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Poetical.

SHE LOVED HIM.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

She loved him; but she knew it not—
Her heart had only room for pride,
All other feelings were forgot,
When she became another's bride.
As from a dream she then awoke,
To realize her lonely state,
And feel it was the vow she broke
That made her drear and desolate.

She hated him; but the slanderer came
With words of hate that all believed;
Again thus rested on his name,
But he was wrong'd and she deceived.
Rash, the act that gave her hand,
That drove her lover from her side,
Who fled him to a distant land,
Where, battling for a name, he died.

She loved him, and his memory now
Is treasured as a thing apart;
Shades of thought were on her brow,
The seeds of death were in her heart.
All the world, that thing forlorn
She could not, would not be and live,
Casket, with its jewel gone—
Bride who has no heart to give.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIDOW'S BEAU.

Services had commenced in the neat little chapel-like edifice, which the inhabitants of Harlem denominated to the services of God. The minister had read the psalms, scripture lessons, and had repeated the first line of the opening hymn. The eyes of the people were fixed intently upon him, for he was not only a sound and eloquent preacher, but he was a fine looking man, and thus enchained not only the ears of the true, but the false worshippers. The house was very still—the clear, melancholy tones of the preacher were the only sounds that disturbed on the balmy, golden air, which the midsummer's Sabbath morn had breathed into that holy place.

The first syllable of the second line was trembling upon his lips, when a rustle at the door, and the entrance of two persons, a lady and a gentleman, dissolved the charm. In a second the eye turned from the pulpit to the broad aisle, and watched with more than ordinary interest the progress of the couple. A most humiliating ordeal were they subjected to, and they fairly and quietly seated in the first pew, immediately in front of the pulpit, what a nudging of elbows there was—aye, and how many whispers, too.

Vain the sound, the good, the eloquent, the handsome Mr. B. sought again to steal the attention of his hearers. They had no eyes nor thoughts for any body else but widow C's. young, gentlemanly and dashing attendant.

How she had cheated them. Hadn't she said she didn't feel as though she could ever wear anything but mourning? And in spite of these protestations, hadn't she come out all of a sudden, dressed in white, and walked into the church in broad daylight, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman.

Indeed she had. She would have pleaded guilty to all these charges, grave ones as they were, and to the last two how many witnesses had been subpoenaed! She was actually dressed in white, with open corsage, displaying an elaborately wrought chemizette, drapery sleeves trimmed with the richest Mechlin lace, and sleeves of the same expensive material, with a white lace hat with orange buds and flowers, with kid gloves and light gaiters—such was the description every lady had on her tongue's end, to repeat over as soon as the services ended.

And the gentleman—who was dressed in style—didn't he wear white pants of the latest pattern, and a white vest, and a coat of satin finish, and white kids, too; and didn't he sport a gold chain, and didn't he gaze often and long upon the fair features beside him.

Yes, he did so, and there was no further room for doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, donned bridal attire and was going to be married at church. But who the beau was, and whence he came, it was difficult to conjecture.

The services proceeded. The choir sung, the minister prayed and preached—the people wondered when the ceremony would take place.

To their utter astonishment, they were left in wonder.

When the benediction was pronounced, Widow C. and the strange gentleman walked out of the rest of the congregation out of the church. When they had reached the pavement, he offered her his arm very gracefully, and she placed her hand very confidently on the beautiful coat sleeve, as they passed on.

What a morning that was in Harlem! What a world of conjectures, surmises, inquiries and doubts rolled over in the brains of not only gossiping ladies, but sober, matter-of-fact gentlemen. The like of such a thing had never occurred in the annals of the village—there was something new under the sun—a lady had married a beau, and nobody knew it.

'Widow C., didn't your ears burn that day? And I'm wonder they didn't drop off; surely they must have been crisp and crimson.

'The Rev. Mr. B. preached to a crowded house that afternoon; no compliment to him, though. Every one was confident the wedding would take place then, but everybody was sadly disappointed; and if tongues had run at railroad speed before, they travelled then on electric wires. The minister might have preached in Greek that day, and the sermons would have been quite as edifying. But one subject occupied the village mind—the widow's beau.

'It actually seemed, too, as though the lady would make all the talk she could. After walking in arm with the strange gentleman, she walked the whole length of the village, and then into the country, and never returned until the moon was high.

'The looking dress I guess she had,' thought grandma W. as she listened to the handsome widow's wanderings.—'I hain't got to wash it, all drabbled up, as it must have been; but I dont care, I thought or cared a word about it, she's welcome to tied away with him. But I'll give her a piece of my mind the first time I have a chance, see if I don't.

But the good old dame began to fear that she would never have the desired chance.

She hurried thro' her washing on Monday, and hobbled over to the widow's as soon as she thought, but the door was locked, and one of the neighbors said Mrs. C. and a gentleman had gone in a carriage, nobody knew where, early in the morning—'Yes and never got home till nine o'clock in the evening.' Look out, Mrs. C., your character is on the carpet.

She knew it, apparently she didn't care, for the next day she went sailing with her beau, and the next day she rambled with him off to the woodland, and the next forenoon he did so, and there was no further room for doubt. Widow C. had cheated them. She had won a beau, laid aside her mourning, donned bridal attire and was going to be married at church. But who the beau was, and whence he came, it was difficult to conjecture.

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went with him in a carriage to the railroad station: and there not only wept as she parted with him, but actually embraced and kissed him!

'What! in broad daylight!' exclaimed grandma W. 'Well, if I ever heard or seen the like on't.

Little Nell, the old lady's youngest grandchild, wondered to herself if it was any worse in broad daylight than any other time. Perhaps you will wonder, too. We did at least.

There was a large attendance that afternoon at the weekly meeting of the village sewing society. Everybody went that could possibly leave home. And what a chattering there was when the bustling of assembling was over.—There was but one topic, but that was all-engrossing, the widow's beau. for the gentleman must be her beau, or at least ought to be.

Everybody had something to tell, something to wonder at. But suddenly every magic tongue was hushed; a universal stroke of palsy seemed to have fallen on the group as, looking up, they perceived the very lady about whom they were conversing so eagerly, standing in the doorway.

'Good afternoon, ladies,' said she in her usual quiet way: 'I am glad to see so large and happy a gathering. It is a beautiful day for our meeting.'

And then she proceeded to the table and helped herself to a block of patchwork, inquiring for the sewing silk, which having received, she sat down in the only vacant chair and commenced hemming a red bird with a yellow wing on a very green twig, which latter had already been hemmed on to a square piece of white cloth, and the whole, when compled, was designed to form the 20th part of a bed-spread. She seemed all engrossed with the bird's bill, and spoke to no one. Everybody wonderded if she had heard what they were saying when she came in: but her placid countenance soon re assured the most fearful, and every one longed to commence a personal attack.

Old grandmother W. was the first to venture. She meant to do up the matter very delicately, and in so roundabout way that the lady would not suspect her curiosity. So she began by praising Mrs. C's. dress.

'Why, it's really a beauty. Where did you get it?'

'I bought it.'

'Here?

'No.'

'Where then?'

'In the city, last spring.'

'Oh, you did, did you?' But I thought you was never going to dress in rnything but black again?'

All scrutinized the lady's face in search of a blush, but it continued as usual, while she answered—

'I did think and say so once, but I have finally altered my mind.'

'You have, eh! What made you?'

'Oh, I had good reasons.'

Here the hearers and lookers on winked and looked very expressive at each other.

'But did you not spoil your beautiful white dress the other night wearing it to the burying ground?'

'I did not wear it.'

Here was a damper for the old lady. She had such a long lecture to read on extravagance, and she determined to do it too, when fortunately for her eloquent strain, Mrs. C's. dress hung up in her wardrobe all the time, and she had worn an old black silk.

After a while the old lady took a fresh start. She would not be balked again. She would find out all about the beau before she went home, 'that she would.'

She began by saying—

'Your company went away this morning didn't he?'

'He did.'

'He did not stay very long, did he?'

'Not so long as I wished him to stay,' was the reply.

And how the ladies looked at each other.—It was as good as a confession.

'When did he come?'

'Saturday evening.'

'Were you looking for him?'

'I had been expecting him for a fortnight or more.'

'Why, do tell if you have' then, and you have never told on't either. Had he any business in the place?'

'He had.'

'What was it?'

This was rather more direct and blunt than she meant to put, and she forthwith apologized.

But the widow interrupted her by saying—

'O, I'd as lief you'd know it as not; he came to see me.'

O, widow C., your good name did go down then. Be careful what you say next or you will have only a remnant of a character, left to go home with, and remnants go very cheap.

'He did, did he? and he didn't come for nothing else, then. And you were glad to see him?'

'Indeed I was. It was one of the happiest moments of my existence.'

'Well, well,' said the old lady, hardly knowing how to frame the next question, 'well, well, he's a very good looking man any way.'

'I think so too, and he's not only good looking, but he's good hearted—one of the best men I ever knew.'

'You don't say so! But is he rich?'

'Worth a hundred thousand or so,' said the lady earnestly.

'Why, do tell if he is. Why, you will live like a lady, won't you? But what is his name?'

The old lady's curiosity was now raised to a high pitch.

'Henry Macon.'

'Macon! Macon! why, wasn't that your name before you were married?'

'It was.'

'Then he's a connection, is he?'

'He is.'

'Do tell who he is then. Not a cousin I hope. I never did think much of a marriage between cousins.'

'He is not my cousin.'

'He isn't? Not your cousin? But what connection is he? Do tell now.'

'He is my youngest brother!'

If ever there was a rapid progress made in sewing and knitting by any circle of ladies, it was by those composing this society, for the next fifteen minutes. No a word was uttered, nor an eye raised. Had the latter been done, and the roguish and expressive glances seen which passed between Mrs. C. and the minister, who, unobserved, had stood on the threshold as a silent spectator and a curious hearer perhaps—mind you we only say *perhaps*—they might have guessed more correctly the character, standing and profession of the widow's beau.

☞ Life has an ultimate purpose. We are not appointed to pass through life, barely that we may live We are not impelled, both by disposition and necessity, to buy and sell, barely that we may get it. There is an end in business beyond supply. There is an object in the acquisition of wealth beyond success. There is a final cause of human traffic; and that is VIRTUE—*Rev. O. Dewey.*

"What Is He Worth?"

It is an every day question, "what is he worth?" Yet how few ask it in the right spirit! For men have come to restrict the phrase to the amount of money that has been amassed, departing from the good old meaning, which implied rather the virtues one possessed.—"What is he worthy," should be the question now; for that is, "what is he worth," expressed originally. Mere intellectual qualities, often mere constitutional energy, may lead to fortune, without either refinement or goodness, and frequently even because of the absence of either, or both. The possession of wealth is, therefore, no certain criterian of worth. It does not, indeed, prove a man as some would assert, to be inferior morally to his race in general; but neither is it a guarantee that he is better.—There have been virtuous men on thrones as well as in private life. There have been heroes, saints and martyrs among the poor, as well as in higher stations. The various conditions of men bring different temptations, from which none are exempt. But each station in life has its advantages, so that no man is justified in doing wrong, on the plea that his circumstances compelled it.

The question should be, "is he worthy," not, "is he rich." Wealth dies with its possessor. Its influence on descendants is as often for evil as for good. But a life of probity is an example to ones children; it moulds them to be good and noble also; it is, with all true souls, a more cherished heritage than even lands and tenements. A community in which virtue is the standard, is always happy and prosperous. A nation where riches are all in all, has begun already to decay. When Rome was proud of the frugal life of her citizens, when she could point to a Cincinnatus leaving his plow to become dictator, she was still full of youth and energy, she was still master of her own destiny. But when vast estates, troops of slaves, licentiate banquets, and the possession of millions became the ambition of all men, then Rome was rotten to the core, because profligacy laughed down honest worth, because men had ceased to be heroic, and had become utterly selfish and sensual. And as it was with Rome, so it has been with every other nation which has fallen of its own fault. Few, too, have been the people who have perished without fault. The more "what is he worth?" becomes the test, the worse for a country. Let it be asked rather "in what is he worthy?"—*Phila. Ledger.*

A Low Voice in Woman.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to go further than he has on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day, and every advantage that wealth can procure, and yet if she lack a low, sweet voice, she can never be really fascinating.

How often the spell of beauty is rudely broken by coarse, loud talking! How often you are irresistibly drawn to a plain, unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice. The bland, smooth, fawning tone seems to us to betoken deceit and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical, subdued voice indicates genuine refinement.

In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman talk in that low key which characterizes the true lady! In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretful child and cheers the weary husband! How sweetly such cadences float through the sick chamber; and around the dying bed, with what solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul! Ah, yes, a low, soft voice is certainly 'an excellent thing in woman.'

TRIALS OF TEMPER—Conversation Sharp relates of a friend of his, who was always advising other persons to control their temper, that one evening coming out of a gambling house where he had lost a large sum of money, he saw a boy tying up his shoe at a lamp post. Wishing to have something to vent his rage on, he kicked the boy over saying, "confound you, you are always tying up that shoe." He considers this as a great improvement on the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, and an instance of ingenuity in finding a *casus belli*.

Leigh Hunt tells a story illustrating how calmly we view the most serious passage of another's fate. One day at Pisa, when Shelly, Trelawney and himself were driving with Byron, the the latter had a sudden attack of cholic, a complaint to which the noble poet was very subject. He was assisted to a sofa, where he laid writhing in agony and crying out more vigorously than a grown up man ought to have done. After one of his loudest. "Oh! ah! oh! I am dying! this is dreadful," and so on, Trelawney said to him, "Hush my dear fellow, dont make such a fuss about dying? The polar coolness of this injunction made even Byron laugh.

AN EDITOR.—At a recent festival given by the Printers in Boston, the following truthful and sensible toast was made:

THE EDITOR.—The man who is expected to know everything, tells all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make oath to his own good character, establish the reputation of his neighbors, and to elect all candidates to office; to blow up everybody, suit everybody, and reform the world; live for the benefit of others, and have the epitaph on his tombstone:

"Here he *lies* his last;" in short, he is a locomotive running on the track of public notoriety; his lover is his pan, his boiler is filled with ink, his tender in his scissors, and his driving wheel is public opinion; whenever he explodes it is caused by the non payment of subscriptions. He is expected to work for nothing and board himself—and if he is unfortunate enough to have a family, he will either have to run in debt for their support, or take lodgings in the almshouse. Poor fellow! he is—nothing but an editor.

MADCAP BOYS.—To be born, to be a feeble infant, is an ordeal through which all must pass. To be a boy, is an absolute perquisite to manhood—and boys will be boys, let old and wise people say what they will. They will feel, and think, and act like boys. They will skate on the ice, ride down hill, be frivolous and jolly, play all sorts of antics, do a great many things which, to the sobriety of age, will look like folly. But what of that? Who would clothe boyhood with the dignity, invest it with the gravity, or endow it with the wisdom of the finished man? To do so would be to rob life of its brightness and glory—to take away its spring time—to plunder it of its flowers—to silence the voice of gladness—to still the music of its singing birds, and to banish the loveliest of sunshine.

☞ At a hotel the other evening, a young and fully moustached dandy from a certain city was seated at the table, at rather a late hour, when a bar-keeper came in, and took a seat opposite. The dandy dropped his knife and fork, tipped back in his chair, and gazed at the bar-keeper, and exclaimed: "Fellah, does the servants sup with a gentleman in this house?" "No sir," was the reply. "Are you not a bar-keeper? "Yes, sir," "Well a bar-keeper is a "help," as much as the scrub-girl." "True," replied the man of the toddy stick, "but I did not enter the hall until I looked in and saw there was no gentleman at the table! Ahem." Here the conversation ended. Moustache was "fixed."

A DIRGE.

Thou art gone in thy early sweetness,
The sun of thy life hath set;
But the glory that hung around thee,
Is lingering with us yet.
Bright and beautiful as the shadows
Of the stars upon the sea,
When they shine in their nightly splendor,
Are the memories of thee.

As the dawn of early morning
Breaks forth from the arms of night,
And the golden bars of sun-shine
Stream up 'mid the fields of light;
So, thy gentle spirit hath taken
Its glorious flight away,
From earth and its darkened shadows,
To the realm of endless day.

As the gorgeous glow of the sun set,
When it tinges the clouds with gold,
And lingers upon the mountains,
Till the gates of night unfold;
So, the light of thy soul hath faded;
The sun of thy life hath set,
But the glory that hung around thee,
Is lingering with us yet.

Right of Living.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"To love and to labor is the sum of living: and yet how many think they live who neither labor nor love."

What gem of thought this is, set in this quaint, old Saxon! The first part of the sentence is a beautiful text for one's life; while the other is an equally sad commentary on the "living" of a great portion of humanity.

And are not the twin; the living and the laboring the one "royal law" of the Bible, and do they bring with them their "own excellent great reward."

Ye who seek after happiness, behold here is the key!

This sitting down, folding up one's hands, and moping away one's life in vain, yearning after affection, will never do you any good.

Just step out of yourself, and live for and in others. Go out with a brave spirit into the world and minister the wants of humanity.—Every where hearts are reaching out to you for help; everywhere bleeding hearts are needing the balm of sympathy and tenderness.

The little children want your smile, the old people want some comforting words; and the strongest and best have their hours of weakness and tenderness.

So don't sit still, we pray you, for this is not living. But "whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might," with a true honest heart and purpose; and no matter how heavy may be the darkness of the night through which you are walking, the morning will rise, the flowers will blossom, and the birds sing about you.

Why Satan Never Disturbs a Woman.

Mohammedans relate the following story as an authentic and veritable piece of "tradition," illustrative of the fact that the devil himself has duties to perform in the world, and that all things would go wrong if he were to be idle, and neglect them, viz:

"In the days of Mahommed there was an Arab who had a very pretty wife. The devil transformed himself into so exact and accurate a likeness of her husband, that she could not for the life of her tell which was the two, was her husband. Both claimed her—i. e., the real husband and the devil in his likeness.

"The case excited much interest in the neighborhood, but no solution of the difficulty could be obtained. At length the case was brought before the Majesty, the Prophet, for a solution. Mohammed, after a little reflection, held up a certain earthern pot in his hand with a spout like a tea pot, and said to them both:

"Now which ever is the real husband, will enter this vessel by the spout, and thus establish his claim to the woman.

"The devil, as having more capacity in that way than the sturdy Arab of real flesh and bones, entered at once into the pot, as suggested. The moment he entered, Mohammed closed the top of the spout and kept him shut in.

"But by the time Mohammed had kept his excellency shut up for a few days in that earthern pot, it was ascertained that the world was getting wrong in its machinery. Mohammed was therefore constrained to let the devil out from his confinement, to take his necessary place in the management of the affairs of the world. But before restoring him to his liberty again, Mohammed extorted a solemn promise from him that he would never trouble the "fair sex" any more, but confine himself to what he would do among the "male sex."

THE FIDDLE.—No man who is not a fiddler can be fully aware or the virtue that reside in a fiddle. To the majority of mankind, the thing is but a vibratory machine of thin wood, furnished with tightened strings for the production of musical sounds; and the non-fiddling portion of the community are apt to entertain a derogatory notion both of fiddles and of fiddlers, as though there were something unaccordant with the dignity of human nature in the production of melody by shaking the elbow and twiddling the fingers. Not that they by any means object to the result produced, or refuse to listen to the harmonious combination of sounds which horse-hair and rosin leict, or refrain at all times from responding to the invitation by tripping through the mazes of the delightful dance; but they would not be seen to operate themselves; they could not submit to be themselves the fiddlers. A small section of society—a dismal, dolorous and drab-hearted community—go still further. With them, the terms to "play the fiddle" and "to play the fool," are synonymous; the notes of a fiddle-string sound irreligiously in their ears, and look on fiddlers as persons in a highly equivical, not to say dangerous position.

THE PARTING HOUR.—The hour is coming, and it is a fearful solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best, the hour is coming, when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think or whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless in death; the countenance must be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the scenes must be destroyed, the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain. We know that we are sentenced to die, and tho' we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we never can entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still, it haunts us in solitude, it follows us into society, it lies down with us at night, it awakens us in the morning. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."—*Townsend.*

☞ A French clergyman observed in a recent sermon—"Women now-a days forget, in the astonishing amplitude of their dresses, that the gates of heaven are very narrow."

☞ A man without care, is seldom without trouble.

Appearance of John Hancock.

One who saw John Hancock in June, 1782, relates that he had the appearance of advanced age. He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practice in high circles in those days.

As recollected at this time, Hancock was nearly 6 feet high, and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style, a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome. Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentleman wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white stock, a white satin embroidered waist-coat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings and red morrocco slippers. It was a practice of genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed in a cooler when the season required it. At this visit, Hancock took from the cooler standing on the hearth a full tankard, and drank first himself and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day. His ap, el was sumtuously embroidered with gold, silver, lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period; and he rode especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended by servants in livery. He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on his sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion; and it is related of Dr. Nathan Jacques, the famous pedestrian of West Newbury, that he passed all the way from that place to Boston in one day, to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm, on foot.

Young Man You're Wanted.

A woman wants you. Don't forget her: No matter if you're any poor. Don't wait to be rich: if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you're young and struggle up together.

But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she has to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or a whiskey jug. Neither does she want you if you can't take care of her, and any little afterthoughts which are pretty sure to follow. Neither does she simply want you because you are a man, the definition of which too apt to be—an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of stovepipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you as a companion, a helpmate—she wants you if you have a noble spirit—she wants you if you have learned to regular your appetite and passions; in short, she wants you if you are in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast: if you are strong in good puposes, firm in resistance to evil, pure in thought and action as you require her to be, and without which outward and inward purity neither of you are fitted for husband or wife; if you love virtue and abhor vice, if you gentlemanly, forbearing and kind, and not loud talking, exact and brutal, young man, that woman wants you; that modest, fair, cheerful, right-looking, frank-spoken woman, we mean, who fills your idea of maiden and wife—it is she that wants you: marry her when you like, whether rich or poor; we'll trust you both on the conditions named without further security.

That's a Question of Your own Asking.

A knot of rustic worthies convened round the in a bar-room of an American village tavern. The blacksmith and barber, and constable and schoolmasters, all were there.

After they had guzzled and smoked to their heart's content, and when all the current topics of the day have been exausted, the schoolmaster proposed a new kind of game to relieve the monotony of the evening.

Each one was to propound a puzzle to his neighbors, and whoever should ask a question that he himself could not solve, was to pay the reckoning for the whole.

The idea pleased, and the schoolmaster, by virtue of station called on Dick Dolt whom most folks thought a fool, and a a few a knave, to put the first question.

'Neighbors,' said Dick, brawling and looking inflable stupid 'you've seen where squirrels dig their holes. Can you tell the reason why they never throw out dirt?'

This was a poser, and after a long cogitation even the 'master' was obliged to give it up. It now devolved on Dick to explain.

'The reason is,' said Dick, 'that they begin at the bottom of the hole.'

'Stop! stop!' cried the pedagogue, started out of all prudence and propriety by so monstrous an assertion; 'pray how does the squirrel get there?'

'Ah, master,' cried Dick, delighted, grinning, 'that's a question of your own asking; your in for the liquor.'

Sad Children.

There is one thing which strikes me as very affecting in the condition of any child. It is when that condition is necessarily a melancholy one—when the circumstances which hem it around cast over the surface of that young life an abiding gloom. A melancholy child!—What an anomely among the harmonies of the universe; something as incongruous as a bird brooping in a cage, or a flower in a sepulchre. The musical laugh muffled and broken; the spontaneous smile transformed to a sad suspicion, and the austerities of mature life, the fearful speculation, and forecast of evil, fixed and frozen on a boy's face! And then the sorrow of a child is so *absorbing*—for he lives only in the present. In the afflictions which fall upon him, man has the aid of reason and faith—he looks beyond the present issues, he detects the significance of his calamity, and strengthened thus a brave heart can vanquish any sorrow. But as Richter beautifully says—'the little cradle or bed canopy of the child, is easier darkened than the starry heaven of man.' Surely, then, it is a blessed thing to contribute aught that will lighten this gloom, and place the child in natural conditions.

Humanity in the City.

☞ The Louisville Courier, a leading Whig paper in Kentucky, says:

"Buchanan is eminently safe and reliable—a man peculiarly fit for the times and the crisis—a man who will honor the Presidential chair, and ensure for himself and the position respect from abroad; while the young giant of the Ashland district, (Breckenridge) is eminently worthy of the honorable post assigned him—an honor rarely indeed accorded to one of his years. The ticket is one strong in all its parts. It cannot be charged with being a Kangaroo ticket, with all the strength in one end. The candidates are not men unknown to fame. They both have national reputations, and they both have been thoroughly tried in the balance and not found wanting. Thus much we feel it an honest duty to say."

Getting up in the Morning.

The hour we get up in the morning very much depends on the hour we went to bed the night before. It is pretty evident that nature made a mistake when she calculated the sun's going down, or else some of the present generation are sadly in fault about retiring to rest, and no less so in regard to getting up. What a waste of beauty, what a waste of music, happiness and health to sleep out the morning hours! Reader, did you ever live in the country, and in the month of June get up about half-past three o'clock in the morning? There is no hour like that in the whole twenty-four; 'tis full of incense, full of music, full of heaven, full of inspiration. We should think, if angels ever came to earth, they would come then: and we fancy they do, for the air is full of fragrance, every grove has its orchestra: and such pieces as they play, too! Not an instrument is out of tune, not a note out of time. Such pieces! No Mozart, no Bethoven could play them!

Every leaf and twig and flower sparkles with dew! We fancy there has been a hailstorm of diamonds! Talk of the splendors of royality! The pomp of wealth and the glitter of gold! Did you ever see and *realize* a June morning? Then you will know better what estimate to put upon a jeweller's shop! Did you ever get one breath of air in to your lungs from such an "incense breathing morn? If you did, you felt an inspiration more of heaven than earth. Awake, O sleeper! such scenes occurr nearly every day, and you lose the sight. You burn your life out with gas, and sleep it out by sunlight, thus shortening it at both ends; wake up with a dull, heavy headache, bitter, dried up mouth, and trembling limbs. The late hours, late suppers, late going to bed, and late getting up, are enough to make a man lame all his lifetime; and he may think himself well off if he is not late at heaven's door, sleep in the morning. Give them very light suppers and put them to bed early. They will be enough better natured through the day to pay for it, so that in the end you will do just as much work as if they slept in the morning, and you will be a great deal happier, and they a great deal healthier.

Who is a Gentleman?

A gentleman is not merely a person acquainted with certain forms of etiquette of life, easy and self-posessed in society, able to speak and act, and move in the world without awkwardness, and free from habits which are vulgar and in bad taste. A gentleman is something beyond this: that which lies at the root of all ease and refinement, and tact, and power of pleasing, is the same spirit which lies at the root of every virtue. It is the thoughtful desire of doing, in every instance, to others as he would that others should do unto him. He is constantly thinking, not indeed how he may give pleasure to others for the mere sense of pleasure, but how he can show respect for others—how he may avoid hurting their feelings. When he is in society he scrupulously ascertains the position and relations of every one with whom he may be brought in contact that he may give to each his due honor, his proper position. He studies now he may avoid touching in conversation upon any subject which may needlessly hurt their feelings—how he may abstain from any allusions which may call up a disgreeable or offensive association. A gentleman never alludes to, never appears conscious of any personal defect, bodily deformity, inferiority of talent or rank, of reputation in the persons in whose society he is placed. He never assumes any superiority to himself—never ridicules, never sneers, never boasts, never makes a display of his own power, or rank, or advantage—such as he never indulges in habit, or tricks, or inclinations which may be offensive to others.

HIGH PRICES AMONG THE ANCIENT MARINERS.—The following yarn, which was related by an old friend, about the proclivities of ancient mariners in the city of New Bedford to draw on their imaginations, is good:

A dozen old captains were seated round old Uncle Johnny Coggshall's grocery store one winter's day. Says old Capt. Ben Nash, 'I guess I got more in the West Indies for herrin' than any other man about this place.'

'How much did you get, Uncle Ben?'

'Well, you see, I was bound to the Windward Islands and a market, and just as I had got all my cargo aboard, I was cypherin' on my log slate how long I should possibly be from home, when I found I should, with luck, reach Kitt's about lent. Thinks I, I'll take a barrel of herrin on speculation. I had a good passage, and got there just in the nick of time, and sold 'em off well.

'How much did you get, Uncle Ben?' asked some of the old salts, who, with pencil in hand, were making notes to try and catch Uncle Ben foul: 'how much did you get?'

'Well, I can't say exactly how much, but I put the money back into the barrel after the herrin' was out, and I could scarcely crowd the head in.'

'What did you get a piece for the herrin'?'

'Sold 'em for a dollar a piece!'

'Ah, yes. Well now, Uncle Ben, at a dollar a piece for your herrin', you could'nt have half filled the barrel.'

'Well,' said Uncle Ben, 'that's all very true but I sold the pickle at five dollars a spoonful!'

A hard boy—that same 'Ancient Mariner.'

What a Woman Can't have.

In these days, when women distribute rifles, make speeches in public meetings, get up mobs, and wear high boots, it is some consolation to man to know there are still a few pleasures left to his exclusive enjoyment. One of those is described by a highly poetical young man in the following rhapsody:

"She may surpass man in the accomplishments, and be called "angel," but one attainment is beyond her efforts—unattainable, yet her Nemesis—she can't shave! Never can she know the felicity of that operation nor the satisfactory sensation of being shaved. Let her have her amorous haberdasher, and kids and perfumed curls, and sigh by intervals; she can never know the supreme happiness, the deliciousness of leaning back in the soft cushioned chair, the convenient rest for the feet, the snowy napkin about the throat, a fine white lather being gently taken off, the cool touch of the razor, the delicacy of the barber's hand, the gentle titilation of the zygomatical muscles; these are all feelings she is necessarily a stranger to. Woman's Rights conventions cannot reach the subject; they may wear the breeches, but can't come the whiskers."

☞ Strengthen your body with exercise, and your mind with wisdom. Thus you will be able to execute your plans, and will know how to act in a manner adventageous to yourself.

☞ The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villian for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you in innocense.

☞ Some persons eat hot soup with impunity; others with a spoon.

Repetition and Variety.

As for more important facts and principles which are learned at school, particular care should be taken that they are not only learned to-day but will be remembered to-morrow and through life. It is not enough that the pupil can say, "I know things now, I clearly understand them; let me leave them, and hasten onward." Are you sure he will retain this knowledge until it is wanted? There must be a great repetition at school—repetition until a subject is learned and understood; and repetition *then* until there is reasonable assurance that it will not be forgotten. There must be line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.

Repeat, repeat: but most earnestly endeavor to avoid a monotonous repetition. Do not repeat just the same thing in just the same way under the same circumstances, day after day. Let repetition be relieved with variety. For illustration, in teaching a child to pronounce words at sight, they may be chalked on the blackboard, the words may then be formed in a different order on lettle cards or on his slate; the pupil may endeavor to make them himself; he may afterwards find them in his spelling lesson in his book, and he may finally recognize his own friends in his reading lesson. Pupils may pronounce them in concert, and then individually. They may be asked to tell the various uses, actions, or qualities of various animals or substances, while they are learning to read their names; or they may be required to tell their uses action, or qualities, without pronouncing their name. You may sometimes conduct the exercises yourself, or call upon one of your scholars to conduct them. A pupil may sometimes do this to better advantage than you can, simply for variety's sake. As much repetition and variety as this may be necessary in every case: it is the principle which I contend for, not this peculiar application of it.

Most adults, and all children, are fond of something new. A teacher is sometimes deceived into an over estimate of new plans, by his increased success during the first few days of their trial. Their novelty is perhaps, their own and sufficient recommendation.

But if we cannot make repetition interesting, by novelty and variety, it is better that the pupil's labor be tedious than that important principles be only half learned. And it must be remembered that there are two extremes to be avoided. There is some danger of nourishing an unwholesome thirst for perpetual shifting and changing.

She Never Leaves him.

Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world—of man, visited by misfortune! How often he is left by his fellow-men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third perhaps betrays him; but woman follows him in his affliction with unshaken affection; braves the changes of his feelings, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtue; in resigned patience administers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distress, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while their remains one act of love, duty or compassion to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow come together, she follows him to the tomb, with the ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

A Pathetic scene.

The Milwaukie American publishes the following incident:

The wife of one of our sailors, on the recent wreck, was upon the deck with an infant, only three weeks old in her arms, to learn if her husband was alive or drowned. She was in a state bordering on frenzy.

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