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Guardian Spirits.

When evening veils your outer sphere,
And shadows fill the air,
The gem-like stars in heaven appear,
Bright, silent watches there.

The stars, how mild, how pure their light,
That shines on you from far!
Thus holy, pure and mildly bright
Your guardian angels are.

When fair Aurora, blushing deep,
Her golden gates unbars,
To rouse a dreaming world from sleep,
Then *fade* the twinkling stars.

But, though you may not through the day,
Their silvery light perceive,
In heaven they ever hold their way,
And brightly shine at eve.

And guardian Spirits, always true,
Their ceaseless vigils keep,
Forever watching over you,
Both waking and asleep.

When earthly friends around you smile,
And cheer you with their love,
You may forget us for a while,
Nor seek for joys above.

Secure in wealth and worldly power,
Men brook not our control,
But there may come a suddened hour,
An evening in the soul!

Then, when lights earthly cease to shine,
And friends are torn away,
They gladly hail this light divine,
That shines with healing ray.

'Tis then our gentle voice is heard—
When hearts with anguish fill,
We speak again the Saviour's word,
"Peace," troubled soul, "be still!"

Then why not heed the kindly voice,
Now speaking to your heart,
Make wisdom's ways your early choice,
And from it ne'er depart.

What is your mortal life?—a flower
That withers, ah, how soon!
A dew-drop sparkling one brief hour,
But vanishing ere noon.

But let earth's fairest flowers of love,
Wither and pass away—
The eye of faith sees them above,
Blooming in endless day!

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

In a late number of the New York Tribune, we find a review of the "Life of George Washington," by WASHINGTON IRVING, the first volume of which has just been published. Some very interesting passages are quoted, one or two of which, relating to Washington's early life, we transfer to our columns, feeling assured that they will be acceptable to our readers:

BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.

This house commanded a view over many miles of the Potomac and the opposite shore of Maryland. It had probably been purchased with the property, and was one of the primitive farm-houses of Virginia. The roof was steep and sloped down into low projecting eaves. It had four rooms on the ground floor and others in the attic, and an immense chimney at each end.—Not a vestige of it remains. Two or three decayed fig trees, with shrubs and vines, linger about the place, and here and there a flowergrown wild serves "to mark where a garden has been." Such, at least, was the case a few years since; but these may have likewise passed away. A stone marks the site of the house, and an inscription denotes its being the birthplace of Washington.

WASHINGTON AT SCHOOL.

Having no longer the benefit of a father's instructions at home, and the scope of tuition of Hobby, the sexton, being too limited for the growing wants of his pupil, George was now sent to reside with Augustine Washington, at Bridges Creek, and enjoy the benefit of a superior school in that neighborhood, kept by a Mr. Williams. His education however was plain and practical. He never attempted the learned languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or belles-lettres. His object, or the object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business. His manuscript school books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. One of them, it is true, a ciphering book, preserved in the library at Mount Vernon, has some schoolboy attempts at calligraphy; nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces probably intended for those of his school-mates; the rest are all grave and business like. Before he was thirteen years of age he had copied into a volume forms for all kinds of mercantile and legal papers; bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds and the like. This early self tuition gave him througout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts, so that all the concerns of his various estates, his dealings with his domestic stewards and foreign agents, his acounts with government, and all his financial transactions are to this day to be seen posted up in books in his own hand writing, monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy.

He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters and practiced himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits and tossing bars. His frame even in infancy had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his playmates in contests of agility and strength. As a proof of his muscular power a place is still pointed out at Fredericksburg, near the lower ferry, where when a boy he flung a stone across the Rappahannock. In horsemanship too he already excelled, and was ready to back and able to manage the most fiery steed. Traditional anecdotes remain of his achievements in this respect.

Above all, his inherent probity and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of his life, were soon appreciated by his schoolmates; he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed. As he had been formerly military chieftain he was now legislator of the school; thus displaying in boyhood a type of the future man.

THE LOVES OF WASHINGTON.

In one of these manuscript memorials of his practical studies and exercises, we have come upon some documents singularly in contrast with all that we have just cited and with his apparently unromantic character. In a word, there are evidences in his own handwriting that, before he was fifteen years of age, he had conceived a passion for some unknown beauty, so serious as to disturb his otherwise well regulated mind and to make him really unhappy. Why this juvenile attachment was a source of unhappiness we have no positive means of ascertaining. Perhaps the object of it may have considered him a mere school-boy, and treated him as such; or his own shyness may have been in his way and his "rules for behavior and conversation" may as yet have sat awkwardly on him and rendered him formal and ungainly when he most sought to please.—Even in later years he was apt to be silent and embarrassed in female society. "He was a very bashful young man," said an old lady whom he used to visit when they were both in their nonage. "I used often to wish that he would talk more."

Whatever may have been the reason, this early attachment seems to have been a source of poignant discomfort to him.—It clung to him after he took a final leave of school in the autumn of 1747 and went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. Here he continued his mathematical studies and his practice in surveying, disturbed at times by recurrences of his unlucky passion. Though by no means of a poetical temperament, the waste pages of his journal betray several attempts to pour forth his amorous sorrows in verse. They are mere commonplace rhymes, such as lovers at his age are apt to write, in which he bewails his "poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," and "bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his griefs and woes."

The tenor of some of his verses induces us to believe that he never told his love; but, as we have already surmised, was prevented by his bashfulness.

"Ah! wo is me, that I should love and conceal;
Long have I wished and never dare reveal."

It is difficult to reconcile one's self to the idea of the cool and sedate Washington, the great champion of American liberty, a woe-worn lover in his youthful days, "sighing like furnace" and inditing plaintive verses about the groves of Mount Vernon. We are glad of an opportunity, however, of penetrating to his native feelings and finding that under his studied decorum and reserve he had a heart of flesh, throbbing with the warm impulses of human nature.

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The merits of Washington were known and appreciated by the Fairfax family.—Though not quite sixteen years of age he no longer seemed a boy, nor was he treated as such. Tall, athletic, and manly for his years, his early self-training and the code of conduct he had devised, gave a gravity and decision to his conduct; his frankness and modesty inspired cordial regard, and the melancholy of which he speaks may have produced a softness in his manner calculated to win favor in ladies' eyes. According to his own account, the female society by which he was surrounded had a soothing effect on that melancholy. The charms of Miss Carey, the sister of the bride, seem even to have caused a slight fluttering in his bosom; which, however, was constantly rebuked by the remembrance of his former passion—so at least we judge from letters to his youthful confidents, rough drafts of which are still to be seen in his tell-tale journal.

To one whom he addresses as his dear friend Robin, he writes: "My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house, (Col. George Fairfax's wife's sister,) but as that's only adding fuel to the fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for by often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your Lowland Beauty; whereas were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion," &c.

Similar avowals he makes to other of his young correspondents, whom he styles, "Dear friend John;" as also to a female confident, styled "Dear Sally," to whom he acknowledges that the company of the "very agreeable young lady, sister-in-law of Colonel George Fairfax," in a great measure cheers his sorrow and dejectedness. The object of this early passion is not positively known. Tradition states that the "lowland beauty" was a Miss Grimes of Westmoreland, afterward Mrs. Lee, and mother of General Henry Lee, who figured in revolutionary history as "Light-horse Harry," and was always a favorite with Washington, probably from the recollections of his early tenderness for the mother.

Whatever may have been the soothing effect of the female society by which he was surrounded at Belvoir, the youth found a more effectual remedy for his love-melancholy in the company of Lord Fairfax.—His lordship was a stanch fox-hunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style. The hunting season had arrived.—The neighborhood abounded with sport; but fox-hunting in Virginia required bold and skillful horsemanship. He found Washington as bold as himself in the saddle and as eager to follow the hounds.—He forthwith took him into peculiar favor; made him his hunting companion; and it was probably under the tuition of this hard-riding old nobleman that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterward remarked.

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Tradition gives very different motives from those of business for his two sojourns in the latter city. He found there an early friend and school-mate, Beverly Robinson, son of John Robinson, Speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses. He was living happily and prosperously with a young and wealthy bride, having married one of the nieces and heiresses of Mr. Adolphus Philipse, a rich landholder, whose manor-house is still to be seen on the banks of the Hudson. At the house of Mr. Beverly Robison, where Washington was an honored guest, he met Miss Mary Philipse, sister and co-heiress of Mrs. Robison, a young lady whose personal attractions are said to have rivaled her reputed wealth.

We have already given an instance of Washington's early sensibility to female charms. A life however of constant activity and care—passed for the most part in the wilderness and on the frontier, far from female society—had left little mood or leisure for the indulgence of the tender sentiment; but made him more sensible, in the present brief interval of gay and social life, to the attractions of an elegant woman, brought up in the polite circle of New York.

That he was an open admirer of Miss Philipse is a historical fact; that he sought her hand, but was refused, is traditional and not very probable. His military rank, his early laurels and distinguished presence were all calculated to find favor in female eyes; but his sojourn in New York was brief; he may have been diffident in urging his suit with a lady accustomed to the homage of society and surrounded by admirers. The most probable version is that he was called away by his public duties before he had made sufficient approaches in his siege of the lady's heart to warrant a summons to surrender.

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Washington was now ordered by Sir John St. Clair, the quarter-master general of the forces under General Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg and lay the state of the case before the Council. He set off promptly on horseback, attended by Bishop, the well-trained military servant who had served the late General Braddock. It proved an eventful journey, though not in a military point of view. In crossing a ferry of the Pamunkey, a branch of York river, he fell in company with a Mr. Chamberlayne who lived in the neighborhood, and who, in the spirit of Virginia hospitality, claimed him as a guest. It was with difficulty that Washington could be prevailed upon to halt for dinner, so impatient was he to arrive at Williamsburg and accomplish his mission.

Among the guests at Mr. Chamberlayne's was a young and blooming widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of Mr. Dandridge, both patrician names in the province. Her husband, John Parke Custis, had been dead about three years, leaving her with two young children and a large fortune. She is represented as being rather below the middle size, but extremely well shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners, so captivating in Southern women. We are not informed whether Washington had met with her before; probably not during her widowhood, as during that time he had been almost continually on the frontier. We have shown that, with all his gravity and reserve, he was quickly susceptible to female charms; and they may have had a greater effect upon him when thus casually encountered in fleeting moments snatched from the cares and perplexities and rude scenes of frontier warfare. At any rate his heart appears to have been taken by surprise.

The dinner, which in those days was an earlier meal than at present, seemed all too short. The afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was punctual to the orders he had received on halting; the horses pawed at the door, but for once Washington loitered in the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not until the next morning that he was again in the saddle, spurring for Williamsburg. Happily the White House, the residence of Mrs. Custis, was in New Kent County at no great distance from that city, so that he had opportunities of visiting her in the intervals of business.—His time for courtship, however, was brief. Military duties called him almost immediately to Winchester; but he feared, should he leave the matter in suspense, some more enterprising rival might supplant him during his absence, as in the case of Miss Philipse at New York. He improved therefore his brief opportunity to the utmost. The blooming widow had many suitors, but Washington was graced with that renown so ennobling in the eyes of woman. In a word, before they separated, they had mutually plighted their faith, and the marriage was to take place as soon as the campaign against Fort Duquesne was at an end.

IMPROVED WAY OF MAKING BREAD.—The Paris correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser, speaks of a plan invented by a baker in that city to reduce the cost of bread. He puts in one part rice to five of wheat flour and the economy effected reaches the very considerable figure of one sou in a two pound loaf. The government has had the bread examined by competent persons, and has authorized the sale of it, at a less rate than fixed by the police. The demand is such that the baker cannot supply it. Neither the nutriment nor the taste of the bread would appear to be affected by the presence of the new ingredients.

"SAM" A NATIVE OF ROME.—Martin Luther gave this account of an order which bears a decided resemblance in many respects to the present organization.

In Italy there was a paticuliar order of friars called *Fratres Ignorentiæ*, that is, Brethren of Ignorance, who took a solemn oath that they would neither know, learn or understand anything at all, but answers all things with *nescio*, "I know nothing."

JONAH wrote to his father after the whale swallowed him, stating that he thought he had found a good opening for a young man going into the oil business—but afterwards wrote for money to bring him home stating that he had been "sucked in."

Advice to young men—Live temperately—go to church—attend to your affairs—love all the pretty girls—marry one of them—live like a man, and die like a Christian.

"IT CAN'T BE HELPED!"—Can't be helped, is one of the thousand convenient phrases with which men cheat and deceive themselves. It is one in which the helpless and idle take refuge as their last and only comfort—it can't be helped! Your energetic man is for helping everything. If he sees an evil and clearly discern the cause, he is for taking steps forthwith to remove it. He busies himself with ways and means, devises practical plans and methods, and will not leave the world rest until he has done something in a remedial way. The indolent man spares himself all this touble. He will not budge.—He sits with his arms folded, and is ready, with his unvarying observation, "It can't be helped!" as much as to say—"If it is it ought to be, and we need not bestir ourselves to alter it. Wash your face, you dirty little social boy: you are vile, and repulsive, and vicious by reason of your neglect of cleanliness. Clear away your refuse, sweep your streets, cleans your drains and gutters, purify your atmosphere, you indolent corporations, for the cholera is coming. "It can't be helped!"—Educate your children, train them up in virtuous habits, teach them to be industrious, obedient, frugal and thoughtful, you thoughtless communities, for they are now growing up vicious, ignorant, careless, a source of future peril to the nation. "It can't be helped!"—But it can be helped. Every evil can be abated, every abomination swept away; though this never will be done by the can't be helped" people. Man is not helpless but he can both help himself and others. He can act individually and against wrong and evil. He has the power to abate and eventualy up-root them. But, alas! the greatest obstacle of all in the way of such beneficial action, is the feeling and disposition out of which arises the miserable, pulling and idle ejaculation of "it can't be helped!"

Juvenile Simplicity.

A friend says the following story is a fact: Two boys of tender years who went by the names of Tom and Jack, became members of a district school in a certain New England town. On making their appearance, the teacher called them up before the assembled school and proceeded to name certain interrogatories concerning their names, ages, &c.

"Well, my fine lad," said the teacher to the first one, "what is your name?"

"Tom," he answered.

"Tom," said the teacher, "that does not sound well. Remember and always speak the full name. You should have said Thomas."

"Now, my son," turning to the other boy, whose expectant face suddenly lighted up with the satisfaction of a newly discovered idea, "now then, will you tell me what your name is?"

"Jack-ass!" replied the lad in a tone of confident decision.

The teacher was taken with a sudden fit of coughing, and merely motioned the boys to their seats.

CHILDREN HAVE LUNGS.—This fact is either not known to parents or very little regarded. The first thing a baby wants is fresh air and plenty of it. From the moment a child is born, it should have air and light, and neither be shut up in a dark room, nor have its head covered up in a blanket.

The other morning, making my first call on a lady after her confinement, I saw a heap of blankets lying in a rocking chair beside the bed, but there was no baby in sight. When I enquired for the newly arrived, the nurse came, and after taking off fold after fold, there at last was the poor little half smothered baby, gasping for breath. Mother and nurse got a lecture that time.

Returning in an omnibus, a prety woman got in, with her babe completely enveloped in its blanket. Perhaps it was none of my business; but I think it was. The babe had as good a right to breathe and have the purest air to be had, as anybody; and as there was nobody else to take its part, I did.

"Madam," said I, "you are smothering that child."

She smiled and shook her head—she did not believe a word of it.

"You are making it breathe its own breath over and over again; and no air is fit to breath but once; I am a physician and can't let you make your child sick."

She uncovered the baby's head, it took a long breath, and, if it had been old enough to talk, and been up in its manners, it undoubtedly would have said, "thank you, doctor."

An exchange goes into extacies over fat babies. The editor wants to know "Who does not love a fat baby—one of the real chubby kind—so fat that it can hardly see out of its eyes?' (Query—Will physiology admit of it seeing out of the top of its head, in case of extreme obesity?) Mr. Tendorum says that "fat babies is a luxury in winter, but they are open to objection' in the summer time, when a feller's wife goes out a visitin,' an he has to carry 'em two or three miles in the hot sun." He says, "There's allers two ways o' lookin' at a subject. Nothin' looks more comfortable than a fat, good natured baby in its mother's arms, in the cool o' the evenin' when a feller's got his pipe in his mouth, his slippers on his feet, and a newspaper in his hands, but I have suffered tremenjus and sweat powerful in the heat o' the day, with a fat baby in my arms, its fingers in my hair, and a flea in my trowsers leg." We should call this ound reasoning.

An office-holding chap being asked how he contrived to hold office under successive administrations, replied "that administrations must be darned smart that could change oftener than he could."

An Irishman, taken insensible from the ruins of a recent railroad smash up near Dunkirk, N. Y., after waking to consciousness, said:

"By the powers! an' wasn't it a Know Nothing I was for a few moments, gintlemen?"

The Irishman.

'There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in Love with an Irishman.

A nasty ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman—
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring Irishman.

'His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 't was scarred across;
The shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
O! the lump of an Irishman,
The wisky-devouring Irishman—
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, ripting Irishman.

'One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
Oh! the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman—
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering leathering swash of an Irishman.

'He took so much of Lundy-Foot,
That he used to snort and snuffle, oh!
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh! the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman—
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman,

'His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being TIMOTHY THADY MULLIGAN;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.
The boozling, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy Irishman.

'This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jolity.
Oh! the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman—
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were bothered, I'm shure, by this Irishman.

The Herring Pie.

It was a cold Winter's evening; the banker Brounker had drawn his easy chair close into the corner of the stove, and sat smoking his long clay pipe with great complacency, while his intimate friend Van Grote, employed in exactly the same manner, occupied the opposite corner.—All was quiet in the house, for Brounker's wife and children were gone to a mask ball, and secure from fear of interruption, the two friends indulged in a confidential conversation.

"I cannot think," said Van Grote, "why you should refuse your consent to the marriage! Berkenrode can give his daughter a good fortune, and you say that your son is desperately in love with her."

"I don't object to it," said Brounker. "It is my wife who will not hear of it."

"And what reason has she for refusing?"

"One which I cannot tell you," said his friend sinking his voice.

"Oh! a mystery,—come—out with it. You know I have always been frank and open with you even to giving you my opinion of your absurd jealousy of your wife."

"Jealous of my wife? nonsense!—Have I not just sent her to a masked ball?"

"I don't wonder you boast of it. I should like to have seen you do so much when you were first married. To be sure, you had reason to look sharply after her, for she was the prettiest woman in Amsterdam. Unfortunately she has taken such advantages of your love, that the grey mare has become the better horse, and you refuse an advantageous match for your son, to gratify her caprice."

"Your are quite wrong, my good friend. I never allow any one to be master here but myself; and in the present instance I cannot blame Clotilda. She secret of her refusal lies in a herring pie."

"A herring pie!" exclaimed Van Grote.

"Yes, a herring pie. You may remember, it was a favorite dainty of mine, and that my wife could not endure the smell of it. Well during the first year of our marriage, I must confess I was a little—a very little jealous of Clotilda. My situation obliged me to keep open house, and among the young sparks that visited none gave me more uneasiness than the handsome Col. Berkenrode. The reputation that he had already acquired for gallantry was enough to create alarm, and the marked attention he paid my wife convinced me it was well founded. What could I do? It was impossible to forbid him the house for he had it in his power to deprive me of the government contract; in other words, to ruin me. After pondering deeply on the subject I decided on doing nothing until the danger should become imminent; all that was necessary was to know how things really stood. Having just purchased this house, I caused a secret closet to be made behind the stove. It communicates with my private room, and from it I could overhear everything that passed in this apartment without risk of being discovered. Thank God, I have had no use for it for twenty years, and indeed, I do not know what has become of the key. Satisfied with the precaution, I did not hesitate to leave Clotilda, when any of her gallant admirers paid her a visit, though I promise you some of the Colonel's gallant speeches made me wince."

"Upon my word" interrupted his friend, "you showed a most commendable patience. In your place I should have contented myself with forbidding my wife to receive his visits."

"There spoke the old bachelor. But as I did not want to drive her headlong into his arms, I went a different way to work. Day after day I was forced to listen to the insidious arguments of the seducer.—My wife—I must own she made a stout defence—at one time tried ridicule, at another entreaty, to deter him from his pursuits of her. He began to lose hope in proportion as I gained it, till one day he bethought himself of threatening to blow out his brains if she would not show him some compassion. Moved at this proof of the strength of his compassion, she burst into tears and pleaded that she was not free—in short she gave him to understand that was the obstacle to his happiness. Berkenrode was too well skilled in the art of seduction not to see that he had gained a point. He raved, and cursed me as the cause of his misery, and tried to obtain a promise from her in case she became a widow. She stopped him peremptorily; but I never closed an eye that night, and Clotilda, though she did not know I watched her, was as uneasy as myself. On the following day a circumstance occurred that increased her agitation. While at breakfast, a message came from the cook asking to see me alone. I desired him to come in, (as I was not in the habit of interfering in domestic affairs,) and communicate his business in my presence.

When the man entered he was as pale as a ghost, and scarcely seemed to know what he was about. At last he told me he had received a packet containing a small bottle, three hundred guilders, and a note, in which he he was requested to put the contents of the former in the first herring pie he should prepare for me.—He was assured that he might do so without fear, as the contents of the bottle were quite harmless and would give a delicious flavor to the pie. An additional reward was promised if he complied with the request and kept his own counsel. The honest fellow who was really much attached to me, said he was convinced there must be something wrong in the affair, and should not be happy untill the money and bottle where out of his hands. I poured a few drops of the liquid on a lump of sugar, and gave it to my wife's dog. It fell into convulsions, and died in a few minutes. The case was now plain; there had been an attempt to poison me. Never shall I forget Clotilda's pale face as she threw herself weeping into my arms—"Poison! A murderer!" she exclaimed, clasping me as if to shield me from danger! "Merciful heaven, protect us both! I consoled her with the assurance that I was thankful to my unknown enemy, who was the means of showing me how much she loved me. That day Berkenrode came at the usual hour, but in vain did I take my seat in the hiding place, he was not admitted. I afterwards found that she had sent him a letter, threatning if ever he came again that her husband should be informed of all that passed. He made many attempts to soften her resolution, but to no purpose, and a year afterwards he married. No acquaintance has ever existed between us, and now you know why my wife refuses her consent to our son's marriage with Berkenrode's daughter."

"I cannot blame her," said Van Grote, "who would have thought that Berkenrode, a soldier, and a man of honor, could have been capable of such a rascally deed!

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Brounker, "and do you think it was the general who sent the poison?"

"Why who else?"

"Myself to be sure! The whole was my own contrivance, and it cost me three hundred guilders to my cook: but it was money well laid out, for I saved my wife, and got rid of her troublesome lap-dog at the same time."

"Do you know, Brounker, I think it was rather a shabby trick to leave Berkenrode under such an imputation; and that your sons happiness depends on your wife being undeceived—"

"I am aware of all that, but to undeceive her now is not so easy as you think.—How can I expect her to disbelieve a circumstance, in which for the last twenty years, she has put implicit faith?"

"He was interrupted by the entrance of Vrow Bronker. Her cheeks were flushed, and she saluted Von Grote rather stiffly.

"What! not at the ball, Clotilda?" asked her husband.

"No! I had a bad headache," she replied "and Maurice has promised to take charge of his sisters. But I come to tell you that I have been thinking over this marriage with Mina Berkenrode, and I have altered my mind on that subject. In short, I shall withdraw my opposition to the match."

The friends looked at each other with astonishment.

"By the by, love," she continued, "here is a key I found some time ago; I think it must belong to you."

"Well, Clotilda," said her husband, striving to hide his confusion as he took the key, "this is good news about the marriage—"

"Suppose you and your friend celebrate it with a supper. There is a herring pie in the house, and you need not fear it is poisoned."

She left the room. Brounker looked foolish, and Van Grote rubbed his hands as he exclaimed—"Caught in your own trap!" He who digs a pit for his enemy, shall fall into it himself."

"Nevertheless," replied Brounker, I think I have got well out of mine."

The "editress" of the Ladies' Repository, talking about kissing, says:—

"Kisses, like faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as a coal of fire, some as sweet as honey, some mild as milk and tastless as long drawn soda. Stolen kisses are said to have more nutmeg and cream than other sorts. As to proposed kisses they are not liked at all. A stolen kiss is the most agreeable. We have been kissed a few times, and as we are not very old, we hope to receive many more."

At what hour may the lady be found in her office?

ECHO.—The shadow of a sound—a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue. Echo, though represented as a female, never speaks till she is spoken to, and at every repetition of what she has heard, continue to make it *less* instead of *more*, an example recommended to the special attention of tattlers and scandal mongers.

EXCHANGING WIVES—A VERY REMARKABLE TRANSACTION—A late number of the *Eastern Clarion*, published at Paulding, Miss., gives an account of a swap negotiated in that vicinity of two by his subscribers, and vouches for the truth of the story. The chattles which exchanged owners were nothing less than the wives of the parties who were on the eve of emigrating as they eventually did—the one to Alabama and the other to Texas. The *Clarion* refrains from giving the real names of the fartherless Benedicts, and calls them "Obadiah" and "Dick," but records the circumstances of the transactions—how they went into the woods, sat down upon a log, and entered upon the business; how they came near spoiling the trade because Obe's wife was a "younger critter by a dozen years;" and how, after much chaffering, the difference was finally equalized by the generous proposal of Dick, to give in the way of boot, "a cow and calf, two goats, an old gun and an ox-bell." The respective children of the two mothers remained with their respective fathers, and with their strangely acquired stepmothers, followed them to the state of their adoption.

If we are to believe "the papers," alcohol has a very singular effect upon the imaginations of certain persons who indulge in it. We remember to have read of an individual once who although strong enough on his "pins," betrayed his state of "how-come-you-so-stiveness" by asking his wife the milk, which she had informed him was in the pantry, was done up in a parcel, or whether it was laying around loose. This was a strange case of mental hallucination while under the influence of spirits, but not more strange than that of the toper in Boston lately, who when found lying in the gutter on a rainy night, with the water making a clear breach over him from head to heels, replied, in answer to a question as to what he was doing there, that he "had agreed to meet a friend there."

HARVEST AND CROPS IN GEORGIA.—The papers from the State of Georgia speak cheeringly of the grain crop. The Macon Register, of the 30th ult., says:

Wheat has matured and been cut under the most favorable circumstances. In quality it is a good average crop, very plump and heavy, and of superior quality. We have heard of some being ground two weeks since, and yelding excellent flour. Rains have recently been quite general, and with the exception of a few dry sections, the corn crop is quite promising. Spring oats have suffered considerably, but those sown in the fall will produce a good crop. From present prospects the high price of provisions cannot much longer be sustained. New flour will be in market in a few days, which will undoubtedly reduce that of the old article and of corn meal.

COST OF LIVING IN PARIS.—The high cost of living is as much a subject of complaint in Paris as it is in this country.—Beef costs three francs or fifty-four cents a pound. A chicken costs five francs or nearly a dollar. A turkey costs ten francs. A leg of lamb, which a year ago sold for about three francs, is not at present to be had under five; fish has followed the ascensional movement in proportion. The exhibition of the World's industry would necessarily raise the price—and beef, it was expected, would be four francs a pound.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—The Pawtucket (R. I.) Gazette says that on the morning of the 28th a little daughter of Mr. James C. Aldrich, of Pawtucket, was found lying upon her bed inhaling the odor of a bottle of chloroform liniment, which had been left within her reach. It was taken from her, but some of its contents were spilled, and she lay down with her face upon the saturated bed clothes, and was found half an hour afterwards dead.

HOPE.—A bright and beautiful bird is hope; comes to us mid darkness and storm, and sings sweetest when our spirits are saddest, and when the lone soul is weary and longs to pass away, it warbles its sweetest notes and lightens again the slender fibres of our hearts that grief has been wearing.

God intended all women to be beautiful as much as he did the morning glories and roses; and what he intended they should become, they would if they should obey his laws and cut indolence and corset strings, and indulge in freedom and fresh air. For a girl to be handsome with the action of her lungs dependent on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape, is as absurd as to look for tulips in a snow bank, or a full grown oak in a flower pot.

A Jerseyman was very sick and not expected to recover. His friends gathered around his bed, and one of them says:—"John do you feel willing to die?" John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered, with his feeble voice:—"I—think—I'd rather stay—where I am—better acquainted."

"I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse."

"Served him right. Why did'n he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"

There is a letter in the Cleavland Post Office directed as follows: "To the big red-faced Butcher with a large wart on his nose, Cleavland, Ohio. The clerks expect to get a licking when they deliver the letter."

It is the opinion of a doctor that the lawyer gets his living by plunder, while the lawyer thinks that the doctor obtains his by *pillage*.

Why are postage stamps like lazy school boys?

Because you have to lick their backs to make them stick to their letters.

Remember, that the human constitution is one that cannot be amended by a two thirds vote.