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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.

"TAKE ME HOME TO DIE."

This land is very bright, mother,
The flowers are very fair,
There is magic in the orange groves
And fragrance in the air:
But take me to my good old home
Where the brook goes bubbling by,
Let us go home again mother—
Oh! take me home to die.

Let my father's hand but rest mother—
In blessing on my head,
Let my brothers and my sisters dear
But throng around my bed;
Oh, let me feel that loved ones near
Receive my parting breath,
When I bid you all good night, mother
And sleep the sleep of death!

Dear mother I am weeping
I cannot stop the tears,
They're swelling at the thought of home,
And of my early years.
But I am getting faint, mother,
Oh take me to your breast,
And let me feel your lip, mother,
Again my forehead press.

There's dimness on my sight, mother,
I cannot get my breath;
Is it your sobs I hear, mother;
Oh, tell me—Is this death?
You'll tell my father how I yearned
Once more to see him near;
You'll kiss my brothers each for me;
They will forget, I fear.

You'll tell my sisters, mother dear,
I have gone up on high,
And if they are good children here,
They will see me when they die;
I feel I'm going now mother—
One kiss o'er life is riven;
And now, farewell, my own mother.
Until we meet in heaven.

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on.
I saw the young and beautiful,
I saw the rich and gay,
In the first blush of womanhood.
Upon thy wedding day;
The church-bells rang,
And the little children sang—
"Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet;
Sweet to the sweet!
The winter is past, the rains are gone,
Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on."
I saw the poor and desolate,
I saw thee fade away,
In broken-hearted widowhood,
Before thy locks were grey;
The death-bell rang,
And the little children sang—
"Lillies dress her winding sheet,
Sweet to the sweet!
The summer's past, the sun shines gone;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

Miscellaneous.

THE JONES FAMILY;
OR AN ESTIMATE OF MONEY.

It is sheer nonsense to contend that money does nothing towards raising a man's respectability in the world. Enough of this theory was verified in the Jones family. Jacob Jones was a poor, thriftless man, with a large family, who were put to great straits to get along decently, and everybody knew it; yet nobody knew anything against them but their poverty. He was a sensible man, well versed in politics, and could make as handsome a speech as Squire Driver, in any town meeting in Freehold; but then it was only 'Jake Jones, the man who wasn't worth a cent in the world.' He might have held important offices in the militia, or been one of the Selectmen, but he was so poor, he was entirely overlooked.

Besides, this poverty was a great disadvantge to the family. The girls were always held below par, in consequence of their being brought up in an obscure way; and Mrs. Jones, their mother, never attained to any office in the sewing circle, or any charitable fair, simply because she could not mingle with the aristocracy.

The Jones girls never had a fair position in society, or they would have appeared as well as many others. They were rather marked as 'decided gawky girls,' with whom mothers evidently preferred their daughters should have but little intercourse, and they more especially feared lest their sons should be attracted by their faces, for they were pretty, notwithstanding their poverty; and Mrs. Driver herself declared 'if they only had money, they would appear as well as any ladies in the town;' but as it was, the were only known as 'Jake Jone's daughters who lived in the small red house under the hill.'

But Mrs. Jones was descended from an English stock. She used to say if she only had money to travel, she had no doubt but she could find out her pedigree; but this all went for 'smart talk,' until one day the public journal announced that 'the heirs of Lucretia Selden, if living, might hear of something to their advantage by calling at —— street No. 9.'

Mrs. Jones was a Selden, and her mother's name was Lucretia—if so, a property of *two hundred thousand dollars* was her due from a bachelor uncle as a bequest to the heir of his sister, and Mrs. Jones was her only child. It was hers, without mistake.

Mrs. Smith said she always thought that there was something above the commonality in Mrs. Jones; for her part she always had been social with her, and treated her lady-like.'

'But, mother,' said Sophia, 'you did warn me against associating with her daughters.—You know you said they were awkward, uncouth girls.'

'But, my dear, it is not so—they are in reality, very genteel, accomplished young ladies, and I have no objection at all to your visiting them, especially as such a good fortune has happened to them.'

Jacob Jones soon set up a princely style of living. He built an elegant house, kept his carriage, hired servants, received a commission from the Governor as Justice of the Peace; the next year he was first Selectman of the town; and Dr. Bond eloquently urged his claims as Representative to our General Court, affirming, with great emphasis, that he 'knew no man in town better calculated to present its interests than Squire Jones.'

This was the same man who bolted out of meeting, rather than hear 'old Jake Jones talk,' a little more than a year ago.

And now the society of the Misses Jones was courted! 'Thomas, Richard, Henry,' the mother used to say, 'if you are going to a concert or to a lecture, why don't you invite Carry or Sophia Jones to go with you? They are sweet pretty girls, and you would do well if you could push your way there. The squire, they say, is worth full two hundred thousand dollars, and that dividend makes every child independent.'

They were no longer the slab-sided greenies, but the tall, graceful, handsome girls, who were dressed beautifully and conversed so sensibly. Did'nt the Joneses laugh behind the door as they contrasted the past with the present! Then there was Marajah Jones, who used to play the big fiddle in the church, known only in those days as 'Cage, the fiddler;' but since, he had procured a handsome house organ, and had contributed a large sum for one in the church, he assumed the cognomen of 'Mr. Jones, our exquisite performer and organist—a son of Squire Jones, the gentleman who received such a large property from England,' The girls were ready to sit in the choir now without crying—the organist was a noble-hearted fellow, and wasn't it a treat to borrow his quizzing glass to look at the strangers who happened to enter church?

By-and-by there was a new event talked about, for the affairs of the Joneses were now the all engrossing topic. Sophia was thought to be engaged to Mr. Tymphony, the village storekeeper. Nobody was certain of the fact, yet every one knew it would come out an engagement, and it was thought his 'variety store' was enlarged with that view of the Squire's purse, when suddenly, Mr. Binker, from the South, a wealthy cotton planter, carried her away at ten day's notice, where slaves come at her back and call to do as she bids.

Cloyes, the barber, lives rent free in the small red house they occupied in the days of their poverty. The Squire remembers he used to shave him for nothing when his pockets were empty, and he follows the golden rule. Mrs. Jones has made several donations to her former milliner, and a poor woman who used to help her, spring and fall, in housewing; and not one of the family have assumed a purse-proud air since they came in possession of their property, consequently they are deservedly respected; and this shows plainly, that they have common sense as a regulating medium since they cast no reflections upon the former inattentions of people in their days of poverty, which is an infallible method to make them feel that although *money changed them* in the estimate of others, the genuine merits in *themselves* remain unchanged.—Yet, all the while, they are as conscious as others that *money alone* gave them their present position in society.

Genius and Criticism.

How much easier it is to criticise, than to execute! The one is the broad road on which thousands walk together; the other is the narrow path with here and there a traveller. The clearest proof that criticism is an easy part, is the astounding number of critics who encounter every production that appears. The best evidence of the infinitely greater difficulty in acting the genius than the critic, is the few and far between specimens of the former class to be met with.

Criticism is, therefore, cheap, and low, and worthless. What belongs to every body, and possesses no difficulty of attainment, no end to its multiplication, is valuless as well in the literary as in the commercial market. It must indeed be a high order—a very high order of criticism, for a man to be proud of; it must be a rare soundness of judgment, liberality of sentiment, wholesome appreciation of merits and impartial condemnation of defects. But when a critic is found, who is what a critic should be, and superior to the small fry that are named the same name, he is more entitled to be classified with men of genius than with the low craft, who can judge but dare not perform.

It is true that the number of critics is a fact easily explained, and that any one, possessing the least ingredient of philosophy, may readily excuse. It requires no cultivation of intellect to be a very good critic, or at least as good a one as the majority. Byron says

A man must serve his time at every trade,
Save censure—critics all are ready made.

And it is the remark of as learned a man as Cicero, that the multitude, who have no cultivation of taste, no training of fine arts, except what nature has given them, can appreciate as highly as the most select audience of savans, the force of reasoning and the beauties of style. Rude and unlettered men respond with a keen relish to all the flights of oratory, and can detect the flaw in an argument without knowing the meaning of the word "fallacy."

The number of critics, therefore, is a necessary fact—an evil in one sense, a great good in the other. Timidity is often a quality of the man of genius, and he shrinks from an encounter single handed with a host of detractors. Critics are numberless, and they are all uncharitable. Censure is their art, defects their food, and detraction the pride of their profession. The young author must be a brave man to bid defiance to their multitudes, and must be patient and resolute not to mind the smartings of the rod they lay upon his back. But who can deny that the generality of critical powers is the true cause of the paucity of impostors? The shallow pretender soon has his light extinguished by a public verdict of condemnation, and the chaff being sifted from the wheat by the world acting in spontaneous union, posterity receives only the gold that has been refined.

Here we have mixed our metaphors, and perhaps some awful critic, who has seen the motto that 'the Judge is condemned, when the guilty are absolved,' will feel it his duty to censure our style and inform us of our defects. We dislike far more than we can express, petty and unreasonable criticism. We admit that the tribe, of whom we have been discoursing, are necessary as scavengers; but we can never consent that they come upon our individual premises, though for the kind purpose of removing the filth and rubbish about us It is disagreeable to be criticised, albeit it be useful; and we prefer a present respite from annoying censors, to the utility they may incidentally bring in their train.—Whenever our productions are to be 'wacked into' by gentlemen, whose business it is to detract, let them ask themselves if they are doing unto others as they would that others should do unto them; and after answering this question, let them further examine themselves rigorously as to these, whether after all its defects the piece has not virtues—whether the sun itself has not its dark spots—and lastly, whether they themselves could have done half as well.—*Penny Post.*

☞ 'Gracious goodness!' said Mrs. Partington, on the night before the fourth, as she thrust her head out of the window to hear a band of calathumpians that were passing her dwelling. There was no sleep to her eyes nor slumber to her eyelids that night. 'I wonder if they think they are making music with what they are doing; if they do it's more than I do, for I can't make out the least bit of a tune of it at all. It must be uproar music, I think, and nobody ever thinks of understanding that. Well, there they go, and may peace go with 'em, though they have destroyed mine.' She sank into a seat by the window and fanned herself energetically, as the noise of the band was succeeded by that of guns, pistols, crackers, torpedoes, squibs, serpents, rockets, yells, songs, and others too numerous to particularize, and was thankful that Isaac lay snug in bed, with his armament all about him, like a warrior taking his rest.—The closing of the door a few moments before had not aroused her, and she could not detect in the sound of pistol and cannon crackers what hand fired the fuse, nor in the din which unsealed her eyes that a loved object was engaged in promoting it. Yet the daylight shall find like crackerless, and the pouch of Mrs. P. shall be importuned for funds wherewith to develop embriotic patriotism.

☞ The statesman who rose to a point of order, came down on the speaker's hat.

REFORM SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME.

'This is pleasant,' exclaimed a young husband taking his seat cosily in the couching chair as the things were removed. The fire glowing in the grate, revealed a pretty, neatly furnished sitting room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over, and he sat enjoying what he had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own fireside.—His pretty wife Esther took her own work and sat down by the table.

'It is pleasant to have a home of one's own,' he again said, taking a satisfactory survey of his little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he tho't he felt really grateful for his present comforts.

'Now if we only had a piano,' exclaimed the wife.

'Give me the music of your own sweet voice before all the pianos in creation,' he declared complimentary, besides feeling a secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not happily chime with his own.

'Well, but we want one for our friends,' said Esther.

'Let our friends come to see us, and not harp on a piano,' exclaimed the husband.

'But, George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days, we won't go anywhere without seeing a piano,' persisted the wife.

'And yet I don't know what we want one for—you will have no time to play on one, and I don't wan't to hear it.'

'Why, they are so fashionable—I think our room looks nearly naked without one.'

'I think it looks just right.'

'I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly,' said Esther emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

'The lamp smokes, my dear,' said he after a long pause.

'When are you going to get an astral lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we needed one,' said Esther pettishly.

'Those are very pretty lamps—I never can see by an astral lamp,' said her husband. 'Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw—they were bought in Boston.

'But, George, I do not think our room is complete without an astral lamp,' said Esther sharply. 'Why the Morgans and the Millers, and many others I might mention, all have them; I am sure we ought too.

'We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason in that.'

The husband moved uneasily in his chair.

'We want to live as well as others do,' said Esther.

'We want to live within our means, Esther,' exclaimed George.

'I am sure we can afford it, as well as the Morgans and Millers and Thorns—we do not wish to appear mean.

George's cheek crimsoned.

'Mean! I am not mean!' he cried angrily.

'Then we do not wish to appear so,' said the wife. 'To complete this room and make it look like other people's we want an astral lamp.'

'We want—we want,' muttered the husband, 'there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may,' and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma? How many houses and husbands are rendered uncomfortable with the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions! How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy and ruin, in order to satisfy this secret hankering after fashionable necessaries? Could the real cause of many failures be known, it would be found to result from useless expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and what will people think?

'My wife has made my fortune,' said a gentleman of great possessions, 'by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness when I was just beginning.'

'And mine has lost my fortune,' answered his companion, 'by useless extravagances and repining when I was doing well.'

What a world does this open to the influence which a wife possesses over the future posperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

"I Still Live."

Lord Byron once remarked, "Glory consists of being shot in battle, and having one's name reported wrong in the dead and wounded list." We were never more strongly reminded of the truth of this assertion, and how little the great are remembered after their death, that on hearing a few days since, the following anecdote of an Eastern farmer, trying to repeat the last words of the "Godlike Webster," "I still live!" A gentleman remarked, "Life is very uncertain." "Ah, yes," replied the farmer, "that's true, every word of it, and, by-the-way, Captain, that makes me think of what one of your big Massachusetts men said when he died a spell ago." "Who was it?" inquired the Captain. "Well, I don't just call his name to mind now, but at any rate he was a big polititioner and lived near Boston, somewhere. My newspaper said when he died, the Boston people put his image in their windows, and had a funeral for a whole day." "Perhaps it was Webster," suggested the Captain. "Yes, that's the name! Webster. General Webster! Strange I couldn't think on't afore! He riz in the bed, and says he, "I AIN'T DEAD YET!"—*Literary Museum.*

A Model Candidate.

The following description of a Mississippi candidate, taken from a Mississippi newspaper, will answer as a "model" candidate for almost any quarter where popular suffrage prevails:

"Judge ——, the candidate for ——, has no quality which distinguishes him from the great herd of mankind, except a peculiar and fascinating manner of extending to you his five digits, and of saying 'how are you?' and trotting a baby on his knee, and grinning at the mother, and winking at the rosin heeled gals, as they are called. He is not the first man, by a long shot, who has introduced himself to the public notice by the flexibility of his spinal column, and the graceful bend of his dexter elbow. He has a sort of 'Home, sweet home' manner of saying 'Good morning, John,' which is said to make the 'sov's' hug up to him, and of saying, 'How dy'e do, sonny; that's a nice little Miss,' which goes plump to the hearts of the well pleased ma's. And then he is said to be the very Napoleon of the 'bran-dance,'—has such an every day, good natured way of squeezing the fingers of his partner, who 'curchies' and blushes, and when she sits down by her lover, says, 'What a nice man Judge W—— is; you ought to vote for him, Bill.'"

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—It is curious to observe how one's habits of thought constantly break out and exhibit themselves in whatever he does or says. In one of our colleges, it was customary for the professors to take turns in making the chapel prayers. Once upon an occasion, this duty fell upon the learned professor of chemistry, and the students were astonished to hear him introduce an illustration: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that for tippling lightning, silver is better than platinum, so is the mind touched by thy grace, made most ready to receive the principles of science!" On another occasion, the mathematical professor asked "Divine goodness to enable us to know its length, its breadth, its depth, and its superficial contents?"

☞ In the education of their children, the Anglo-Saxons only sought to render them dauntless and apt for the two most important occupations of their future lives—war and the chase. It was a usual trial of a child's courage to place him on the sloping roof of a building, and if without screaming or terror he held fast, he was styled 'a stout hero' or a 'brave boy.'

AFFECTING.

'Twas on the moonlight sidewalk,
'Neath the ailanthus tree,
That she leaned against my waistcoat,
And whispered—"Marry me!"
O, that agonizing moment,
I never, never shall forget;
Her lips with nectar laden,
I think I taste them yet.

Just as this little Eden
Approached reality,
A gruff voice uttered sternly—
"What is all this I see?"
And then I felt a pegged boot
Applied with might and main;
I fell upon the sidewalk,
And off went Mary Jane!

YOUNG AMERICA.

We undoubtedly are a peculiar people. Our statesmen, poets and politicians are peculiar—'the bone and sinew of the land' are peculiar—our children are peculiar, but most peculiar is very Young America. We allude not to Young America, as seen in legislative halls, or taking part in political assemblages, but to a still younger boy, who, having doffed his swaddling clothes, has just donned cassimere pants, a dress coat, standing collar and high heeled boots.—Look at the mannikin! He is perhaps between fourteen and seventeen years of age. He has no doubt of his manhood—not he. He can swear like a trooper—play cards like a gambler, and chew as much tobacco and drink as much rum as most children of superior growth!

Perhaps he aspires to statesmanship. How learnedly he talks of governmental affairs, and how acutely he criticises the productions of our public men. He gravely tells us that 'Aleck Hamilton and Tom Jefferson were greatly over rated,' and that 'Dan Webster Hen. Clay and Jack Calhoon, were men of some ability, but entirely too slow for this progressive age.' 'Ned Everett,' he grants, 'knows something of Latin and Greek, but is without enlarged and liberal views, and should devote himself to teaching school and preaching to the Unitarians.'

Byrant, Longfellow and Hallack are thought by Young America to be 'rather clever poets,' while Cooper, Irving, and Ik Marvel write tolerably well, all things considered.'

At fifteen years of age, Young America falls in love, and, of course, 'sighs like a furnace.' We have somewhere met with something like the following: 'I say, Bob, Lucy Fairfield is a monstrous fine girl; wonder she don't marry!' 'Yes, she's rather handsome, but failing very fast; you should have seen her three years ago, when she was about twelve years old; then she was a beauty. Lucy loves me, but I'm engaged; then her father hasn't the Consumption, and may enjoy his wealth for twenty years.—Poor girl, I pity her!'

'My child,' said good Israel Muggins to his interesting son, 'I think of associating you with me in business; what shall be the style of the firm?' 'Why, what should it be, but Israel Wiggins, Jr., & Father?' replied his promising boy.

Another illustration, and we close. Little Dick, aged fourteen, cigar in mouth, asks his grandfather—a gentleman who has seen eighty summers—if he will have 'a weed.' 'A what?' replied the old fogy. 'A weed, grandpa, that is, a cigar.' 'No, sir, I never smoked a cigar in all my life.' 'Well, grandpa, at your age, I believe I would'nt advise you to begin.'

So much for Young America. He is a boy of rare parts. At twelve he knows more than his parents; at fourteen he is a poet, politician and critic, as well as master of all the vices of the day; and at sixteen he grows tired of youthful amusements, thinks of a rich wife, a residence in the country, blooming children, and other pleasures attendant on matrimony.

Verily, this is a great country, and we are a great people. We are either infants at the breast, or by assumption and manner; full grown bipeds, with all the self-confidence and importance characteristic of inflated and presuming men.

"Some more of Them 'ere Beans."

The Yankee Blade is responsible for the following "good un:"

A legislative assembly, gathered as it is from all quarters and from every profession must necessarily include all varieties of character, some of the most amusing kind. Several years since, the town of —— saw fit to elect a sturdy farmer, whom the love of adventure never led out of the precincts of his native country, to the onerous post "of Member of the General Court." Arrived in Boston, our friend, being somewhat hungry, and desirious of taking something substantial "for the stomach's sake," found his way into one the principal hotels just at the dinner hour. He sat down to dinner, and, being requested by the waiter to select from the bill of fare what dish he chose, expressed a desire for some baked beans. This was brought him, and, from the gusto with which it was eaten evidently suited our Representative. The plate was cleared in an incredibly short space of time, and the attentive waiter was at his side.

'Will you have your plate changed?'

'Yes.'

The bill of fare was consulted, and the guest announced his decision—

'I reckon I'll have a few more of them 'ere beans?'

The waiter turned away to conceal a smile but did as he was ordered. He kept an eye on the new fledged Representative, and by the time his third plate was dispatched, was by his side with the old question.

'Of course,' thought he, "he'll want something else this time.'

'What dish shall I bring you, sir?'

The Representative took up the bill of fare, and followed its various items with his finger till he came to the end, a process which occupied some ten minutes. He was apparently puzzled, but in a moment his face lighted up, and he said:

'I don't care if I take a few more beans.'

They were brought, and we need not say went the way of their predecessors.

'Perhaps, sir,' said the waiter, as he took away his empty plate, 'you would like some kind of pudding? We have all kinds.'

'I don't know,' was the hesitating reply.

'Have you any more of them 'ere beans?'

'Then I guess you may bring me a few more to finish up with. I don't want any pudding?'

For every day of the season our country Representative patronized his favorite dish. When, at length his services were dispensed with, and he returned to his constitutes, he was asked how he liked stopping in Boston?

'Boston is a great place,' he exclaimed, with enthusiasm; 'Boston is a great place for baked beans!'

☞ A minister had travelled far to preach to a congregation. After the sermon, he waited very patiently, expecting some of the brethren to invite him home to dinner. In this he was disappointed, one and another departed until the house was almost empty. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly looking man, and gravely said: "Will you go home with me to dinner, to-day brother?" "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles from this place." "No," said the man, coloring "but you must go with me." "Thank you; I will, cheerfully." After that time, the minister was no more troubled about his dinner.

The Idle are Always Unhappy.

"Oh dear me!" sighed little Robert Blake, as he leaned his head against the window and looked out—"I am tired of playing, and tired of reading, and I can't think of anything else to do."

"What if you should try working a little?" said his sister Mary, who sat at the other window, busily sewing. "I dare say the men would like much to have you rake up the hay, and—"

"Oh, I ain't going to work in vacation I'm sure. Father told me that if I didn't want to, I needn't do a single thing except amuse myself, and I don't mean to."

"Yes; but at the same time he told you that you would find yourself very much mistaken if you thought you could be happy to be idle; and he said he should be surprised if you did not come and ask for something to do before the vacation was over."

"Well, I don't care, I know it is pleasanter to play than to work, whatever you may say to the contrary."

"So it is for a little while; but you see yourself how soon you got tired of it."

"Well, I shall get rested soon."

"Yes, to work at haying a little would rest you nicely."

"I tell you I won't work in vacation, so you needn't say any more about it;" and seizing his hat, Robert ran out of the house. First he took his ball and threw it against the wall a few times, but pretty soon the ball went over the shed, and Robert was "too tired," as he said to himself, to go to get it. So he sat down in the swing, but he had no one to swing him, and it was too much work to swing himself; so he took his kite, and as there was a fine wind, it soon rose to the full length of the string. But Robert found that it made his arm ache to hold on to the end of the string, so he wound it up, and sat down on the steps to consider what he should do next.

It was a very beautiful summer day—and as Robert looked round he saw the little brook before his father's door glittering in the sun, and it looked so merry and pleasant that he jumped up and ran down towards it to see if he could no find something there with which to amuse himself. He sat down for a little while under the great willow on the bank of the stream and watched the little waves so busily dancing along—and he wondered why they were always in such a hurry. But the wavelets could not speak to him, and so, after looking at the swift current a little longer, Robert picked up some little twigs, and standing on the bridge, amused himself by throwing them into the brook, and seeing how quickly they would come through on the other side. But he was soon tired of this sport, and resting with both arms on the rail, and crossing his legs, he leaned listlessly over and gazed at the sinking brook.

He was aroused from his dreams by the sound of merry voices coming towards him, and looking up, he saw Susan Brown, the daughter of a neighbor, coming towards the brook, with a great pitcher upon her head, while her sister Lizzy ran after, chattering and laughing as if she felt very happy.

"Why, what a great pitcher Susy!" said Robert; "is it not very heavy?"

"Oh no, I don't mind it when the weather is pleasant." So saying she merrily dipped the pitcher into the brook, and when it was filled she again raised it towards her head, but Robert said:

"You had better let me carry it."

"Well, just as you like," said Susy, laughingly.

"And I will bring another one for you, if you wish," said Robert.

"Thank you, I should like it very much, for I've got to fill the barrel for mother, and I will get you a pail, and you can help me if you like!"

"Yes, I should admire it," said Robert.

With sudden animation and for half an hour he worked steadily, carrying pails and emptying them into the barrel. At the end of that time he felt quite warm and tired, but the barrel was full, and Susy and her mother thanked him very much, and Mrs. Brown gave him an apple turnover, which she had just baked, which tasted nicer to Robert than anything he had eaten since vacation commenced. After eating this, he went home, and the same afternoon he told his father that he meant to help him a part of every day until school commenced again—"for," said he, "I find there is no work so hard as trying to amuse myself."

How "She" and how "He" goes to Bed.

There is as much difference between the manner in which a man retires to the couch, and a woman, as between a Virginia rail-fence and a one-horse almanac. Man makes a plain, straight forward piece of business of it—woman a long, formal, everlasting four mile "exercise." One of our exchanges thus makes out the picture.—Will the reader try them both "on," and see how they like them:

"Going to bed we have always considered one of the most sober, serious and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty four hours. With a young lady it is altogether a different thing. When bed time arrives, she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and if she has had pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head, the candle on the toilet, and her luxuriant hair is speedily emancipated from the thraldom of combs and pins. If she usually wears 'water curls,' or uses the 'irons,' her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead and the whole mass compactly secured: if not why then her lovely tresses are soon hid in innumerable bits of paper. This task accomplished, a night-cap appears, edged, may be, with plain muslin, or may be with heavy lace, which hides all, save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the string, probably she takes a peep in her glass, and half smiles and half blushes at what she sees. The light is out—her fair delicate form gently presses the couch—and like a dear innocent, lovely creature, as she is, she falls gently into sleep, with a sweet smile on her sweetest face.

Four stories of cream-cakes! how nice.—How the dear must feel.

PASSING AWAY.—We can read these solemn words upon our very nature. The ruthless hand of time is constantly heaping upon our heads the weight of years, that, like an incubus will continue to press us down, until at last our feeble frames will totter and sink into the grave. It is, indeed, but "a step between the cradle and the grave." Scarcely have we passed from the mother where we were nursed and protected, until we again must lean upon the arms of a dutiful child, and trust to his kindness to support our feeble limbs. How soon do we find our eyes growing old and the world gradually receding, as it were, into a mist! Our cheeks become furrowed; our limbs grow weak and palsied; our heads are silvered as if blossoming for the grave. Our feeble frames are racked with pain, and "nature's sweet restorer" comes not to the eyes, as if kindly warning us to watch; for we know not what hour in the night the messenger may summon us hence. Like the pearly dew-drop before the sun's ray—like the rose of summer before the autumn blast—like the moon beam on the dark blue sea, "we are passing away."

☞ The secret of Dante's struggle through life, was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact that, in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favour than the philosopher. 'Similarity of mind,' said the fierce genius, 'is all over the world the source of friendship.'

RAZOR STROP REDIVIVUS.

The reporter of the San Francisco *Netos* furnishes that paper with the following report of a speech made by a California auctioneer—

Ladies and gentlemen, I now have the honor of putting up a fine pocket-handkerchief, a yard wide, a yard long, and almost a yard thick; one half cotton, and t'other half cotton too; beautifully printed with stars and stripes on one side, and the stripes and stars on t'other; it will wipe dust from the eyes so completely as to be death to demagogues, and make politics as bad a business as printing papers; its dark color will enable it to hide dirt, and never need washing: going at one dollar?—seventy-five cents?—fifty cents?—twenty-five cents?—one bit? Nobody wants it?—oh! thank you, sir!

Next, gentlemen, for the ladies won't be permitted to bid on this article, is a real, simon-pure, tempered, highly polished, keen-edged Sheffield razor; bran spankin' new; never opened before to sun-light, moon-light, star-light, day-light, or gas light; sharp enough to shave a lawyer, or cut a disagreeable acquaintance, or poor relation; handle of buck-horn, with all the rivets but the two at the ends of pure gold. Who will give two dollars? one dollar? half a dollar? Why, you long-bearded, dirty-faced reprobates, with not room enough on your faces for a Chinese woman to kiss, I'm offering you a bargain at half a dollar! Well, I will throw in this strop at half a dollar!—razor and strop—a recent patent; two rubs upon it will sharpen the city attorney; all for four bits; and a piece of soap—sweeter than roses; lathers better than a school-master; and strong enough to wash out all the stains from a California politician's character, all for four bits!—why, you have only to put this soap and razor-strop under your pillow at night, to wake up in the morning clean shaved; won't anybody give two bits, then, for the lot? I knew I would sell 'em.

Next, ladies and gentlemen, I offer three pair of socks, hose, stockings, or half hose, just as you're a mind to call them. Knit by a machine made on purpose out of cotton wool: the man that buys these will be enabled to walk till he gets tired; and—provided his boots are high enough—needn't have any corns; the legs are as long as the bills against the corporation, and as thick as the heads of the members of the Legislature; who wants 'em at one half a dollar?—thank'ee, madam, half a dollar.

Next I offer you a pair of boots; made especially for San Francisco, with heels long enough to raise a man up to Headly grades, and nails to insure against being carried off by a land slide; legs wide enough to carry two revolvers and a bowie-knife and the uppers of the very best horse leather. A man in these boots can move about as easy as the State capital; who says twenty dollars? All the tax payers ought to buy a pair to kick the councils with; everybody ought to have a pair to kick the Legislature with—and they will be found of assistance in kicking the bucket, especially if somebody should kick at being kicked—ten dollars for legs, uppers, and soles! while souls, and miserable souls at that, are bringing twenty thousand dollars in Sacramento! ten dollars! gone at ten dollars!

Next is something that you ought to have, gentlemen; a lot of good gallowses—sometimes called suspenders. I know that some of you will after a while be furnished at the State's expense, but you can't tell which one, so buy where they're cheap; all that deserve hanging are not supplied with a gallows, if so, there would be nobody to make laws, condemn criminals, or hang culprits, until a new election; made of pure gum elastic, stretches like a judge's conscience, and last as long as a California office-holder will steal; buckles of pure iron, and warranted to hold so tight that no man's wife can rob him of the breeches; are, in short, as strong, as good, as perfect, as effectual, and as *bona fide* as the ordinance against Chinese shops on Dupont street—gone at twenty-five cents.

Sam Slick on Lawyers.

Few things resemble each other more, in natur', than an old cunnin' lawyer and a spider. He weaves his web into a corper, with no light to show the thread of his net; but in a shade, like—there he waits in his dark office, to receive his visitor. A buzzin', burrin', thoughtless fly, thinkin' of nothin' but his beautiful wings and well made legs, and rather near-sighted withal comes stumblin', head-over-heels, into the net.

'I beg your pardon,' says the fly, 'I really didn't see this net work of yours, the weather is foggy, and the streets so confounded dark, I'm afraid I've done mischief.'

'Not at all,' says the spider, bowin', 'I guess it's all my fault. I reckon I ought to have hung a lamp out; but pray, don't move or you may do damage. Allow me to assist you.'—And, then, he ties up one leg, and then the other and furls up both wings, and has him as fast as Giberalter.

'Now,' says the spider, 'my good friend,' (a phrase a feller allers uses, when he's agoin' to be tricky,) 'I'm afraid you've hurt yourself a considerable sum. I must bleed you.'

'Bleed me!' says the fly. 'Excuse me—I'm obliged to you—I don't require it.'

'Oh! yes, you do, my dear friend,' and he gets ready for the operation.

'If you dare to do that,' says the fly, 'I'll knock you down; and I'm a man that what I lay down I stand on.'

'You had better get up first,' says the spider, a laughin. 'You must be bled; you must pay all damages.' And he bleeds him, and he bleeds him, till he gasps for breath, and feels fainten' comin' on.

'Let me go, my good feller,' says the poor fly, 'and I'll pay you liberally.'

'Pay!' says the spider. 'You miserable, uncircumcised wretch, you have nothing left to pay with. 'Take that!' and he gives him the last dig, and he is a gone coon—bled to death.

☞ A Frenchman, who knew very little English, got into a difficulty with an Englishman, who insisted upon fighting it out. The Frenchman agreed to this, but wished to know what he should say if he got beaten. Being told that he must cry out 'enough,' they set to. The Frenchman, however, forgot the word, and cried out, as he he heard some of the bystanders do, 'Hurrah! hurrah!' To his astonishment, the Englishman pounded all the harder. This caused Monsieur to go to work in such good earnest that the Englishman soon cried out 'Enough!' 'Say dat again,' said the Frenchman. 'Enough! enough!' cried the Englishman again. The Frenchman in turn exclaimed, 'By gar! dat is de very vord I was trying to say long time ago!'

☞ "A little more animation, dear," whispered Lady B—— to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille.—'Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma,' replied the provident nymph; 'I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man.' 'Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was.'

MADAME RACHEL.—An English paper says, that at a grand dinner given to Mademoiselle Rachel, previous to her departure from St. Petersburg, a Russian officer proposed as a toast, 'To our meeting in Paris, where we shall drink champagne to the health of the great artiste.'—To which Mademoiselle Rachel replied, 'Champagne is very dear, gentlemen—for prisoners.'

How I first became Acquainted with my Wife.

Nearly a dozen years ago I was on my return to the old Homestead, in the old State of Connecticut, having just completed my studies as a student of medicine. In company with a goodly number of people, I stopped for the night at a country inn, in the town of B——, not being able to resume my journey till a late hour on the following day. Having always been an admirer of the country, I was not at all dissatisfied with the arrangements, and my pleasure was further enhanced by finding at the well-laid supper table, two young ladies of surpassing loveliness, the younger of whom I thought the most bewitching little creature in existence.

The ladies were accompanied by a young gentleman about my own age, with whom I could not but feel exceedingly annoyed. He not only engrossed all their attention, but, lucky dog, as he was, seemed determined that no other person should participate in the amusement. An offer of some little delicacy by myself to the younger of the two ladies, was met by an icy sort of politeness on his part, that effectually chilled any further attempts at intimacy. I soon left the table, but I could not drive the image of the lovely being—I had just left—from my mind. Something whispered me that we should become acquainted at some future time, but in the interim I felt more than usually uneasy. I longed to be not only an intimate acquaintance, but an accepted lover, and had I been possessed of all the wealth of Crœsus, I would have unhesitatingly poured it in her lap.

In the excitement under which I was then laboring, I thought a walk might do me good, but on opening the door for that purpose I found the night had set in as dark as Erebus, and being an entire stranger there and not knowing what mischief I might encounter, I made up my mind to compromise the matter by going to bed.

I retired, but for a long time I rolled and tossed about sadly; now one plan by which I might make the acquaintance of the young lady would suggest itself, and then another, until at last I found myself in a state of dreamy languor, neither fast asleep nor wide awake.

I fancied I had heard for the last few moments a sort of light bustle going on near my bed, but it gave me no uneasiness until suddenly some one sprung into the bed, and clasping her arm about me whispered—

"Ugh! how dreadful cold it is, to be sure! I say, Julia, we shall have to lay spoon fashion, or else we shall freeze."

Here was an incident. What to say, or how to act, was a question not easily solved. At last I mustered courage enough to say,—

"Dear madam, here is some mistake; I'll—"

The lady did not wait for me to say more.—With a sharp, quick scream she sprang from the apartment. I was wondering what in the deuce, it could all mean, when a servant brought a lamp into my room, picked up what ladies' apparel she could find about the premises, and left the apartment. You can believe, gentlemen, that my slumbers that evening were far from quiet.

In the morning, I knew not who it was, but I was vividly impressed with the idea that my nocturnal visitor was one of the two ladies who had supped with me the evening previous, but which, I could not conjecture. I was resolved, however, to ascertain, on the first favorable opportunity which might present itself, and satisfy myself beyond any doubt.

On taking my seat at the breakfast table on the next morning, I placed myself opposite the ladies, and was revolving in my mind the incident of the previous evening, when the younger of the two passed her plate, and begged me to favor her with the preserves near me.

"Certainly," said I, and as the