"OUR COUNTRY MAY IT ALWAYS BE EACHT BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1860.

NO. 10.

SUBSCIPTION.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents, paid in advance; Two Dollars if paid within the year; and Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. Those terms will be rigidly adhered to in

proportion.

Jon-Painting—Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills,
Pamphlets, Blanks, Labels, &c. &c., executed with
scouracy and at the shortest notice.

# Poetical.

#### BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Wilhelm and Mary sat down by a stream,
Where a bee in the wild flowers revoled—
Where the perfume lingered some sweet dream,
And the vines hung in festoons disheveled.

And the old story told of a love that should last Through a lifetime of gladness or sorrow— And memory beamed through the gloom of the past And Hope promised Joy for each me

She was fair as the snow, and pure as the dew, And her hair hung in rich gelden tresses! He was noble and brave—unswerving and true-With a bright eye that lovingly blesses. He called her the sweetest and rarest of flowers;

She sang to him songs of love's sweetness— And thus passed the summer in happiest hours— But alas 1 Joy's companion is fleetness. Ero the summer had passed—ere faded the rose—

Ere the greenwood was stripped of its beauty— He slept the sweet sleep of quiet repose, And death taught her life's saddest duty. They buried him where the pale daisy sleeps,

Where his favorite stream flows serenely— They buried him where the wild entaract leaps, And the rainbow enthroned sits so queenly. But years have now fled since this trial of youth Took from Mary life's best, richest treasure— Her song is still sweet—and unsullied her truth,

For her spirit to his sings its measure. And silvered are those golden tresses—
Her smile is still bright—her thoughts are on high

For she knows that a spirit-land blesses. knows that the loved who have gone before Will await us at Heaven's bright portal— That the loved and the lost will meet once mor That pure love becomes there immertal.

A messenger, yesterday, pale and grim, Announced her life's pilgrimage ended— She unfolded her wings in the twilight dim And sped where their spirit loves blended.

d the grave that had held but Wilhelm alo "Now, scatters its flowers over Mary, and the Rainbow sits on ber crystal throne,
Where the Cataract weeps her lost fairy.

## TRODDEN FLOWERS.

BY ALFRED TEXNYSON. There are some hearts, like the loving vine, Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers, Spirits that suffer and do not repine, Patient and sweet as lowly fredden flowers That from the passer's heel arise, And give back odorous breath instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel The lowly love that haunts the eyes and ear; hat wound fend faith with anger worse than stee And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.

O, Nature I shall it ever be thy will In things with good to mingle good and ill!

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press The willing hearts of uncomplaining love— Meek charity that shrinks not from distress, Gentleness does her tyrants so reprove—
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and relent?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend, And they that dry the tears in other's eyes Feel their own anguish welling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?
Sure Love to some fair Eden of his own
Will fleet at last and leave us here alone.

ove weepeth always, weepeth for the past, For wees that are, for wees that may betide Why should not hard ambition weep at last, Envy and hatred, avarice and pride? tte whispers, serrow ever is your let, bey would be rebels—love rebelleth not.

## Miscelluneous.

## THE RULING PASSION.

One of the prettiest of the German wateringplaces is Schlossenbourg.
A long, straight, tedious avenue takes you twelve long miles without a railway; but when me now to attend to poor papa, and it was you get there, it is like a garden with houses very wrong indeed of me to stay playing not houses with a garden to them-a here. garden filled with flowers, exquisitely kept, thing more of yourself; I might help you, perwoodsthat an English duke might envy. Then haps, and your papa too."

there is a conservatory, with tall palm trees and other exotics; a Chinese temple, with gaslights at night, that are contrived as if they sprang from another exotics; a Chinese temple, with gaslights at night, that are contrived as if they sprang from another exotics. We don't want anything now sprang from another exotics. sprang from amongst the flowers; and morning, noon and night, music—from one of the best bands in Germany. You may sit and hear it in the garden, sipping coffee all the while, or you may go into a well-lighted room, so well-lighted room, She went away out of the garden with a servery leave.

or the gas, or the music, or the newspapers, live?" e sofas—all is generously provided by some invisible power. Let us walk into the noble saloon, with its lofty painted ceilings,

hold the oddest specimen you ever set eyes on, hold the oddest specimen you ever set eyes on, and help me to make her out." We went to the roulette-table. "There she is," said Harry, "between the hat with the scarlet feather and the old snuffy Grafin. There; she has let me perhaps help you."

The singularity of the corcumstances struck him so forcibly that he instituted an inquiry, and elicited from an old lady, the sole surviving descendant, the following facts. (We state them substantially, but our informant and the old snuffy Grafin. There; she has let me perhaps help you." won again. Look at her little hands gather. She looked wistfully in a ADVERTISEMENTS—Accompanied by the CASH, and ing up the silver florins—they are like a child's of exceeding one square, will be inserted three hands; but her face—did you ever see such a face?"

"I can see nothing," said I, "but spectacles and a false front, and a large old-fashioned bonnet, and a little wizened figure. What can it

The heap of winnings was now reduced to a single gold piece, a double Frederick d'or.—
The little old woman seemed to hesitate; she

her; it was in the afternoon, rather dusk, but before the tables were lighted. She had an umbrella, on which she leaned with a limping She went straight up to the table, and without hesitation placed a double Frederick d'or on a single number—I think it was three. looked at her as the table turned; her hands were tightly clasped, her neck stretched out.

seem aware of it.

pier. The little w double Fredericks. She gave an annistakable shout of ecstasy.

"O beautiful?" said a clear, shrill child's voice, and she snatched up the golden pieces, and a pair of much-used dice, a note-book to and actually ran out of the saloon. I turned to follow, but she had disappeared, leaving the umbrella on the floor. I picked it up, think-ung it might lead to some acquaintrace with a pencil to the first of the process of the numbers, and another with a pencil by its side, and filled with calculations. The man's face was haggard and emaciated, evig.

I could not believe her to be the same. I rose in litigation, having been adjudged to him, from my seat as she came near, but was ra- and at his death, to his daughter Alice. His add sort of shyness with children. I feel so other papers. afraid of encountering either of the two extremes of shyness or pertness. At last I be-thought me of the umbrella.

the Cursaal?"

Poor little thing! all her fun and frolic were gone. She blushed and hung her head and I saw the ready childish tears swelling under

"I'don't know, I"-she murmured; and I felt so guilty in tempting her to an untruth, that I said at once: "You dropped your um-brella when you were dressed up the other evening." She came quite close up to me; all her shy-

ness was gone. "O sir," she said, "if you have found me out, don't tell upon me, pray, don't. Never mind the umbrella; and, sir, if you should see me again, so, dressed like an old woman, don't take any notice."

son of such a disguise?"
She had not the shadow of a smile as she answered: "I cannot and may not tell you: and perhaps I was wrong not to say at once, "No, it was not my umbrella"—and yet that would be a story. It is so hard to know what is right, isn't it, sir, sometimes?"

Her companions here came to call her to play, but she said in German—which she spoke like a native—" No. I must go home now." you Then turning to me with a sort of involuntary confidence, she said: "There is nobody but

all kinds or mollines for obtaining of charge ing money are offered.

"How rich and prosperous the little town must be," you remark; "what a beneficent government;" for all these luxuries are given for nothing. No visitor is asked to pay for the burst into tears, and then with an effort to remark of the currounds his lodgings.

past the soft-seated news-room, and we shall again saw the strange little figure. I went see the munificent provider of flowers and mu-ice—the board of green cloth, the bank and its did not see me. She had, as before, a double directors, the rouge et noir, and the roulette Frederick d'or, which she changed into silver, The bank is obliged to lay out a certain portion of its enormous profits every year on the place; the gardens, the conservatories, and syery luxury are kent in to reader the conservatories, and again won. Then she gray the conservatories are the conservatories and syery luxury are kent in to reader the conservatories. tion of its enormous profits every year on the place; the gardens, the conservatories, and every luxury are kept up to render attractive the temple of the blind goddess.

It is a mistake to look for fiery passions, deep despairs among the players; most wear an outward calm; there is only a sort of fixed, haggard look and contraction of the mouth, sometimes to be detected, that speaks as with

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

well as patient. I had no money to risk, and I was determined not to be seduced by that strange chink of gold, and the atmosphere of excitement pervading the rooms.

My friend, Harry Melville, found me in the reading-room one evening. "Oome," said he, "Halford, as you are a philosopher, and below the added the add

She looked wistfully in my face, would lend me a Frederick d'or, I should be

sure to win this time." "I will lend it to you," I said, "but not to play—take it home."
She hung back, and blushed. "I dare not -I cannot go home." Then she burst into a passion of sobs; exclaiming: "O no; papa

lution, took my hand, and led me on. It was a turning not far from the Cursaal, down a lane, and into a yard, where there was a stand friends. In the meantime, the tide of war oked eagerly at her notes, then took up the money and disappeared so rapidly that I did not see her leave the room.

I should scarcely have remembered the circumstance or the personage who seemed to have impressed Harry so strongly, but for the have impressed Harry so strongly, but for the a shriek of alarm and terror rang through the have impressed Harry so strongly, but for the and saw her open a door very cautiously; then a shriek of alarm and terror rang through the command of Sir Harry Clinton.

The sight that presented itself was indeed blood. I immediately raised his head, and found the bleeding proceeded from the mouth and nose—he had broken a blood-vessel. The shricks of the child had brought more assistance than enough, and by dismissing some. and making use of others, I succeeded at last The umbrella on which she leaned for a walk-ing-stick had fallen down, and she did not calmness to his poor little daughter.

aculty seemed absorbed in watching him, and turned his eyes towards the table by the side of the bed. On the table were a pack of cards her disguised as a soldier. She was in de-

the mysterious little person.

My invalid had become worse, and I was much taken up with him, and did not go to the Cursaal for some days. Sitting one afternoon in the garden with him, we were listlessly watching some children, both German and Envalue of the control of the co

ther puzzled how to accost her. I have an name and family were discovered by this and

The rest we could only guess; his fatal propensity to gambling, his illness, and his sending his child, when unable to go to the table himself—living thus, by what he called her thought me of the umbrella.

"Stop, my little lady," said I, very timidly. She looked round wondering, and with the softest blue eyes in the world. "Have you not lost something lately, the other evening in of the feverish fitful life coming as I have her partner."

Poor, desolate little Alice did not now want friends; aunts and cousins who had ignored her existence, and avoided her gambling fa-ther, now disputed with each other so violenty for her bringing up, that she stood a chance of being torn up by the roots altogether.
I did not lose sight of her; and when, many years after, I met the graceful, somewhat pen-sive girl—for she always retained a shade of the doctor of Bad-Schlossenbourg.

## Singing to Her Babe.

I passed a dwelling in Duke street. The front door was open, and close by the step sat a young wife singing to her babe. There was a low, sweet melody in her voice. True, the words were very simple, but all the fascina and collect himself. "But, my dear little girl, or my dear old lady, I cannot promise anything, because I am sure I should laugh. What can be the reason of such a disguise?" tion of song was there. The little babe, not vet able to make the adventurous circuit of the room, lay quietly upon her lap; its little hands were folded across the breast, and its soft, beautiful eyes seemed to dilate with joy and vonderment, as the musical sounds fell upon ts ears.

Singing to her babe! A scene, indeed, touch the soul with quiet pleasure. A mother's heart wrapped up in her first born; her joy, her light, her very life! Already she was dropping soft, welcome sounds into the teachable soul. I could not help murmuring:

"Rich, though poor!
That low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven,
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife arrests the ear Singing to her babe! Would it be hers to lead these tiny feet into the way of rightous

> "She was one who held a treasure, A gem of wondrous cost;
> Did it mar her heart's deep pleasure,
> The fear it might be lest?"

while, or you may go into a well-lighted room, provided with every newspaper in every language you could desire, fitted up like the most inxurious drawing-room. You may also remark in the one long street of which the town of Schlossenbourg consists, that every other house is a banker's or money-changer's, where all kinds of facilities for obtaining or changing money are offered.

She went away out of the garden with a sedate step, and her face, thin; and pale when not animated, had lost its childish expression. I watched her, and longed to follow and know what the mystery was. She stopped, and lost of schlists for objects and words—as she noticed her. "Shall I send your umbrella," said I, "or bring it to you here to-morrow?"

"Never mind that," she said. "If you will the silken cords in her own hand that were to bind the present to the future?

"Never mind that," she said. "If you will the silken cords in her own hand that were to bind the present to the future?

bind the present to the future?

Singing to her babe? As I gazed upon the scene, I could not help wondering what the fate of that dear child might be. Would it surrounds his lodgings, sic, or the newspapers, the sobs, said: "Tell we where you live?"

I readily gave her my card, and pressed her life, careless where its world of truth might be, and sinking at last into a dishonored grave? Would it exclaim, when age lined wider of flowers and my and the dark locks with silver, and added a tremor to the voice-

"Yea, I have left the golden shore;
Where chilhood 'midst the roses play'd.
Those sunny dreams will come no more,
That youth a long bright Sabbath made.
Yet, while these dreams of memory's eye

steps, and into the garden. When I came up, make us truly thankful—what, wife! a plain inward curse. It was all in the same Thad come to Schlossenbourg as the meditorn off her disguise, and with her childish breath, and the effect was inexpressibly ludical attendant of an old and valued friend as hands covering her face, was sobbing in the crous.

## A Romanlie Story.

A gentleman of Richmond, who has been many years engaged in the prosecution of military claims, fell in accidentally with a case in which both a man and his wife resprang up. "Don't you think, for once, only ceived pensions for revolutionary services once, he would give me back a little money, The singularity of the circumstances struck state them substantiatly, but our information of being present, it is possible we may be incorrect in some insignificant particulars.)

Early in the Revolutionary war, a man named Lane (we think) enlisted in a company raised in the neighborhood of Manchester, to serve three years. He went, with his regi-ment, to the North, and there joined Wash-"There; she loses now. See how she clasps her little hands, but plays boldly again, without a moment's hesitation; only she seems to consult some written notes on a card. Lost again; poor little old lady I it is evident she is not a witch."

passion of sobs; exclaiming: "O no; papa would die; it would kill him to see me come home, with nothing—all lost!"

"Let me go home with you," said I. "I amay be of soldier, to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company.

see to him."

She hesitated, and then, with a sudden resony with himself. The term of service having with himself.

Henry Clinton.
Throughout this seige, Lane and his friend appalling: on the bed lay a man apparently stood to their posts like heroes, and did their lifeless, the pillow and the sheets covered with duty bravely. At last Lane's comrade was blood. I immediately raised his head, and wounded in turn, and carried off the field in the arms of his friend. What must have been the amazement of Lane, on discovering that the brave comrade who had so long fought by his side, and had nursed him so tenderly when he was wounded, through the report of the attending surgeon, was a woman! It ap-pears that she had accidentally fallen in with while applying remedies, I was obliged to him somewhere, and had formed a strong at tachment to him. At the same time, from patient; but he smiled at Alice, whose every some cause or other, she had made so little some cause or other, she had made so little impression upon him, that he did not recogspair when Lane enlisted, and under the influence of that feeling, she fled from her parents' home, donned the Continental uniform,

ing it might lead to some acquaintance with dently in the last stages of consumption, but was a proper finale to such a romance. The of finely chiseled features; his hands were al- wounded woman recovered, and as soon as the twain were released from captivity, they became one. They lived many years happily together, and left several children. Incidents of this nature—disguised damsels following their lovers to the wars in the ca-

watching some children, both German and English, engaged in a game of hide-and-seek, chasing each other round the trees. A little children in the carried street, and with a flash of the eye and a violent effort to raise himself and to seize it, had caught my attention, suddenly exclaimed, with a laugh and a shout: "O beautiful!"

The voice was identical—I could not mistake it—with that of the little old woman of the Cursaal. I was determined to be convinced of the fact, and when I again looked at the perfectly childish creature of eleven years old. I could not believe her to be the same. I rose

## Pride Mortified.

ball given in Prymount, watering place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Gottingen student, requested young lady to dance with him.

Just as the dance was about to commen

he lady inquired of him: "With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

ed, to which he answered in the affirmative. beg you will excuse me, for my mamma has in the corner, sits down in the easiest chair forbidden me to dance with a commoner." This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the con-tinent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance is to lose cast for the rest of the night, if not self, solaces the inner man with a cup of tea,

His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress.
"You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification, said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball room, followed by his tutor.

The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the half a dollar!
young count requested the rejector of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she
cats parrots o eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greattaken, from ranking with the humble tutor

to pairing off with the wealthy noble.

"Think of carrying nine or ten children through the measels, chicken pox, mumps, to her the question which she herself had rash and scarlet fever, some of them twice put:
"With whom have I the honor of danc-

"With the Lady Von B—," she replied.
"Oh! I beg your pardon," said the Count,
"but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses, and instantly quitted her He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible per-

Few will deny that it was a well-merited

WHAT IS LIFE.—The mere sleep of a year is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life.

In all this but a poor fraction of consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the mu-sic that brings child hoodback—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles

are the true nourishment of our natural

# One Ear at a Time.

Many extraordinary persons who have figured in history as men of action, have had a propensity to do their their thoughts rather than speak them, to convey, or at least to en-force, their meaning by some significant ac-tion rather than by words.

Sir Walter Scott relates of Napoleon that

once, in a sharp altercation with his brother Lucien, not being able to bow him to his will, which he held in his hand, exclaiming, "I made your fortunes. I can shatter them to ieces easier than I do that watch!" Everybody has heard the story of Canute tolling his power and good fortune as a kind of omnipotence over nature as well as man, quietly ordered his throne to be set on the sea beach when the tide was out, and when the waves came rolling, playing around his seat, and irreverently throwing water and apray over his sacred person, he silently allowed the

spectacle to rebuke their silly flattery. A good instance of this symbolism is related of Alexander the Great. An accusation was once presented to him against one of his offi-When the informer began his statement closed the other firmly with his hand; implying that he who would form a just judgment must not abandon himself altogether to the party who gets the first hearing; but, while he gives one ear to the accusation, should reserve the other, without bias or preposession

to the defence. If we should shut both ears when we hear an injurious report, in most cases no harm would be done. But the least that fairness requires is to keep one closed and reserve it for the other side. For who does not know (though most people forget) that there are two sides to every story? If we would only stick to the rule of one ear at a time, it would prevent many a rash judgment, and spare many an injured reputation and many a wounded

AUNT HETTY ON MATRIMONY .- " Now girls," said Hetty, "put down your embroidery and worsted works; do something sensible, and stop building air castles, and talking of lovers and honey-moons; it makes me sick, it

perfectly antimonial.
Love is a farce, matrimony is a humbug, husbands are domestic Napoleons, Neroes, Alexanders, and sighing for other hearts to onquer after they are sure of yours.

The honey moon is as short lived as a lucifer match; after that you may wear your wedding dress at the wash tub, and your husband

ding dress at the wash tub, and your husband won't know it.

"You may pick up your own pocket hand-kerchief, help yourself to a chair, and split your goyn across the back reaching over the table to get a piece of butter, while he is laying in his breakfast as if it were the last meal he should eat in the world.

"When he gets through he will aid your direction while you was strained.

hree whiffs of smoke, sure to give you the darkness. headache for the afternoon, and just as his coat tail is vanishing through the door, apologizes for not doing that errand for you yesterday, he is so pressed with business.
"Hear of him at 11 o'clock taking ice cream

"I am the tutor of Count Von Z—," replied her partner. "With some ladies at Vinton's while you are at home new lining his coat sleeves. Children "And a commoner, I presume?" she rejoin- by the ears all day can't get out to take the air, feel as dizzy as a fly in a drum, husband comes home at night, nods a how d'ye do, Fan "Oh, then," continued the lady, as she comes home at night, nods a how d'ye do, Fan withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I boxes little Charley's ears, stands little Fanny in the warmest corner, puts his feet up over the grate, shutting out all the fire from view.

The baby's little pug nose grows blue with the cold; he reads the newspaper all to himlancholy—she had never forgotten her friend doctor of Bad-Schlossenbourg.

It is supposed to indicate the existant fluctuate the existant discovered by the lunciation that he will ask you to take a tence of some moral taint discovered by the lunciation that he will ask you to take a person who guits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something henious dressing gown and slippers and begins to reck-

tle money: he looks at you as if to be sure

you are in your right mind, draws a sigh long and strong enough to inflate a pair of bellows. and asks you what you want to do with it, and if a half dollar won't do. "Gracious king! as if these little shoes and stockings, and petticoats could be had for a

"Oh, girls! set your affections on poodles, cats parrots or lap dogs, but let matrimony alone. It is the hardest way on earth of getting a living; you never know when you work is done up.

over; it makes my head ache to think of it. "Oh, you may crimp and save, and twist and turn and dig. delve, and economize, and die, and your husband will marry again, and take what you have saved to dress his second wife with, and she'll take your portrait for a fire-board; but what's the use of talking? "I'll warrant every one of you'll try it the sailing through the air. A rap upon the cers in pursuit of the runaway, declaring that ment about it somehow. I wish one half the world warn't fools, and t'other idiots, I do, oh, dear me!"

teacher's desk admonishes him of his task, and the world short the first one he got sight of, thus day after day, and month after month, he languishes away, and you see the crape of the door bell, the little coffin carried in the boxes. first chance you get; there is a sort of bewitchment about it somehow. I wish one half the thus day after day, and month after month, but as two days have elapsed

In Paris the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with only a fille de chambre, and sit there. A young officer who sat next her, was very free in his addresses, and when the play was over, concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equippage, and her name.— Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into the carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she called out.

"Where is the supper you promised?" He bowed and replied, "In Paradise we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you, madame, on earth." This prompt I owe you, madame, on earth." This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess's carriage and at her table.

While on the other hand the boy who spends while on the loftiest station, and leave a name behind which the world might well envy. Such have been the men whose names now adorn the pages of history. Men who have left the plough, the anvil, or the bench, and have given to the world such brilliant us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety that ends in trust

Why should man be so terrified at the dmission of night air into any of his aparta lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to ments? It is nature's ever flowing current, a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old mayest thou be?" and never carries the destroying augel with asked the new comer. "About a hundred years, and no years." "About a hundred years, and no tiller? Only look; I have grown as tall as you in fewer days then you can count years." "I know that well," replied the palm. "Every year of my life a gourd has climbed up round now has a the palm. "Every desire bears its death in every gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until, at length, we cannot even wonder at a miracle.

The streams of Rhode Island are so dry that in some places the manufactures have to stop work.

Implication of the shores of fame.

In ments? It is nature's ever flowing current, and no fewer destroying augel with its. See how soundly the delicate little wren and novelties cease to excite surprise, until, at length, we cannot even wonder at a miracle.

The streams of Rhode Island are so dry that in some places the manufactures have to stop work.

## The Necessity of Labor.

Luther made it a rule to translate a verse of the Bible every day. This soon brought to be Nature personified! The little one, as him to the completion of his labors, and it soon as it begins to talk—begins to philoso-

such a surprising work.

Newton and Locke pursued their studies with tireless efforts, and Pope sought retirement so that he might pursue his literary op-

life which occur to all, have rendered them-selves famous among their fellows. condition by constant exertion, and man, to keep a healthful condition of mind and body, of thinking on any subject at any time, and by active bodily exertion he preserves his health, fortune, and worldly position.

The Marquis of Spinola once asked Sir "He died, sir," replied Sir Horace, "of hav-ing nothing to do." "Alas! sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

Take Care of your Eyes. One of the most eminent American divines, who has for some time been compelled to

Never begin to read, write or sew, for sev-

a bright light. Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above

obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first awakening the eye shall open on the light of a window. Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate. The moment you are instinctively urged

to rub the eyes, that moment cease using If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger-it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and

BY JAMES FONDA,

#### face in warm water. Hall's Journal of Health. CHARACTER.

In the training of boys there are three elements of character that should be carefully cultivated. The first is the moral character; and from earliest childhood religious princi-ples should be carefully planted and sedulously nurtured: for the stunts his physical growth, is worse than a barbarian. We have no doubt but that many a boy has been sent to a premature grave, because his physical nature has been overlooked in the attempt to cram knowledge in his prains. For instance, a boy there are the first over the first of the first is but seventeen years of are brains. For instance, a boy three or four years of age is sent to school and for hours he is confined in a close room, compelled to look. Her father is Irish, has some wealth;

voices, or looks with eager interest at a kite

the house, and you know that he is dead. The third in order after full physical developement is mental culture. That boy is sure to be on the right road to future success and greatness, who is endeavoring to cultivate his to be on the right road to future success and greatness, who is endeavoring to cultivate his intellect. There is much truth in the old proverb: "Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines." So when you see boys thinking only of amusements, or devoting their time to dress, you may depend upon it that when they grow up to be young men, you will find them hanging around billiard saloons and gaming thables, and thus running the road to ruin. While on the other hand the boy who spends his time in intellectual culture, will in the end rise to the loftiest station, and leave a name behind which the world might well enand have given to the world such brilliant names as Clay, Franklin, Kitto, Burritt, and a host of others, whose example like beacons

direct us to the shores of fame.

# Miniature Philosophers.

The notion is false that genius can secure its aims without labor. All the great minds who have left their marks upon the history of the world's progress, have paid for their success and notoriety by the price of unremitting toil and labor.

Napoleon Bonaparte worked hard and incessantly, and has been known to exhaust the energies of several secretaries at one time.

Who has not seen them? Who has not been puzzled by their oft, but queer interrogatories? Has not every one? Who, indeed, has been able to answer all the queries of these "miniature profundities?" Has any one? Never! But says one, who are your "miniature philosophers?" Who, indeed? Who don't know? Don't you reader? Well, we'll tell you! Children ! Yes, children are the greatest of natural philosophers. "Who cessantly, and his peen known to exhaust the energies of several secretaries at one time.

Charles XII of Sweden, frequently tired out all his officers.

We'll tell you! Unitaren! Les ountains the greatest of natural philosophers. "Who makes all the trees?" lisps the little "three year old"—and "where does the thunder come year old"—and "where does the thunder come Charles XII of Sweden, frequently tired out all his officers.

The Duke of Wellington was the hardest working man in the Peninsula; his energies never flagged.

Milton, from his youth, applied himself with such indefatigable application to the study of letters that it occasioned weakness of sight and ultimate blindness.

The labor of Sir Walter Scott is evident in the number of his literary productions, and it is apparent to every reader that the immense masses of general information which abound throughout his multitudinous works could only have been acquired by dint of many only have been acquired by dint of many years' hard study.

Byron was in the habit of reading even at Philosophical questions are common—ay, they are natural to children! Who has never heard religion—religion of nature and reason—from the lips of infants in their innocent queries, which would shame the forced argu-ments of "eloquents?" To us, children seem

him to the completion of his labors, and it was a matter of astonishment to Europe, that in the multiplicity of his other labors, besides travelling, he could find the time to prepare such a surprising work.

Newton and Looke pursued their studies nery of the rattle-box or the shilling play-thing, as does the philosopher to investigate erations without interruption and distraction.
Industry is essential to all; by forming the habit of doing something useful every day, a man increases his own amount of happiness and enlarges that of others about him.

Many a one by indicious use of the odd Many a one, by judicious use of the odd trial systems. The philosophic discoveries of noments, those little vacancies in every day for which occur to all, have rendered them-slaves famous among their fellows.

Nature is preserved in its proper working ful, caused Watts to philosophize on the pow-podition, by constant exercion and man to er and expresibility of steam. The child that never queries regarding the works of Nature, will never be of a philosophic turn of mind, and no matter how brilliant an intellect he of the qualification, intensity of thought! To children we owe many of our most simple sayings and most beautiful thoughts! In their innocent prattle, the gems of wisdom often sparkle with remarkable brilliancy.— These little philosophers are Nature's tongues, speaking in simplicity, and in truth! Philosophic little minds! Persuade them not from the paths of virtue in which they walk, and soon the gates of superstition will vanish be-fore the gigantic efforts of Nature's noble-

who has for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent some thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up several digestion while you are supplied your first cup of coffee, by inquiring what; you'll have for dimer, whether the cold lamb was all at yesterday, if the charcoal is all out, and what you gave for the last green tea you bought and where you got it.

"Then he gets up from the table, lights his cigar with the last evening's paper that you have not had a chance to read; gives two or three whiffs of smoke, sure to give you the It is astonishing how much may be accom geology while working as day laborer in a quarry by bringing their mind to bear upon knowledge in its various aspects, and carefuleral minutes after coming from darkness into ly using up the very odds and ends of their

#### [From the Boston Evening Traveler, July 31.] Amalgamation Case in Charlestown, Mass.

About two months ago, an aged couple, at the Neck, took into their service a girl of Irish parentage, belonging to Boston, who shortly after began to receive the visits of a smart-looking colored man, whose way had previously been prepared by the girl's statement that though her mother was Irish, her father was of mixed blood, &c. Still the old folks were at first a little surprised at the sable hue of the aspiring beau, but tried to imagine that in the dark complexion of the

girl a little of the race was apparent. A few days ago the couple were seen in the street by some of the girl's friends, who reported the fact to her parents, and she was called home. What occurred is not fully known, except that after a week's confinement in a room, in which love didn't laugh at the locks, the girl was given the liberty of the house, her bonnet and out-door apparel hav-ing been put away that she might not take advantage of her liberty. But she slipped out between two days, and before her relatives were aware of her absence, she was joined in the bonds of matrimony and had manifest reason that gone to Charlestown after her clothes. The old couple had been unable to account for the religious training of boyhood generally old couple had been unable to account forms the religious character of manhood. The second is physical culture. It is the muscle and not the brains that first needs descent of her marriage, and they, not knowing that muscle and not the brains that first needs descent of her paveloping, and the parent or teacher who over-tasks a child's mental capabilities, while he

upon a book if he starts at the sound of merry owning one or two tenement houses in Bosvoices, or looks with eager interest at a kite ton. At last accounts the father had two offi-

CULTIVATION OF TEMPER.-If happily we are born of a good nature; if a liberal educa-tion has formed in us a generous disposition, well regulated appetites and worthy inclina-tions, 'tis well for us, and so indeed we esteem chance; and temper is the only thing ungo

verned, while it governs all the rest. THE NEW CUT.-An old clergyman who had an old tailor as his beadle for many years, returning from a walk in which the man" was in the constant habit of attending him, thus addressed his fellow traveler: "Tho-