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Select Poetry.

SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

[What *true* woman could wish to have a more glorious epitaph engraved upon her tombstone, than that embraced in these simple lines?]

She always made home happy!
With her kind and winning ways,
With her voice of cheerful gladness,
With her joyful hymn of praise.

She always made home happy!
Though she charmed no passer-by
With the beauty of her person,
Or the brightness of her eye.

Though no pearls or rubies glittered
'Mid the ringlets of her hair,
In her heart there shone a radiance
Of a jewel far more rare.

She always made home happy!
Though her song was not divine;
Though no harp beneath her fingers
Thrilled to notes almost sublime.

Though no artist, yet she painted
Many a beam of Heavenly love
On the friendly faces round her,
That shall shine in realms above.

A Select Story.

TWENTY YEARS' TRIAL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"What on earth shall I do?" asked a young mechanic, as he came home one evening in the height of the business panic of 1837–8, which operated so disastrously upon all classes of society, and which has only been equalled in the period of twenty years.

It was a momentous question, and one which Sarah Worcester, hopeful and cheerful as she was, could not answer easily. She had not impoverished him; for there was not a housewife in the country who possessed in such perfection, the art of making a dollar go as far as five would in other families, and in making 'auld claiths awmast as gude as new.'

Her husband's and children's wardrobes testified to this skill; Stephen always looking like a gentleman, and his little ones neater and more tastefully dressed than any in the school; a Pennsylvania school, too, where there were Quaker children in plenty, to test her claims to neatness.

With such a wife, it would seem that no man could fail of getting on in the world, especially if the belief of some persons that a woman always makes or mars her husband's fortune, were true; but in this case, at least, the proverb failed, and Stephen Worcester was gradually going down in the world, without a single bad habit as it would seem, only with the peculiar ill-luck which some men invariably find.

The season had failed in a remarkable way, to realize the hopes of the spring, Stephen's land had been almost barren. His cow died, his work-shop was burned, and to add to his distress, the children were attacked by an epidemic fever, and his expenses were increased four-fold. Bills were staring him in the face—his cottage was mortgaged to its full value; and it did really seem that Fate was doing her wosrt against the success of anything with which he had to do.

Meantime Sarah Worcester continued hopeful, and almost cheerful, under these accumulating trials. She had a calm, sweet, happy temper, which stood in the place of wealth, to its fortunate possessor, and brightened up the desolate prospect that to Stephen seemed growing darker and gloomier.

"What on earth shall I do?" was his sorrowful question to his wife, for the hundredth time, as he paced the floor one rainy afternoon, looking out occasionally on the burnt ruins of his once pretty work-shop.

"Don't worry, Stephen," answered the blithe voice of Sarah Worcester, as she plied her needle as fast as ever, repairing the rents in the children's almost worn out clothes.—"Don't worry. We are very poor, but so have thousands been before us. God is not dead, nor has he forsaken us. We trusted him in our prosperity, and it is a poor faith that will not bear a little trouble. Look, Stephen! you are well and strong, and so am I. The children have nearly recovered from the effects of their fever, and we may never again have such a poor season for your work. I know, that with a little practice, I can make a very tolerable dress maker, and I mean to try it."

"Yes, and have everybody saying that Stephen Worcester is maintained by his wife. I would starve first."

"Nay, husband, you look at this affair in a different light from what I or any one else will. If your work fails, why cannot I try mine? You can go to town for me and buy my materials, for I shall want trimmings, &c.; and I shall want you to fit up the front room with shelves, and do many other things. By-and-by, perhaps, we shall be able to keep a shop, which you can take care of until your word comes round again."

Stephen made no reply. He went out into a dark narrow land and walked backwards and forwards meditating upon his altered fortunes. One thing was certain, he would never hear it said that his wife was maintaining him. At the same time he did not doubt her ability to do what she proposed. Perhaps if he were away, she might be more successful.

"Poor girl," he said almost aloud, "I have made but a shabby husband for her after all. If I go and leave her, she may prosper."

In the mood which he was cherishing, it was easy for him to resolve upon leaving home. He felt just cowardly enough to desert his wife and children, rather than to accept the proposal Sarah had made to him.

The time was come, he thought, in which an entire change must be made, another state of things secured, or the world—should hear no more of Stephen Worcester.

He did not dare to go back to the house again; not even to look in at the window. Sarah, sitting there with her youngest child upon her knee, and Stephy and little Alice beside her, handing up their poor garments for her to mend, was a scene which he knew would shake his purpose; and he walked rapidly away from it, crushing down the bitterness of his thoughts, and trying to feel that it was better thus.

Yet often, as he paced along through the rain-drops that were still falling, he would stop irresolute, as he saw through the window of some cottage, the little group that had gathered round the father just returned from his work—the clean supper table spread for him, and all the home sights that cluster so fondly around a man's heart.

Then what would Sarah think had become of him. He almost shrieked out when he fancied her alarm. She would think, perhaps, that he had killed himself. Then he would hasten on again, and try to forget everything.

Poor Sarah! What a night she passed! What a week of torture! But when every search had been made for the missing man, and nothing could be heard of him, her hopeful temper suggested something near the actual truth; and after a while she actually started the plan she had been talking of in their last conversation, and advertised that she would commence dress-making at her own house.

Whether from pity to her widowed state, or from seeing how neatly and even elegantly fitted were her own plain cheap dresses, work soon poured in upon her. Every moment was occupied. She sat up late and rose early to her labor; and before many months had elapsed, she was obliged to hire a girl to attend to the housework, and had also three or four apprentices.

Her taste was so good that every one deferred to it, and as she found that her opinion was constantly asked respecting the trimmings suitable for the dresses she made, she concluded to keep a stock on hand, from which she realized a very pretty income.

Soon little Alice could mind the shop when she was out of school, and Stephy was invaluable as an errand boy. The little fellow seemed so anxious to do everything for his mother, that she sometimes feared that she might allow him to do too much.

Sarah was the only one that could not help her; but she was such a good, quiet, amiable child, that if she was no help she was no hindrance.

Such was Mrs. Worcester's success in her new business, that she not only maintained her family better than before, but she raised the mortgage from the house and land, leaving it free and unencumbered.

There were few hours in which she was at liberty to sit down and wonder what had become of her husband. She had an innate consciousness that he was not dead. Something seemed to say that he had only left her for a time; and that after years of patient toil he would come back to her again. She wished that he could know how well she was prospering; and at times she would have given up everything and shared poverty and even disgrace, for the sake of seeing him alive once more. But again she thought of her precious children, and how much she could advance their interests in the world by the power which her growing wealth could give her.

Stephy grew stouter and wiser every day. A good and faithful student, she felt that it would be injustice to tie him down to mechanical labor, and by prudence and frugality, she managed at last to send him to college. It was a struggle, and cost her and the girls many sacrifices, but they were willingly made, and he went through the appointed time and received the highest honors of his class at the end.

As a profession, he decidedly preferred medicine, and after the alloted period of study, he began practicing in Lancaster.

Despite the proverb that a prophet hath no honor in his own country, he was succesful beyond his hopes, and soon realized a competence. He still lived with his mother, and after his own fortunes brightened, he would urge her to give up her business, and rest comfortably upon what she had saved. If that did not suffice, he was ready to support them all.

But some unexpressed feeling in her heart forbade this. She worked early and late, adding dollar to dollar, and anxiously seeking to invest everything as favorably as possible.

Stephen thought her selfish almost, when he wished so much for her society at night, to find her stitching, cutting, basting and fitting as if her life depended upon every shred of cloth that she was manufacturing into garments.

His sister's woman-heart more easily divined her motives. They knew, although she never spoke of him, that she was gathering up for their father's return. They knew that she believed him living, and that some day he would come back; and that she would show him that she had not been idle in her desolation; or if he returned poor, she would have power to raise him above despondency.

Alice married at sixteen, and removed to Cincinnati; and soon after, Sarah, the pet, the darling of them all, gave up her sweet young life and went to heaven.

Then the mother yearned for Alice, and Stephen gave up his practice, and took his mother away from the sorrowful home.

Arrived at Cincinnati, he found a place more suited to his ambition, and soon he became one of the first in his profession, and gradually distinguished as a public-spirited and noble-hearted citizen.

Now that the family were again united, and time seemed to soften the loss of the child they had so dearly loved, Mrs. Worcester recurred more frequently to the subject of her husband's return.

Stephen thought her almost insane on this point, and with reason—for she would sit at the window for hours, now that her old occupation was gone, and gaze at the crowds that passed by, as if earnestly trying to discern the well remembered features.

The first baby in the house was a girl. It was named after the beloved Sarah, and thenceforth Mrs. Worcester lived only in the life of that child. Alice could hardly be permitted to hold it in her arms at all, so eager was her mother to perform everything pertaining to the little one's comfort.

Her children looked upon this with pleasure, for they had really sometimes feared the effect upon her senses, which the constant expectation and subsequent disappointment was likely to produce.

Stephen was one day returning from some professional calls, when he perceived a group collected upon the side-walk, not far from the street where he lived. He was on foot; and as he came near, the crowd parted respectfully to let "the good Doctor," as he was called, pass on.

He then saw that the object of their attention was a man, who seemed to be stricken prematurely old. His long grey hair streamed in the wind; a beard white as snow, hung far down his breast, but still his countenance did not indicate length of years.

He was relating to the pitying crowd how recklessly he had once thrown away his happiness, how cowardly he had deserted his family, and become a wanderer in many lands; how that in all his wanderings, poverty had still clung to him, and that at length, worn, weary, and wretched, he had turned his footseps home again to seek his family, ask their forgiveness for his desertion, and die.

He told them he had sought them where he had left them, but found them not, and had traveled slowly and painfully to the west, whither he was told they had gone. Here his courage and his strength had failed him alike, and he implored his listeners to take him to some hospital, where he could find shelter for the few days he had to live.

"Here comes the Doctor," was echoed from one to another. "He will help us to find a home for the poor creature" And the Doctor was fairly carried along with the stream, until he stood face to face with the stray waif which had floated into his path.

Memories came thronging up of his childish years, as he looked at that forelorne old man. He was a little child when his father went away; but something in that face woke up a host of long forgotten scenes, years on years ago.

With streaming eyes, he led the man away to his home, and a few questions on the way elicited the truth of what he suspected.

He conducted him by a private gate to his office in the rear of his house, clothed him anew, smoothed his ragged locks, and refreshed him with food and wine. Not until then did he insist on his knowing his name. It was he!

Cautiously he told him that he was his son and then the palled face glowed. He dared not ask for his wife, dead or living; but through an open door he saw a woman sitting with the very child, as he thought, that was in his wife's arms when he left her for the last time. Time had touched her very gently, and the bright hair and eyes were the same as ever. She turned and caught one glimpse of his face, and she knew instantly that it was her husband. Time could hang no veil upon that countenance which her love could not pierce through.

It was a rare meeting, so warm and cordial—so apparently oblivious of all wrong or unkindness, so full of tenderness and sympathy, that all was forgotten, save the actual presence of the beloved. The past was annihilated, or only lived to give the necessary shading to a picture so delightful.

If ever wife was worshipped by a husband, it was Sarah Worcester. Restored by her care to health and strength, a new man in purpose and in action, he lost no time in retrieving his character from the imputation that had rested upon it. He sought and obtained a situation, for nothing could induce him to touch his wife's hardly earned money, nor would he be under obligation to his children; but laboring every day for his daily bread, he experiences a satisfaction which was never his before. Heaven strengthened him to accept it as he ought! Let no one judge him harshly. Few are the souls into which misfortune may not, sometimes, bring weakness and cowardice. Perfection, like aloe, blooms only once in a century.

SOME YEARS AGO.—A lady noticing a neighbor who was not in her seat in church on Sabbath, called on her return home to inquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy at work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her—

"Why, la! where have you been to-day dressed up in your Sunday clothes?"

"To meeting."

"Why what day is it?"

"Sabbath day."

"Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day! Well, I did not know, for my husband has got so plagued stingy that he won't take the paper, and we know nothing. Well who preached?"

"Mr. ———."

"What did he preach about."

"It was on the death of our Savior?"

"Why, is he dead. Well, all Boston might be dead and we know nothing about it? It won't do, we must have the newspapers again, for everything goes wrong without the paper? Bill has almost forgot his readings; Polly has got mopish again, because she has no poetry and stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart load of onions and potatoes to market, I'm resolved to have a newspaper."

☞A railroad accident took place a while ago in Maine, upon which occasion the attorney of the road visited the scene of disaster, to satisfy the claims of the injured parties. After paying for black eyes, bloody noses and cracked crowns all round, at the appraisal of the injured, he supposed his business over, when he was saluted by a tall Yankee, with feet like snow-shoes, a bell-crowned hat, and a blue coat over his arm, with—"Well, Squire, what are you going to allow me?" "You!" said the attorney—"where are you hurt?" "Oh, nowhere to speak of, Squire, but I was most terribly scart, and I think that's worth about a dollar, the way you've been payin' on 'em." The dollar came, of course.

The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

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[Written expressly for the "Globe."]

A Bar-Room Scene Twenty Years Ago.

BY GAY.

I was once sitting in the bar room of a village tavern, in a sort of a dreamy mood, not noticing anything around me, although the room was filled with persons, who not unfrequently would sally up to the bar in dozens and half dozens, and call for *something*. As I said before, I was sitting almost unconscious of what was going on around me, so much so, that had I been called on oath to give an account of anything transpiring there, I could have answered nothing. I roused myself from the stupor into which I had fallen, drew the chair closer to the fire on the great hearth, and, for the first time, scanned the assemblage.

There were about twenty persons present, the greater part of them had been partaking rather freely of the contents of those long necked decanters, that were handed out so frequently—I judged so from their actions. Some were praising their *own* strength on a "lift," others were eulogizing their oratorial powers, and a third party was standing in the middle of the room, circled around a huge-looking fellow, dressed in the garb of a collier. As my eye measured the man, I wondered if Hercules could have personated strength better than he; he was rather above the medium height, though heavy set, his breast was deep, very deep, and his neck, I have never seen such a neck protruding from the shoulders of any man; his pants were belted around him, and over a white shirt, he wore a blue blaize one, with sleeves folded up to the elbows. In a word, he was what he appeared to be—a bully. It is strange that a person should have such thoughts, but the mind is ever active; and I thought as he raised those black, brawny-looking arms in gesture, and brought down that huge fist with an oath, that I could almost see Satan peeping out of those snake-like eyes. He, too, had been drinking—yet not drunk—just enough to raise the demon in his depraved nature. They called him Galer.

Sitting not far from me, was an aged man, a traveler, who, from previous conversation, I learned had been a revolutionary soldier; he was shabbily dressed; a bundle lay at his side, and he sat, his body bent forward, and supported by an old faded umbrella, on which, with one hand upon another, he rested his weary head; his long hair—white, white as a snow-flake—almost concealing his wrinkled hands. He seemed like some old tree that had stood for a long, long time, until the winds and storms had uprooted its fellows—time had wasted them, and it alone was left. I was interrupted in my reverie by—

"What are you dreamin' on? I'll wake you up," and with a sweeping kick, the ruffian—Galer—knocked away the old umbrella, and the aged man fell prostrate on the floor, amid the cheers of his no less villainous companions. How I wished for strength, but knowing my imbecility, and thinking, "discretion the better part of valor," I could do nothing more than assist him to rise. The old soldier offered no return, no word of reproach escaped his lips; but far more touching, he wept, the tears ran down the deep furrows on his cheeks like rivulets from the mountain side—how I pitied him.

I heard some one in a remote corner of the room, mutter something like the word brute, I looked, a tall, manly looking fellow rose and advanced towards the scene. "Who did that?" he said with sparkling eyes, and a contemptuous curl on his thin lip. "Whoever did it, is a brute and a coward, and has no sense of shame in his black heart?" He looked towards me for an answer. I said nothing, but pointed to Galer, who was just raising his huge fist, which fell like a sledge, separating the air, filling the space just occupied by the strangers head. Like a thought, the stranger had dropped on his knees before the bully—and before he could recover the motion caused by the stroke, he found himself on the floor, with his head almost broken.

Before the bully had gained his feet, the stranger was hurried off into another room. Then such fearful imprecations as was heaped upon the stranger's head, by that profane man, I hope I may never hear again. He raged and frothed like a madman, kicked over the chairs, insulting every one in his way. At last a blear-eyed looking fellow, about three parts drunk, proposed that "they should fight it out," but the landlord interfering, said there should be no more fighting, and if they were determined to do so, they should leave the house, which settled the matter for the space of half an hour. By this time the stranger, through his disinterested respect for age, had gained several friends of a more respectable class than his enemy's, and as is usually the case among such men, the dying embers of the feud, were again soon fanned to a blaze, and the two champions were escorted to the village green, "to fight it out." I did not follow the crowd, but a short time afterwards as I rode out of the village, I knew from the cheers (for the stranger,) that were borne on the still evening air, that the agility of the tall stranger had been victorious over the brute force of his adversary.

[Written for The Globe.]

The Farmers' Club.

CHAPTER I.

And it came to pass that in the fall of '59, the farmers of Norton assembled themselves together, for the purpose of raising a society, to be called the Farmers' Club.

And because of the inclemency of the weather, and the roughness of the roads, no one, except the sons of Adam, had ever yet met with them.

But in the third month, which is Nison, of the present year, the damsels of Norton were also invited to be present at the Farmers' Club.

Accordingly six of the daughters of Eve, together with their neighbors and kinsfolk, set out on their journey to the school house, on the night of the thirteenth.

CHAPTER II.

And being fatigued with our journey, and, as pilgrims are wont to do, we tarried for a while at the house of one Joseph by name, whose wife was also anxious to make one of our number.

The evening being far spent, we were about to set out on our journey, when the door turned slowly on its hinges, and in our midst appeared one David, who had come out from the land of steady habits, to pitch his tent with his brethren in the land flowing with milk and (not honey) sugar-cane.

And it came to pass that we escorted this kind bachelor of the land of steady habits, to the Club, and by reason of the crowd that thronged the door, we entered amid cheers and loud exultations of here comes Mr. W., and the girls.

CHAPTER III.

Moreover, after pieces had been road by the committee, the society proceeded to nominate officers for the next three months, after which they adjourned to meet the next Tuesday evening.

Lo! and behold, the next evening of the meeting, was beautiful to look upon, so much so, that a goodly number who had been absent for several meetings, was present on that night.

And hearing of the seven new members that were added to the Farmer's Club, of the town of Norton, they were anxious no doubt, to have a house full on that evening.

And it came to pass that the election of officers passed off quietly, without any bon-fires or fisticuffs, as is generally common on such occasions.

Although the gent nominated for Vice President was absent, yet he was elected by a large majority, for which he will please thank those six daughters of Eve.

In journeying homeward I beheld one William, of Norton, escorting Frances, a fair damsel of James to her residence, which is at Willow grove.

And I turned and looked in another direction, and there was Alfred, of the tribe of Thomas's also escorting one Mary, around the slough of much water, to her residence at Mount Pleasant.

CAAPTER IV.

After these things, it came to pass that, as Lizzy, of the tribe of Matthew, was about to set out on her journey, that Frederick, a kinsfolk to the damsels above mentioned, was also ready to depart and be gone to their own country.

After arriving at the house of Lizzy, being overcome with the journey, he tarried until daylight.

CONCLUSION.

Moreover, brethren, I would have you publish the Chronicles that have been written in the town of Norton, that others in coming to this county, may see the good things whereof I have written, and profit thereby.

Finally brethren, farewell.

AN EYE WITNESS,
Within the bounds of Norton, Illinois.

Beware of the Beginnings of Evil.

No man, I suppose, certainly no young man, ever began to gamble with the expectation of being a gambler. Nobody ever told a lie, meaning to be a liar. Nobody ever drank, meaning to be a drunkard. Nobody ever stole, meaning to be a thief. Nobody ever committed a wickedness for the sake of being a wicked-act man. Wicked men thought they could do a wicked act, and not have the moral quality of that act attached to them. They thought they could begin a course of wickedness, and not go through that course. And men never gamble that they may become gamblers. Of that army, a thousand strong, of professional gamblers in New York, I do not believe one set out to be a gambler. A man goes to college to be a school-master; he means to be a professor from the day he determines to be there.—Another man says, "I will be a physician;" another man says, "I will qualify myself for a civil engineer;" another man says, "I will study for a lawyer;" another man says, "I will prepare myself for the ministry;" another man says, "I will prepare myself for the navy." But I do not believe a man ever said, "I will be a gambler," and begin to indulge in games of chance with that idea in his mind. On the contrary, no man ever became a gambler that there was not in his mind, all through the earlier stages of his progress toward confirmation in this vice, a rebellion against any such idea. No man ever took the first steps toward becoming a gambler, that he did not say, "I will not be one."

And yet, dry cards are very dry indeed.—Drinking and playing are so nearly connected that they court each other as almost intimate relations and inevitable friends. And so, as playing for nothing is a very insipid process, men soon get to playing, not for money, but for the drink, for some little token, for nuts, for the supper, or something of the sort. They play for small amounts—just enough to keep their hand nerved, just enough to keep an object before their mind, just enough to have the devil inculcate them with a passion of gaming; and the moment they have got the virus in them then it is no longer at their option how far they shall go.

Suppose a man should go to his physician, and say to him, "Be kind enough to inoculate me with the small-pox, so that I shall have the small-pox a little!" Suppose a man should ask to be inoculated with the plague, so that he might have just a taste of the plague. When once the disease is in your blood, it is no longer you shall say how little or how much you shall have of it. It has a work of its own, which it will carry out irrespective of your wishes.

And that which is true of gambling, is true of tampering with illicit pleasures—with this exception; that gambling works with slowness, while licentiousness works like a conflagration. The spark rarely smoulders long. When a man has caught the infection it is as if he were set on fire of hell. There may be outward guises which for a time conceal his real condition from observation, but underneath these the passions rage almost from the beginning, and he goes quickly through from the tentative sin into the very wallowing of the mire of iniquity. And do you suppose that in the beginning he proposed that to himself? If it had been hinted to him, he would have said, "Is thy servant a dog—a hog!—that he would do this?"—And yet he does it.—*Beecher.*

Caught in His Own Trap.

A girl, young and pretty, but above all, gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself before a certain Parisian lawyer.

"Monsieur, I came to consult you on a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love, to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had, of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment, then being more sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, according to our law, you always possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him, that you can go before a judge and swear that he is your lover."

"And will that suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition."

"Well?"

"That you will produce witnesses who will make an oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections."

"Very well, Monsieur, I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair.—Good day."

A few days afterward the young girl returned. She was mysteriously received by the lawyer, who, scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questioned her with the most lively curiosity.

"Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?"

"Capital!"

"Persevere in your designs, Mademoiselle, but mind the next time you come to consult me, you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render so happy in spite of himself."

"You shall have it without fail, Monsieur."

A fort-night afterwards, the young person, more *naive* and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she in the room, than she flung herself into a chair, saying that she had mounted the steps too rapidly, and that the emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her, made her inhale salts, and even proposed to release her garments.

"It is useless," said she, "I am much better."

"Well, Mademoiselle, now tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to expose."

"Well, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself," said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you, I have been three times *tete-a-tete* with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany me to the magistrate's," gravely continued the narrator.

The lawyer thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

Going to Big Cities to Make Money.

In a recent sermon, Henry Ward Beecher says:—"Have you come to New York to get rich? Did you take the trouble to come all the way from home down here just to get rich? Why, you might have demoralised yourself, and made a fool of yourself, without taking half so much trouble! God could have said, 'thou fool,' to you just as well, if you had staid at home! You have come here, among all this excitement and temptation, with no other end than this: 'I will be as big a fool as ten thousand before me have been!—here, where, if anywhere, wealth stands on a weak foundation; here, where it has been proved, ten thousand times over, that the rich man is like an old harp frame without a string in it—that he has nothing in his soul which responds to joy; here, where a man may build lofty palaces and vast warehouses, and carry the street in his hand, and own the bank, and yet be a miserable wretch, saying at night, 'I would that it were morning,' and saying in the morning, 'I would that it were night!' You have come down to try the old game.—One more dupe for the devil! One more bird running to the snare of the fowler! Surely, a bird is wiser than you are; for in vain is the snare set in sight of the bird; but the devil scarcely takes the trouble to hide his snare. You have come down here, not for the sake of integrity, and truth, and rectitude, and God, and eternity, but to get rich! Good-bye—go—we do not travel the same road!"

"O, I will not say so; for as my mother wept over me, your mothers wept over you. O, the tears that have baptized you in the cradle! O, the prayers that have brought down the blessings which now you bonstfully call the fruit of your own skill! There is much, I trust, laid up to be answered in your behalf, yet. Think better of it—O, young man, think better of it. Think better of God; think better of heaven; think better of manhood. If you have begun wrong, it is not too late to change your course. It is never too late to do well. Take a higher view of life. Get a nobler conception of duty."

The Two-Thirds Rule.

There is a prevailing idea that the two-third rule in National Democratic Conventions originated in the Baltimore Convention of 1844. This is an error. It was adopted as the basis of the first National Convention ever called, that of 1832, at which Jackson was re-nominated with Van Buren for Vice President. Previous to that date the Congressional Caucusses had assumed to present candidates, but the election of Jackson in 1828, against caucus dictation, terminatad that policy.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, speaking of this, says:

The two-thirds rule was reported in 1832, from a committee, of which the late Vice President King, of Alabama, was Chairman. An attempt was made to substitute the majority principle, but it was voted down. In 1835 the second National Convention was held at Baltimore. The two-thirds rule was adopted after a long discussion. The majority principle at first carried, but was finally stricken out. In 1840, no action was taken on the two-thirds rule, at the third National Convention, as Mr. Van Buren was re-nominated for President by acclamation. In 1844, at the fourth National Convention, the two thirds rule was adopted by a close vote after a long discussion. At the National Conventions since held it has been adopted without opposition. The two-thirds rule has never defeated a candidate for President who had a majority of votes in a Convention, save the case of Martin Van Buren, in 1844. It has been customary for the majority to yield to that person for whom a majority of the Convention votes. We have no doubt that will be the case at Charleston.

We have heard of an economical man who always takes his meals in front of a mirror—he does this to double the dishes. If that isn't philosophy, we would like to know what is.