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John B. Bratton.

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# American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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## Poetical.

### WRITE OFTEN.

FROM MARY.

Write to me very often,
  Write to me very soon—
Letters to me are dearer
  Than the loveliest flowers in June;
They are affection's touches
  Lighting of friendship's lamp,
Flitting around the heart strings,
  Like fire flies in the damp.

Write to me very often,
  Write in the joyous morn,
Or at the close of evening,
  When all the day is gone.
Then while the stars are beaming
  Bright on the azure sky,
When thro' the fading forest
  Cold the wild winds sigh,
Draw up thy little table
  Close to the fire, and write,
Write to me soon in the morning,
  Or write to me late at night.

Write to me very often;
  Letters are links that bind
Truthful hearts to each other,
  Fettering mind to mind,
Giving to kindly spirits
  Lasting and true delight,
If ye would strengthen friendship,
  Never forget to write.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

#### A Tale of the Hundred Days.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

"This must be the last of your wedding gifts, Vaninka," said Madam Brentano, handing a small package to her daughter, 'as you are to be married to-morrow, and it is now quite late in the evening; I think there will be no more.'

'Mother?' said the young girl, in a frightened tone, holding up a small jet necklace, the contents of the package. 'See, it is black!—it is ominous. Oh, what grief can be in store for Henry and me!'

'None, none, Vaninka! this is mere folly,' said her mother, in a tone of rebuke.

But it was some minutes, before the young maiden recovered her calmness. Then, conquering her weakness by a violent effort, she said, lightly—

'Am I not silly, mother? You will laugh when I tell you it; but my blood ran cold, and my flesh, seemed to creep, as I touched this bundle as if it had been a serpent. See, I do not mind it now!'

Vaninka Brentano was the only child of wealthy Prussian commoners. She had been long betrothed to Henry Werder, a young officer in the Prussian army, but owing to the wars in Europe, their wedding had been long delayed. Now, however, there was peace, and the lovers were to be united the day after the one toward the end of which my story commences. Vaninka was devotedly attached to her betrothed, and too happy at the near approach of their nuptials to allow the black necklace to disquiet her long. Her parents left the room, and, throwing herself into a chair, she leaned her head against its back, and sank into a reverie, her fingers mechanically playing the while with her last gift. It was easy to see that her reflections were of a pleasant nature, for ever and anon, a beautiful smile stole over her features, and fading gradually away, still left the same expression of quiet happiness. She had been sitting there some time, when another person entered the room.—The intruder was a young, handsome man dressed in full Prussian uniform. His face was pale, and wore an agitated look, strongly contrasting with the peaceful smile on Vaninka's lips. She did not hear him enter, and he stood for a moment looking, with his eyes beaming with tenderness upon her; then with the air of a man who has a distressing duty to perform, he advanced and stood before her.

'Henry?' she exclaimed, starting to her feet. 'I did not expect you this evening; has anything happened?'

'Much, much, Vaninka. Sit down again, and I will take this stool at your feet. My beloved, I came to tell you our wedding must be postponed."

'Our wedding?' cried the astonished girl.

'Even so! You are astonished, perhaps hurt; have I told you too abruptly? Look in my face, Vaninka, and see what I have suffered before I would grieve you with my bad news.'

'But Henry, I do not understand. Why must we wait still longer?'

'Because I must leave you in twenty minutes.'

'Leave me?'

'Yes! Napoleon has left Elba, and is even now in Paris; our troops leave the city in half an hour.'

'Henry! am I awake? No, no, Henry, you are not in earnest. Ah!' she said, shuddering, as she caught sight of the necklace. 'I said it was ominous! I—I—Henry, you cannot leave me. To-night, too! the very night before the wedding.'

'Vaninka, do not trouble and sob so! Vaninka!' he cried, straining her to his breast, 'I must go; see the clock points to the time I set to leave you, Vaninka! She has fainted.—Better so!' And, kissing her pale face again and again, he laid her on the sofa, and went in search of her parents. A few words told all, and bearing their fervent blessing he departed.

Weeks passed and Vaninka heard nothing from her lover. She grew pale and thin, her movements were languid, and her former light step grew heavy. She no longer sang at work, but would let her hands fall listlessly into her lap, and heave deep sighs, while sometimes the great tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks.

At length there came the news of the battle of Waterloo; Napoleon had been defeated, and all Europe was ringing with the tidings. Vaninka's suspense now amounted to perfect agony. 'Henry!' she would cry. 'Is he killed?' 'Oh, when will he come?'

One morning, when she was seated with her mother, sewing, she was told that a Prussian officer waited to see her. With her heart trembling between fear and hope, she obeyed the summons. As she slowly entered the room, a stranger rose, and advanced to meet her.

'Mademoiselle Brentano?' he enquired, bowing.

'The same. Will you be seated sir?'

'I am Frederick Leiten; I served in the battle of Waterloo, in the same regiment with Henry Werden, and he requested me to deliver this to you.' As he finished he placed a small package in her hands.

'Why does he not come himself? He is not dead! Oh, say he is not dead!' she said, in a voice of such imploring agony that the young soldier felt the tears rise in his eyes.

'Lady,' he said, in a sad tone, 'Henry fell at Waterloo!'

She did not scream nor faint, but sank into the chair near her, with only a moan of agony. He mistook her silent, tearless agony for calmness, and began to relate the particulars of his comrade's death, and he delivered his dying message to his betrothed. Vaninka heard every word, but she neither spoke nor stirred, but sat with her eyes fixed on the little package he had given her. He left her, and her mother found her half an hour after, still in the same position.

'Vaninka,' she said 'who was your visitor?' There was no answer.

'Vaninka!' she said again. 'Are you ill?' and she laid her hand gently upon her arm.

'Dead, mother, dead!' she said, now raising her eyes.

'Who is dead, darling?' asked her mother, frightened at her strange tone.

Vaninka slowly opened the package, drew out the ring and hair it contained, and murmuring 'Henry! Oh, mother, he is dead!' she fell sobbing into her mother's arms.

* * * * * * * *

We change the scene now to Waterloo, in the latter part of the battle between the armies of Napoleon and Wellington. The moment we choose was the one in which the Imperial Guard of the Emperor threw themselves with desperate valor between the advancing Prussian forces and the English army, to prevent their joining their strength. Henry Werder, at the head of his regiment, felt his heart throb with intense excitement, as the two immense columns, the flower of the French army, advanced upon the English troops. They came on in silence, until within range of the batteries prepared to receive them; then a terrific discharge, seeming to rend heaven and earth, scattered death among their ranks; still these veterans advanced, the honor of their nation was in peril, they could die, but not to turn before the enemy; another discharge and the Prussian troops, who had been rapidly nearing the scene of action, then dashed amongst them. The Guarde Imperiale de Napoleon was utterly annihilated. One exultant shout was raised by the allied armies, as this fearful crisis was decided in their favor.

But where, in the moment of victory was Henry? Stretched upon the field, his head supported by his fellow officer, Frederick Leiten, and the life blood flowing from a wound in his breast.

'Frederick!' he murmured, in a dying voice, 'you will see Vaninka!'

'If I live!' answered his comrade with deep emotion.

'You will give her this ring, and cut some of my hair off for her. Tell her my dying thoughts were of her. Heaven bless you, my comrade. Farewell!' and his head fell heavily back.

'Dead!' said Frederick, 'and I must leave him here.'

Frederick was mistaken: Henry was not dead, he had only fainted. Some hours afterwards, he was lying on a hospital bed in a raving delirium. For weeks his life hung upon a thread; then a young, strong constitution triumphed, and he began to mend. His physician positively forbade his returning to Prussia, and warning him that his lungs were much affected, he recommended a winter in Italy. Waiting a long absence, Henry made his preparations, and, after an illness of over three months, started in in the early part of October for Naples. He remained there gaining health and strength until the next June, and then started for home.—During his residence in Italy, he had written again and again to both Vaninka and Frederick, and wondered why he had received no letters in answer. His epistols never reached them.

We now return to Vaninka. Contrary to the fear of her friends, she had seemed to bear her loss with calmness. She had been so long in a state of agonizing suspense, that any certainty, even this direful one, was a relief. Still her step did not regain its elasticity, and her grief, if not loud, was deep. Her friends mistook her despair for calmness. She grew paler and thinner, and now frequently kept her room for days together.

Her lover had been gone some eight months when her hand was again sought in marriage. George Weimer was a gentle, mild old man, of about seventy years of age, wealthy, and of large influence in his native town. He was an old friend of Vaninka's father, and had long thought of seeking Vaninka for his bride.—When however, he had seen the place he coveted about to be worthily filled, he kept silent on the subject of his desires, and cultivated the acquaintance of his lady-love's betrothed.—Now, deceived as others were in Vaninka's demeanor, he advanced his suit. Her parents, knowing that he would spare no pains or expense to make her happy, urged their child to accept his offer, and she consented to see him.

'Mr. Wiemer,' she said, 'I wished to tell you how grateful I feel for your kind and flattering offer, and to place my situation fully before you. God only knows how entirely my heart is occupied by my irreparable loss. I have felt that I should ere long join him, still I have endeavored faithfully to perform the duties left to me. I do not think I shall live long, but, if I can by any means add to the happiness of another, God has granted me will to do so. If you will accept my hand knowing that my heart is in Henry's grave, it is yours, and I will endeavor to fulfil my duties as a wife, trusting to your love and indulgence to forgive me if I fail in making you happy while I am with you.

Th good old man was too happy to have his offer accepted on any terms, and he thanked her warmly. A day was soon set for the wedding, all things were making ready.

Mr. Weimer hoped, by travelling and other diversions of her mind, to raise his bride's spirits and prolong her feeble life.

* * * * * * * *

Again it was the night before Vaninka's wedding, and again she was seated, lost in thought, in the same chair that we first saw her in.—Now, alas, her rêverie was a very painful one, and low choking sobs took the place of her former happy smiles. She was sitting painfully reflecting on the past, when a shadow fell on the floor before her, and, raising her eyes, she saw a stranger standing looking on her. He stood with his back to the light; she could not see his face, but something made her heart stand still as she arose to greet him. He only said one word, 'Vaninka!' and, exclaiming 'Henry!' she sprang to his embrace. He caught her passionately to his breast, and held her there as if he feared another separation.

'So,' said a pleasant voice at the door, 'there is a change in bridegrooms,' and Mr. Weimer entered the room. Vaninka stood a moment confused, but taking her hand he placed it in Henry's saying: 'Take her, Henry; she is too young, good, and handsome for an old man like myself. I was an old fool to think of it. Take her, and my warmest blessing attend your union.' And with a kind beaming smile, the old man left them together.

This time Vaninka's wedding was not postponed, and as Vaninka and Henry stood before the altar, Mr. Weimer, watching the happy blushing face of the bride, owned that he could not have called up, with all his devotion, such an expression of perfect love and joy.

☞ He that by giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth.

### THE RAG GIRL.

It was one cold and wet morning in the year 1834, that Mrs. L——, wife of Isaac L——, who lived on Columbia street, Cincinnati, discovered a little girl in the alley, in the rear of their house, picking up the rags. The girl was very dirty, and covered with rags stitched together, and nothing on her head, feet or arms. When Mrs. L. discovered her she started as if afraid of chastisement. Mrs. L's. feelings were wrought up to a high degree of sympathy in seeing the child, only about eight years of age, shivering and black with dirt, and standing in a mass of mud half way to her knees.

"Child," she addressed her, "ain't you cold and hungry?"

"Yes, mam," was the reply.

"Come, my child," said Mrs. L. She took her in, and gave her a breakfast. After eating, she began to question her, and found that she had a mother and drunken father, who compelled her to go out and pick rags to get money for him with which to buy liquor. She told Mrs. L. where she lived, who to test her veracity went to where she was directed and found the place; the poor drunken father, with three little children, ragged mother, with haggard and sickly look, and no comforts of a family within their miserable hovel, on Plum street. Mrs L. became satisfied that the child could be nothing but miserable with them, and she resolved to keep her at all hazards. She left a dollar with the woman and departed.

On arriving home she found the little Annete S. cheerful at the fire. As soon as Mrs. L. entered the room, the little rag picker smiled and said,

"I have been waiting for you some time; I must go, and I wanted to thank you for your kindness."

This lady, hearing such a remark from so young and miserable a looking child, astonished Mrs L., and still farther calling out her sympathy: and as the girl was stepping to the door, the woman told her to stay, and she would give her some clothes: but no, the girl would go, she said she was compelled to be at work.

Nothing could persuade her to stay: but a promise to go and see the mother and get her consent. The lady left, and in a short time returned, and told the child that her father and mother had given her to them.

The child in about a week was in one of the private schools of the city, and at the age of 14, received a medal worth thirty dollars, for her excellence in composition. At the age of 16 she was the idol of the family of Mr. L., the belle of Cincinnati, and the admired of all who knew her.

Mr. L. was a man of great wealth and prominence in the city, and did all he could, for the education of Annette, in connection with his two sons and only daughter.

In 1844 she was married to a very wealthy young man of high accomplishments. They soon removed to the city of Boston, where they prospered in business, and—here the story must end, for a further statement would reveal to the reader precisely the person who was once the *Rag Girl* of Cincinnati. Suffice it to say that she is now one of the first literary women of this country, and the wife of Mr. L., eldest son of her benefactor in 1834, when standing ankle deep in mud in the alley in the rear of the house of her father-in-law.

Reader, this is one of the many bountiful returns for the labors of the generous. How many opportunities the wealthy have for doing that which will contribute to the salvation of the object of charity, and be a lasting ornament to the pages of their biography

### The Way to Eminence.

That which other folks can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction denied to him. His master chides him for his dullness, and all his efforts then could not raise him from the lowest place on the form. But, nothing daunted he procured the grammer and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and become not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's cathedral; for he lived to be the oriental scholar of modern Europe—it was Sir William Jones.

When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment on which that name is now reposing, they feel as if it had been created there, rather than have travelled thither. No such thing. The most illustrious in the annals of philosophy once knew no more than the illiterate now do. And how did he arrive at his peerless dignity? By dint of dilligence; by down right pains-taking.—*Life in Earnest.*

### Occupation.

What a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands and mournfully feeds upon its own tears weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shown of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellowman.

FAITHFULNESS.—It is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the faith of an other. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with the tears and the touch of pain. It is an undeferred seclusion into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for the caresses of constant love—a warmth in the clasp of friendship forever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells with an eternal echo on the ear—a dew of mercy falling on the troubled hearts of this world. Bereavments and wishes long withheld, sometimes descend as chastening grief upon our nature, but there is no solace to the bitterness of broken faith.

☞ "When I goes a shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and its suitable, I feel inclined to buy it, and its cheap, and it can't be got any place for less, I most allers take it, without chappering about it all day, as most people does."

☞ The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consist in producing the pleasure of others.

From the Home Journal.

### MY LADY WAITS FOR ME.

SUGGESTED BY A POPULAR GERMAN MELODY.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

My lady waits!—'Tis now the hour
  When morn unbars her gates!—
My vessel glides beneath the tower
  Where now my lady waits.
Her signal flutters from the wall,
  Above the friendly sea!
I live but to obey her call!
  My lady waits—for me she waits,
  While morning opes her golden gates.

My lady waits!—No fairer flower
  E'er deck'd the floral grove,
Than she, the pride of hall and bower,
  The lady of my love!
The eastern hills are fleck'd with light,
  The land breeze curls the sea'
By love and truth sustained, for flight,
  My lady waits for me.
  My lady waits—for me she waits,
  While morning opes her golden gates.

### DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST CASE.

PLEA FOR A POOR WOODCHUCK.

I well remember hearing my father tell the following anecdote illustrative of the early genius of the great statesman.

Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in the garden suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation were near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother Ezekiel, had set a trap, and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal and end at once all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon this meek, dumb, captive, and offered to let him go again free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case.—"Well my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck) and you shall be his counsel and plead the case for and against his life and liberty.

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the animal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in the capture, and now if he was suffered to live and go at large again he would renew his depredations; and be cunning enough to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; and his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical and to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. "Now Daniel it is your turn; I'll hear what you have to say."

"It was his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the Judge, and his large brilliant eyes looked upon the soft timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said had made the woodchuck; he made him to live and enjoy the bright sun-light, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God has not made him or any thing in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to live as any living thing; he was not a destructive animal as the wolf and fox were, he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had a plenty and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food of his mother's table. God furnished their own food, He gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion; yea, more, the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the law of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the creator of all things. Created by God's hands, he had a right from God to life, to food, to liberty, and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him as was their own to them; and the just judgment they might expect if in selfish cruelty and cold heartedness they took the life they could not restore again, that life that God alone had given.

During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sun burnt cheeks; every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him and his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy, and forgetting the Judge in the father, he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won the case,) and turning to his elder son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "*Zeke, Zeke you let that woodchuck go!*"

### RULES.

An Eastern paper gives the following seasonable and excellent rules for young men commencing business:

The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon the cost.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment, therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

THE MEANING OF WORDS.—Look not into the dictionary for the meaning of words. It is life that presents their significance to us in the vivid realities of experience. Does the young and joyous maiden know the meaning of sorrow, or the inexperienced youth understand the significance of business misery? Ask the hoary herded debauchee for the definition of remorse, and to go bedside of the invalid for the proper understanding of health. Life with inner experience, reveals to us the powerful force of words, and writes upon the table of our hearts the ineffecable records of their meaning. Man is a dictionary, and humane experience, after all, the great lexicographer. Hundreds go through life who do not understand the force of the most common terms; while to others their terible significane comes home like an electric flash, and sends a thrill to the remost part of the system.

### Death-Bed of Dr. Franklin.

The following was obtained from the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, of the German Church, Philadelphia. Hearing that this learned and pious divine possessed a valuable anecdote of Dr. Franklin, I immediately waited on him. "Yes sir," said he, "I have indeed a valuable anecdote of Dr. Franklin, which I would tell you with great pleasure; but as I do not speak English very well, I wish you to call on David Ritter, at the sign of the 'Golden Lamb,' in Front street, he will tell it to you better." I hastened to Mr. Ritter, and told him my errand.—He seemed mightily pleased at it, and said, "Yes I will tell you all I know of it. You must understand then, sir, first of all, that I always had a prodigious opinion of Dr Franklin, as the *usefulest* man we ever had among us, by a long way: and, hearing that he was sick, I thought I would go and see him. As I rapped at the door, who should come and open it but old Sarah Humphries. I was right glad to see her, for I had known her for a long time. She was of the people called Friends; and a good sort of body she was too. The great people set a heap of store by her, for she was famous throughout the town for nursing and tending on the sick. Indeed, many of them, I believe, thought they could not sicken and die right, if they had not old Sarah Humpheries with them. Soon as she saw me, she said, "Well, David, how dost?"

"O, much after the old sort, Sarah," said I "but that's neither here nor there; I am come to see Dr. Franklin."

"Well then," said she, "thou art too late, for he is *just dead.*"

"Alack a day!" said I, "then a great man is gone."

"Yes, indeed, said she, and a good one too; for it seemed as though he never thought the day went away if he had not done somebody service. However, David," said she, "he is not the worse off for all that now, where he has gone to; but as thee came to see Benj Franklin, thee shall see him yet." And so she took me into his room. As we entered she pointed to him, where she lay on his bed, and said, "*there*, did thee ever see anything look so natural?"

"And he did look natural indeed. His eyes were closed—but that you saw he did not breathe, you would have thought he were in a sweet sleep, he looked so calm and happy.—Observing that his face was fixed right toward the chimney, I cast my eyes that way, and behold! just above the mantle piece was a noble picture. O, it was a noble picture, sure enough! It was the picture of our Saviour on the cross.

I could not help calling out, "Bless us all, Sarah," said I, "what's all this?"

"What dost mean, David?" said she quite crusty.

"Why, how came this picture here, Sarah?" said I, "you know that many people think he was not after this sort."

"Yes," said she, "I know that too. But thee knows that many who make a great fuss about religion have very little, while some who say but little about it, have a good deal."

"That's sometimes the case, I fear, Sarah," said I.

"Well, and that was the case," said she, "with Benj. Franklin. But be that as it may, David, since thee asks me about this great picture, I'll tell you how it came here. Many weeks ago, as he lay, he beckoned me to him, and told me of his picture up stairs, and begged I would bring it to him. I brought it to him His face brightened up as he looked at it; and he said, "Aye, Sarah! there is a picture worth looking at! that's the picture of him who came into the world to learn men to love one another!" Then after looking at it wistfully for some time he said, "Sarah, set this picture up over the mantle piece, right before me as I lie, for I like to look at it: and when I fixed it up, he looked at it, very much; and indeed, as thou seest, he died with his eyes fixed on it."—*Philadelphia Merchant.*

### LIFE AS IT IS.

*Let us make an excursion down the street* and see what we can learn. Yonder is the wreck of a man's son. He was permitted to grow up without employment, went and came as he pleased, and spent his time in the gratification of spontaneous passions, desires and inclinations, with no one to check him, when his course was evil, or encourage him in the ways of wisdom His father was rich, and for that reason the son thought he had nothing to do, no part in honest labor to perform

Well, the father died, and the son inherited a portion of his abundant wealth, and having never earned money by honest toil, he knew not the value of it, and having no knowledge of business, he knew not how to use it, so he gave loose reins to his appetites and passions, and ran at a rapid pace down the broad road to dissipation. Now behold him—a broken down man, bowed with infirmity, a mere wreck of what he was, both physically and mentally.—His money is gone and he lives on the charity of those whose hearts are open with pity.—Such is the fate of hundreds that are born to fortune.

And there on the opposite side in that comfortable mansion, lives the son of a poor cobler. Fifteen years ago he left the humble room of his parents, and went forth into the broad world alone to seek his fortune. All his treasures consisted of his chest of tools, a good knowledge of his trade, honest principles, industrious habits, and twenty-five coppers. Now he is the owner of that elegant mansion, is doing a thriving business, possesses an unbroken constitution, and bids fair to live to a good old age. Such is the lot of hundreds and thousands who never boasted of wealthy parentage.

Go into the city, and you will almost invariably find that the most enterprising men are of poor parentage—men who have had to row against wind and tide—while on the other hand a majority of the descendants of mediocrity in talents, live a short time like drones on the labor of others, and then go down to untimely graves.

What a lesson should this be to those who are by all means, either by fair or foul, accumulating treasures for their children.

If the rich would train up their children to regular habits of industry, very many of them would be saved from intemperance, misery and an untimely end.

WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX?—A question of some significance is asked by a writer in the Pictorial Times, viz:—"Which is the weaker sex?" The question is answered by the same writer, as follows:

"Females are called the weaker sex, but why? If they are not strong, who is? When men must wrap themselves in thick garments, and incase the whole in a stout overcoat, to shut out the cold, women, in thin silk dresses, with neck and shoulders bare, or nearly so, say they are perfectly comfortable! When men wear water proof boots over woolen hose, and incase the whole in India-rubber, to keep them from freezing, women wear thin silk hose, and cloth shoes, and pretend not to feel the cold! When men cover their heads with furs, and then complain of the severity of the weather, women hang an apology for a bonnet at the back of their heads, and ride or walk about in north-east winds, professing not to suffer at all!"

☞ When real nobleness accompanies the imaginary one of birth, the imaginary seems to mix with the real, and becomes real too.

### A TRUE MAN.

If I shall describe a living man, a man that hath life that distinguishes him from a fowl or a bird, that which gives him a capacity next to angels: we shall find that even a good man lives not long, because it is long before he is born to this life, and longer yet before he hath a man's growth. He that can look upon death, and see its face with the same countenance with which he hears its story; that can endure all the labors of his life with his soul supporting his body; that can equally despise riches when he hath them and when he is poor and hath them not; that is not sadder if they lie in his neighbor's trunks, nor more braggart if they shine round about his own walls; he that is never moved with food fortune coming to him or going from him; they can look upon another man's lands evenly and pleasantly as if they were his own, and yet look upon his own and use them, too, just as if they were another man's; that neither spends his goods prodigally, and like a fool, nor yet keeps them avariciously and like a wretch; that weighs not benefits by weight and number, but by the mind and circumstances of the giver; that never thinks his charity expensive if a worthy person be the receiver; he that does nothing for opinion's sake, but everything for conscience, being as curious of his actings in markets and theatres, and in as much awe of himself as of a whole assembly; he that knows God looks on, and contrives his secret affairs as in the presence of God and his holy angels; that eats and drinks because he needs it, not that he may serve a lust or load his stomach; he that is beautiful and cheerful to his friends, and charitable and apt to forgive his enemies; that loves his country and obeys his rulers, and desires and endeavors nothing more than to do honor to God; this person may reckon his life to be the life of a man, and compute his months not by the course of the sun, but by the zodiac and circle of his virtues; because these are such things which fools and children, and birds, and beasts, cannot have. These are therefore the actions of life, because they are the seeds of immortality. That day upon which we have done some excellent thing, we may as truly reckon to be added to our life, as were the fifteen years to the days of Hezekiah.

*Bishop Taylor.*

### Anecdote of Robert Bruce.

During the long struggle of Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, for the throne of Scotland, at the time when King Edward of England was endeavoring to bring the Gaelic kingdom under his yoke the brave Bruce was frequently hard beset—his friends defeated, scattered, and himself compelled to wander alone in the forests.—Surrounded by foreign foes and treacherous countrymen, almost any other man would have been disheartened, and submitted to what appeared to be his destiny. But he was not, and to his indomitable perseverance and chivalric spirit alone can be attributed his final triumph and accession to the Scottish throne. Among other adventures related of his wanderings, the following is preserved in Scottish legend:

It was near night, when coming upon a cottage he boldly entered it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country.

'All travellers,' said the good woman, 'are welcome here for the sake of one.'

'And who is that one,' said the King, 'for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?'

'It is our lawful king, Robert the Bruce,' answered the mistress, 'who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland.'

'Since you love him so well, dame,' said the king, 'know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce.'

'You!' said the good woman, in great surprise; 'and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?'

'I have none with me at this moment,' answered Bruce, 'and therefore I must travel alone.'

'But that shall not be,' said the brave old dame, 'for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death.'

So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king: and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

### Strike off his Name.

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years he was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for the decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed—

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two, is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of and I will do it now."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sank back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read me that list. Is the name of Wiggins there?"

"It is, my father."

"Then strike it off," said he emphatically, "for he never was punctual—was never anywhere in season—and he might detain the procession a whole hour.

### Hope.

When stars forsake the sullen sea,
  When rains descend and winds arise,
Some rock a sunny bower may be
  If hope but lends us eyes.

It tracks our steps in every stage,
  And makes a fountain in the wild;
It mingles with the thoughts of age,
  The rapture of a child.

It sheds on joy a richer glow;
  It flings to want its gifts of gold;
But ah, its hands as pure as snow
  Will sometimes prove as cold.

☞ How many hours is the sun from us?—Why, if we were to send a baby in a railway train, going incessantly 100 miles an hour, without making any stoppages, the baby would grow to be a boy—the boy would grow to be a man—the man would grow old and die—without seeing the sun, for it is distant more than 100 years from us. But what is this compared with Neptune's distance? Had Adam and Eve started by a railway to go from Neptune to the sun, at the rate of 50 miles per hour, they would not have got there yet. Neptune is more than 6000 years from the centre of our system.

☞ Time's chariot-wheels make their carriage road in the fairest face.

### The Lake of Fire.

The following description of a lake of fire, in the crater of a volcano of the Sandwich Island, will be read with interest:

"But the whole had not yet been seen. Not having been able to reach the lake from below we resolved to approach and look upon it from above. In the face of the cold, driving rain storm, Mr. Hussey, (my very agreeable traveling companion,) the guide and myself set out on foot for a walk of five miles to a distant point. The whole body of the crater was full of steam and smoke, and doubts were expressed whether we could get a view of the bottom; but on we went, trusting for better things, in which we were not disappointed.

Before reaching the bank above the lake, and while it was hid from view, we could distinctly hear the sound of its lashing waves, so like, and yet so unlike the breaking of the surf upon the ocean's shore. There was the mingling of the sound of rushing waters with its own dead, heavy, missing one. A moment more and we stood upon the brow of the perpendicular wall of a thousand feet, and directly above the lake, and there we sat ourselves silently upon the rocks to look down upon it. It differed from all we had seen before. The lurid light of the previous night was gone, and the beautiful pictures which helped to make up that scene was absent; but in their stead were others more appalling and full of terrors. Here in close proximity and plain sight was 'a lake of burning fire,' may be unquenchable, and it only required the wails of the tormented to complete the dread description of hell.

The lake was in size some half a mile in diameter, nearly round; its surface was raging with great violence, and was, when unbroken, black and dark, but when agitated violently, as the centre was continually, its color was blood red. Every few moments the lava would be thrown up at least fifty feet in jets, and then, as if lashed into fury, great waves would chase each other, boiling and foaming red with heat, if not in anger. Strange sounds saluted the ear, as well as strange sights the eye. Occasionally loud reports were heard: then the peculiar sound of escaping steam at once, as if a thousand boilers were blowing off their pent up steam at once, and the dead, heavy sound of the disturbed lava was continuous. Take it altogether it was decidedly the most startling scene I had ever witnessed.

Just beyond the burning lake was the great cone, now black as night, from which the intensely brilliant light had shone the night before. Fit chimney, indeed, for the fire beneath. Its proportions were gigantic, its capacity immense, and it was belching forth at intervals vast volumes of smoke and steam, made up a grand but an awful picture, impossible to describe, but never to be forgotten.

On our return from the view of the lake we passed the sulphus banks. They are located about a quarter of a mile from the upper bank of the crater, on a slightly depressed plain or valley. They are less than a half a mile in length and are full of holes, through which hot steam is issuing, and about which beautiful crystals of sulphur are hanging. In securing some specimens I burnt my fingers in the steam. The natives call this bank of sulphur Pele's Dunghill.

All along the bank and in some places half a mile distant from the crater are holes and fissures in the rocks, from which steam is constantly issuing burning hot. The ground near the crater is strewn all over with Pele's hap—a fine thread of glass or melted sand thrown up from the volcano and blown into minute attenuated threads by the wind. They are in color brown and much resemble "auburn" hair; and hence the name. They cover the ground like cobwebs but are very brittle, and it requires care to gather them up.

### The Mother and the Widow.

The following well portrayed picture we take from a religious paper. If there is a situation which deserves sympathy and commands respect it is that of the mother left by the loss of her husband, her earthly stay and support, to buffet the elements of adverse fortune alone:

"We are slow to acknowledge any womanly character, living or dead, as superior that of *the good mother*—such as we find her in all our communities. She is perhaps called to no single great act of devotedness—but her whole life is a sacrifice for the good of others. How she works to bring up her children. No labor is too hard. She denies herself every comfort to give them an education. She would part with her own heart's blood to make them happy.

"This devotedness becomes more remarkable when, by death of the father, the mother is left alone through life. If we were to be set out to explore this city, we should find many a poor widow, with five or six little children dependent upon her, strugling for their support with a patience and courage truly heroic. With no friends to help her, and no means of support but her needle, she undertakes to provide for her little family. She makes her home in an attic, and there she sits and struggles with poverty. No one comes to see her. She hears only the cry of those hungry little mouths, which call to her for bread. And then she toils all day long, and often half the night that they may not want. And yet she does not complain. If only her strength holds out, and her effots are successful, her mother's heart is satisfied and grateful.

### Signs.

It's a good sign to have a man enter your office with a friendly greeting—"Here's two dollars to pay for my paper."

It's a bad sign to hear a man say he is too poor to take a paper—ten to one he carries a jug of "red-eye" that cost him half a dollar.

It's a good sign to see a man doing an act of charity to his fellows.

It's a bad sign to hear him boasting of it.

It's a good sign to see the color of health in a man's face.

It's a bad sign to see it all concentrated in his nose.

It's a good sign to see an honest man wearing old clothes.

It's a bad sign to see them filling holes in his windows.

☞ A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states that a clergyman in Pittsburg, Pa., lately married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of ten thousand dollars, and a fair prospect for more. Shortly afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing,

"Forever let my grateful heart,"

when he hesitated, baulked, and exclaimed:—"Ahem! The choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read:

"Forever let my grateful heart
  His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
  And bids me hope for more."

SPOILING IT.—Rather strange things have been said at and concerning the Falls of Niagara.

"Isn't it nice," said an unimaginative eastern man, to a young lady he met there, "isn't nice, Miss?"

"Yes," was the reply, "all is nice, very nice, that that active little biped man has done or is doing!"

Still more striking was another fact. A traveler was fully engaged in his deepest cogitations on the scene, when another accosted him with—

"That is majestic, sir."

"Thank you, sir," said the traveler, for that word; majestic is exactly the word I wanted."

"Yes," said the other, well pleased with the compliment, "yes, sir, it is the majesticallest and prettiest thing I ever saw."

What a falling off was there!

AN OPEN COUNTENANCE A SIGN OF IGNORANCE.—A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open. He says it is impossible for an ignoramus to keep his jaw closed as it is for sick oyster to keep his shell shut.