot, I shot off each barrel as quick as lightning, then rushed on again. That I had killed some, at all events, was evident by the growling and fighting of the others over the dead ones. I knew that the dogs, now-a-days, were never known to descend to the valleys until driven by actual starvation, and, also, that when hungry they did not scruple to eat the dead of their own kind; so I ran on, at the same time reloading the pistol, my hope being that by firing among the pack I might gain the time they took while they stopped to devour those which were killed.

"How it was, I don't know; I suppose every one has felt the same when the first brunt of a great danger has been endured, and one remains for the moment still in safety; but as I ran I felt a reckless courage, and a, so to speak, determination *not* to be killed, took possession of me. On I went, my pace a little slackened, for I feared my strength would hardly hold out; and I was congratulating myself upon the precious minutes I was gaining, when I heard a single 'yap p' so close behind, that an agony of terror put for a moment my late courage to flight, and I almost fell down paralyzed, as, turning my head, I saw two glaring eyes within a yard of me. In less time, however, than it takes to tell you, I revived again, fired, and waiting only to see that the dog was disabled, struggled on once more; and now, only a few yards from the trees, I was looking to see which would be the best to take for, when the pack came on again in full cry. Alas! there was no juniper here for a defence for my back, and I knew all must be lost if they once got to close quarters; so I turned again, let off all the barrels pretty nearly at random, and then made the last effort I felt would be possible, for I was well-nigh exhausted, and at last reached the trees.

"How I scrambled up one of them I don't know, and what became of me for a while I don't know; I fancy I lost consciousness altogether; but when I came to myself, and looked down on the sea of glaring eyes below, it was almost more than I could endure. Yet it was evident that they could not reach me, leap and jump as they might; all the tales I had heard of creatures gnawing trees down in which their prey was seated, I firmly believed to be pure fiction, so all that I had to do to be safe, appeared, after all, to sit still where I was.

"But for how long? I had only three cartridges left. I could not be sure of the number of dogs in the pack, but there were upward of fifty at least, and whether they only attacked at night, or were equally savage during the day, I knew not. But even should they remain here, which was not probable when once they found that their prey was out of reach, I remembered that you would be sure to come to my help when you found I had not returned; and I was comforting myself with this assurance when it flashed through me that you would, as likely as not, come without your guns, and if you did, nothing could save you. This was the worst of all, and as I sat thinking of it the old dews of helpless dread gathered on my face, and I put back the shrill whistle I always carried when wandering alone, and which I was just going to blow, lest it should give you too true a clue to my place of refuge.

"How long I sat crouched among the branches of that friendly cork-tree, turning these hopes and fears over in my mind, I hardly know. It must have been an hour at least, for the moon had travelled over the valley, and was setting behind the snowy mountains beyond, when from the opening gorge, mentioned before, there came a shout! I knew the voice well, Elliot, and waited without answering, lest you should be alone. I think the few minutes of suspense which followed were more intolerable than anything which had yet happened! But very soon there came another shout, and then several voices together, and almost at the same moment the glare of torches, as a whole party of men turned into the valley. The relief was too great. I tried to shout, too, but my voice died away in my throat. I tried my whistle now, but the sound that I produced was too feeble to be heard far away. At last, by a bright thought, I fired off my three remaining cartridges, and then—you know better what happened and what became of me than I do myself.

What happened, and what became of Mrs. Hardinge, was as follows:

As we neared the grove of cork-trees so often alluded to in the above recital, and to which we were directed by the sound of the pistol, the pack of dogs left their unsatisfactory employment of gazing at the food which was unattainable, and came *en masse* to attack us. But we were prepared for them, and they received two or three volleys so well-directed and telling, that after coming to us once again, they betook themselves to the shelter of the brushwood on each side the valley. I said we were prepared for them; for, returning home from our expedition about an hour before, we were met by a peasant who told us that he and some others had seen the first pack of wild dogs remembered for upward of thirty years, descending from the High Pyrenees toward these valleys; and as they certainly were not far away, it was not safe to be out, unless in a party, and well armed, for they were always desperately savage; they had doubtless been driven from their lairs, he said, by the long continuance of cold and snow.

"Which direction had they taken?" asked we, with a view to a possible day's sport on the morrow.

Judge of our horror when the man named the valley Mrs. Hardinge had chosen for her walk that morning, and pointed to the mountain immediately overhanging it as the place where he had seen them.

Before he could finish his sentence we were hurrying home at our utmost speed, hoping to find our fears needless, and her safely returned. When, however, we got there, hours later than she usually remained out, our hearts failed, when, to our quick question, "Where's Mrs. Hardinge?" my wife replied, "I don't know, she has not come in; I thought she was with you!" Instantly the alarm was given, the whole village was aroused; every man armed with a gun rallied round us, and we took our way to the entrance of the valley, silent and sick with apprehension for the fate which most likely ere this had overtaken her.

After the rout of the dogs, we hastened to the trees, and climbing that in which, by the light of our torches, we could see Mrs. Hardinge, lifted her down. She was quite insensible, though, further than bad bruises and tears, apparently from falls and thorns, she seemed unhurt; at all events, there was no mark of the dogs upon her. We carried her home, and did all we could to restore consciousness; but alas! the horrors she had gone through had been too great, and it was many, many days before she recovered from their effects. It was not, indeed, until three weeks afterward that she was able to give us the preceding account.

She still treasures her little pistol as the chief saviour, under Providence, of her life, but we who heard the tale so unaffectedly told, thought the pistol would have been but of little use, had it not been for the wonderful pluck and almost incredible courage which had borne her through hours of danger, more appalling than often falls to the lot of a man to endure, much less to that of a lady.

It is hardly necessary to add that that was the last time I ever laughed at a lady for asking for a pistol as a birth-day present.

## "MABEL."

SAY, shall I tell you what my darling's like
If I am able?
Her name is Amabel—I call her May,
And sometimes Mabel.

She's like a princess in a fairy tale
Or poem olden,
With odd, attractive eyes, and wavy hair
That's nearly golden.

Her hands are delicate, and small, and white,
And very skilful;
She's sometimes reasonable—sometimes kind,
But oft'ner willful.

She plays like St. Cecilia (when she likes),
But she's capricious;
To hear her sing the "Jewel Song from Faust"
Is most delicious!

Longfellow's "Trust her not, she's fooling thee!"
Reminds me of her;
They say she glories in that fatal pow'r
Which makes all love her.

What matters all they say? I am bewitch'd,
And cannot lose her;
I wish she were more real; but who begs
Must not be chooser."

So she is still my darling. All my hopes
Are centred in her,
And I am waiting—waiting for the time
When I may win her!

## CONCERNING STORIES.

THE bewildering number of new magazines and the amount of material, such as it is, which goes to fill them, is not the least wonder of our time. Besides the leading tale, the piece of poetry, the column of jokes, or the solid article, which nearly all contain, there is usually a short sketch or story, and it is with this branch of periodical catering that we have to deal. If examined closely, these stories indicate a great deal more than would appear on their own showing. First on the score of antiquity, they can claim priority over the big novel itself, which precedes them in order of place, and is being slowly conducted upon an illustrated career under the direction of a popular author. Before the novel came the novelette,—*homunculus* before *homo*. Stories are probably as old as speech but your novel (we use the word in its ordinary acceptation) always from its length, required to be booked. The Greeks told stories, and very good ones. Antonius Diogenes went in for a regular romance—the loves of Dinias and Dyrcyllis; but it possesses nothing in common with our works of fiction, except, of course, the element of tender passions, without which nothing of the kind could move. But the Greek tales were excellent. Even in the Greek Christian times, when Pan was dead, capital adventures were struck out, which, if they dealt rather freely with sacred subjects, one is inclined to condone for their offences on the ground of no harm done.

In the middle ages these tales were re-echoed along with others, and enriched, too, with marvels brought from the East, monsters from the North, and plenty of devils from the monastic legends. Then there were the jongleurs, minnesingers, and troubadours, who traveled on the strength of a popular taste for verse-stories; but if report speaks true concerning the jongleurs, they added to their *repertoires* an attraction similar to that which brings nightly crowds to the ballet music halls of London. Italy is regarded as the direct source of our novels and novelists. Baccaccio's tales were known under the latter title, and to some Italian stories we are said to be indebted for "The Merchant of Venice." The middle age narratives were all pretty nearly of one color, and of rather a high flavor for our generation, but many of them were both clever and caustic. Longfellow gives an excellent imitation or adaption of one in his "Martin Franc; or, the Monk of St. Anthony." Our English tales of the Elizabethan age are singularly dull and pointless. After the Restoration they were livelier, when, to paraphase a hackneyed quotation,

"The taste became more Gallic and less nice;"

but in the days of Queen Anne, under the direction of Mr. Addison, the stories were mere galvanized abstractions, thinly disguised allegories, in which Greeks and full-bottomed wig of the "Spectator's" Romans imparted elegant precepts in the period. Nor was the great lexicographer a good story-teller. In the "Rambler," men and women are made to speak language as fine and as improbable as the speeches which the worthy doctor prescribed for his tory favorites in the House of Commons. Goldsmith, however, was a delightful narrator; the "History of the Philosophic Vagabond" is a gem in this way. Fielding had a heavy manner of going about a story; but Smollet was a master in the craft. When the Della Cruscan gushing spoiled our poetry, stories in that strange tongue appeared in "Amulets" and "Souvenirs." The plates in those books used to be Della Cruscan too—finical, nerveless, and emasculate. A great improvement took place in the palmy days of "Blackwood," "Fraser," and "Bentley." A sort of Hogarthian humor pervaded the shorter tales—a humor of which the contemporaneous artists caught a fair share of the spirit. Maginn, Thackeray, Barham, and Lockhart were seldom better than when confined to chapters instead of volumes. It is remarkable, indeed, that as stories first gave rise to novels, we may notice that every romantic writer of original power sends up a few pilot balloons, fashioned in his own peculiar style, before venturing the grand ascent. Mr. Dickens felt his ground with Boz; and the author of "Vanity Fair" intrusted Michael Angelo Titmarsh with samples of his ware, previous to making his own proper appearance. Here we claim an argument for our plea, that stories precede books. In the late Professor Aytoun's hands the art of story-telling did not degenerate; but for occasional blots of "wut" they would be perfect of their kind. There is real fun in his tales, and fun is the prime characteristic of them.

To add another feather to the story cap, it is said that Poe's wild inventions contain the germs of more than one sensation novel, and that a very clever author who works the sensation department made the discovery at an early period of his literary career. There is some truth, we believe, in this, but not at all enough to make out the least pretext for a charge of plagiarism.

It is not easy to meet with a good story now; such a one as Tom Hood or Jerrold could write—such a one as was wont to light up the pages of magazines which erst were disagreeably tinged with political war paint. Every week tons of periodicals are carried from the news-agents, and sown broadcast over the land, and nearly all contain something in the shape of a novelette. It is well for the makers of those literary confections that our literary society, with its complicated wants and new passions, supplies them with an inexhaustible quantity of raw material. They have fifty plans for serving the crumpled rose leaf which interferes with the sybaritism attributed in penny and half-penny papers to the upper classes. They can pile the delicious agony on a foundation as slight as the gossamer trouble which shades the brow of the lovely countess when dear Lord Ernest Adolphus Fitz Howard has missed bringing her down to dinner, or, as we ought to say, led her to the scene of festivity. They can be cynical at times, but with that air of killing Don Juanism which reminds us of, "O, Mr. Snoobs! how can you be so sarcastic?" In the sentimental vein they have almost come round to see Miss Seward again. We have recently seen both pictures and letterpress in a popular monthly, fragrant of the "Forget-me-not" and "Bijou" of our grandmothers. As for stories of the genuine story kind, they are as hard to find as real Madeira. The editors, we suppose, are compelled to accept the rubbish which is shot out on us through dearth of better; the most hopeless thing about these inventions would seem to be, that they show nowhere that "genius in the making," as it were, which years ago resulted in "Pendennis," and "David Copperfield."

## VISITORS IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

DURING the absence of the Boss, yesterday, we had visitors. A blooming lass, her home-spun, practical mother, and that inevitable nuisance, the "big boy" (big boys are humbugs, the world over), a brother of the blue-eyed lass. The good lady informed us that they were on a tour of inspection, and wished—"Mam, mam—Oh! Mam," interrupted that in—— boy, plucking at the plaits of her dress, behind. "What's this yere? I gosh," pointing at a job press, opening and closing its vertical inky jaws with automatic regularity. The matronly spectacles beamed on the machinery for a moment. "I do not know, my son—it seems like something that don't know what it's a-doin'; keeps a comin', but backs again as much as it comes. I wonder in my heart if it ain't the Tennessee Legislator?" The blue eyes looked brightly at the mother, and then, on tip-toe, whispered "fly-trap!" "Mam, I gosh! I tell you what, hit 'minds me ove a yoke of niggers a buzzin'—watch 'em come together—thar, d'ye see that suckin' squeeze? now watch 'em come apart—do you hear that? I gosh! he! he!"

"*My* son," and the brute was fairly looked into silence in an instant—those spectacles have a wonderful focal power to be sure. The blue eyes were beaming on us, we knew they were, for we felt as though our cheek was being pencilled with a butterfly's wing, dipped in attar of roses, while the dim echo of long lost music whispered in our ear. We felt very good, indeed. We were aroused by the good lady. "Well! well! law me! children, look back yonder! If thar ain't a wood-carlin' mershean, with a fly brush to keep the specks off the rolls; how nice!" We explained to her that it was a power press, on which our paper was printed. "Dear, my soul, no! is it? Now, mister, do show me wharabouts in the trickabob hiears are bred—made, I mean to say," and she placed the turkey-tail fan before her nose. We could do no better than point to the inking apparatus. "Well, well! what is the world a comin' to next; but, mister, don't they look sorter muckey, tho', jist in their natural state?"

We admitted they did, and thought the term muckey might be applied to many ideas in their finished state, but we did not say so. "Mam, say mam, ax him what them fellers are a motionin' at over them slopin' tables?" We answered, distributing type, *sir*, and we pronounced sir sharp enough to cut the whelp's throat. "Oh, dod rot em, I thought they wer a skeerin flies outen them little boxes." The blue eyes fell from ours to the floor like a pair of stricken humming-birds. We fear that we had been, perhaps—well, staring. The old lady now bethought herself that it was time to go, so she led the way. As the big boy brought up the rear, we discovered that he had been seated on the form of a horse bill, for across his rear, on his white cotton pants, we read in large letters, "Young Bulldocus—this fine ani—," etc. We never said a word, and felt in our hearts that he was most welcome to the ink. As the good lady bowed herself out, she asked us "how Mr. Ivins likes his honey?" Heavens! now, when too late, we have learned that she is Mrs. Jarrold, that the blue eyes belong to the "bud of promise," and that walking proof-sheet of a horse bill is Jonas, "the boy of genus." Now look out for a storm. When Mrs. J. sees that proof the weather will change. *Chattanooga Gazette.*

## JOKE ON BOB.

STEPHEN C—— was a jovial soul, and hesitated not to play a trick on any one. Among his acquaintances was a young lady and a young man, both of whom stammered very badly. They were unacquainted with each other.

Bob F——, the young man alluded to, was quite sensitive, and to think that any one was making fun of his defect made him frequently fly into a passion. It was Stephen's fortune to meet them at a party, and he soon determined on a joke.

"Miss Sue," said he, approaching his lady friend, "may I have the pleasure of introducing you to one of my acquaintances, a worthy young man?"

"Cer-cer-cer-certainly, sir."

Away he started for Bob F——.

"Bob, old fellow, here is a nice girl I want to introduce you to. Come on."

"Does she taw-taw-talk?"

"Yes—like blazes."

So off they started and soon approached the seat of the lady. Stephen introduced them and immediately withdrew to one side that he might see how they would manage each other, when his ears were greeted with the following conversation:

"How are you enjoy-joy-joying yourself th-th-this fine evening, marm?"

"Th-th-thank you, pleasantly. But it is ra-ra-rather warm."

Bob's brow contracted; but he restrained his feelings and continued:

"I pre-pr-r-r-presume you are acquainted with most of those pr-present."

"Ye-ye-y-es, sir, with all, I be-be-believe," said she smiling.

But that smile ruined her forever in Bob's estimation, for hastily rising, he exclaimed:

"By th-th-thunder! ma-ma-dam, if that is the wa-wa-way you make f-f-fun of a f-f-fel-low's infi-fir-firmities, you may go to gr-grass."

Stephen laughed immoderately all the time, and was subsequently called to account for the trick; but his good nature drove away all bad feelings.

## HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of them again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love you any the better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of disregard for feeling will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. Do not, too often, invite your friends out to ride, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteem others more companionable than herself. If you have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household accordingly. Be it remembered that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulties than any other cause. Your wife has an equal right with yourself to all you possess in the world—therefore she should be made acquainted with that which is great importance to both.

## SERMONS.

THE custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon is said to have originated about the time of Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the book of law, and after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people said "Amen," read the law of God distinctly, gave the sense, and caused them to understand the reading. Previous to the time of Ezra (four hundred and fifty seven years before Christ) the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophesies or moral instructions for the edification of the people; and it was not until the return of the Jews from Babylonian captivity, during which time they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times (Acts xi: 31) the Book of Moses was read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. To this habit our Saviour conformed, and in the synagogue, one Sabbath day, read a passage from the prophet Isaiah, then closing the book, returned it to the priest and preached from the text.

## THE SHOWMAN.

THIS, ladies and gentlemen, is the distinguished hanimal vich is known as the Hamerican Voodchuck, first discovered by General Christopher Columbus, on his first voyage to the voods of Hameriky. Christopher saw him quietly seated upon a bank of clover, a viewing the setting sun, and a vondering vot vould become of it. This ere is one of the descendants of the same voodchuck, as may be heasily seen by his general happearance, vich is both beautiful and striking. He is a solitary creechur, and is called voodchuck because he lives in the vood and the boys chuck stones at him. He has hair upon his back and upon his belly, and his tail is much the same. His eyes are at the opposite ends of the body, and assist him in the amusing occupation of seeing, vich he can see in the dark as vell as in the light, helse he vouldn't live in oles hunder the ground. Like most hanimated things, he is fond of enjoying himself, vich he does in a very amiable and hinteresting vay. He obbles along upon the ground, ven nobody is looking vaethes the birds in the trees, and tries to sing like them, vich he has never succeeded in doing; but this is not his fault, because he hasn't got any feathers. The voodchuck lives a good vile. My huncle ad von vat lived some time, but finally died; though there is no telling how long he would ave lived if it vasn't for that ere haccident. Howing to the quiet life vich the voodchuck henjoys, I ave sometimes vished I vas a voodchuck myself. But then there is not hexcitement enough in it for a showman, though I can say, as Helander remarked to Diogenes, "If I vere not a showman I vould be a voodchuck!" Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the wery oss on vich the Duke of Valentine slew the Lord Napoleon Buonaparte! Stir him up, John, and make him kick a bit!

## OLD THINGS.

GIVE me old songs, those exquisite bursts of melody which thrilled the lyres of the inspired poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture, of sorrow and sadness. They tell of days gone by, and time has given them a voice that speaks to us of those who breathed those melodies; may they be mine to hear till life shall end; as "I launch my boat" upon the seas of eternity, may their echoes be wafted on my ear, to cheer me on my passage from earth to fatherland!

Give me the old paths where we have wandered and culled the flowers of friendship in the days of "Auld Lang Syne." Sweeter far the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices, whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our forms, and those of our merry playfellows from whom we have parted and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory!

Give me the old house upon whose stairs we seem to hear light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through the old elms, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls and made the chambers ring with glee.

Add O, above all, give me old friends, hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours, and a link so strong that all the storms of earth might not break it asunder; spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have beat in unison with my own. O, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend.

## THE AXE.

THE other day I was holding a man by the hand—a hand as firm in its outer texture as leather, and his sunburnt face was as inflexible as parchment; he was pouring forth a tirade of contempt on those who complain that they can get nothing to do, as an excuse for becoming idle loafers. Said I, "Jeff, what do you work at? You look hearty and happy; what are you at?" "Why," said he, "I bought me an axe three years ago that cost me two dollars. That was all the money I had. I went to chopping wood by the cord. I have done nothing else, and cleared more than six hundred dollars; drank no grog, paid no doctor, and have bought me a little farm in the Hoosier State, and shall be married next week to a girl who has earned two hundred dollars since she was eighteen. My old axe I shall keep in the drawer, and buy me a new one to cut my wood with." After I left him I thought to myself, "that axe and no grog." They are the two things that make a man in this world. How small a capital that axe—how sure of success with the motto, "No grog!" And then a farm and a wife, the best of all.

AN object of interest—A girl whose interest is three thousand dollars a year.