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WITHERED TREES.

BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

What do ye here, ye withered trees?
The sun and the vernal rain,
And the softening breath of the spring-tide breeze,
Revive ye not again!
Why do your leafless branches spread
O'er the fair bough's bud and bloom,
And hang o'er the bright young sapling's head,
Like prophecies of gloom?

Why do ye stretch in the sunny air,
As if stripped by the wintry wind,
And the light and joy of summer share,
Which ye cannot pay in kind?
Why do ye cumber the smiling earth,
And shadow the thick green grass?
Make way for the young shrub's leafy mirth—
Pass, from this bright world pass!

There came a sigh from the withered boughs,
A murmur, and a moan;
Like a rustling wind o'er the crisping snows
In winter, was its tone.
It seemed to say, "Alas! to think
Of man's ingratitude;
That we from his sight are bid to shrink—
We, monarchs of the wood!

"We used to be as green and fair
As the trees ye cherish now,
And a crown of leaves were wont to bear
On every lofty bough.
We used to laugh in the pleasant sun,
And bathe in the heavy dew;
Why grudge that now our youth is gone—
We linger yet in view?

"We are lingering but like aged men,
With hearts and passions cold;
Would you scorn your own grey fathers, then,
Because they have grown old?
Ye look on *them* with a reverent look,
Though bent and aged now,
And read, as ye would read a book,
The wisdom on each brow.

"Do not those reverend parents teach
That we must pass away?
And may not we such lessons preach
Of slow but sure decay?
When the flattering Spring winds wander by
These fair young leaves and flowers,
We tell them with a low deep sigh,
Their fate must be *ours*."

[From the Nineteenth Century.

THE VAGRANT MANIAC.

BY THOMAS H. REED.

Night, night!
And no stars in sight,
While Autumn is sighing its dying tune;
And Time from the steeple
Looks down on the people
Through windows that glow like the rising moon.

Behold, behold!
The young and the old
Crowning yon casement and filling the door,
To see a poor ranger
An outcast and stranger,
Stalk as if walking some desolate shore.

Slowly, slowly,
As if it were holy,
Facing the place with a sorrowful air,
Firmly and fearlessly,
Statue-like, tearlessly,
Gazing, she mutters, it may be, in prayer.

With her palms prest
Over her breast,
She seems as if marking the desolate hour;
As the clock stands
With its midnight hands
Telling the time to itself in the tower.

Keeping her paces
Among satins and laces,
She walks like an heir to fortune and name,—
As if hung upon her
Jewels of honor;—
But her mantle is coarse, and her hood is the same.

Suddenly, brightly,
Her features, lightly
Break into smiles, and she laughs with new glad-
Through her sad story [ness.
Glimpses of glory,
Fragrant of girlhood, float over her madness.

Swiftly, again
The storm of her path
Sweeps o'er her visions and leaves not a star;
Wildly she mutters—
List what she utters,
Something of death and the land of the war!

Quietly take her—
Good people, make her
A way through the gaping and wondering crowd;
And ere to-morrow
Perchance all her sorrow
May lie with her dust in a poor vagrant shrowd!

From Godey's Lady's Book, for January.

ATALANTA ON SKATES.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

SOMEWHAT more than twenty years ago, in a fine old mansion on the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, lived Gen. Paul Leroux, formerly of the French army, and a devoted Bonapartist. On the final fall of Napoleon, he had emigrated to Canada with his family, and a portion of his once princely fortune.

Gen. Leroux was a widower, with two twin children, Henri and Eugenie, at your service, my reader. These two having lost their mother in early childhood, had spent some years with relatives in Switzerland. In that wildest country, in the midst of a large household, herself the especial pet of her grand-uncle, a veteran soldier, Eugenie Leroux was allowed all the wild and healthful freedom of a peasant girl. At the age of sixteen, when she accompanied her father and brother to the New World, she could boast but few lady-like accomplishments and aristocratic airs; but she was lovely, with the promise of extraordinary beauty, bewitchingly *naive* in manner, and as brave and vigorous as a young Zingara. She was passionate in spirit, impetuous and wayward; fiery and fearless in her resentments, but quick and generous to forgive; ardent and devoted to the death in her loves and friendships. Henri Leroux was possessed of a fine intellect, but was of a delicate physical organization; gentle in spirit, sensitive, studious and religious, the fair beauty of his face, the subdued tone of his voice and his quiet manner, all went to render him a most remarkable contrast to his sister.—But I will not dwell further upon his character, as his future life is to form the subject of a subsequent sketch.

On reaching his Canadian home, Gen. Leroux procured a governess and masters for his daughter. Mademoiselle Eugenie soon acquired a good knowledge of English, and made rapid progress in music, for which she possessed remarkable talent; but she indignantly overturned her embroidery frame, tossed her paint-brushes into the river, and sent her Latin grammar after them. Her poor governess soon resigned, in despair, all hops of making a fine lady out of the wild girl of the Alps, whom an indulgent father, good, easy man, permitted to follow, in all things, her untrammelled impulses.

Our heroine's early residence in Switzerland had colored her entire after-life and character; and a daughter of a soldier, she was, perhaps not unnaturally, soldier-like and somewhat masculine in her tastes.—She neither trembled, fainted, nor shrieked with exquisite sensibility and delicate nervousness at the roar of ordnance, the peal of musketry, and the sharp crack of the rifle. She loved them rather, and at the gleam of arms and the exulting swell of martial music, there ever flashed from her kindling eyes the bold spirit of a Joan d' Arc. As a horse-woman, she was absolutely unrivalled in all the Canadas—at least, so said her riding-master. She could row like Grace Darling, swim like a mermaid, and then her skating—

"Her skating! Good gracious!" cries my fair reader, in feminine consternation. Wait a bit, honey, and consider. Skating is an amusement which has beeen too long monopolized by 'our natural enemy,' as some lady writer—Miss Martineau, Miss Hannah More, or Miss Robinson Crusoe—calls the sterner sex. It is a graceful, a delightful, and most invigorating exercise. I speak not unadvisedly, for in my early girlhood, I too, acquired this singular accomplishment, and I now only blush for the false delicacy which has since prevented me from keeping myself in practice.

But Eugenie, fearless of the censures of the over-refined, and scorning the impertinent observations of the *canaille*, pursued with enthusiasm the favorite pastime of her Swiss winter-life; and no sooner did the ice of the St. Lawrence become of a reliable thickness, than, accompanied by her twin-brother, she might be seen performing her graceful evolutions thereon for hours together. Her skill and swiftness became proverbial, and many were the delighted witnesses of her varied and extraordinary feats. But it is time she was introduced personally to my readers.

On the afternoon of a keen but sunny day in January, Eugenie and Henri Leroux laughingly descended the bank of the St. Lawrence, and mingled with a small company of skaters. Mademoiselle Eugenie—then a strikingly beautiful brunette of eighteen, was suitably, though somewhat coquettishly, attired in a short skirt and tightly-fitting jacket of dark blue cloth, richly trimmed with black fur. Upon her head she wore a small fur cap; her raven hair was put plainly back; the rich brown of her complexion was brilliant with a glow of pleasure, and her large dark eyes were flashing back the sunshine.

After amusing herself as usual for a while, Eugenie observed a burly English corporal, with whom she had a slight skating acquaintance, progressing leisurely towards her, drawing a miniature sleigh. This, she presently saw, contained the first-born of the corporal's house, a stout boy of about half a year old, well wrapped in furs and flannel, and rosy-cheeked with the healthful wintry air. Eugenie glided along by the little vehicle, chatting pleasantly, and delighting the proud father by her praises of his pretty child, till suddenly a wild thought darting through her brain she caught the infant from the cushions, laid it on her head, after the Swiss manner, putting up one hand to steady it, and was off like a flash! As for the corporal, "his sensations were more easily imagined than described," to use a novel expression. He stood stupefied and transfixed for a moment, then gave a cry between a groan and a yell, and started in pursuit. He was a tolerable skater, but he knew not with whom he had to compete. Eugenie was now rods ahead of him, looking back and laughing provokingly; now passing so near that he almost grasped her dress; now circling about him with fearful rapidity. At last the poor man became furious, swore roundly at the mischievous girl, and called for aid in rescuing his child.—Three or four, Henri among the number, laughing heartily, set out in eager pursuit; but Eugenie, after eluding them at every point, flew back to the little sleigh, lowered the child from her head, kissed him hastily, laid him smiling and unharmed upon his pillow, and was off again.

Among the interested though inactive spectators of this strange scene, were two British officers, then stationed at Montreal, Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston. The former was highly connected and the heir to considerable wealth, had a soldierly appearance, a symmetrical form and a fine manly face, happy, and withal, innocent in its expression.

Thurston was a man of the world, with a peculiarly English physiognomy; was considered handsomer than his companion, to whom he was an attached and devoted friend.

On leaving the river, after Eugenie and her brother had disappeared, Hamilton maintained a thoughtful silence until he reached his quarters, when he exclaimed—"Thurston, we must make the acquaintance of Gen. Leroux, for, by the powers, I would give my commission to know that girl! She is a glorious creature—a *glori-ous* creature!"

"Fudge, Hamilton; she is a merciless savage—a very ogress, running away with babies, and frightening worthy fathers out of their wits."

Our officers found little difficulty in gaining an *entree* into the hospitable mansion of the courteous Gen. Leroux, and ere many months were past, they were on a footing of familiar intercourse with his family. Captain Hamilton's admiration for Eugenie finally deepened into love, and many things seemed to augur favorably for the success of his suit. The father and brother of the lady were both won over by the many excellencies of the young soldier's character, his intellectual qualifications and the charm of his manner; but the heart of Eugenie herself were not so easily conquered. Her lover soon ascertained that many of her feelings, tastes and early prejudices were opposed to the interest which he sought to create. First of all, her *amor patriæ* was far stronger than that of most women; she passionately loved *la belle France*, and as passionately hated her enemies. Then she cherished in the depths of her soul, that wild, enthusiastic, adoring love for the memory of Napoleon which none but a true Bonapartist can fully understand.

When a mere child, she had seen the great hero—she had a distinct recollection of his face, of his winning smile, as he addressed a few playful words to her. Henri Leroux even declared to Hamilton that her right cheek, which had received the imperial salute, had been *tabooed* from that time, no less august lips having pressed the sacred spot. To her father and brother Eugenie never spoke of the glorious days of the empire but with mournful enthusiasm—of the emperor but with tears; yet to Captain Hamilton, she talked proudly of the deeds and reign of the great king-maker, and entered into many an animated discussion of his merits as a ruler and a general.

Hamilton, like every English soldier, was a worshipper of Wellington, and could never be brought to admit that the generalship of the conquered surpassed that of the conqueror.

Such discussions sometimes add a piquancy to friendship, but no degree of discord is healthful for *love*—and our lovers had some serious disagreements. But reconciliations always followed, Eugenie usually concluding, in her calmer moments, that a live friend was better than a dead emperor, and frankly sending to the aggrieved gentleman some pacific message.

During the summer and fall, Gen. Leroux was absent on a tour through the States; and as Henri was much engrossed by studies, Captain Hamilton was left a fair field for his wooing operations. He rode and walked, and sung and read English with mademoiselle, and all would have gone on smoothly had he not also *talked*.—But the ghost of Bonaparte was never laid; and that unfortunate last battle, when the "little corporal" was defeated by *fate*, not by Wellington, was fought over again, almost daily.

On the return of the general, Captain Hamilton thought best to consult with him, before making a formal proposal to Eugenie. To his great joy, the kind father made no opposition to his suit—leaving the matter wholy in his daughter's hands. But Eugenie was too arch a coquette to decide at once—again and again requested time for consideration, until weeks slipped by, and the merry skating days had come round again.

It was a clear, luminous moonlight night, late in December, when Captain Hamilton and Lieutenant Thurston met at the house of Gen. Leroux. Thurston had but that day returned from Quebec, where he had been spending some months; and was, therefore, not altogether *au fait* of the state of affairs between his brother soldier and Mademoiselle Eugenie. The friends, though they did not come together, found they were bound on the self-same errand—to solicit the honor of attending upon mademoiselle to a military ball which was to be given on New Year's eve. As neither gentleman would resign his claim in favor of the other, a playful altercation ensued—Eugenie declaring herself unable to decide. At this point, Henri laughingly proposed that as the night was magnificent, the important question should be decided by a skating match; or that Eugenie should play "Atalanta upon Skates."

The gentlemen joyfully assented; Eugenie clapped her hands with childish glee, and retired to don her skating costume.—This was somewhat different from the one which she had worn a year before; the trimming being of white fur, and for the sake of greater conspicuousness on this occasion, she had placed in her cap a long white ostrich plume. The effect of this dress was to render her more bewitchingly beautiful than ever, as she came bounding into the drawing room for her companions. Gen. Leroux, after gazing on her proudly for a moment, embraced her tenderly, and declared his intention of joining the little party, to see that no harm befel her, and that all went fair in the race.

In their way to the river, Captain Hamilton, whose arm Eugenie had taken, looked with sudden seriousness into the roguish eyes of his companion, and whispered—

"May not a question of more moment than of escorting you to this ball, be also decided to night?"

"In the same manner, Monsieur?"

"Yes, and may the swiftness of my heels avail, where the eloquence of an adoring heart has failed?"

"As you will," she replied, laughing merrily. "Overtake me, and I surrender prisoner for life; but fail, and it is the lost Waterloo of your wooing. *Remember!*"

The moon was at its full, and the ice-bound St. Lawrence lay like a broad sheet of glittering silver.

The race was soon fairly begun. Thurston at first seemed likeliest to win, but laying out all his strength in desperate efforts to head Eugenie in her marvelous evolutions, at length sank down, utterly exhausted; and the provoking girl turned and flew past him like a wild bird on the wing. The field was now left to Hamilton, who had infinitely more at stake, and he swore a mighty oath (to himself) never to yield until the victory was his.

It was a scene of singular excitement.—Hamilton, though an admirable skater, never seemed to gain upon Eugenie, except by her own permission; for she would now and then flag, as though about to pause, place her hand on her side, and drop her head, as if from weariness. Hamilton would redouble his efforts, and the next moment she would be flying about him in bewildering circles, nearer and nearer, till the ring of her skates and her merry laugh were in his ear, and then, away shot her lithe form with incredible swiftness, till far a-down the river her long white plume was floating in the moonlight.

At length, Eugenie called back—

"I am getting tired of this, Capt. Hamilton. You can *never* overtake me; but stop where you are, and I will come to you!"

Hamilton paused, and soon beheld his inamorata swiftly approaching. As she drew nearer, however, she glided along more leisurely and coquettishly. Ah, moment of thrilling rapture to the lover, when he watched that magnificent creature coming slowly, but steadily towards him, with her head archly inclined to one side; her luxuriant hair loosed from her cap, and falling over her shoulders; her arms crossed upon her bosom; her lips apart, and her eyes flashing gloriously, and not unlovingly, upon him! Nearer, nearer; he reached forth his arms with a cry of joyful welcome! Nearer, nearer; he could see her breath, silvered into small clouds, by the frost of the still night!—when she bowed her head, and shot beneath his extended arm, liked a winged arrow!

The baffled officer turned quickly, *too* quickly, alas, for his feet slid from under him, and he measured his length on the ice! He suddenly recovered himself, to behold Eugenie pausing at a little distance, and resigning herself to extravagant merriment; her wild laugh ringing out like a peal of bells on the clear frosty air. Vexation and mortification gave our hero new strength, and he again set out with all the energy of desperation. This time he gained upon his treacherous lady-love.—Eugenie became really alarmed, when, looking backward, she saw him dashing on like an eagle in pursuit of a devoted wood pigeon. She strove eagerly to reach the bank, but in vain. Hamilton saw with exultation that the prize would soon be his; he already stretched out his arms, when—she was gone, *gone!* and at his feet yawned a chasm in the ice! Fearless of death and the rheumatism, the gallant captain leaped to the rescue; and, as Heaven would have it, Eugenie rose in the same place where she sank, and was safely lifted from the water, and borne to the bank by her alarmed lover. She had chanced upon a spot but thinly frozen over; the thick ice having been cut and removed on that very day.

The poor girl was chilled into partial unconsciousness, and Hamilton knelt by her side and tenderly strove to revive her. Her father, Henri and the Lieutenant had reached the spot, but no one interfered with the office of her rescuer. He semed not to notice the presence of others, as he bent over the fainting girl and chafed her hands and temples. At last, he pressed his lips to hers, and called upon her name in an agony of love and fear. As though she had received a powerful galvanic shock, Eugenie instantly sprang to her feet, rejecting with indignation and *hauteur* the further assistance of her presuming lover. Supported by her father and brother, she proudly and silently walked homeward, hurt and mortified by the tragical termination of the evening's amusement.

The adventurers reached the house, with icicles depending from every point and edge of their attire, and found themselves pretty thoroughly chilled; but a change of clothing, and a trifle of *eau de vie*, soon set all right again.

Eugenie maintained her proud and silent reserve until, as Capt. Hamilton was about leaving, Gen. Leroux, grasping his hand, said in a tremulous voice—

"My dear young friend, you have saved the life of my child; receive a father's blessing!"

Eugenie's heart was touched; she sprang forward impetuously, seized Hamilton's other hand, and, looking up with tearful eyes, said, in a tone to be heard by all present:—

"Let me also thank you, my preserver; I have been ungrateful, unwomanly; forgive me!"

A short time subsequent to the little adventure which we have narrated, Capt. Hamilton was ordered to another station, where he remained during the winter; his *affaire de coeur* continuing in the meantime pretty much *in statu quo*. In the spring time he returned, but only to bid his friends adieu, as his company had been recalled to England.

On his announcing this to Eugenie, she threw aside her reserve at once, exclaiming:—

"Holy mother, *going!* and I—how can I endure the parting?"

"Great Heaven, Eugenie! is it possible that you love me at last?"

"I do, truly, tenderly; I can never love another—will never wed another! I tell you this, my friend, because I cannot wed with *you*."

"Say not so, dearest; be my wife! go with me to England! I will make any sacrifice for your love. Say the word and I will leave the army, that I may never be the active enemy of your native country. Tell me, my love, will you not be persuaded?"

"Oh! do not urge me, I entreat you! I cannot listen to you—*I must not leave my father!* A stranger in a strange land, his country, his emperor, his daughter—all lost to him; would he not die of a broken heart!—No, no; I will never forsake him!" and the poor child burst into tears.

Capt. Hamilton strode up and down the apartment, pale and heart-wrung with contending emotions; but he was too honorable, too truely noble long to hesitate, and respectfully taking Eugenie's hand in his, he said—

I honor you for your decision; I love you the more tenderly for this beautiful exhibition of filial piety. May God give us strength to endure our common trial, and permit me to return at no distant day to claim this hand.

Then, after folding her for the first time to his breast, and kissing away the tears which hung on her long, dark eye-lashes, he turned hastily, and was gone. But he returned in a moment—he had left a glove, and returned to find Mademoiselle Eugenie pressing that same glove to her lips and heart, in her passionate sorrow. She was overcome with confusion, and could scarcely raise her eyes to her lover's, as he hurriedly requested her to inform her father that he would wait upon him in the morning to make him his adieu.

Early the next morning, Eugenie sought her father in the library, and with as much calmness as she could command, related the occurrence of the preceeding evening.

The General, surprised and agitated, exclaimed—

"Is it possible that you love this man whom you rejected?"

"As sincerely as my departed mother must have loved you in your youth; but I could not make lonely the hearth of our home; I could not forsake you, my father."

"You are an angel, Eugene! The best daughter that ever blessed a father's heart. Yet I cannot accept this sacrifice; I cannot seperate you from the man you love, and who is worthy of you—it would be selfish, sinful to do this. Go with Hamilton to England, his happy wife! Go, and take with you a father's blessing! God forbid I should cloud your young life with sorrow!"

"Father, dear father, do not call this a sacrifice! The spirit of my mother will aid me in my dutiful devotion to you.—Heaven will smile upon me, and I shall be happy."

Gen. Leroux sat in thoughtful silence for a moment; then, blushing like a very boy, he said—

"Look here, my daughter!" taking from his bosom a miniature, set in brilliants—the portrait of a young and handsome woman—*not* the long dead mother of Henri and Eugene.

"What does this mean, father?" said our heroine, turning deathly pale.

"It means," he replied, that, "foreseeing that I could not always retain you to preside over my household, I have provided a substitute."

"Who and what is she?"

"Have patience, my love, and I will tell you all. While on a tour through the States, last Autumn, I met with an old friend and fellow-soldier, an emigrant like myself, and his only child; a good and beautiful girl is she, who has promised to fill that void in my heart left by your mother, the place by my hearth soon to be left by you. I thought to have told you this long; but it was an awkward subject to broach; and the marriage has been once postponed on account of the death of a relative of Marie's."

"And so, my grand sacrifice was uncalled for!" said Eugenie, making an effort to smile.

"Yes, my love—I shall grieve deeply to part with you; but I shall not be comfortless. Now, I am going out; when Capt. Hamilton calls, you must receive him here, and may explain to him the change in your circumstances as regards me. Don't weep, my child—don't, I pray! I will visit you in England with Henri and—and my wife, in the course of the summer; and you will return to Canada, some time. God bless you, my darling!" and the exemplary father took himself off.

Eugenie had hardly time to dry her tears, compose her face, and smooth her ringlets, before Capt. Hamilton walked into the library.

He was somewhat surprised at meeting Eugenie again, and expressed much regret at not being able to see her father. The poor girl was sadly embarrassed, and could utter little more than brief replies to the questions of her lover. After a few moments of painfully constrained conversation, the Captain rose, kissed hastily the hand of his lady-love, and not trusting himself to look upon her face, left her once again to her tears. She stood like a statue of grief, and listened to his every step as he descended to the hall below. Then, scarce conscious of the act, she flew rather than ran down the stairs. Her lover heard her light step, and turned toward her.—She grasped his arm, leaned her head on his shoulder, and murmured—

"If you *must* go, George, take me with you! I am not needed here; I shall die if you leave me!"

This was the first time Eugenie had ever called her lover "George." My gentleman-reader will please recall the feeling with which he first heard his own name, from the lips of the woman he loved.

Under such extraordinary circumstances Capt. Hamilton soon obtained leave to delay for a short time his departure for England; and in the course of a week, his marriage with Eugenie took place, with all the rites of the English and Romish churches.

Of course, the bridegroom was pronounced elegant in white gloves and waistcoat; and the bride adorable in satin and orange blossoms. The usual number of jokes and champaigne bottles were cracked, at the expense of the former; of gloves and and sashes soiled at the expense of the latter.

Then followed forced smiles, blessings, tears, the *parting*.

That night, hour after hour, in the lonely room which had once been Eugenie's, over a harp, whose strings the delicate fingers of the most loved might wake no more, leaned a pale and fair-haired youth, weeping wildly and bitterly, with the feeling that his twin heart had been torn asunder.

That night, in his own room, sat a tall and handsome man, yet in the golden meridian of life, gazing mournfully on the portrait of a beautiful girl, in a skating costume, which hung against the opposite wall.—There was a strange quivering in the lip of the soldier, a stranger glistening in his eye. Then he drew from his breast another picture, and he gazed on *that* till the smile of the lover shone through the tears of the father.

It is evening—the first evening at sea, and Capt. Hamilton and his bride are on deck, watching the last point of American land, as it fades into the blue of the horizon.

"The wind blows fair—the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze:
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the carreering seas!"

Eugenie's sweet eyes are filled with tears, as, stretching her arms toward the dim shore, she murmurs—

"Adieu, dear adopted land! father, brother, adieu, adieu!"

Her husband folds her to his bosom, and whispers—"You have inded resigned much to follow me."

"Yes, *all*, home, friends, and it may be, my religion. And now, dear George," she adds, smiling through her tears, "will you not admit that Napoleon was the greatest hero the world has ever known?"

"Yes, yes, I yield at last; but in return for this concession, I take the liberty, my little Bonapartist wife, *of kissing you on the Emperor's cheek!*"

Do good to your friend, that he may be more wholly yours; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.

A good man cares not for the reproofs of evil men.

[From "Wright's Casket."

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

Parental government is the exercise, for moral purposes, of that moral power which all parents naturally have over their children The essential element of all government is moral power. And when it is considered that all parents have this power in an ample degree, it seems strange that so many should fail in the management of their children. This failure cannot always arise from neglect of parental duty; for like the world in general, children may be said to be governed too much. And it may well be doubted whether a system of parental government excessively severe, is not usually worse than none at all. Nor on the other hand, can such failure always be attributed to a defective system, or false principles. For it happens not unseldom that parents whose principles are unexceptionable, and whose manners cannot be deemed either too lenient or too severe, are as unsuccessful as any. In almost all such cares it will be found upon examination that the course of discipline, or system of government, was commenced too late; and if begun too late, the most perfect system of parental government will result only in disappointment.

From the first dawn of the perceptive faculties, the first operations of reason, the child is susceptible of moral influences, and of course capable of being made the subject of moral government. For the conscience, the feeling of wrong, grows with the mental growth, and strengthens with its strength. And so early is the infant WILL developed, that in many instances before the parent thinks it time to begin restraining and governning the child, the child has already learned to have its own way, or in other words, to govern the parent.—While the painful experience of a large number of parents proves that at this period the most perfect system of government, if not absolutely too late to be of any use, can repair this loss of time only by long continued and persevering efforts.

The fact that children can think and reason before they can speak, seems to have been in some measure overlooked. Then it need not be wondered at if parents find difficulty in convincing their children that they are in earnest, when they have themselves taught them to disregard what they say. Nor should any be surprised to find it no easy task to subdue the infant *will* which they have themselves cultivated and cherished by indulgence for years or even months. If there is any first principle, any knowledge implanted in the child by the Creator, it is the knowledge of right and wrong. From the moment the child can understand its parents' will, from that moment it is caple of being taught to obey it. And gentle teachings at this early period are more efficacious than severer ones are afterwards.

Parental government should therefore begin early, in order that it may be profitable to the child and pleasant to the parent. For in no other way can a thorough discipline of the young mind be accomplished, or domestic peace and quiet secured.

JUST SENTIMENTS.

We must be permitted to add, while on this subject, that the doctrine involved in the popular outcry: "Our country, right or wrong," is in our judgement one of the most outragous ever broached. It is a clear infraction of the teachings of God's Holy Bible, and of the plainest lessons of common justice. Nothing but the captivating lure which it so artfully throws out, of the pntative patriotism which is made to gleam forth from beneath its adroit and and hidden sophistry, could ever have reconciled an intelligent and honest mind to its adoption. If this monstrous motto were founded in truth, then our patriot fathers had never wrested this country from the iron yoke of British tyranny, and we should still be the abject vassals of a foreign potentate;—then Luther had never come forth to preach and pray and labor against the fearful abuses of church and state in the days of the glorious reformation;—then the people and the state were right and deserved to be sustained when they condemned the Son of God to the ignominious death of the cross;—then there is an end of all progress in political enconomy, the nations of Europe are bound most loyally to support all the excesses and despotic usurpations of their respective governments, no matter whether or not they are thereby ground to powder and dust. But enough. If adherence to this sophism is to be regarded as a test of patriotism, we can lay no claim to such patriotism. *Our* motto is, "let God be true and every man a liar;" and hence we can only justify our government and our country, so far as they go with God and the teachings of his word; not an inch farther. But in pursuing this course we feel assured, that we are a better and truer friend to the country, than he who is prepared to vindicate and support the decisions of the masses when *wrong*, no less than when they are *right*. This, at least, for the present, is one of the articles of our political creed, and until convinced that we are in error we must adhere to it, even if our adherence should subject us to the loss of every subscriber we have. No consideration under heaven, if we know ourselves, even if it were sure to crowd our list with subscribers and fill our coffers with gold, could tempt us to violate the manifest dictations of conscience.

We, however, started with the intention to give expression to just one thought.—Asking pardon for so long a preface, here it is. Was our government established for an offensive one, or was it not rather for the "common *defence* and general welfare," as expressly stated in the constitution? We find the celebrated John Randolph bringing this very argument to bear in Congress as far back as the year 1806. In one of his speeches he says: "I declare in the face of day that this government was not instituted for the purpose of offensive war—no—it was framed (to use its own language) *for the common defence* and the general welfare, which are inconsistent with offensive war. I call that offensive war which goes out of our own limits and jurisdiction for the attainment of objects not within those limits and that jurisdiction.

What a pity that such sentiments do not actuate the people and all our rulers!—The chimerical idea of a "*manifest destiny*" which has seized the minds of many has overturned all pre-existing notions of right. The hallucination is so transcendental that it scarcely deserves a serious thought. If it be our destiny to conquer Mexico, God grant that it may be effected by the peaceful influences of our holy religion, instead of "the hideous logic of the red-mouthed artillery." We go heart and hand for any measure which will stop the farther effusion of blood, be it the occupying of a certain line or a definite treaty of peace; and may there be one united and vigorous effort to quench this spirit of conquest—to blast this moral Upas tree which is blighting our fairest prospects.—*Lutheran Observer.*

TRUE HEROISM.—Is there no heroism in the statesman, who, against the torrent of popular infatuation, still stands by his country? Is there no heroism in the missionary and philanthropist—the preacher who seeks the heathen in the dells of the savage, and the physician who encounters the perils of pestilence and all the bloody ministrations of his art, at which even the brave turn pale? Undoubtedly the truest examples of heroism are displayed—or, rather, they are concealed—every day and every night, by men—ay, and by women—of all classes and under all circumstances, in the commonest duties life. The broken merchant, the ruined manufacturer, the widow who toils for her children, and the wife who watches by the death-bed—these, and and a thousand others, may exhibit, in the performance of duty under adversity, examples of fortitude more truly heroic than are witnessed on fields of victory. Courage and wounds are the merits of the soldier; but there are wounds of the spirit harder to bear than any that are ever struck upon the body, and there is a moral or religious courage, needing a greater heart to sustain it than is required for the struggle on the field of battle.—*North American.*

INVALUABLE REMEDIES.—We have no faith in quack remedies, but think it safest to apply to a regular physician in all cases of indisposition. Here are some remedies, however, for very prevalent disorders, that we have no hesitation in recommending as quite infallible. Try them:

For sea sickness—stay at home.
For drunkenness—drink cold water.
For health—rise early.
For accident—keep out of danger.
To keep out of jail—pay your debts.
To please all—mind your business.
To make money—ADVERTISE.

OLD HEATH'S SON.—"Seeing," continued Miss Smix, "that the old man was intent on getting his son in my school, I consented to take him. Many, indeed most of the scholars were astonished to see "18 year-old-Heath," as they called him, seated on the first form, among the infants in their A, B, C's. He was badly ashamed at first, but in play-time could carry so many children at once, "pig-a-back," that they forgot their ignorance in his humility and goodness. I confess my heart (like a *mother's*, mind you,) yearned for and towards him—and many a time, as I sat in the school room near dusk, looking at castles and spectres in the dying embers, prayed that God would give me power and capacity to pick a way into his encrusted brain. He was not dull, nor stupid in any thing but mere letters. Cadmus in his head was embedded a fathom deep. At last," and here the sweet face of Miss Smix brightened, and the glimmer of some intended smile played over it, "I got him clean through the alphabet, and he could point out my letters by name. In two weeks he got through his "ba-be-bi," &c., and one bright Monday morning I put him into l-a-*la*-d-y-*dy*. I had to tell him fifty times the nature of syllables, but his brain was as opaque as a rock.

"Do you love pies?" said I, in order to interest him.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well then, 'apple' and 'pie' put together spell apple-pie, don't they?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"By a like rule *la* and *dy* spell la-dy—you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"*Mince* and *pie* spell what, then?"

"Mince-pie."

"Right! *Pumpkin* and *pie*, what?"

"Pumpkin-pie."

"Then, what does l-a-*la*-d-y-*dy* spell?"

"*Custard-pie!*" said he, with a yell of delight at his success.—*N. O. Delta.*

SHARP SHOOTING.—"Down East," observed a Southerner to a Yankee, "a cow and a calf, and a calicoe frock, is said to be a girl's portion—and that's the place you come from."

"Well," replied the Yankee, "people have to be born pretty much as other people say, barrin' accidents—and you're from the place, ain't ye, where a potato patch, with cracks in it so wide that grasshoppers are picked up at the bottom by hand-fuls, their necks broke in trying to jump over—is a portion for the eldest son. My father told me," continued the Downeaster, "he was once riding by one of your great farms. Observing the wretchedness of the land, he said—

"That fellow must be plaguy poor."

"Not so poor as you think for!" answered a voice from the blackberry bushes, "for I don't own but one-third on't—my father gin away one-third to get a man to take t'other!"

A SHREWD BOY.—"Oh! mother," said a little fellow, "I've got such a bad headache, and sore throat too, that I don't believe I can go to school to-day."

"Have you, my dear?" asked the mother, "well, you shall stay at home and take some *medicine*."

"It's no matter," retorted the hopeful urchin, "I guess I can go to school: I've got 'em—*but they don't hurt me!*"

"O dear!" blubbered out an urchin who had just been suffering from an application of the birch. "O my! they tell me about 40 rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let 'um get such a tick'in as I had, and they'll find out that one rod makes an *acher*."