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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY ITALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

THE DYING WIDOW'S LAMENT.

BY THOMAS MILLER—BASKET MAKER.

[As an extraordinary specimen of this author's power, we give the "Dying Widow," which has a homely vigor and pathos that remind us of the few lyrical productions of Crabbe. We do not prefer such subjects, and are half disposed to resent having our critical dignity moved to tears by a ballad: nevertheless, we cannot deny the talent of the artist.—*Foreign Eclectic Review.*

Those cold white curtain folds displace—
That form I would no longer see;
They have assumed my husband's face,
And all night long it looked at me;
I wished it not to go away,
Yet trembled while it did remain;
I closed my eyes, and tried to pray—
Alas! I tried in vain.

I know my head is very weak,
I've seen what fancy can create;
I long have felt too low to speak—
Oh! I have thought too much of fate—
I have a request to make:
Just wipe these blinding tears away;
I know your love, and for my sake
You will them all obey.

My child has scarce a month been dead;
My husband has been dead but five;
What dreary hours since then have fled!
I wonder I am yet alive.
My child! through him Death aimed the blow,
And from that hour I did decline;
His coffin, when my head lies low,
I would have placed on mine.

These letters which my husband sent
Before he perished in the deep;
What hours in reading them I've spent,
Whole nights, in which I could not sleep;
O! they are worn with many a tear,
Scarce fit for other eyes to see;
But oft when sad they did me cheer—
Pray, bury them with me.

This little cap my Henry wore
The very day before he died;
And I shall never kiss it more—
When dead, you'll place it by my side;
I know these thoughts are weak, but oh!
What will a vacant heart not crave?
And as none else can love them so,
I'll bear them to my grave.

The miniature that still I wear,
When dearest I would not have removed;
'Tis on my heart—oh leave it there,
To find its way to where I loved;
My husband threw it around my neck,
Long, long before he called me bride;
And I was told that, 'midst the wreck,
He kissed mine ere he died.

There's little that I care for now,
Except this simple wedding ring;
I faithfully have kept my vow,
And feel not an accusing sting;
I never yet have laid it by
A moment since my bridal day,
Where he first placed it, let it lie;
Oh! take it not away!

Now wrap me in my wedding gown,
You scarce can think how cold I feel;
And smooth my ruffled pillow down;
Oh! how my clouded senses reel;
Great God! support me to the last.
Oh, let more air into the room:
The struggle now is nearly past—
Husband and child! I come!

Miscellaneous.

THE WAY-SIDE BELL.

"Oh! many a winter night I've wept
And smiled, to hear them tell,
With quivering lip and upward glance,
The legend of the bell."

On the borders of a dreary wood, in the northern part of Germany, stands a little way-side chapel, the bell of which is only tolled when a funeral goes past. The tolling of the bell is always a melancholy sound; but this, although loud, and capable of being heard at a considerable distance, has a peculiarly sad and solemn cadence, as if it knew it was never in future to speak of any thing but death.

In a small and pleasant cottage not far from the chapel, there lived, at the time of which we write, a young man named Paul Vanderpant. For many generations his family had occupied the same house, and tolled that same melancholy bell, at intervals few and far between; while many legends of the now fast decaying chapel passed from father to son, and were repeated with white lips around the midnight hearth. More than once it had chanced that the narrator was interrupted in the most interesting part of those wild tales, and obliged to go forth into the dark night, and certify to the living, by means of the way-side bell, that the dead were going past to their long home.

The present proprietor, however, was not one to care for tales or legends; he had no belief in spirits, and he used to laugh at such superstitions in a way that made the old gossips of the place shudder, and shake their heads at his temerity. If Paul Vanderpant had of late begun to entertain serious thoughts that it was not good for man to be alone, it was assuredly some other sentiment than fear which engendered them, or he would not have made choice of Gertrude Hoffman for a companion—unless, indeed, he thought with ourselves, that there is no surer charm against the power of the evil one than love for one another and trust in God.

Gertrude was the eldest child of a poor widow, who occupied an adjoining cottage. She spun and sewed, and made lace; tended and arranged the flowers which her little brother Eric sold at the neighboring market-place; nursed and waited upon her aged mother, or romped and laughed with her young sister Lily. She was never idle, never out of spirits, and her sweet voice might be heard from morning till night singing at her wheel, or among her flowers, or as she passed fearlessly through that dreary wood where few cared to be after night-fall. Gertrude feared nothing but doing wrong. Sometimes the poor girl fancied that it might be wrong to be always thinking of Paul Vanderpant; for, dearly as she loved her own little circle, she could not but feel that he was dearer than all to her; for it is strange how soon such affections outgrow the love of kindred! And many a time has she knelt down, all alone in the little way-side chapel, and prayed to God to keep her from idols! But Paul was worthy of her, and her influence—for oh, how great is a woman's influence who loves and is beloved!—fell upon him like a blessing.

Widow Hoffman had seen a great deal of trouble in her day, and although for her children's sake she still clung to life, there was a shadow over her heart that would not suffer her to enjoy it as she had once done. From this cause she had a habit of talking of the world as if it were a very sad and weary place, to all of which Gertrude listened with filial reverence and an incredulous smile. It seemed a beautiful world for all; its few days, its wilderness wanderings makes us prize the sunlight and the flowers all the more; or, better still, weans our affections from earth to that bright and far off land, where there will be no more sighing or sorrow. Gertrude's creed was, "Let us enjoy and be grateful for the present, and trust the future to Him who knoweth what is best for us, whether it be good or evil."

Paul Vankorpant, as we have said, was no believer in the supernatural, or Gertrude either, although the deep reverence of her nature made his mockery appear painful, and for her sake he ceased to jest upon such themes as he had once done.

"After all," said Gertrude, upon one occasion, when the conversation chanced, to turn upon this subject, "there are many things constantly happening around us, which are too well authenticated to be denied, and too strange to be explained. I certainly do not believe in ghosts, but I as certainly believe that nothing is impossible to God!"

Lily, who had all a young girl's love of the marvellous and romantic, asked Paul if he had ever seen the spirit which was said to haunt the little way-side chapel, of which mention has before been made.

"No, never; and yet I have been there at all hours. But what is it like, that I may know it, in case we should ever meet?"

"Like a woman, they say, dressed all in white, with her long hair floating on her shoulders."

"Who says so, Lily?"

"Nonsense! How provoking you are! But surely you know the legend?"

"Not I," replied Paul, carelessly.

"She is said," continued Lily, without heeding his incredulous smile, "to have been the only daughter of a proud and wealthy baron, who wanted to force her into marriage with one whom she could never have loved, even if she had not been, as she was, secretly betrothed to a brave young knight, with no fortune but his sword. To avoid this hateful marriage, the lovers fled away one moonlight night; but somehow the baron got to hear of it, and burning with rage, set spurs to his horse, and overtook them just opposite the little way-side chapel, in which the lady sought refuge. She was kneeling and praying before the altar, when her stern father entered hastily, with his sword drawn and covered with blood; and she knew by that, as well as by the expression of his countenance that all was over. For a moment the old baron was startled by a wild and thrilling shriek, and when he advanced, after a pause, and lifted her from the ground where she had fallen, he found that she was dead: her heart had broken.—The body of the young knight is said to have been secretly interred somewhere within the précincts of the chapel; while that of his betrothed was conveyed back to the splendid burial-place of her ancestors; but every night her spirit comes to weep over the lonely grave of her murdered lover!"

"And did you really ever hear or see any thing?" asked the little Eric of Paul Vanderpant, as his sister concluded her narrative.

"Yes, I remember now. One night I was sitting alone in my little cottage, when I distinctly heard three deep groans, succeeded by a heavy fall without."

"And what did you do?" asked the boy, creeping closer to him, and fixing his large eyes eagerly upon his countenance.

"I got up directly, and opened the door; there was nothing to be seen, although to be sure, the night was very dark. I had, however, hardly resumed my seat, than the groaning was repeated in somewhat fainter accents."

"How frightened you must have been," said Lily.

"I was startled, I confess; and this time I took the lamp with me; but when I opened the door, there came another gust of wind and blew it out, so that I was no better off than before. In stepping over the threshold I stumbled against something which lay prostrate on the ground, and another heavy groan succeeded. It was a poor wandering pedlar who had lost his way, and was half frozen to death with the cold; so that he had not even sufficient strength left to demand admittance at the door to which the light burning within had providentially directed him."

"Then it was no ghost after all!" exclaimed Eric, with a disappointed air.

"We might have suspected as much," observed his sister Lily.

Gertrude put her hand into her lover's and smiled.

"Did the poor man recover?" asked she.

"Yes, and you will doubtless see him some day, for he never passes this way without calling."

"Suppose that you had sat still," said Lily, "and feared to open the door; I am sure I should."

"I hope not," answered Paul; "for then the poor old man must certainly have perished with the cold, as Gertrude says, we must fear nothing but God!"

Lily smiled and remained silent, for she well knew that whatever Gertrude said, or thought, or did, was sure to be right in the eyes of Paul; and the young girl wondered, if she ever had a lover—a possibility which she often seriously contemplated—whether it would be the same, and whether it ever would be "as Lily says!" Time enough, sweet Lily. Thou art a little more than a child as yet, although thou would'st toss thy pretty head, and curl thy small rosy lips, if any body should venture to tell thee so.

Assisted by her mother and sister, Gertrude spun all her household linen, and arranged her simple wardrobe against the now fast approaching period which had been fixed upon for their wedding to take place. It was so delightful to think that she was not to be separated from her family, but could see them every day as usual and go in and out the old cottage, and ascertain that her mother had everything comfortable, and put Lily in the way of doing many things which would seem strange to her at first; for the active and busy Gertrude had been hitherto the presiding spirit of her cheerful home. There were one or two little articles, however, which Gertrude wanted to complete her trousseau, and which could not be procured nearer than the market town of S——, situated at the extremity of the wood about five miles off; but she knew the path well, having been that way many times before. Accordingly, one fine morning, Gertrude started for S——, accompanied by Lily, who, as their mother appeared unusually well, and Eric had promised not to leave her, asked permission to go with her sister; for there was nothing that Lily enjoyed more than going to S——, which, small as the town was, seemed to her like another world.

Paul Vanderpant prophesied that there would be a heavy fall of snow before night; but it certainly did not look like it then. It was agreed, however, that, in case he should be right, the sisters were to sleep at the house of a distant relative, who resided in the town; and Paul was to come over the following morning and fetch them home. He would have been glad to accompany them could he have found time; but, if the truth must be told, even Gertrude was not very sorry that he did not; for she had, as we have said, several little purchases to make, and men are sadly in the way upon these occasions.

Lily laughed merrily, as she stood warmly equipped for their long walk, and with the early sun-light glittering upon her bright, golden hair. "Be sure that you bring the sledge, Paul," she exclaimed: "for the snow will certainly be too deep to admit of our walking back!"

"We shall see," replied Paul Vanderpant, good humoredly.

"I will lay you any wager we are home to-night," persisted Lily.

"I hope so, if it be without danger. But, Gertrude, dearest, you will be careful, for my sake."

Gertrude answered in a low voice; and joining her sister a few moments afterwards, they passed into the thick wood, and were soon out of sight, although their merry voices, and Lily's clear, ringing laugh lingered in the air for several moments, and then died gradually away.

Notwithstanding that they are constantly together, it is astonishing how many things sisters always have to talk about, especially when it happens, as in the present case, that one is on the eve of marriage. What bright plans were arranged! what fairy hopes of future happiness! How the real and the ideal mingled in their thoughts and words, which, wander as they would, ever came back to the *one theme*.—How Lily talked and laughed, and praised Paul Vanderpant; and how Gertrude blushed and listened, and loved her for that praise. The time passed away so quickly, they could scarcely believe that they had indeed come to the determination of that dreary wood, and were entering into the little market-town of S——. Neither had they perceived how the beauty of the morning had passed away, and the atmosphere gradually darkened and thickened around them.

Gertrude's simple purchases were soon made—much sooner than Lily quite approved of; for she would fain have lingered twice as long, looking at the smart ribbons and laces; but as her sister said, of what use was it, since they could not afford to buy any? They next went to visit the relatives before mentioned, who received them with a hearty welcome.

"I think that we shall have some snow," said she, as they sat at dinner.

"It does look like it now, to be sure, observed Lily. How Paul will triumph to find that he was right, after all."

"Do you think that the snow will be much?" asked Gertrude.

"Not until after sunset."

"And we should be home by then."

"If you wish to return to night," said their hostess, "I would advise your losing no time about it."

"Let us go," exclaimed Lily, "if it is only to tease Paul. I do not believe that it will snow—at least not before we reach home; and we will walk fast, as we did this morning."

Gertrude was also desirous of returning, for she well knew that her mother would be fancying all sorts of improbable things, and have no rest, if they did not come, although they tarried at her own request. Accordingly the sisters took a hasty leave of their kind relative, and commenced their journey homeward. The cold was intense, and a sharp gastly wind came full in their faces, sometimes in such violent gusts as almost to beat them back again, while the withered branches creaked and groaned as they bent beneath the blast.

"This is anything but pleasant," said Lily, as she paused a moment to recover breath and wrap the folds of her cloak closer around her. "But at any rate there is no snow, and we shall yet laugh at Paul for a false prophet.

As she spoke a large white snow flake drifted before her eyes, and whirled around and around as if in mockery. Gertrude smiled as she pointed to it; but there was weight on her heart, and she almost wished that they had not ventured. But it was too late to think of that now, since it was as near to proceed as to retrace their steps; and no alternative remained but to walk on as quickly as possible.

Every moment the sky seemed to grow darker and darker, while the snow fell fast and silently. In an incredibly short space of time the ground and the trees were all whitened over, while the sharp driving sleet almost blinded them. Gertrude soon discovered that they had missed the right path, but knew not how to regain it; and they wandered about for hours, until night came on and found them entirely bewildered in the mazes of that dreary wood. At length poor Lily began to lose all hope, and sinking down upon the snow, declared that she felt too tired to go any further. It was in vain that Gertrude endeavored to arouse and cheer her; the cold had seized upon her, and a fatal lethargy was fast stealing over her senses.

"Oh, Lily!" exclaimed her sister, "do try and get up. It does not snow quite so hard now, and perhaps we may be able to find the path. We cannot be so very far from home; at any rate, it will be warmer walking about."

"What were you saying about home, sister? for your voice sounds a great way off, and I feel so sleepy. I do not think that I will see home again."

"Hush, my dearest! only try and arouse yourself. Lily, speak to me! Lily! Lily!"

There was no answer.

"If she sleeps now," murmured Gertrude, "she will wake no more. Oh God, be merciful! Save her—save us both! My poor Mother! My dear Paul!" And the girl lifted up her clasped hands hands and wept. She took off her warm cloak, and spread it over Lily—there was nothing else that she could do. God alone could help them. "His will be done!" said Gertrude. And as she knelt and prayed, a strange calm come over her, and her heart was filled with trust. "He knoweth best," thought she. "He will comfort them. And yet, if it were His will to spare us a little longer, we are so young to die—but Thy will, oh God, not mine be done!"

"The girls will not be home now," said Widow Hoffman to her son, as she glanced at the clock and then out of the snow covered casement as well as she could into the darkness. "I am glad that I thought of their staying at S——. You can go to bed, Eric dear!"

The boy obeyed and was asleep in a moment—but his mother could not rest; so she opened her large clasped bible and read, pausing at intervals to listen to the whisperings of the snow as it drifted against the window panes.

Paul Vanderpant, assured of the safety of his beloved, went to bed thinking what a merry walk they should have on the following day back from S——, and how he would tease Lily for having ventured to doubt his word. About ten minutes afterwards he was suddenly aroused by some one knocking at the door, and distinctly heard the sweet voice of Gertrude bidding him get up as quickly as possible, and toll the chapel bell.

Paul was soon dressed and went forth wandering what should make Gertrude summon him; and above all, why they had ventured home on such a night—"Thank God that she is safe!" murmured he. They must have heard of the funeral at S——, and she came herself to tell me, that I might know that she had returned in safety. Dear thoughtful Gertrude! It is a wild night for a funeral, anyhow," added Paul as he entered the little wayside chapel and began to toll the bell.

It was above a year since the bell had been heard before. Many started out of their sleep at the sound of its melancholy voice and murmured a hasty prayer; others sleep on, and dreampt of it. The widow as she sat all alone in her little chamber and shuddered with a strange fear. Gertrude sprang up from the cold ground, where she had been nestling close beside her sister, and where she would have soon slept also, with a cry of joy. God had heard her prayers, and sent the voice of the wayside bell to guide her homeward through the snow; and she knew by the sound that it could not be far off. The young girl felt endued with a supernatural strength, and lifting up the slight form of her sister in her her arms—for she would have died with her rather than left her behind—she totered forward in the direction from which the sound seemed to come.—Now she diverged from the right path, and the voice of the bell came fainter and fainter; and then again it tolled more loudly and distinctly, and just as she reached the edge of the wood, and caught a glimpse of the light still burning in her mother's cottage, it ceased altogether, as though it knew its mission was ended.

Having rang the accustomed time, Paul quitted the chapel and proceeded homewards. The snow had ceased to fall, and he saw to his surprise, directly before him, a female figure slightly clad, and bearing as it seemed, some heavy burden. Slowly it toiled on, staggering beneath the weight it bore, and at length it sank within a few paces of widow Hoffmann's cottage. For a moment Paul thought of the wild legend which Lily had told him concerning the spirit of the way side chapel, but it was only for a moment—the next he had sprung forward, and was kneeling beside the insensible forms of Gertrude and her sister.

We will not attempt to describe the scene that followed, or endeavor to explain, or add a single remark of our own to the above simple and truthful narative; but content ourselves with adopting and believing Gertrude's own sweet creed, that "nothing is impossible with God."

The wedding of Paul Vanderpant and Gertrude Hoffman took place in the early spring, and Lily was sufficiently recovered to be her sister's bridesmaid.

☞ A gentleman was accosted by a poor loafer, who asked for charity. "I will remember you the next time," replied the gentleman. "Please your honor," said the loafer, I don't credit I deal on the cash principle."

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

My Hearers:—I am a believer in magnetism—I am; all sorts of magnetism—material magnetism, mental magnetism, and celestial magnetism. Why should I not be? We know there is a mysterious, non-understandable attractive influence existing between matter and matter, and why not believe in a magnetism between mind and mind?—between man and his maker? Tear my new bible if I don't seriously think there are unseen rail roads—invisible telegraphic wires upon which run our thoughts from one to another. But the magnetism that I am now about to speak of, is that existing between the sexes; and there certainly is a mysterious something, composed of nothing, that draws a he and a she together: and which no philosopher can explain, nor I account for. No, this semi-physical magnetism requires opposites to be exhibited in full force. Girls don't care an apple-seed about kissing one another. They may exchange rawish, under-done busses for ceremony's sake, but what I mean to say is, that they have no electrical inclination for *entre-nous* hugging and kissing; and we men have no natural desire for such labial indulgence among ourselves. For my part, I had rather kiss an old sunburnt, time scratched orange-woman than the handsomest man which ever wore Dick's "boots which are boots."

My friends—when we see a pretty, rosy, pouting pair of lips, of the right gender, we find an irresistible desire to get at them. We instantaneously feel surcharged with electricity, and are anxious to let it off by tangible communication. I have been informed, by those who have tried it, that kissing is delightful, enchanting, Edenly, heavenly; that it seems to dissolve the heart to jelly—fills the bosom with indescribably sweet sensations, sets the soul a scampering like a cockroach upon a hot griddle, and causes the flesh to creep and quiver as though it were about to breed a multitude of those little red ants that form settlements in the neighborhood of sweet cake and sugar boxes. No wonder, then, that when Jacob kissed Rachael, he lifted up his voice and bellowed like a bull-calf! It was too much for his delicate nerves! and being so unaccustomed to the act, as he was, it is surprising that he didn't incontinently expire in an agony of bliss.

My hearers—kissing has been universally practised ever since Adam and Eve billed and coo'd beneath the bowers of Eden; and it were superlative folly to preach or say aught against. It is human nature—and nature ought never to be opposed. I don't care who he is—let him be stoic, philosopher, priest, monk or moralizer—whenever he comes across a beautiful young feminine with blooming cheeks, tell tale eyes, and rose-buddy lips, he can't help swallowing what spittle there is in his mouth, and inwardly exclaim, "how delightful 'twould be if you'd let me!" But this is a mere matter of imagination, after all; you would derive exactly as much pleasure for the time being, in bussing a ribbed-nosed baboon as the darling object of your heart, if you only supposed (in the dark) that you were putting the plaster on the right "critter." Kisses, when analyzed, are found to be all the same. There is a vast difference between a tender, nicely-cooked beefsteak, and a half putrified piece of salt junk; but the kisses enjoyed by the blackest Ethiopian buck, and the sootiest wench are just as sweet as the sweetest smack that ever exploded among the angels in heaven.

My dear masculines—when you are tempted by a female paragon of beauty and loveliness, and your itching soul longs to rub itself against hers, if you are anywise decent looking, and you swear eternal constancy—if you can manage to encircle her corsets with your coat-sleeve, and look the whole English language from your eyes, there is no fear but you can soon go to work and gather a golden harvest of kisses. She'll let you in a moment; and ere the excitement of the occasion be two thirds over, you needn't be suprised if she asks you to do some more.

All this kissing, my friends, is very well in its way; but I want you to salute one another with a holy kiss—a friendly kiss—a forgiving kiss. Let sects, schisms, parties and factions unite, embrace, hug and be confounded in one. Let Love be the queen of the world, and all mankind her dutiful subjects. The earth would be a paradise, and life an asylum. So mote it be! Dow Jr.

A WAGER.

Before the war, says the Nautical Magazine, Capt. Carden and the Macedonian were at Norfolk; Decatur was there too, and a warm intimacy soon joined in friendship two kindred hearts. While discussing naval affairs one day, Carden said;

"Decatur your ships are good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows, but what practice have you had in war. One of these days we will probably have a brush together, and if I catch your ship at sea, I will knock her into a cocked hat, Stephen."

"Will you?" said Decatur; "*I will bet you a hat on it.*"

The bet was agreed on, and the conversation changed. But a few months elapsed ere the war that had been threatening commenced, and the two captains, by a singular coincidence *met*. The result of the action are known. Capt. Carden, on going on board the United States, was received by a Lieutenant at the gangway, to whom he tendered his sword.

"Not to me sir," said the officer, "but to the captain."

"And where is the captain?" said the embarrassed Englishman.

"He is standing aft there; this is the gentleman, in a tarpaulin hat and round jacket."

Carden went aft—and his feelings on meeting his old friend under such circumstances, may be imagined. As he offered his sword to Decatur, that officer said:

"No, Carden, I never take the sword of a brave man—you have fought gallantly. But," said he, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, "I will take that *hat*, my dear fellow."

In transferring to the United States the suite of Capt. Carden, a fine band was included. In the afternoon when dinner was announced in the cabin, Capt. Carden said to Decatur:

"Those musicians are very skilful, and I have always had them on deck while at dinner."

"Very well," said Decatur, "we will have them up."

The band was ordered on deck to play, and Commodore Decatur was asked what air he would like to hear.

"Let them play "Britiannia Rules the Waves," said he, with a slight laugh.

OUR MOTHERS.

Nature does not consign us at our birth to the care of a pedagogue, nor the keeping of a philosopher. It is to the love and caresses of a young mother that she entrusts us. She calls around our cradle the most harmonious sounds, for the voice of women, naturally mild, is yet more softened for infancy. In short, whatever there is charming on earth, careful nature has lavished upon our first years, by placing us in the bosom of a mother, her mild regard to guide us, and her tenderness to instruct us. Then comes the schoolmaster, who breaks this cord of love; his rude voice, his rigid features, and pedantic studies, suddenly succeed to the maternal caresses. Who can express the feelings of a child, when, for the first time, with melting eyes, he meets the stern countenance of a teacher, and first conceives an idea of wretchedness. He whose intelligence has as yet only been animated to invent sports free as a bird amid the foliage, is now confined to his book, concentrating all his thoughts upon the dry study of words. Poor creature, it is, indeed, true; all the world has abandoned thee, and even thy mother, submitting to the general prejudice, relinquishes the most sacred rights, without dreaming that they were duties. They tear thee from her arms in spite of thy tears, and remove thee from her influence, a loss which nothing can repair.

Description of a bad road.—'Stranger which is the way to —— village?' 'There's two roads,' responded the fellow. 'Well which is the best?' 'Aint much difference; both on 'em very bad. Take which you will, afore you've got half way you'll wish you'd took t'other.'

PEDDLING WITHOUT LICENSE.

There was in Illinois a sheriff, named Nickem, who was particularly expert in ferretting out and punishing pedlars who travelled without a license. One day he saw a pedlar coming up the road, and as usual, he accosted him in hopes of finding a culprit, whom he might fine.

"Fine mornin'," said Nickem, reining up his nag in front of the pedlar's wagon.

"'Tis ponty fine, I guess, fur yeour woodin country," replied the pedlar.

"What have you got to sell, any thing?" said the sheriff.

"Guess I hev, a few notions, one sort or uther.—What'd yeour like to hev? Got some rale slick razesurs, and some prime strops; an article I guess you want, Squire, by the look o'yer beard. And here's some rale gen-noo-wine paste blackin'—make them old coow hide beoots o' yourn shine like a dollar."

"Thank you," said Nickem. "I don't use blackin'; grease is better, we allow out this way. But what's that stuff in the bottles thar—is it good to take?" continued he, pointing to a lot of labelled bottles.

"Well, I guess, Squire, its sort o' good; its balm o' Columby; good for the har, and cures the belly ache; all nation fine stuff for assistin' 'poor human natur,' as the poet says, in the affairs of life. And such stuff for expandin' the ideas, and causin' 'em to flow spontanaeiously! Knew a feller once who took a bottle on a 4th of July and scissors! didn't he make a flaming speech! Dan Webster and Henry Clay got shamed of themselves, and went clear hum! Fact, by golly!"

"What d'ye ask for it?" inquired Nickem.

"A dollar a bottle's the price, Squire, but see'n its yeou, guess I'll let you hev it for seventy-five cents. Cheap as dirt aint it?"

"Well, I reckon I'll take a bottle; thar's the change," said Nickem.

"And there's the balm o' Columby. Haint nothin' else in my line to-day, Squire?" said the composed and vivacious Yankee.

"Believe not, oh! yes, now I think of it stranger, have you got a license for peddling in this State?" said Nickem, coming to business.

"Guess I hev, Squire, may be yeou'd like to see it?"

"Well, stranger, seein' as I'm the high Sheriff of this county, I reckon I shall trouble you to show your license."

"Oh! certain, certain Squire, yeou kin see it; there it is, all fixed up in black and white, nice as wax, aint it?"

"Its all right, perfectly right," said Nickem, folding up the document and handing it back to the pedlar, and he added, "I don't know now that I have bought this stuff, that I keer anything about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you again; what will you give for it?"

"O! I dean't know that the darn'd stuff's any use to me, but see'n its you Sheriff, guess I'll give yeou about thirty-seven and ahalf cents for it," quietly responded the pedlar. The high Sheriff handed over the bottle, and received the change when the pedlar observed—

"I say, yeou, guess I've, a question to ask just neow, *hev yeou got a pedlar's license about your trowsers?*"

"Me? No, I hav'nt no use for the article myself," said Nickem.

"Haint, oh? Well, I guess we'll see about that, purty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, neow its a clear case, that yeou've been'a tradin' with me, hawkin' and pedlin' Balm o' Columby on the highway, and I shall inform on yeou—I'll be darn'd ef I don't!"

Reaching the town the Yankee was as good as his word, and the high Sheriff was *nicked* and fined *for peddling without license!* The Sheriff was heard to say, you might as well try to hold a greased eel, as a live Yankee!

BLUE VIOLETS.

I love to walk among the flowers on a bright morn in June. I love to see the fair things look up—a dew-gem glistening in their eyes, and from their hearts a perfumed breath filling the air—to the deep skies, and gather to their folded leaves the golden sunbeams. Bright-winged birds go flitting by, warbling their notes of joy, and kissing each fair bud; and Nature seems most beautiful with each a wreath bound 'mid her locks. Oh, what a ministry is theirs the flowers, the pale, meek, gentle flowers! Emblems of purity and love!

There is one meek-eyed flower that speaks sweetly, but sadly to my heart. I never gaze upon its face—its pale blue leaves half opening to the soft winds and sun-beam's kiss, and its fair head humbly bending to the rich moss couch where it lies—but fond memory thinks my spirit with the past.

I know a being whose life was like that sweet flower. Her eyes the same pale blue, gentle and meek, yet bright beneath their fringe of black; and from the pearly brow the yellow curls swept back like threads of golden sunlight. On her cheek, the soft pale pink shut in the heart of a white rose-bud glow, mingled with lily white; and her pale lips had scarce a deeper tinge. Breeze-like and tuneful was her voice, yet soft and sweetly low, like a far off and trembling harp string.

Yet she died—died when that pale blue flowret bent its fair head in the glowing earth.

So when I see its azure leaves unfolding to the sunshine, then I think of her the beautiful. And when its brightness withers, then I seek her lonely grave, o'ergrown with the same flowers, and dream of her.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

BROTHER JONATHAN.

The origin of this term, as applied to the United States, is given in the Norwich Courier. It was communicated by one who was an active participator in the scenes of the Revolution. The story is as follows:

"When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the army of the Revolutionary War, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great destitution of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion at that anxious period a consultation of the officers and others were held, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbell the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and remarked:—We must consult Brother Jonathan, on the subject. The General did so and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army spread over the country, it became a by-word. We must consult 'Brother Jonathan, The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but Brother Jonathan, has now become a designation for the whole country, as John Bull has for England."

Be a Good Neighbor.

Some men are always in hot water, and are never on good terms with their neighbors. What is worse than to quarrel with a next door neighbor? The tooth-ache is nothing to it. You cannot bear any thing from one of his family. If his children are in your yard or on your fence, they must be driven away with harsh words—poor innocent things! who have not yet learned the ways of the world. You forbid your wife—who is perhaps disposed to forgive and forget—never to borrow from or lend to the wife of your adversary—not to speak to his children, or have any thing whatsoever to do with the family.—Does not a man feel badly who has such a disposition and quarrels with his neighbor?

We pray you, be a good neighbor. Overlook the foibles and faults of your friend. If he is morose and sour in his disposition, there is more necessity for you to be forbearing, mild and persuasive. You have but a short time to live; O spend your days in peace.—*Portland Umpire.*

Good.—There is a shop kept by an old maid in Southampton, in the window of which appears these words: "No reasonable offer refused."

Sorrow and Sympathy.

Like a cooling draught to a weary traveller in the scorching waste, so is the sympathy of friends in trouble. We feel thankful when we meet with those who can forget their own ills, while they administer to others.

We need not expect a life of continued sunshine—it would be unnatural. We must have clouds, rains, and even desolating storms. These are as necessary, mentally and morally, as physically, to the production of a healthy existence. But evils, though necessary, are seldom so great as at first they seem to be; our interests are not so conflicting as they may sometimes appear, and very often, through misapprehension, we are grieved by that which, if seen in its true light, would be the cause of mirth, or a fit subject for ridicule.

Evils anticipated are often the cause of more pain than the realization of them. In this way they are doubled, and we are made far more miserable than we need be. Gloomy thoughts are almost always unproductive of good, so that it is better to indulge in those that make a light heart and a bright countenance.

ROMAN LADIES.

Our fair readers will see, from the following paragraph, that the ladies of Rome were as much given to ornament as modern belles. Their taste in hair will hardly be approved, but fashion makes almost any color or form beautiful!

Among the ornaments of the Roman Ladies, were haircombs of ivory, gold and silver pins with heads of pearl, chains and rings of gold, purple and white birbons, and precious stones. Entire artificial head dresses, with all these ornaments could be bought at the shops, and false tresses and ringlets were as common two thousand years ago as the present day. As red or golden hair was the fashionable color, dark hair was dyed light, and gold dust was mingled with the head dress, as was powder at a much later period. The Roman ladies also removed superfluous hair with tweezers and depilatory powders, and painted their eyebrows, and wore false teeth."

APPAREL.

Excess in apparel is a costly folly. The mere trimmings of the vain world would cloth all the naked ones. Choose your cloths by your own eyes, and not another's; the more plain and simple, the better. Let them be formed neatly but not fantastically; for use and decency, and not for pride and vanity; if you are clean and warm, it is sufficient. More than these rob the poor and please the wanton. It is said of the true church, the king's daughter is all glorious within; let our care therefore be of minds more than our bodies, if we would be of her communion. Meekness and modesty are the rich and beautiful attire of the soul. The plainer the dress the more perspicuously and splendidly their beauty shines.

Mr. Clay and the Goat—Almost every body in Washington City remembers an old billy goat which formerly inhabited Naylor's livery, on Pennsylvania Avenue. This animal was, in all probability, one of the most independent citizens of the metropolis. He belonged to no party, though he frequently gave passengers a striking proof of his adhesion to the levelling principle; for whenever a person stopped any where in this vicinage, Billy was sure to make at him, horns and all. The boys took great delight in irritating this long beard gentleman, and frequently so annoyed him that he would make war against lampposts and trees, to their great amusement.

One day the luminary of the west, Henry Clay, was passing along the Avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billey into a fever, stopped and with his characteristic humanity expostulated with them on their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe to the eloquent appeal of the great statesman, but it was all Cherokee to Billey, who—the ungrateful scamp! arose majestically on his hind legs, and made a desperate plunge at his friend and advocate. Mr. Clay, although he had not "slain a Mexican," proved himself too much for his horned assailant; he seized hold of both horns of the dilemma, and then "was the tug of war"—for Greek had met Greek. The struggle was long and doubtful.

"Ha!" exclaimed the statesman, "I have got you fast, you rascal! I'll teach you better manners.—But boys," continued he, turning to the laughing urchins, "what shall I do now?"

"Why, trip up his feet Mr. Clay," said they. Mr. Clay did as he was told, and after many severe efforts, brought Billey down on his side. Here he looked at the boys imploringly, seemed to say, "I never was in such a fix before."

The combatants were nearly exhausted; Goaty had the advantage, for he was gaining breath all the while that the Statesman was losing it.

"Boys," exclaimed he, puffing and blowing, "this is rather an awkward business. What am I to do now?"

"Why—don't you know?" said a little fellow, making preparations to run as he spoke—"all you've got to do is to let go and run like blazes!"

Some wag took a drunken fellow, placed him in a coffin with the lid left so that he could raise it, placed it in a grave yard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he sat upright, and after looking around, exclaimed:

"Well, I'm the first that's riz, or else I'm confoundedly belated!"

Exposure to the Sun.—There are few points which seem less generally understood, or more clearly proved, than the fact that an exposure to the sun; without exercise sufficient to create free perspiration, will produce illness; and that the same exposure to the sun, with sufficient exercise, will not produce illness. Let any man sleep in the sun, he will awake, perspiring and very ill; perhaps he will die. Let the same man dig in the sun, for the same length of time, and he will perspire ten times as much, and be quite well. The fact is, not only the direct rays of the sun, but the heat of the atmosphere produce abundance of bile, and powerful exercise alone will carry off bile.—*Popular Errors Explained.*

The Watch.—I have now in my hands a gold watch, which combines embellishments and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman.—Its hands, face, chain, and case, are *the chased and burnished gold. Its goal seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald.* I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly furnished case would be a mere shell, those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning, are made of brass; I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring by which all these are put in motion made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply is, it is iron which has undergone a certain process. So they I find the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, embelishments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficiently good; nor brass—that would not do—but iron. Iron is, therefore, the only precious metal; and this watch an emblem of society. Its hands and figures which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz, and embellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass are the middle class, by the increasing intelligence, and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up, symbolically, the laboring class, like the main spring we wind up by the payment of wages, and, which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely as necessary, to the movement of society, as the iron