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John B. Bratton.

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Poetical.

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The world has pleasure's rich and rare,
Beneath God's lofty dome;
But there are none which can compare
With childhood's happy home.
We envy not the rich or great,
Nor at our lot repine;
For joys which childhood brings to us,
Are lasting and divine.

Though we may from the cup of fame,
Drink an inspiring draught;
Though we may from ambition's streams,
Its earthly pleasures quaff:
Yet will the memory of our youth,
Wherever we may roam,
Still cling to us, and wait us back
To happy childhood's home.

Then as years fly on time's swift wings,
O, let not be forgot
The bliss secure, which we enjoyed
In childhood's humble lot.
And whether 't is our fate to rest,
Or onward still to roam,
May memory often bring to us,
Our childhood's happy home.

WHAT IS A YEAR?

What is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On Life's dark rolling stream,
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.
'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless is, and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel;
Or but a page upon the book
Which Time must shortly seal.
'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown,
As rushing onward o'er the earth,
We hear his weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn—
As transient as the mist of morn
Beneath the Summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of Life's oft changing scene—
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,
With hills and valleys green;
Next Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,
Then Autumn with a tear,
Then comes old Winter—death and all
Must find a level bere.

Miscellaneous.

THE DARK HOUR.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

I.

A woman, still in the bloom of youth, sat alone in an humble apartment. Alone.—and yet not alone; for, although there were none with whom she could exchange a thought, the basket-cradle at her foot sheltered a little being, which made Mary Irwine feel that, whatever the world might think, still she was *not* alone. Nor was she companionless; what *mother is?* To the stranger and the indifferent, the infant may seem, if not a cypher, a trouble, and a wearisome charge. But she whose own blood flows in its veins, never forgets, and never wearies.

We have said Mary was still in the bloom of youth. But the bloom was sadly faded. Care, suffering, want, had blanched the roses on her cheeks. A few days before, you might have descerned feverish anxiety there; but now, all that had passed. The expression of her face was thoughtful; but still it spake rest. She had drank of the cup of bitterness to its very dregs; but He who hears the sorrowful sighing of the wretched, had comforted her. The crisis had passed, and she felt that natural composure which steals on the soul, when all is done, and all is suffered.—the rest with which Heaven rewards the patient and the dutiful.

Her story was not a remarkable one; if by remarkable we mean to say unusual. The appearance of the house indicated something of it; for we imagine there is always a significance in the aspect of a dwelling which one of its late inmates has just left, to go to the 'narrow house.' Mary's husband had been consigned to the grave. The neighbors and friends who had aided in the melancholy bustle of the last office, had returned to their homes, and Mary sat with her babe in the silent room.

The husband whom she had buried out of her sight was her choice,—her wilful choice, made in spite of the remonstrances, the objections, and the forebodings of her relatives. For a short time after her union, it seemed as if his life and prosperity were to prove her triumphant answer to their objections. All was sunny, cheerful, promising. And the very friends who had warned and expostulated with her, were willing to believe that they had been wrong, and Mary right; and that affection had not unerringly pointed out to her excellencies of character which they had not perceived. As if willing to atone for past enmity by warm friendship, they crowded advantages and facilities upon him, and liberally opened the way to wealth. For a time, all succeeded that he undertook, and no young man in the city seemed more certainly assured of competence than he. And Mary, how happy she was! We can partake her short period of exultation, for she bitterly suffered for it.

Some men cannot bear prosperity: and Henry Irwine was one of these. Give them discouragement to meet, and unpropitious circumstances to combat, and they hew their way with a silent pride and resolute perseverance which conquors all obstacles. But let the sun shine on them, then pride soon finds outrageous utterance, and their resolution degenerates into opinionated obstinacy. They take pleasure in contemning good advice, and will do wilfully wrong, and against their own conviction, to mark their independence.

Henry Irwine took early occasion to retaliate upon his wife's friends, for what he affected to regard as their unwarrantable opposition. He accused them, while they were, in no small degree, the authors of his prosperity, as being drawn to him by it; and intimated that selfishness was the origin of their tardy friendship, no less than it had been of their former enmity.

Mary was a true wife. She saw the injustice of her husband, but declined to acknowledge it, even to herself. At length, the coolness became more and more chilling, until it resulted in irreparable estrangment between Irwine and the friends of his wife. He gloried in what he considered a complete, and endeavored to persuade himself, was a righteous revenge. He made his former opponents suitors for his friendship, and proudly spurned them. Such was his impression.

Theirs was that they had overlooked the disagreeable character of their favorite's husband, and striven to befriend him; but that, true to his natural low instincts, he had refused.—Neither party was entirely right.

When the breech became final, Mary Irwine deserted father and mother, and kindred, for her husband, and identified herself with him, so far as lingering first affections would permit. But, if her heart yearned over the dear first friends of her youth, she never suffered her conduct to betray what she accounted a weakness: but clung to her husband with a madness of affection, which deserved a better return than she received.

Henry Irwine, as we have said, could not bear prosperity. A secret reason, hardly acknowledged to himself, why he disliked his wife's connections, was because they perceived his dangers, and ventured to warn him. His sensitive pride took captious alarm, and he gloried in mocking reproof, by persisting in indiscretion.

The end of such a course is easily prophesied. He fell among thieves: and for wounds of friends exchanged the selfish flattery of knaves. Plucked of money, and bankrupt in credit and character, he awaked at last to find himself a ruined man, with a meek, uncomplaining wife dependent on him, and feeling twice as keenly as he did, all his ruin and degradation. The temptation which has ruined many, came in so complete his destruction. He sought oblivion of his degradation in the wine cup, and there lost the last redeeming trace or hope of manhood. It is a fearful fall, when the appetites triumph, and the reason is dethroned: when the man wakes only to misery, and rushes back to inebriation again, in the vain hope to forget himself.

A lower depth still remained; and Henry Irwine found even that. His jaundiced thoughts dared to suspect her who, for love of him, had surrendered friends, home, happiness, hope.—Because she did not, and could not, rail against her own, as he did; because she was meek, and quiet, and uncomplaining, he quarrelled with her also. He charged that she hated him, and regretted that her fate was coupled with his.—The last she could not deny: the first he saw in his own heart, and judged that it must be in hers also. It is their own fancied concealed reflection in the good that the wicked hate.

And he dared moreover, to accuse his wife as the cause of all his misfortunes. He said he triumphed in them! Can we wonder that she would not say she did not? It might have been that she thought such a charge too wickedly preposterous to answer; or, it might have been that she was wearied into hate at last, and not displeased to find that there was one mode in which she could inflict pain on one who had heaped so many wrongs on her. Mary was drawing near her dark hour.

II.

There is in most, if not in all careers, a moment—the crisis of a life:—an hour upon which all the future hangs. The crisis came to Mary Irwine.

Her house, derobed of many comforts, was not yet *quite* desolate. She clung, while a glimmer of hope remained, to her faith in her husband. She believed that all who knew him did not know his degradation. She thought that she had concealed it from many—and, fond simpleton! imagined that men did not see through the hollowness of her smile, when she spoke of her husband.

It was night, and late. There were voices, and a rude knock at the door. She opened it, and her own brother entered, preceeding the policeman, in whose custody he had found the *inebriate husband.*

She looked, and comprehended all. They laid the senseless man on the sofa: and the strangers left the house.

'Put on your bonnet, Mary,' said he brother, 'and come home with me.'

Mary cast an eye on the wreck of her love and hope. Loathing thoughts rose within her: she made one step as if to comply; for escape was now first in her thoughts, and she felt that she had borne all that human nature could endure. The child, disturbed in its sleep, recalled her to the thought, how hopeless was escape: the babe smiled, and in the smile she saw the sunshine of other days. Bowing over the cradle, she sobbed out of her heart all its stern resolves.

'Come!' said her brother.

'But—my child!'

'We will send for it,' said her brother; but perceiving a strange look, almost indignant, through her tears, 'We will take it with us,' he said. But the first careless expression turned the scale. She made no answer until, after waiting a moment in silence, her brother said, and now more sharply,

'*Come!*'

'Wait till to-morrow.'

'Now, or *never!*'

She made no reply; but bending over her infant, soothed it again to sleep. She wavered—thought, parleyed; and was roused, at last, from a half dream by the noise of a closing door. She rose suddenly, and gazed wildly about her. Her brother had gone.—her dark hour had passed for the temptation was withdrawn. Did she do right? Hark the sequel, and then answer.

III.

Henry Irwine awoke to consciousness in a burning fever. It was not mercy that which invariably follows debauch, nor was it that terrific delirium consequent upon long indulgence in intoxication; for his fall had been rapid, and the time of his error short. But disappointment, excess, and exposure, had made him, in a short space, a perfect wreck. He obeyed her guidance like a child, and she conducted him to his bed, and then despatched the following note to an old friend:

'Mary Irwine hopes that, among all the friends of her better days, there is one left who will come to her in her extremity, with no impossible demands, and that she shall find that one friend in Dr. Ralph.'

The physician, a benevolent old gentleman, was with her even before her messenger returned. He listened kindly; and if a thought of incredulity arose in his mind, he concealed it, and followed the wife, with kind words, as an equal, and not as a patron, to the bed-side of her husband. For a moment, he stood regarding the sad picture; then, gently taking the debauchee's hand, proceeded mechanically to count his pulse.

'Oh, Doctor!' cried the sufferer, turning away, 'this is the cruelty of kindness!' A suspicion occurred to, and a dark shadow came over his face. 'No!' he shouted in a husky voice, '*it is the keenness of insult!*' He rose to spring forward—but his face became deadly pale, and he sank exhausted and powerless.

The doctor sighed and turned away. He sat down again and pencilled a perscription, and said, 'I will call again.'

'Will you, indeed,' said Mary, her face brightening up.

'Poor child!' said the old gentleman. 'You are pleased to find that I admit that something ails him beside intoxication. Strange—strange—but very natural,' and he hurried out.

Henry lay some hours, weak but conscience. Faithfully, but painfully did his wife attend upon him; for, while the necessity of attention, and the promptings of her heart called her to his side, she grieved to see that the sight of her face disturbed him—disturbed him almost to distraction. And who can wonder?

It was a long, long day. And day passed into evening, and evening into midnight, before the care of her husband and her child suffered her to rest. Exhausted nature claimed her due, and Mary dreamed. She was back in the joy of other years—yet over that joy there seemed a sadness. People were decrying him to her, and she was zealously defending him—as she had often done. And while she dreamed she thought his pleasant voice spake in her ear, 'Mary?' Again it spake, and now she sprang up and went to his bed-side.

'Can you forgive me?'

'Forgive you, *dearest!*' She did not know whether she was asleep or awake—whether he spake in fact and deed, or whether the voice was a dream-voice. So, for want of further words, she placed her cheek to his.

'God bless you, Mary! *Now* I can rest.'

He fell asleep. But the shock his health had received was not to be retrieved so easily as by one night's rest. On the morrow he was both better and worse—better, for there was less fever—worse, for there was less strength.

And so wore day after day. We need not relate how, with sure progress, but slow, death mastered his victim: for Henry Irwine's days were numbered. And we need not describe how the young wife hovered over his couch, and his weary life was closed in forgiveness and peace. Brothers and friends she lacked none now: for He who calls us hence by death has surrounded its approach with circumstances which remove enmities and disarm hate.—He passed away quietly, and his last illness left a gentle memory of him in men's hearts.

There was a sound of wheels at the door.—'Now, daughter,' said her mother, as she entered, 'we have come for you, as we promised. Come home again to our hearth and hearts.—Forget that you were ever away.'

Mary silently pointed to her child. Her mother could make no reply, and Mary said:

'With this memorial of *him*, mother, (and may God spare it for my memorial when I am gone,) I cannot forget that I have been away. And, O! how grateful am I, that once away I stayed until now; that I remained here to see all reconciled on earth; to note the evidence in a meek and quiet, a repentant and resigned spirit, that all is forgiven in heaven! When this dear child shall live to ask of his father, now, mother, I *can* speak of the peaceful close of his brief day, but I need not of its dreadful storms.'

And Mary Irwine bade adieu to the house in which she had met and conquered her DARK HOUR.

Restoration of the Jews to Judea.

There are strange things passing around us. One might almost conclude that we were all most romantic dreamers, or that life was all one oriental fable. In this busy and scheming time, there are few projects of more novelty of grandeur or design than the restoration of the scattered tribes of Judea to the land, which the lives of Saul, Solomon and Judas Machabeus have illustrated; in whose tombs repose the ashes of Isreal; and over which there floats like flooding light, the undying glories of the poetic inspiration of the wailing Jeremiah, the lofty Isaiah, the sublime and thoughtful David, the luxurious and imaginative Solomon. The grand project, if we be not mistaken, originated with a London banker, and seems to attract no small share of attention. It contemplates contingencies of the grandest and most interesting nature, and which if viewed aright, must be deeply important to European nations. The dissolution and conquest of the Ottoman Empire: its annexation to Russia, and the downfall of the Asiatic governments immediately adjoining, are all parts of the mighty drama of nations, which is to close with the restoration of Israel. Some years ago circumstances made it extremely probable that the Ottoman empire would be annihilated by Russian power, and all Europe rang as with an alarm bell.—Every nation stood warily, ready to hurl a fierce defiance at the Russian autocrat, should his ambitious projects have succeeded. For, in that case a struggle for national existence appeared inevitable. The war ended and the panic ceased. But the same state of things will again exist should the Ottoman empire dissolve itself. The Russian vulture would seize upon it as his prey: the balance of power would be broken in Europe, and the burning tenements of Constantinople would be as baleful as the signal-torch calling the nations to one of the fiercest and most awful struggles, that ever stained the earth with blood and desolated empires. But the subject is too grand; too extended for us to pursue our theme farther. Suffice it to say independent of the awful incidents which it contemplates as the antecedents to its completion, it is a sublime attempt to restore the faded glories and power of a nation, which has long since passed away as a dream, of which the remembrance alone remains to the earth.

NEWSPAPERS.—Judge Longstreet, whose views on all subjects are sensible, practical, and worth treasuring up, thus sets forth the value of a newspaper:

"Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes; it is next to impossible to fill a sheet fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off from him at school should be supplied with a paper. I well remember what a difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain; they had command of more facts. Youth will peruse a newspaper with delight when they will read nothing else."

FEMALE HEROISM.—'One day,' says Massena, being at Buzenghen, I perceived a young soldier, belonging to the Light Artillery, whose horse had just been wounded by a lance. The young man, who appeared quite a child, defended himself most desperately, as several bodies of the enemy lying around could testify. I immediately despatched an officer with some men to his assistance, but they arrived too late. Although this action had taken place on the borders of the wood, and in front of the bridge, this artillery man had alone withstood the attack of the small troop of Cossacks and Bavarians whom the officers and men I had despatched put to flight. His body was covered with wounds, inflicted by shots, lances and swords. There were at least thirty. And do you know, Madame, what the young man was? said Massena. 'I do not,' replied Madame Vassey. She was Madame Osma——, the Turkish heroine, and daughter of one of the most remarkable Turkish generals.

☞ The editor of a cotemporary is so thin that only one of his political opponents can blackguard him at the same time. They draw lots for chances to get at him!

The Miser and his Bag of Gold.

Hawoja Yacoob was accustomed to sit by his money bag, wishing that some great spirit would endow it with the marvellous qualities of Fortunatus's purse. One night the voice of the bulbul was echoing louder than ever through the desolate old castle and the miser's heart trembled with anxiety and fear. Somehow or other, he had a presentiment that all was not right—that some unseen evil hung suspended over his head in the air. 'Drat the bird!' quoth the miser. 'Her hateful song drags silly people forth from their houses, even at this late hour, till darkness and terror connected with this neighborhood are that being overcome. 'Drat the bird!'

'Aye, ay! What's that you say?' growled a deep unmelodious voice, close to the startled miser's ear.

'Drat the bird! Why that bird is our sovereign lady, the Queen of the Forest.'

The trembling old man could scarcely grasp for breath, as, clutching tightly with both hands his favorite bag of gold, he looked fearfully over his shoulders, and saw a face and head, without any body, floating in the middle of the room, with a pair of dreadfully ghastly-looking eyes staring at him full in the face.

'That's my gold!' quoth the head, with a terrible oath.

Now although the miser was ready to faint away with fright, the bare idea of relinquishing his darling treasure, brought him to his senses again: so he stoutly denied that any one but himself had the ghost of a title to a farthing's worth of what he possessed.

'But I do,' said the head. 'I lay claim to all the gold in the world; and to prove to you that I am correct, I'll bet you that there are fifty millions of millions of doubloons in that sack, and a hundred million times as many more.'

'I'll take that bet,' was the miser's reply, as his heart lept for joy again, so confident was he of success.

Well it took him a long time to count before he could count to within fifty doubloons of what he knew the sack ought to contain—now he only wanted ten—now only five—now one, and still the sack was as brim-full of doubloons as ever.

'There is some cheating here,' quoth the miser.

'I won't count any more.'

'You dare stop and see what I'll do to you,' was the ogre's terrific reply.

And so the wretched miser went on counting and counting, and never came to the bottom of the sack, though heaven only knows how many years; when the last crumbling ruins of his tenement fell in people came to graze their cattle in the neighborhood; but shephers could never be induced to remain there over night, because they said the noise of people counting money and letting coins drop and tingle again on the old stones, was really too awful to listen to, especially if the night proved to be particularly dark and stormy.

A Lover Still!

'No longer a lover!' exclaimed an aged patriarch, ah! you mistake me if any think age has blotted out my heart. Though silver hairs fall over a brow all wrinkled, and a cheek all furrowed, yet I am, I love still. I love the beauty of the maiden's blush, the soft tint of flowers, the singing of birds, and, above all, the silvery laugh of a child. I love the star like meadows where the butter cups grow, with almost the same enthusiasm as when, with my ringlets flying loose in the wind, and my cap in hand, years ago, I chased the painted butterfly. I love you aged dame. Look at her.—Her face is careworn, but it has ever held a smile for me. Often have I shared the bitter cup of sorrow with her—and so shared it seemed almost sweet. Years of sickness have stolen the freshness of her life, but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity.

Together we have placed buds in the pale, folded hands of the dead: together wept over little graves. Through storm and sunshine we have clung together, and now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old styled kerchief crossed white and prim above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eye that shrinkingly fronts the glad clay: the sunlight throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright glad young face that won me first, shine through those withered features, and the glowing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come.

Say not again I can no longer be a lover.—Though this form be bowed, God has implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded, yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out the quenchless flame.

DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever attempt to pass quickly around a corner close to the building in a busy street, without finding yourself suddenly in the arms of one of the opposite sex? Did you ever walk behind an old man with his cane stuck up under his arm, without his stopping suddenly, running the end of it into your right eye, seriously damaging that member? Did you ever ask the prettiest girl in the room to dance with you, without being told that she was engaged for every set? Did you ever wonder into a place where you were particularly anxious not to be known, without meeting some blundering fellow who bawled out at the top of his voice, 'How are you, Jones?' Did you ever accept an invitation to go to church with a friend who owns 'half a seat' without finding it jammed full with the friends of the other proprietor? Did you ever buy a cigar with the last cent of change about you, without seeing Smith, who gave you one yesterday, walking up and greeting you with a smile, just as you were making the selection?

A SMART DOG.—A friend of ours has a dog, which used to be very smart. He says:

'There wasn't anything in old Kentuck that could begin with him, 'cept once. One day we started a bar, a regular snorter. He put straight off, and the dog after him, an' I brought up in the rear. They were soon out of sight, but I followed on for a mile or so, and came out at last on a clearing, where there was a log hut, an' a feller setting down an' smoking his pipe as comfortable as possible.

'Did you see anything of a dog an' a bar going by here?' sez I to the fellow.

'Yes, I did,' sez he.

'Wal, how was it?' sez I.

'Wal,' sez he, taking his pipe out, an' drawing his coat sleeve across his face, 'it was about nip an' tug, tho' I think the dog had a leetle the advantage.'

'How was that?' sez I.

'Wal, he was a trifle ahead!'

☞ A writer in the Kansas Herald of Freedom declares that there underlies, at the depth of twenty to fifty feet, a vast stratum of magnesia, being the distinguishing geological formation of that territory.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

A wonderful instance of zeal in the accumulation of knowledge, and of the successful cultivation of memory, is that of the blind clergyman, so pleasantly described in the following passage, which is copied from a late English writer:

"In my rambles last summer, on the borders of Wales, I found myself one morning alone on the banks of the beautiful river Wye, without a servant or a guide. I had to ford the river at a place where according to the instructions given me at the nearest hamlet, if I diverged ever so little from the marks which the rippling of the current made as it passed over a ledge of rocks, I should sink twice the depth of myself and horse. While I stood hesitating on the margin, viewing attentively the course of the ford, a person passed me on the canter, and the next instant I saw him plunge into the river; presuming on his acquaintance with the passage, I immediately and closely followed his steps. As soon as we had gained the opposite bank, I accosted him with thanks for the benefit of his guidance; but what was my astonishment, when, bursting into a hearty, laugh, he observed that my confidence would have been less had I known that I had been following a blind guide! The manner of the man, as well as the fact, attracted my curiosity. To my expressions of surprise at his venturing to cross the river alone, he answered, that he and the horse that he rode had done the same thing every Sunday morning for the last five years, but that, in reality, this was not the most perilous part of his weekly peregrination, as I should be convinced, if my way led over the mountain before us. My journey had no object but pleasure; I therefore resolved to attach myself to my extraordinary companion, and soon learned in our chat, as we wound up the steep mountain's side, that he was a clergyman; and of that class which is the disgrace of our ecclesiastical establishment—I mean the country curates, who exist upon the liberal stipend of thirty, twenty, and sometimes fifteen pounds a year! This gentleman, aged sixty, had about thirty years before, been engaged in the curacy to which he was now travelling, and though it was at the distance of eight long Welsh miles from the place of his residence, such was the respect of his flock towards him, that, at the commence of his calamity, rather than part with him, they sent regularly, every Sunday morning, a deputation to guide their old pastor on his way. The road, besides crossing the river we had just passed, led over a craggy mountain, on whose top innumerable and uncertain bogs were constantly forming, but which, nevertheless, by the instinct of his Welsh pony, this blind man has actually crossed alone for the last five years, having so long dismissed the assistance of guides.

While our talk beguiled the way, we insensibly arrived within sight of his village church, which was seated in a deep and narrow vale.—As I looked down upon it, the bright verdure of the meadows, which were here and there chequered with patches of yellow corn: the moving herd of cattle; the rich foliage of the groves of oak, hanging irregularly over its sides, the white houses of the inhabitants, which sprinkled every corner of this peaceful retreat; and, above all, the inhabitants themselves, assembled in their best attire; round their place of worship; all this gay scene, rushing at once on the view, struck my senses and imagination more forcibly than I can express.

As we entered the church-yard, the respectful, 'How do you do?' of the young, the hearty shakes of the old, and the familiar gambols of the children, showed how their old pastor reigned in the hearts of all. After some refreshment at the nearest house, we went to the church, where my veteran priest read the prayer, psalms, and chapters of the day, and then preached a sermon, in a manner that could have made no one advert to his loss of sight.—At dinner, which it seems that four of the most substantial farmers of the vale provided in turn, he related the progress of his increased powers of memory. For the first year, he attempted only the prayers and sermons, the best reader of the parish making it a pride to officiate for him in the psalms and chapters; he next undertook the labor of learning these by heart, and, at present, by continual repetition, there is not a psalm or chapter, of the more than two hundred appointed for the Sunday service, that he is not perfect it. He told me, also, that having in his little school two sons of his own intended for the University, he has, by hearing them continually, committed the greater part of Homer and Virgil to memory."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN IDLER.

Strolling about Paris one day last summer, with my friend Dr. M——, a sudden, dark tempest-cloud drove us into a "passage" near the *Boulevards—a sort of a glass-roofed bazaar.*—This soon became densely crowded with all sorts of folks, seeking shelter there, like ourselves, from a severe and pelting shower of rain, accompanied by sharp flashes of lightning and heavy thunder. The crowd accumulated at both ends of this passage—women and priests and soldiers and blouses, all crowded together.—Thunder and lightning in such severity are unusual in Paris, and I noticed that much alarm existed in the crowd. The priests lost no time in resorting to their little black-covered books, and commenced a rapid reading, in a sort of hurried, low mutter, and alternately crossing themselves. The women wrung their hands, and many of them fell on their knees, exclaiming, at every flash of lightning, "*Mon Dieu!*" Presently there came a very severe flash, giving everything around a sort of yellowish and lurid coloring, and followed almost instantaneously by a very loud metallic ringing, French-sounding thunder, such as I never heard at home; it almost alarmed me, (used as I had been to thunder.) I thought the arched glass roof was coming down upon us, for with this thunder came a smashing fall of rain and hail. Everybody seemed instinctively to shrink down; but the thunder-clap had scarcely ceased to reverberate, when, from a group of soldiers near the entrance, came an almost simultaneous shout of "*vive l' Empereur!*"

That was the *last* of that thunder-storm. The alarm ceased with it, and in less than ten minutes the sun was shining, and the crowd dispersed; and we in our turn, continued our ramble about the gay streets, hearing occasionally some hurried remarks and comments on the extraordinary severity of "*L' Eclair" et La Tonnerre,*" and the cheering and timely cry of "*Vive' l Empereur!*" There was nothing in that cry at the time which gave me an idea of impious temerity; it was a sort of national impulse—it was the uppermost thought, as in battle, when danger seemed most imminent, to cheer up and make the best of it—*go ahead, Vive 'l Empereur!*" I don't know why the memorandum was made which I find I did make in my diary, when noting this little national peculiarity, that I was reminded of something like it I once witnessed at home. Upon reflecting, I don't think it exactly accords; but as it struck me at the time, and, like Captain Cuttle, "I made a note on't," I will just mention it. It occurred during the hottest point of the contest between General Jackson and Mr. Biddle in the Bank war. I was in trade then; a cargo of brandy and wine was being landed in front of us on the wharf, and the Custom House gaugers and markers were all busy, and a circle, as usual, of anti-temperance loafers, each with a sly sucker in his pocket, were gathering there, and watching a chance at the open bungs. Before the day closed, a regular druken fight commenced among them, and the police interposed, making many captives. After quiet was restored, and the wharf being cleared of the cargo, a poor miserable creature was found stowed away out of sight between some casks, to all appearance dead; his sucker lay near him, a marked and sure evidence for a coroner's inquest to safely reach a verdict. A cart was procured to take the body away to a place more convenient for a coroner's jury to act; but the cart had made but a short progress with the body over the paving stones, when signs of life were discovered—the cart was stopped, the old sucker raised up his head, and staring around, seemed to feel that he had but a moment left to give evidence of his identity at any rate, and then let come what might; he knew nobody, and nobody seemed to know him; but a shout of laughter from the by-standers followed his first and ready exclamation: "Hurrah for Jackson, and down with the bank!" It was "the national cry" of that day; since then, the "Maine Liquor Law" has made progress, and the old suckers are less in fashion.—*Home Journal.*

THE BOUNTY LAND BILL.

The following is the bounty land bill which passed the House of Representatives on Wednesday. It is not the Senate bill, but a substitute therefore, offered by Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, differing, however, in several particulars. It has also passed the Senate:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, whether of regulars, volunteers, rangers, or militia, who were regularly mustered into the service of the United States, and every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, seaman, ordinary seaman, marine, clerk, and landsman in the navy, in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged since seventeen hundred and ninety, and each of the survivors of the militia; or volunteers, or State troops of any State or Territory, called into military service, and regularly mustered therein, and whose services have been paid by the United States, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant from the Department of the Interior for one hundred and sixty acres of land; and where any of those who have been so mustered into service and paid shall have received a certificate or warrant, he shall be entitled to a certificate or warrant for such quantity of land as will make, in the whole, with what he may have heretofore received, one hundred and sixty acres to each such person having served as aforesaid: Provided, The person so having been in service shall not receive said land warrant if it shall appear by the muster rolls of his regiment or corps that he deserted, or was dishonorably discharged from service.

Provided, further, That the benefits of this section shall be held to extend to wagon-masters and teamsters who may have been employed, under the direction of competent authority in time of war, in the transportation of military stores and supplies.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, That in case of the death of any person, who, if living, would be entitled to a certificate or warrant as aforesaid under this act, leaving a widow, or, if no widow, a minor child or children, such widow, or, if no widow, such minor child or children, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land that such deceased person would be entitled to receive under the provisions of this act if now living: *Provided*, That a subsequent marriage shall not impair the right of any such widow to such warrant if she be a widow at the time of making her application: And provided, further, That those shall be considered minors who are so at the time this act shall take effect.

Section 3. And be it further enacted, That in no case shall any such certificate or warrant be issued for any service less than fourteen days, except where the person shall actually have been engaged in battle, and unless the party claiming such certificate or warrant shall establish his or her right thereto by recorded evidence of said service.

Section 4. And be it further enacted, That said certificates or warrants may be assigned, transferred, and located by the warrantees, their assignees, or their heirs-at-law, according to the provisions of existing laws regulating the assignment, transfer, and location of bounty land warrants.

Section 5. And be it further enacted, That no warrant issued under the provisions of this act shall be located on any public lands, except such as shall at the time be subject to sale at either the minimum or lower graduated prices.

Section 6. And be it further enacted, That the registers and receivers of the several land offices shall be severally authorized to charge and receive for their services in locating all warrants under the provisions of this act the same compensation or per centage to which they are entitled by law for sales of the public lands, for cash, at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. The said compensation to be paid by the assignees or holders of such warrants.

Section 7. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of this act, and all the bounty land laws heretofore passed by Congress, shall be extended to Indians, in the same manner and to the same extent as if the said Indians had been white men.

Section 8. And be it further enacted, That the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war, or their widows or minor children, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act.

Section 9. And be it further enacted, That the benefits of this act shall be applied to and embrace those who served as volunteers at the invasion of Plattsburg, in September, eighteen hundred and fourteen; also at the battle of King's mountain, in the revolutionary war; and the battle of Nickajack against the confederated savages of the South.

Section 10. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of this act shall apply to the chaplains who served with the army in the several wars of the country.

Section 11. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of this act be applied to flotillamen and to those who served as volunteers at the attack on Lewistown, in Delaware, by the British fleet, in the war of eighteen hundred and twelve—fifteen.

NOVEL MARRIAGES.—The Highland News, of the 8th inst., relates, that a lad of 19 and a lass of 15, eloped from Highland county last week, and made their way by railroad to Cincinnati, where they were married, and returned next day. We hope the anxious friends of these juveniles will take good care of them.

In the Lawrenceburg Express, of the 7th inst., we find the following singular notice:

MARRIED.—On Thursday, Jan. 30th, by Rev. Mr. Collard, Rev. James H. Brooking to to Miss Sallie Craig, all of Boone county, Ky.

The above couple were really married in the Ohio river, opposite Rising Sun, on *a cake of floating ice!* Surely that was taking a cold start in matrimonial life.

☞ 'Stop your crying,' said an enraged father to his son, who had kept up an intolerable 'yell' for the last five minutes: 'stop, I say do you hear?' again repeated the father, after a few minutes, the boy still crying: 'You don't suppose I can choke off in a minute do you?' chimed in the hopeful urchin.

A MILLIONAIRE.—The editor of the New Orleans Picayune calculates that he is bitten by two millions of mosquitoes every night.

Odds and Ends.

The Pen and the Press.

The Pen and the Press, bless'd alliance combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth.
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed,
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
Those invincible brothers—the Pen and the Press.

J. Q. P.

☞ Procrastination is the thief of time.

☞ We take no note of time, but from its loss.

☞ Man wants but little, nor that little long.

☞ 'Tis moral gandeur makes the mighty man.

☞ Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

☞ Never let your tongue go before your thoughts.

☞ Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

☞ All men think all men mortal, but themselves.

☞ All, all on earth is shadows, all beyond is substance.

☞ Judgment is a throne of prudence, and silence is its sanctury.

☞ When is a man thinner than a shingle? When he's a shaving.

☞ There are 750 paper mills in actual operation in the United States.

☞ If five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a cat fish?

☞ *The Detroit (Michigan) Inquirer says:* "It has snowed for twenty-two successive days."

☞ The shock of an earthquake was felt in some parts of Maine, on the morning of the 19th ult.

☞ There is more paper consumed in the United States than in England and France combined.

☞ The amount of Wool grown in the U. States is about 60,000,000 of pounds annually.

☞ *To make hens lay perpetually*—hit them on the head with a club. We give this hint to farmers gratis.

☞ It does not necessarily follow that when a man is the lion of a party, that he should make a beast of himself.

☞ Bacon says, men will wrangle, write, fight, die,—in fact do any thing but *live* for religion! There is philosophy in this.

☞ Bennet, of the New York Herald, has brought suit against Greeley, of the Tribune for libel, and lays damages at $50,000.

☞ Prescott has completed, after a ten years' labor, his history of the reign of Philip the Second. It will be published in three volumes.

☞ Many a fool has passed for a clever man, because he has known how to hold his tongue; and many a clever man has passed for a fool because he has not known how to make use of it.

☞ 'Did you know,' said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, 'that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?' 'Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there,' retorted the Jew.

☞ There are living in the small village of Loyton, Essex (England) four persons of the name of John Swan, not at all related, and all with wooden legs, although not one has been in the army or navy.

☞ A tree, it would seem, is the thirstiest of nature's productions. It has been ascertained by experiment that one weighing 1,000 lbs. will absorb eighty-four pints of water in the twenty-four hours.

☞ An old author quaintly remarks—Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarns among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.

☞ The farm of eight hundred acres with the buildings thereon, known as Daniel Webster's homestead, in Franklin, N. H., was sold on Thursday last, for $15,000. Rufus L. Tay, of Boston, was the purchaser.

☞ The increase of population in California during the year 1854, is estimated at 50,000; overland to an equal number by sea. Iowa, during the past year, has received over 100,000 addition to her population, and Minesota, 50,000.

☞ 'We have a span of horses,' said an economic the other day, 'on our farm, that support themselves without any cost.' 'Why, how is that?' exclaimed a listener. 'Why, you see,' remarked the questioned, 'one is a saw horse, the other a clothes'-horse.'

☞ A crowd were looking at the body of a man killed on a railroad, when a fat and pious Dutchman remarked: 'In the midst of life we are in det (death)!' An Irishman, standing by, answered, 'De jabers, you may well say that, for he owed me two dollars!'

☞ *Louis Napoleon is collecting his uncle's* letters and writings. It is said that twenty volumes will hardly contain all the MSS, of the Emperor Napoleon. Many letters, &c., written by the Emperor, are in a text hardly legible—it is only with the greatest difficulty that the exact words are made out.

☞ 'The signs of the times are ominous,' opens an excited editor, in his leader. 'The world is turning over very fast. Wisdom sprouts out of sap heads, like toadstools from a manure-heap. We shall soon see wonders. Won't it be a