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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY T ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

THE OLD GRIST MILL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The grist mill stands beside the stream,
With bending roof and leaning wall;
So old, that when the winds are wild,
The miller trembles least it fall;
But moss and ivy never sere,
Bedeck it o'er from year to year.

The dam is steep and weeded green,
The gates are raised, the waters pour,
And tread the old wheel's slippery steps,
The lowest round forever more,
Methinks they have a sound of ire,
Because they cannot climb it higher.

From mourn till night, in autumn time,
When yellow harvests load the plains,
Up drive the farmers to the mill,
And back anon, with loaded wains,
They bring a heap of loaded grain,
And take it home in meal again.

The mill inside is dim and dark,
But peeping in the open door,
You see the miller flitting round,
And dusty bugs along the floor,
And by the shaft and down the spout,
The yellow meal comes pouring out.

And all day long the winnowed chaff
Floats round it on the sultry breeze,
And shineth like a settling swarm
Of golden-winged and bolted bees,
Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,
When bellows blow and forges roar.

I love my pleasant, quaint old mill,
It 'minds me of my earlier prime,
'Tis changed since then, but not so much,
As I am by decay and time,
Its wrecks are mossed from year to year,
But mine all dark and bare appear.

I stand beside the stream of life,
The mighty currents sweeps along,
Lifting the floodgates of my heart,
It turns the magic wheel of song,
And grinds the ripened harvest brought,
From ought the golden field of thought.

Miscellaneous.

FRENCH GHOST STORY.

A Paris letter writer tells a good story of a *revenant*, (French for ghost,) who turned out to be a being of real flesh and blood. We translate it:

"Much gossip during a former season took place in the Parisian fashionable world, concerning a certain husband who committed suicide in order to counterbalance in some way the miserable life he had caused his wife to lead. This husband, who finished his career as well, had commenced it in a totally opposite manner. Full of bad qualities, dissipated, a gambler, a *roue*, he had spent all his own and his wife's property, and rendered her unhappy, by every means in his power. The wife, a woman who merited a better fate, was good and beautiful, witty and charming, and supported with admirable resignation the unworthy treatment of her unworthy spouse. Her patience and virtue never faltered for an instant during this severe trial. She had, as is customary in French society in certain circles, a number of male worshippers, and among these was a young baron, immensely rich, passionately attached to the lady, and of very amiable and pleasing manners.

"Fallen from a brilliant position, living on loans and the wreck of a fortune, and driven from Paris by his debts, the husband went with his wife to pass the summer at the watering places in the Pyrenees. The baron followed, but the wife obliged him to leave the spot. This conduct touched the husband. For the first time, as he looked back on his career, he was overcome with shame and remorse. He accused and condemned himself, and his pity for the poor woman, whose cup he had filled to the brim with the bitter tears of sorrow and humiliation, suddenly become even frenzied in extent. 'Were I dead,' he said to himself, she would be happy; she would marry this excellent young man, who loves her, I know, and whom no doubt she is fond of. Be it so! I will make up for the past, and the future shall be happy.—She shall be free! The sacrifice will cost me little: I am tired of my miserable life, in which I am a burden to others and myself.

"As soon as he had taken this resolution, he wrote a farewell letter to his wife, praying her to pardon all his faults towards her in consideration of the total expiation. 'It is offered for you, he wrote; 'it is to remove the only obstacle to your happiness, that I am determined to end my life.' Thereupon he started out to put his plan into execution.

"The next day his hat and memorandum book (the letter containg a few farewell lines, hurriedly written and passionately expressed, as might be supposed,) were found on the brink of a precipice in the mountains. He had written and then thrown himself into the sombre abyss, the depths of which no human eye could measure.

"What this generous husband anticipated took place. His widow shed a few tears of tenderness as a legitimate tribute to so disinterested an act; had his disease legally proven; passed a year in mourning, and then became the baron's spouse.—She knew then what happiness was for the first time in her life.

"The tragical end of the first husband became the basis of a poetical legend which was all the fashion for years in the Pyrenees. The poets inspired by imagination, enriched the story with many exaggerations; but even the basis of the poem was an exaggeration, as the real facts were as follows:

"By the time the heroic husband had reached the summit of the mountain, his mental exaltation was dissipated by the fresh air of the morning and the salutary exercise of a long walk; his mind became calmer, turned to wiser reflections, and the sight of the abyss, instead of proving attractive, made him remember Telleyrand's philosophic axiom: "Be suspicious of a first impulse."

"Suspicion seized him, and reflection gave him counsel. Why kill himself, if he could obtain his object without recourse to that extremity? Was it not absurd to give up life at thirty years of age for a sentimental exaggeration or a cowardly weakness? Would it not be better to pass himself off for dead, and then commence a new career and seek his fortune in distant countries? His purse, which he had accidentally taken with him, contained six louis. With plenty of audacity and few scruples of conscience, that sum was sufficient to enable him to start out in fresh adventures and speculations; and in leaving his native country he proceeded only a few days the result which his numerous creditors would have obtained.

"His decision was taken. He contented himself with playing a comedy instead of a drama.—The properties and decorations of the scene were simple and easily arranged—the hat near the brink of the precipice—the memorandum book—the few eloquent farewell words; and then instead of precipitating himself into the abyss at his feet, he simply threw down it an old log of a tree, which plowing up the earth and tearing aside the bushes, left indubitable traces of his body's rapid descent. Two young shepherds at a distance, seeing a man so near the edge of the precipice, and then a dark body go swiftly down its side, believed, in their fright, that it was the human being who had really taken that route, and they afterwards declared positively that they saw the suicide committed.

"Vigilant, watchful and in good health, our defunct hero traversed the Pyrenees, crossed Spain, reached Cadiz, and sailed for America.

"Seven or eight years after this fabulous event, the baron and baroness were at their seat in Franche Compe, and they were suddenly surprised one evening by the appearance of an unexpected guest—a living ghost—the first husband!

"The baroness fainted—it was the least she could do. She was taken to her apartment, and the ghost opened an explanation with his marital successor. The gentleman had changed his plan of suicide just as he was about to put it into execution; that was no crime. He had travelled and had not written; it was from motives of delicacy, as he did not wish to write until he had made a fortune. He had not succeeded in his enterprise; conjugal happiness would have to console him for misfortunes. He returned to claim his wife; it was his incontestible right. He found his wife another man's wife; but this second marriage was of course, null and void.

"The baron was about to answer this rapidly delivered discourse, when he was informed that his wife—*their* wife—wished to see him.

"'Go,' said the first husband, 'I permit you to say farewell; but be so kind as to have me served with something to eat; I am very hungry.'

"A servant received the baron's orders, conducted the ghost to a pavillion in the park, spread a collation before him and left him alone. In an hour the baron appeared, a pistol in each hand.

"'You must see, said he to his guest, 'that one of us two is in the way of the other.'

"'A duel!' exclaimed the ghost. 'Bah! my position is too advantageous. I refuse, positively.'

"'Nothing was said concerning a duel, monsier, replied the baron, coldly. 'My position is also too advantageous. You have forgotten that you are dead; that no one will miss you; the only servant who knows of your presence here is devoted to me; that we are in a solitary spot; that I am armed, and that I can kill you with impunity.—That is what I am going to do.'

"'No, monsieur, no; you will not kill me,' said the ghost, quietly crossing his arms and setting himself more comfortably in his armchair. 'If it had been your design and determination to kill me you would have begun by doing it without using so many worthless words. Confess frankly that you have a better proposition to make me.'

"'Well, monsieur, since you speak of arranging this affair, so be it! I am rich—you are not.'

"A gleam of satisfaction passed over the ghost's features. He listened to his host's proposal with evident pleasure, and showed himself obstinate only about the sum total of the arrangement. To expatriate himself a second time and forever, to turn to chaos and never again come to life, he asked a fortune that would allow him to live as a dead man could, and he fixed the sum at 100,000 *ecus*.

"'Would you cheapen your happiness?' said he to the baron. 'Would you insult your wife by estimating her at a more moderate price?'

"The bargain was concluded, and the defunct husband kept his word—the more easily that he made good use of his time in America. The sum given him by the baron allowed him to undertake extensive enterprises which succeeded admirably, and in a few years he was worth several millions of francs. Notwithstanding, and although Paris is the Paradise of the rich, he would not have returned there had he not learned that the baroness had died suddenly, and the baron had survived her only a few days. Then he came back to France with his millions and an assumed name. He was long one of the Parisian *lions*. In the last few years he was one of the most prominent *elegans* of that capital of the class. His taste and splendor were much admired. He was a dandy—a middle aged one—with hair slightly gray, a tall figure very particular and fashionable in his dress; a good horseman, a great card player, an accomplished sportsman, a passionate lover of art, at the opera, French and Italian, every night, and well known in the green rooms of the little and large theatres. He also had taken the title of baron, and his button hole was ornamented with a number of ribbons of unknown orders and countries.

"This opulent adventurer ended by relating to some of his confidential friends the story of his death and resuitation. Death really came a few days since and surprised him in the midst of his splendor, and the confidential friends have told as a great secret, the anecdote of the suicide which brought its author so much money and so much honor."

Pete Whetstone and the Mail Boy.

Pete Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once travelling on horseback through the interior of the State, and called one evening to stay all night at a little log house near the road where entertainment and a post office were kept. Two other strangers were here, and the mail boy rode up about dark. Supper being over, the mail carrier and the three gentlemen were invited into a small room furnished with a good fire and two beds, which were to accommodate the four persons for the night. The mail carrier was a little, dirty, shabby, lousy-looking wretch, with whom none of the gentlemen liked the idea of sleeping. Pete Whetstone eyed him closely as he asked:

"Where do you sleep to-night, my lad?"

"I'll thleep with you I reckon," lisped the youth, "or with one o'them other fellers, I don't care which."

The other two gentlemen took the hint and occupied one of the beds together immediately, leaving the other bed and the confab to be enjoyed by Pete and the mail boy together as best they could. Pete and the boy both commenced hauling off their duds, and Pete getting into bed first, and wishing to get rid of sleeping with the boy, remarked very earnestly—"my friend, I tell you beforehand, *I've got the itch!* and you'd better not get in here with me, for the disease is *catching!*"

The boy, who was just getting into bed too, drawled out very coolly, "wal, I reckon that don't make a bit o' difference to me; I've had it now for nearly those theven years," and into bed he pitched with Pete, who pitched out in as great a hurry as if he had waked up a hornet's nest in the bed. The other two gentlemen roared, and the mail boy, who had got peaceable possession of a bed to himself, drawled out—

"Why you must be a thet of darned fules—mam and dad's got the catch a heap worth than I is, and they thlept in that bed last night when they was here to the quilting."

The other two strangers were now in a worse predicament than Pete had been, and bouncing from their seats as if the house had been on fire, stripped and shook their clothes, put them on again, ordered their horses, and, though it was nearly ten o'clock, they all three left, and rode several miles to the next town before they slept, leaving the imperturable mail carrier to the bliss of scratching and sleeping alone.

Craftiness is a quality in the mind, and a vice in the character.

STORY OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

AN IMPRESSIVE CORONATION.

The lengthened and varied annals of the Peninsula contain no episode more deeply interesting than that which the reader will find laid before him in the following brief and unvarnished narrative. The scene of the story was Portugal, and the time the middle of the fourteenth century, when Alphonso IV. sat upon the throne of that country. This prince had been distinguished in his youth for the display of almost every bad quality, having rebelled more than once against his father, and so embroiled the kingdm in civil discords. When he ascended the throne, he exhibited that total disregard for his new duties which might have been expected from his previous conduct, until a solemn and bold warning from one of his chief nobles effected a compulsory reformation, rendered comparatively durable by fears for his personal safety. The caution thus referred to was thus given. The council of state had long waited for him one day, having affairs of consequence to transact. Alphonso had gone hunting, and when he appeared at length in council, it was only to entertain the grave statesmen and nobles there assembled with an account of his day's sport.

'Sire,' said one of his counsellors, 'we did not come here to listen to things fitted for the ears of huntsmen. If your highness will attend to the necessities of your subjects, you will have humble and faithful vassals; if not—'

'What then?' cried the king, angrily.

The minister calmly proceeded; 'if not they will see another king!'

Alphonso broke forth into a torrent of invective; but something in the manner of those around him, compelled him ultimately to moderate his passion, and to promise that, from that time forward, they would find in himself not Alphonso the hunter, but Alphonso the king.'

To this seasonable warning, history tells us, the Portuguese people owed many benefits during the remainder of Alphonso's reign; but the reformation did not extend to the king's private conduct. His son and heir, Don Pedro, was united in marriage to Constance, daughter of a powerful Castilian prince. The affections of the infante, as the heir apparent was called, were not consulted or engaged in this match. He was strongly attached, in fact, to another lady, named Inez de Castro, the daughter of a noble Castilian, who had sought refuge in Portugal from perils incurred in his native province.—This attachment was mutual, yet Pedro remained constant in his vows to Constance, and lived in unbroken harmony with her. It is admitted by all annalists, that the virtuous fidelity and self-command exhibited by the Portuguese prince, were as commendable as they were rare in stations like these, at that period of the world's history. However, King Alphonso was aware of his son's passion for Inez de Castro; and from fear that circumstances might yet occur to bring about a match between them, which he regarded as one unworthy of the royal house of Portugal, the king caused Donna Inez to stand godmother to one of the infante's children by Constance, thus creating a spiritual bar to the possibility of future wedlock between the two parties. The Church of Rome forbade the union of the sponsor of an infant with its real parent.

Nevertheless, when Constance died, as she did after being married but a few years, Don Pedro's attachment set all such obstacles at defiance. He obtained a papal dispensation, and married Inez de Castro. At the same time, he concealed the marriage from his father and the public, the lady consenting rather to bear the imputation of an illegal connection, than to subject the infante to the risk of Alphonso's anger. For some years, Inez lived a great seclusion at Coimbra, where she bore four children to her husband—namely, Alphonso, John, Dennis, and Beatrice. Unacknowledged as this union was, the court nevertheless suspected something of this kind. In his private conduct, Pedro not only exhibited all the affection and constancy of a husband as regarded Inez, but peremptorily refused entering into any of the new matrimonial engagements which his father was perpetually proposing to him. Inez de Castro, therefore, could not but be an object of suspicion to Alphonso and his confidants, and she unfortunately incurred, through other circumstances, a degree of additional odium, which brought on the crisis of her fate. The despotism of the reigning soverign of Castile caused many of her countrymen to go to Portugal for protection; and gaining for them the favor of her husband, the infante, she was able to place them in a position that excited the envy of the native courtiers. A strong party was by degrees formed against Inez, and to these persons it became an object of importance to dispose of the unfortunate lady, ere the demise of Alphonso called his son to the throne, and consolidated her power beyond all possibility of overthrow.

This inimical party commenced operations by working on the fears of the old king, and persuaded him that the life and rights of Ferdinand, his grandson by Constance, were endangered by the influence of Inez de Castro. They brought Alphonso to the belief, that the death of that unfortunate lady was indispensable to the security of the royal line and the general peace of the country; and at length the king consented to the execution of the cruel purpose to which his mind had thus been made familiar.—Pedro was absent on a lengthened hunting excursion; and during that absence, Alphonso betook himself to Coimbra, accompanied by Gonsalves, Pachco, and Coelbo, those of his courtiers most hostile to Inez de Castro. He entered the dwelling where she had lived so many years in peace with her family. Alone, with her protector and husband far away, the unhappy woman beheld this intrusion with moral alarm. She gathered her children around her, as if her feeble arms could save them from peril, and prostrated herself along with them at the feet of the old king. She implored him to have pity on his innocent grandchildren and on herself, their mother. The king was not without natural feelings, and these were touched by the appeal made to him, and by the sight of his son's lonely offsprings and their still beauteous mother. He left her uninjured and joined the three courtiers, who eagerly waited outside, expectant of a summons to complete the bloody act in contemplation. Their arguments speedily cured the king of his humane relenting, and he gave them authority to return to the chamber of Inez, and dispatch her with their daggers.—The three courtiers waited for no second orders, but in a few minutes had dyed their weapons in the blood of the defenceless wife of the infante. They then hurried with the king from the scene of their barbarous crime.

Don Pedro's rage and grief were violent in proportion to his affection for Inez, and to the happiness he had enjoyed with her during their wedded life. From the hour of her death, his very nature seemed to be changed, and one absorbing, overwhelming passion—the desire of revenge—took possession of his soul. In the first burst of his resentment, he took arms against his father, and commenced a bloody civil war. The contest was terminated, however, by the interposition of the aged queen, who represented to her son the injustice of continuing to punish the whole country for the crime of one or a few. Pedro was alive to the justice of this appeal, and laid down his arms, to save the nation from further calamities. He submitted even to a reconciliation with his father, who thenceforth employed all possible means to appease his son, and divert his thoughts from the murdered Inez. However, Alphonso allowed the actual assassins to quit the country, and take refuge in Castile. Whether or nor the old monarch succeeded in banishing the remembrance of Inez from the breast of the infante, was made apparent soon afterwards, when the latter by the demise of his father was called to the throne.

The first act of the new king was to conclude a treaty with the reigning soverign of Castile, by which all fugitives were to be given up on both sides. Pedro of Portugal allowed a desire to effect his compact at any cost. He betrothed his three sons to the daughters of the Castilian soverign, though these daughters were illegitimate, being the offspring of Maria de Padilla—a lady for whose sake the king of Castile had cruelly misused his wedded Queen.—By giving his assent to this arrangement, and any others stipulated for by the other contracting party, Pedro accomplished the grand object of his wishes—the gratification of what had become the ruling passion of his whole life. He got into his hands the murderers of Inez de Castro. From these men Pedro had certainly received a mortal injury, and one that deserved the punishment of death. They had cruelly and treacherously violated the privacy of home, and forever ruined its happiness, by dipping their hands in the blood of an unoffending woman, the wife of his bosom and the mother of his infants. But the death which Pedro inflicted on these men was not to be excused even by the greatness of their crime. Gonsalves and Coelbo (for Pacheco escaped seizure) perished by tortures too painful to describe. Naturally a man of gentle nature, and even admittedly possessed of many virtues, Pedro is said to have glutted his eyes with the sufferings of his victims, all other feelings being lost in the one great passion of revenge.

Nor was the monarch satisfied with this offering to the manes of his wife. After the execution of her slayers, he assembled the cortes, and solemnly swore that he obtained a papal dispensation for his marriage with Inez de Castro, and that that marriage had taken place in presence of the Bishop of Guarda and the equerry of his own household.

These individuals confirmed by their oaths the statement of the king. The ceremony ended, a new scene took place, of a character almost unexampled in history—a scene so strange, so solemn, so fearfully impressive in its nature, that it is little marvel that the name and fate of Inez de Castro should have afforded a theme for the poet and painter in all lands, and throughout all succeeding time. In presence of the whole assembled court, the body of Inez de Castro, raised from the quietude of the tomb, after a sleep of several years, was placed on the throne beside her husband, and there, gorgeously attired, as became the consort of a powerful monarch, was crowned with the queenly diadem of Portugal. The heir-apparent of the sceptre, Prince Ferdinand, son of Constance knelt in homage before the corpse, and kissed her cold hand, as the first of her subjects.—The whole Portugese nobility, lords and ladies, followed the example of the prince; and, in short, every customary rite was performed which might have accompanied the coronation of the most powerful and popular of living princesses. Pedro, meanwhile, looked on in stern enjoyment of the honors paid to the remains of his beloved wife. The body of Inez was conveyed immediately after this ceremony to the royal burial place at Alcobaga, and there magnificently reinterred. Pedro closed the scene by formally establishing the legitimacy of the children of Inez, and by profusely rewarding all who had ever served her, or had any claims upon her gratitude.

Thus closes the extraordinary history of Inez de Castro. It is but fair to the memory of Pedro to state, when he avenged the murder of his consort, and did all in his power to clear her memory from stain, he became to Portugal a just and popular ruler. To the last he administered the laws with severity, but at the same time with undeviating impartiality. These qualities perhaps rendered him a ruler more fit for such times than one of milder and more merciful sentiments. He showed, also, that a soverign austerely just could also be habitually generous, and even munificent. Up to the hour of his death, Pedro retained his affections for the memory of Inez de Castro, unchanged and undiminished, and it was his frequent custom to retire to her tomb, and there indulge in meditation upon upon her virtues and her fate.

Marriage in spite of a Mother-in-law.

Old Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, who flourished some years since, was a man of some humor, as well as perseverance in affecting the end he desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided is the following:

Of the various sects which have flourished for their day, and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogerites, so called from their founder, a John or Tom, or some other town aforesaid. The distinguished tenet of this sect was their denial of the propriety and scripturality of the form of marriage. They believed 'it is not good for a man to be alone,' and also that one wife should 'cleave unto her husband.' But this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together, and live as man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of the marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call on Rogers, and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John nor Sarah would give up their agreement. It was a matter of conscience with them; they were very happy together as they were; of what use, then could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal, were they not firmly bound to 'take up the cross,' and live according to the rules of the religion they possessed?—The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him accepted an invitation to dine with him. Conversation, as usual turned upon the subject.

'Now, John,' said the Governor, after a long discussion of the point, 'why will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?'

'Yes,' replied John, 'but my own conscience will not permit me to marry her in the form of the world's people.'

'Very well, but you love her?'

'Yes.'

'And respect her?'

'Yes.'

'And cherish her as the bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh?'

'Yes.'

'And you love, obey, respect, and cherish him?' he continued to Sarah.

'Certainly I do.'

'Then,' said the Governor, rising, 'by the laws of God and the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be husband and wife.'

The ravings and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail; the knot was tied by the highest authority in the State.

Economy in Wives.

A young married woman, who has not had the opportunity of profiting by the advice and example of a good mother, will find some difficulty at first in spending her money to the best advantage, for there is really an art in spending money, though it is getting rid of it. Some women will keep house respectably and plentifully on one-third less money than will be required by others, or without either meanness or liberal dealing. But to do this, judgment, forethought, and experience are necessary. One woman shall be able to tell you how much her housekeeping costs to a shilling, while another cannot guess within ten.—The former has method, rule, regularity, and a certain sum assigned to her, with the latter it is all haphazard—it comes and it goes, she neither knows how, nor cares. And this is almost sure to be the case if the money is dealed out by her husband in a few shillings at a time.

Juvenile Profanity.

The bit of using profane language seems to be much indulged in by a great class of boys, and we are sorry to say, by grown up men (!) You can hardly pass a crowd of youngsters without hearing some oath, which perhaps falls from an urchin not yet in his teens. Nothing is more unpleasant to a lady than to hear this blasphemy, and yet, should she dare to say a word, great is the merriment amongst the crowd. Cowper, we believe, wrote the following lines on this subject:

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to in each trifling theme.
Maintain your rank vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
You would not swear upon the bed of death!
Reflect! your Maker now may stop your breath."

MAXIMS OF AGOGOS.

☞ Life is often wasted in a search after unattainable advantages, and generally, through the scruples of pride and vanity, our happiness is delayed from day to day by a rejection of those pleasures and benefits which are within our reach. Genteel folks are martyrs to an absurd decorum; and some would rather faint with fatigue than sit on a post to rest; whilst in open daylight it would require more moral courage in a *'gentleman,'* to take a draught of water from the town pump than to lead a 'forlone hope.'

☞ Genius without judgment, or judgment without genius, only make half a great character; it is the combination of a genius to create, with the judgment to control, that forms the truly great man.—Charles XII, was a specimen of genius without judgement; Wellington, of judgment without genius; whilst Napoleon was a magnificent instance of the two combined.

☞ Cunning is seeing a hundred miles ahead—wisdom, fifty miles in advance. So the cunning man is brought to a stand still, because from peering so closely at the stones under his nose, he has overlooked the swamp to which his by-path lead; whilst the wise man has seen the other, only to decide on the best way of avoiding both.

☞ Never ask a favor from a *Personu* or a 'Jack in Office;' for, if granted at all, it will be in a manner the most humiliating to yourself; and never, if it can be avoided, accept one from any man, unless you are certain that he is a gentleman in *feeling*, in which case he will have more pleasure in conferring than receiving.

☞ In England a soverign is like the finger-head of a ship. True that it goes first; but, though occasionally an ornament, it is of no use for the guidance of the national vessel; whilst, from the usually dull effigy being covered with gold, it costs much more than so equivocal a decoration is worth.

Duties of Educated Women.

The education of woman, like that of man, should tend to prepare them for their duties; the difference of their employments will of course render their studies different. It is the duty of woman to educate her children, the boys until they are a certain age, the girls until they are married. How much wisdom is requisite to manage the mind and disposition of each child, so as to guide their intellects, manage their humors, to anticipate the effects of their growing passions, and to rectify their errors. How much prudence should a mother have in order to maintain her control over them, without losing their friendship and their confidence. A mother of a family ought to possess a religious, mature, firm mind, acquainted with the human heart. St. Paul attaches such importance to the education of children, that he says it is by "mothers the souls of children are saved." I shall not attempt to specify all that she ought to know, in order to educate their children well. To do this, it would be necessary to enter into an entire detail of their studies; but we must not omit the subject of economy. Women in general are apt to neglect it, and think it proper only for lower classes; those women especially who are brought up in idleness and indolence, disdain the detail of domestic life. It is, nevertheless, from ignorance that the science of economy is despised. The polished Greeks and Romans took care to instruct themselves in this art. That mind is of low order which can only speak well; we often meet with women who utter wise maxims, yet, nevertheless, are very frivolous in their conduct.

BLENERHASSETT'S SLAVE.—The Jefferson (Texas) *Herald* tells the following:

At the refuge plantation of Captain James O. Scott, is an old negro man, the property of the Captain, who formerly belonged to Blenerhasset. He was on Blenerhassett's Island at the time the force of militia was sent to arrest him, for his connection with the Burr conspiracy. He remembers distinctly, and can relate many incidents in connection with the rumaging and mutilation of his master's elegant mansion on that occasion, and speaks indignantly of the outrage and insult to his mistress who it will be remembered, remained there after the flight of her husband. He describes Aaron Burr as being the finest gentleman he ever saw, and says "white women can't come nigh up to what Mrs. Blenerhasset was." When speaking of Blenerhasset and his family, the old slave is often moved to tears.

OFFICIOUS FRIENDSHIP.—Many persons fancy themselves friendly, when they are only officious. They counsel, not so much that you should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

At a colored ball given the other evening, the following was posted on the door post:—'Tickets fifty cents. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself.'

A good book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how justly to appreciate their value. They are men, however, who judge of both from the beauty of their covering

A story is going the rounds, of a party of young ladies, who were caught in a shower, and had the color washed from their cheeks. A lady at our elbow thinks the color in some of the gentleman's cheeks will not be washed out with water at present.

A noble sentiment was that of General Jackson's uttered in reply to the request of Louis Philippe, for an apology for his bold assertion of our claims against the French government. "The honor of my country shall never be stained by an apology from me for the statement of truth and performance of duty.'

The swan flower of Venezuela, when in full bloom, resembles in one position, a swan with closed wings, and in another, with outstretched wing. The interior of the flower is exceedingly beautiful. Venezuela also produces a flower called a pigeon-flower—it is like a bird's nest in shape, while its stamens and petals resemble a pigeon at rest.

Gems of Thought.

Exquisite beauty resides with God. Unity and simplicity joined together in different organs, are the principal sources of beauty. It resides in the good, the honest, and the useful, to the highest physical and intellectual degree.

An honest reputation is within the reach of all men; they obtain it by social virtues, and by doing their duty. This kind of reputation, it is true, is neither brilliant nor startling, but it is often the most useful for happiness.

Complacency is a coin by the aid of which all the world can, for want of essential means, pay his club bill in society, it is necessary, finally, that it may lose nothing of its merits, to associate judgment and prudence with it.

The pride of the heart is the attribute of honest men; pride of manners is that of fools; and pride of birth and rank is often the pride of dupes.

Let us not love those things much which we are not sure to live long to love; nor to have long if we should.

Reason is a bee, and exists only on what it makes; his usefulness takes the place of beauty.

The soul, by a instinct stronger than reason, ever associates beauty with truth.

Odds and Ends.

All nature dies—and lives again.

Girls always look pleased when matrimony, new bonnets, and sleigh rides are talked about.

Always doubt the sincerity of a girl's love, when you see her wipe her mouth after you kiss her.

A bachelor is a target which flirts and coquettes shoot at.

The girls in New Bedford rig up in men's clothes and flirt about the streets in the night time.

A New Orleans paper says that copper is a cure for the cholera. It is also excellent in poverty.

A wag thus eulogises his musical attainments:—"I know two tunes—the one is 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the other isn't, I always sing the latter."

Nothing elevates us so much as a spirit similar yet superior to our own.

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination, make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to follow it.—*Epictetus.*

Solitude bears the same relation to the mind that sleep does to the body. It affords it the necessary opportunities for repose and recovery.

He who encourages young men in the pursuit of agriculture is doing a good work for the morals of society a hundred years hence.

The erratic and notable Lola Montez, was at the last accounts quietly rusticating in her bird-box of a cottage at Grass Valley—spending her time in attending to the improvement of her garden, petting her parrot and poodle, and taming a grizzly.

The following is the copy of a bill posted on a wall in a village down east: 'A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the *open air*, and a collection taken at the *door*, to defray expenses.'

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner nor fashion—but in mind. A high sense of honor—a determination never to take a mean advantage of another—an adherence to truth—delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are the essential characteristics of a gentleman.

Always look on the bright side of things. You'll live longer, have better digestion, earn more wages and be ten times as popular among the ladies. He who takes this view of life and things, is about sure to live in clover, step into a very big fortune, and go to the person with the prettiest piece of dimity this side of Jordan.

Punch is a good doctor at times. He gives the following for the benefit of wart-wearers, 'Put your mouth close to the wart, and tell it in a whisper that if it will not go away you will burn it out with caustic. If it does not take the hint, be as good as your word.'

'A lady' advertises in a recent New York paper for the post of housekeeper to a bachelor or widower, and as she takes care to specify 'a lucrative situation,' she would seem confident of her ability to fill a wide spere of usefulness. Well, there's nothing like self-appreciation, certainly.

A man with enormous feet was measured for a pair of boots, and inquired of the man when he would have them finished. 'By Wednesday, if it does not rain,' was the reply. 'If it does not rain? What has rain to do with the boots?' 'Why do you suppose I could build a pair of boots for your feet in the house?'

'I know no such thing as genius,' said Hogarth, to Mr. Gilbert Cooper, 'genius is nothing but labor and dilligence.' Sir Isaac Newton said of himself, that 'if he had ever been able to do anything, he had effected it by patient thinking only.'

The ladies of Maysville, Ky., have presented a pair of pantaloons to Miss Lucy Stone, in due form.

Be careful how you throw bottles and boot-jacks at an old maid's tom-cat. You'll never hear the last of it. Advanced spinsters place more of their affections on a cat than a political patriot does on getting office, pap, and lazy hours.

Jenny Lind's baby, according to the *Musical World*, begins to exhibit symptoms of musical capacity. Its cries are so melodious; that even to the refined ear of the Queen of Song herself, they are seldom unpleasant.

A French Canadian, posts his wife in St. John, in the following words: 'Ma nam, dats Peter Rowville—ma wife he leave ma hous and shakt ax me—any man dat trus him on nam, dats loss for you.

Never grow faint in well doing. A good deed is like roast turkey and plum pudding—it lengthens one's days, adds fat to the ribs, comfort to the conscience, and sunshine to the heart.

Lord Shaftesbury says, 'that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him.

In a fashionable novel, the author says 'Lady Emma trembled, grew pale, and immediately *fainted*.' The printer, putting 'p' instead of 'f,' rendered it, 'the lady grew pale, and immediately *painted*.'

Miss Tucker says it is with old bachelors as with old wood. It is hard to get them started, but when they take flame, they burn prodigiously.

Fire and Water are very good servants, but the worst of masters.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he would manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

A droll fellow, who had a wooden leg, being in company with a man who was somewhat scrupulous, the latter asked the former how he came to have a wooden leg. 'Why,' said he, 'my father had one, and so had my grand-father before him, it runs in the blood.'

Henry Ward Beecher sweeps up a poetical flower, occasionally, with his broad scythe swath. He said the other day (in the *Independent*) that the "sweet-briar was the country-cousin of the rose."

LAW.—An editor in Ohio has got eleven libel suits on his hands. He says he has been discussing law with the lawyers so much lately, that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating somebody.

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—*Johnson.*

A Wag recently appended to the list of market regulations in Cincinnati, 'No whistling near the sausage stalls.'

Mrs. Partington laments she shall never be able to suppress herself correctly. 'Whenever I open my mouth,' she says, 'I am sure to put my foot into it.'

The lady who went out the other evening, clothed in the 'drapery of her thoughts,' took a violent cold, and is now prostrate on a sick bed. It was extremely imprudent to venture forth in so thin a costume.

Sin is never at a stay, if we do not retract from it, we shall advance in it, and the further on we go, the more we come back.—*Barrow.*

If you wish to obtain a good wife, make no presents that cost more than a kind expression or a modest smile.

Do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by seeking that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of his affections and exertions.

Very little contents a Frenchman. A Parisian will extract more comfort from two onions and a conte worth of garlic, than John Bull will find in the contents of a boiled ham and four quarts of birmid. We know an old Frenchman who makes a delicate breakfast out of a cent's worth of cigars and a tooth pick.