

American Counter.

BY JOHN B. DRATTON.

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Poetical.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

BY G. W. FATTEN, U. S. A.

Brother! speak in whispers light—
This is my last—my last—my last!
For more our steps will light
Through the garden's scented way;
By the blossomed path of love,
To the altar's sacred shrine;
To the altar's sacred shrine;
To the altar's sacred shrine;
To the altar's sacred shrine;

Miscellaneous.

MY FORTUNE'S MADE.

BY MARY A. SMITH.

My young friend Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if to use a common saying, "just out of a ball-room." Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man by the name of Edward Douglas, who was the very pink of manhood, in all respects pertaining to dress, and exceedingly particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw from the first, that if Douglas pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest. He remarked to me, one day, "I have a great liking for your husband, on the night of the wedding. Their tastes are similar, and their habits are so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that may hereafter be necessary."

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," remarked my husband, on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits are so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that may hereafter be necessary."

"Bless me, Cora," said I, "what is the matter? Have you any news?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my diabolical rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly, I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh, well, no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married, you know."

"Yes, I'm aware of that fact."

"No need in being so particular in dress, now?"

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say," replied Cora, "my fortune's made? I've got a husband."

"Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend."

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness, in order to win Edward's love," said I.

"Certainly, I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affections were so easily won? I should be very sorry, indeed, to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt in the world of that Cora. But remember, that he cannot see what is in your dress, except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it, but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him in a dress that is not in the least attractive attire. If you do not dress well before your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray do you dress? You are as neat, as when you were before marriage."

peared at the breakfast table in the morning without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt sleeves. The lovely habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously, and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about her appearance.

Douglas did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a bold and off-hand manner would do no good. "If your fortune is made, so mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly and indifferently.

Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast table with a beard of twenty-four hours growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear," said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was very unpleasant.

"No," he replied carelessly, "it's a serious trouble to shave every day."

"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face,"

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort every thing," said Douglas.

"Why, Edward, how do you do that?"

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"Don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglas, one morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with alighted feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"Gladly, if you don't go any farther," said Douglas, one morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and with alighted feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"How much better you do look," said the young wife, "now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You care for me just as well, and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning Douglas appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward, how do you do that?"

"You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt,"

Edward stroked his face, and ran his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so.

"No matter, I look well enough. This being so very peculiar in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

In this trim Douglas went to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

SPAIN!

I come, I come! you have called me long!
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
I come to trace my steps o'er the mountains high,
By the moon which sets in the western sky,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

THE FIRE-WATER SACRIFICE.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

The historical tradition which I am now to narrate is said to have occurred at an early day on the extreme western point of what is now called Drummond's Island in the northern waters of Lake Huron. I obtained it from the lips of Kah-gah-bowh of Upright Standing, a young chief of the Chippeway nation, who assured me that it commemorated the first introduction of the baneful Fire-water into the Indian country.

The schooner of a pleasant day in the autumn-tide, when a trading canoe landed on Drummond's Island in the vicinity of a Chippeway village. It belonged to a French trader, and was laden with a barrel of whiskey, which he had brought from the lower country. Soon as he had deposited his goods, he sat down to rest, and while he was thus engaged, he was surprised by the appearance of a young man, who had been hunting in the neighborhood of the village, and who had just returned from a successful hunt.

"How much better you do look," said the young wife, "now don't go another day without shaving."

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DIGNITY OF LABOR.

We have heard among the idlers, who float like drift-wood on the surface of society, contemptuous flings at those whose heritage is toil. They sneer at what they call the hard and swartly hand of labor, but they forget that of all that is useful, luxurious or beautiful in this earth, it is the hand of the creator—that from the marble pebble to the white kid gloves of the tailor's most exquisite walking-suit, all has been wrought out by human hands. Much of it, too, at a painful cost to human hearts far more sensitive to the real dignity of manhood than the most bedizened and perfumed of those scorners of labor. It is the toil of these hard hands that has reared empires in the old and planted republics in the wilderness of a new world; that has hewn the rock in the quarry, and built the temple for the monuments of nations; that has delved whatever fame belongs to genius with the sculptor's chisel, the painter's pencil, and the poet's pen—that has winged the ocean with white sails, and exchanged the products of every country for its own commodities; that has plumed the lightning to descend upon wires and to the new Mercury of the world. Labor! why, man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle and has nourished your pampered life—without it, the world would be a wilderness of mud and water, and the worm's nest and the fœces in the shepherd's fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human well-being, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the stars, by God's wise ordination, is breathed with life, it is only by the sweat of man's brow that the iron of a factory like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are the working men, who can build or cast down at their will, and who re-erect the steeple of the "soft-handed" by pointing to their trophies wherever art, science, civilization, and the power of the printer, who can tell of their royalty is yet to be acknowledged as labor rises toward the highest throne of power. Work on; and in the language of a true poet, be

THE LONE BUFFALO.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

Among the many legends which the traveller frequently hears, while crossing the prairies of the far West, I remember one, which accounts in a most romantic way for the rights of the lone buffalo. Some years ago a hunter, named John, was hunting for a temporary shelter in the lodge of a Sioux Indian on the banks of the St. Peter. Vividly flashed the lightning, and an occasional peal of thunder echoed through the firmament.

"How much better you do look," said the young wife, "now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You care for me just as well, and why need I care about what others say or think?"

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HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL REMARKS ON CAKES.

The ingredients for cakes, as well as for puddings, should all be fresh and good; as well as free from damp; the lightness of many kinds depends entirely on the quality of the eggs by whisking; and by the manner in which the whole is mixed. A small portion of carbonate of soda, which will not be in the slightest degree perceptible to the taste after the cake is baked; it throws in just before the mixture is put into the oven will insure its rising well.

ON CONNELL'S TACT IN CROSS-EXAMINATION.

He was once examining a witness, whose incredulity at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He quickly discovered the man's character. He was a fellow who may be described as half-foolish with roguery.

THE FISHERMAN.

I was, some time since, walking upon the wharf when a fisherman lay; and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside him, I said:

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.

The following eloquent passage appears in a Western paper:

Gentlemen of the Jury!—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man who has all the skill of all England to solve:

INSECTS ABOUT FRUIT TREES.

SALT.

It is of the greatest importance, that all insects about fruit trees should be destroyed. This desideratum is effected in a variety of ways, one of which will be mentioned. As soon as your trees begin to cast their fruit, turn in your swine no matter how many.

MARRIAGE FOR MONEY.

A prudent and well disposed member of the "Society of Friends" once gave the following friendly advice:

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

WHY IS UNCLE SAM LIKE A YOUNG BOY?

Because he is learning to stand a log!

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