J. S. Africa
341 Walnut st.

The Globe.

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IN MEMORIAM.

There's a burden of grief on the breezes of spring,
And a song of regret from the bird on its wing;
There's a pall on the sunshine and over the flowers,
And a shadow of graves on these spirits of ours;
For a star hath gone out from the night of our sky,
On whose brightness we gazed as the war-cloud rolled by;
So tranquil and steady and clear were its beams,
That they fell like a vision of peace on our dreams.

A heart that we knew had been true to our weal,
And a hand that was steadily guiding the wheel;
A name never tarnished by falsehood or wrong,
That had dwelt in our hearts like a soul-stirring song;
Ah! that pure, noble spirit has gone to its rest,
And the true hand lies nerveless and cold on his breast;
But the name and the memory—*these* never will die,
But grow brighter and dearer as ages go by.

Yet the tears of a nation fall over the dead,
Such tears as a nation before never shed,
For our cherished one fell by a dastardly hand,
A martyr to truth and the cause of the land;
And a sorrow has surged, like the waves to the shore
When the breath of the tempest is sweeping them o'er;
And the heads of the lofty and lowly have bowed,
As the shaft of the lightning sped out from the cloud.

Not gathered, like Washington, home to his rest,
When the sun of his life was far down in the West;
But stricken from earth in the midst of his years,
With the Canaan in view, of his prayers and his tears.
And the people, whose hearts in the wilderness failed,
Sometimes, when the stars of their promise had paled,
Now, stand by his side on the mount of his fame,
And yield him their hearts in a grateful acclaim.

Yet there on the mountain, our Leader must die,
With the fair land of promise spread out to his eye;
His work is accomplished, and what he has done
Will stand as a monument under the sun;
And his name, reaching down through the ages of time,
Will still through the years of eternity shine—
Like a star, sailing on through the depths of the blue,
On whose brightness we gaze every evening anew.

His white tent is pitched on the beautiful plain,
Where the tumult of battle comes never again,
Where the smoke of the war-cloud ne'er darkens the air,
Nor falls on the spirit a shadow of care.
The songs of the ransomed enrapture his ear,
And he heeds not the dirges that roll for him here;
In the calm of his spirit, so strange and sublime,
He is lifted far over the discords of time.

Then bear him home gently, great son of the West—
'Mid her fair blooming prairies lay Lincoln to rest;
From the nation who loved him, she takes to her trust,
And will tenderly garner the consecrate dust,
A Mecca his grave to the people shall be,
And a shrine evermore for the hearts of the free.

THE BIRDS.

The Warbles of the Year—When they come—What they Do—The Order of Succession.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May is an article entitled "With the Birds," from which we make the following extracts:

The Robins.

In that free, fascinating, half-work and half-play pursuit—sugar-making, a pursuit which still lingers in many parts of New York, as in New England, the Robin is one's boon companion. When the day is sunny and the ground bare, you may meet him at all points and hear him at all hours. At sunset, on the tops of the tall maples, with look heavenward, and in a spirit of utter abandonment, he carols his simple strain. And sitting thus amid the stark, silent trees, above the wet, cold earth, with the chill of winter still in the air, there is no fitter or sweeter songster in the whole round year. It is in keeping with the scene and the occasion. How round and genuine the notes are, and how eagerly our ears drink them in! The first utterance, and the spell of winter is thoroughly broken and the remembrance of it afar off.

Robin is one of the most native and democratic of our birds; he is one of the family, and seems much nearer to us than those rare, exotic visitants, as the Orchard Starling or Rose-Breasted Grosbeak, with their distant, high bread ways. Hardy, noisy, frolicsome, neighborly and domestic in his ways, strong of wing and bold in spirit, he is the pioneer of the Thrush family, and well worthy of the finer artists whose coming he heralds and in a measure prepares for us.

I could wish Robin less native and plebeian in one respect—the building of his nest. Its coarse material and rough masonry are creditable neither to his skill as a workman nor to his taste as an artist. I am the more forcibly reminded of his deficency in this respect from observing yonder Humming-Bird's nest, which is a marvel of fitness and adaption, a proper setting for this winged gem, the body of it composed of a white felt-like substance, probably the down of some plant, or the wool of some worm, and toned down in keeping with the branch on which it sits by minute treelinchens, woven together by threads as fine and frail as gossamer.

The Phoebe.

Another April bird, which makes her appearance sometimes earlier and and sometimes later than Robin, and whose memory I fondly cherish, is the Phœbe-Bird (*Muscicapa nunciola*), the pioneer of the Flycatchers. In the inland farming districts I used to notice her, on some bright morning about Easter-day, proclaiming her arrival with much variety of motion and ttitude, from the peak of the barn or hay-shed. As yet, you may have heard only the plaintive, home-sick note of the Bluebird, or the faint trill of the Song-Sparrow; and Phœbe's clear, vivacious assurance of her veritable bodily presence among us again is welcomed by all ears. At agreeable intervals in her lay she describes a circle or an ellipse in the air, ostensibly prospecting for insects, but really, I suspect, as an artistic flourish, thrown in to make up in some way for the deficiency of her musical performance. If plainness of dress indicates powers of song, as it usually does, then Phœbe ought to be unrivaled in musical ability, for surely that ashen gray suit is the superlative of plainness; and that form, likewise, though it might pass for the "perfect figure" of a bird, measured by Joe Gargery's standard, to a fastidious taste would present exceptionable points. The seasonableness of her coming, however, and her civil, neighborly ways, shall make up for all deficencies in song and plumage, and remove any suspicions we have had, that, perhaps, from some cause or other, she was in some slight disfavor with Nature. After a few weeks Phœbe is seldom seen, except as she darts from her moss-covered nest beneath some bridge, or shelving cliff.

May Birds.

May is the month of the Swallow and the Orioles. There are many other distinguished arrivals; indeed, nine-tenths of the birds are here by the last week in May, yet the Swallows and Orioles are the most conspicuous. The bright plumage of the latter seems really like an arrival from the tropics. I see them flash through the blossoming trees, and all the forenoon hear their incessant warbling and wooing. The Swallows dive and chatter about the barn, or squeak and build beneath the eaves; the Partridge drums in the fresh unfolding woods; the long, tender note of the Meadow Lark comes up from the meadow; and at sunset, from every marsh and pond come the ten thousand voices of the Hylas. May is the transition month, and exists to connect April and June, the root with the the flower.

June Birds.

With June the cup is full, our hearts are satisfied, there is no more to be desired. The perfection of the season, among other things, has brought the perfection of the song and plumage of the birds. The master artists are all here; and the expectations excited by the Robin and Song Sparrow are fully justified. The Thrushes have all come; and I sit down upon the first rock with hands full of the pink Azalea, to listen. With me, the Cuckoo does not arrive till June, and often the Goldfinch, the Kingbird, the Scarlet Tanager delay their coming till then. In the meadows the Bobolink is in all his glory; in high pastures the Field-Sparrow sings his breezy vesper hymn; and the whole woods are unfolding to the music of the Thrushes.

The Cuckoo.

is one of the most solitary birds of our forests, and is strangely tame and quiet, appearing equally untouched by joy or grief, fear or anger. Is he an exile from some other sphere, and are his loneliness and indifference the result of a hopeless, yet resigned soul? Or, has he passed through some terrible calamity or bereavement, that has overpowered his sensibilities, rendering him dreamy and semi-conscious? Something remote seems ever weighing on his mind. He deposits his eggs in the nests of other birds, having no heart for work or domestic care. His not or call is as of one lost or wandering, and the farmer says is prophetic of rain. Amid the general joy and the sweet assurance of things, I loved to listen to this strange clairvoyant call. Heard a quarter of a mile away, coming up from the dark bosom of the forest or out from the somber recesses of the mountain, like the voice of a muezzen calling to prayer in the Oriental twilight, it has a peculiar fascination. He wanders from place to place,

"An invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery."

You will probably hear him a score of times to seeing him once. I rarely discover him in the woods, except when on a protracted stay; but when in June he makes his gastronomic tour of the garden and orchard, regaling himself upon canker-worms, he is quite noticeable. Since food of some kind is a necessity, he seems resolved to burden himself as little as possible with the care of obtaining it, and so devours these creeping horrors with the utmost matter-of-course air. At this time he is one of the tamest birds in the orchard, and will allow you to approach within a few yards of him. I have even come within a few feet of one without seeming to excite his fear or suspicion. He is quite unsophisticated or else royally indifferent.

Without any exception, his plumage is the richest brown I am acquainted with in Nature, and is unsurpassed in the qualities both of firmness and fineness. Notwithstanding the disparity in size and color, he has certain peculiarities that remind one of the Passenger Pigeon. His eye, with its red circle, the shape of his head, and his motions on alighting and taking flight, quickly suggest the resemblance; though in grace and speed, when on the wing, he is far inferior. His tail seems disproportionately long, like that of the Red Thrush, and his flight among the trees is very still, contrasting strongly with the honest clatter of the Robin or Pigeon.

Distribution.

The distribution of plants in a given locality is not more marked and defined than that of the birds. Show a botanist a land, he will tell you where to look for the Lady's-Slipper, the Columbine, or the Harebell. On the same principles the ornitholigist will direct you where to look for the Hooded Warbler, the Wood Sparrow or the Chewink. In adjourning counties in the same latitude, and equally inland, but possessing a different geological formation and different forest timber, you will observe quite a different forest timber, you will observe quite a different class of birds. In a country of the beech and maple I do not find the same songsters that I know where thrive the oak, chestnut and laurel. In going from a district of the Old Red Sandstone to where I walk upon the old Plutonic Rock, not fifty miles distant, I miss in the woods the Veery, the Hermit-Thrush, the Chestnut Sided Warbler, the Blue-Backed Warbler, the Green Backed Warbler, the Black and Yellow Warbler, and many others—and find in their stead the Wood-Thrush, the Chewink, the Redstart, the Yellow-Breasted Flycatcher, the White-Eyed Flycatcher, the Quail and the Turtle-Dove.

The Wood-Thrush.

But the crowning glory of all these Robins, Flycatchers and Warblers is the Wood-Thrush. More abundant than all other birds, except the Robin and Cat bird, he greets you from every rock and shrub. Shy and reserved when he first makes his appearance in May, before the end of June he is tame and familiar, and sings on the tree over your head, or on the rock a few paces in advance. A pair even built their nest and reared their brood within ten or twelve feet of the piazza of a large summer house in the vicinity. But when the guests commenced to arrive and the piazza to be thronged with gay crowds, I noticed something like dread, and foreboding in the manner of the motherbird; and from her still, quiet ways and habit of sitting long and silently within a few feet of the precious charge, it seemed as if the dear creature had resolved, if possible, to avoid all observation.

He is the only songster of my acquaintance, excepting the canary, that displays different degrees of proficiency in the exercise of his musical gifts. Not long since, while walking one Sunday in the edge of an orchard adjoining a wood, I heard one that so obviously and unmistakingly surpassed all his rivals, that my companion, though slow to notice such things, remarked it wonderingly; and with one accord we threw ourselves upon the grass and drank in the bounteous melody. It was not different in quality so much as in quantity. Such a flood of it! Such magnificent copiousness! Such long, trilling, deferring, accelerating preludes! Such sudden, ecstatic overtures would have intoxicated the dullest ear. He was really without a compeer, a master artist. Twice afterward I was conscious of having heard the same bird.

The wood-thrush is the handsomest species of this family. In grace and elegance of manner he has no equal. Such a gentle, bird-bred air, and such inimitable ease and composure in his flight and movement! He is a poet in very word and deed. His carriage is music to the eye. His performance of the commonest act, as catching a beetle or picking a worm from the mud, pleases like a stroke of wit or eloquence. Was he a prince in the olden time, and do the regal grace and mien still adhere to him in his transformation? What a finely proportioned form! How plain, yet rich in his color,—the bright russet of his back, the clear white of his breast, with the distinct heart shaped spots! It may be objected to Robin that he is noisy and demonstrative; he hurries away or rises to a branch with an angry note, and flirts his wings in ill-bred suspicion. The Mavis, or Red Thrush, sneaks and skulks like a culprit hiding in the highest alders; the Cat-bird is a coquette and a flirt, as well as a sort of female Paul Pry; and the Chewink shows his inhospitality by espying your movements like a Japanese. The Wood-thrush has none of these underbred traits. He regards me unsuspiciously, or avoids me with a noble reserve—or, if I am quiet and incurious, graciously hops toward me, as if to pay his respects, or to make my acquaintance. Pass near his nest, under the very branch, within a few feet of his mate and brood and he opens not his beak; he concedes you the right to pass there, if it lies in your course; but pause an instant, raise your hand toward the defenceless household, and his anger and indignation are beautiful to behold.

What a noble pride he has! Late one October, after his mates and companions had long since gone South, I noticed one for several successive days in the dense part of this next-door wood, flitting noiselessly about, very grave and silent, as if doing penance for some violation of the code of honor. By many gentle, indirect approaches, I perceived that part of his tail-feathers were undeveloped. The sylvan prince could not think of returning to court in this plight—and so amid the falling leaves and cold rains of Autumn, was patiently biding his time.

The Cat bird.

I hardly know whether I am more pleased or annoyed with the Cat Bird. Perhaps she is a little too common, and her part in the general chorus a little too conspicuous. If you are listening for the note of another bird, she is sure to be prompted to the most loud and protracted singing, drowning all other sounds; if you sit quietly down to observe a favorite or study a new comer, her curiosity knows no bounds, and you are scanned and ridiculed from every point of observation. Yet I would not miss her; I would only subordinate her a little, make her less conspicuous.

She is the parodist of the woods, and there is ever a mischievous, bantering, half-ironical undertone in her lay, as if she were conscious of mimicking and disconcerting some envied songster. Ambitious of song, practising and rehearsing in private, she yet seems the least sincere and genuine of the sylvan minstrels, as if she had taken up music only to be in the fashion, or not to be outdone by the Robins and Thrushes. In other words, she seems to sing from some outward motive, and not from inward joyousness. She is a good versifier, but not a great poet. Vigorous, rapid, copious, and without fine touches, but destitute of any high, serene melody, her performance, like that of Thoreau's squirrel, always implies a spectator.

Summer Birds.

Till the middle of July there is a general equilibrium; the tide stands poised, the holiday spirit is unabated. But as the harvest ripens beneath the long, hot days, the melody ceases. The young are out of the nest and must be cared for, and moulting season, is at hand. After the Cricket has commenced to drone his monotonous refrain beneath your window, you will not, till another season, hear the Wood-Thrush in all his matchless eloquence. The Bobolink has become careworn and fretful, and blurts out snatches of his song between his scolding and upbraiding, as you approach the vicinity of his nest, oscillating between anxiety for his brood and solicitude for his musical reputation. Some of the Sparrows will sing, and occasionally across the hot fields, from a tall tree in the edge of the forest, comes the rich note of the Scarlet Tanager. This tropical colored bird loves the hottest weather, and I hear him more in dog days than at any other time.

The remainder of the Summer is the carnival of the Swallows and Flycatchers. Flies and insects, to any amount are to be had for the catching; and the opportunity is well improved.

August is the month of the high-sailing Hawks. The Hen Hawk is the most noticeable. He likes the haze and calm of these long, warm days. He is a bird of leisure, and seems always at his ease. How beautiful and majestic are his movements! so self-poised and easy, such an entire absence of haste, such a magnificent amplitude of circles and spirals, such a haughty, imperial grace, and occasionally such daring aerial evolutions!

With slow, leisurely movement, rarely vibrating his pinions, he mounts and mounts in an ascending spiral till he appears a mere speck against the Summer sky; then, if the mood seizes him, with wings half closed, like a bent bow, he will cleave the air almost perpendicularly, as if intent on dashing himself to pieces against the earth; but on nearing the ground, he suddenly mounts again on broad, expanded wing, as if rebounding upon the air, and sails leisurely away. It is the sublimest feat of the season. One holds his breath till he sees him rise again. Sometimes a squirrel, or bird, or an unsuspecting barn-fowl is scathed and withered beneath this terrible visitation.

If inclined to a more gradual and less precipitous descent, he fixes his eye on some distant point in the earth beneath him and thither bends his course. He is still almost meteoric in his speed and boldness. You see his path down the heavens, straight as a line; if near, you hear the rush of his wings; his shadow hurtles across the fields, and in an instant you see him quietly perched upon some low tree or decayed stub in a swamp or meadow, with reminiscences of frogs and mice stirring in his maw.

When the South wind blows, it is a study to see three or four of those air kings at the head of the valley far up toward the mountain, balancing and oscillating upon the strong current; now quite stationary, except a slight tremulous motion like the poise of a rope-dancer, then rising and fallen in long undulations, and seeming to resign themselves passively to the wind; or, sailing high and level far above the mountain's peak—no bluster and haste, but, as stated, occasionally a terrible earnestness and speed. Fire at him as he sails overhead, and, unless wounded badly, he will not change his course or gait.

His flight is a perfect picture of repose in motion. He might sleep or dream in that level, effortless, aimless sail. It strikes the eye as more surprising than the flight of the Pigeon and Swallow even, in that the effort put forth is so uniform and delicate as to escape observation, giving to the movement an air of buoyancy and perpetuity, the effluence of power rather than the conscious application of it.

Autumn Birds.

But Summer wanes, and Autumn approaches. The songsters of the seed-times are silent at the reaping of the harvest. Other minstrels take up the strain. It is the heyday of insect life. The day is canopied with musical sound.

All the songs of the Spring and Summer appear to be floating, softened and refined, in the upper air. The birds, in a new, but less holiday suit, turn their faces southward. The Swallows flock and go; the Bobolinks flock and go; silently and unobserved, the Thrushes go. Autumn arrives, bringing Finches, Warblers, Sparrows and Kinglets from the north. Silently the procession passes. Yonder Hawk, sailing peacefully away till he is lost in the horizon is a symbol of the closing season and the departing birds!

Proclamation by the President.

Thursday, June 1st, Appointed a Day of Mourning and Prayer.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, By my direction, the Acting Secretary of State, in a notice to the public, of the 17th, requested the various religious denominations to assemble on the 19th inst., on the occasion of the obsequies of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States, and to observe the same with appropriate ceremonies; but

Whereas, Our country has become one great house of mourning, where the head of the family has been taken away, and believing that a special period should be assigned for again humbling ourselves before Almighty God, in order that the bereavement may be sanctified to the nation—

Now, therefore, in order to mitigate that grief on earth which can only be assuaged by communion with the Father in Heaven, and in compliance with the wishes of senators and representatives in Congress, communicated to me by resolutions adopted at the national capital,

I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 1st day of June next, to be observed (wherever in the United States the flag of the country may be respected) as a day of humiliation and mourning. And I recommend my fellow-citizens then to assemble in their respective places of worship, there to unite in solemn service to Almighty God in memory of the good man who has been removed, so that all shall be occupied at the same time in contemplation of his virtue, and in sorrow for his sudden and violent end.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington the 24th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

[L. S.] ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:
W. HUNTER, Acting Sec'y of State.

☞ Luv iz like the meazles, we kant alwuz tell when we ketched it, and aint up tew hav it severe but onst, an then it aint kounted much onless it strikes inly.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Vigorous Operations Ordered Against Rebel Pirates.

Neutral Nations Warned Against Giving them Hospitality.—Rehabilitation of Virginia—The Rebel State Government Pronounced Dead.—The Authority of the Union and Governor Pierpont to be Respected.

WASHINGTON, May 9.—President Johnson has issued a proclamation declaring that

WHEREAS, Armed resistance to the authority of this Government in certain States heretofore declared to be in insurrection may be regarded as virtually at an end, and the persons by whom that resistance, as well as the operations of insurgent cruisers were directed, are fugitives or captives;

And whereas, It is understood that some of these cruisers are still infesting the high seas, and others are preparing to capture, burn and destroy vessels of the United States;

The President enjoins all naval, military and civil officers of the United States diligently to endeavor, by all lawful means, to arrest the said cruisers, and to bring them into a port of the United States, in order that they may be prevented from committing further depredations on commerce, and that the persons on board of them may no longer enjoy immunity for their crimes.

And he further proclaims and declares that if after a reasonable time shall have elapsed for this proclamation to become known in the ports of nations claiming to have been neutrals, the said insurgent cruisers, and the persons on board of them, shall continue to receive hospitality in the said port, the Government will deem itself justified in refusing hospitality to the public vessels of such nations in the ports of the United States, and in adopting such measures as may be deemed advisable towards vindicating the National sovereignty.

VIRGINIA.

The President has also issued an executive order to re-establish the authority of the United States and execute the laws within the geographical limits known as the State of Virginia.

It is ordered that all acts and proceedings of the political, military and civil organizations which have been in a state of insurrection and rebellion, within the State of Virginia, against the authority and laws of the United States, and of which Jefferson Davis, John Letcher and William Smith were late the respective chiefs, are declared null and void. All persons who shall exercise, claim, pretend or attempt to exercise any political, military or civil power, authority, jurisdiction or right by, through, or under Jefferson Davis, late of the city of Richmond, and his confederates, or under John Letcher, or William Smith and their confederates, or under any pretended political, military or civil commission or authority issued by them or of them since the 17th day of April, 1861, shall be deemed and taken as in rebellion against the United States, and shall be dealt with accordingly.

The Secretaries of the State, War, Treasury, Navy and the Interior Departments, and the Postmaster General, are ordered to proceed to put in force all the laws of the United States pertaining to their several departments; and the district to proceed to hold courts within the said State in accordance with the provisions of the acts of Congress. The Attorney General will instruct the proper officers to libel and bring to judgment, confiscation, and sale, the property subject to confiscation, and enforce the administration of justice, within the said State in all matters civil and criminal within the cognizance of the Federal courts, to carry into effect the guarantee of the Federal Constitution of a Republican form of State Government, and afford the advantage and security of domestic laws, as well as to complete the re-establishment of the authority of the laws of the United States, and the full and complete restoration of peace within the limits aforesaid.

Francis A. Pierpont, Governor of the State of Virginia, will be aided by the Federal Government, so far as may be necessary, in the lawful measures which he may take for the extension and administration of the State Government throughout the geographical limits of the said State.

Fiendish Vandalism—The Body of Senator Hicks Stolen.

The Centreville (Md.) *Citizen* of the 3d has the following:

We learn from a gentleman of Denton, Caroline county, that on Wednesday night last some fiends opened the tomb of ex-Governor Hicks, in Dorchester county, and stole his coffin and body therefrom, and broke the tombstone to pieces. The body and coffin had not been found at last reports, and it is believed they have been sunk in the Choptank river.

Governor, afterwards Senator Hicks was the loyal, energetic Governor of Maryland who preserved that State from the toils of secession conspiracy, when it was in the greatest danger of being enveloped in them. He died last February, in Washington.

This brutal, disgusting act; this dishonoring of a patriot's dust is but a natural out-cropping from the same foul treason that has bred assassination and wholesale murder of captives.

The Placeless.

"There are fifty applicants for every vacancy, and no more will be received," was placarded on the post office door on the inauguration of our new postmaster the other day. In any large city there are a dozen applications, yes, a hundred within half a day after the publication of any vacancy. On the incoming of a new Governor or a President, the "place" seekers are numbered by hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands; and sometimes the "outside pressure" is so resistless, that the very highest officers in the Government feel themselves obliged to favor persons who are strangers to them, in preference to men whom they are under special and personal obligations, and whom they know to be fully qualified for all the duties of the station. Public men who have offices in their gift often feel themselves compelled to bestow them on persons whom they know are not the best adapted to the position, as rewards for past polititical services, for present political influence, or for those conciliations of opposing parties which seem to them are indispensable to the situation of affairs. Yet opposed to these accepted applicants are men of integrity undoubted, of refinement, of a culture, and of a once social position, which ought to guarantee success, brought to this suppliant attitude for "place" by sickness, by accident, by pecuniary revulsion, by the perfidy of men, against which no human foresight could provide. Recently a high name in this community, which five years ago wielded the wand of power in financial circles, was handed in for a "place" of trust and profit. Gray-headed and bald and bent, he craved the "influence" of influential men with hot tears; and after weeks and months of such debasement, and of agonizing suspense, he failed of his object, the poor house looking himself and helpless family full in the face. Young men and young women, within a week of this writing, have been driven into suicide in New York city, having vainly sought 'places,' until on the verge of starvation, and to escape it, took the rope and the poison. Why all this? Because they grow up without a positive occupation, without having been instructed in any handicraft. There's truth in Franklin's saying, that the "parent who brings up a son without a calling, teaches him to be a thief." Let that father then, who wishes to be assured that his son shall not languish in a penitentiary, or perish on a gallows, give that son a trade. Let the mother who desires to make it certain that the daughter she so much loves shall not pine away in some cheerless hospital, ay, some insane asylum, teach that daughter a perfect use of her needle, or, better, the skillful handling of a sewing machine; and, more, how to keep a tidy house; how to prepare a comfortable meal; how to spread a well appointed table—to do all these things with thoroughness. Such a young woman can never come to want; can never fail to find a well-paying place in this country. There are a thousand families in New York any day who would consider themselves "fortunate" in having such seamstresses, house-girls, nurses, and cooks at twenty per cent. higher wages than generally prevail. A good mechanic can always find work for "victuals and clothes," with increasing wages as his fidelity and skill become known, and thus prevent that distressing sadness, that debasing cringing, that eating out all life's gladness, which wither the heart and waste away the health, until the friendly grave ends the torture.—*Hall's New York Journal of Health.*

COULDN'T FOOL HER.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Courier tells an amusing story of some young ladies and gents of that place who were taking a social walk near the cemetery, when a ghost appeared. They all ran but one sturdy woman of the strong minded class, who stood her ground till the ghost got to her, when she seized it, thrashed out of his frightened disguise a mischevious fellow, who heard the project of walking about the graveyard discussed, and hid himself there to give the party a fright. She led him back to the house, and in reply to the questions that poured in upon her, said: "Can't fool me I've seen too many men in sheets to get frightened at them."

☞ A handsom young gal was sot up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with scissors in his vest pocket—I mean a dry goods clerk—and the young gal's mother hearing suthin pop, rose from her couch under an impression that her eldest boy was holding a wild revel on the root beer in the west room. But, on opening the door, she diskivered it was huggin and kissin' which awakened her from her peaceful repose.

"My daughter, oh, my daughter," this fond parint did cry, "oh, that I should live to see this doins in my own house!" "I know, dear mother," this village maiden did unto her mother quickly reply, "that is quite improper, but it is so *orfully soothin.*"