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Select Poetry.

I Wept Beside thy Grave, Mother.

BY FRANK MYRTLE.

I wept beside thy grave, mother,
My heart is weeping still,
And fondly lingers near the tomb
On yonder lonely hill.
I did not hear thy parting words,
I did not see thee die;
But thy last message came to me,
When death was hovering nigh.

I have been a truant boy, mother,
And caused thee many a pain,
But I would heal the wound I made,
Could'st thou return again;
My boyish heart would not obey
Thy wild commands, I know,
And o'er my waywardness to thee,
My tears will ever flow.

I was thy cherished pet, mother,
Thy love was fond and true,
Thy kisses oft bedew'd my cheek,
Ere manhood's care I knew;
Affliction's child from infancy,
Ye loved me but the more,
And o'er me we wept as oft ye tho't
Life's pilgrimage was o'er.

I've wandered many a league, mother,
From where we used to dwell;
No cherished one is near me now,
Of those I loved so well;
&ut oft my weeping heart returns
Across the foaming sea,
To where my precious relics lie,
And there it weeps for thee.

A Select Story.

THE OUTPOST.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquois Indians had began to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia and Ohio, and the northwest portion of New York State—the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.

To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of the "regulars" and the colonial militia, were despatched to the several points assailed; and among the rest, Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among whom were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles from the north forks of the Allegheny river.

Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old outpost to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and this being done, and order once more restored, sentries were placed at all the advanced points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and night.

Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly, fine looking fellow, who from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman, had received the *non de plume* of Death. But with whatever justice the name had been applied to him for skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the very life of the company.

His rich fun of mother wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature rendering him a general favorite with the men; while the never-failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply the mess table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a little "short coming" of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which otherwise perhaps he might not have gotten over so easily.

The company had not been stationed at the Fort much more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm-house, some three miles or so distant from the Fort, there lived a certain Miss Hester Stanhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had never seen before. And to render himself still more certain of the fact, he called the day following under cover of a pretence of having forgotten his powder flask.

Death was invited to come again, by Farmer Stanhope, who happened to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was both eagerly and joyfully accepted, and as often as circumstances would permit, complied with.

The second week after this occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which—though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the Fort, were widely different in degrees of importance.

The first was, that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been sadly wanting in the items of woodcocks, blackcocks, &c., for the week past; and the second and most important of the two events was, that in regular suggestions, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.

The last circumstance struck dread into the breasts of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post—well knowing that it would be only like signing their own death-warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing to wilfully sacrifice the lives of his men by *compelling* them to go, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal spot unoccupied for a night or two.

It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the Fort, after paying a visit to Stanhope farm. The moon was up, but her light was almost obscured by the dense mass of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now in full leaf, cracked and groaned, and bent their tall forms to and fro, as the heavy gusts rushed whistling in among their branches.

Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open space in which the Fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in this position several minutes, he again quickly retreated in the manner he had advanced at a point considerably lower than where he had intended to leave it before.

Col. Innes sat reading alone, in his private apartment, when an orderly entered and informed him that one of the men wished to speak to him.

"Send him in," replied the Colonel; and at the next minute our friend Death had entered and made his best bow to his commanding officer.

"Well, what scrape have you been getting into now?" said the Colonel, when he saw who his visitor was.

"None, Colonel," replied Death; "but I have come to ask a favor."

"Let us hear it," said the Colonel, "and we will then see what we can do."

"Well, Colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the 'rifles' under my orders to-night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the disappearance of the four sentries, but make the post tenable in future."

"But how?" said the Colonel, in intense surprise.

"I guess, Colonel," answered Death, "you had better let me have the men, and order us off and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise no one shall receive a scratch if they follow my direction implicitly.

"Yes, you are a strange man," said the Colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?"

"In about an hour's time," answered Death.

"Very well, I will give you the necessary orders so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you perform all you have promised, and don't cause me to repent having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place."

Hector Campbell was a brave but very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of Lieutenant at the Fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentries had already so mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.

"Now my lads," said Death, as in about an hour after his conversation with Col. Innes, he approached the deserted post, at the head of a dozen riflemen who had been temporally placed under his orders.

"I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and the short of the affair is simply this, it's a gang of them cussed thieven' Iroquois that have circumvented and carried away four of our men—shooting them with their arrows and then decamping with their bodies.

"To-night as I was returning to the Fort, I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices. Creeping on my hands towards the spot, I got nigh enough to see and hear that about a dozen Iroquois were then and there arranging their plans to surprise the Fort to-night—intending to steal in upon it by the point which their cussed deviltry had rendered so easy an access. I only stopped to learn this, when I hurried to the Colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learned, being determined that if possible the 'rifles' should have the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?"

Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative, and with quickning pulse and sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long narrow space, bounded on each side by a rocky bank, while its extreme end was closed in by a dark and impenetrable forest. The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and among these, Death now concealed his men, taking care to arrange them so that their fire would not cross each other, and bidding them not to fire until he gave the signal; and after they had fired not to stop to reload, but clubbing their rifles to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.

With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him, and in another minute the spot presented the same lone, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.

The little company had begun to grow impatient, and Death himself, to fear that the Indians had either rued their attempt, or else had changed their plan of battle, when suddenly his quick eye, detected the form of his crafty foe issuing in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up the pass.

"Three, six, nine, twelve, thirteen," counted Death, as one after another they emerged in single file from the wood, and with quick, cat-like stealthiness of movement advanced up the pass, their files in trail, and their faces rendered still more ferocious looking by the grotesque marking of their war paint.—On they came, swiftly and silently, and all unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.

The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf teeth, collar and eagle tuft, at once proclaimed him as chief, and advanced until he was opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctions imitated the cry of an owl and discharged his rifle.

Eight of the Indians fell by the volley which the riflemen now poured upon the remainder of them; but strange to say, one of the five who did not fall, was the Chief whom Death aimed at. This unusual occurrence was owing to the following cause: the branch on which he had steadied his aim in firing, had suddenly yielded at the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise unerring aim.

Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck, Death sprung down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with one bound reached the side of the Iroquois chief. They grappled and fell to the ground heavily, and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.

"Keep off," shouted Death, as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stooping down to assist him, "keep off! and if he masters me let him go."

Over they rolled, and writhing and straining, but seemingly neither obtained any advantage of the other. At last the head of the Iroquois suddenly came in contact with the point of a big rock that projected from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice-grip of Death's throat; and the latter thus released springing to his feet finished his career by bringing the heavy breach of his rifle, with sledge-hammer force down upon his head.

The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom had received any wound worth mentioning,) now sent up such a shout of triumph for the victory, that the old woods rang with it for minutes after.

As Colonel Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of Lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and the uncompromising veteran, General Morgan, of Revolutionary celebrity, was the one and the same individual.

About a fortnight after this eventful night, Stanhope Farm was the scene of such mirth, good eating and dancing as could be disposed of during the twenty-four hours, and though we think it superfluous to do so, we will add that the cause of this "merry making" was the marriage of the beauteous Hester Stanhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.

A Patient Man.

Forty years ago, in St. Paul's church-yard, that famous place in the metropolis of England, there was a dry-good store, the favorite resort of the ladies. The partners of the house and all their clerks were known for their respectful and indulgent conduct; but one of the clerks had carned the appellation of "the patient man." He had never been known to lose his temper or polite attention, under the trying tedium of a lady's whims—a thing of course remarkable.

A lady of title and large fortune determined she would test his patience. She induced another lady to accompany her, dressed in a courtly style, drove in her elegant carriage, with a coachman and two footmen dressed in splendid livery, to the store, and singled out the patient man.

She first desired to see some satins, and after handing down all that were there, none of them suited her. She then requested to be shown the velvets. Those were as little to her mind, and they were left for muslins. These were unfortunate in price or quality, or breadth, or length, or something, and she asked to see some ribbons. Some were too plain and others too much fringed, some were too narrow, and others were too broad. At length she bought a yard of calico and paid the price, (and not without grumbling,) one shilling.

The patient man folded it up, handed her to her carriage, and politely bowing, went back to his counter, and put up his satins, velvets, muslins, ribbons, calicos, &c., an occupation costing him an hour or more.

"He *is* a patient man!" exclaimed the lady, when she had relaxed the tension of her face and mind, which had been requisite to the performance of her part. "He is deserving of encouragement—I will return to-morrow and really purchase."

She went again, and singling him out, she pleasantly apologized for her behavior yesterday, and said she meant to buy to-day. He said there needed no apology, he never wished to sell what the ladies did not wish to buy.

She now had down the satins and took a piece, she looked over the velvets and selected the best piece. She took two or three pieces of muslin, and several rolls of ribbons. Selecting other things, she made up a bill of £50, for which she gave her banker's check—and asked the favor of the partners, for the patient man to go home with.

He went with her, and as the carriage drove along she said to him,

"Why do you not go into business for yourself?"

"I have not the capital," he replied.

She told him if he would select a place where business could be done, she would assist him to set up a store, and promise to secure him many families.

He was not prepared for this, and pleaded inexperience, and his fears of failure. She insisted his indomitable patience would overcome all difficulties, and she would run all risks if he would try. He wished to tell his worthy employers and ask their advice—she consented; and they advised him to accept the offer.

The lady sent her own surveyor and her lawyer with him, and they chose a place on Ludgate Hill. She advanced £2,000 in cash and backed his credit for the same amount. He commenced and was successful. He took in partners, and in thirteen years retired from Ludgate Hill "Great Shawl Establishment," with 40,000*l*. The basis of which was an hour's patience.

☞ Charming must be the swamps of Florida, which are said to be capable of producing seven hundred bushels of frogs to the acre, with *alligators enough for fencing!*

☞ Mr. Green, when you said there was too much American eagle in the speaker's discourse, did you mean that it was a talon-ted production; and to what claws of the speech did you especially refer?"

☞ What is buckwheat?—Answer—masculine wheat. The female is called *dough*.

☞ No man believes absolute nonsense, although he often speaks it.

I Can.

Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, and everything else. Every attitude shows that your body has a soul, and is inhabited by resolution and moral sense. *I can.* A brave, hearty, soulful, manly expression. There is character, force, vigor, determination, and will in it. The words have a spirit, sparkling, and pungency about them not to be resisted or forgotten.

There is a world of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigramised, and rammed, so to speak, in these few letters. Whole lectures are there, and sermons of mighty grandeur and eloquence, on the stern and noble virtues.

We more than admire to hear the young man speak out bravely, boldly, determined, as though it was an outstretching of his entire nature—a reflection of his inner soul.—It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious; of something that will race and battle with the world, when the way is open for it.

I can! What a spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, in the phrase. It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm spirit, an indomitable will. We never a knew a man of its energy, vitality, unsubdued and energetic fire, that did not attain a place of some distinction among his fellows.

How should, we may say, how could it have been otherwise? Take Franklin, Washington, Wilberforce, Fergusen, La Place, and all the master spirits that have found a name and a place on the page of history, and where is the nation, where is the people, among whom they would not be distinguished?

It could not be otherwise. It is the nature, constitution, order, necessity, the very inevitability of things and events that it should be so. *I can*, truly and rightly said, and then clinched and riveted by the manly and heroic deeds, is the real secret, the true philosophy of all great men's lives. They took *I can* for a motto, and they went forth and made of themselves and the world exactly what they pleased.

Then, young man, hear us, if it be only this once. If you would be something more than a common, prosy wayfarer in life, just put these magic words on your lips, and their musing, hopeful, expanding philosophy into your heart and arms.

Say *I can*, and do it, and you are a man whose fortune will soon be made; and you blessed with the recollection of making it yourself.

Character is Essential to Happiness.

Without a good character happiness is never known. All that exalts, enobles, imbelishes, and dignifies humanity is blended in the beauty and the glory of a truly genuine character.

All treasures of ten thousand worlds will not campare in value with one pure heart for the production of all that is satisfying and blessed. They will not purchase peace nor joy, nor sacred rest, nor the sweet tranquility of an usullied conscience, nor a single moment's real bliss. They can never be exchanged for those golden gloried virtues that blossoms on a thick bed of roses, and which are as rich as the sweet incense that the heart loves most as the flowers are in refreshing fragrance.

The youth who places a proper estimate upon a good character has learned a lesson that is more valuable to him than anything else possibly can be. He has learned the source of his purest joys.

But the happiness and blessedness of a good character are not confined to sunny chambers of its possessor. *Character is catching.* If one has a good character, he gives something of its goodness to all with whom he associates. If his is radiant with the light of virtue, that gets out and shines in upon the hearts of others. He can scarcely look at another without impressing some mark of his own character on the one upon whom he gazes. A man's face is almost always radiant with the light of his true character.—Character, like murder, will out. It cannot long be concealed. You might as well attempt to chain the lightnings in the black caverns of the surcharged cloud, or put a hood over the great bright face of the sun, as to lock up a man's character from the sight of his fellows. God never designed that it should be. Character was made to be seen. It is the government of the soul—put on, not only for the comfort and convenience of the wearer, but for the pleasure of other people's eyes. It is not worn for self alone, for that would be mean, but for all by whom it is surrounded.

Patience With Children.

One of the requisites for the successful training of children at home, or in the schoolroom, is patience. Every teacher, whether the mother or a hireling, will find her labors made easy by the constant exercise of this cardinal virtue. If they "let patience have its perfect work" in their own hearts, it will be visible in all their conduct, and exert a salutary influence upon the minds of the young, in whose future well-being they feel a deep interest.

There may be hours when, perplexed with care and worn out with undue labor, the mother may feel the rising of impatience in her heart; but nip it in the bud, before the fruits become visible in acts, of which she may afterwards bitterly repent. Let no unkind word, or hasty blow be given in anger, lest the remembrance of it should prove a poisoned arow to the bleeding heart, when those loving eyes are closed in death, and the head which nestles on her bosom is pillowed in the grave. Chidren are won by kind words; but cross looks and harsh tones deter them from seeking our sympathy, or giving us their confidence. The mother or teacher should regard, the sports of childhood as a blessing, join in their innocent amusements, and draw from them some useful lesson for their future cosideration. They should learn to look up to her as a friend in whom they could confide, who will bear patiently with their childish follies, and in kindness seek to improve whatever may be amiss in their manners or morals.

Labor, Relaxation and Repose.

The balance of power between these three rival interests in man's life, has never yet been settled. Not, however, so much from the actual impossibility as from the difficulty of reducing to practice the principles already arrived at. For while common sense teaches that the seasons of relaxation and repose should both be lengthened exactly in proportion as the hours of labor are prolonged, it ss equally evident that every hour added to those devoted to labor is taken from those remaining for repose. So, again, what matters it that a man be convinced that eight hours a day are as many as he can devote to actual labor consistently with the preservation of his health and the improvement of his mind, if he finds he cannot provide for his family without working ten or twelve? Such is the structure and organization of society, such especially are the expensive habits of living adopted by most people, that they are obliged to rob the mind in order to cater to the body—prefering to appear in goodly apparel even though leanness enter the soul. We are no advocate for primitive simplicity and wooden shoes, the offspring of ignorance, and marked by the absence of all ambition, nor are we to be found among the number of those who, for the sake of avoiding the follies and frivolities of civilization, would return to ancient barbarism, forgetful that the rude and ungainly forms of savage races were animated by minds far more uncultivated, and swayed by emotions barbarous in the last degree. Such persons would first destroy society, that they might afterwards have the pleasure of attempting to restore it. Let them be called destroyers, not reformers. And let us remember that as Archimedes demanded some point upon which to place his lever in order to move the world, so we, in order, to improve society, must have some society to live in, some platform to stand upon while doing it.

It has been thought that by the improvements in machinery, &c., which are so constantly reducing the expenses of living, that men may have more leisure time for study, for mental and moral improvement. So indeed it might be, were it not for the fact that just in proportion as people are able to satisfy at a cheaper rate all their former wants, they either have less means with which to do it, or find new wants springing up to enslave them to labor as much as before. Hence the only real cause or means by which men are to be persuaded to devote less time to the gratification of fashionable follies and more to their own improvement, must consist in a juster appreciation of the comparative importance of the opposing interests. Thus it happens, that mankind can never make any substantial and universal progress, until the mass of the people learn to think less of gold and more of knowledge, less of authority which is brief at best, and always fickle, and more of moral power which can neither be lost nor destroyed—less of outward appearance and show, and more of mental and moral worth, Never can civilization be superior to refined barbarism until men learn to regard the soul as the *essential man*, of which the body is but the form—till men learn to estimate in their proper light the qualities of the mind and spirit which can neither result from the ingenuity of a low ambition. Never can the proper organization of society be arrived at, nor its highest benefits be experienced, until men learn to labor not solely for the meat that perishes, but in order to acquire even the means of progress—never, until men learn to give the mind and soul their proper share of attention, and to live as becomes rational and intelligent beings.

What Farmers Should Live For.

There is something worth living for besides money. That is very good but it is not all. With the least, let us raise a crop of good ideas. While you are farmers, remember also that you are men with duties and responsibilities. Live down the old brutal notion that a farmer must be uncouth, uneducated and unthinking—a mere clod-hopper. You are brought into immediate contact with the great heart of civilization.—You cannot get out of the reach of the buzz of the toiling world. The thrill of the wonder-working wires, and the rumble of the locomotive, the thunder tread of nations, come to your once secluded hill side. Move toward a better life. Do not keep your boys corn-shelling all the long winter evenings.—Make your farms a place that your sons and daughters cannot help loving. Cultivate the trees—they are God's messengers.

Care much for books and pictures. Don't keep a solemn parlor into which you go but once a month with the parson, or the gossips to the sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures which shall tell stories of mercy, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the largest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has gone to distant lands, or even when, perhaps, he clings to a single plank in the lonely waters of the wide ocean, the thought of the old homestead shall come across the waters of desolution, bringing always light, hope and love.

Have no dungeons about your house—no rooms you never open—no blinds that are always shut. Don't teach your daughters French before they can weed a flower bed, or cling to a side-saddle; and, ye daughters, do not be ashamed of the trowel or the pruning-knife, bring to your doors the richest flowers of the woods, cultivate the friendship of birds, study botany, learn to love nature, and seek a higher cultivation than the fashionable world can give you.

"Good to make Men of."

A gentleman once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow promptly answered,

"We are good to make *men* of."

Think of that, my young friends; you are all good to make men and women of. We do not mean—nor did that little boy—that you are merely good to grow up to the *size* of men and women. No, we mean a good deal more than this. You are to make persons that will be respected and useful—that will help to do good in the world. No one, who is not useful, and who does not seek to make the world better, deserves the name of man or woman.

You should not forget that, if there are to be any men and women—any that deserve such a name—twenty or thirty years hence, they are to be made of you who are now children. What a world this will be, when you grow up, if *all* only make *men* and *women*! Will you not ponder this subject, and "Show yourselves men?"

"Good to make men of." What kind of men will our youthful readers be twenty years hence? Will they be classed with the intelligent, the respectable, the industrious, the prosperous, the benevolent, the pious men of the time? for doubtless there will be such. It may require a little self-denial, and hard study and hard work; but such a character is cheaply purchased at that price—and such a character we wish all our readers to bear.—*Youth's Companion.*