THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.] Truth and Right——God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum

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Choice Poetry.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

"Got one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Does it go with a crank or a treadle? Say,
I'm a single man and rather green:
Tell me about your sewing machine."

"Listen my boy, and hear all about it—
I don't know what I could do without it.
I've owned one more than a year,
And I like it so well that I call it "my dear;"
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine.

"It is none of your angular Singer things,
With steel-shod peak and cast iron wings;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is;
And has a way—you needn't stare—
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

"Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner with what-nots and Chairs,
And makes that dismal, headachy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid contrivance of iron and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel!

"Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wears a shawl and a soft kid glove;
And sports the charmingest gaiter boot,
Has the merriest eye, and the daintiest foot
And a bonnet with feathers, and ribbons, and loops,
With any indefinite number of hoops.

"None of your patent machines for me
Unless Dame Nature is the patentee;
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk;
That will do whatever the owner may choose
With the slightest perceptible turn of the screws!

"One that can dance, and—possibly flirt;
And make a pudding as well as a shirt—
One that can sing without dropping a stitch,
And play the housewife, lady or witch—
Ready to give the sagest advice,
Or to do up your collars and things so nice.

"What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?
'Tisn't a clumsy, mechanical toy,
But flesh and blood! Hear that, my boy?
With a turn for gossip, and household affairs,
Which include, you know, the sowing of tares!

"Tut, tut, don't talk. I see it all—
You needn,t keep winking so hard at the wall;
I know what your fidgetty fumblings mean;
You would like, yourself, a sewing machine!
Well, get one, then—of the same design—
There were plenty left when I got mine!"

The Poetry of War.

The other day a soldier with a knapsack on his back, jumped into the Seine from one of the Paris bridges to drown hiself.—He was rescued in time to preserve his life, but he was brought out on the quay in the midst of an unsympatizing crowd, who naturally supposed he had attempted suicide to escape the balls of the Austrians. Quite an enthusiasm was created in his favor, however, when it was found that just the contrary was the truth. He had attempted suicide because his regiment had gone to the war and left him behind to form, with a few others, the depot for recruits. When restored, the poor fellow went away crying to his barracks, but promised not to renew his attempt.

Another soldier in the country, actually committed suicide, because his regiment left without him; and a story is told of a boy at one of the Paris Academies, who escaped twice by a most dangerous flight over the roofs of houses, in order to go to the war. The prompter of Madame Ristori's company has left the permanent situation he held in her employment, and, with the aid of a benefit night, given by the great tragedienne, has gone to join Garibaldi.—Temberlik, Ristori, Frezzolini, Penco, and many of the French artists have performed in favor of the fund for sending the poor Italian refugees in Paris Back to the defence of their country. And you can imagine that they leave with joy in their hearts.

A whole regiment of the Imperial Guard left Paris with a boquet of violets of Parma stuck in the muzzle of each gun, the officers carrying in their hands huge boquets of the same—the gifts of the neighborhood. What is all this but the poetry of war.

THE Battle at Solferino is truly called *the* great battle," even of the century.—The forces engaged on both sides could not have been less than 250,000, and were probably nearer 300,000. Compared with such a mass of combatants, some of the most celebrated battles of the century appear like skirmishes, in poin of numbers.—Thus at the famous battle of Marengo, the French force was 32,000 and the Austrian 40,000. At Austerlitz, the French numbered 70,000, while the Russians and Austrians had 90,000—all together being but ten thousand more than the Austrian strength alone at Solferino. Wagram comes nearer in the magnitude of forces engaged, having reckoned 130,000 French and somewhat over 100,000 Austrians. At Waterloo, there were 75,000 French and 110,000 allied opponents. Not more than 15,000, on both sides, were in the battle of New Orleans.—At Buna Vista, Gen. Taylor, with 4,900 Americans routed Santa Anna's 19 000 Mexicans. At Inkerman in the Crimea, the allied French and English numbered 13,000, and the Russians 60,000.

FOUR WAYS OF LIFE.

OR, ENVY,
AVARICE, EXTRAVAGANCE, AND CONTENTMENT.

Mr. Felix Mark was on the eve of departing from his native city for a long residence abroad. Living in a retired but highly respectable court, he had become a familiar acquaintance of several of his neighbors; and he thought it no more than proper that he should call upon them, and pay his parting respects. They were of widely different characters, as he well knew, and as will be seen by the substance of the four interviews he obtained.

He first called upon Mr. and Mrs. Covet, and made known his intention of going.

"You are a lucky man," said Covet, regarding him with a pained expression. "I wish I was so fortunate. But I suppose I shall always be a poor mope and drudge, while everybody else is happy and getting ahead."

Mrs. Covet sat rocking in her chair uneasily.

"The same for myself," said she, after a pause. "I never can go abroad anywhere, though I have always had a passion for travel. Tom must drudge to keep our bodies and souls together, and I must tend the pot. I wish we had half the money that old Mr. and Mrs. Clutch, over the way, have got. But we can take it out in wishing. We shall always be worse off than everybody else. It makes me mad to think of it!"

"Do you think Mr. and Mrs. Clutch are to be envied?" asked Mr. Mark.

"I envy them their money," sighed Covet, "though I don't envy *them*, exactly; you know they're very grasping. How I despise grasping people!—always grasping, grasping, grasping, as if they had nothing else to do but grasp! I don't believe they're happy."

"Did you see how respectfully everybody bowed to them the other evening at the lecture?" asked Mrs. Covet. "It was only for their money, I know. But they don't make half as much show as Mr. and Mrs. Crash make; though how they can afford to cut such a dash, I don't see. How do you suppose the Crashes pay their rent Mr. Mark, and live so high and dress so splendidly?"

"I never heard, and don't know," was his reply.

"Crash don't have more than seven or eight hundred dollars a year—that I know, for a positive fact," said Covet; "yet he lives like a nabob, drives a splendid turnout, gives magnificent parties, and has the best of everything. I don't see how he does it; I know I couldn't do it, and make both ends meet.

"I wish I had that elegant shawl his wife put on the other day; bran new, for I never saw her wear it before," declared Mrs. Covet. "I don't see why it was ordered so!—They're not a bit better than we are, and they've no business to have such good things. I often bite my finger nails to the quick thinking of it!"

"Well, it's enough to make anybody fret, that's a fact," continued Covet. "Some people seem to me to have nothing but a continued run of good luck. Which ever way I turn, I see everybody with something better than I can get for my wife. It's sickening enough, by jingo! I don't think I shall live long; and I don't want to—in a world where honest merit never gets reward."

Mr. Mark, fearing that he might catch the morbid gloom of that envious couple, bade them a last adieu, and went over to do the same to Mr. and Mrs. Clutch, their mutual neighbors.

The Covets had not exaggerated the ruling propensity of the Clutches; the latter were as miserly as the former were envious. They were fairly mated. When they were married, they were *matched*, indeed.

"Please to rub your feet carefully on the mat before you go up," said Mrs. Clutch.—"Too much brushing is apt to wear out the carpet."

"You might have gone in the steerage for much less than that," said Mr. Clutch, when he heard of Mark's meditated voyage. "I should like to travel, but it costs too much to be moving about. I hope you will not prove to be a rolling stone which gathers no moss,"

"I shall get as much 'moss' as I can," said Mark, smilling: "that is my object in leaving my native land."

"That's right. Be saving; and get all you can, and *keep* all you get. That's my maxim. Nothing like money. Husband your time; time is money. What a wonderful man Benjamin Franklin was!"

Mark heard the door bell ring; and, soon after the door was slammed to loudly, and Mrs. Clutch appeared with a red face.

"These pesky beggars!" exclaimed she. "Half the people are beggars, I believe. I wear out a pair of shoes a year going to the door to answer beggars. I'm sure they don't come for the encouragement they get; for they never got a crumb from me in my life."

"The authorities ought to see to them," said Clutch. "They ought to be sent to the alms house."

"Or to the house of correction," added Mrs. Clutch. "They've no business distressings others in their distress. What's the use in worrying our souls out, almost, in trying to save, if we are going to be giving away all this time? 'Penny wise and pound foolish.' They wear all the paint off our door steps, too."

"Who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!" said Mark, gravely.

"Eh?" said Clutch, starting, and piqed.

"We could easily lend all we have in that way; and if we were poor ourselves, wonder if the Lord would take care of us? The Lord knows, for I don't; and I shouldn't like to try."

"Riches take to themselves wings and fly away," said Mark. "You may be poor yourselves some day."

"That's just it," said Clutch; "but it won't be any fault of ours. Riches do have wings enough, that's a fact, without one helping 'em to fly away. We shan't do that thing; *we* look out for a rainy day.—How much do you suppose it costs us to live—we two?"

"Can't imagine," said Mark, curiously scanning their thin visages and mean apparel.

"It couldn't have cost us over a dollar for our food, last week," said Mrs. Clutch, proudly.

"That woman is a gem, Mr. Mark, declared Clutch. "She has the sharp eye on expenses! Eye like a hawk, sir!"

"And the heart and clutch of one too," thought Mark.

"You'll never find us burdening a town," continued Clutch. "We keep ourselves to ourselves, and live in Christian humbleness. If God made beggars, he will take care of them It is our duty to prevent *ourselves* from being beggars. We act on principle—*principle* is the thing; and we've made it a rule not to give away anything. If people are poor enough to beg, let them die, and be out of their misery. We can't help them It should be a warning to us not to get poor."

Mr. Mark shook his head, shook hands with their cold and grasping digits, and hastened out, for his heart almost stood still, as if it threatened ossification.

"Oh!" sighed he, taking a long breath of heaven's air, as he stood upon the sidewalk, "was there ever a mean man who hadn't plenty of reasons for his side? The heart knows but little of logic; here are the Crashes—people of quite a different stamp, as far as the disposition of money is concerned. I will give them the next parting call."

Ringing, he was admitted and ushered at once into the parlor, where he found Mr. Crash and Mr. Crash's landlord—who, from their appearances, could not have been engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

"Ah, Mark! glad to see you—very glad!" said Crash, advancing, and shaking him heartily, "glad to see you," [the landlord stiffly took his leave,] "doubly glad; for your coming has sent that fellow away—my landlord. He has been boring me for the rent these two hours—in confidence, my boy."

Mrs. Crash entered, in sumptous dress.—Mr. Mark told them he was going abroad, to be absent for several years.

"Sorry we couldn't have given you a handsome supper, Felix," said Crash.—"Would if we had only known it in time; though, to tell the truth, we are a good deal bothered by creditors just now."

Mrs. Crash colored. "You needn't mention it though to everybody."

"Oh! Mark is confidential," said Crash, gaily. "He knows we must live, and trust to luck for payment. I expect to be rich yet. The only way to be rich is to appear so. Clothe a man in rags and see how much money he can borrow! Live in a hovel, and what rich folks will ever visit you? A poor man can't afford to live or look poor—he *must* keep appearances; but a rich man can do as he pleases—live, look, and be mean, like old Clutch there, over the way. What do you think, Mark?"

"To tell the truth, I approve of living within one's means—that don't argue meanness."

"But bad policy."

"It is good policy to be indpendent, Mr. Crash, but not be haunted by creditors."

"But a man ought to have force enough to face his creditors—tell them to wait. Fortune favors the brave, and good luck will come at last. Look at the house—isn't it furnished beautifully? Well between you and I, not two thirds are paid for—mostly on trust. What is the use, tell me, of hav friends, unless they could confide in you."

'But we should take care not to betray that confidence, Crash.'

'Very true, and I never intend to. But everybody must wait—wait till the luck comes; then you pay them what interest you please.'

'But you are annoyed by creditors, all the time following that plan—always in jeopardy—may fall at any moment. And what can you do without means or reputation.'

'But we have exceptions besides. And, at any rate, the world owes us a living, and a poor man had better fit himself to move where money is, than where it isn't. I act on the principle of, 'Live while you do live" at any rate. Turn your face down hill, and walk down, and there will be plenty to help you on the road. Have a glass of wine? [It was brought, and they drank.] That costs me ten dollars a bottle—or, will, when it's paid for. Ha! Ha! I see you stare; but I'll wager I'm much happier than old mulligrubs over the way, who is rich, and counts his mouthfuls."

On the strength of long acquaintance, Mr. Mark volunteered a little prudential counsel to Mr. Crash; but he saw it was thrown away, and so he desisted and departed.—But he saw, before he went, that behind all this seeming gaiety a deep anxiety was lurking; and his kind heart ached for the reckless votaries of extravagance.

"So goes the world!" thought he. "How much of the misery of which the world complains is made by themselves!—Ah! here is Cottage's house. I must bid them goodbye."

It was the poorest dwelling in the court, and old wooden tenement, which had a crushed look, by the side of the lordly dwellings which rose in towering pride around it, as if it longed for the annihilation to which a rise in land would soon consgin it.

Mark knocked at the weather-beated door, and a poorly-clad, but bright-faced woman opened it and welcomed him in. A cheerful wood fire burned in the old-fashioned fireplace, and a baby's socks were drying on the heads of the handirons. The rosy baby slept, smiling in a pine cradle.—There was no paint on the floor, but it was wite with work. Such kitchen utensils as were visible, preached silent sermons of tidiness and order. Mr. Cottage was a carpenter, and was drawing plans for a house.

"Excuse my bringing you into the kitchen," said Mrs. Cottage; "but you know we are poor and can't afford two fires."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Mark," said Mr Cottage, "but sorry to lose so good a neighbor; for I hear you're going away. I hope you will come back rich."

Thank you—I hope so, too; though money don't ensure happiness always.

"That's true," said Cottage. "Look at us. We are poor enough; but we have health, and food, and shelter, such as it is; and as long as we have work, we can keep "the wolf from the door," as the saying is, and I don't worry for more. As to my wife she can speak for herself."

"I don't want to be any happier," said Mrs. Cottage, "and can't expect it. I see so many unhappy people, that it makes me thankful that we are as well off as we are, though we do live very humbly."

"You are rich in having such a disposition," returned Mark, comparing their contented faces with those he had just parted from, "richer than some of your neighbors.'

"I think that," replied Mr. Cottage smiling archly. "We every day manage to give something to the unfortunate, who come to us after having been turned away from other doors. Few so poor that they don't see poorer. I often wonder if the rich ever think, when they close their great doors on the starving and ragged, that they may be poor themselves."

"They deserve to be, at any rate," said Mark, "without the luxury which a poor man has, in his own applauding heart, when he gives from his little store to a poorer brother."

Mark took his leave, and, on the following day, bade a long farewell to his native land, as her shores receded behind the blue waters, over which, as he gazed, he felt he might never pass again. To the distant mart, where he had chosen his lot, his business bound him for a period of ten years; and then, with eager heart, he turned from his long, but prosperous exile.

"I wonder," thought he, as the vessel neared his native city, "how our old neighbors of the court get along? Dead, or gone away, perhaps. It will be interesting to know; and the alteration may be a comment upon the traits they exhibited.

Soon after landing, he repaired to the old familiar court. But neither Covets, Clutches, crashes, nor Cottages were to be found there. He ascertained the address of the Cottages however, and called upon them forthwith.

The carpenter had become a rich man, and now lived in a handsome mansion. Industry, enterprise, integrity and a contented spirit had found his way to fortune—powerful auxiliaries to his skill in his craft, and, after congratulating the worthy family upon the agreeable changes in their affairs, Mark asked them what had become of their old neighbors.

"The Clutches, you will be astonished to hear, now live in a miserable cellar, in an obsure quarter of the city. Two years after you left, their house was destroyed by fire, without insurance; and by the failure of a bank and a land speculator, they were reduced to nothing—with not a friend to help them. In their prosperity, they were kind to nobody; in their adversity, none were kind to them."

"And the Crashes?"

"They crashed, for about for years ago everything was taken from them; and they now board out somewhere, and, perhaps, are taking useful lessons in honor, industry, and foresight."

"And the Covets?"

"Both died of dyspepsia, consumption, or some kindred complaint, brought on by worrying about the affairs of other people. They died within a year of each other, and are now resting where there is no chance to envy their neighbors; for all are situated alike on the last great democratic level!"

* * * * * * *

As Mr. Felix Mark wended his way to his hotel, he pondered seriously upon the great changes which had occurred to those four families within the short space of ten years; and it seemed to him, that if some poor story writer should be made acquainted with the facts, he might deem them worthy of a narrative, it only for the moral they contained.

FAIR GROUND.—The citizens of Milton are about purchasing ground for the county Fair and race course. Several pieces are in view, viz: a lot of 18 acres, immediately below Milton, the property of Mr. Davis, valued at $3,900, with the dwelling and stable; and also a lot of 24 acres, above Milton, belonging to Mr. Chamberlain, valued at $250 per acre.

☞ The gentleman whose lips pressed a lady's "snowy brow" did not catch cold.

Dodging the Question.

The advocates of the squatter sovgreignty doctrine of the right of the people of a Territory, by their territorial legislature, to determine whether slavery shall not be one of their local institutions, have a great deal to say in glittering generalities about the principle of popular sovereignty substituted in 1850 for congressional rule, and reasserted in 1854; but they say nothing about the Cincinnatti platform, which all true democrats recognize as the imbodiment of their political faith.

The reason for this is obvious. While these squatter-sovereignty men insist that it is "an innovation and unsound" to abridge and limit the right of the people of a Territory to act in reference to the institution of slavery to the one particular time when they come to organize their State governments," they cannot stand on a platform which distinctly and unequivocally declares that it is *only* when they organize their State government the people of a Territory have any right whatever to act in reference to the constitution of slavery. The resolution of the Cincinnatti platform is as follows:

Resolved, That we recognize the right of the people of all the Territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the legally and fairly expressed will of a majority of actual residents, and whenever majority of inhabitants justifies it, *to form* a constitution with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States."

There can be no doubt that this resolution most decidedly "limits" and "abridges" the right of the people of the Territories, and draws the broad and clear distinction between the unjust doctrine of squatter sovereignty which practically excludes the inhabitants of all the slaveholding States from the common domain, and that just and equitable doctrine of popular sovereignty by which the people when they come into the Union on terms of equality with the other States, and then alone, acquire the right to regulate their own institutions as best suits themselves.

Lest there might be any misconception of true intent, meaning, and application or this resolution, President Buchanan, nominated by the convention whidh framed it and elected by the people as the representative of the principles of the platform, said in his inaugaral address.

"It has ever been my individual opinion that under the Kansas Nebraska act the appropriate time (for the action of the people of the Territory on this subject) would be when the number of actual residents in the Territory shall justify the formation of a constitution with a view to its admission as a State into the Union."

Here, again, was the right of the people of a Territory to act in reference to the institution of slavery distinctly abridged and limited, and yet none of those who now declare the doctrine of the Cincinnatti platform and the President's inaugural "as an innovation and unsound," said one word at the time it was enuciated, except in the loudest praise of its entire soundness and consistency.

We can understand, therefore, why all particular mention of the Cincinnatti platform is dodged by the apostles of squatter sovereignty. The dilemma is undoubtedly awkward. If the Cincinnatti platform is wrong and unsound, so is the democratic party, of whose principles and faith that platform is the only authoritative exponent. Those who so judge the party and its faith cannot consistently claim to belong to it.—If the platform is so heterdox now, why did its denouncers of to-day laud and approve it so highly two years ago? It certainly has undergone no change. If it is unsound and an innovation two years ago. In the new resolutions of the squatter-sovereignty enthusiasts, to be consistent, and to prove that they have the courage to sustain their views, they must not dodge the Cincinnatti platform. If it clashes with their newly discovered faith, let them avow it boldly, so that the country may know where they stand. Let them declare the faith of the democratic party "unsound" and "an innovation," if they really think so, or choose to think so, but let them not ride two horses. We reaffirm the Cincinnatti platform. Can the squatter-sovereignty men do the same.—*Constitution.*

Pleasure for a Child.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom fourth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind hearted man who showed him a kindness in the day of childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a bare looted lad, standing at a wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his cottage; he was a wood cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver said a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy, expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

WHAT THE MEEK HEART DID.

Look out, oh! weary heart, look out
In the wide world and see
If there thou find'st a laurel wreath,
Or a great work for thee.

Then the weak heart looked sadly,
On scenes of change and strife,
And saw no fame-wreath for its brow,
No great work for its life.

So little deeds that thronged its path
That heart took meekly up;
Its meed of suffering humbly drank,
And drained the bitter cup.

The quiet life was truly lived,
To have done more it would;
But there is written this of such,
"*She hath done what she could.*"

Very Old but Good.

Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding, Mr. Slang said:

"I mean to enlarge my dairy."

"You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Slang.

"No," quoth Mr. Slang; I say I shall enlarge my dairy."

"Say our dairy, Mr. Slang."

No my dairy."

"Say our dairy, say our" screamed Mrs. Slang, seizing the poker.

"My dairy, my dairy, my dairy!" vociferated the husband.

"Our dairy! our dairy our dairy!" re-echoed the wife emphasizing each word with a blow of the poker upon the back of her cringing spouse.

Mr. Slang retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed clothes, Mr, Slang's hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrust his head out at the foot of the bed very much like a tortoise from its shell.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Slang?" says she.

"I am looking, my dear, to see if I can see anything of our hat."

The struggle was over. And ever since the above memorable occurrence Mr. Slang has studiously avoided the one of the odious singular possessive noun.

SUMMER DIET.—To keep the body cool in summer, it is best to eat no meat, or fish, or flesh, at least not oftener than once a day; and that in the cool of the morning; making a breakfast dessert of berries of some kind. Dinner, light soup with bread; then vegetables, rice, samp, corn, cracked wheat; dinner dessert of fruits and berries, in their natural state, fresh, ripe, and perfect. Touch nothing later than dinner; taking nothing at all at supper but a piece of cold bread and butter, and a single cup of some hot drink, or in place of these a saucer of ripe berries, without sugar, milk, cream, or anything else, not even a glass of water, or any other liquid for an hour after.

In health no one ought to drink ice water, for it has occasioned fatal inflamation of the stomach and bowels, and some times sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in summer; to use it at all with any safety the person should take but a single swallow at a time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls.—*Journal of Health.*

☞ Bad luck is a man with his hands in his breeches' pockets and a pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come out right.

WANTED.—A pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light affairs." And a short club broken off the square root.

OUR "*devil*" woke up the other morning and was astonished to see a bed bug sitting on the back of a chair, pulling pins from his coat, and innocently picking its teeth."

☞ "Mother, you musn't whip me for running away from school any more."

"Why?"

"Because my school book says that ants are the most industrious beings in the world, ain't I a tru ant?"

"Polly, box his ears."

☞ A man boasting in a company of ladies that he had a very luxurious head of hair, a lady present remarked that it was altogether owing to the mellowness of the soil.

☞ A country editor having received two gold dollars in advance for his paper, says that he still allows his children to play with other children, as usual.

☞ "Husband, I must have some change to day." "Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough anyhow."

☞ Blessed is the woman whose husband has a wooden leg, as she will have but one stocking to knit.

☞ An Irishman went into a cooper's shop and asked for an empty barrel of flour to make his dog a hen cook.

☞ The last instance of modesty is that of a lady who refused to wear a watch in her bosom because it had hands on it.

Rural Life.

In the simple life of the farmer there is, perhaps, more happiness, usefulness, and contentment than among any other class of people. Many are unaware of this fact, and often the tiller of the soil feels discontented with his calling, and envies the lot of others whom he deems more fortunate in the choice of an occupation than himself. But he who entertains this opinion is unacquainted with the high station to which he has been called. Man was appointed to it before he was compelled to roam on account of sin; for when the farmer of the universe first fashioned this beautious world and everything therein, according to his divine pleasure and pronounced it good, he created man in the image and after the likeness of himself, and placed him in the delightful garden of Eden "to dress it and keep it."

If we would seek for the nearest approach to that Eden from which man was compelled, where would we find it sooner than in a rural site, the abode of some peaceful and happy farmer, whose domain is his empire, and whose greatest pleasure is the right cultivation of his fields and the embellishment or his home. Go to yonder cottage, surrounded by trees planted either for utility or ornament, and there you behold the abode of Industry—the home of Cheerfulness and Contentment. Here we see marks of thrift and prosperity—always the result of labor properly directed and cheerfully performed. He rises with the dawn, and, as he walks over his fields smiling with beauty and presenting the appearance of a rich and bountiful harvest, sees more to raise his thoughts and feelings, and to give him a just conception of Nature and her beauty. than he who, living in the city and shut in by human crowds, would see in a whole life time, did he always remain pent up in prison. He sees the glorious sunrising—the innumerable diamonds of dew scattered upon every blade of grass, sparkling amid his glittering rays—the fields clothed with their mantles of verdure, the meadows covered with the blossoming clover—all about are "colors that please and charm the eye," and upon his ear falls the sweet music of the songsters issuing forth in the joyful notes. No other occupation is better adapted to him who is the lover or student of nature. His life is with her surrounded on every side by her works, from which he may read instruction in every object.

But the farmer's life is one of incessant toil and labor. Each hand is employed—idleness finds no home here. From one season to another new labors present themselves, from which there is no respite; but from being habituated to them, he learns to love them, so that instead of their being a task, they become a pleasure. He follows the plow behind his "smoking team" round as the sun ascends the heavens and moves on until it sinks behind the western horizon. Through the long and sultry days of harvest he swings the glittering scythe, and in the autumn time husks the yellow corn.

In every age the farm has been the birthplace, or the farmer's life the chosen occupation of men who have reached the eminence of distinction. Cincinnattus, the savior, at one time, of the Roman Commonwealth, sighed to leave his little fields for the dictatorship of the "Mistress of the World." Washington, after fighting with the enemies of his country and gaining its freedom—after presiding for eight years as its Chief Magistrate. retired to his peaceful farm home, and there passed the remainder of his days. It ever has been "the nursery of great men." Orators and statesmen, poets and scholars, have had their early training in its school.

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—The celebrated Earl of Chatham performed an amount of business, every minute, which filled common improvers of time with utter astonishment. He knew not merely the great outlines of public business, the policy, and intrigues of foreign courts. But his eyes was on every part of the British dominions; and scarcely a man could move without his knowledge of the man and the object. A friend one day called on him, when Premier of England, and found him down on his hands and knees, playing marbles with his little boy, and complaining bitterly that the rogue would not play fair; gaily adding "that he must have been corrupted by the example of the French!" The friend wished to mention a suspicious looking stranger, who for some time had taken up lodgings in London. Was he a spy, or merely a private gentleman? Pitt went to the drawer, and took out some scores of small portraits, and holding up one which he had selected, asked, "Is that the man? Yes, the very person." 'Oh, I have had my eye upon him from the time he stepped on shore?" All this was accomplished by a rigid observance of time; never suffering a moment to pass without pressing it into service. No one will try to improve his time, unless he impressed with the necessity. Remember that at the very best calculation we can have but a short time in which to learn all and do all that we accomplish in life.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

When a horse kicks you, and you feel a strong disposition to kick the horse in return—*don't you do it.*

NO MAN can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes the man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, not according to what he has.