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The Prayer of the Betrothed.

BY ROBERT MORRIS

Father and God! to whom the thoughts
Of every human breast are known,
Eternal—Vast—Omnipotent!
Worlds are but footstools to thy throne!
Amid the psalms of the host—
The shouts of joy—the peals of praise!—
The breath of bliss from seraph lips—
The songs that cherub voices raise—
Oh! deign to lend a listening ear—
A child of earth consent to hear

Forgive, if I too fondly cling
To one—a thing of dust I know,
And yet in thy bright image made—
High heart, free soul and manly brow—
Forgive, Great Judge, that even now,
When I wou'd turn my thoughts above,
I feel upon my cheek the glow,
And in my breast the fire of love!
Forgive, that while I bow, I feel
A woman's weakness through me steal!

Alas! how vain! and yet to Thee
Why need I each fond thought disclose?
Without Thy aid no art could shape,
No line could fashion, trace the rose.—
Great Architect of my and worlds,
Thou kn west all we feign or feel—
Each shadow thought—each empty dream—
Then why the simple heart reveal?
The hopes that bud—the joys that blossom—
Thou know'st them all, their date and doom!

Thou know'st the Future! as the Past,
Its chequered scenes are spread before Thee,
Fate's arrow quivering in the heart—
Youth's sunny dreams, and manhood's sorrow—
The flower-crown in cold old age the bier—
Spring's golden light, and winter's drear—
The cloud that's ne'er to shadow be—
The shaft that wings the end to Heaven—
The breeze that bears a fatal breath,
And wan consumption's sickly death!

My present path rests on the edge of life's days,
And bright blue skies are bending o'er me,
While hope points to the coming hours,
And whispers, "Bliss is now to come!"
And so it is! At times I feel
A fearful chill upon my spirit,
And dreams of broken hopes and pinings—
The sea first tell on land and in—
Father and God! oh let to me
A guide on life's tempestuous sea,

Without Thee—now I shrink in fear!
The sun from my life's dreams was lifted,
With all the ephemera that shine above,
As I hope, to light the way within thee!
Planet and star, and light of one sole,
For distant hung and the one
All at the Universal God!
The power that made and plans them in the sky
And yet, Great Source, has more in thee!
May it side under the wide world!

Then art the all Eternal One
The soul of nature and of heaven!
The every, the, or the mind of man,
All speak of Thee and Heaven given
Without Thee, who could exist and
Or hear the thunder's hoarse peal—
Or tell when morning's rosy light
Along the east began to steal!
Thou art the spirit of the whole,
The all-pervading source and soul.

Thou know'st our hearts—our wishes and fears—
Its unutterable—its plaints of tears—
The flows that rise in its deep depths,
Oh! keep it pure and free—till death!
And that heart's idol—may he prove
All that my fancy pictures now,
A being meant and formed for love,
No stain upon his soul or brow,
Then, then, kind Heaven, this he will be
A path that upward leads to Thee.

From the Home Journal.

They Can't Fool Me.

"Sleep come in a heavy armor, and
With its own weight, imp it more."

Billy Keene's peculiar boast was the utter impossibility of being hoaxed, or, in his more expressive phraseology, *fooled*. "They can't fool *me!*" was ever at his tongue's end, and so evident were his attempts to impress this fact upon all with whom he had anything to do, that he not unfrequently made a fool of *himself*.

Billy always made a point of expressing his disbelief of everything, however plausible, that reached his ears, which, by the way, were exceedingly easy of access, being not more than five feet two inches, from the ground, when their owner stood upon his feet.

Suspicion was always the "one idea," in his mind; he suspected every body of some abortive design to gull him—from his most respected old friend down to poor old Isaac, who had no more idea of a practical joke, than a polar bear might be expected to have of a baby-jumper.

Billy was not naturally hard-hearted, but he was so suspicious, that he turned twenty beggars from his door, where he relieved the necessities of one. In vain was the imploring eye raised, and the wasted hand extended to him for alms. The more piteous the story, the more evidently was it to him a hoax. "It all sounds very pitiful," he would exclaim, "but I've seen too much of the world—I've heard too much of the world—I've heard too much of such stuff—it's no use—you can't fool *me!*"—and the wretched mendicant was compelled to seek in other quarters, for that charity which believeth all things—which thinketh no evil.

Billy was once married, but it was a long time ere he was *fooled* into the state of "double blessedness," yet, (as he, himself has subsequently, in often met with half-breadth escapes, before he was finally hooked. We recollect his boasting once, during his bachelorship, that Emma B., the only daughter of a neighboring merchant, was endeavoring to ensnare him into the matrimonial noose. He was making the boast to his particular friend: "Other people don't notice it," said he, "but it's as plain as day to *me*. She thinks I don't see her plan! ha! ha! she can't fool me! Folks say her father will give her a good ten thousand; humbug! If she's got the spoons, why should she be so anxious to get into my good graces? that's the question!—She's rather pretty, to be sure, but I wonder if she thinks that I believe her complexion and teeth *natural?* Guess she'll find, I aint quite so verdant as she thinks I am. No *sir*, she can't fool me!"

Billy accompanied these words with a sly wink of peculiar expression, and gave no little cause of astonishment to his friend, who for reasons best known to himself, was aware that the young lady was innocent of any such intentions as Billy imputed to her. Billy was no less astonished the next day, at hearing of the marriage of his friend, early next morning with the identical Emma B., whose ten proved to be fifteen thousand, and whose personal charms were all natural, *maugre* Billy's suspicions. His friend found in Emma a lovely and devoted wife, while he, still wrapped in his "heavy armor," remained a bachelor.

But at length, as we have already told you, our hero was married. How any mortal daughter of eve managed to fool him into any union, is now, and must ever remain to us a sealed mystery. We are certain, however, that he was married, for we find him at fifty a widower with an only daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen.

Our worthy friend was proud of his daughter Mary; and well indeed he might be; for she had a sweet lovely face, and a faultless form, and there was a mirth in her eyes and music in her speaking black eyes. Nor was it in these alone that others could love her besides her superannuated father, who could not be fooled. There was a fine young man, (for, of course, all the truly fair Mary Rouse, for one, tell the truth) to have an attachment between Mary and Edward Seymour, a young merchant of the neighborhood, of whom every body spoke in the highest terms of praise. All commended his good nature, frankness and ability; but as Billy always stemmed the current of public opinion, he had the penetration to point out to the deluded victims, (we all are so, sometimes, that in the estimation of Seymour, the world were all wrong, and he alone obstinately opposed to the contemplated union. He was so terrible, and all Mary could do, was to keep peace, yield in every compliance to his wishes, and to meet his visits and communications with Edward, discontinued; and though sorrowful, to appear as untroubled and happy as ever, yet her heart was ill at ease, and her fairest cheek would betray its trials by every look and gesture.

Although Edward, who was a hope never died, had a plan to possess himself of Mary's hand—to elude the vigilance and distrust of her parent—to elude Billy Keene! Delicious idea! How petite everything, and yet how shall he do it.

One sultry July afternoon, a pale-faced young gentleman, whom Billy recognized to have seen in the street, but with whom he had no acquaintance, called at his house and requested to see him immediately "on important business." He was shown by Mary into the parlor, and our hero soon entered.

The pale-faced young gentleman first introduced himself, and then the object of his visit—"I have an unpleasant disclosure to make, Mr. Keene, which is of the greatest importance to you, and to the happiness of your daughter. You are of course aware that Edward Seymour has succeeded in making his friends believe that he has renounced all hope of marrying your daughter;—this is merely to lull your suspicions, but I am confident that you have too much acuteness to believe it."

"Certainly," said Billy, highly gratified, "go on, he can't fool *me!*"

"Well—as I was going on to remark, my room at the Eagle is next to Seymour's, and this morning I overheard him relating to his clerk, to some one in his room, a plan for overreaching you! and eloping with Miss Mary! I detest eaves-dropping, but he was talking in a loud tone and his door was a little way open—so it was forced upon me."

"Ha! Ha!" roared Billy, "thinks he can fool *me!* the poor idiot! I should just like to have him try it; how is he going to do it?"

"His plan," said pale-face, "is deeply laid, but he is a fool to imagine that he can deceive you, by any contrivance of his brain. He has employed a little black boy, who brushes boots, and does odd jobs at the Eagle, to call at your house, just after dark this evening, with directions to tell you, that your sister Jemima has just been taken with a dangerous attack of her old complaint, and wishes you to come to Pineville to see her immediately; and while you are gone, he intends to take your daughter, in a carriage, to Jones' tavern, on the river-road; squire Curtiss is to go with them and perform the ceremony, which will make them man and wife."

"A dutiful daughter, Mary is indeed; the jade: to consent to such a deception on her poor old father; I'll look the hussy up 'till she comes to her senses, and I'll horsewhip the nigger, and pull Seymour's nose—I'll teach 'em to try to fool *me!*"

"Calm yourself, I entreat you, my dear sir," said the pallid-visaged young man, "reflect that such a course of proceedings would not only make the affair public, but it might seriously affect your daughter's reputation and happiness; to be sure she has been guilty of disrespect to you, but then she has undoubtedly been drawn into it by that vagabond Seymour. I know, sir, that you could not have been duped by two such green ones, even if I had not discovered their plan to you, but at the same time, (if I may presume to offer you my poor advice) I think you had better pretend to believe the yarn about your sister's illness, and under cover of going to Pineville, proceed straight to Jone's tavern, wait for the runaways, break up their plan, cover them with confusion, and bring your daughter home. This would convince them forever, what they ought to know already, that they might as well give in—that they can't fool *you!*"

"Capital idea!" said Billy, "much indebted to you, sir. You're right, they can't fool *me!*—Good day."

"Good day, sir."

Billy indulged in an immoderate fit of laughter, when his pale-faced visitor was gone. "So Ed Seymour was going to fool me, was he?—ha!—ha! I guess he'll find me a tough one; by the way, that pale-faced chap's a keen one though; guess he can't be fooled so easy neither! and so deuced kind in him, too, to put me on my guard. He's a gentleman, and no mistake!"

The afternoon, dark and cloudy, soon passed away, and after it came a black night, and a black boy. Billy heard the message of the latter with well counterfeited concern for Jemima's illness, and bidding old Isaac saddle his mare, was soon on the road to Jones'.

The night was dark indeed, and a drizzling rain chilled his bones, but still he muttered to himself, as he slapped his arms together, to accelerate the tardy circulation, "Cracksey, how they'll look when they find me waiting for them at Jones'! S'pose they think I'm half way to Pineville by this time. Ha! ha! guess Jemimah aint very bad! They can't fool *me!*"

"Why, bless my soul, Mr. Keene, what brings you here in this storm," said the burly Jones, as our worthy friend, drenched to the skin, reined the old mare up to the door. His only answer was, "You'll see something presently, Mr. Jones, that'll tickle your eye. They can't fool *me!*"

The old mare was soon in the comfortable stable, while her owner, pacing the bar-room floor, only uttered at intervals, "you'll see some sport presently, Mr. Jones, they can't fool me."

An hour passed away—another—eleven o'clock and no carriage!

"That pale-faced jackass couldn't have been fooling me, could he?" thought the suspicious Billy. "No, by jingo! here they come. Now Mr. Jones; if you want to see a sure run, just step to the door; they can't fool *me!*"

The carriage rolled up to the door in furious speed, and the horses reared and pawed the heavens, and sprang from his scent, the steps were thrown down; Edward Seymour leaped out—assisted Mary to alight and Squire Curtiss followed. Billy concealed himself behind the door, until the happy two were in the sitting room; then with an air of triumph, he very coolly walked in, exclaiming, "Smart set, you be! thought you could fool me, did you? ha! ha! come Mrs. Seymour, you'd better put on your best gown, sister Jemima ain't dangerous, and it's pretty late, so we'd better be getting towards home! ha! ha! fool me? will you?"

Mr. Keene looked around, to see what effect this unexpected appearance had made; but no one seemed at all surprised; Mary did not, as might have been expected, faint away on the occasion, but stepping forward, half weeping—half laughing, she broke the awful pause with—"I'm ready to go this minute, Pa; but first allow me to introduce to you my husband, Edward Seymour; we were married quietly at home, about an hour after you started. It was so kind in you to go away, and leave us to make our own arrangements, that we tho't it would be too bad to make you ride home on horseback in this storm; so we came to fetch you back, and offer you a seat in our carriage. Now you'll forgive us, we'st you Pa?"

"I'm sold! give me your hand," said the crest-fallen Billy. "Give me your hand, Seymour. This was the first time I was ever fooled; and you are the first person who could fool me. God bless you, my son!" said the old man affected to tears, "you've done what no other living man could ever do—you've fairly fooled me; you've won her, and you're worthy of her."

The remainder of the scene, our pen, though made of the stoutest steel, is too feeble to describe. Old Jones who had been a wondering spectator of the singular meeting shook hands with Billy, and assured him that he had seen much more *fun* than he had anticipated; and when the wedding party started for home, Mr. Keene recognized by the coach-light, the pale-faced young man, transformed into a driver.

Our hero is still living, surrounded by a lovely group of grand-children, and he still is firm in his old belief that "he can't be fooled."

The last time we saw him, he was listening to an account given by Seymour, on his return from the city, of that wonderful invention—the Magnetic Telegraph. "I wonder," said the old man, "if Ed thinks I suck all that yarn about writing and talking by lightning, or about sending a letter from New York to Buffalo in a second; no sir in twenty-four hours neither! Its no use Ed, you may tell that to the women-folks and the children, but you can't pull the wool over my eyes *again*; I'm too old—I've seen too much of the world; you *can't fool me!*"

A Mr. Wilkinson has written to a western paper, informing the public that he thinks the newspaper record of his death is incorrect. He says to the best of his knowledge he is alive and would be kicking if he could find the author of the report.

"I guess there are's no, gammon about this," as the Yankee said when he tried a slice of his wooden ham!

A Chip from a Sailor's Leg.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost his power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle-butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant forecastle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tall, powerful young seamen; "I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group; "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes into dinner." In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang—The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trowsers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh; they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

"You no swim to-day, Ned?" said he, addressing me. "Feared of sharks, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debil." I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried out, "A shark! a shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest.—It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us: each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the forecastle. "Go it Sambo!" cried some others. We were both strained to our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans, when behind shouting, "A shark! a shark! Come back, for God's sake!"

"Lay in, and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ears. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim, for God's sake!" cried the captain, who was on deck; "he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out lads, for God's sake!" My heart stood still; I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain: the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices: "they never take black when they can get white."

I did swim, and that desperately: the water foamed past me. I soon boasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move: the ship appeared as far as ever from us.—We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swam in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand over hand, in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

"He sees you now!" was shouted; "he is after you!" Oh, the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed thro' my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship: fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

"Hurra! they are saved! they are alongside!" was shouted by the eager crew.—We both grasped the rope at the same time: a slight struggle ensued: I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my own safety, I placed my foot on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed, roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

A Beautiful Picture.

A very weeks since, in coming down the North River, I was seated in the cabin of the magnificent steamer, Isaac Newton, in conversation with some friends. It was becoming late in the evening, and one after another, seeking repose from the cares and toils of the day, made preparations to retire to their berths. Some pulling off their boots and coats, lay themselves down to rest; others in their attempt to make it seem as much as possible like home, threw off more of their clothing—each as his own comfort or apprehensions of danger, indicated.

I had noticed on the deck, a fine looking boy of six or eight years old, following around a man, evidently his father, whose appearance indicated him to be a foreigner, probably a German—a man of medium height and respectable dress. The child was unusually fair and fine looking, handsomely featured, with an intelligent and affectionate expression of countenance; and from under his little German cap fell his chestnut hair, in thick, clustering, beautiful curls

After walking about the cabin for a time, the father and son stopped within a few feet of where we were seated, and began preparations for going to bed. I watched them. The father adjusted and arranged the bed the child was to occupy, which was an upper berth, while the little fellow was undressing himself. Having finished this, his father tied a handerchief around his head to protect his curls, which looked as if the sunlight from his happy heart always rested there. This done, I looked for him to seek his resting place; but instead of this, he quietly kneeled down on the floor, put up his little hands together, so beautifully childlike and simple, and resting his arms again at which he knelt, he began his vesper prayers

The father knelt down by his side, and waited the conclusion. It was, for a child, a long prayer, but well understood. I could hear the low murmuring of his sweet voice, but could not distinguish the words he spoke. But what a scene! There were men around—Christian men retiring to rest without prayer, or, if praying at all, a kind of mental desire for protection, without even sufficient courage or piety to kneel down in a steamboat's cabin, and, before strangers, acknowledge the goodness of God or ask his protecting love.

This was the training of some pious mother. Where was she now? How many times had her kind hand been laid on those silken locks, as she had taught him to lisp his prayers?

A beautiful sight was this, that child at prayer, in the midst of the busy, thoughtless throng. He alone of the reclining multitude, draws nigh to Heaven. I think of the paternal love that taught him to lisp his evening prayer, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether dead or living, whether far off or nigh. It did me good—it made me better. I could scarcely refrain from weeping then, nor could I now, as I see again that sweet child, in the crowded tumult of a steamboat cabin, bending in devotion to his Maker.

But a little while before, I saw a crowd of admiring listeners gathering about a company of Italian singers, in the upper saloon—a mother and two sons, with voice and harp, and violin; but no one heeded, no [illegible] was at prayer.

When the little [illegible] evening devotions, he arose, and kissed his father most affectionately, who put him into his berth, to rest for the night. I felt a strong desire to speak to them, but deferred it till morning. When morning came, the confusion of landing prevented me from seeing them again. But, if ever I meet that boy in his happy youth, in his anxious manhood, or in his declining years, I'll thank him for the influence and example of that night's devotion, and bless the mother that taught him to pray.

Scarcely any passing incident of my life ever made a deeper impression on my mind. I went to my room and thanked God that I had witnessed it, and for its influence on my heart. Who prays on a steamboat?—Who teach their children to pray, even at home?

Retirement.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Serene soothing retirement! what rest thou bringest to the care-worn mind, laden with anxieties, and swaying to and fro in the busy whirl of life's unsatisfying tumult.

Chafed with disappointment and vexation, man turns to thee for refuge, the gilded bait so long pursued has grown dim and the once keen eye of ambition is now half closed with weary gaze. Satied with all but happiness, he sighs for thee, nor sighs in folly; for fond

"Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days."

Back, back to the hours when sunshine and joy attended every step, flies the willing mind, and before it spring up in charming concord, the nooks, the glens, the hills, the flowers of "other days departed."

"How balmy from the banks of flowers
The zephyr breathes along."

Yes! 'tis the breeze that fanned my childhood's cheek; lo! it has returned once more. In thy serene embrace, O, solitude! it comes to hush my woes and bid me "in the lap of peace once more recline."

There are times when solitude will prove an antidote more sure than aught else beside; and there are hearts rough and stern as the unbeun oak, while mingling with the world, that melt to tenderness in its calm retreat.

Then sacred, thrice sacred, be retirement's aramanthine grove, where neither care, distrust, nor envy dwell.

Reader, try it! Go, when day's lingering light decay—go to the secret place where no intruder marks thy steps, and learn from solitude a lesson; and would'st thou have the full enjoyment of the hour, kneel! yes, kneel before "the throne," and hold an audience before the Deity, who, perchance, some bright plumed angel will send down to wipe thy tears away, and bid thee live for heaven.

Death and Sleep.—*From the German of Krummacher.*—In brotherly embrace walked the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death upon the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hill not far from the dwelling of men. A melancholy silence prevailed around, and the chimes of the evening bell in the distant hamlet ceased. Still and silent, as was their custom, sat these two beneficent Genii of the human race, their arms entwined with cordial familiarity, and soon the shades of night gathered around them.—Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his moss-grown couch, and strewed with a gentle hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze wafted them to the quiet dwelling of the tired husbandman, infolding in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage—from the old man upon the staff, down to the infant in the cradle.—The sick forgot their pain; the mourners their grief; the poor their care. All eyes closed. His task accomplished, the benevolent Angel of Sleep laid himself again by the side of his grave brother. "When Aurora awakes," exclaimed he, with innocent joy, "men praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what happiness, unseen and secretly to confer such benefits! How blessed are we to be the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!" So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber. The Angel of Death sat with still deeper melancholy on his brow, and a tear, such as mortals shed, appeared in his large dark eyes "Alas!" said he, "I may not, like thee, rejoice in the cheerful thanks of mankind; they call me, upon the earth, their enemy and joy-killer." "Oh! my brother," replied the gentle Angel of Slumber, "and will the good man, at his awakening, recognise in thee his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee in his joy? Are we not brothers, and ministers of one Father?" As he spake, the eyes of the Death-Angel beamed with pleasure, and again did the two friendly Genii cordially embrace each other.

Fate of a Robber and His Wife.—An individual passing through the wood in the department of Langres, at the commencement of the evening, was stopped by a man with a pistol in his hand, who demanded his money of his life; the traveler gave him twelve francs, adding that he had no more in his possession.

The robber took the money, and the stranger fled from him with all possible speed, and trembling with fear, but notwithstanding well satisfied with escaping on such good terms. He soon arrived at a farm, where he thought himself secure; he claimed the hospitality of the inmate after relating the unfortunate adventure, and impudently added that he had succeeded in concealing a large sum of money from the rapacity of the robber

The mistress of the house who was then alone, offered him an asylum, and told him he should sleep in the hayloft. This offer was accepted with gratitude, the traveler preferring to lodge badly than run any risk

He had scarcely entered the hayloft when the master of the house arrived; the latter announced to his wife that fortune had been this time unfavorable to him; that he had only met one stranger, from whom he had obtained twelve francs.

The woman immediately knew that the person she had sheltered was the same her husband had robbed, and she disclosed to him what had passed during the absence of the robber—and they agreed that the man should mount the hayloft when the stranger was asleep, and precipitate him into the under apartment, where the woman was to stand prepared with a hatchet ready to despatch him. Fortunately for the stranger, he overheard every word of the conversation, and kept himself on his guard for the robber should approach him.

This happened a very short time afterward, when the stranger pretended to have fallen asleep. On the robber's approach, the traveler struck him a violent blow on the head with a stick, which had the effect of precipitating him into the room below, where the wife, with a single blow, severed the head from the body. The stranger made his escape, and, on his arrival at the next village, denounced the woman. She was afterwards arrested, and executed for the murder of her own husband."—*French Paper.*

Affection.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness.—They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of those families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes, than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic culture to give them warm hearts and ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong *cords*.—You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, love to man.

Sunrise.—How beautiful the scene! pen cannot paint, nor eye that has not seen imagine, the splendor of the morn. On one side piles of rich crimson clouds recline upon a bed of brilliant purple; on the other side of the sky, of the most delicate blue that ever canopied the heavens, is shaded with a delicate pink; while splendid arches, in form like heaven's own radiant bow, but glowing with a vivid, rosy tint, that seem to encircle earth and sky. Two lovely stars, though rendered paler by the glare around, shine like diamonds in the azure sky. From yonder meads a silver mist ascends, veiling, not concealing, the radiant turf, as if earth offered her morning incense to her Maker, while the gentle robin pours forth a strain so sweet, so clear, as though the beauty of the scene gladdened his little heart, and bade him sing his matin hymn in louder tones. Look where you may on nature's face, the hand of her creator is easily descried; seen mid the glories of the breaking morn, visible when the shades of eve encircle earth and sky; and seen, clearly seen, amid the splendor of the storm, when the thunder's roar proclaims his power, and the lightning's flash, that comes, we know not whence, lighting earth and heaven, then flies we know not whither, speaks, in plain language, an Almighty Maker.

Cheap Pleasure.—Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasure? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighborhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them half a pack of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost its arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood: assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it—Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say, "You scoundrel" and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and everywhere. We can make the wretched happy; the discontented, cheerful; the afflicted, resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?—*Mass. Spy.*

Noble Idea.—So few upends read according noble idea has remained so long unnoticed in the recesses of the Rev. Dr. Pynes' address, at the funeral of President Taylor—

There is a monument even now in progress to the memory of the first President of this country, but how utterly inadequate must that or any other monument be, as an expression of the veneration of this country or the world itself. I can imagine a monument more worthy of the country and of him; one that would preach a great lesson to generations to come. Let the spot where the great Father of his country reposes become national soil. Let there arise on the bank of his own river, beneath the shade of his own trees, a great mausoleum—there, around his mortal remains, let the bodies of all be gathered who have ever been chosen or shall ever be chosen by the American people to bear that office which Washington dignified and adorned. I believe that such a monument might do much to secure the best succession in the world, the succession of virtuous and patriotism like his own. I am very sure that it would be visited like a shrine; that many a heart would beat with a nobler pulse when looking on that assembly of the mighty dead. And, if the day must come when the fate of the great nations that have gone shall be ours; when strangers of some newer race and name shall come hither to visit the relics of a people once mighty and free—the memory of other places, other names may have vanished, but that will remain, and the world will never cease to bear record that that must indeed have been a greater nation which had such honorable sons, and so honored them.

A Beautiful Extract.

"However disconsolate the path of life may seem to any man, there is an hour of deep and undisturbed repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be started, if this resting place, instead of being a bed of down, shall be a bed of gravel, or the rocky bed of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of a man may be, the repose is deep and undisturbed, the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in a fountain, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the dead, not one of the sleepers heed the spirit-stirring triumph, or respond to the rending shouts of victory. How quiet these countless millions sleep in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awake them—the loud cry of the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chamber of death. They shall rest and pass away—the last great battle shall be fought—and then a small voice at first heard shall rise to a tempest and penetrate the voiceless grave. For a trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear His voice.

Love.—Love not you children unequally; or, if you do, show it not, lest you make the one proud, the other envious and both foolish. If nature has made a difference, it is the part of the tender parent to help the weakest.

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