WINTER.

Bay not that the earth is dreary, When have flown the Summer hours Or that the bright and beautiful Have faded with the flowers.

Say not that sighing Autum winds Breathe but of death and doom: Or that the tones of wintry blast, Are requients of the tomb

'T is true we love the Spring time, - And the zephyr's sweet, low sigh, We love the garland's summer wreaths, And a sunny, laughing sky.

We love the dark boughs waving, By a silvery, murmuring stream, Where the bright-winged birds are singing,

And the sunlight's flashes gleam. But why complain of dreariness? Still carth is bright and gay-Though the gentle, beauteous flower-nuce

Has wandered far away. What though the woodland's music, For awhile is hushed and still, Or in acy chains is sleeping now, The rippling, gliding rill!

Hath not the robe of Winter, Hues as bright, and glad, and warm As the rambow bues that Summer flings Around her graceful form?

At hen the snow-king's shroud is resting Overfull and silent glen; Why should it in its cold embrace, Environ the souls of men!

The human he at should rest not As the wingsof time sweep by, But glow beneath the sunfeam Or the clouds of Winter's sky.

to their who monro's for leveliness. Fied far away to roam. Till welcomed by the Spring-time's call, Back to its sunny home.

Go forth, on wings of mercy, Where the wintry winds sweep chill; To the poor man's lowly cottage,

And his heart with gladness fill. Reclaim the erring wanderer From paths of vice and sin; Bring peace to still the passions dark,

Go comfort thou the spirit, Shadowed o'er by griefs and tears, And cause to weep for happiness, Eyes long unused to tears.

That rage and burn within.

Then shall the heavens sinde gladly, And look with pleasure down, And light with I cams of cheerfulness, The coldest wintry frown.

Thou'll mourn not then the Spring-time Or the Samuer sun and flowers; But hail wath pay and thankfulness, The Winter s dar sest hours.

THE TWO FUNERALS:

Or, Benevolence versus Dupocrisn.

BY ALBERT 5. PEASE.

From sires that sucked the people's blood-fixed And died detested-deaving to their seed A world of infamy to purge away, And not one virtue to achieve the work. My father toiled like Adam; gained his brea-By his brow's moisture; died, and went to Heaven-Leaving me no legacy, save what He tayight me to extract from you old Book, Which tells old-fashioned tales of Heaven and Hell. And that God hates a Hypocrite."-Rong or Sugar.

Tota -toll-toll! sounded from the deep-toned bell s tawing to and ho in the lotty spire that towered high ponto the air-a mighty finger in the midst of a populons city -- pointing the careless passer-by upward-upward-to the heavens which spread their broad, blue emopy over it. As the e o proceeds in its during ascent from the base upward-leaving the lofty roof of the glended editice-looking in at the many windows, which, to eyes half opened, seem to keep a jealous vigilance ver the mighty city-pausing with a momentary thoughtslness, to mark what hour Time's faithful sentinels point out-turning the cor attentively to catch the language utbred by the iron-tongued preacher, as he uttered in photonous fearfully startling death death-death! and then soaring almost uninterruptedly, it at length rests, chausted and weary, upon the gilded cross which crowns a very pinacle, to which it clings for safety and support. But the knotted tree which crowned the humble summit Mount Calvary is poorly emblematized by the guilded huble, and it awakes no holy aspirations in the mind of gazer, who, having gratified his curiosity, moves on, tile that doleful sound still breaks upon his ear.

Toll-toll toll! it comes-through the inverted blinds -down the dizzy height-hovering for a moment over restreets below, and then soaring aloft, it gently dies vay upon the Subbath air.

From every direction people seem to be flocking toviol the splendid structure, attracted as it were, by the arguetic influence of that doleful sound, as it breaks upa their ears—sending a thrill to the heart!

Presently the cause appears. There is to be a funeral conveyed into the church, followed by a long train of would have a tendency to make the sad heart bleed, even here were no other semblances of grief.

Surely some great man has passed away -- some mighintellect been made dormant by the spirit of death .ferhaps it is one who has fought the enemies of his comson country on the battle-field, and by galantry and Brage won laurels which may only crown his temples death. Or, one, who, having girded on the armor of Cant Error in its many guises: and, while contending the rights of his fellows, has fallen in the midst of the "y, with the encomiums of a world heaped upon him

But let us mingle with the crowd that is entering, and oning in the solemn services, shed with the mourner teurs of sorrow which gushes up from the fountain of

The congregation is scated, and quiet. The solonin what of the bell is no longer heard; and the last note of the organ is dying upon the ear. All is still as death.der labors, and their works do follow them."

the in that little pulpit, with his eyes upraised by to yield me what is due." ow rd heaven, and arms outstretched over the congrethe partied, while they continue their worship

position be occupied; and the adored of those who make nal wealth, still he had yielded unbounded influence in was a member. the sphere in which he had moved. Gold had been his idol. He had served that idol well; and now his vast for

promptness has made it impossible for them to meet his demands; while he chuckled over their downfall, simply

The mechanic speaks of him as a hard task-masterunwilling to pay a fair equivalent for labor performed; usual composure as that gentleman continued... "Some and the necessitous business man knows him only as a more of your kind acts of charity, I suppose, as I saw the

True, he had made large donations to some Foreign us at the door." Missionary Society, and had contributed liberally for the Mr. Ross's conscience smote him somewhat at this re-(fashionable) support of the gospel; for which he had mark, but he quickly answered, though with some agibeen heralded through the public prints as a manof great tation.

demands for rent at the exact time specified.

"That's my name," said that gontleman. "Would doing deeds of charity." ou have any thing of me?

way, as if hesitating whether to venture in or not.

with a slam. Having done this, he stepped to his desk "Really, Mr. Ross," said Mr. Burtis, as he laid aside

grow quite impatient, and who had now gained some de- necessities you so bountifully provide." gree of confidence, caused Mr. Ross to look up from his

'My poor mother is very sick," said she, with some out off the sale of our things for a few days, that she may felt sigh. that she may-" tears filled the eyes of the little peti-

"That she may what?" asked Mr. Ross unfeelingly. "What right has she to expect that I will put off the sale! Did she send the money by you to pay the rent?"

"No. sir, oh! no. sir!" sobbed the little girl, "She ain't got no money, and we ain't had none only what some Mr. Wise. good men gave us, because father, as they said, belonged to their order before he died, and we took that to buy food; and now that's all gone, and she only wants you to feel that I have done no more than was my duty as a put off the sale a few days so that she cau-can-so that Christian, and I am so rery sensitive upon this point that. she can-"

have time to'clear out without paying me the rent?" "Oh! no, sir!" she replied, while honest indignation commenced fanning himself. welled her bosom, and made her childish voice more firm. "She only wants to die in peace. She says she said they all; "but we could not help admiring this nois ready to go: but she can't bear to have her furniture ble trait in your character," and the conversation took a ervice; and a long train of carriages stops opposite the sold before she dies, and her poor little daughter turned different channel. rateway. The encoffined body of the deceased is being into the street. Oh! don't do it, don't! good sir," she In a few moments the three gentlemen left the store of continued, springing towards him, and seizing hold of Mr. Ross; though not until they had been treated to a mourners with downcast eyes, and sorrowful counter his hand, which he withdrew as from the bite of a ser- glass of wine by that gentleman, just for the "stomach's Ances whose almost jetty black habiliments alone nent. "it will kill her hit it will kill her; but if you put off soke," and had also remarked upon the fulness of his the sale may be she will get well, and then one of these store, not noticing, perhaps, as they cast their eves over days she will pay you the rent. You won't do it-you the well-bound barrels, hogsheads, and tierces, that lay nity-sorrow for joy-tears for sadness-a life of trial, will put it off, won't you, good sir?" she said, more calm- piled upon the floor, or standing against the walls on and suffering, and poverty, for a blessed immertality of ly looking imploringly into his face for a moment, and either side, the little tin signs with "Cider Brandy," , Ja- joy, of happiness, and love. A Soul was the chattel sold

as though her heart would break. Mr. Ross, while the little girl was speaking, but it soon death, all of which pass by the haunts of poverty, and wth, and clad in the garmonts of Humanity, has been give way to a malicious smile, and turning to his desk, vice, and misery, and degradation—baving a common English and noble warfare—fighting manfully he opened his memorandum book and cast his eyes over termination.

its pages. "Humph!" said he to himself, as he heavily closed ded her way homeward with a heavy heart. She had sure seeker. Beauty was there in all its gewgawed the book. "This is pretty well! Wants me to postpone been sent on this errand as a last and only resort; and loveliness, and bright eyes sparkled to bright eyes as the There was has made a nation mourn, but whose great- the said, with a sneer; "and for what? Why, now that she had been refused this little kindness, she wine cup was freely passed and repassed. There was "Is only known, to be rightly appreciated, in his sad merely because her mother is sick, and thinks the sale felt as if hope had fled. Something told her that her will kill her quite. Humph! Well, well; things have poor sick mother would never get well, and she felt that the pleasureable garb of the present. The three gentlecome to a pretty pass that a man must be icheated out of it would be a hard thing to have that mother die, and man who had called upon Mr. Ross that day were also his rent, and then have to be insulted in this way by this she be left alone, without a home, with no friends. And miserable, filthy little creature. Come, come," he con- yet she felt that she had at least one Friend who cared tinued, addressing the little girl, "don't stand there blub- for her. For she had been early taught by her mother was there that night. He came as an intrader, unexbering. Go home and take care of your mother if she's to put her trust in Him who has declared himself to be sick." Yes, yes, I recollect your father's impudence, the widow's and the orphan's Friend. and I taught him a lesson that he didn't forget right A hot, scalding tear freed itself from beneath the closed The only sound felt is the quick, heavy pulsations of the away. But the poor fool died before I had sufficiently eyelid of the sick woman, when she knew that her petihousand hearts beating their "funeral marches" in those revenged myself. "Come, come, you have been here tion had been refused, and, stealing down her pale, wan that night, had that mysterious, uninvited guest. But Tousand swelling bosons. Presently, from a remote long enough," said he, sgain, at the same time motion, cheek, paused for a moment, and then dropped from her he had been commissioned, and his work was yot un Part of the building, where stands the carved pulpit, ing her to leave the spartment. "Tell your mother she sharp features into the delicate little hand of her da ghhes a voice saying, in tones of measured rhetoric, - needn't give herself any unnecessary trouble about the ter, who had gently put her arm beneath her mother's "Bloom are the dead, who die in the Lord"—and from matter, as I never make a practice of indulging my ten-

But the little girl and not near the latter part of this the founding gown hanging upon him as loosely feeling remark, for she had left the counting-room, and soul—dug up by the harsh spade of unkindness. None as usual. Doors were open and shut softly. Servants "the generals of self-rightcoursness upon the world's was gliding out of the store as noiselessly as she had on- know their value but they who shed them. And that d hypocrite—let us withdraw from the solemn assem-tered, when Mr. Ross stepped just outside the door and little weeping girl, who quickly closed her hand as the tered, when Mr. Ross stepped just outside the door and little weeping girl, who quickly closed her hand as the told one of his clerks to be in attendance at the residence, little tear fell upon its palm, knew not that she clasped a household. Those eyes which but a few hours before some eaving saddle me, the ass, and they saddled him."

there was no cheating done at the sale of her furniture.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Prince," said Mr. Ross, in a very altered tone from the one in which he had just tune had been left without a will, to become a matter of been speaking, at the same time extending his hand, contention and strife among those who claimed to be his which was shaken cordially by that gentleman, who was a little in advance of the other two; and you, too, Mr-Do we inquire of the merchant? Many a prudent, Burtis, and you, Mr. Wise. I am glad to see you. gencareful man, who has failed in business, charges his tlomen. You look unusually well this morning. Come, them chairs.

"I noticed a little girl come out of your office and stepbecause it added to his own coffers. Thus reaping his ping briskly through the store, pass out at the front door fortune from their misfortune his wealth from their poy- just as we entered," said Mr. Prince, addressing Mr. Ross, who colored slightly, fearing lest they might suspect what had been her errand. But he regained his glistening tear of gratitude in her eye as she passed by

But the poor and the outcast. Have they nothing to the girl is one of my tenants, and being very poor, and at say in praise of his charity and bonovolence? His name present quite sick, has very honestly sent to tell me that has become a terror to them. None ask the blessings of she can not pay me the rent for the last quarter. Know-God upon him for his goodness; while hundreds curse ing her to be a worthy woman, I told the little girl to tell him for having driven them from the mean tenement her mother not to give herself any uncasiness about the when I knew she was sick and had no means of getting A few days before his death, Mr. Ross, for that was the the money. The poor little creature said, too, that they name of the deceased, was setting in his counting-room, were very destitute, and had nothing to cat in the house, with a newspaper in his hand, from which he was read- and so I have given instruction to one of my clerks to ing over and over again a little notice it contained of a call there and see what are her necessities, and have liberal donation which had been made to one of the them all supplied. But it is a very little thing-a more churches by-himself. He was a portly, robust, hearty trifle; and then it gave me so much pleasure to see the looking man, apparently just past the middle age of life, smile of joy that lit up the sweet, innocont face of the litwith an habitual scowl upon his face, and possessing a the girl that I felt myself richly rewarded for the small self-sufficient, pompous sort of manner, which made him act of kindness I had done. Ah, my good brother," he their trust in Him." disagreeable in the extreme. Throwing from him the continued, evidently much affected, "few know how the paper he had been reading, he was just about to streek poor suffer, and starve, and die for the necessaries of life. unself upon a lounge, when a slight rap at the door while hundreds ride about in ease and roll in luxury aroused him. Stepping quickly to the door, which he without ever giving them a thought. Could they once opened, he was surprised to see standing there a little taste the pleasure I have felt, and see their eyes full with girl about ten years of age, poorly, but neatly clad, and tears of gratitude as I have seen them, in return for some with a sweet, modest countenance, who inquired for Mr. trifling act of kindness, they could not be so indifferent to their necessities-they could not stay their hand from

Spite of his hard-heartedness, Mr. Ross felt a slight The httle girl made no reply, but stood in the door-sting of conscience as he closed this remark, and, taking wholesale). By industry and economy he managed to has a part to perform, having no heart beating in comup a paper, he commenced unfolding it as, if about to Mr. Ross was of hasty tempor, and becoming out of read, when Mr. Wise stepped up to him and with a patience with the little girl, who stood with her eyes cast smile pointed him to a little paragraph in a paper which upon the floor, while with one foot she was gently tap- that gentleman had been holding in his hand ever since at once, he mortgaged it for half its value, to his emping against the door-post, threw himself upon the lounge, they entered the office. A smile of complacency and vis- player. A short time after this, a good opportunity pre-ible regret mingled together upon the face of Mr. Ross off the door-post. If you have business with me, come spoken of in terms highly commendable to the donor .in and shut the door, or else clear out," at the same time. The fact was, Mr. Ross had given one thousand dollars rising from his sent and advancing toward the door, as if a few days before toward clearing up a heavy debt which was resting upon the church, mention of which was about to shut it in her face. | was resting upon the church, mention of which was so enraged Mr. Ross that he strove every way in his The tone and manner of the man roused her from her made in the public journals. The three gentlemen stood power to injure him, and, if possible, cause his failure. thoughtful position, and she darted noiselessly into the up and looked knowingly at each other, as Mr. Ross apartment, at the same time brushing a tear from her glanced his eyes over the article, and then manifested check that had stolen from her mild blue eye like a little, much surprise that it should have been made public .-delicate wanderer, and pressing her teeth hard against (He had read the notice at least a dozen times that mor- obliged to close up his store. Having started upon cro-

and began looking over some papers without paying any the paper, "I am proud to have the acquaintance of a heed to his little visiter, until, in the excitement of busi- man so noted for acts of charity and liberality, and am ness, he had quite forgotten that there was any one pres- almost envious of the praises which are lavished unon you by the membership of the church, not to mention the A slight about! from the little girl, who had begun to many blessings asked upon you by the poor, for whose

"O, you flatter me," said Mr. Ross. "I don't deserve papers, and seeing her he petulantly asked her what she all this proise for having done what the claims of suffering humanity and the necessities of the church require of me, and I don't know but I shall make myself a poor man esitancy, "and she sent me to ask you if you wouldn't yet by my liberality," and he heaved a deep and heart-

"The Lord will never suffer those to want who dis tioner, and her voice became so choked that she could not tribute to the necessities of the poor, and give liberally of their substance to build up His churches," remarked Mr. Prince, in reply to his fears.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," said Mr. Burtis, very religiously.

"And "the Lord leveth a cheerful giver." chimed it "My dear sirs," said Mr. Ross, quite overcome, "will

you not be so kind as to change the subject, for really I really, gentlemen, really, I am quite overcome by the "Can what?" said Mr. Ross, interrupting her. "Can encomiums that you have so lavishly heaped upon me." and he picked up a newspaper which lay by his side, and "We hope we have not hurt your feelings, Mr. Ross,"

then covering her face with both her hands she sobbed maica Rum," "Holland Gin," and many others tacked upon them, like so many signboards on life's highway, A dark frown had been gathering upon the face of pointing the unwary traveler to the various avenues to

The little girl, on leaving the store of Mr. Ross, wen-

So you had better go home and slick up your duds a lit- of a fond and affectionate mother. and there are many just such being shed every day. - hung about that eplendid dwelling, pervading its every But the little girl did not hear the latter part of this un- But they are jewels-precious jewels-springing from the spartment. The window blinds were not thrown epen

POETRY AND MISCELLANY, and learn what we can of the deceased—his merits or de- of Mrs.—, at two o'clock that afternoon, to see that treasure of more value than all the gold and silver that fill- were sparkling under the exiliarating effects of wine and there was no cheating done at the safe of her furniture, and the safe of her furniture, and the safe of her furniture. ed the coffers of the man who had but just refused her wit, were now cast down, and red with weeping. The Do we inquire of the rich? They speak of him as hav- As he turned his eyes from the clerk to whom he had the small favor she had craved. She did not know it strange guest was gone. He did not leave with the rest ing been a man of immense fortune; living in ease and been spenking, he saw three gentleman who had just on- was a rich legacy bequeathed to her by her dying moth. - but tarried to have his feast alone. His bunquet was luxury; the envied of those beneath him who coveted the tered the store and were making their way toward where er. She did not examine it closely enough to see the soon ended-he had fulfilled his commission, and as he he stood, whom he at once recognized as the paster and bow of promise it contained. Yet she clasped it tightly, went noiselessly out at the door he left his name—Death. money their God. Without being possessed of intellect two of the leading members of the church of which he and when again she opened her hand to see the little He had made strange footprints in that family circle .jewel, there was nothing there-her soft flesh had drunk | Apoplexy was his peculiar garb, and Mr. Ross-the be-

> "My dear child," said the sick woman, in a whisper 'we have upthing now to hope from the world. Let us least, will not turn us empty away."

up her infant voice in carnest, supplicating prayer. She was about to rise, when her mother pressed lier hand, quent by grief, rehearsed the virtues of the deceased. and, in a whisper, said, "Pray, too, for him who was so trust we have."

That was a beautiful scone-was that sick chamber, perhaps of death, down upon her knees, pouring out her soul in earnest, agonizing prayer, and asking a blessing

ber a holy, awful place. A calm smile of resignation rested upon the face of am gone God will provide for you, and care for you; for He has promised never to forsake those who put

Just as she finished speaking, the door of the apartment was pushed gently open, and a serious noble-looking man with Christianity beaming from every feature,

stole softly to the bed-side. Leaving the sick chamber for a moment, let us briefly earn a little of the history of the poor widow: Her usband had been dead about two years. He had, a few years before his death, been in the employ of Mr. Ross, who was then doing a fair business as a grocer and liquor dealer. (He now dealt solely in liquor, by the lay by a few hundred dollars from his earnings, with the city. But not having sufficient means to pay for it sented itself, he left the employ of Mr Ross, and comnonced business for himself directly opposite the store of that gentleman-on a much smaller scale, to be sure -but immediately after his name followed in large guilt attors the mystical words "Tomperance Grocery." This so enraged Mr. Ross that he strove every way in his He was of a delicate constitution, and to close application at length brought on a lingering sickness, and being unable longer to attend to his business, he was

roods to meet the demands of his creditors. The poor man's health grew more and more feeble, and his circumstances became more and more straightened, until finally he neglected to pay the quarterly inerest on the mortgage which Mr. 1 Ross held on his house, who, seizing upon the opportunity, foreclosed it at once, and had the place sold at public auction-bidding it in himself for about half its value-even while its owner was lying helpless and dving upon his bed.

"After her husband's death, the poor widow had manged, by hard labor, to pay the rout asked by Mr. Ross, and also to support herself and daughter quite comfortably. But the task was too much for her. Tired nature at last gave way, and she was obliged to keep her bed. Consequently the rent was not punctually paid, and Mr. Ross, as if glad of another opportunity to revenge himself upon the deceased husband, seized upon her furniture, which he was about to have sold, and turn her from what she had once called her own, and which had been

made happy by her busband's smile. Two o'clock, the hour of sale, at length arrived. A few persons and collected at the auction, and soon the harsh voice of the auctionecrer was heard, and the slow rap-rap-rap of his hammer fell upon the death-deafening ear of the sick woman, as one article of furniture after another was struck off to the highest bidder, -making strange discord in the sweet strains of angelic music which the quick ear of the spirit caught as it was about to stretch its wings and take its flight from earth to

Finally, the sale had closed-the crowd dispersed, and assignificant "To Let," hung up along side of the front door. It was Friday, and the house was to be vacated by the following Monday.

There are some strange scenes enacted in this world of ours, and this is one of them. While the hammer of the auctioneer was striking off the goods that had been barired for, another batter had been made in a little retired bed-room of that cottage-a barter of time for eter--Death was the auctionogr-and Jesus Christ was the highest bidder.

A large party was given that evening at the house o Mr. Ross. Everything that wealth could do to add to its brilliancy, was done. Wealth was the only ticket procured admittance to that gay circle, where were gatherod the votaries of fashion and the world's vain pleano thought given to the morrow. All were wrapped in there, and a toast was given in honor of the man who "served God by giving to the poor." Another guest pected, uninvited. He mingled with the throng-grinned awfully discordantly when the loud laugh broke from their lips-looked into the wine cap, and smiled as he

The company dispersed at a late hour. They had and the response -- For they rest from ants; and she may expect the Sheriff there this afternoon. one about to be bereaved of all earthly hope; aye more, hushed. The lights were all extinguished. The stillness of midnight provailed. All had retired, drunk with

nevolent man who "served God by giving to the poor," -his victim. He was dead.

The funeral was too take place on the Sabbath. I then commit purselves into the hands of God. He, at came. 'Twas a lovely day. Earth has seldom seen its equal. A silver-toned bell tolled solemnly upon that day, The little girl had long before been taught to pray, and, and the clear pure air caught its melancholy music in its rently letting herself down upon her knees beside the other arms and carried it up to heaven People gathered failure upon him, whose severity and uncompromising walk into my office and take a seat," said he, handing bed, with one hand clasped in that of her mother, she lif- into the house of God, that day, to worship; and the minister stood up, and in a trembling voice, made clo-

The services were finally concluded, and the mournunkind to you, and ask God to forgive him as freely as I ful train wended its way to the grave-yard. They had entered the hallowed enclosure, and were drawing near to the place of burial, whon a rich, clear voice, full of where lay the wasted form of that poor woman, hereyes pathes and tenderness, broke upon their ears, saying, closed in silent heart-devotion; and that little guiltless "Blossed are the dead who die in the Lord," and a low, child-without father-having neither brother nor sister sweet voice, as of a spirit, seemed to float over the spot, and her mother lying upon a bed of languishing, and whispering "For they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them?"

The sound of that voice preceded from an obscure coripon that cruel, hard-hearted man, who had refused to nor of the grave-yard, where was gathered a little comdo them a kindness, even though it cost the poor wo- pany, who were just about to consign the remains of a man's life. Angels love to look upon that scene, and poor, lone widow to the dust. There was no pomp they felt presence of the loly Spirit made that sick cham- there, no hypocrisy. The only mourner was a little, grief stricken girl. She stood close by the side of the minister, who was performing the last sad rites of her the sick woman when her little daughter rose from her deceased mother. When the painful duty was done, and they had occupied, because of their inability to meet his rent, as I could not have the heart to require it of her knees, and drawing her closer to her, she said, "Lilly, the little company had dispersed, the minister took her my daughter. I commit you into the hands of Him little, trembling hand in his, and, as they left the new whom I have taught you to serve-I feel that my time made grave, she cast one long, lingering look toward the here is short. I shall soon have passed away, and you humble mound, and then brushing the tears from her will be left, an orphan; with none to provide for you - swollen eyes, with a sweet, confiding smile she looked none to care for you-without a home, and not a friend up into his face, all beaming with benevolence and love, in the whole wide world. Do not weep, my daughter," and she called him-Father. She had been adopted insaid she, as she heard the sobbings of her child, "when to the family of the holy man. - Poughkeepsic Telegraph,

THE MIND.

Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mine has ever been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation; and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without a realization of the great end for which he was designed; without feeling a soming of the soul above mere merenary motives and desires; not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece mon with those of his fellow men, no feeling in which which he built him a neat little cottage in the suburbs of self is not the beginning and the end, may well be said not to live. His mind is shut in by moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb with scarcely a rogret. Such beings we have seen and wondered at-wondered that a mortal, endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest atainment of intellectuality, should slumber on through a world like ours, in which is every thing beautiful and sublime, to call forth his energies and excite his admiration -a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scone of the richest variety to the eye, the mind, and the heart, and of such a deversified character, that we may same day. never grow weary. If, then, you wish to Live, in the thought and desire in self. Live more for the good of vanced with slow steps toward the ga your fellow mon, and in seeking their happiness you will promoté vour own.

AM I SHOT IN THE NECK?

of the night appearing, he was forced to make his way reined in his smoking charger beside them. home, accompanied by some half dozen persons to protect him from any further assault from Curtis. We have often seen men who were "shot in the neek " and inconscious of the fact—but to run a square and make the inquiry of gentlemen, rather caps apything that has come under our personal observation. - St. Louis New

MORE LOVE AND ROMANCE.

A young girl was found, in sailor's clothes, on board a vessel lately arrived at Charleston, South Carolina. Sho s about 17 or 18 years old, very pretty, though looking a little masculine, from having her ringlets cut off. It appears that she did not ship as a sailor, but stowed herself away on board, and was not discovered until after the vessel got to sea-when the captain learned that he had an extra hand; and upon questioning him, (her,) he said he had a brother in Charleston whom he wished to see-that his father would not consent, so he had run away. The captain, not suspecting anything, made him

"turn to," scrub down decks, and go aloft-which she did with consummate bravery, in gales of wind, singing out, "straighten up," to the old tars when reefing topsails. It was not until they were near port that her sex was discovered. It turns out that she was auxious to accompany a passenger on board, who, after the discovery of with a shout. the trick, would not "acknowledge the corn," but put out in the cars for Georgia, the morning after their arrival, leaving his friend to take care of himself. She is now under core of the captain, and will be taken back to her

GIVE IT TO 'EM COLD-A BRIGHT IDEA .- A venerable Missionary, who had struggled long and had to convert the inhabitants of a very cold country to his teachings and threatenings, at last was relieved by a young man,

A muttered ejaculation escaped the lips of the Colonel. who had asked the elder's advice as to the course proper for him to pursue. "My son," replied he, "for ten years have I given these people the terrors of the law; I have painted hell in its warmest colors; but the idea has seemed to please them: and going to a werm climate, was
not please them: and going to a werm climate, was
fing had again disappeared from the staff. A moment rather a comfort than otherwise. Now the best thing for you to do in, to give it to 'em cold, make it out fifty degrees colder than it is here, and I guess you'll bring 'em. They can't resist that, sir." We shall look anxiously for the Secretary's report detailing his success.

If Young mechanics, who would prosper in business have only two rules to live up to, to insure success.— First, do your work as your customer wishes to have it So you had better go home and slick up your duds a litand how averting our eyes from the minister, as he tle, that they may bring a better price, and be more like
It was a simple little thing, that burning, scalding tear;

Less the ment, to rest. Morning soon came. But gloom done. The other rule is, to do it by the time you promised to have it done. These two rules complied with and there is little danger, if any, of failure.

Whong Emphasts .- A clergyman, on feading the 27th verse of the 18th chapter of the first of Kings, placed the emphasis on the words denoted by italies, ren-

SONG OF THE GOLD DIGGER.

BY RHODERICK DIE.

Dig—dig—dig—
Toppierce for the golden ore,
Dig—Dig—dig—
Till you sweat at every pore. Till you sweat at every pore.
Dig—dig—dig—dig—
To root in the deep blick sand,
And this is to be a catizen
Of a fir e and a Christian land;
And it son to be a slave
To the Heathens and the Turk,
To rid the handsof a Christian man
From such dirty and tobsome work!

Wash—was—wash—
Till the back is almost broke:
Wash—wash—wash—
With your legs and your thighs in soak;
Wash—wash—wash—
Revolving an old tin pan.
And wabbing about with a shake and a splash;
Till you doubt you're a Christian mah!
Sout and body and mind,
Mind, and body and soul,
Oh' can it be right when they're all confined
To the basin and the bow!!

Pile—pile—pile—
When it's only a little heap—
File—pile—pile—
Till it "gradualy" grows more deep—
Pile—pile—pile—
And stow it away in a bag.
Till you gize with eyes of wild surprise
On the contents of that rag!
Oh; can it be here I stand!
And can it be gold I see!
Ho! ho! Pin off for a Christian land,
To spend it so merrily!

[Californian.

THE FATE OF THE "FOREIGN LEGION."

BY H. G. CHIPMAN.

The morning of the F4th of September broke clear and calm over the dark and frowning battlements of the castle of Chepultepece 'The flag of the Mexicans

streamed proudly out from the ramparts, and waved in all its gorgeousness in the gentle breeze which swept along the plain. Shining bayonets and glistening sabres. reflected back the sun's bright rays, and deep-mouthed cannon boomed out upon the surrounding country, threatening death and destruction to the advancing foe. On they came, filing out, column after column, from the suburbs of the little village of Tacubaya, and sweeping. like a destructive tornado upon the devoted ramparts .-Suddenly, from the batteries of the castle. a stream of flame and smoke shot forth, and all along that lengthened line, the missiles of terror and death went hand in hand, cutting down the noble and brave, the good and generous, and strowing all in one mingled heap of gore and blood. War, with all its blasting and desolating offects, was carrying grief and misery into many a heretofore happy family, and striking down the father and husband, the son and brother, in terrible and bloody havec, and consigning them to one common and sorrowing grave. While the faces of the wife and sister at home were, perhaps, wreathed in smiles, that of the husband and brother was writhing in the agony of death upon a foreign soil, and breathing out life's last sigh amid the roan of cannon and the rattle of muskets. The scenes of that fearful and fatal morn will never be forgotten.

But while this was transacting around Chepultopec, another, and a still more terrible scene was passing in the little town of Micoux, some half a mile distant from Tacubaya. At the battle of Cherubusco, the deserters under Capt. Riley had been captured, and after an impartial trial, sentenced to be hung. They were known by the title of the "Foreign Legiqu," and were made up of men who had deserted from the ranks of the Americans and joined the forces of the enemy. The day set for their execution was the I th of September-and it also happened that the attack upon Chapultapec took place the

The sun had just risen, and tinged the cast with his true sense of the term, cultivate the mind, give vent to purple ray, as they were led forth to die. Thirty in numher under lip to make it firm, she tremblingly sat down ning, and had as often reponted him of the act, as he felt dit, it took all that was realized from the sale of his drum sending forth its solemn death-notes, and giving to the whole the appearance of a military funeral rather than a public execution. They were arranged under the gallows, which was one crected for the purpose-being A difficulty occurred near the Theatre on Saturday nothing more than two large posts set firmly in the right last, between the notorious Bill Curtis and a man ground, across the top of which was placed a pole of sufnamed Kelly, which resulted in Cur is drawing a pistol ticient length to admit the bodies of thirty mea. Beneath and firing into his antagonist's face. Kelly, who was it the prisoners were arranged, with the noose around adly frightened, ran down Third street to the corner of their necks—the other end of the rope being thown over Pine, and making up to some gentlemen who were the pole, was grashed by three or four men, ready at a standing near a lamp, stripped the clothes from his neck, moments's warning, to launch thom into eternity. A and inquired vehicmently, "gentlemen, am I shot in the gloomy silence prevaded the spot, and as they gozed upreils" The persons of whom he inquired, being a lit- on the group collected there, they found no sympathising tle waggish, would give him no satisfaction, and he conglished to repeat the inquiry, "am I shot in the neck?" at fixed upon them. They had destroyed the last feeling of the same time rubbing and feeling for the wound until respect felt for them, when they took up arms against sufficient time clasped for him to satisfy himself that if their own countrymen. The usually dark brow of Col. he was shot in the neck his lungs were unimpaired, H-y, who superintended the execution, was contracted good evidence of which he soon made manifest by his by a deep frown and his deep grey eyes twinkled savagerepeated yelling for the watch; but no worthy guardian ly in their sockets, as he galloped up to the spot, and

"Is all ready, Lieutenant?" ho asked of an officer who

commanded the guard. 🐣 "Everything," replied the officer.

"Then, let them swing," was the savage reply. The Lieutenant turned and advanced toward the prisoners, when suddenly the eye of the Colonel fell upon the Castle, and the deadly roar of the artillery reached his

"Lieutenant." he suddenly exclaimed, with startling energy in his voice.

"Aye, sir," replied the officer, returning. "Have everything ready, but don't draw them up until the American flag waves out from the flag-staff of Chepultopec Castle.

ed to the gallows. "If we aint hung until the castle is taken by the Amerans, we shall live a good long, life yet," sullenly ex-

"Aye sir, it shall be done;" and the Lieutenant return-

claimed one of the prisoners under the beam. "Then live you shall, for till the Star Spangled Banner waves in victory over your castle, you shall not die," ronlied Col. H-v, sternly.

"Hurrah! boys, we'll live a long life yet. Old Brave's the man to stick to the castle as long as there's a shot in the locker, or a man to stand by him," replied the fellow

All eves were now fixed with a deep intensity upon the eight-and galling was the agony of suspense which they endured between the moments, which elaused doring the tetrible contest which was going on around the castle hill. Suddenly the flag of the Mexicans went down

mid the strife, and the Colonel shouter—
"There goes the enemy's banner; the castle is won." "And there goes the flag back again, go it, old Bravo," shouted another of the Legion, as the Mexican flag rose

and each one again fixed his eyes upon the scene. The contest raged on with unabated vigor, and in a few mo-ments the brow of the hill was hidden from sight, by the dark cloud of smoke which hung thick sround it. A half of deep anxiety followed, and then the American banner ran up the staff and floated proudly over the battlements. "Up with them!" ihundered the deep voice of the Colonel, and the next moment thirty human beings were swinging in the last agonies of death from the gallows. and as they quivered in the rising sunbeams which glanced along the plain, no look of sympathy fell apon their detested features, for all considered that they rich-

Such, reader, was the fate of the Foreign Legionmen who, scorning all the attributes of pobleness and love of country which generally exist in an American Bosom, left the standard of freedour, and a handful of omrades, in the heart of an enemy's country, surrounded by an overwhelming force, to lend a helping hand in destroying the brave little army which was toiling onward to death or victory. Dishonored they lived-hooted and despised they met the traitor's doorn.

ly deserved their fate.