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John B. Bratton.

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Poetical.

From the Home Journal.

Moonlight on the Grave.

It shineth on the quiet grave
Where weary ones have gone,
It watcheth with angelic gaze
Where the dead are left alone.
And not a sound or busy life
To the still grave-yard comes,
But peacefully the sleepers lie
Down in their silent homes.
All silently and solemnly
It throweth shadows round,
And every grave-stone hath a trace
In darkness on the ground.
It looketh on the tiny mound
Where a little child is laid,
And lighteth up the noble pile
Which human pride hath made.
It falleth with unaltered ray,
On the simple and the stern,
And showeth with a solemn light,
The sorrows we must learn;
It telleth of divided ties
Oh which its beams have shown,
It whispereth of heavy hearts,
Which "brokenly, live on."
It gleameth where devoted ones
Are sleeping side by side;
It falleth where the maiden rests
Who in her beauty died.
There is no grave in all the earth
That moonlight hath not seen,
It gazeth cold and passionless,
Where agony hath been.
Yet it is well that changeless ray
A deeper thought should throw,
When mortal love pours fourth the tide
Of unavailing woe.
It teacheth us no shade of grief
Can touch the starry sky,
That all our sorrow we have HERE,
The glory is on HIGH!

Miscellaneous.

THE OLD BONNET.

BY HARRIET N. BABB.

"I do wish Sallie Curtis would not wear that old bonnet!" exclaimed a lady as she entered the parlor of a fashionable boarding-house, which, some half a dozen families miscalled home—that sweet word, which the heart can only apply to the place that shelters our own household band.

"Why does Miss Curtis' bonnet trouble you?" asked her husband laughingly.

"Trouble me! indeed it does—it takes away all my comfort in church! It looked badly enough in the early part of the season, but now that all the ladies in the pews around them have such elegant new hats, Sallie and her mother do look most forlorn in their old straws!"

"Is her mother's as bad as her's?"

"Yes, and a hundred times worse. It is shameful for ladies in their position to dress so meanly! I beg your pardon, Mrs. T——, I did not see you," said the last speaker, with a blush.

"Oh, you need not apologize to Ma, she sees cousin Sallie's hat in the same light in which you do, and aunt's too!" spoke up a young lady, at the side of the person addressed.

"Yes indeed! and I am not surprised at their being the subject of remark. I told them it would be so, when I saw them fixing up their bonnets, (for they trimmed them themselves with ribbon they had in the house;) but I hoped then they would only be worn for a few weeks, until cold weather would set in; but they are bent on making them do service during the entire winter! Such a foolish notion as my sister-in-law has in head; because this is a hard winter, and business men are cramped for money, she is determined to save a dime wherever she can, without causing effectual suffering to herself and family! I am lecturing her continually on the absurdity of her course, but I cannot move her. I told her that Sallie could not possibly do without a new bonnet this winter, even if *she* did. A married lady, you know, may occasionally enjoy the privilege of being careless about her own dress; people take it for granted that in her anxiety about her family, she has forgotten herself; but it is absolutely necessary for a young lady to be always well dressed; and I am sure I am ashamed of Sallie, this winter! My Julia wouldn't wear her best hat, even for a back bonnet."

"No, that I would not!" said the young lady; "I should be afraid of losing caste, if I did so!"

"But I thought Mr. Curtis was a man of wealth!" said an intimate friend to Mrs. T——, in a lower tone.

"He is considered so; but now even the wealthiest men are embarrassed, you know.—My husband says that one dollar, this winter, is worth more than two were last year!" she laughingly.

"But you are not obliged to economize?" and the speaker glanced at the rich velvet, costly furs, and the "lovely hat" in which Mrs. T—— was arrayed.

"Hush! I can't do it; and if I *could*, where would be the use of worrying and slaving myself to save a little here and a little there?—What would it all amount too, in the end? A few hundred dollars, which, if my husband is going to fail, could not prevent him, and which I may as well enjoy while I can! My sister-in-law says that if her husband becomes involved, it shall not be through any extravagance of hers; and that she is resolved to make no unnecessary purchases this winter. I represented to her that with all her efforts, she could not save more than a trifle, and that she had better give up the struggle and take things as they come; but her earnest answer was—'No, Elizabeth, although the sum may be ever so trifling, I am resolved to exercise self-denial, in order that I may have the satisfaction of of feeling that I have *done what I could!*' It has really become quite a mania with her; and Sallie is just like her mother.—Wherever I tell her anything she needs, her reply invariably is—'I can do without it at present, for we wish to economize,' or, 'we are trying to retrench.'

"What a pity! She is such a fine-looking girl when well dressed!"

"I know it; and I am so glad you alluded to her dress, for I mean to tell her it has been remarked upon, and I shall do my best to prevent her pretty face being again seen under that old bonnet!"

The ladies who carried on the above conversation, had a listener, of whom they little dreamed. Mr. B——, a wealthy and elegant gentleman, who had spent several years in Europe, and had lately returned home, with nothing to do but to seek enjoyment and a wife, lay on a sofa in the adjoining parlor trying to read, but unceremoniously taking in all that the ladies said!

"So Miss T—— would be afraid of losing caste, if she wore as old a bonnet as her cousin's, would she?" he repeated to himself, sneringly. "How finely her position in society must be established, if so slight a thing as a straw hat could hurl her from her place!—When will our women have that noble independence which should be their birthright?"—and as the voices died away, he lay musing for some time upon the old straw bonnet, and its wearer.

Despite the eloquent way in which Mrs. T—— reported to her niece the remarks that had been made upon her old bonnet, Sallie's pretty face was still seen under it at church, and on the street.

"You foolish child!" the aunt persisted, 'what are ten or fifteen dollars to your father, in his business, when he has thousands of dollars to pay out almost every day?'

"Very little, I know; but then the consciousness that I am trying to lighten his cares, is a great deal to me; and mother says that the feeling of independence, which we call forth by our self-denial, will be of lasting benefit to me.'

'Pshaw! you don't know the disadvantage it may prove to you, just at an age when the appearance you make will have a great influence on your future destiny; it is all-important that you should look as well as possible; and what girl can appear well in an old bonnet?'

'Mother, just think of it,' exclaimed Julia T——, a few days after, 'Sallie fancies she can go to the party in the white dress that she has worn. I don't know how many times!'

'You don't mean to say that she has not a new dress for this occasion?'

'So she says.'

'So I told her, myself. I wouldn't go into society in an old dress, if I never went at all, for I should not expect to receive the least attention! But let me tell you the funniest thing you ever heard, ma!' continued the young lady, laughing immoderately, as if she had just recalled something excessively ludicrous. "She thinks she can't even afford a new pair of gloves for the party, and so what do you suppose she has done? Taken soap and milk and cleaned the pair she wore to Mrs. C——'s. I laughed ready to kill myself, when she showed them to me with the assurance that they were just as good as new!'

'How did they look?'

'I couldn't see for laughing; and just think, mother, that they have dismissed the seamstress, and Sallie is going to do the family sewing until times are easier, she says!'

'Why, is there anything especially wrong in her father's affairs?'

'Oh, no; only the old story of, he is embarrassed, and I wish to do what I can!'

'It is said stone walls have ears;' I do not know how true it is, but somehow or other Mr. R—— overheard this conversation as distinctly as he had the one about the old bonnet.

One word respecting that gentleman. Young ladies said he was about thirty; certain spinsters had affirmed that he was "all of thirty-five," while he laughingly owned to forty-three; but he was so lively and interesting in conversation, that even very young girls forgot his age.

After the above revelation respecting the economy of Miss Curtis' toilet, he certainly expected her to present a shabby appearance at the party; and he began to dread seeing her pass through the trying ordeal of feeling herself the most ill dressed person in the room; and enduring the slights consequent upon that circumstance. She did not appear until quite late, and as he looked around upon the rich satins and gorgeous silks in which many of the guests were arrayed, he found himself hoping that she might not come at all.

There is one young lady here, dressed in such pure artistic taste, can you tell me who she is?' inquired a friend at his elbow. There, talking to that very tall man with the light hair!'

Mr. B. looked, and recognized Sallie. But he sought in vain for evidence of her dress being old, or unfit to grace a scene like this. Its showy folds were a positive relief to the eye, dazzled by so much splendor; while her dark hair—which formed so fine a contrast to her alabaster skin and white dress—was most tastefully arranged, and ornamented with a few white rose-buds. The effect of that simple toilet was perfect, but he remembered what had been said of the gloves, and looked eagerly at her hands.

'If they are the same, she was right in pronouncing them as good as new,' he said to himself, and so absorbed was he by these profound reflections, that he almost forgot to reply to his friend.

The crisis that business men had apprehended came, and those whose credit had stood highest, were the first to fail. Among them was Mr. Curtis.

'So it seems that with all your worrying and economy, you were not able to keep your father from failing!' said Mrs. T—— to her niece.

'No, aunt, we did not expect to be able to do that.'

'Then your wisest course would have been to enjoy life while you could! Here you have been denying yourselves all winter to no purpose!'

'But mother says, we have the satisfaction of feeling that since father has been pressed for money, we have not caused him one needless expenditure!' and she looked radiantly happy.

'Will you permit me, Miss T——, to ask you a direct question?' inquired Mr. R——, of that young lady, as they found themselves left alone in one of the parlors.

'Certainly,' was the gracious reply, 'ask me any question you like, since I can use the privilege of replying to it or not, just as I happen to be in the vein!'

'But I hope you will deign to answer this one in which I am greatly interested—is Miss Curtis much depressed at her father's failure?'

The question was different from what Julia had anticipated, but she replied with a laugh,

'Depressed! you should see her! Were I in her place, I confess that I should be plunged into the depth of woe; at the thought of the retrenchments, and the change that must be made in their style of living; but Sallie is as light hearted as a bird!'

'Perhaps she does not realize it yet!'

'Oh, yes she does; and she has her plans all laid out as clearly as we had, to note down the various revolutions on our historical charts at school, and she talks about their moving into a small house, and keeping only one servant, as gayly as if she were planning a pleasure trip! And that is not all, she says she has been reviewing her studies with the view of teaching, so that they can thus continue her little sisters at the expensive schools they are attending. Just think of her stooping to become a teacher; isn't it absurd?'

'I confess, I should prefer seeing her occupy a different position,' said Mr. B——, with emphasis.

'As long as her father lives he ought to be able to support her, and I told her if I were in her place, I would reserve that degradation for some greater emergency; but, she said she would rather prepare herself, by her own exertion, for any emergency.'

'I suppose they see no company now?'

'Oh yes, just the same as usual.'

Mr. R—— called on Sallie that evening and to his delight found her alone. He was really relieved at seeing no cloud on her young face, but instead, such a joyous expression as only springs from a happy heart.

In a manner not to be misunderstood he told her how glad he felt at seeing her thus, and she answered frankly—

'Why should I not be happy? my father is reduced, but he can never be dishonored! Perfect integrity and uprightness have characterized all his dealings, and if he has been unfortunate, the way in which he bears up under it makes me more proud of him than ever!' and tears filled her eyes as she spoke. 'I don't know much about business,' she added, with a smile, 'but I am told that all father's liabilities are to be met, so that no one else is to suffer through his failure.'

'But do you not shrink from the changes that must take place?'

Sallie wondered to herself why it was that she felt so perfectly free with Mr. R——; it seemed as if they had known each other all their lives, as she answered—

'Oh no, there is nothing very hard in that! Cousin Julia has been trying to convince me that I ought to be very wretched, but she) did not succeed in her mission.'

There was a pause, and then the conversation was renewed by Mr. R——, but we are not going to tell the reader what he first said, though all the light that he can get upon the subject he is welcome to. Mr. R—— spoke for about ten minutes in an earnest tone. Sallie at first looked down, and then raised her eyes to face with an inquiring glance. At length she said—

'Had you spoken so, to me, half an hour ago I should have supposed you ignorant of the change in our circumstances; but, you know all.'

'I do!' was the answer, and he went on to tell Sallie of the effect that knowledge had produced upon him, and again the conversaion was too earnest and too low for our ears. At last he seemed to be urging her to reply, and if we were to give her answer just as it fell from her cherry lips, we shall have to record the very trite words, 'ask father!'

'Are you aware, sir, of my failure?' inquired Mr. Curtis, in answer to something Mr. R—— said to him the next morning in his counting room. 'My daughter is now penniless.'

'I know all that,' was the reply; 'but she is a fortune in herself!'

'That is most true; and, since you can appreciate her, take her, and God bless you in proportion as you make her happy!'

'Thank you for the precious gift!' said Mr. R——, much affected; 'and now, sir, may I talk a little about business?'

The merchant bowed,

'I have lately received, from a relative, an unlooked for gift of thirty thousand dollars, upon condition that I will go into some kind of business. I have been puzzled to know how to invest, for, of business matters, I am sorry to say, I am most profoundly ignorant. You have experience and patience to bear with my want of knowledge: now are you willing to consider my ready cash equal to your practical information, and so take me as a partner?'

The business arrangements being satisfactorily concluded, Mr. R—— was urgent to have the wedding to take place as soon as possible.

'Why didn't you offer him the use of your money before, it might have saved his failure?' asked a friend of Mr. R——.

'I did long to do so, but was afraid to have the girl feel that she was *under obligations* to me! I never could have hoped to win her affections then!'

'Pshaw! that would have been the very way to get!'

When Mrs. T—— and other friends were offering their congratulations to the blushing Sallie, her husband said—

'By the way, aunt, did I ever tell you what caused me to fall in love with your neice?'

'Her own loveliness, of course, drew out your love!'

'No such thing! it was her old straw bonnet!'

'Why aunt, you told me, I don't know how many times, that my old bonnet would prevent my ever marrying.'

'How had that fright of a hat anything to do with your admiration?'

'Why, you see, I wanted a *companion* in a wife; not a mere doll to please my fancy by her pretty face and costly dress; so I said to myself, a girl who can reason thus correctly about economy, and who has *independence* enough to carry out that reasoning by wearing an old bonnet, has a mind above the ordinary herd, and powers of which any man might be proud!'

We are too Poor to Pay.

Yes, it was a lovely spot, that village grave-yard! Such a one, I fancy, as inspired the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard." There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places, but what of that, as Jeremy Taylor says, "We cannot deceive God and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a sumptuous pall." So a grave is a grave, though it be piled over with sculptured marble.

Then that little girl! How her image comes up before me, bending over her mother's grave. I marked when she entered, and was soon drawn towards the spot where she was kneeling. I approached cautiously—there was something so sacred in the picture of that child weeping at a new-made grave, that I feared my presence might break the rapture of hermournful musing. I know not how long I might have stood apparently reading the rude grave stone, had not the child raised her eyes and timidly said:—

"Our little Willie sleeps here.—We's too poor to get a tomb stone; we and the angels knows where he lies, and mother says that's enough."

"Are you not afraid to be here alone?" I asked.

"Oh, no! mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets arb in bloom yet."

"How old was your brother?" I asked, feeling interested in the little girl.

"He was only seven years old; and he was so good, and he had such beautiful eyes; but he could not see a bit."

"Indeed! was he blind?"

"You see he was sick for a long time; yet his eyes were blue and bright as the blue sky with stars in it, and we did not know he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked—'Is it a white rose, Dora?'"

"Call'd you her, darling?" asked mother.

"No; I can't see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark."

"Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his hand on our faces and feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry; for he could see God, and Heavitt and the Angels. I'll ask you, too, when you go away from this dark place, to see Willie."

"One day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him; and though we are too poor to get a tombstone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody'll trouble them, I hope, when they learn that Willie's here."

TRUTH WILL OUT.—Mother sent me, said a little girl to a neighbor, to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening.

'Did she say what time, my dear?'

'No, ma'am: she only said she would ask you and the thing would be off her mind; that that was all she said.

A TALENT IMPROVED.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

Florence Myrtle was a young lady who had resided nearly all her life in a city. Her parents were wealthy, and had expended a great deal of money on her education. After Florence left school, she imagined, like a great many persons of her own age, that now she was to have nothing more to do but enjoy herself; and a gay life she led of it for a year or two, though it is but the truth to say, that she did not find as much real pleasure in balls, parties, concerts, the opera, and other fashionable amusements, as she had anticipated.

One summer she went into the country to spend five or six weeks, during the hottest season. With an aunt, who lived fifty miles away from the city where she dwelt. The region of country in which this aunt resided, was romantic and beautiful. High mountains arose not far away, and a quiet river flowed along within a short distance of the pleasant dwelling in which Florence found a temporary home.—For a few days, the young girl enjoyed the change. The greater part of her time she spent out of doors, wandering about the fields, climbing among the rocks, and walking by the river side. In all these rambles, Rover, the faithful watch dog, was her constant companion. They had made friends on the first day of her arrival, and now they were inseparable companions whenever Florence went abroad.

But by the time a week had elapsed, Florence grew weary. Everything was so dull quiet compared to the city!

"Oh dear! I wish there was something that I could do!" sighed the young lady one morning as she sat looking from the window.

"What can you do?" asked her aunt. "Or what would you like to do?"

"I wish you had a piano here."

"I wish I had, child," returned the aunt, kindly. "You are fond of music, no doubt."

"Oh, very fond! I practice an hour or two every day, when I am at home."

"Have you taken lessons in drawing?"

"Oh, yes. My teacher said I was one of his most promising scholars, and urged me very much to cultivate the talent which said I possessed."

"Oh! then, you have a talent for drawing."

"I believe so."

"Did you ever sketch from nature?"

"A little."

"With success?"

"So those who saw the sketch said."

"Then you need go at no loss for something to do while you remain here. Nature, in this region, puts on some of her most attractive forms. A hundred sketches, embracing every variety of beautiful scenery, can be made within a quarter of a mile of the spot where we now are."

As her aunt said this, the countenance of Florence brightened with interest.

"If I only had brought up some pencils and paper!"

"These can readily be procured at the village. I will send Thomas over for them."

"Do, aunt, if you please," said Florence, with animation. "Why did'nt I think of this before? Yes, indeed! there are a hundred points from which beautiful views may be taken."

Thomas, a farm hand, was immediately despatched to the village, and, in due time, returned with drawing paper and pencils, when Florence started forth, accompanied by Rover, and her aunt saw nothing more of her for hours. When she came back, she had an accurate sketch to show of one of the finest views in the neighborhood. The drawing was remarkably well made, and the whole effect so true to nature that her aunt could not help exclaiming when she saw it.

Florence, pleased and encouraged, went out again the next day, and made another sketch which her aunt pronounced finer than the first.

A new pleasure had opened upon the young girl. The delight she felt in making her sketches, sprang from the fact that she possessed a natural talent for drawing; and in exercising it under such new and advantageous circumstances, she surprised even herself, by what she accomplished.

Time no longer hung heavy on her hands, and the exciting pleasures of a city life were almost forgotten.

When Florence returned home, she surprised her father with more than a dozen fine drawings of some of the most beautiful and romantic scenery to be found. He could hardly believe at first, that they were the work of his daughter. The pleasure he expressed stimulated Florence to new efforts. She again took lessons in drawing, and also in painting; and before the end of a year, produced a picture in oil colors that astonished her friends. Her next effort was in taking likenesses; and in this she also succeeded beyond her warmest expectations. It was not long before she had minitures of every member of her father's family, and to these were added some of her nearest friends.

None in this life, are exempt from worldly misfortunes. They come as well on the rich as on the poor; as well on the good as on the bad. Mr. Myrtle, the father of Florence, was a healthy man, bidding as fair for a long life as any one. But suddenly he was stricken down, and passed from the earth, leaving a widow and two daughters almost broken hearted by the loss. Trouble does not always come alone. So it proved in this case; for, on the settlement of Mr. Myrtle's business, nothing remained for his family. Every one had supposed him rich; but, in closing up his estate, his executor discovered that he was not worth a single dollar.

Here was sorrow, indeed; for trouble came quickly in the footsteps of affliction. The heart of the mother, when the announcement was made to her, sank in despair. She had no resources in herself with which to meet this new aspect of affairs; and yet something must be done, for the little that was left to them was fast wasting away.

In this emergency, Florence came confidently forward, and said:

"I can do something, mother."

"You, child? What can you do?" inquired Mrs. Myrtle, in a doubtful voice.

"I can teach drawing and painting, and I can take minatures."

The mother looked with feeling of wonder, into the animated face of her daughter, while a faint gleam of light came into her mind.

Florence was in earnest. Since her visit to the country, she had employed a large portion of her time in drawing and painting, because she took delight in it; and she was now competent to give instructions in the art. As no other means offered, she soon entered upon the task of procuring pupils among her friends; in which she was very successful. Before a year went by, she had as many scholars as it was possible for her to attend to, and was in the receipt of a sufficient income to support her mother and sister handsomely. How thankful was this excellent girl, that she had improved the talent received from Heaven, instead of burying it in the earth as so many do.

Let young persons embrace all the opportunities that of offer for gaining knowledge, or skill in any pursuit for which they may be gifted by nature; for nothing is ever learned, that, some time in life, there is not occasion to use.

A CHORT STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY ELLEN C. HOBBS.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the first commandment with promise—promise as beautiful in its emcemplifications, as glorious in its conception. A mother's lips first breathed into our ears those words of Holy writ, and explained their general import: and from the time when the story of gray-haired Elijah and his youthful mockers first excited my young imagination, the zeal inspired for the white hairs of age, has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. We sigh as we think of the days when the young were wont to bow before the hoary head, and by gentle, uncalled-for assiduities, strew roses in the old man's tottering path.

But those kindly customs have passed away. The world grows selfish as it grows old: and age dimmed eyes must turn homeward for stays trembling hands and tottering limbs.—Here they shall find fulfilment of their first commandment with promise.

No true womanly soul ever withdrew her gentle hand from her poor old father and mother; no manly heart ever forgot the home loves of his wayward childhood, or ceased to hear the echoes of a fond mother's prayer. Often the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches may choke up the inborn affections of narrow souls; but few and far between is the fondly loved child, who can be so untrue to himself or his Maker as wholly forget the mother who bore him.

Yet even with the holiest dictates of our reasons and souls, as with the wider application of the commandment, has Fashioned insinuated her poisonous influence; and the son, perchance, who left his fond parent's home reluctantly and tearfully, to make his way in the world, forgets, when fortune favors, to welcome his rustic mother to his own luxury with the same cordial embrace with which he left her in his childhood home. Her dim old eyes, perhaps do not catch readily the meaningless courtesies of life, but they look none the less lovingly upon, her child, than when they watched over his helpless infancy. Her withered hands may be large and bony, and never have known a jewel, but none the less gently did they smoothe the weary pillow, or bathed the heated brow, in the dependent days of boyhood. Ah! she's the same fond mother still—he aged and work-bent form, clad in rustic gard, conceals a heart full of never dying love, and ready for a new sacrifice.

And, thanks to the Great Being who gave us the commandment with promise, now and then there stands up a noble man, true to his inborn nature, who throws off the trammels of Fashion, however wide the gulf which separates, in the world's eye, from the humblest poverty of his boyhood—who is not ashamed to love, before his fellows, the humble mother who gave him birth.

"*My Mother*, permit me to present her to you," said a elegantly dressed, noble looking young man to a friend, for whom he had crossed a crowded drawing-room, with his, aged parent, leaning on his arm. There was a dead silence for full five minutes.

The moral beauty of the picture pervaded every soul, and melted away the frostwork from wild word hearts. 'Twas the old foreground of a fashionable summer resort, whither hosts had come, with all their selfish passions, to seek in vain for health and pleasure. But here was a variation—a bit of truth to nature—in the motly mingling of colors.

From a little brown farm house, pent in the forests, away up in the Granite State, that young man had gone forth with brave heart and stalwart arm—strong, like his native hills, he had already made a name for himself. Polished circles opened for him, and gentle lips bade him welcome. Yet none the less carefully did his manly arm support his homely, tottering old, mother—none the less softly and tenderly did he call her queer though she looked, 'my mother,' amongst the proud beauties who had striven for his favor. Her dress was antiquated, for the gifts of her son had been mutilated by rustic hands: yet only one heartless girl tittered, despite the broad-filled cap and well-kept shawl. Her voice was rough, and often her expression coarse and inelegant. Used to the social mug at home, she asked for her neighbor's goblet at table, and was guilty of many vulgarities. She was an uninteresting woman, save in her vigorous age, and her beautiful love for her son.

Yet, for a week, the son watched over that mother, and gained for her kindness and deference, in every face of fashion; walked with her, drove with her, helped her, like an infant, up a difficult mountain side of twenty miles, humored her every caprice, and each day found some new friend, whose heart he might thrill by those gentle words, "my mother." To him she was the gentle mother who rocked him to sleep in childhood; and, true to the great commandment she had taught him, he was making the path smoothe to her dependent years.

One there was in the gay throng, whose eyes flashed haughtily, as they rested on the homely, toil-worn woman, but she was a noble soul, and truth and light gained an instant victory over life long prejudices. Quickly and elegantly she crossed the room laid her hand with such a gentle, thrilling touch on the arm of her lover, whispered a word in his ear.

Will she ever forget the look of love triumph in his eyes, or the smiling gentleness of his tones, as he presented his beautiful high-bred betrothed, to his gray-haired doting mother.

AUCTION OF LADIES.—An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place annually in Babylon. "In every district," says the historian, "the assemble on a certain day of every year, all the virgins of a marriageable age." The most beautiful was first put up, and the man who did the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance, followed, and, the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives, according to the both of their purses. But, alas! it seems there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of so provident were the Babylonians." "When all the beautiful virgins," says the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudicated to the man who would be satisfied with the least; in this manner, the money arising from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other imperfection." This custom prevailed about 500 years before Christ.

DESPATCHING MAILS.—'Now girls,' said Mrs Partington, the other day, to her nieces, 'you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll be murdered.'

"Why so aunt?" inquired one.

"Why, I see by the paper that we've got almost fifteen thousand Post Offices, and nearly all on 'em despatches a mail every day—the Lord have mercy on us poor widows."

WHO SHALT HAVE IT?

BY URIAH H. JUDAH.

There is a Goddess, and her name is *Fame*. She had a crown of glory to bestow, and she assembled around her several applicants for so grand an honor. Each was anxious to be the lucky recipent, but it was reserved for *him* who could present the highest claims.

The first who approached was a venerable man of long told years, bland in his manners and mild in his aspect. "And what my friend, entitles *you* to it?" asked her Ladyship. "I have devoted almost my entire life (replied the aged speaker) to study; I've written and published various philosophical works, my name and fame have been heralded through the old and now world, and man pays homage to my genius." "It is well," (replied the Goddess,) "*your* claims will be duly considered."

And he who next approached, was a young man of quiet and genteel bearing, and it was *thus* he presented his claims for the glorious boon.

"Lady, although not stricken in years, and but just entering on the active scenes of life, as short as has been my span, I've accomplished something. I am the author of the well known poem on 'Immortality,' and the ablest editors in the country have re-copied and eulogised my productions."

And there stood in the presence of the Goddess one of military attire, bearing the honorable scars of many a well fought battle,—who spoke of "the dangers he had braved, and how he had preserved untarnished the glorious stars and stripes of Columbia's banner."

There came another applicant for the prize—a plain blunt man attired in the garb of a sailor, whose rough visage denoted that he had contended with many a storm on the fathomless deep.

"And what wonderful things have *you* performed?" asked the Goddess.

"Please your ladyship, from boyhood I've been a ranger on the ocean; born, I might say, on the mighty deep, the sea has been my home; often have I seen the lightning level our spars, and in many a violent gale I've heard the thunder in its tremendous roar; I have rescued many from a watery grave, and saved the infant as it clung to the neck of its dying mother."

He who next appeared was of a careworn brow; meagre was his looks, tattered were his clothes and chill penury had almost worn him to bones.

It was thus *he* spoke to the Goddess: "Lady! I am an author, a poor and ill-fed, ill-clad author; in my miserable garret I live a miserable existence for I have not wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It is the fate of genius to contend with poverty, for as a brother clingeth to a brother, so the ills of life cling unto me. One half of my years have been devoted to Literature; long has been my struggle for a local habitation and a name, but as yet I have found neither; and lady if thou wouldst do an act of mercy, bestow *on me* thy crown of glory, and fame and fortune will be mine."

And next there came one of gay attire and lofty bearing, who urged his claims as follows:

"A merchant, Lady, extensively engaged in commerce; my warehouses are crowded with merchandise, and my ships float on every sea; my credit is unbounded, and my responsibility has never been doubted; I've extended the hitherto restricted limits of trade and overstocked the countries of the earth with the commodities of my own."

And lastly, there came forward one who stood abashed in the presence of the Goddess; he spoke very low and with great humility:—

"Lady, my claims are very trivial, and not worthy to relate. I am the friend of the poor, the unprotected, and the fatherless. I've placed bread on the empty tables of the famishing, and ever have been the champion of the weak against the strong, over the faults and failings of erring humanity I have thrown the broad mantle of charity; and as I would that others should do unto me, have I done unto them. I have clad and comforted the sorrow stricken orphan and caused the widow's heart to rejoice; I've plunged into the midst of pain and sickness, and bound up with the sweet words of pity the aching brow; and have spread the healing balm of commiseration on the bleeding heart. Yet, lady, I claim no merit for these things, in the doing of which I but discharged my duty to my fellow creatures and my God, and had I not been summoned to your presence, I should not have appeared as a competitor for a prize, to which I am not entitled."

And he was about modestly withdrawing from her presence, when the Goddess arrested his press.

"Sir, to you alone belongs my crown of glory, for you have richly earned it. I bestow it on the *good* man in preference to him who is great. Great genius or great talents, if not allied to *greatness of heart*, availeth nothing. True fame consists in deeds of charity and brotherly love: The Philosopher, the Poet, the Author, the Mariner and the Merchant, may each and all make their mark on the age in which they live and illustrate the truthfulness of the beautiful lines of my friend Longfellow, that:—

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

But it belongs to the good to receive, when earthly crowns of glory shall wither and decay, that ever-blooming diadem—that eternal crown—which awaits the pure in heart at the final day."

SINGULAR FATALITY—GRIEF FOR THE LOSS OF A WIFE.—The Brooklyn (New York) papers of Wednesday morning record the following remarkable case:

"Coroner Redding held an inquest yesterday upon the body of J. N. Delliker, at his late residence, in Baltic street, near Court, who died suddenly the night previous. It appears that some weeks since the deceased sent his wife to Danbury, Connecticut, for a change of air, having been afflicted with ill health. Last week he went up to see her, and returned at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon, having left her, as he thought, in an improved condition. About 11 o'clock the same night a messenger from Danbury came to his with the intermation that his wife had died. He read the letter handed to him, and requested the messenger to call on Capt. Samuels, a neighbor, to tell him to come to the house, as he felt somewhat ill, and remarked that he should prepare himself to start for Danbury early next morning. On the return of the messenger with Capt. Samuels, they found Mr. Delliker lying across a chair and lifeless. The distressing and unexpected news of his wife's sudden death was too much for him. He leaves three children. His remains were taken to Danbury yesterday afternoon, to be laid alongside of those of his wife."

A gentleman was called upon to apologise for words uttered in wine.

"I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I have had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowing a word about it."

"He was going on when a friend pulled him down by the coat-tail, saying,

"Don't say a word more; never was there a more perfect apology. If you add a word more you'll spoil it completely."

FORGET AND FORGIVE; OR, NEVER NURSE YOUR ENMITIES.

There are some individuals who seem disposed never to forget or forgive an inquiry, no matter how amply atoned for, or how perpetrated. They seek vengeance, and thus they nurse their bitter feelings for years. This, as it strikes us, is a false policy in many points of view. It is difficult to pursue the journey of life, without jostling against some one, or being jostled against ourselves. And if on every such occasion, we should hoard up the ill-feeling thus caused, life would become one long scene of care and anxiety, dissatisfaction and distrust. The wiser plan is to forget and forgive, to regard human nature as fallible, and human temper as imperfect.

The most careful often discover that they have committed sins of omission or commission, that they have caused pain, impaired confidence, and provoked ill-will. They may not have intended anything of the kind, and yet, a hasty remark, or even a sudden look, has perhaps had the sad effect. There are perhaps few persons in the world, who are without enemies. It sometimes happens, too, that they cannot discover when or where they gave the offence, and thus they are unable to explain or make reparation. Nevertheless, over and anon, some little incident occurs, calculated to show that the old feeling still exists, that the enmity still lives, and that an opportunity is never lost on the part of the aggrieved party, to retaliate and seek retribution. It is extremely difficult to bear all this, quietly, calmly and patiently. The "better angel" will whisper a generous policy, but the "little demons" of anger and passion which always find a place in the human mind and the human heart, are apt to prompt a course of retaliation, and thus the parties become still more widely separated.

A few days since we happened to converse with two old politicians, who, in years gone by, had been zealously opposed to each other. As they parted, we expressed surprise to one, especially as the other had travelled out of his way to assail him with more than ordinary warmth. The reply was, "I never nurse my enmities. Life has troubles and anxieties enough in the *present*, without hunting up the difficulties of the *past*." The remark was full of wisdom and philosophy. If we keep constantly before us, all the anxieties of former years—if we never forget or forgive an offence—if we vex and perplex ourselves in relation to things that have gone by—if we recall, revive and remourn the buried feuds of other periods—memory will become a curse to us, and the darkness of the past will constitute a perpetual shadow, and chill, depress and annoy. If, moreover, we do not forgive others, how can we hope for forgiveness ourselves? If again, we magnify into serious errors the thoughtless indiscretion of a man of passion, of pique or of prejudice, and foster such errors for years—how can we look for a more generous judgment in relation to our own infirmities.

That frame of mind is most to be envied, which is at peace with all the world,—which feels that it has never wilfully committed a wrong or inflicted an injury—and that therefore there exists no just cause or reason for hostility or ill-will. Of course perfection cannot be found on earth. All are certain to err more or less, but it is in the power of all, either to explain an unintentional wrong, or to make reparation; and this done, the cause for anger on the part of the injured should cease. But how often do we hear individuals exclaim, even fo the receipt of a slight injury, that they "will never forgive"—nay, that they "will pursue the offender to the grave." They forget their own errors and infirmities, and often mistake or misapprehend the facts. Difficulties frequently occur, because of contrary views. One person may be firmly impressed with a particular version of a transaction, while another may recollect the incident in a light or a spirit exactly the reverse. Both, too, may be confident and conscientious. Why, then, should discord ensue, friendship be broken, enmity engendered? But if, in the excitement of the hour, one or both should so far forget the proprieties of life, as to use harsh and unauthorized language, the honorable and manly course is to take back the improper words at the first opportunity, and thus, if possible, to repair the wrong; and neutralize the sting. This, however, is not the way of the world; generally speaking. The unkind feeling thus hastily caused is nursed, becomes a source of bitterness through life, and often descends, unsoothed and unsatisfied, to the grave. In most cases, neither party will explain. Often, too, the cause of difference is reported to other persons, and in exaggerated terms; those repeat it again and again, until a deadly feud is produced. The enmity is nursed and strengthened, from day to day and from year to year, until it becomes a passion, and forms part and parcel of the very nature.

And yet, we repeat, this is all wrong, unwise, irreligious and unjust. It is far better to forget and forgive, to explain and repair, than to keep up a constant source of anxiety, especially if the error be ours, or if it be mutual. And even when otherwise, and when we know or believe that we are the aggrieved or injured party; it is at least magnanimous to seek and be satisfied with an explanation. The enmities that are nursed and thus kept constantly alive, become demons in the end, which not only irritate the mind and embitter the heart, but impair the health and shorten life itself. In other words, there are not a few individuals, who die victims to their own infirmity of temper. They fret, excite and exhaust themselves, until, at last, they fall into premature graves.—*Penn. Inq.*

FOUR SPANISH PROVERBS.—What the fool does in the end the wise man does in the beginning.

Voltaire defined a physician as an unfortunate gentleman expected every day to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance.

The most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem but by lowering their neighbors.

All vice stands upon a precipice. To engage in any sinful course is to run down the hill. If we once let loose the propensities of our nature, we cannot gather in the reins and govern them as we please; it is much easier not