

# AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it!" - A. LINCOLN.

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## THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

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## Judge Remeson's First Client.

OLD Judge Remeson was fond of telling his early experience at the bar. My first case, he would say, came upon me unexpectedly, after I had waited a considerable time for a client. The way I came to get it was this:

A young girl, Helen Montessor, was to be tried at our County Court for stealing a breastpin, valued at four dollars, and twenty dollars in gold, from the trunk of her employer, James Wesley, merchant in the town of Bedford. The theft, which was detected five weeks before, occasioned quite a talk at the time, as the girl was beautiful, and Wesley and his wife Eunice were anything but that besides being generally detested. People said that Helen had been shamefully treated by her mistress, who was jealous of her; and it was even hinted that there was foul play in the prosecution for theft.

The subsequent trial of a gang of horse-thieves and counterfeiters had so absorbed public attention that the case of Helen Montessor was forgotten, and no one seemed to care for her fate. But when she was placed in the prisoners box, her beauty riveted every eye, and when the Judge asked who was her counsel and she modestly replied that she had no money to pay a lawyer, there was not a member of the bar who would not have willingly undertaken her case. The Judge, after looking round for a moment, fixed his eye upon me, and said, "Mr. Remeson, will you please act as this lady's counsel?" I started as tho' I had been shot. Luckily a juror had been taken sick, and the court adjourned until next morning, or I am afraid I should have made sad work with my client's case.

As I left the court room I looked at my watch; it was eleven, as I had but twenty-three hours to prepare. I called upon the District Attorney and asked him to see the indictment and the evidence taken before the Justice of the Peace. As he fumbled over a pile of papers he said: "The Judge must have a spite against you, Remeson, to put you in such a tight place, and you a green hand. No offense," he added, as he observed the rising color of my cheek—"no offense; I simply mean that you are inexperienced. There are the documents, take them home with you, only be sure to bring them to court tomorrow morning. You will see that your client has not a chance."

I was annoyed at this light reference to my client, for whom I already entertained deep respect and believed innocent; but I said nothing. Hastening to my office, I locked myself in and commenced the analysis of my case. The evidence consisted of the testimony of James and Eunice Wesley, Sarah Brown, a seamstress, Charlotte Boyce, a domestic, and Thomas Hannegan, a man of all work employed by the Wesleys. Hannegan's evidence seemed straight-forward and truthful, and so did the servant girl's. I made up my mind that they were not unfriendly to my client, and that I would seek an interview with them, although it would necessitate a journey to Bedford. In Miss Brown's evidence I at once detected intense malice, and determined to harass her unmercifully in cross-examination. Wesley's evidence was similar in style and matter to that of Hannegan; but Mrs. Wesley was full, discursive, and acrimonious—such as that "She had always believed Helen was a viper, but her husband upheld the trollop." To my mind the case seemed clear; Mrs. Wesley herself put those things in Helen's trunk.

I next went to the Court House and requested Mr. Mace, the Sheriff, who lived in the wing of the building, to introduce me to the prisoner. He conducted me to her cell. Although the bolts clanged heavily as they sprang from the locks, our entrance did not seem to attract her attention. She was standing with clasped hands before her grated window, gazing at the sky. The Sheriff touched her arm, and said, "Miss Montessor, Mr. Remeson is the lawyer who is to manage your case, and he wants to see you." She started, turned quickly around and made an inclination of her head, to indicate her readiness to listen, but she said not a word.—The Sheriff left the cell and we were alone. Conscious that every moment was precious, I said:

"Miss Montessor, we must throw aside ceremony, and communicate frankly upon this painful business. I believe you are innocent. The thing is to prove you so.

This promises to be difficult, but I am not without hope. If you tell frankly what your experience has been with the Wesley's, my task may be lightened."

I then put up a series of questions, and learned that she was fifteen years old; that she had lived with Mrs. Wesley, who had been married about eight years; that she had lived with a kind old gentleman named Gregory, who had taught her to call him grandpa; that Mrs. Wesley, who was then called Miss Naesmith, lived with Mr. Gregory, also that he seemed afraid of Miss Naesmith; that Miss Naesmith inherited all his property, and married Mr. Wesley about a month after he died; that she told her never to call him grandpa any more, that he wasn't any relation of her; that the day on which old Gregory died he gave her a sealed package, and told her not to let Eunice see it, but to give it to a certain lawyer when he returned to town. For it would make her a rich young lady; and then he cried that he had left Eunice her own way too much; that she fell asleep with the packet in her lap, and she never dared to ask any questions about it; that Mrs. Wesley hated her and beat her like a slave, and that she sometimes thought of drowning herself, she was so miserable, that Mr. Wesley said improper things to her; that he was a bad man, but weak and under his wife's control; that on the day on which her trunk was searched, she was sent on an errand to the ministers; was gone about an hour and a half, and on her return was taken up stairs to see her trunk opened, before she had pulled off her bonnet and shawl; she was sure Mrs. Wesley had put the things in her trunk while she was out, because she (Helen) had overhauled it that morning, and they were not in it then; but whether Mr. Wesley knew about it or not she could not say, although she rather thought he did, because he looked guilty when his wife was opening her trunk.

Telling the poor girl to cheer up, I went to the Sheriff's sitting room, where I found Mrs. Mace. I at once informed her that in my opinion Miss Montessor was a persecuted girl, and hoped she would cheer her up, so that she could enter the court room with a good heart, on the morrow; this the kind-hearted woman promised to do, and I hastened to my office. My brain was in a whirl. Gregory—grandpa—the package which was to make her a rich young lady—its mysterious disappearance? Was old Mr. Gregory really Helen's grandfather? Was the packet the last will and testament, bequeathing his property to her? And had Eunice stolen it from the child as she slept, that she might clutch the property by virtue of a former will which had been forced from the old man? "He cried and said he left Eunice her own way too much!"—Her own way about what? I felt certain that I had got on the track of great villainy, and thought I could understand the reason for Eunice Wesley's hatred of Helen, and her desire to blast the poor girl's character. After spending a half hour in arranging my plans, I ordered a carriage and drove to Bedford.

It was two when I reached the village. I wished first to see Hannegan, Wesley's serving man. By making a few cautious inquiries at the tavern, and disbursing a half dollar to the hostler, Hannegan was soon in my room. He was pleased to find that I was Helen's friend, and on my promising him never to let what he said go to Mrs. Wesley's ear, he told me that she had treated the poor girl like a dog, that he had seen her strike Helen, and heard her threaten to kill her and ruin her reputation; and that he believed the breastpin and money had been put into the trunk by the old catamantar herself.

He stated what Helen's behavior was when the articles were found in her trunk, and described the breastpin and money. The latter consisting of four half eagles, one of which had a hole in it, that had been made by Murch, the jeweler, so Mrs. Wesley could string on a ribbon for a birthday present for the minister's little boy, and that was one way how Mrs. Wesley knew the money was hers. He also gave me a letter signed "Eunice Gregory," he had found in the yard that day, and which he maintained was in Mrs. Wesley's hand-writing. That made him suspect that her name wasn't Naesmith before she was married to Wesley; he thought that she might have been some relation to old Mr. Gregory, who died, and there must have been something bad to make her change her name.

This information had a dead impression on my mind, taken in connection with what Helen had told me; besides the name of Eunice Gregory seemed floating in my memory as though I had seen it connected with some event which had faded from recollection and was dimly recalled.

I dismissed Hannegan, and paid Mr. Murch, the jeweler, a visit; told him who I was, and for what I called. He remem-

bered the half eagle business—in fact it was on his record. He turned to see on what day the hole was made in the half eagle. It was Wednesday, the 17th of March—the very day Helen's trunk was searched. I asked at what hour the coin was delivered to Mrs. Wesley. He replied that she called for it at 11 in the forenoon, and that Miss Montessor's trunk was searched at about 1 in the afternoon of the same day.

"That looks strange," said I. "Would you have any objections to attend the trial tomorrow, with your books, and testify?"

"Not at all," he replied. I turned to depart. At that moment Wesley entered the shop, and was accosted by the jeweler, who gave me a wink to indicate who he was. We had never before met, so I regarded him at my leisure. He was an evil looking man. Over his left eye was a queer shaped scar, which ran crookedly across his forehead. The instant I saw the scar, I felt as tho' the whole thing was clear. The scar, the description of which I so well remembered, brought the whole thing freshly to my mind. I remembered now the name of Eunice Gregory—the child murderer—and there stood her accomplice under an assumed name. Giving the jeweler a warning glance, I hastened to my carriage and drove furiously home, shut myself in my room, and determined to pass the entire night if necessary, in preparing for the contest. I wished to clear my client on the charge made against her, expose Wesley's, and oblige them to make restitution to the wronged and pillaged orphan.

I transacted my memory to find something tangible concerning the past career of Eunice Gregory and her accomplice, but found nothing. I had read the story many years ago in a newspaper, the name of which I could not remember. I could not prove that the Wesley's were the same parties, and should I mention my suspicions in court the District Attorney would scout at them as ridiculous, and malicious inventions of my own, and the Judge would charge the Jury to pay no heed to them, I must rap the characters of the Wesley's in my cross-examinations of their witnesses, and thus try and effect the breach sufficient to justify a direct assault, on a charge of conspiracy against Helen, and crush James Wesley on the witness stand. And I wove my meshes for the victim until the morning sun rays streamed through my windows.

The court was opened, a jury empaneled, the case called, Helen Montessor placed in the prisoner's box, and the District Attorney's telling, merciless opening of the case completed, in what seemed to be but a few moments of time. Helen seemed to look more innocent than ever, and I resolved that full justice should be done her, if my resources could compass such a result. It is in such an hour that a lawyer feels the honor and dignity of his position—it is then that he feels his responsibility.

The first witness was Charlotte Boyce. She had been called by her mistress to go up and see Helen's trunk searched; and she went up, and saw the breastpin and money found in it—tucked away in one corner. By my cross-examination I elicited the fact that Helen had just come home from an errand, (on which she had been sent more than an hour,) when her trunk was searched, and had on her bonnet and shawl; that "she looked quite innocent and unconcerned until the things were found, and then she seemed astonished." On dismissing the witness, I gazed at the jury, but they sat with stern faces, as though resolved that nothing could make them clear the culprit. I called Miss Boyce back, saying I had forgotten a very important point. This excited some attention, and when I asked her if Mrs. Wesley was in the habit of ill-treating the prisoner, everybody pricked up their ears. The girl hesitated and stammered, and finally said she was.

"And why do you think so?" I asked. "Because Mrs. Wesley beat her once with a large club, and threatened to kill her, and was scolding her. But don't ask me any more questions," she suddenly exclaimed, "or I shall lose my place!"

I glanced at Mrs. Wesley, and saw that she was regarding her servant with a look of intense malignity; and to annoy her, I appealed to the Court to protect the witness against the threatening looks of her mistress.

This brought all eyes to a focus on Mrs. Wesley's ugly countenance, and she turned fairly white with indignation. The Judge told the witness to speak without fear, and if she lost her place by telling the truth, she would get plenty of better ones. Being satisfied with the impression made, I told the witness she might go, and the District Attorney permitted her to pass without questioning.

The next witness was Miss Sarah Brown, the seamstress—a rat-eyed, hatch-

et-faced, dapper little creature. She was at work for Mrs. Wesley at the time the theft was discovered. She met Helen the day before the trunk was searched, coming out of her mistress's room, and she looked so guilty she suspected she had been doing wrong. The same day Mrs. Wesley spoke to her about the things being gone, and she told her suspicions. Then upon she thought it would be a good plan to search Helen's trunk; proposed to do it at once, but Mrs. Wesley preferred to wait. When the trunk was opened, the things were found in it, just as she expected they would be.

When the witness was passed over to me, I asked in a careless tone, how she knew the money was in Mrs. Wesley's room the day she had met Helen coming thence.

"She knew it, because Mrs. Wesley told her so. Couldn't be mistaken, for Mrs. Wesley had spoken about the half eagle with the hole in it, which she was going to present to the minister's boy."

This I made her say over and over again until there could be no mistake about it, and then asked if she knew who made the hole in the half eagle.

"Yes; Mr. Murch, the jeweler, made it."

"Is he in the room?" I asked. "Yes, there he is," said she, pointing. I told Miss Brown she could go, and the District Attorney requested that Mr. Murch should be sworn. The Attorney handed Murch the half eagle, and asked if he recognized it. He said he did; that the magistrate who committed the prisoner had made a mark upon it.

"That's all; the witness is yours, Mr. Remeson."

"Do you remember, Mr. Murch, on what day of the month you made the hole in the half eagle?" I asked.

"It was on the 17th of March," said he. "Why, that was the very day the prisoner's trunk was searched, was it not?" I said, turning to the District Attorney.

"That is the day mentioned in the indictment," he replied.

Turning again to the witness, I said, "Mr. Murch, please recollect with precision; you heard the witness who preceded you, swear that Mrs. Wesley told her that the identical half eagle, with the hole then made in it, was in her husband's trunk on or before the 16th of last March."

"Yes," said Murch, "I heard her swear to that, and was astonished, for Mrs. Wesley brought me the coin in the afternoon of the 16th, and told me I must have it fixed by noon next day; at 11 on the 17th she came for it, and at 1 o'clock that afternoon it was found in Miss Montessor's trunk."

The District Attorney turned sharp round and gave the Wesley's a piercing look. Mrs. Wesley was immovable; but Wesley turned pale and fairly covered beneath the gaze of the Attorney, who, I saw, was now convinced of the true facts of the case; and judge and jury seemed to be of the same mind. I felt certain then of a verdict in my client's favor; but how was I to crush the Wesley's, and how win back her estate? I decided on my course.

Hannegan was called next, and I showed by him that Mrs. Wesley had persecuted the prisoner in the most outrageous manner—beating her, and threatening to kill her, and ruin her reputation, and treating her shamefully. His testimony excited so much indignation against the couple that I longed for the moment that James Wesley should take the stand.—When Hannegan retired, Mrs. Wesley whispered to her husband, and he whispered to the Attorney. The latter seemed to be surprised, but announced that the prosecution would rest the case.

Everybody was surprised that the Wesley's were not called, and my plans were all disarranged. I divined at once that Mrs. Wesley had suggested this course to shield her husband and herself from cross-examination. Had the instinct of self-preservation told her what was coming? I rose to open my case for the defense, and I began by stating that I had incontestible evidence that a conspiracy had been entered into to blast the character of my client, to enable the parties in the conspiracy to perfect certain plans, which would fill the community with horror. I saw that everybody was prepared to believe almost everything, and determined to waste no time in words. So I requested that James Wesley might be sworn, and desired the Judge to have Eunice Wesley removed while her husband was being examined. She was taken out by the Sheriff, and I turned to question James Wesley.

"James Wesley," said I, sternly, "how came that scar on your forehead?"

As the villain turned ghastly pale, staggered, and clutched at the railing of the witness box for support, I felt sure of my man.

"Answer me, Bob Harmon; how came that scar on your forehead?"

At the mention of the name, "Bob Harmon," the wretch fell back upon the seat and groaned, "Oh don't—don't bring that again me!"

"I shall bring that up, and more too, unless you answer me truly about this pretended theft. Now, tell me—did not Eunice Gregory put these things in Miss Montessor's trunk?"

"Oh my God! how did you know about Eunice Gregory? Do not bring that up now, it's gone by years ago," groaned the wretched man.

"Answer me, then; did not your wife put these things in Miss Montessor's trunk?"

"Yes, she did; let the girl go, and do not ask me any more questions."

The excitement now became overwhelming, and the witness began to fear his bodily safety—a fact I determined to use as an additional screw.

"I shall ask for little more," I replied, "as I do not wish to expose you to the rage of this audience, if you'll answer promptly. Where is the will that old Mr. Gregory executed, making his grandchild, Helen Montessor, his heir, and which he gave to her to give to his lawyer when he returned—the will your wife stole from the child as she lay sleeping?"

"Oh, Lord! it's come at last; just as I told her it would."

"Where is the will," I thundered.

"It is burnt," he exclaimed, "but Helen is his only surviving relation, and the will by which my wife got the property is a forged one."

Having achieved everything, and not caring to prolong the painful scene, I asked the District Attorney if it would not be better to dismiss the case. He cheerfully assented, and Miss Montessor, who in her flush of agitation and thankfulness looked more lovely than ever, was released from the custody of Mr. Mace and placed in charge of his wife, while Wesley and his wife slunk away from public indignation.

The excitement was so great the Court was not adjourned till 6 P. M. and I was obliged to state for the gratification of the crowd how I had managed to get on the track of the Wesleys. I told them that many years before I had an account of the murder of a child by its aunt, Eunice Gregory, assisted by her lover, one Bob Harmon, for the purpose of possessing her niece's estate. In that account it was stated that Harmon, at the time of the murder, had fallen down an area and gashed his head terribly, which afterwards healed and left a peculiar scar. The hints I received from Helen's story, and the letter signed Eunice Gregory, had set my memory at work, and when I met Wesley, and observed the peculiar scar on his forehead, the whole thing flashed upon me, and I determined to make a bold push to expose them, and not only defend Helen against the charge of larceny, but wrench from her unnatural aunt the patrimony that had been withheld from her.

My explanation was received with applause, and a movement set on foot to have the Wesley's indicted for perjury; but it was never carried out, as they disappeared from that part of the country, and we all thought it best not to bring them back for any purpose whatever.

Helen secured her estate, and I secured Helen; and if you will go home with me you shall have an introduction to her and the children. That case did the business for me all round, as by it I secured a great reputation, plenty of practice, a handsome wife and a large fortune.

A SMART WOMAN.—A preacher not long since asking to stay all night at a country house was forbidden by the lady. Knowing her to be a member of the church and generally pleased to entertain ministers, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping she would understand by this hint that he was a preacher. He had hardly got out—"for thereby some have entertained angels unawares," when she said, "but angels, sir would not come with tobacco-stuck in their mouth." The preacher left without any further ceremony.

GEN. McCLELLAN TO MAKE A MOVEMENT.—A Sunday paper says:

Gen. McClellan is now engaged upon a series of articles shortly to be published in a popular journal. They will be published as an electioneering document in connection with his report. A life of McClellan by a popular New York journalist is also under way; and the three—his life, his report, and his explanatory articles—will probably be published some time during the coming March. It is believed that these publications, with his supposed popularity with the people, will give him a very fair show for the Presidency.

THE CAT MARKET.—There is a man who regularly visits one of the river towns and buys up all the cats he can find, taking them to New York. The country people are in doubt whether they are bought for the furriers or the sausage makers.—Argus.

## HOMEOPATHIC SOUP.

Take a robin's leg,  
Mild, or dramatic morely;  
Put it in a tub,  
Filled with water nearly.  
Set it out of doors  
In a place that's shady;  
Let it stand a week  
(Three days for a lady).  
Put a spoonful in,  
To a five-quart kettle,  
It should be of tin,  
Or perhaps bell-metal.  
Fill the kettle up,  
Put fire a-bolting;  
Skim the liquor well  
To prevent its boiling.  
Let the liquor boil  
Half-an-hour or longer  
(If 'tis a man  
You may make it stronger).  
Should you now desire  
That the soup be flavory,  
Stir it once around  
With a stalk of savory.  
When the soup is done,  
See by its color;  
Then three times a day  
Let the patient smell it.  
If he chance to die,  
Set three nature did it;  
But should he get well,  
Give the soup the credit.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Splitting your vote.

WHAT'S the use of a seat of war to a standing army?

A jocos soul inquires if it is a libel to call a baker's apprentice a kneady loafer?

THE busiest coopers in these times are those that hoop the ladies.

WHY is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

THE musician who can make his hearers forget time may be excused for not keeping it.

If you observe a gentleman with his arm around a young lady, it is morally certain that they are not married.

WITHOUT deliberation and prudence, the faster we go the further we may go out of the way.

A printer out west, whose first son happened to be a very short, fat little fellow, named him Brevier Fullface Jones.

"I shall be indebted to you for life," as the man said to his creditors when he ran away to Australia.

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a loafer. "Because they are in a weak place," said a bystander.

As a proof of the hardness of the times, there is a man in Ohio who killed only half a pig at a time.

An exchange says that the young lady who "thought she would have died" so many times, is now enjoying excellent health.

CONSCIENCE is the most elastic material in the world. To-day you cannot stretch it over a mole-hill—to-morrow it hides a mountain.

DOBBS, (not Bennett,) on being asked if he had ever seen the "Bride of Sighs," replied:—"Yes, I have been traveling it ever since I was married."

Rules of Etiquette for Gentlemen at Parties.

Act very bravely;  
Stare around amazingly;  
Strut in stuck-up-ishly;  
First to the lady who  
Sent round the card to you;  
Then you may condense  
Three or four words to spend  
On some notoriety  
Who glides slyly  
Or whistles, quite killingly,  
To some belle, who willingly,  
Passes time flirtingly,  
Laughing—oh, certainly!  
Whispering blushingly,  
Checking you indignantly;  
Whispering till ringlets fall  
Over your neck and all;  
Utter, distressingly,  
Thoroughly, carelessly,  
Off in a waltz you go  
Spinning, half crazy, oh!  
This is propriety  
Out of society.

If a girl thinks more of her heels than of her head, depend upon it, she will never amount to much; for brains which settle in the shoes never get above them. Young gentlemen will please make note of this.

A man who puts aside his religion because he is going into society, resembles a person taking off his shoes because he is to walk upon thorns.

An urchin, suffering from the application of the birch, said, "Forty rods are said to be a furlong. I know better: let any body get such a licking as I've had, and he'll find out that one rod makes an acher!"

A French bishop, in a sermon, recently administered a philippic to crinoline wearers: "Let women beware (said he) while putting on their profuse and expansive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind that he will give him a very fair show for the Presidency."

"That is the very reason, replied the boy, why I would not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else. Was this not a very good reason?"

## The New Speaker.

Mr. Colfax was born in New York City on the 23d of March 1823 and is descended from General Schuyler and Captain Colfax, both of whom fought in the Revolution. At thirteen years of age he removed to Indiana, where he soon began life as a printer, in which humble capacity he rose to a position of influence and honor. About twenty years ago he became the proprietor of *The South Bend Register*, and as a necessity of his position became connected with the politics of his State. His political connection was with the Whig party, so long as it retained its organization after which he became an earnest Republican.

Mr. Colfax has now been a member of Congress for nearly ten years. He was elected Representative from Indiana in 1854, and has held the office ever since. In the thirty-fifth Congress he was chosen Chairman of the Committee on Post-offices and Post Roads, and for one or two years past he has been one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

In his personal appearance he is a little below the medium height, has dark eyes and hair, and a large forehead. He is a fluent speaker, distinct in his utterance, and impressive. He is very bland and courteous in demeanor, and kind and affable in all his social relations. On the 7th of December, 1863, he was elected Speaker of the House. Although the position was never of greater moment than in the present session, yet only a single ballot was cast, the result of which was the election of Mr. Colfax by a vote of 101 to 81.—This decided vote settles at once all doubt as to the firm purpose of the House to support the Administration.

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

A CHEAP LUXURY.—As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud, out in a far west region of the country, he discovered abroad a young maiden standing in the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the house and asked the maiden for a drink of water; he drank it, and she being the first lady he had seen for several days, he offered her a "dime for a kiss." The young maiden accepted the offer, and received both kiss and dime. The traveler was about to proceed:

"What am I to do with the dime?" "You may use it in any way you wish," he replied; "it is yours."

"That being the case," she replied, "I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss."

In the middle ages, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator, was condemned to place himself on all fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom was adopted at the present day, there would be some how-woing.

An orator, perspiring freely in a husky voice said—"In short, ladies and gentlemen, I wish, I can only say that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart." The newspapers printed the speech, leaving 'n' out of 'window.' He was taken somewhat aback when he read it.

Every school boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life.—The man who is tied down by a half a dozen responsibilities and their mother will make a stronger and higher flight than the old bachelor, provided they allow him to rise at all.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—Punch.