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Poetical.

OCTOBER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Mouth of my heart! thou dawnest here,
With sad and faded leaves to strew
The summer's melancholy bier.
The moanings of thy wings I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice;
When earth was lovely to my gaze!
Oh, visions bright—oh! blessed hours,
Where are their living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold
My life's dim emblems rushing round,
In hues of crimson and of gold—
The year's dead honors on the ground!
And, sighing with the winds, I feel,
While their low pinions murmur by,
How much their sweeping tones reveal
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightsome moments shone,
They came in zephyrs from the West,
They bore the wood-larks melting tone,
They stirred the blue lake's glassy breast;
Though Summer, fainting in the heat,
They lingered in the forest shade;
But, changed and strengthened now, they beat
In storm, o'er mountain, glen and glade.

How like those transports of the breast,
When life is fresh and joy is new,
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,
And tranquil all as they are true!
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,
Which Hope about her forehead twines
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,
Then pleasure's lip it smile resigns.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,
What glooms about our way they fling!
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring:
The dreams of each successive year
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,
At last like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness side by side!

Miscellaneous.

THE FALLEN MERCHANT.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

Before the establishment of the bank of England, in the reign of commerce loving William and Mary, the goldsmiths for the most part acted as money changers and bankers of the good city of London. We find them about the purlieus of the Royal Exchange, in Cornhill, but chiefly in Lombard street, which is to day essentially a street of banks. They abound in no other district as they do here. The earth groans with their huge iron safes, and the ground is honeycombed with their money wells.—The jingle of sovereigns is heard the live long day in this enchanted region; and richer is it, than the fabled garden of the Hesperides, though there the luscious looking apples, that you might have longed so much to eat, were found, defying the teeth, to be of solid gold. This assuredly is as it should be. The spirits of the old Lombard merchant and gold smith money changers, if they haunt the spot, are no doubt well pleased that the gold citizens, age after age, set up their banking establishments here.

Some years ago, an elderly man, neatly but poorly dressed, with a thin healthy countenance, might have been seen daily at his post as ticket porter in this street of banks. He was taciturn and grave, but his reserve did not partake of ill humor; on the contrary, his mild grey eye indicated a kindly disposition, and his features were an expression full of benevolence. His hair, which formed a ring round the lower part of his head, was perfectly white, and the lines and wrinkles of age gave no harshness to his venerable face. Jeffery was the only name by which he was known; and his comrades were entirely ignorant of his history. He had been recommended, and obtained the post he held, many years previously; for even to be elected a ticket porter requires at times a little interest. Jeffery's chief station was at the entrance of Pope's Head Alley, just opposite St. Mary Woolnoth's church; and here, waiting for a chance customer, he would sit on a corner form, his fore finger placed against his cheek, or his hand resting on his knees. His darned coat and patched shoes betrayed poverty; but nothing ever tempted him to enter the dram shop, so he had generally a few stray pence in his pocket.

When a stranger made his appearance in the street in search of some bank—a fact indicated by his staring here and there, glancing at one door and then at another—or when a horseman rattled up, Jeffery did not, like his companions, dart forward, press his services, and annoy, but he performed his business quietly and gravely; and when another chanced to outstrip him, shuffling the old man aside, and claiming from the countryman in top boots the penny, Jeffery never evinced anger, or lost his temper; he retired again to the old rickety form in Pope's Head Alley, and began to stare hard at St. Mary Woolnoth's church; he did this, not surely in admiration of the architectual beauties of the edifice, but merely to keep down memory. Yes, a sad enemy to Jeffery was memory; visions of the past, as he sat on his form, would too often cause him to shake his old white head, glance with something like contempt on the little apron at his waist, and at times, though that was rare, to draw his sleeve across his eye to brush away the drops of moisture which the retrospect of happier days gathered there.

Jeffery nevertheless cherished a feeling of independence; hence he would not subject himself to the regulation of an almshouse, and he would not occupy a nook in another's house. He had a very small house, or rather it might have been termed a hut, far in the suburbs. This cabin, which was barely ten feet high, with two dolls'-house-like rooms, and no other apartment above them, stood on the borders of Copenhagen Fields, Islington.

The banks close at five o'clock and then Jeffery returned to his home. The brown door of his brick cabin stood half open, for an old woman was now employed within. Between the opening might have been seen a Newfoundland dog; he was sitting patiently, his nose pointed in the air, and his ears erect; it would have been useless for him to have thrown his eyes forward in search of his master—age had curtained up the windows of his sight; the dog was stone blind, and all he could do was to listen for the well-known step. Ah! Ah! to Jeffery that animal was passing dear: the dumb companion he had been of his prosperous days—the faithful thing that, when former friends turned coldly away, had not deserted him in the hour of darkness and trial.

Jeffery and his dog were well known to the humble settlers about Copenhagen Fields. The care with which the master tended his blind charge, and the love he lavished upon him, excited the rudeness of some, but touched the hearts of others. Every morning he would lead him forth for an airing, guiding him by a string; and on Sundays, after church, Jeffery might be seen in the Copenhagen Fields sitting on the sunny side of a hedge, the dog's fore paws on his knees, the meaning head on one side, and the eyes directed to the face they could no longer see, while the old man would speak to his mute companion as to a human being. Jack, for so he named the dog, had sickened, and Jeffery had remained at home for three whole days; he mourned over him as over a child, and when mourning seemed of no use, he threatened him, and dared him to die before himself. But Jack plucked up again, and the tombstone and epitaph were thought of no more, while the heart of Jeffery was filled with joy.

On towards his cabin trudged our friend. The dog, from long habit, well knew the hour at which his master would return. He listened and listened, his head projecting beyond the door; he caught the step at last, and with a faint cry bounded forward. Up like a mad thing on Jeffery he sprang, rushing between his legs, around his legs, licking his hands; and when all this pantomime of exuberant delight and of welcome was gone through, he gave vent to the remaining portion of his animal feeling by setting up a sharp and prolonged yell.

"Jack!" said Jeffery, "poor Jack! 'twould be a hard matter to find among the world's professed friends a friend so staunch as thou."

An old woman who lived in the neighborhood, for a small weekly pittance, kept Jeffery's cabin in order; and having now prepared his evening meal, and attended to any commands he might have to give, she left him alone with his dog.

Jeffery was a widower, his wife having died even before misfortune had fallen upon him. He had one son; and when bankruptcy and ruin overtook the firm of which he was a member, that son, at his father's request left England. The young man had written from India several times: he held a situation as a clerk in a mercantile house at Calcutta, but his salary was small; and Jeffery, not wishing to harrow his son's feelings by a picture of his own distress, kept the dire straits to which he was driven a profound secret. No tidings of the young man had now reached him for several years; so that it might be presumed he was either dead, had forgotten his father, or his letters had been miscarried. The last circumstance was probable, inasmuch as Jeffery, from feelings of pride, had for a long time dropped his real name; for how could he retain it, a common porter in that city where once he flourished a wealthy merchant?

It so happened, that the day on which we have described Jeffery returning to his home, was his son's birthday; it was therefore natural that he should have been more than usually reflective and sad. On this anniversary, and a few other particular occasions, it was his custom to bring to light from the bottom of an old trunk certain objects which afforded him at once pain and pleasure. Jeffery now shut his door; the purple sunrays of evening streamed through the little western window and lit up the room, playing on the small ornaments which adorned the mantleshelf, and softening the silver locks of the lonely old man. The birds sang their last vespers on the ancient and blackened trees without; the dog alone was insensible of God's loviest and most mysterious creation—light.

But Jeffery drew forth the momentos alluded to. They were three small paintings in antique frames: the first represented the river Thames, with its forests of masts, the most conspicuous objects being certain warehouses, with cranes, and bales of goods piled in front, and men apparently at work with all the energy and bustle peculiar to these commercial depots. At the foot of the picture was written, "Melville's Warehouses."

"Mine—once mine!" whispered the ruined merchant. "They courted me then—they would have made me an alderman—lord mayor, if I had wished it. The cloud came—the darkness of ruin fell; the blight of poverty and wretchedness encompassed me: I was a tree struck by lightning and scared to the heart's core. They told me I might take shelter in an alms house! Ha! ha! Melville, the merchant, the inmate of an alms house! But I was too proud to receive their charity; though starving I would be independent still. They have long forsaken me; they know not even that I exist; and I am now without a friend, alone—alone in the world!"

The old man stooped over the picture, sighing as he did so. The blind dog, as if instinct told him his master was sorrowful, rubbed his head against him, and licked his hand.

"Did I say I was without a friend?" exclaimed Jeffery, glancing at the animal; "then Jack, poor Jack, I did thee wrong: companion thou art constant and true. Looking at thee, old Jack, I only dread one thing—I fear thou may'st die the first; and yet it would be better were it so; for who would take care of thee, Jack? who would bury thee when I should be gone?"

The next picture was taken into his hands with a tender reverence; and when Jeffery held it up, and the golden light through the small casement fell mellowing on it, displaying all its soft tints and beauty, the gazer sank on his knees. His eyes were raised, full of tears; his lips moved in inaudible prayer, and then he fervently kissed the picture, and pressed it to his bosom. It was the portrait of her who had died in the days of his prosperity—the portrait of his wife.

A different expression stole over the features of the old man as he took up the last and smallest painting; a smile, half of pride, half of playful fondness, beamed in his fine old benevolent countenance. The minature was that of a boy about twelve years of age, in a smart dress, with a turn down collar, and a laughing, saucy face.

"Here you are, Jack," whispered Jeffery; "here you are, my boy, just the same as ever—the same laughing, rosy villain, ready to turn away from your books to run over the parks, you idle scapegrace! full of pranks and wickedness—a noisy, rattling good for nothing—a very worry to your father—a bold, reckless, unconscionable rogue—oh, Jack! Jack!"

The blind companion barked faintly, and stood on his hind legs, for he thought Jeffery called him.

"I don't mean you, poor fellow, but your namesake. Now, I wonder if thou would'st remember thy old playmate, were he to appear suddenly before you; for it is fifteen years since you gamboled together? Yes, the image of him, I warrant is not quite brushed out from thy poor old brain, for dogs' memories, they say, are marvellously good."

Jeffery had been contemplating the past and its pleasures: thought now reverted to the present, and he grew sad. In his son he no longer saw the youth, but the man.

"Suppose he is alive, now! or, suppose he is no more!" whispered the ruined merchant, resting his chin on his hand. "I can't blame him for leaving his father, since I compelled him to go abroad: it would have galled my pride, and crushed me quite, to have seen my son a beggar in his native land.—Eight years have now passed since I heard from him; then he was a poor clerk, just able to support himself, without friends or interest. I could not let him know to what I had fallen, for that would have needlessly tortured his kind heart. No tidings since! Pshaw! I do not believe letters have been sent and failed to reach me; those people I instructed would have taken them in. Yes, from his young mind thoughts of his old father have been swept away, just as the rising tide washes out the fantastic figures the child traces on the sand. He will not dwell on that which gives him pain; his own fortunes are all in all to him: he is like the rest of mankind, and follows but the world in this; why then should I blame him? I can bear and suffer alone: contempt, poverty, and sorrow will not way upon my heart long; and in that narrow house where peace awaits the broken spirit, even Jack, my son, and Jack my dog, will be remembered no more."

He continued sitting in his chair, motionless, his eyes fixed abstractedly on the portraits. The dog remained close beside him, his head raised, and by degrees thrust forward, till it rested on the old man's knee. The last rays of the setting sun shone in oblique lines through the cottage pane, and fell softly on the silent companions, while the rest of the room was in shadow. The light grew fainter—evening deepened; yet still they were there; one by one the stars came out, and the moon shone across the window; and not until the woman, who attended to his little wants opened the door and called him by name, did the old man rouse himself from his deep reverie.

It was a busy day in Lombard street, and with the city bankers generally, for dividends on consols had begun to be paid. Clerks, with great leathren cases ready to burst with the riches they contained in checks and notes, hurried into one bank, and hurried out of another. Thieves, disguised in gentlemanly attire, had the appearance of being busy also, walking about with anxious faces, and bundles of papers in their hands, but having their eyes keenly fixed on said clerks, "waiting an opportunity."

The porters, too, had a harvest of it—so many strangers losing themselves in the labyrinth of alleys about Lombard street, and requiring to be set right, and so many horses to be held. Jeffery was at his post; but his hand was slow, and he did not gain as much as his comrades. As he stood, however, near a well known bank, a handsome carriage, with two horses, drew up close by him. This promised something, and possibly more than pence, thought Jeffery; so he moved forward with unusual alacrity to take down the steps.

"Now, can't you be quiet?" said a footman in rich livery, as he descended from the rumble. "You did'nt know I was here, I suppose, old wrinkle face? You won't have any coppers this time, you need'nt hope it. Stand back, I say, if you don't want a taste of the coachman's whip."

The front window of the carriage was down—a circumstance which the footman, perhaps had not perceived; thus he within was able to overhear the words of his servant. Poor Jeffery drew back without offering a syllable in return for the harsh language he had received. But the carriage door was opened, and a gentleman of handsome and commanding appearance stepped out.

"This is the bank, sir," said the footman, touching his laced hat.

"Roberts," said the gentleman, in a rather stern voice, "never let me hear you speak in that manner again to any one, however mean, in this country."

"My good fellow," he added, addressing Jeffery, "do not regard what my servant said; you did very right, I dare say, in offering to take down the steps—here's a crown for you."

Jeffery, starting in wonder at the munificent gift, took off his hat, and was about to hold out his hand; but as he raised it, some paralytic affection seemed to seize his frame, for the hand instantly fell again; his eyes were riveted on the face of the gentleman, and his own features became deadly white; he strove to speak, but could not articulate; slowly he drew backward, but still gazed on the stranger, until beginning to stagger under the influence of what oppressed him, he leant against the wall for support.

The sympathy of the gentleman was awakened; and thinking the poor man ill, he approached him, and took him by the arm. Jeffery's hat now lay on the ground, so that nothing concealed his white head and venerable features.

"Jack!" at length fell from the quivering lips of Jeffery; "dear Jack, have you then forgotten me? don't be ashamed of ———."

The wild exclamation that on the instant broke from the other, as he recognized in his fallen condition the man before him, arrested the attention of the bystanders. The eager cry of "Father!" the shaking of the hand—the manly embrace, and the smothered sob of age, might well touch all there in whose hearts the pure and holy springs of human feeling were not entirely frozen up. Oh! such meetings in this world of ours, after long years of trial, sorrow, doubt and mourning—whether they be between lover and mistress, husband and wife, or parent and child—call into energy the deepest and heavenliest emotions that, without stain of any meaner or selfish passion, might warm the hearts of beings never fallen from original puristy, and expand the souls of angels.

In a few minutes Jeffery and his son were seated side by side in the carriage, and proceeded to the cottage, near Copenhagen Fields. The younger man's history was soon told. From a clerk he had raised to be a partner in the mercantile house at Calcutta, and was now come to England on a mission of great commercial importance. His letters, for he had written repeatedly, had indeed failed of late to reach his father, simply because the latter wished to conceal his degraded position, had changed his name; while the party to whom those letters were addressed, through some misunderstanding, declined receiving them.

"Yes, I must peep at your house, father. Ashamed of it? No, I honor and love you the more for this long and noble struggle with poverty; but thank Heaven! 'tis all over now."

"Nay, but you should not go to my hovel except on one account," said Jeffery.

"And what is that?"

The old man looked at his handsome son, and again shook him by the hand.

"He won't have forgotten you—I know he won't."

"Who won't have forgotten me, father?"

"He's living still—your namesake, Jack—my friend for fifteen long years; and hearty he is, though stone blind, the jolly, faithful fellow! Your playmate, too, Jack, when a wild, rattling, pranksome boy you gamboled about the London parks. Oh! surely you remember Jack—the old Newfoundland dog"

The Wife's Influence on her Husband's Fortune.

A woman has her husband's fortunes in her power, because she may, or she may not, as she pleases, conform to his circumstances. This is her first duty, and it ought to be her pride. No passion for luxury or display ought for a moment to tempt her to deviate in the least degree from this line of conduct. She will find her respectability in it: Any other course is wretchedness itself, and inevitably leads to ruin. Nothing can be more miserable than the struggle to keep up appearance. If it could succeed it would cost more than it is worth; as it never can, its failure involves the deepest mortification. Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by women, who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to absolute want.

Then a man's fortune's are in a manner in the hands of his wife, inasmuch as his own power of exertion depends on her. His moral strength is inconceivably increased by her sympathy, her counsel, her aid. She can aid him immensely by relieving him of every care which she is capable of taking upon herself. His own employments are usually such as to require his whole time and his whole mind. A good wife will never suffer her husband's attention to be distracted by details to which her own time and talents are adequate. If she be prompted by true affection and good sense, she will perceive when his spirits are borne down and overwhelmed. She, of all human beings, can best minister to its needs.—For the sick soul her nursing is quite as sovereign, as it is for corporeal ills. If it be weary, in her assiduity it finds repose and refreshment. If it be harrassed and worn to a morbid irritability, her gentle tones steal over it with a soothing more potent than the most exquisite music. If every enterprise be dead, and hope itself almost extinguished, her patience and fortitude have the power to rekindle them in the heart, and he again goes forth to renew the encounter with the toils and troubles of *life*.

A doctor, going into his boarding house, and not finding his dinner ready, exclaimed:

"What! are there no *symptoms* of dinner yet?"

"No *appetance*," replied the lawyer.

"There's a *sample* of it," said the merchant, as a servant appeared with a turkey.

"Faith! and a *fat token* it is," replied the printer.

The bark of the sweet apple tree will dye a good yellow.

TAKING TOLL.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q———, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business.—One day he drove off towards Lancaster in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijon. On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's with the inquiry,

"Have you any common wine?"

"How common?" asked the grocer.

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."

"Yes; I have some just at that and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. S.

The demijon was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr Smith drew off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, he stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes or so. As he was about stepping into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijon was a little in his way, and so lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones—

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."

"O, certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest pleasure."

And so the demijon was left in the lady's care.—Some hours afterwards Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention was the strange demijon.

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry.

"Something that Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q———?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has there?" said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijon. "It feels heavy."

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in close contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips. "Bring me a glass."

"Oh no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch the wine," said Mrs. Jones.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll! No—no. Bring me a glass."

The glass, a half pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as guiltless of grape juice as a dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine that; only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband, laughing.—"No harm in that I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation, he said to the keeper of the store,

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones.' I left a demijon of common wine there, which I bought for the purpose of making into antimonial wine."

"O certainly," replied the store keeper. "Here Tom!" and he called his boy.

Tom came, and the store keeper said to him,

"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes sir," responded the lad, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had purdened it.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijon again. The cork was removed and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of." And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let him have the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspread his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, taking up the demijon to which Mrs. Jones pointed with her finger, and departing without observing the effect his appearance had produced.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily, from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How dreadfully sick I feel. Send for the Doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel very sick?"

"Oh yes. As sick as death!" And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words.—"Send for the Doctor instantly, or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first one way and then another, and finally had presence of mind enough to tell Jane, her single domestic, to run with all her might for the Doctor, and tell him that Mr. Jones had taken poison by mistake.

Off started Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately the Doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his office would permit, armed with stomach pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"Oh Doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? what have you taken?" inquired the Doctor, eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly half a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the Doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible, India rubber tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the Doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There!" said the Doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote." And a nauseous dose of some thing or other was mixed up and poured down to take the place of what had just been removed.

"Do you feel better now?" inquired the Doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger past?"

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient. "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the doctor. "Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the streets and the hurried movements of the Doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith having finished his business in Lancaster, was just stepping into his wagon, when a man came up and said to him and the store keeper who was standing by,

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison."

"What!"

"Poison!"

"Who? Mr. Jones?"

"Yes. And they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him." And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse, and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith in a serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The doctor has taken it all off from his stomach. Will you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The Doctor was still by his side.

"Ah, my friend!" said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding what his friend meant.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demijon."

"That was'nt antimonial wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No."

"Why; the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know anything about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The Doctor arose from the bedside, and Mrs. Jones exclaimed,

"Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other doubtingly.

"Good-day," said the Doctor and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach-pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralysed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence. But don't say anything about it. Don't for the world!"

"I won't on one condition," said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"You must become a tetotaller."

"Can't do that," replied Jones.

"Then I can't promise."

"Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now, good by; the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the tetotallers, the story of his taking toll, was all over town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that, it became an old story.

GOOD SOCIETY.

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent and good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar—where the ribald song was inculcated—and the indecent story, to excite laughter, and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed his success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than himself. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent, and the good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you never will be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of the retailers and gamblers.—Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

A GOOD IRISH ANECDOTE.—Some years since when the beautiful painting of Adam and Eve was being exhibited in Ireland, it became the chief topic of conversation. Finally a poor, ragged peasant went to see it. The light was so arranged as to reflect on the picture and leave the spectator comparatively in darkness. The peasant, as he entered the room to see his first parents, was struck with so much astonishment that he remained speechless for some minutes. He stood like a statue, and as though his feet were incorporated with the oaken floor of the room. At last, with an effort he turned to an acquaintance and said—

"Barney, I'll niver say another word agin Adam in all me life, for if I had been in the garden, I would ate every apple in it for the sake of such a lovely creature as Eve."

It is needless to say that this was received with roars of laughter.

The first sign of a man growing old is when he is asked "to stand godfather." The first sign of a woman growing old is when she gives up the habit of writing long letters. The first sign of a boy becoming a man is when he buys a razor. The first sign of a girl becoming a woman is the fact that she begins to talk about the appearance of young men.

The *Picayune* says, that an old miser, a planter, died at Attakapsas, lately, who was worth, in money, land, and negroes, at least $200,000. He had his coffin made before his death, of rough, unhewed planks, in which were found, after his death, some two or three thousand dollars in gold. Secreted in the ceiling of the house was found $45,000 in gold, and in an old chest, also a very large amount in gold and paper.

OLD AGE.—There is nothing more miserable than an old man that would be young again. It was an answer worthy the commendations of Petrarch, and that, which argued a mind truly philosophical of him, who, when his friend bemoaned his age appearing in his white temples, telling him he was sorry to see him look so old, replied, "Nay, be sorry rather, that ever I was young, to be a fool."

The tone of good company is marked by the absence of personalities. Among well informed persons there are plenty of topics to discuss, without giving pain to any one present—without submitting to act the part of a butt, or that still poorer creature, the wag that plays upon him.

Beauty eventually deserts its possessor, but virtue and talents accompany him even to the grave.

A PLAIN ARGUMENT.—Not many years since in a handsome mansion not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, a young lady, who has "high notions" of what constitutes respectability, expressed astonishment, to her mother that a young lady of their acquaintance, of considerable wealth, should receive the attentions of a young carpenter and joiner.

"He is an upright and intelligent young man.—I can see no objections," replied the mother.

"I don't care," returned the daughter. "I would not be seen on the street with him."

"Would you be ashamed to be seen with your father on the street?" inquired the mother.

"Why do you ask that, mother.

"Because, I can well remember when he pushed a plane," was the mother's reply.

Never court the favors of the rich by flattering either their vanity or their vices.

ANECDOTES OF AVARICE.

That great captain, the Duke of Marlboro, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public room in Bath to his lodgings, in a cold dark night, to save a sixpence in chair hire. If the duke, who left at death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honors were to have been inherited by a grandson of my Lord Trevor's who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his heir; but he would always have saved sixpence. Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver in George's coffee-house, and paying two pence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot, (for he was then lame and infirm,) and went home; sometime after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad half penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about £40,000 per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir. I knew one Sir Thomas Colby, who lived at Kensington, who was, I think, a commissioner in the victualling office, he killed himself by rising in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse sweat, the effect of a medicine which he had taken for that purpose, and walking down stairs to look for the key of his cellar, which he had inadvertantly left on the table in his parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine.—This man died intestate, and left more than £200,000 in the funds, which was shared among five or six day laborers, who were his nearest relations. Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, who was my kinsman, when he was near seventy, was wholly deprived of his sight: he was persuaded to be couched by Taylor the oculist, who by agreement was to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operations, and Sir William was able to read and write without the use of spectacles during the rest of his life; but as soon as the operation was performed, and Sir William perceived the good effects of it, instead of being overjoyed, as any other person would have been, he began to lament the loss (as he called it) of his sixty guineas. His contrivance, therefore, now, was to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing perfectly; for that reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. By this means he obliged Taylor to compound the bargain, and accept of twenty guineas; for a covetious man thinks no method dishonest which he may legally practice to save his money. Sir William was an old bachelor, and at the time Taylor couched him, had a fair estate in land, and a large sum of money in the stocks, and not less than £5,000 or £6,000 in his house.

Dr. King's Anecdotes.

COLOR OF THE AIR.

When we look at the sky on a clear day, it appears like a large light blue arch set over our head, and seen through the (supposed) invisible substance called air. But this is not the case; there is no blue dome above us, and when the sky is viewed from any elevated region of the earth, as the top of a high mountain, or a balloon, and where we would expect that this supposed blue vault would be more distinct and manifest, its blue tint more decided, it appears not more blue, but dark or black. In proportion as the spectator rises above the surface of the earth, *and has less air above him, and that very rare*, the blue tint gradually disappears; and if he could attain a height at which there is *no air*, the sky would be perfectly black, there would be total darkness all around, except in the direction in which the sun's rays fell upon him. This leads to the inference that *the air itself is of a blue color*. But how does it happen that we see this blue color of the air, only when we look at the sky, or, at a distant mountain or forest? Why is not the blue color seen in the air surrounding us when we look towards a house or a wall not so far removed, or even in the air in a room, or the air contained in what we call an empty glass vessel? A very simple experiment will explain the reason of this apparent anomaly. If we take a large glass vessel, which contains several glass tubes of different diameters, from an inch to a 10th or 20th of an inch, and fill these tubes with liquid out of the large vessel, though we have the same liquid in all, and hence, in all the matter which causes the color, it will be seen that the tint will gradually become more faint in proportion as the diameter of the tube is less, until, in the smallest, the liquid is clear and colorless like water. The intensity of the color is just in proportion to the mass at which the spectator looks, and a very small quantity of that which, in large quantities, has a strong color, does not present any color at all; and thus, though the great body of air which is opposed to us, when we look at a clear sky of any distant object, transmits a sufficient quantity of blue rays to produce an impression of that color on the eye, the small quantity in a glass, in a room, or even within the compass of a few miles, cannot convey enough of blue rays to the eye to produce the color which the air manifests in a large body.

WHAT HAS HE BEEN?

What is that to you? It is of no consequence if he has been one of the most abandoned of men. He is not so now. We care not what evil a man has done, provided he has heartily repented and now strives to live an upright, consistent life.—Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years, to know what a person is, you should inquire, "What is he now?" What is his present character? If you find that his reformation is sincere; and that he laments his past errors, take him by the hand and bid him good speed in his noble pursuit. We are no friends to those who would raka up past sins and vices, to condemn one who is resolved to be upright and virtuous. Many a person is driven back to the paths of vice, who might have become an ornament to society, but for the disposition, too common among men, to rake up and drag to the light, long-forgotten iniquities. We always admired the reply of a daughter to her father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance, "Do you know where he comes from?" "No," replied the girl, "I do not know where he comes from, but I know where he is going, and I wish to go with him." That is right. If we see a person on the right track, exerting a good influence, it is sufficient, without inquiring what has been his character heretofore. If he has reformed, what more can we desire? and what benefit will it be to uncover and expose to the light, deeds of which he is heartily ashamed, and of which he has repented in dust and ashes!

Our safety as eulogist lies among our commendations of the dead.

Great men lose somewhat of their greatness by being near us; ordinary men gain much.

A lady correspondent wants to know, from the editor of the Newark Mercury, if he considers "the practice of ladies using *rouge* respectable?" He replies, "No ma'am, we don't, for it raises the dickens with a fellow's lips."

Leonard Cahoon, of Ohio, has had to pay $100 damages and $200 costs, for sparking a girl fifteen years, and then deserting her. Good for him.