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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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"Poet's Corner."

The Missing Ship.

Her mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
Ane from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until its verge she wanders o'er;
But from that hour of parting pain,
Oh she was never heard of more!

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And oh! the thousand hopes unfold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in ocean cold,
For she was never heard of more?

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of racing clouds and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all!—Her destiny
Is dark:—She ne'er was heard of more.

The moon hath often changed her form,
From glowing orb to crescent wan;
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port the ship hath gone;
But ocean keeps its secret well;
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen—no tongue can tell
Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more!

Miscellaneous Selections.

The Story of John Lee.

BY MRS H. C. CONANT.

"There was a man, though some did count him mad,
The more he cast away the more he had."—Bunyan.

Thus did the Golden Dreamer state a problem in life, of which very few find the true practical solution. Increase, gain, in some form or other, is the object of men. Nor is this in itself a vicious propensity. Far from it. It is the very core of human progress, the grand condition of the ultimate perfectibity of the race. And yet, those who give freest play to this tendency, who live but to obey the law of gain, the greater number grow continually poorer; and at the last find themselves miserable and destitute, and naked, and in lack of all things. Experience is said to be a great preacher. If this be true, she must have had very inapt pupils. From the foundation of the world, she has been preaching the same lesson about this law of gain,—in other words the true way to become rich.—And yet it is here and there one, who seems ever to get the lesson by heart and these few are by all others counted the dunces in the school.

The story of one of these plodding heads shall form the illustration of our principlo.

John Lee was an orphan. He lost his father at an age too early for remembrance. For him that father had lived only in the tender and beautiful reflection of his mother's heart, true to her last hour, to the memory of first affection.—Perhaps the paternal influence thus transmitted entered no less really, if less consciously, into the formation of the boy's character. The beautiful father spoke through the saintly mother, and the voice had in it less of earth than heaven. John's childhood was full of sweet promise to such a mother. To fair, though by no means remarkable, mental gifts, were united moral traits in which she traced the image of his lost father; a straightforward, single hearted earnestness in whatever seemed to him a right cause, blended with an honesty towards himself and a candor towards others not always found in such connection. As the Bible was the mother's book of unquestioning reference, so was it with the son. As prayer was the element in which the mother lived, so was it from infancy a sweet, familiar practice with the child. But alas! scarcely had he reached the age of twelve, when his guardian angel was taken from him. She died suddenly, almost without warning. John was summoned from the school play ground, to receive her last farewell. Stunned and bewildered by the sudden shock, the whole scene passed him like a wild dream. One moment alone engraved itself upon his memory. As he knelt by her bedside, the dying mother, laying her cold, damp hand upon his head, and raising her eyes towards heaven, uttered the words: 'I ask not for him long life, or honor, or earthly riches. Make him rich in faith, heir of promises! With thee I trust him. Into thy hands I commend my spirit!' She fell back upon her pillow, and John Lee was motherless. Not that he realized, at the time, and the full import of this prayer. Like an unexplained oracle, it fastened itself upon his memory till gradually unfolding its hidden sense, it became the keynote of his character and life.

After his mother's death, John found no path of thornless roses. The little property she had left behind served for his support and schooling a few months longer; and then, without a relative from whom he could claim succor and guidance, was cast upon the world, and was expected to look out for himself. For a boy thus suited there was not much choice. The place of shop boy in a neighboring village being offered him, he at once accepted it. This man like most others in his line of business at the time, depended for his chief gains upon the sale of ardent spirits. John had never thought about this traffic, and accordingly dealt out the fire water to his master's customer without compunction, though not without inward disgust. But after being thus engaged a few weeks, he one day witnessed a scene which stirred all the latent springs of his nature. A young woman entered the grocery, carrying in her arms an infant perhaps six months old, and leading by the other hand another child of some three years. All were poorly and scantily dressed; and their thin, wan faces, betokened pinching poverty. There was a wild light in the mother's large black eye, which made John recoil, as she swept past him towards the owner of the shop. Yet the tones of her voice when she spoke, and something in her manner, betrayed a character and breeding superior to her present position.

'I have come'—said she, addressing the grocer who stood behind the counter, 'to beg you once more not to furnish my husband with liquor. It is poison to him and death to us. Surely you would not let him have it, if you realized our misery. I have dragged these children along, tho' hardly able to come myself, in order that you may see something of it for yourself. Look at them! Poor, ragged, starved little ones! Can you believe they are my children, Marietta Gray's children? But this is not the worst!' She took off the hood of the elder child, and showed a large purple lump on its temple. 'There!' she continued more wildly than before, 'that's from a blow given by its own father! by Robert Stanhope! and he lies at home—drunk! But how did he get the means? I know but too well. Last night the only comfortable article of dress I had left, my blanket shawl, was torn from these little babes as they lay asleep, and sold to make their father a brute. O, Mr. Stone, you cannot, now you know how it is, you cannot have the heart'—her voice was broken down in sobs.

'I haven't sold him any liquor this month,' replied the grocer; 'if he got any last night, he got it somewhere besides here.'

The woman instantly recovered her self-possession, brushed away her tears, and with a contemptuous smile, pointed towards a corner where her quick eye had detected the missing article.

'Well come now!'—said the grocer in great confusion which he tried to cover by a laugh—'it isn't my fault, if he did get it here. If he has a mind to come here and buy liquor it's his lookout, not mine. My lookout is to get my honest pay.'

'You will not promise me then?' asked the woman.

'Upon my word and honor, I can't,' was the reply, 'it's asking too much, I must make a living, you see. Everybody must take care of number one, and he'll do well enough.'

'And will you tell me,' said she, 'how I am to take care of No. 1.'

'I'll tell you one thing,' cried he angrily, 'I won't take no sarse in my own store; so clear out in quick time, be spry!' added he advancing towards her with a threatening gesture.

She looked at him steadily for a moment then lifting her hand solemnly towards heaven, she prayed in accents which froze John Lee's young blood.—'God here avenge,' and without another word she seized the hand of her little girl and left the shop. John followed.

The woman walked a few rods with surprising energy, then suddenly sinking down on a stone by the road side seemed ready to faint. Both children began at the same time to cry piteously. When John came up to the forlorn group he tried to speak; but there was such a swelling in his throat that he could not utter a sound. Quickly but with trembling fingers, he unbuttoned his shirt collar, and drew out a black ribbon from which hung suspended a two shilling piece. Slipping off the coin, he fastened the ribbon round his neck. Then holding out the money towards the woman he asked: 'will this do you any good? It's all I have!'

'God bless you! yes, it will keep my children a week from starvation,' she answered, grasping it in her thin hand. She started up as if to go instantly in quest of food. Then suddenly stopping and turning round she asked:

'Was it a keepsake?'

'Yes,' replied John, his eyes filling with tears,—'from my mother.'

'And where is your mother?

'She is dead!'

'And your father?'

'He died when I was a baby; they are both gone!' said John.

'Poor orphan! I will not rob you,' exclaimed the woman reaching back the silver piece, while the voice grew more tremulous and her large, dark eyes became soft with moisture.

'O no, no indeed! my mother would tell me to give it to you,' said John.—Then, unable to keep down his struggling heart a moment longer, he turned from her, and ran with all his might and main towards his master's house.

She looked after him till he was out of sight, then crossed the street and entered a baker's shop. The man was well known to her, and after receiving the change for a shillings worth of bread, she could not refrain from relating what had just happened. 'I wish,' she added, 'you would mark that piece and keep it awhile. If I can possibly save another shilling, I want to take it back and restore to the poor orphan child his own mother's keepsake.'

But the Baker, too, had a heart. 'I will mark it' said he, 'and hand it to the boy the next time he goes by; I know him by sight. But you are entirely welcome to the bread.'

He laid the other shilling before her on the counter. Then opening a door at the back end of the room he called his wife, a pleasant looking little woman, and repeated the tale to her.

'Why, you don't say so!' she replied wiping her gentle blue eyes as he finished. 'But come now, Mrs. Stanhope,' she added, 'just walk right out here and have a cup of tea. The teakettle is boiling this very minute.'

The tea was made, the tea table was soon spread with the best the house afforded, and the famished mother and children sat down with these kind hearted people to the first comfortable meal they had enjoyed for weeks.

After tea, the baker's wife coaxed the eldest child into her lap, and gained her entire confidence by the gift of a gingerbread lamb. But even this wonder of art could not long keep open the eyelids of weary child. 'It does seem to me,' said the kind woman, gazing fondly on the curly head that lay against her bosom, 'that she has a look like my Willie.—Poor thing! how can she walk another step to-night? Suppose you leave her here a few days with me,' she added earnestly, 'I am so lonesome! I find I don't get over missing my little boy. It would be a real comfort to put her into his trundlebed close to mine where I could reach out in the night to see if she was covered up, and feel her little head on the pillow and hear her breathing in her sleep. I will take the very best care of her,' she continued pleadingly, seeing the mother did not reply.

'May God in Heaven reward you!' she exclaimed at length with a burst of tears. 'Yes I will leave her thankfully till I can turn over some plan for getting along. Live as I have done, I can no longer.'

She printed a soft kiss on the child's brow, pressed the hand of her kind friend and stole noiselessly out of the room.—As she passed down the outer steps, she was still sad, but it was not the sadness of despair. There was a warmth about her heart, a hope in her soul, such as she had not known for many a long day; a warmth of hope, kindled by the breath of human kindness. 'God has not yet forsaken us!' said she to herself. Blessings on that young woman! Blessings on her kind husband! Blessings on that dear orphan boy! Aye, and blessings too on that hard and cruel man! I recall my curse. He is poorer and more wretched than I! Thus musing and praying with fresh trust in God, she bent her steps towards her wretched home.

The baker marked the coin, as he had promised. For so simple a job, it occupied him a long time. As he scraped and scraped slowly with his penknife, many thoughts rose unbidden in his mind. Pre-eminent above all others was the selfishness of sin. The hard hearted grocer, that drunken father! But once outroot that one evil principle from their bosoms, and all this blight and misery would be turned to joy. Then a pang struck across his heart, at the remembrance of his own life. The serene contentment with which he had enjoyed his happy lot, unmindful, to so great a degree, of the wretchedness of his brothers and sisters of humanity, seemed to him hateful in its selfishness.—Unconsciously, he had marked on the coin the figure of a cross. This now caught his eye as he was about to lay aside the money. A new scene arose before his mind. His thoughts ran back eighteen hundred years, to a time when He who was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich. The idea flashed upon him as by a light from heaven, that it was through loving self denial and sacrifice, Christians were like their Lord, to make the world rich. He looked again at the bit of silver in his hand. It seemed to him the symbol of all that was mercenary and selfish. For this men forgot that they were men. For this they wrung tears of blood from their fellow men, and ruined their own souls. "Yet even this vile trash," said he to himself, "can take the mark of the cross! may it not then be turned from a curse into a blessing? surely it has been a blessing to me this day. Henceforth, let all my gains bear this transforming mark!" A tear was glistening on the coin as he dropped it into his leathern purse.

I cannot say that the reflections of his affectionate little wife took so high or so wide a range. But her heart was no less full. Tenderly had she laid down the wearied little sleeper on her own pillow. With a mother's skillful hand, she had removed its miserable clothing, and substituted a snowy night gown, often worn by her lost Willie. The trundlebed was wheeled out once more. The soft warm blankets and white quilt, the little pillow case was again taken from "Willie's drawer," and carefully aired before the fire. All the important preparations being at length completed, the poor infant, who two hours before, had lacked needful food, was laid like something precious into the downy resting place. During the whole time, the child had never stirred from its deep sleep. She now gave a comfortable stretch, turned her head in a way to throw her soft flaxen curls over the pillow, and again sunk into a quiet slumber. When the baker came in from his shop at ten o'clock he found his wife fast asleep kneeling by the trundlebed, her head was close to that of the little stranger, and one tiny hand clasped in her own.

Orphan boy! thy two shilling piece, warm from thy heart, has already made many rich also, not yet but in part.—But it's, safely "laid by" for thee, at interest such as usurers never drew: marked both on earth and in Heaven, with the "Mark of the Cross!"—*Macedonian.*

A MISSIONARY DEFIED.—In 1832, Mr. and Mrs. Todd were sent out as missionaries of the American Board to the Tamil people, Mrs. Todd died, in 1835, at Devipatam. Rev. Mr. Taylor of the Madura Mission, being at that place in February last, visited her grave to see if the monument was in repair. On reaching the spot, what was his concern to find that lamps are burned, sacrifices made and prayers offered to this servant of the Christ, and that miracles were commonly reported to have been wrought there! He thought he would put a fence round the grave; but then he considered that this would confirm the notion of its sanctity. He next thought of having the remains removed to the mission cemetery at Madura; but this would not enlighten the minds of the people. "My conclusion," he says, "was to let it remain, and report the facts to the people of God in America."

An Exquisite Story by Lamartine.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse, whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, 'I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying, help me, and heaven will reward you.' The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, 'I cannot rise; I have no strength left.' Naber touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so, 'It is I, Daher I have got the horse, and am off with it.' Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. 'You have taken my horse,' said the latter.—'Since heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it.' 'And why not?' said Daher. 'Because,' said the noble Arab, 'another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been.' Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber, made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

Wallaby Trot.

The following is an epitome of a legend preserved in Ireland and Germany, which shows the tendency to attribute to fairies, or mysterious people, all useful inventions, the real origins of which are not yet fully known. We find it in Household Words, where it prefaces an elaborate article on the benefits of the introduction of spinning-wheels:

There was once an old woman who lived with her daughter at the side of a hill in the midst of a forest. They were very poor, their only means of support being the thread which the daughter spun with her distaff and spindle; and she, poor girl, worked early and late to earn enough for their wants. It so happened that the King's son, while hunting, went astray in the forest and entered the widow's cottage to enquire his way. He was greatly struck with the girl's beauty, and not less with the numerous hanks of yarn which attested her skill and industry. He inquired how it happened that they had collected such an immense pile; when the old woman—concealing the fact that this was nearly a winter's store—declared that her daughter had spun the whole in a week. 'In a week!' exclaimed the astonished prince; 'if this be true, I have found a wife more worthy and valuable than any other in the country. I will send you a load of flax; and if she has it spun by the end of a week, I will make her my bride; but if not, I will have you both cut into pieces, for deceiving the son of your sovereign.' The terrified girl saw next day a train of laden mules coming to the cottage; so she went out in the forest to weep over her destiny, when she met a decrepid old man. On learning the cause of her weeping, 'Do not weep, daughter, he said 'I will execute the task imposed upon you by your prince, provided that you will either give me your first born son when he is twelve months and a day old, or that you shall, in the mean time, find out my name.' The maiden, wondering greatly, agreed to the terms; the old man conveyed away the flax from the cottage, she did not know how, and returned it in form of beautiful yarn just before the week had expired. The prince found all as he had wished, and married her; they were very happy, and when the princess had a son, the joy of the prince knew no bounds. But, alas! the year came near its close, and the princess had not as yet found out the name of the mysterious old man; she dreaded to lose her little son, and yet dared not tell her husband. The prince, seeing his wife disconsolate, he told her an anecdote to amuse her. He had been a hunting, and lost his way in the forest; he looked around and saw a cave in which an old man was spinning with a sort of wheel, such as the Prince had never before seen; and the old man was singing.

Little my mistress knows my name,
Which shan't be forgot, shan't be forgot.
When a prince as heir to the fortunes I claim
Of Wallaby Trot Wallaby Trot.

The Princess instantly guessed that this must be her mysterious friend. When the year and day expired, the old man appeared and claimed the child. 'Stop, said the lady, 'your name is Wallaby Trot.' It was so; and the old man said that, to reward her ingenuity he would teach her how to use the wheel which had enabled him to spin the flax so quickly.—Having done so, he disappeared, and was never seen again; but the prince and princess taught his branch of industry to their subjects, and so enriched the country as to become the admiration of surrounding nations.

'Mike' and is it yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice cream?' 'In truth I can—do they not bake them in cowld ovens, to be sure.'

Taking Advice.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

She gave a word of good advice,
She hoped I'd profit by;
And shouldn't wonder if she thought
I'd come away to cry.

She thinks I stand in fear of her,—
I really think I don't;
She's shure my will, will yield to hers,—
I'm pretty sure it wont.

I know my dear old maiden aunt
Is prudent, good and wise,—
But, Harry, don't you think with me
She's rather too precise?

She said I must not fall in love,—
"Propriety forbid!"
And I told her I should never
Love you better than I did.

She said you must not fondle me,—
She did not think you would,—
I told her I'd be up in arms
Against you if you should.

She said you must not kiss me
The first time you should try,
And I told her that you shouldn't,—
But I did not tell her why.

She said that suitor never yet
Had even pressed her hand;
I did not think the reason
Very hard to understand.

And as for marrying, she knew
She'd die before she'd wed,—
And I told her that I did not doubt
The truth of what she said.

Capers and Anchovies.

Sheridan used to relate an amusing story of an Irish officer, who had once belonged to a regiment in Malta, who returned to England on leave of absence, and according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military in Malta.

'But,' said he, 'as for anchovies, by the powers, there's nothing to be seen like them in the known world;' and he added, 'I have seen the anchovies grow upon the trees with my own eyes, many's the hundred times, and beautiful's the grove of them the Governor has in his garden on the esplanade.'

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grow on trees, which the Irishman with much warmth reaffirmed. The lie passed, a challenge was given, and the upshot of the matter is thus humorously related:—

"The Englishman gave his address, and the next day the parties met, attended by their seconds: they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels. This being observed by the Irishman's second, he said:

'You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, it is certain. I think not dangerously however, for see what capers he cuts.'

'Caper, Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, 'Oh! by the powers, what have I done! what a dreadful mistake!' and running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him:

'My dear friend, if you're kilt, I ax your pardon in this world and the next, for I made a divil of a mistake; and it was capers that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all.'

The wounded man smiled at his ludicrous explanation and apology, and said;

'My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner; I don't think you have quite killed me, but I hope you will remember the difference between anchovies and capers as long as you live.'

The following anecdote, says the Boston Journal, is a fitting pendent to the above:—

On the island of Malta the caper tree grows wild, and in great plenty, and is particularly abundant on the walls of Lavalette. Ever since the capture of that island the fruit has been the undisturbed perquisite of the officer in command of the engineers. Some time ago that officer complained to the governor that the trees were cut down, and the berries carried away by the inhabitants upon which that facetious old gentleman issued the following eccentric order:

'Whereas, it has been reported to me by the officer commanding the engineers that the inhabitants of Lavalette, have, for some time past destroyed the fruit and cut down the caper trees hanging on the outside of the walls of the garrison, it is the command of the governor that in future no one cut capers either on the top or sides of said walls, except the lieutenant colonel commanding the engineers.—And any one found cutting his capers on the walls, after this notification, will be confined in the black hole for the first offence; and for the repetition of so flagitious an act, the next capers he cuts shall be his own, at the tail of a calash, to the tune of a cat-o'-nine-tails."

How to Visit Niagara.

Leave New-York in the morning by the N. Y. & Erie Railroad, which every one will wish to traverse once, and traversing the road once will only increase the desire to pass over it again. On crossing the Shawangunk mountians, about 75 miles from the city, the beautiful valley of the Neversink suddenly opens upon the sight, wanting only one feature to make the view perfect, and this is supplied in one more extensive and still more beautiful farther onward to the West.

Passing up the Delaware with its mountain banks and wild scenery for nearly a hundred miles, you cross a range of mountians at an elevation of 1366 feet, and come out suddenly upon the valley of the Susquehanna, the first view of which, and for miles, is one of almost unequaled loveliness. Stop at Susquehanna station, a few miles onward, and spend a day or two at once as your leisure may allow, in visiting the Starrucca Viaduct and Cascade Bridge, and a visit to the latter alone will abundantly repay for many hundred miles of travel. This valley, if its attractions were better known would become a place of resort during the Summer months, with those who wish to spend their time in some quiet and beautiful spot, where they can enjoy perfect retirement, and yet be within a few hours of the busy world.

Returning to the Erie Road, you may pause at Binghamton, Owego or Elmira and about six miles beyond the latter place, at Hornellsville, take the cars of the Buffalo and N. Y. City Railroad, making your arrangements to spend at least one day at Portage, to visit the falls of the Genesee.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Females in General.

Mr. Slick—Sam Slick—thinks proper to give us his observations on females in general. He divides them into three classes—first, petticoat angels; second, women; and third devils. 'Petticoat angels are,' he says, beyond all doubt, the most pure, the most pious, the most lovin', the most devoted; and these angels are in low degree as well as high; they ain't confined to no station—prizes that clockmakers as well as princes may draw—. Then there's women. Well, women commonly are critters of a mixed character, in general more good than bad about 'em by a long chalk (for men don't do 'em justice in talking of 'em), but spoiled like filleys in trainin'. The mouth is hard from being broke with too small a bit, or their temper ruined by being punished when they don't desarve it, or outrun by being put to work they can't stand, or ain't fitted by natur' for. There never was a good husband that warn't a good horseman, for the natur' of the critters is just alike. You must be gentle, kind, and patient, but you must be firm; and when there is a fight for mastery, just shew 'em it's best not to act foolish. Unless a critter is too old, and too headstrong, it's a man's own fault if he can't manage to make 'em travel the road pleasantly.

'Then, there are the devils. Well, some kick; don't put 'em in harness agin, that's all; they are apt to cut their little pasterns, and hurt your little gig. Some stop, and won't go. Treat 'em as I did a hoss once who wouldn't draw up-hill.—I set off from Slickville once with a regular devil, to put her through her facin's, at three o'clock in the mornin', and took books and cigars, and my dinner with me, to be ready for inaction, as it was fine weather.

'Well, two miles from hum, was a high hill, and as usual, my hoss stopped short, lay back in the breechin', and wouldn't budge an inch. She thought she was agoin' to have a regular built frolic, and I intended she should. She whisked her tail, laid back her ears, and looked wicked, athinkin' the more you wallop me, the more I won't go; and I'll upset you, and break a shaft if I can; but she didn't know what was in store for her.

'Don't you hope you may get the chance?' says I.

'So I threw down the reins, lit my cigar, and began to read, and took no more notice of her than if she was in the stable. When twelve o'clock came, she looked round, as to say, if you ain't agoin' to fight, will you make friends, old boy?—Well, I took no notice; eat my diuner, and I turned to agin and began to read. Well, as the sun was goin' down, she began to get dreadful oneasy and fidgety, and to put one foot before the other, but I stopped her, and called out 'Whoh!' At last, she got very impatient, but I held on till she should take the word from me. Finally, I took up the reins, gave her a lick of the whip, and away she went up the hill, as if she smelt oats at the top of it; and to shew her what a fool she was, I drove her twenty miles straight on end, afore I hauled up. She never balked at a hill again.'

New York and London.

An English writer in the Albion, gives us "the first impression that New York produces on a foreigner. 'To my mind,' he says nothing could be more unlike London. New York bears no resemblance to it whatever; while, on the contrary, it would be extremely like Paris, if Paris were but stretched out a little in the breadth of its streets. Most Parisian, too, did it seem to my mind in its *cafes*; and if not in its drinks, at least in its dominoes. Particularly unlike London in its omnibusses without conductors, and the passengers paying their fare through a hole in the roof to a driver sitting coatless on his box. Above all things, unlike in its absence of blue and bludgeoned policemen, displayed instead, to the gaze of the unawed Briton, a custodian of the public peace in, it may be, Panama hat and nankeen frock, the small brass star indicative of authority being to a British mind but a poor substitute for the blue and buttons of old England's police. Paris, however, it is most especially unlike in one thing, and the disparity not a little agreeably surprised me; it observes, in its suspension of business, the sanctity of the Sabbath, reminding the Briton that he is in no French or heathen land, but one peopled by men with ancestors like his own. He sees churches, too, in abundance, reminding him of the temples of England; but the Briton must remember that they are not all Episcopalian here, and that the tapering spire does not rise above such altars alone, but crowns likewise the seats of Genevan and Romish worship. But—and I leave it last as being the strongest point—most unlike of all is it to home in the strength of such solar rays as I never encountered before in my life. I heard during the day the highest tribute paid to the strength of the sun which it was possible for it to receive, by a poor Irish emigrant who came out as a steerage passenger in the same vessel with me. 'Och murther! I used to complain of the cowld and the hunger in Ireland, and sure it myself now that would take a thrass of the hunger for the sake of a shiver of the cowld.' The poor Irishman was not singular; for my part I would willingly have gone without my dinner, if getting cool were a condition annexed to the abstinence."

Passing an Examination.

A young collegian, itinerating in the State of Maine, fell in company, and also in love, with a very pretty girl, the daughter of an old curmudgeon, whose brains were made of saw dust, hog's lard, and molasses, but who, on account of the spaciousness of his farm, had been for years at the head of the school committee in the district. The collegian's attachment to Sally (for that was the name of the daughter) was so overpowering, that school was, compared to the force of his passion, as chaff in a hurricane. But not having the where-with-all to winter in Maine without a resort to employment, he intimated to Sally that he should like to keep the school in that district; when the kind hearted girl informed him that her father was the committee man, and she also informed him what questions would be put to him, and he must answer them if he expected to gain the good graces of her father. Accordingly, on Sunday evening, the young man of classic lore informed the old ignoramus that he should like to take charge of their school for the winter, and board in his family. Whereupon the old fellow assumed an air of much importance, and looking at the applicant with his usual dignity while examining candidates for keeping school, put the same questions that Sally had informed her lover would be asked.

'Do you believe in the final salvation of all the world?'

'Most certainly,' answered the young collegian, 'it is the only belief that the scriptures justify.'

'Do you believe God ever made another man equal to Thomas Jefferson?'

'Certainly not—and I have been of this opinion ever since I read his notes on Virginia.'

'Can you spell Massachusetts?'

'I ought to know how, sir, for it is my native state.'

'Well, spell it.'

The young man spelled the word very distinctly, when the father turned to the daughter and said:

'Did he spell it right, Sal?'

'Yes sir,' answered the affectionate girl—when her father turning again to the candidate, triumphantly exclaimed:

'You may begin school to-morrow.'

How the young pedagogue and Sally managed affairs through the winter, is another part of the story.

A School Incident.

In early years, I attended the public school in Roxbury, Mass. Dr. Nathaniel Prentice was our respected teacher; but his patience, at times, would get nearly exhausted by the infractions of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathy way, he threatened to punish with six blows of his heavy ferrule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of the detectors shouted, "Master, John Zeigler is whispering." John was called up and asked if it was a fact—(John by the way was a favorite, both of the teacher and his schoolmates.) "Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent in working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule, which I wished to see." The Doctor regretted his hasty threat but told John he could not suffer him to escape the punishment, and continued; "I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will" continued he, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say wether or not I omit the punishment." John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows: "The master's word must be kept inviolate—John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferrule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies; and we the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving two blows each." John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hand, exclaimed; "Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment." The Doctor, under pretext of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Cin. Times.*

SOUND DOCTRINE.—The following is from the *New Bedford Mercury*:

"The poorest business an honest man can engage in is that of politics for the sake of its reward. While he is a poor creature and an unworthy citizen who neglects his political duties and sacrifices his political birthright to his business or his ease, the man who makes merchandise of his political principles, and expects pay for maintaining them, is quite as foolish as could be."

A looker on at a gaming table having observed one player very grossly cheating another took the "pigeon" aside and said "Good heavens! have you not observed how villainous that man has been packing the cards?" The other smilingly answered: "Pray don't be under the least concern about that; I intend to pick his pocket as soon as he has done playing."

☞ A queer writer says, he has so high regard for the religious notions of others—that if he should ever see a lot of men worshipping a toad-stool, he would certainly lift his hat and pass on, without casting a stone or a remark at them. A liberal-minded man that he is.

☞ He who truly desires a blessing on his affictions, is always the better for them.