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## Poetical.

### AWAKE.

Arise! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone:
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard-fought field,
Of storming the airy fortress,
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle!
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of a coming battle
You will waken and find it past.

### SUMMER'S DEAD.

Through the boughs the wind is flying,
Like a shuttle through the loom,
Weaving garlands from the dead leaves
For the dead, red summer's tomb.

Leaves of black, and brown, and golden,
Whirling weird-like as it weaves,
On this forest loom so olden,
Chill, fantastic pall of leaves.

And the trees, like mighty spindles,
Whence the weaving silk was rolled,
Shiver grimly in their bareness,
And seem human in the cold.

And the autumn grass, like red men
Tanned with loving of the sun,
Shrug their tawny limbs beneath the shroud
The forest loom has spun.

And the earth is chill, yet swarthy,—
And the red sun seems more red,
As an eye unused to weeping,
And the streams sob,—"Summer's Dead."

## Miscellaneous.

### A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

"Home!" How that little word strikes upon the heart-strings, awakening all the sweet memories that had slept in memory's chamber!—Our home was a "pearl of price" among homes: not for its architectural elegance for it was only a four-gabled, brown country-house, shaded by two antediluvian oak trees: nor was its interior crowded with luxuries that charm every sense and come from every clime. Its furniture had grown old with us, for we remember no other, and though polished as highly as furniture could be, by daily scrubbing, was somewhat the worse for wear it must be confessed. But neither the house nor its furniture makes the home; and the charm of ours lay in the sympathy that linked the nine that called it 'home' to one another. Father, mother and seven children—five of them gay-hearted girls, and two boys, petted just enough to be spoiled—not one link had ever dropped from the chain of love, or one corroding drop fallen upon its brightness.

"One star differeth from another in glory," even in the firmament of home. Thus—though we could not have told a stranger which sister or brother was the dearest—from our gentlest eldest," an invalid herself, but the comforter and counsellor of all beside, to the curly haired boy who romped and rejoiced in the appellation of "baby," given five years before—still an observing eye would have singled out sister Ellen as the sunbeam of our heaven, the "morning star" of our constellation. She was the second in age, but the first in inheritance of that load of responsibility, which in such a household falls naturally upon the eldest daughter. The eldest as I have said was ill from early girlhood, and Ellen had shouldered all her burden of care and kindness, with a light heart and a light step. Up stairs and down celler—in the parlor, nursery and kitchen—at the piano or the washtub—with pen, pencil, needle or ladle—sister Ellen was always busy, always with a smile on her cheek and a warble on her lip.

Quickly, happily, the months and years went by. We never realized that a change was to come over our band. To be sure when mother would look in upon us, with our books, painting and needlework, and say, in her gentle way, with only a half sigh, "Ah girls you are living your happiest days!" we would glance into each other's eyes, and wonder who would go first. But it was a wonder that passed away with the hour that ruffled not even the surface of our sisterly hearts. It could not be always so—and the change came at last!

Sister Ellen was to be married!

It was like the crash of a thunderbolt in a clear summer sky! Sister Ellen—the fairy of the hearthstone, the darling of every heart—which of us could spare her? Who had been so presumptuous as to find out her worth?—For the first moment, this question burst from each surprised, half-angry sister of the blushing, tearful Ellen. It was only for a moment; for our hearts told us that nobody could help loving her, who looked thro' her loving blue eyes into the clear well-spring of the heart beneath. So we threw our arms around her, and sobbed without a word.

We knew very well that the young clergyman, whose Sunday sermons and gentle admonitions had won all our hearts, had been for months a weekly visitor to our fireside circle. With baby George on his knee, and Georgie's brothers and sisters clustered about him, he had sat thro' many an evening, charming the hours away, until the clock startled us with its unwelcome nine o'clock warning, and the softly spoken reminder, "Girls it is bed time," woke more than one stifled sigh of regret.—Then sister Ellen must go with us to lay Georgie in his bed; to hear him and Annette repeat the evening prayer and hymn her lips had taught them; to comb the long brown braids of Emily's head; to rob Arthur of the story-book, over which he would have squandered the midnight oil; and to breathe a kiss and a blessing over the pillow of each other sister, as she tucked the warm blanket tenderly around them.

We did not know how often of late she had stolen down again, from these sisterly duties, after our sisters were locked in sleep; or if our eyes and ears had ever been open to the fact, we could never have suspected the minister to be guilty of such a plot against our peace.—That name was associated in our minds with all that was superhuman. The gray-haired pastor who had gone to his grave six months previous, had sat as frequently in that oaken arm chair, and talked with us. We had loved him as a father and a friend, and had almost worshipped him as the embodiment of all attainable goodness. And when Mr. Neville came among us with his high, pale forehead and soul-kindled eye, we had thought his face also "The face of an angel."—too glorious for the point of mortal passion! Especially, after in answer to an urgent call from among the people with whom he was laboring, he had frankly told them that his purpose was not to remain among them or anywhere on his native shore that he only waited the guidance of Providence to a home in a foreign clime. After this much bewailed disclosure of his plans we placed our favorite preacher on higher principle of saintship.

But sister Ellen was to be married—and married to Mr. Neville. Ah! then, "Oh sister, you are going away to India?" burst from our lips with a fresh gush of sobs.

I was the first that looked up into Ellen's troubled face. It was heaving with emotion that ruffled its calmness as the tide waves ruffled the sea. Her lips were firmly compressed, her eye were fixed on some distant dream glassed with two tears that stood still in their chalices forbidden to fall. I almost trembled as I caught her glance.

"Sister! Agnes—Emily!" she exclaimed in husky whisper. "Hush! be calm! Dont break my heart. Do I love him less than—"

The effort was too much—the words died on her lips. We lifted her to bed, frightened into forgetfulness of her own grief. We soothed her until she too went freely and passionately, and in weeping, grew strong for the sacrifice to which she had pledged her heart.

We never spoke another word of remonstrance to her tender heart, though often, in the few months that flitted by us together we used to choke with sobbing, in some speech that hinted the coming separation and hurry from her presence to cry alone.

Our mother had told us the tidings with white lips that quivered tenderly and sadly.—No love is so uniformly unselfish as a mother's surely: for though she leaned on Ellen as the strong staff of her declining years she sorrowed not as we did that she was going. She was too happy in the thought that her child had found that "pearl of great price" in the cold and evil world—a true, noble, loving heart to guide and protect her.

Father sat silent in the chimney corner, reading in the family Bible. He was looking farther than any of us—to the perils that would environ his dearest daughter, and the privations that might come upon her life in that unhealthy, uncivilized corner of the globe whither she was going. Both our parents had dedicated their children to God; and they would not cast even a shadow on the path of self sacrifice and duty their darling had chosen.

To come down to the unromantic little details of wedding preparations, how we stitched and trimmed, packed and prepared—stoned raisins with tears in our eyes and seasoned the wedding cake with sighs. But there is little use in thinking over these things. Ellen was the first and foremost in all: as she had been in every emergency great and small. Nothing could be made without her. From the bride's cake was taken from the oven by her own fair hands because no one—servant, sister, or even mother—was willing to run the risk of burning sister Ellen's bride's cake: and she knew just how to bake it.

We were not left alone in our labors for Ellen had been loved by more than the home roof sheltered. Old and young, poor and rich united in bringing their gifts, regrets and blessings to the chosen companion of the pastor they were soon to loose. There is something in the idea of missionary life that touches the sympathy of every heart which mammon has not too long seared. To see one with symmetric and refinement, like our own rend the strong ties that bind to country and home, comfort and civilization, for the good of the lost and degraded heathen, bring too strongly into relief by contrast, the selfishness of most human lives led among the gayeties and luxuries of time.

The day, the hour came. The ship was to sail from B———, on the ensuing week, and it must take away an idol.

She stood up in the village church, that all who loved her, and longed for another sight of her sweet face might look upon her and speak the simple words that should link hearts for eternity.

We sisters all around her, but not too near, for our hearts were overflowing, and we could not wear the happy faces that should grace a train of bridesmaids. She had cheered us thro' the day with sunshine from her own heart, and even while we were arraying her in her simple white muslin like a lamb for sacrifice, she had charmed our thoughts into cheerfulness. It seemed like some dream of fairy land, and she the embodiment of grace and loveliness, acting the part of some Queen Titania for a little while. The dream changed to a far different reality when at the door of her mother's room she put her hand into that of Henry Neville, and lifted her eye with a look that said "Where thou goest will I go," even from all beside.

Tears fell fast in that assembly though the good old matron tried to smile as they passed around the bride to bless her and bid her good bye. A little girl, in a patched but clean frock pushed forward, with a boquet of violets and strawberry blossoms in her hand.

"Here, Miss Nelly—please Miss Nelly," she cried half laughing, half sobbing, "I picked them on purpose for you."

Ellen stood and kissed the little eager face.—The child burst into tears and caught the folds of her dress, as though she would have buried her face there. But a strong armed woman mindful of the bride's attire, snatched the child away.

"And for what would ye be whimpering in that style, as if you had any right to Miss Ellen."

"She was always good to me, and she's my Sunday school teacher," pleaded the little girl in a subdued tone.

Agnes drew her to her side and silently comforted her.

"Step aside—Father Herrick is here," said one just then.

The crowd about the bridal pair opened to admit a white haired, half blind old man, who came leaning on the arm of his rosy grand daughter. Father Herrick was a superannuated deacon, whose good words and works had won for him a place in every heart in that assembly.

"They told me she was going," he murmured to himself, "they say 'tis her wedding. I want to see my little girl again—and bless her."

Ellen sprang forward and laid both her white trembling hands in the large hand of the good old man. He drew near her his failing eyes, and looked searchingly into her young soul-lit countenance.

"I can just see you, darling, and they tell me I shall never see you again!" He raised his hand over her head, and added solemnly, "The blessing of blessings be upon thee, my child. Amen.

"Amen!" echoed the voice of Henry Neville.

And Ellen looked up with the look of an angel.

She went from us. Oh, the last moment of that parting hour has burst itself into my being forever. Could the human heart bear the agony of parting like that, realized to be indeed the last—lighted by no ray of hope for eternity. Would not reason reel under the pressure.

It was hard to bear, but I have no words to tell of bitterness. She went to her missionary life, and we learned at last to live without her, though it was many a month before the little ones could forget to call on "Sister Ellen" in any impulse of joy, grief or childish want.—Then the start and the sigh. Oh, dear, she's gone—and the fresh tears would flow.

Gone but not lost, for the first marriage in the family opened to us a fountain of happiness, pure as the spring of self sacrifice could make it. Our household darling had linked us to a world of needy and perishable spirits—a world that asks for the energy and aid of those who remain in the dear country of their birth.—God bless her and her charge. Dear sister Ellen, there may be other breaches in the family—we may all be scattered to the four winds of Heaven, no change can come over us like that which marked the First Marriage.

### THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

It is said that a little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which had happened from small beginnings; how, in a few hours, the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life, and property, and everything in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole even then might be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of villagers. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hands against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman, walking up the canal, heard a groan and looked around to see where it came from. 'Why are you there, my child?' he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. 'I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned,' answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

Heroic boy! what a spirit of self-devotedness he showed!" every one will exclaim. A heroic boy indeed he was, and what was it that sustained him through the lonesome night?—Why, when his teeth shattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was rung with anxiety, did he not fly to his safe and warm home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the *responsibility of his position!* Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness, and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be, if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of water, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

Now, there is a sense in which every person, every boy and girl, occupies a position of far weightier responsibility than that of the little Holander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do or shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and ruin, or a pure stream of goodness and gladness on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, I am nobody—I don't exert any influence; for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence; and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influence, whatever it is.

### Curious Prediction.

Mrs. Swisshelm, writing about some prediction in reference to the Eastern War makes the following remarks. Dr. Wilson of whom she speaks, was a learned and worthy man, who never spoke from mere impulse, or enthusiasm, but always from deliberate and intelligent convictions of the truth of what he uttered.

Six years ago we heard Rev. D. Wilson then of Allegheny city and Professor of Theology, in the Reformed Presbyterian Church say that in less than ten years a war would break out in Europe between Russia and the Western Powers—a war which would be one of the most terrible ever recorded on the annals of history, and which by its wholesale slaughters would carry the name of Christendom with a thrill of wonder to the most remote and barbarous nations, awaken a curiosity about civilization that would prepare the way for the introduction of the Bible and Christianity to those benighted lands whose people would be taught by the rumors of war, to respect the arts of civilization. This declaration was made again and again in public from the pulpit, and was the result of a life time study of the prophecies of the Bible.

The war then unthought, is now begun, and the aged preacher always said the Western Powers would be victorious—that the teeth of the great Bear would be forever broken, and with them the powers of the Pope. We heard this same man predict the Mexican war years before it began, and tell what its end would be. He also predicted the great fire of '45 in Pittsburg, and, we incline to think his gift of second sight was more reliable than that of the maker of this old statute. And that the Russians will not be masters of Constantinople. From the first word about proposed hostilities between Russia and Turkey we have been in the habit of telling our friends to buy their flour, for it would be $15 or 20 per barrel before it would be $5 again, so we still think it will be, for we are of opinion our preacher saw far into the prophecies already written. He said this war would take place—would be very terrible and general, and that it was the last war before the universal peace of the Millennium.

### Very Good.

We read that Napolean was a very awkward dancer. On one occasion he danced with a very beautiful countess, who could not conceal her blushes at his ridiculous postures. On leading her to her seat, he remarked: "the fact is, madam, my forte lies not so much in dancing myself as in making others dance."

This reminds us of an anecdote of Daniel Webster, who being present at a ball in Washington during the period of his incumbency as Secretary of State, was asked by an effeminate foppish sort of chap, who thought a good deal of his dancing, "Don't you dance, Mr. Webster? I never saw you dancing." "No," said Mr. Webster, as he only could say and look such things "I never had the capacity to learn how, sir."

### THE SLIGHTED SCHOLAR.

Cases like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such too as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school neglected simply, because he was poor and comparatively friendless!

Many years ago when I was a small boy, I attended a school in the town of ——. Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had—he was rough and uncouth in his manners, for he had been brought up in that manner; he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school room—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars—and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance was beclouded by the "outer covering" of the boy. He seldom played with the other children for they seemed to shun him; but when he did for a while join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved out off the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better garbs, were kindly noticed. In the school young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an idle blockhead, because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher, and simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, thankless way.

Thus matters went on, for several years.—Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to the higher branches of study, while he poor fellow, still spelled out words of one and two syllables and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of inebriation and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever.

The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance was now giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feelings, and it was evident that the great turning point of his life was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life from which the fate of after years must take i's cast.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly, took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering.

The first day he passed in the teacher's desk at our school was busily devoted to a study of the movements of the scholars, and studying the dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eyes rested with a keen searching glance, but evidently made little of him during the first day: but on the second day he did more.

It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impaling flies upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and, after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer from his desk.

'Have you never learned more than is in this book?' asked the teacher.

'No, sir,' drawled George.

'How long have you attended school?'

'I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember.'

'Then you must be an idle, reckless boy,' said the teacher, with much severity. 'Do you realize how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of a man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you parents?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the boy, in a hoarse, subdued voice.

'And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant worthless man?'

The boy hung down his head and was silent, but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant, the teacher saw that he had something besides an idle stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and in a kind tone he said.

'I wish you to stop after school is dismissed. Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can.'

George looked wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strangely to him, and he thought so as he looked round upon the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in on his mind that, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.

After the school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.

'Now,' said Mr Kelly, 'I wish to know why it is that you have never learned any more.—You look bright and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?'

'Because nobody never helps me,' replied the boy. 'Nobody never cares for me, sir, for I am poor.'

By degrees the kind hearted teacher got the poor boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said.

'You have been wrongly treated George—very wrongly but yet there is time for redemption. I'll will try to teach you, will you try to learn?'

'Yes—O yes,' quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. 'Yes—I should love to learn. I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy,' he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school-room his face was wet with tears. We scholars, who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and walked with him to his house, and his heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day, George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, that they found in the unfortunate youth one of the most noble hearted, generous, accommodating, and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those schoolboy days, George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than he is.—And all is the result of one teacher's having done his duty.

You who are school-teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you! In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavor to lift him up and aid him.

### BARNUM'S SPEECH ON HUMBUGS.

DELIVERED AT STAMFORD ON THE OCCASION OF THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

It seems to be a most unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak of Humbug! as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly is, I find it hard to express myself in their presence. Everything is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

Humbug is generally defined, deceit or imposition. A burglar who breaks into your house, a forger who cheats you of your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; a humbug is an imposter; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is management—tact—to take an old truth and put it in attractive form.

But, no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. The woolly horse was a reality. He was really born with a wool-coat. I bought him in Cincinnati for $500 and sent him on to Connecticut, but for a long time I doubted what to do with him, and feared that he would die on my hands. Just at this time, in 1849, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains: the public were greatly excited, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for the woolly horse.

It was duly announced that after three days' chase upon the borders of the River Gila, an animal had been captured by the quartermaster of Fremont's party, who partook in a singular degree of the nature of the buffalo, antelope and camel. This story was so far true, that I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I charged a quarter for the sight. The picture outside the exhibition depicted the animal as jumping over a ledge of rocks: now if the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, he must have passed over five miles. To believe that he could have survived such a leap, would have been the grossest humbug.

But Col. Benton, who understands no humbug but his own, arrested my scheme and prosecuted me for obtaining money under false pretences, as the horse was not what it was professed to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

Now the scientific humbug should know the precise moment to act, as I did, or the world would never have been blessed with a sight of the woolly horse.

When the woolly horse arrived from Connecticut he was put in a stable at Lovejoy's hotel. One of the boarders who came to see him recognized him as an animal he had seen at Bridgeport. "Good heavens! Jo Allen! I've seen that animal before; it is really an extraordinary humbug." He took no friend from the same hotel and after he had seen the animal, let him into the secret, and in succession thirty-seven persons were carried up, all of whom took the humbugging in good humor except the last man.

I have not the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug. I am only an humble member of the profession.

My ambition to the Prince of Humbugs I will resign, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed. I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have bought of, they would have been amply satisfied.

Before I went to England with Tom Thumb, I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been eighteen feet high: it was to have been buried a year or so in Ohio, and then dug up by accident, so that the public might learn that there were giants of old. The price I was to pay the person who proposed to put the skeleton together was to have been $225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I sent word not to proceed with the skeleton. My manager who thought as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for $50 or $75.

Seven years afterward I received from the South an account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. A companying it were the certificates of scientific and medical men as to the genuineness. The owner asked $20 000, or $1 000 a month. I wrote to him if he brought it on I would take it if I found it as represented or would pay his expenses if not. I found it was my own original humbug come back to me again of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterward.

### The Boy for the Times.

We like an active boy, one who has the impulse of the age—of the steam engine in him.—A lazy plodding, small paced chap, might have go along in the world fifty years ago but he won't do for these times. We live in age of quick: speak ideas man think quick: speak quick: eat, sleep, court, marry, die very quick—and slow coaches aint tolerated.

'Go ahead, steamboat! if you burst your boiler,' is the motto of the age: and he succeeds the best in every line of business, who has the most of the do or die in him.

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times: be up and dressed always, not gaping and rubbing, as if you were half asleep but wide awake, whatever may turn up—and you may be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act: but think quickly and closely and when you have fixed your eyes upon an object, spring to it at once.

But above all things, *be honest*. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in marble if a merchant write it in your day book and spread it in capitals in your ledger. Let honesty of purpose be your guiding star.

A SHIFTY JUDGE.—A short time since they had a queer case for Circuit Judge in the Western District of Tennessee. He was a good lawyer, but cared nothing for appearance and less for dress. The latter he knew nothing about, it being left entirely to Betty, his wife. His Betty was absent from home once when he started around on the circuit, leaving the Judge to pack his clothes for the trip. He did so, but instead of finding his shirts, he seized on a pile of his wife's what-you-call ems, used for a like purpose. A learned brother who roomed with him, was much amused a few mornings afterwards, at the queer appearance of the Judge, nothing being in sight but his head, arms and feet, his looks of bewilderment and his sotto voice reflections, which were, "*I wonder what on the earth made Betty cut off my sleeves?* I *don't see.*" It is probable that he heard the reason, the next time he saw Betty, but not before, as the bar kept dark on the matter (to him) that round.

### A Lady Freemason.

The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female ever initiated into the ancient mysteries of Freemasonry. How she obtained this honor we shall lay before our readers. Lord Doncralie, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doncralie House, his sons and intimate friends assisting, and it is said that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed, than by them. Previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge room. This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; among other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part. The young lady, having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from human view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and witness the ceremony through the two first steps. Curiosity satisfied, fear at once took possession of her mind. There was no mode of escape except through the room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized; and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way; and with light but trembling steps, glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood to her dismay, a grim and surly tyler, with his long sword unsheathed. A shriek, that pierced through the apartment, alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage her death was resolved on, but from the supplications of her young brother, her life was saved on condition of her going through the whole of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed.

This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry. The lady was cousin to Gen. Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes.—Miss St. Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of New Market. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the Freemasons with her apron and other insignia of Freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage-box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.—*Exchange.*

### "WHY SO SAD."

Did you ever experience the love of a fond and doating mother; her watchful anxiety and maternal tenderness in your hour of sickness and sorrow, joy and gratitude, when the sun shone brightly on your path, and your face was beaming with happiness?

Did you ever have a father, who, in youn early life, took you upon his knee, and looked on you with paternal love and pride; and, as your years increased, and your mind expanded, watched with pain that father's downward road, to ruin a victim to that destroying liquid, "the dark beverage of hell?"

Have you watched the dying agonies of that fond, broken-hearted mother, and listened to her words of hope and consolation, as she pointed to the far off land, whispering in your ear, with your hand trembling in hers, your face bathed in tears, her parting words, "I will meet you there?"

Did you ever love a young and beautiful girl, adorned with all that is virtuous and lovely; her mind stored with useful knowledge, her face illumined with joy, and eyes beaming upon you with unutterable tenderness; and then watched the bloom fading from her cheek, the lustre from her beautiful eyes, finally following her to an early grave. Had you experienced all these, seeking for consolation in the cold world; and borne what I have borne, you would not ask, "WHY SO SAD?"

IF IT WAS NOT FOR HOPE THE HEART WOULD BREAK.—Were it not for hope the arm would fall powerless on the struggling battlefield of life: and the pure light would fade out from the weary eye. We sit in the shade of the elm and watch the living ocean ebbing by—at every throb of the heart a life wave rolls on the other shore. The footman with his pack and the rich man with his steed, is urged on with the hope of better things ahead. The ragged child with his basket of berries, hopes for manhood and days of brighter sunlight for him. The man creeping up the hill on staff and crutch looks out with hope for coming death and rest beyond the grave. The sun has long since faded from the sky. Tell him he no'er shall know the rest he seeks, and tears will wet the wrinkles on his withered cheeks for his old frame is worn out, and he longs to lay it aside, and leave his staff and crutch at the door of his grave.

ANECDOTE OF TOM CORWIN.—Some years ago, when Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing were on a political pilgrimage to the northern part of the State, they were invited to tarry over night with a distinguished local politican. The guests arrived rather late, and the lady of the mansion being absent, a neice undertook to preside on the occasion. She had never seen any great men, and supposed, they were elephantine altogether, and all talked in great language. 'Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea, sir,' inquired the young lady. 'Yes, miss, if you please,' replied the quondum salt boiler.—Corwin's eyes twinkled. Here was fun for him. Gratified with the apparent success of her first trial at talking with big men, the young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same manner: 'Will you take condiments in your tea, sir?'—'Pepper and salt but no mustard,' was the reply of the facetious Tom. Of course nature must out, and Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to mend the matter and was voluable in compliment, anecdote and wit. But the wound was immedicable. The young lady to this day declares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar, disagreeable man.

NAMES.—Galena was once "surrounded" by curious names. The thing did not answer. A town meeting was called, and a citizen made the following speech:

"Gentlemen—It is obvious that so long as those names remain unchanged, the city of Galena can never command that influence abroad which its position and importance demand. Sir, there is something in a name, and there is something in the name of places by which we are surrounded, and which may be supposed by those abroad to indicate our position and character. In this respect, sir, Galena is most unfortunate. Sir, what is the position of Galena? How is Galena bounded, and where is Galena situated? It is bounded on the west by Death's Head, on the north by Vinegar Hill, Hardscrabble and Shakerag, on the east by Blackleg and Snake-diggins, and on the south by Small-pox; and it is situated on Fever River."

It is needless to say that the argument was unanswerable.

The proceedings of the meeting were published in the papers, and the name of the river was changed by solemn legislative enactment.

☞ Five members of the Canadian Parliament are natives of the United States.

### Printing Presses, Pulpits, and Women.

These are the three great levers that govern the movements of the world. Without them, the bottom would fall out, and society become chaos again! The press makes people patriotic, the pulpit religious, but women answer all things! There would be no going to church if there were no girls there; neither would there be any going to war, were the soldiers to meet with no applause but from the masculines.—Without the sunshine shed by women, the rose buds of affection would never blow, nor the flowers of eloquence germanate. In short, she is the steam engine of delight, and the great motive power of love, valor and civilization.—In proof of this great truth, all history speaks trumpet-tongued. Let the careful observer look where he may, the "fixed fact" that a Nation's virtue or vice depends on the women of a Nation, is as palpable as the fact that we depend on them for ourselves. In Europe, every monarchy for the last five hundred years has either basked in virtue or been steeped in vice, as the Queen, or Queen consort of that monarchy have been wise and virtuous, or ignorant and superstitious. Look to France under the influence of the fearful Catharine de Medicis. With a masculine intellect, but a depraved heart, she exerted an influence over her weak sons, Charles and Henry, which deluged the kingdom with the blood of their best subjects. Let the massacre of St. Bartholomew even stand as the startling evidence of misdirected influence.—England, under the reign of the bigot Mary, presents a picture from which we turn with horror; and although we do not consider Elizabeth, apart from her character as sovereign, anything which woman should be, yet she appears, from her superior temper and education, in fine contrast with her sister. After looking at these things, turn your attention to Isabella of Spain—a woman of virtue, erudition and refinement—a woman to whom Columbus was indebted for a ship, and the world for America. Look at these, we say, and doubt if you can, that woman has been, and is the ruling star of man's destiny. Her empire is as extended as the heart and mind of man. In the social circle she exerts an influence greater even than magnetic telegraphs, tariffs, patent pills, or mass meetings.

### Love and Suicide.

A suicide of a melting and touching character took place about a fortnight ago, in St. Louis. On the levee in that city, between Myrtle and Elm streets, was found, early in the morning, the body of a genteely-dressed young man, about the medium height. In his pocket was found a letter in French, which told his sad story. It was as follows:

"I beseech the person who finds my body not to make inquiry, for the act was mine: I am my own murderer. My name is Francois Henry De Longuille. I was born in Paris on the 4th day of April, 1828. My family were in the great enterprise of 1849. I was married to a rare spirit, and I thought my happiness would always continue. I left my native land, with a small family, in the month of May, and arrived in New Orleans on the 24th of July, 1854. But alas! after tasting of happiness for fifteen days, a great fatality overtook me. My dear beloved wife was attacked by cholera, and after two hours of great suffering, she died.—She was hardly enshrouded when my little boy, aged three years, died of the same disease. My distress was great, but God had left me a little girl, thirteen months old, which gave me strength to resist the misfortune that had occurred to me, and this little innocent I could see the likeness of my beloved wife, and I could ask no more of God but to live for my child. But God was willing again to afflict, by taking everything that was left for me in this world. On the 20th of October last, I had the misfortune to close the eyes of my treasure, my child.—Having nothing to condole me, I resolved to quit life myself. Let no one blame me, for life was a burthen."

Poor wretch! if any one was ever justifiable in desiring to escape from the dreary and oppressive sense of a miserable existence, it was surely this young man.

### A Stranger.

Those who are termed "simple-minded people," adopt a curiously innocent mode of expression occasionally, which comes so near art, at times, as to render its simplicity doubtful. We heard of a young married couple, (from the country, of course,) who recently attended an exhibition of "Dissolving Views." The bride, being pretty, attracted the attention of a stylish looking city agent, who happened to occupy the same seat with the twain. During the exhibition, the audience part of the hall being already obscured, by some accident, the light was entirely extinguished. Pending its recovery, which occupied some little time, the city gentleman, perhaps accidently pressed the hand of the bride, who was too much alarmed to offer any resistance. This bold act was followed by a bolder, and certainly not accidental one, for the city Lothario absolutely kissed the bride! This was too much; and the wife resolved to tell her husband, when the following whispered colloquy took place:

"John!"

"What!"

"This feller's kissing me."

"Well, tell him to quit."

"No, John—you tell him."

"Tell him yourself."

"No, John, I don't like to; you tell him—the gentleman's a perfect stranger to me."

Our informant did not know whether the city gentleman ultimately received a 'notice to quit' or not; but was under the impression that the unlawful salute were repeated several times before the lamps were relighted.

WOMAN.—As the dove will clap its wings to its side, and conceal the arrow that is prying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the pangs of wounded affection.—With her the desire of the heart has failed.—Great charms of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladdens the spirits, quickens the pulse, and sends the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken, the sweet refreshments of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams "dry sorrows drink her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the last external assailant. Look for her awhile, and you find friendship weeping on an untimely grave and wondering