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

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Poetical.

A CHILD'S THOUGHTS.

The idea which runs through these lines, and which is so beautifully and naturally carried out, it is said, was expressed by a little boy five year old. The whole picture is true to a child's fancy:

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cold and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head,
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine,
All round about my bed;
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to Him;
He will bear me, slow and steadily,
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Savior's side;
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angles
That stand about the throne,
'Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone!

Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again!
Though I know she'll no'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes.
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you;
He'll bear me slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE'S FORETHOUGHT.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

Anson Kimball had been married about a month. His business was at tin making, and he had a shop of his own, and his whole stock was paid for, so he felt quite independent, the future looked all clear and bright. His wife was one of those mild-loving creatures that hang fondly upon the interest and affections of the husband, and whose soul may sink or swim with the fortunes of the being it has chosen as a partner.

One evening the young couple were sitting in their comfortable apartment, the husband engaged in reading, and the wife working busily with her needle.

'I must be up early to-morrow morning, Linnie, for our party starts shortly after sunrise,' said Anson, as he laid down his paper and leaned back in his chair.

'Then you are going, are you?' remarked Linnie. There was just regret enough in her tone to render her voice less lively than usual, but it must have been a very keen observer that could have noticed it.

'O, to be sure,' returned the young man, in a gay, laughing tone. 'You know the hands in the old shop go on this salt water fishing excursion every year, and of course I must go with them. We can't take our ladies with us on such a trip, but you shall have a good time to make up for it.'

'You mustn't think, Anson, that I envy you the pleasure you anticipate, for I am sure that nothing can give me more satisfaction than to know that you are enjoying yourself.'

'I believe you, Linnie; and I assure you I shall enjoy myself on this trip exceedingly. So you will be happy, too, eh?'

'Certainly,' returned the young wife; but the word seemed spoken reluctantly.

'Come, come, Linnie, you don't speak as you feel. Now you don't want me to go,' said Anson, with a tinge of disappointment in his tone.

'If you think it would be for your good to go, of course I should want you to go.'

'And how can it be otherwise?'

'You want be offended, Anson, if I tell you?'

'Poh, what an idea! I be offended at you?' 'Come, tell me your thoughts.'

As the young man spoke, he moved his chair to the side of his wife, and put his arm about her neck.

'Well,' returned Linnie, in an earnest, yet pleasant tone, 'I was thinking at the expense.'

'Ha, ha, ha! The *expense*. Why it wont be over five dollars at the farthest.'

'But five dollars is considerable. You know we are young yet, and all we have is the house we live in, and your small shop.'

'And is not that enough? How many of my young friends are there who are not even so well off as that?'

'I know you are fortunate, Anson, but none are beyond the reach of misfortune. For a few years we had better live as economically as possible with consistent enjoyment.'

'So I intend to; but what are five dollars compared with the amount I shall be able to lay up in a year.'

'Why it will make the amount some eight or ten dollars short.'

'That's strange logic, Linnie.'

'Not at all, Anson. You will spend five dollars in money, and lose the time of two working days.'

'So I shall: but I tell you, Linnie, I'll work enough harder for it when I come back. So I may go, mayn't I?'

This last sentence was spoken playfully, and the young man kissed his wife as he spoke.

'Of course you may go,' returned Linnie, with a smile; but I suppose I shall have to go without a little sum I wanted.'

'How much was it?'

'Five dollars.'

'O, you can have that, of course, and more too, if you want it.'

'That will be enough.'

Anson Kimball took out his wallet and handed his wife a five dollar bill, and the conversation then turned upon other and various matters.

Anson Kimball was like thousands of others who are situated in like circumstances. With a free and open heart he marked out his future for a field of enjoyment, without taking care to make much preparation for the sum he might be likely to meet on the way. And then again, like all others, he mistook the character of life's real enjoyment. He lost sight of some of the higher and more noble sources of happiness and dwelt too much in the satisfaction of the physical appetite. True, he enjoyed himself an kept clear of all extremes, but yet he failed to see that his enjoyments were nearly all ephemeral—that he was laying up little or nothing for time to come.

A year passed away, and the annual fishing excursion came in course along.

'Well, Linnie,' said the young man, 'to-morrow the boys go down the harbor, and I am going with them. Of course you have no objections.'

'No,' returned the wife, in her usual pleasant tone. 'If you can afford it.'

'O, there's no trouble about that.'

'Don't you remember the conversation we had a year ago on this same subject?' asked Linnie.

'Yes,—I remember then you talked about saving money, but we ain't any poorer now than we should have been if I had staid at home.'

'But tell me, Anson, have you laid up as much during the past year as you had expected to?'

'Why, as for that matter, I havn't laid up much of anything. The fact is, Linnie, you have drawn rather harder on me than I expected.'

'But I haven't spent any more money for trivial affairs and amusements than you have, Anson, and I don,t think I have so much.'

'I didn't mean to blame you, my dear. I only mentioned the circumstance to explain why I had not laid up anything. But never mind, there's time enough yet, and besides we've enjoyed ourselves. I think after this fishing excursion is over, I shall begin to dock my expenses a little, for I must lay up a little something the next year.'

'We certainly have every chance to save money,' returned Linnie, 'for both the house and shop are ours without rent, and we are free from debt.'

Anson Kimball started at that last remark, and turned his face towards the window, but his wife did not appear to notice his emotion.

'You know, Anson,' continued Mrs. Kimball, 'that you promised me I should have five dollars when you went on another excursion, and I shall certainly hold you to that promise.'

'Of course—that's fair,' returned the young man; 'but do you need it now?'

'Yes.'

'What are you going to do with it?'

'You won't be offended?'

'No.'

'Then, to tell you the truth, I owe a little sum.'

The young man looked earnestly at his wife, and though he evidently wished to say something about her running in debt, yet for reasons best known to himself, he kept quiet, and handed over the five dollars.

Anson joined his old shop mates on their excursion, and when he returned he thought something about beginning to cut off some of his unnecessary expenses, but he introduced no new system of operations.—Two or three times he did refrain from indulging some petty appetite, but he soon settled back into the old track, and the small bits of money slipped away as fast as ever.

Three years had passed away since the young couple were married, and few could have wished for more social comfort than they had enjoyed during the greater part of that time. For a month or two, however, the young man had been gradually growing more sober and thoughtful, until at length he had become really sad and down hearted. His wife endeavored to cheer him up, though she was unable to learn the cause of his dejection.

One evening, just before dusk, Linnie saw two men pass her window and enter her husband's shop. One of them she knew to be the sheriff, and the circumstance troubled her not a little. She waited half an hour for her husband to come to supper, but he did not appear, and her sufferings began to be acute. A thousand conjectures flitted through her mind, but they brought her no consolation, and at length she determined to go to the shop door and see if she could not overhear something of what was passing within, feeling that such a course would at least be pardonable.

Linnie stole out from her front door and went towards the shop. She placed her ear to the keyhole and listened, but she could only hear an indistinct hum of voices, among which was that of her husband. The latter was evidently supplicating, for his tones were earnest and impassioned. Soon there was a movement of feet towards the door, and Linnie hastened back to the house. Ere long her husband entered. He looked pale and troubled, and with a nervous movement of the muscles of his face, as though he would have concealed the grief that bore him down, he took his seat at the table.

Poor Linnie watched her companion with an anxiety almost agonizing, but she spoke not a word until Anson had set back from the table. The food remained almost untouched upon his plate when he moved away, and he would have left the house had not his wife stopped him.

'Husband,' she said, in a soft, gentle tone, at the same time laying her hand upon his arm, and gazing imploringly into his face, 'what is it that troubles you?'

'Nothing, Linnie,' half fretfully returned he.

'There is something, Anson, I know there is. Come do not keep it from me.'

'There is nothing that you need know.'

'But a wife need know all that can affect her husband thus. What is it, Anson?'

'It is nothing but my own business, and a wife need not know all that.'

This answer was harsh, and tears gushed to Linnie's eyes.

'My dear husband,' she said, in tender accents, 'to whom, O, to whom, should you tell your sorrows, if not to her who loves you better than life itself.'

'Forgive me, forgive, Linnie—I mean not to wound your feelings. I am very miserable, and I hardly know what I said.'

'Then tell me all. Come, sit down in my easy chair, for your brow is hot and feverish. There,—now tell me.'

After the young man had taken the proffered seat, he gazed for a moment into the face of his wife, and a look of deep anguish rested upon his features.

'Linnie,' he said, 'I may as well tell you all, but you must not chide me, nor must you despond, for all is not dark as might be. I am deeply in debt, and to morrow my shop, and all that it contains, will be advertised by the sheriff for sale.'

'In debt,' murmured the wife.

'Yes. During the last two years I have been purchasing stock on credit, and paying for it as it has been convenient. At first it seemed an easy way of doing business, but it has proved fatal; for when I received the pay for my goods, I forgot, or at least did not sufficiently heed, that all that money was not mine. I forgot that more than half of the money I received belonged to the men of whom I had purchased stock. Two notes fell due day before yesterday. The man to whom I gave them sold them in the way of business to a western firm and now they must be paid. To morrow an officer will be placed in my shop, and nearly everything will have to be sold. It is not the loss of my stock and tools that I care so much about, for I have health and strength, and I can earn more, but it is the disgrace of the thing. To think that I should fail like this,—me—a healthy, stout, good mechanic!'

'How much do you owe?' asked Linnie, in a trembling voice.

'Both notes amount to four hundred dollars.'

'And haven't you any part of it?'

'Only about fifty dollars that I can collect readily.'

'And if those two notes were paid would you be safe?'

'Yes.'

'Then, thank God, you will not suffer!' exclaimed Linnie. And overcome by her feelings, she sank upon her husband's neck, and burst into tears.

'Linnie, Linnie,' cried the young man, 'what do you mean?'

'Wait a momennt, my husband.'

The wife brushed the tears from her cheeks as she spoke, and left the room, and in a few moments she returned, bearing in her hand a small book.—There was a bright smile upon her face, and her husband looked upon her with astonishment.

'Here, my husband,' she said, stepping to his side and placing the book in his hand, at the same time winding her arms about his neck, 'if you carry that to the bank they will give you three hundred and seventy five dollars for it.'

'Three hundred and seventy five dollars!' repeated the astonished man, hardly crediting the evidence of his own senses.

'Yes, Anson,' returded the wife, sinking into her husband's lap. 'That is money that I have been laying up during the past three years.'

'You laid it up, Linnie? But where could you have got it?'

'You gave it to me yourself to spend for *trifles*.—You know I have claimed my share of such money. Do not blame me, Anson; but I feared that you did not attach sufficient importance to the aggregate of the small sums you were almost daily spending. Once or twice I would have remonstrated, but you could not be made easily to see it. I was but a young girl, and I feared to set up a will against my husband, so I restored to this means of proving my position. O, my dear husband, you cannot know what sweet pleasure I experience now in finding that my experiment has been the means of such good.'

'If your pleasure is equal to mine, then you must be happy indeed,' exclaimed Anson, as he drew his fond wife to his bosom. 'God bless you, Linnie, and make me able to repay you for this. Now I see to whom you have owed the little debts you have sometimes contracted, and which I have helped you pay.'

'Yes,' returned Linnie, with a smile, 'it was to you I owed them. And yet,' she added, with a meaning look, and in a lower tone of voice. 'I have not drawn quite so much from the *amusement fund* as ——'

'Hush, Linnie, I know that I have spent more than I was aware of, but my eyes are open now, and I see it all.'

'And you do not blame me for what I have done.'

'Blame you?' exclaimed Anson, imprinting a warm kiss upon his wife's brow. 'Let my future course show you how fondly you are cherished, and how faithfully I will be guided by your judgement.'

On the next day Anson Kimball paid off those who would have sold his stock, and he had the pleasure of tearing his two notes in pieces. He spent no more money foolishly, and as he found the products of his labor beginning to gather in his hands his home grew brighter, and his enjoyments were increased. By steady degrees he rose to a position of honorable affluence, but through all his successes he never lost sight of the gratitude he owed to the gentle, faithful being who had first opened his eyes to a knowledge of the secret of success, and saved him from pecuniary disgrace. He was an honored and respected man, but he felt he owed it all to his WIFE'S FORETHOUGHT.

"The Old Woman."

It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives so called occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is more often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the sense. An 'old woman' should be an object of reverence above and beyond almost all other phases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. The aged mother of a grown up family needs no other certificate or worth. She is a monument of excellence, approved and warranted. She has fought faithfully "the good fight" and come of conquerer. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict, in all its furrowed lines. The most grevious of the ills of life have been hers: trials untold and known only to her God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now, in her old age—her duty! patiently awaiting her appointed time—she stands, more truly beautiful than even in youth! more honorable and deserving than he who has slain his thousands, or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory!

Young man! speak kindly to your mother, and even courteously—tenderly of her! But a little time and you shall see her no more forever! Her eye is dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls gravoward! Others may love you when she has passed away—kind hearted sisters, perhaps, she of all the world you choose for a partner—*she* may love warmly, passionately—children may love you fondly!—but never again, never! while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

In agony she bore you!—through purling, helpless infancy, her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, tetchy boyhood she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness, and nursed you patiently through a legion of ills and maladies. Her hand it was that bathed your burning brow or moistened the parched lip; her eye that lighted up the darkness of wasting nightly vigils, watching always in your fitful sleep, sleepless by your side, as none but her could watch. Oh! speak not her name lightly! for you *cannot live* so many years as would suffice to thank her fully! Through reckless and impatient youth she is your counsellor and solace! Up to a bright manhood she guides your improvident step, nor even then forsakes or forgets! Speak gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you too shall be old, it shall, in some degree, lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins!—to know that you never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to "old woman."—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

AN UNREASONABLE SHERIFF.—Some years ago, a Sheriff in the northern part of Vermont held a writ of execution against one of his neighbors, which, as usual in cases of this sort with the debtor in question, he had a good deal of difficulty in collecting, and, indeed, was compelled at last to resort to the most stringent provisions of the law. The debtor, though a man of limited means, was a person of unlimited hopes and expectations, and gave his parol of honor to the officer that he would certainly pay the debt by a certain day; but the day came, and so did the Sheriff, but no money. Again and again a day was fixed for payment of the execution, but no advance was made towards "liquidation." At last, as the execution had well nigh "run out," the Sheriff told the debtor that the debt must be paid at once, or he should proceed immediately to advertise and sell his personal chattels. The debt was not large, but the sum was not an easy one to raise on the spot, and the debtor begged for a delay of one day more.—The Sheriff was inexorable. "I give you my word of honor," said the debtor. "It won't do," said the Sheriff. "I'll pledge you this Bible," said the debtor—offering a large family Bible worth more than the amount of the execution. "I don't want it," said the officer. "Well, then," replied the debtor indignantly, "if you won't take my word, nor the word of God for the debt, you may go to the devil."—*Boston Post.*

ANN ARBOR.—The Ohio Organ has the following account of the origin of the name "Ann Arbor," in a letter from that flourishing Michigan city:

"Thirty years ago, two travellers, with their wives and children, stopped on the spot where Ann Arbor now stands, and concluded to remain for the night. The weather was hot and sultry; angry clouds swept along the sky, and threatened rain, sudden, severe. Not a house was visible, and in this emergency, the two men were compelled to do something to protect their families from the peltings of the pitiless storm. Accordingly they erected a frail structure with the limbs of trees; over the top of which they spread a few pieces of white canvass, thus making a handsome little *arbor*; and as their good wives were both called *Ann*, their husbands appropriately named their little retreat *Ann Arbor*. Thirty years have since rolled by, and the city of Ann Arbor now marks the spot where the wearied travellers sought safety and repose."

A SALEM HACK DRIVER ON THE APOSTLES.—Father Lamson and Abby Folsom recently visited Salem. When they reached the depot, the hackmen crowded around the cars. As the venerable disciple with his helpmate stepped on to the platform, they were accosted on all sides by "Hack, Sir? hack, Marm? hack, hack, hack." "No, my friends," mildly replied Abby, "we read that the apostles always travelled on foot." "Blast 'em, yes!" ejaculated one of the whips, "and I believe they all travel on this road; I havn't had a fare for a week."—*Boston Journal.*

SAM SLICK ON HOPE.

In his last book, 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances,' Mr. Slick remarks in the following strain upon Hope and Disappointment:

'HOPE! what is hope? expectin' some unsortin thing or another to happen. Well, sposen it don't happen, why there is a nice little crop of disappointment to digest, that's all. What's the use of hopen at all then? I never could see any use under the sun in it. That word ought to be struck out of every dictionary. I'll tell Webster so, when he gets out a new edition of his'n. Love is painted like a little angel, with wings, and a bow and arrow, called Cupid—the name of mother's lap dog. Many's the one I've painted on clocks, little, chubby-cheeked, onmeanen, fat, lubberly critters. I suppose it typifies that Love is a fool. Yes, and how he does fool folks, too. Boys and gals fall in love. The boy is all attention and devotion, and the gall is all smiles, and airs, and graces, and pretty little winnin' ways, and bill and coo, and get married because they *hope*.—Well, what do they *hope*? Oh, they hope they will love all the days of their lives, and they hope their lives will be ever so long just to love each other, its such a sweet thing to love. Well, they hope a great deal more I guess. The boy hopes arter he's married his wife will smile as sweet as ever and twice as often, and be just as neat and twice as neater, her hair lookin' like part of the head, so tight and bright, and glossy, and parted on the top like a little path in the forest. A path is a sweet little thing, for it seems made a purpose for courtin' it is so lonely and retired. Natur teaches its use, he says, for the breeze as it whispers kisses the leaves, and helps the flowering shrubs to bend down and kiss the clear little stream that waits in an eddy for it afore it moves on. Poor fellow, he aint spoony at all. Is he? And he hopes that her temper will be as gentle, and as meek, and and as mild as ever, in fact, no temper at all—all amiability—an angel in petticoats. Well, she hopes every minute he has to spare he will fly to her on the wings of love—legs aint fast enough, and running might hurt his lungs, but *fly* to her—and never leave her, but bill and coo for ever, and will let *her* be *his* law, sartainly won't want her to wait on him, but for him to tend on her, the devoted critter, like a heavenly ministering white he-nigger. Well, don't they hope they may get all this? And do they? Jist go into any house you like, and the last two that talks is these has been lovers. They have said their say, and are tired talking: they have kissed their kiss, and an onion has spiled it? they have strolled their stroll, for the dew is on the grass all day now. His dress is on tidy, and he smokes a short black pipe, (he didn't even smoke a cigar before he was married,) and the ashes get on his waistcoat, but who cares? It's only his wife to see it—and he kinder guesses he sees wrinkles, where he never saw 'em afore, on her stocking ancles: and her shoes are a little, just a little, down to heel, and she comes down to breakfast, with her hair and dress lookin as if it was a little more neater, it would be a litter more better. He sits up late with old friends, and he lets her go to bed alone, and she cries, the little angel! but it's only because she has a headache. The heart—oh! there's nothing wrong there—but she is lately troubled with shockin' bad nervous headaches, and can't think what in the world is the cause. The darling young gentleman has got awful stingy too, lately. He sais housekeepin' costs too much, rips out an ugly word every now and then, she never heard afore, but she hopes—what does the poor dupe hope? Why, she hopes he ain't swearing, but it sounds amazin' like it—that's a fact. What is that ugly word word 'dam,' that he uses so often lately? and she looks it out in the dictionary, and she finds 'dam' means the 'mother of a colt.' Well, she hopes to be a mother herself, some day poor critter! So here hope has ended in her findin' a mare's nest at last.'

Mrs. Blabber—A Home Sketch.

Before her dressing-glass sat Mrs. Blabber, with a pale and moody look. Her husband had gone out to the corner grocery to get a—no matter what, and she was left alone. She was in *dishabille*, with a morning gown hanging loosely on her shoulders, like a dust cloth on a statue. Her features were pale and haggard, intersected with deep lines, that the vulture Envy had clawed there. Her eyes where shaded with blue circles, dyed by the contending passions of jealousy, hate, and by a corroding envy, of all who supported a higher style than herself. No one that had seen Mrs. Blabber on the previous night at the *soiree*, in the two-story mansion down the street, would have recognized her in this her *normal* condition. The night before she was in the *abnormal* state, and through powdering and tuckering, looked just the thing. Ah! thought Mrs. Blabber, 'sleep and unconscious rubbing of the skin in slumberous moments work strange alterations in the face divine,' and but we all know our ages, one might almost persuade one's self that one was growing old." And Mrs. Blabber heaved a sigh.

With a pale and moody look sat Mrs. Blabber before her dressing-glass, and communed silently, earnestly with herself. Unconsciously and from the fullness of her heart spake her mouth; from her heart, if she had one, like an overfull tea-kettle, that from too much boiling casts out bubbles.

'There's Mrs. *Dimity*, now—said she—she sets herself up for a young widow, and thinks to catch a fortune. Young! ha! She's forty, if she's a day!—Talk about her rosy cheeks, too! Well, I'd like to know where all them empty paint-saucers came from that I saw lying under her window—that's all!'

And saying this, Mrs. Blabber took from her dressing case a black pencil, and applying it to her eyebrows, gave them a slight ebon tinge, that they showed their twin arcs of beauty, spanning two circles of uncertain light! They were a feature!

'And what do I care,' said Mrs. Blabber, 'for Mrs. Dimity's fine hips? Other people have fine hips I reckon. All that extra linen don't hang out before her washer-woman's door for nothing, I suppose!—A full bust, ha! Well, I'd like to know if cotton don't grow in this country? Well, some people may say what they please, though I say nothing, but if ere's plenty of under-dresses, and cotton's cheap, the woman that don't have fine hips and a swelling bust is a fool—that's all!'

'Cheeny silks! There's Mrs.——— has come out in Cheeny silks! How can she afford to wear Cheeny silks! I know how much her dusband gets a week, and how much mine gets, and I can't afford to wear Cheeny silks! Not I! Cantoncrape shawls, too!—Just to think of that odious woman gossiping about the streets (I hate gossips) in a Canton-crape shawl! Well, let the people talk that choose, I say nothing; but I'd like to know what business she has smiling at those handsome clerks in Chartres street—that I would.' And Mrs. Blabber threw herself on the sofa in a swoon, overcome with virtuous indignation!—*N. O. Crescent.*

THE SCHOOL MASTER AND PUPIL.—Joseph where is Africa?

"On the map, sir."

"I mean, Joseph, on what Continent.—The Eastern or Western Continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern Continent, but the people, sir, all of 'em down South."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No, sir, by drawing their breath."

"Sit down, Joseph."

"Thomas, what is the Equator?"

"Why, sir, it is a horizontal pole, running perpendicular through the imagination of Astronomers and old Geographers."

"Go to your seat, Thomas, William Stiggs, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

"An old race horse, sir?"

"Silence. Next. Jack, what is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when he gits on a bust, and runs against the sun's face."

"Class is dismissed."

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects in life.

The Adversity of Honor.

BY DOUGLASS JERROLD.

In a small, neat, and comfortable room sat the ruined family. The old man was reading, or thought he read. In a few weeks, the snow had come down upon his head with a heavy fall. In a few weeks, his cheeks were lined and lengthened. He had been held—so ruthlessly held—face to face with misery, that his smile, that was as constant as the red in his cheek, had well nigh vanished. Now and then, as he exchanged looks with his daughter, it glimmered a little; played about his mouth, to leave only in utter blankness. Still he went on reading; still he turned page after page, and believed he was laying in a stock of knowledge for his future life. For he had again—he would tell his daughter with a bright look—he had again to begin the world. Hard beginning! Dreary voyage, neither youth to fight the storm, nor the hope of youth to while away the long, dark, dreary watch—to sing the daylight in. But this he would not think of now. At least he thought he would not. He felt himself as strong as ever; yes, even stronger. He could not have hoped to have borne the blow so well. He was never better; never. His glorious health was left him, and therefore, why despair? In this way will the brain of the stout man cheat itself. It will feel whole, and strong, and for the viler cracks and flaws, they are not to be heeded. More times. And then some day, some calm and sunny time, that peace has seemed to choose for itself, for a soft, sweet pause—with the tyrant-brain secure and all vain-glorious—the trifle kills. In this way do strong men die upwards. Gilbert Carraways was, at our first meeting, set about by all the creature delights of life. He was the lord of abundance.—The men who had nothing to do with want and misery, but to exercise the noblest prerogative of happy humanity—namely, to destroy them wherseever he found them preying upon his fellows. Wealth was gone. He was poor, but in his poverty were thoughts that might glorify his fireside. He had used his means for good, and, at least, might feel enriched by the harvest of his recollections. With his face anxious, lengthened, and dim, there was a dignity in the old man that we do not think we ever recognized at the hall. For he had to bear a load of misery, and he sat erect, and with his spirit conquering, looked serenely about him.

The Twilight of the Grave!

The Grave! into its dark portals enter the aged and the young and they return no more! Their mortal frames have fallen, and now, how awfully mysterious is the grave! And nought can reveal its secrets, until the last trump shall sound, awakening Earth's countless millions to life and immortality.

Yet the night of death is not all darkness. When the Christian is laid to rest, when the toils and cares of his pilgrimage are over, a glorious halo surrounds his tomb, a beauteous twilight reigns over there.—When the Son of God arose triumphant over the grave, he robbed it of its terrors. The Christian rests in hope. Wherever his ashes repose, whether side by side with much loved friends, or in a stranger's grave, they will rise in imperishable glory, and throughout eternity live ever on. Then why should we fear the grave? It it is a quiet resting place for the weary pilgrim, and when its portal open to receive his toil-worn frame, his ransomed spirit arises to mansions of eternal light and glory.

Then let us no longer look upon the grave as the end of our hopes, nor feel that the loved ones there entombed must lie in everlasting silence, but may we hope to be reunited when the night of death is past. Let us no longer consider the tomb a dreary abode, but feel that the gloom of the earth and the brightness of heaven combine to render it a glorious twilight.

The Christian's grave is a hallowed spot. The departing one stands at the threshhold of eternity, and the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of life are nearly spent, and when the last one falls, he departs to the spirit world, to that heavenly home, where the changing scenes of time cannot enter, where farewell tears are never shed, where sorrows are unknown.

The Suspicious Man.

This kind of individual is always smelling a continuous line of rats. He sees, hears nor dreams of anything in which he does not 'smell a rat.' The most harmless action of his neighbor, under his suspicious and inquisitorial disposition, is made a matter of serious investigation, because he knows there is something in the wind, for he saw his neighbor, Mr. B., speaking very confidentially to Mrs. S., that very morning in the market. He puts that and that together, and connects this whispering in the morning with something he heard in the barber's shop some weeks before, and he is satisfied that his neighbor B. is either going to fail in business, or abscond without giving his creditors due notice.

The most terrible part of such a man's character is, that he places such faith upon the corollaries he draws from his false premises, that he does not hesitate to give wing to the base suspicions of his mind, and frequently is the means of bringing about a disaster which never would have happened but for him.

Many a happy fireside has been rendered desolate—many a prosperous young man brought to ruin—many a virtuous and amiable girl been driven to despair by the fiendish insendoes of the suspicious man. No man, however upright and honest—no woman, however irreproachable—no maiden, however pure, is safe in the neighborhood of the suspicious man.—He has all the curiosity of Paul Pry, without his good nature, and the malignity of the devil, without his talent.

If ever lynch law is justifiable in a community, it is exercised on the suspicious man. Rotten to the core of his heart himself, he has no faith in the virtue and honesty of others. He exists in a state of continual doubt of the motives and actions of others, and in consequence his life is, at the best but a prolonged misery.—*N. O. Delta.*

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN MESMERISM?" we asked of Mrs. Partington, as she dropped alongside of us yesterday morning, like a jolly old seventy-four.

"Believe what?" said she, sitting down in the other chair.

The question involved an answer from us of fifteen minutes in length running through the whole of mesmerism, clairvoyance, and psychological phenomena, like a knitting needle running through a ball of yarn.

"O yes," said she, "I believe all of that, and I know a case in pint to prove it. When Mrs. Jeems had her silver plated spoons extracted—that was her mother's afore her, and she set a sight on 'em—she came away to Boston to see a misery-miser, I b'leve you call it. Well, he told her just where her spoons was, and who stole 'em, and all about it and the color of his hair and all that.—Well, she gin him a dollar, and when she got home she went right where the spoons was, and couldn't find a thing about 'em?"—*Boston Post.*

A COOL FATHER.—A German professor had collected a valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prized. One morning a friend came to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance—that he had seen a man get up a ladder into a window of the professor's house.

'Into which window?' inquired the philosopher.

'I am very sorry to say,' replied his friend, 'it was your daughter's!'

'Oh, man,' said the other, 'you almost frightened me; I thought it had been into my cabinet.'

"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for the consumption?"

"Not at all—it is what it lives on."

The doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

DIALOGUE.—Old gentleman (affectionately)—"My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco?"

Precious Youth (stiffly)—"To git the juice out of it, old codger!"

Odds and Ends.

"Spoons," of the N. Y. Mercury, having been requested by a lady to write a piece in her album, perpetrated the following:

Fair lady, on this spotless page,
Allow my thoughts to spread
Themselves like maple lasses o'er
A slice of rye and injun bread.

Your rosy cheeks will soon decay—
Those blissful joys that childhood brung,
By time will soon be borne away,
So go it lady while you're young.

Wealth is vanity.

Pleasure is a shadow.

Here—The dog-days.

Kindness kindles the fire of friendship.

Popular—Ice cream and "Katy Darling."

Memory is the shadow land of the heart.

Michigan gives about 20,000 majority for the Maine Law.

November and December are the embers of the dying year.

Height of Ambition—To marry a rich widow wot's got a cough.

In girls we love what they are, in young men what they promise to be.

Idleness is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity the idleness of the mind.

Gallows Birds—Birds who run the street at night, swear by rule, smoke cigars and drink whiskey.

The best cure for melancholy is anger. We once knew a fellow who was saved from suicide by just pulling his nose.

No one is permitted to join permanently the "Icarian (socialist) colony," at Nauvoo, unless he is married, or will engage to get married.

To hasten a marriage, lock up the girl and shew her lover the front door. A long courtship in these parts was successfully terminated in this way.

Most sins begin with the eyes.

Unite firmness with gentleness.

Fashionable—afternoon napping.

Words are leaves—Ideas are fruit.

A beautiful ring—the family circle.

July 4th, 1826, Adams and Jefferson died.

Braddock's defeat took place on the 9th of July, 1775.

Cats are musical, because they are all fiddle strings inside.

There are 156 persons employed in the New York post office.

Grasshoppers are doing great mischief in parts of Baltimore county.

Brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

Remember—a little wealth will suffice us to live well, and less to die happily.

Trying to the feelings—tieing a pretty girl's bonnet without tasteing of her lips.

Strike not, even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a hundred faults.

Ole Bull has prohibited the sale of spirituous liquors at his colony in Pennsylvania.

If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance.

Pill says, "if all the world's a stage, the women wag the *tongue* and guide the *wheicle*."

The London bills of mortality indicate 1100 deaths a week. That is 157 a day, or 6½ an hour.

Speaking of the revolution in China, a cotemporary says, "the great tea kettle is boiling."

The value of India Rubber goods manufactured in this country amounts to $10,000,000 annually.

The best way to become noticed, feasted and made distinguished, is to get "by hook or by crook" (by *hook* is better,) about fifty thousand dollars of somebody else's money.

The benevolent gentleman who was discovered holding an umbrella over the statue of Eve, in Boston, to keep her from tanning, is collecting subscriptions for the purpose of furnishing horse nets for locomotive engines in "fly time."

Louis Napoleon, the man who a few years ago could scarcely command a dinner in New York, now orders the fate of war or peace in Europe, and, perhaps, the fate of western civilization.—This is indeed, a romance in real life.

Mint juleps were invented, it is said, by a Virginia editor, who, having kissed a pretty girl after she had eaten some mint, was so intoxicated with pleasure, that he devoted several months in attempting to produce an article which would recall the original as quickly as possible.

Very large wedding cakes, and extraordinary long trains of brides-maids, are now the fashion in Europe. Two hundred pounds is by no means an extraordinary weight for the cake, and twelve is not an uncommon number of bridesmaids.

In summer, people should never sleep after sunrise. The most beautiful portion of June is that part sacred to dew-drops and early robbins. A man of true poetic feeling is always stirring with the lark, tolerates no bed after day break, save a bed of roses.

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a party of pretty girls, told them—"You are small potatoes." "We may be small potatoes," said one of them, "but we are sweet ones."

MARK IT.—When you see a young man and woman walking down the street, lean against each other, like a pair of badly matched oxen, be assured that they are bent on consolidation.

A correspondent, in speaking of the ladies at Saratoga, says they "wear their shoulders bare to the lower edge of decorum." A neat way that of saying half-naked!

"Won't you sing a song, sir?" said a lady to her lover, as they were alone one evening. The lover soon commenced the popular air, "I won't go home 'till morning." And sure enough he didn't!

A POSER.—William Penn and Thomas Story once sheltered themselves from a shower of rain, in a tobacco house, the owner of which said to them:—

"You enter without leave—do you know who I am? I am a Justice of the Peace."

To which Story replied:—

"My friend here makes such things as thee is—for he is Governor of Pennsylvania."

The Boston Post says:—"Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she was married. Courage, girls!"

The smaller a man's mind is, the more inveterate are his prejudices.