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THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON.

Disturb not his slumber, let Washington sleep,
'Neath the bows of the willow that over him weep;
His arm is unnerved but his deeds remain brigh
As the stars in the dark vaulted Heaven at night.
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest undisturbed on Patomac's fair shore;
On the river's green border as flowery dressed,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.
Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around,
'Tis the grave of a Freeman, 'Tis liberty's mound;
His name is immortal, our freedom is won;
Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
Let him rest, calmly rest on his dear native shore.
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a WASHINGTON'S GRAVE!

WORD PICTURES OF CHILDREN.

From an article in a recent number of Chambers' *Journal*, we extract the following passages, descriptive of how children are regarded by parents in different grades of society:

THE CHILD IN THE COTTAGE.—Look at the lonely cottage at the foot of the hill, so far removed from town or village, the stillness of desolation seems to reign around it, yet peep within, and you will find a young mother nursing her first born child, its little round cheeks rosy as the hard winter apple. That is her solace, her companion, her second life; when it is awake, her tongue is seldom still for a moment, for she is either singing or talking to it; and she has a faith that it understands all she says, though it answers but in murmurs or in coos, and in looks that express its delight. She is never lonely though her shepherd is away all day tending to flocks somewhere far behind the green summits that rise high above her happy homestead, for she has always it to talk to, to tell what she is doing and how long it will take her; and how, when she is done, she will nurse it bidding it not to cry, as she will soon be ready; and placing something for amusement in her darling chubby's hands, or chanting some old love ditty such as she perchance heard her own mother sing when she herself was but a child. Then she will hold it up to the window, or stand with it at the open door, about the hour of his return, watching the footpath, invisible to all eyes but her own, so faint are the traces on the foot of the hill, and when she sees him approaching, she will hold her darling up at arm's length. And O, hapy heart! that little thing will at least recognize him, and make a pleasing noise expressive of its delight, which gives her great happiness which is beyond utterance.

THE BEGGARWOMAN'S CHILD—Observe the look of that beggar woman, as she turns back her head to look at the little sun-burnt child which she carries behind in the hood of her cloak? What long rides he has in that comfortable carriage, which is as warm as a bird's nest lined with feathers; what miles of daisies he passes as he sits peeping out of his little bag with his wondering eyes accompanying his untiring mother in her weekly rounds! O, how it strengthens her to feel that little naked hand on her weather tanned neck, or those ever busy fingers patting her unkept hair! Even the door of the niggard is closed more gently as the light from that little face streams in, and with a look pleads its own innocence by an eloquent silence, that puts to shame her beggar's whine, and intercedes both for her and itself, impostor and vagrant though she may be. O, could you but see them together sometime by the roadside, under the shadow of a tree, through whose branches the sunshine falls and throws a golden network on the unclaimed grass, when she has taken it from her head to dandle, and give vent to that love which she dare not express while asking alms, lest her happiness should be envied, and you might think she had never known sorrow or want, or felt poverty while possessing such a wealth. But she has many a time looked in that little face with sorrowful eyes as she thought of the many happy homes it had peeped into, then turned to the blackened ceiling of the low lodging house that sheltered them, and the filthy straw on which they slept, and trembled lest the hectic fever, which ever keeps watch in those loathsome pest houses, should seize her little treasure.

It is the remembrance of this escape that makes the air of heaven, the green grass and the shadow of the overhanging trees so dear to her; at such a moment she envies not the comfortable homes she so often sees, nor the rosy cheeked children who never knew want. Forgotten as the cold winter days and the bleak northland wind which she strained against on the cold hedgeless moor, while she met the blinding snow flakes face to face, so that they may not alight upon and chill the treasured burden which she bore. In pity look upon it for its sake!

THE CHILD OF RICH PARENTS.—Nestling amid eider down, and half buried in rich folds of costly lace, it needs no second glance to tell that there the child of the wealthy slumbers—one that even the winds of heaven are not allowed to visit roughly. Let it but moan, and anxious ones are instantly bent over it; let its cheeks he hotter than usual, and there is the rumble of a carriage, and the ever ready physician is in the room, who wisely prescribes something perfectly harmless, pockets his fee, and smiles at the folly of wealthy mothers. Then nurses move on tiptoe, servants speak with abated breath, and kind inquiries are made every hour; for thousands hang on the frail tenure of that life, vast estates and immense funds, which when you hear of, make you doubt whether all this anxiety arises from excess of love, or whether or not interest most predominates after all excepting in the breast of the fond young mother. When it is really ill, she forgets all about her rank, wealth and station; for the same feeling that thrilled in the heart of Eve when little Abel moaned on her knee, has descended to all her daughters without distinction. Her fear is that the Angel of Death is watching somewhere near to carry off her little one, to fill up a childish choir in heaven—that one of those messengers, who at his bidding,

Ever posts o'er sea and land,

has come to number it among those who ever kneel and veil their faces with their wings. Shall it exchange that warm resting place for a little mound of earth, where the daisies blow and the sunbeams beat, and the silver footed showers fall silently? O, it would not hear the speckled lark singing aloft like an angel at heaven's gate, nor the golden banded bee murmuring amid the white and crimsoned clover, but with its little hands folded meekly on its breast, and those now warm rosy lips cold, O, how cold!—would ever sleep there silently—silently as the dew on the flowers above its grave, as the monumental stone on which its pretty name would be carved. And yet, the great blue eye of heaven that looketh down upon us all, would ever be watching here—ay, there is some comfort; and beyond the dark portals of the grave, lies a bright mustering ground, and there when the trumpet sounds they will meet to part no more.

CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE OF THE POOR.—Our last picture is of a busy little hive among "those huts where poor men lie"—where the children lie one above the other like the sides of a triangle—where the mother and father were out all day, and they are left to mind one another, and the kiss follows the squabble as the calm succeeds the storm. One sits nursing what it calls her doll, which is a dirty rag pinned together; another, drumming on the hearth with the poker holds the youngest child, and finds as much amusement in the noise he makes as the little thing he is nursing, nay, so intent is he on the street tune which he hums and beats time, that he at last lifts the poker too high and the head strikes the baby's mouth, and then the whole hive was astir and we know not what he is to catch when mother returns. While the tumult lasts the second has got upon a stool, and reached the sugar out of the cupboard, and is devouring it by the handsfull.

The soap is missing; and one little busy bee who is just able to talk, points to the kettle, which is singing on the fire; there it is, and there is a pretty work to do before they can have any tea. The same persevering little fellow has been practising drawing with the candle on the looking glass, as the grease he has managed to lay on rather thickly shows. Only the day before, he was found rubbing the same material into the ginger-water, having previously loaded his sister's shoe with coal so heavily, that it at last sank to the bottom of the pail; so that like too many eager adventurers, he lost both ship and cargo, and really did "catch it" into the bargain. The eldest child, who has numered some ten summers, uses her mothers very expressions when she reprimands them—follows her ways, and is never idle from morning till night. The rod with which she rules is a threat of what he will "catch" when mother comes home. Of such as these are numbers,

———In many a street,
Who never see the daisies sweet,
Never behold in dale or down
The husky harvest waving brown.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE;
Or, Physical and Mental Efforts and Struggles.

A celebrated writer contends that "serenity of mind, together with mental discipline and self-correction, are absolutely essential for length of days." This is no doubt true in the general sense. The BATTLE OF LIFE is constantly going on. Sometimes it is a physical struggle, and all the energies are tasked, with the object of securing the means of livelihood and independence. At others it is a mental, and absorbed by one idea, we become so excited thereby, and devoted thereto, that the strength of the intellect is weakened, and its springs are snapped and broken to pieces. The wrestles and conflicts which constantly take place in "the working day world," not only in the walks of labor but in the marts of commerce, task the faculties to the utmost. Not a day goes by, perhaps, that some one, exhausted and broken down, is not summoned to his final account. He fights on manfully, until at last nature gives way, and Death becomes the victor. In the circles of industry, and among the toiling millions, it is wisely ordered, that there is comparatively little thought for the morrow. The present alone is cared for, and the future does not annoy. Thus the day-laborer rises to his task cheerfully in the morning, pursues it with a light heart throughout the day and is happy and contented at the approach of night-fall. Let him but have enough to do, and physical strength to do it, and he is satisfied. But it often happens that it is otherwise—that he has neither the employment, nor the ability to discharge his ordinary avocations. And then the BATTLE OF LIFE commences in earnest. The future looms in the distance, anxiety and apprehension become the constant guests of the mind, and these picture a thousand vicissitudes and calamities, which unnerve, stimulate, intimidate, nay, madden. The responsibilities of a family are then fully realized, and the cares of life assume a sombre and a painful hue.—The ills of poverty are magnified a thousand fold, and the languid and fainting spirit not only falters and fails, but is disposed to yield to the gloomiest fancies and forebodings. Often, too, the result is fatal. Instead of wrestling in a more resolute spirit than ever, and appealing with confidence to Divine Providence, the demons of despair are permitted to have their way, and life itself is given up with scarce a struggle.—This is by no means the true policy. On the contrary, it is the false as well as the cowardly. "Hope on—hope ever!"—should be the motto and the doctrine under all such circumstances, and the effort should be to struggle through the worst, in the expectation of better and brighter days. Adversity is often but the test of our nature. It tries us sorely, but if we persevere, the triumph is almost certain. And there are mental struggles, which often exhausts and overwhelm, even more spedily than the physical. Not a few of the sons of men permit themselves to give way to unnecessary anxieties. They become ambitious, and if they cannot gratify all their desires, they grow discontented and miserable. They may be in the enjoyment of a thousand blessings, and yet they lack some *one* thing, and for this they will sacrifice contentment, health comfort, and even life itself. They become "seized of and possessed" of some fancy—vain, visionary and absurd—and yet it will master, control, subdue, and finally overwhelm them. There are, indeed, more diseases of the mind than the hasty observer is disposed to imagine. There are few, in fact, who are not more or less affected in this way. Only a year or two ago, a gentleman of high character in this city, who was surrounded with almost every comfort and luxury, became impressed with an idea that he had been maltreated by a certain Corporation. He immediately determined to wage an unceasing war against its members, and in so doing he became deeply excited, so much so as to be thoroughly absorbed in the investigation, and to the neglect of almost every other pursuit. In brief, the matter soon degenerated into a mental malady; and thus he not only annoyed himself, but others, and in the end, materially shortened his days. He died suddenly, and as many of his friends believed, a victim to the excitement referred to! But cases of this kind are by no means rare. The BATTLE OF LIFE is a fearful one, and it requires all our vigilence, even to resist and wrestle with success against the ordinary vicisitudes to which all are more or less liable. When we undertake too much, the responsibility is great. Many an individual, lacking moral courage, has been prostrated by a single blow of misfortune. Others have experienced reverse, after reverse, have struggled on again and again, and have finally achieved a single success. There is scarcely a being, even of middle age, whose earthly career has not been more or less chequered by storm and sunshine, by adversity and prosperity.—The true policy is to exercise as much prudence as possible, and yet to be *prepared* for a reverse. All is not lost while integrity remains, and although it is too much the disposition of mankind to look coldly upon the unsuccessful and the unfortunate, yet there are many appreciating spirits, many who are truely generous and bonevolent, and who may be depended on with confidence in the hour of misfortune. The struggle with the world is often disheartening, and requires the exercise of all the energies of our nature,—moral, mental, and physical—but to be true to ourselves we must put forward those energies whenever necessary, and then with a confident reliance upon Providence, not only anticipate, but *deserve* a better and brighter future.—[*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

HYDROPHOBIA.

It is no pleasure to a dog to go mad.—Quite the reverse. Dreadful as hydrophobia may be to human being, rabies is worse to the dog. It makes its approach more gradually. It lasts longer, and it is more intense while it endures. The dog that is going mad feels unwell for a long time prior to the full development of the disease. He is very ill but he does not know what ails him. He feels dissatisfied with every thing; vexed without a reason; and, greatly against his better nature, very snappish. Feeling thus, he longs to avoid all annoyance by being alone. This makes him seem strange to those who are most accustomed to him.—The sensation induces him to seek solitude. But there is another reason which decides his choice of a resting place. The light inflicts upon him intense agony. The sun is to him an instrument of torture. which he therefore studies to avoid—for his brain aches, and feels as if it were a trembling jelly. This induces the poor brute to find out the holes and corners, where he is least likely to be noticed, and into which the light is unable to enter.—In solitude and darkness he passes the day. If his retreat be discovered, and the master's voice bid him come forth, the affectionate creature's countenance brightens, his tail beats the ground, and he leaves his hiding place, anxious to obey the loved authority; but before he has gone half the distance, a kind of sensation comes over him which produces an instantaneons change in his whole appearance. He seems to say to himself; "Why cannot you let me alone; Go away! Do go away! You trouble—pain me!"—And thereupon he suddenly turns tail and darts back into his dark corner.

If let alone, there he will remain; perhaps frothing a little at the mouth, and drinking a great deal of water, but not issuing from his hiding place to seek after food. His appetites are altered; hair, straw, dirt, filth, excrement, rags, tin shavings, stones, the most noisome and unnatural substances, are then the delicacies for which the poor dog, changed by disease, longs and swallows, in hope to ease a burning stomach. He is most anxious for liquids. He is now altogether changed. Still he does not desire to bite mankind, he rather endeavors to avoid society; he takes long journeys of thirty or forty miles in extent and lengthened by all kinds of accidents, to vent his restless desire for motion.

When on these journeys he does not walk. This would be too formal and measured a pace for an animal whose frame quivers with excitement. He does not run. That would be too great an exertion for an animal whose body is the abode of a deadly sickness. He proceeds in a slouching manner, in a kind of trot—a movement neither run nor walk—and his aspect is dejected. His eyes do not glare and stare but they are dull and retracted. His appearance is very characteristic, and, if once seen, can never afterwards be mistaken. In this state he will travel the most dusty roads, his tongue hanging dry from his open mouth, from which, however, there drops no foam. His course is not straight. How could it be—since it is doubtful whether at this period he sees at all. His desire is to journey unnoticed. If no one notices him, he gladly passes by them. He is very ill; he cannot stay to bite. If, nevertheless, anything opposes his progress, he will, as if by impulse, snap—as a man in a similar state might strike—and tell the person "to get out of the way." He may take his road across a field in which there are a flock of sheep. Could these creatures only make room for him, and stand motionless, the dog would pass on and leave them behind uninjured. But they begin to run, and at the sound the dog pricks up his ears. His entire aspect changes. Rage takes possession of him. What makes that noise? He pursues it with all the energy of madness. He flies at one, then at another. He does not mangle, nor is his bite, simply considered, terrible. He cannot pause to tear the creature he has caught. He snaps and then rushes onward, till, fairly exhausted and unable longer to follow, he sinks down, and the sheep pass forward, to be no more molested. He may have bitten twenty or thirty in his mad onslought; and would have worried more, had his strength lasted—for the *furore* of madness then had possession of him. He may be slain while on these excursions; but if he escapes, he returns home and seeks the darkness and quiet of his former abode. His thirst increases, but with it comes the swelling throat, He will plunge his head into water, so ravenous is his desire; but not a drop of the liquid can he swallow, though its surface is covered with bubbles in consequence of the efforts he makes to gulp the smallest quantity, The throat is enlarged to that extent which will permit nothing to pass. He is the victim of the most horrible inflammation of the stomach, and the most intense inflammation of the bowels. His state of suffering is most pitiful. He has lost all self-reliance; even feeling is gone. He flies at and pulls to pieces anything that is within his reach. One animal in this condition being confined near a fire, flew at the burning mass, pulled out the live coals, and in his fury scrunched them. He emits the most hideous cries. The noise he makes is incessant and peculiar. It begins as a bark, which sound being too torturing to be continued, is quickly changed to a howl, which is suddenly cut short in the middle, and so the poor wretch at last falls, fairly worn out by a terrible disease.—*Mayhew's Dogs.*

The Judge's Mustard Bath.

Two or three days ago, a young friend, who has recently been spending some time in Georgia, related to us an anecdote which shows how thoroughly scared the people of Georgia were during the prevalence of the yellow fever in Savannah.

It seems that Judge B——g, of the Supreme Court of the State, was in the upper country at the time, but within twenty hours' run, by mail, of the terrible disease. Quite suddenly, late one afternoon, he was seized with a head-ache, pain in his back, limbs, &c: Having heard that these were salutations Yellow Jack extended to his victims on approaching them, the Judge, in great consternation, applied to a friend who was "posted," for advice. A hot mustard bath was urgently advised, and being prepared, the Judge was seen laving himself in the irritating fluid. Presently he felt better, and find a cake of soap in the vessel of water he began to apply it quite freely upon his person.

After quite pleasant exercise in this way, he looked down for the first time on his body and limbs, and discovered that he was turning black! Oh, horror! His friend was hurriedly sent for, came and declared that the symptoms were intensely expressive of yellow fever.

"But," said the Judge, shivering the while, "I feel no pain; I feel well."

"So much the worse; the absense of pain is a marked symptom!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the judge, "what shall I do?"

"The only hope is in the mustard. Rub away," was all the advice his friend could give.

And rub he did, with will. He used the soap to open every possible pore, and after some minutes sent for a candle, (for the twilight was fading,) to ascertain his exact cuticular condition. On examination, he was as black as a crow, and the soap, which a careless servant had dropped into the tub, was discovered to be somebody's "Patent Paste Blacking!"

We need only add that the Judge survived.

Palpitation of the Heart.

Where palpitation occurs as symptomatic of indigestion, the treatment must be directed to remedy that disorder. When it is consequent on a plethoric state, purgatives will be effectual. In this case, the patient should abstain from every kind of diet likely to produce a phlethoric condition of body. Animal food and fermented liquor must be particularly avoided. Too much indulgence in sleep will also prove injurious. When the attacks arise from nervous irritability, the excitement must be allayed by change of air and a tonic diet. Should the palpitation originate from organic derangement, it must be, of course, beyond domestic management.—Luxurious living, indolence, and tight lacing often produce this affection; such cases are to be conquered with a little resolution.

To Cure a Cold.

Put a large teaspoonful of linseed, with one-quarter pound of sun raisins and two ounces of stick-liquorice, into two quarts of soft water, and let it simmer over a slow fire till reduced to one quart; add to it one quarter pound of pounded sugar-candy, a tablespoonful of old rum, and a tablespoonful of the best white wine vinegar, or lemon-juice. The rum and vinegar should be added as the decoction is taken; for, if they are put in at first, the whole soon becomes flat, and less efficacious. The dose is half a pint, made warm, on going to bed; and a little may be taken whenever the cough is troublesome. The worst cold is generally cured by this remedy in two or three days; and, if taken in time, is considered infallible.

A Defect in Female Education.

One of the greatest defects in the present system of female education, says a sensible writer, is the almost total neglect of showing the young lady how to apply her learning so as to approve her domestic economy. It is true that necessity generally teaches, or rather obliges her to learn this science after she is married; but it would have saved her from many anxious honrs, and tears, and troubles, if she had learned how to make bread and coffee, and cook a dinner, before she left her father's house; and it would have been better still, if she had been instructed at school to regard this knowledge as an indispensible accomplishment in the education of a young lady.

To Purify the Air of a Sick Chamber.

Take six drachms of powdered nitre, and the same quantity of oil of vitrol; mix them together, by adding to the nitre one drachm of the vitrol at a time, placing the vessel in which you are mixing it on a hot hearth or plate of heated iron; stirring it with a tobacco pipe or glass-rod. Then place the vessel in the contaminated room, moving it about to different parts of the room. Dr. J. C. Smith obtained £5000 from the English Parliament for this receipt.

SCENE IN THE CARS.—*Nervous Old Lady*—Dear me, what makes the cars stop here?—Is there any thing the matter?

Smart Young Man.—Yes marm; a chaw of tobacco is lying right before the locomotive. As soon as it's removed; we will be under way again.

Scene closes, the old lady giving an extra tie to her bonnet string, and an inquiring look at a small leather satchel with a cloth handle.

Cure for Stammering.

Where there is no malformation of the organs of articulation, stammering may be remedied by reading aloud with the teeth closed. This should be practiced for two or three hours a day, for three or four months. The recommender of this simple remedy says, "I can speak with certainty of its utility."

☞ Brigham Young is building two large and beautibul houses adjoining that which he occupies now in Salt Lake City, to accommodate his increasing family. He now rejoices in between fifty and sixty wives, and from forty-five to fifty children. Elder Kimball, one of the Mormon Apostles, has between sixty and seventy consorts.

☞ It is Observed, that the most censorious are generally the least judicious, who having nothing to recommend themselves, will be finding fault with others. No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

"Sammy, Sammy, my son, don't stand there scratching your head? stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life."

"Why, father, I've often heard you say that the only way to get on in this world was to scratch a-head."

☞ It is a sound maxim, that every man is wretched in proportion to his vices; and that the noblest ornament of a young generous mind, and the surest soure of pleasure, profit and reputation in life, is unreserved acceptance of virtue.

☞ Live temperately, take plenty of exercise, pay the printer, and you will be happy.