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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."

Lines spoken by a Blind Boy.

BY PARK BENJAMIN

The bird that never tried his wing,
Can blithely hop and sweetly sing,
Though prisoned in a narrow cage,
Till his bright feathers droop with age.
So I, while never blessed with sight,
Shut out from Heaven's surrounding light,
Life's hours and days and years enjoy,—
Though blind, a merry hearted boy.

That captive bird may never float
Through heaven, or pour his thrilling note,
Mid shady groves by pleasant streams,
That sparkle in the soft sunbeams;
But he may gaily flutter round,
Within his prison's scanty bound,
And give his soul to song, for he
Ne'er longs to taste sweet liberty.

O! may I not as happy dwell
Within my unillumined cell?
May I not leap, and sing, and play,
And turn my constant night to day?
I never saw the sky, the sea,
The earth was never green to me:
Then why, oh, why, should I repine
For blessings that were never mine!

Think not that blindness makes me sad,
My thoughts like yours are often glad.
Parents I have who love me well,
Their different voices I can tell.
Though far away from them I hear,
In dreams, their music meet my ear,
Is their a star so dear above,
As the low voice of one we love!

I never saw my father's face,
Yet on his forehead when I place
My hand, and feel the wrinkles there,
Left less by time than anxious care,
I fear the world has sights of woe,
To knit the brow of manhood so,—
I sit upon my father's knee;
He'd love me less if I could see.

I never saw my mother smile:
Her gentle tones my heart beguile.
They fall like distant melody,
They are so soft and sweet to me.
She murmurs not—my mother dear!
Though sometimes I have kissed the tear
From her soft cheek to tell the joy
One smiling word would give her boy.

Right merry was I every day!
Fearless to run about and play
With sisters, brothers, friends and all,—
To answer to their sudden call,
To join the ring, to speed the chase,
To find each playmate's hiding place,
And pass my hand across his brow,
To tell him, I could do it now.

Yet, though delightful flew the hours
So passed in childhood's peaceful bowers,
When all were gone to school but I,
I used to sit at home and sigh;
And though I never longed to view
The earth so green, the sky so blue,
I thought I'd give the world to look
Along the pages of a book.

Now since I've learned to read and write,
My heart is filled with new delight;
And music, too,—can there be found,
A sight so beautiful as sound?
Tell me, kind friends in one short word,
Am I not like a captive bird?
I live in song, in peace, in joy.—
Though blind, a merry hearted boy.

Miscellaneous Selections.

A Lesson from the Bees.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A murmur of impatience came from the lips of young Wentworth, and laying aside his palette and brushes he took up his hat, and with a worried manner, left the studio, where, with two or three young men, he was seeking to acquire skill in the art of painting. He was at work on the head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and was, with the enthusiasm of a young artist, in love with the beautiful, seeking to transfer to his canvass the heavenly tenderness of her eyes, when a coarse jest from the lips of a fellow student, jarred harshly on his ears. It was this that had so disturbed him. Out into the open air the young man passed, but the bustle and confusion of the street did not in the least calm his agitated feelings.

'A coarse vulgar fellow!' he said angrily, giving voice to his indignation *against* his fellow student. 'If he is to remain in the studio, I must leave it. I can't breathe the same atmosphere with one like him.'

And he walked on, aimless, but with rapid steps. Soon he was opposite the window of a print-seller. A gem of art caught his eye.

'Exquisite!' he exclaimed, as he paused and stood before the picture. 'Exquisite! What grouping! What an atmosphere! What perspective.

'Ha! ha!' laughed a rough fellow at his side, whose attention had been arrested by a comic print. 'Ha! ha! ha!'—And clasping his hands against his sides, he made the air ring with a coarse but merry peal. He understood his artist fully, and enjoyed this creation of the pencil.

'Brute!' came almost audibly from the lips of Wentworth, as all the beautiful images just conjured up faded from his mind. And off he started from the print window in a fever of indignation against the vulgar fellow who had no more manners than to guffaw in the street at sight of low life in a picture. On he moved for the distance of one or two blocks, when he paused before another window full of engravings and paintings. A gem of landscape, cabinet size, had just been placed in the window, and our young friend was soon enjoying its fine points.

'Who can be the artist?' he had just said to himself, and was bending closer to examine the delicate treatment of a bit of water, over which a tree projected, when a puff of tobacco smoke stole past his cheek, and found its way to his nostrils. Now, Wentworth was fond of a good cigar, and the fragrance that came to his sense on this particular occasion was delicate enough, of the kind.

In itself, it would have been agreeable rather than offensive; but the vulgarity of street-smoking he detested, and the fact of this vulgarity came now to throw his mind again from its even balance.

'Whew!' he ejaculated backing away from the window, and leaving its place to one less sensitive, or capable of a deeper abstraction of thought when anything of true interest was presented.

'I will ride out into the country,' said he. 'There with nature around me, I can find enjoyment.' So he entered an omnibus the route of which extended beyond the city bounds. Alas! Here he also found something to disturb him.—There was a woman with a lap-dog in her arms, and another with a poor sick child that cried incessantly. A man partially intoxicated, entered, after he had ridden a block or two, and crowded down by his side. Beyond this, the sensitive Wentworth could endure nothing. So he pulled the check-string, paid his fare, and resumed his place on the pavement, muttering to himself as he did so—

'I'd a thousand times sooner walk than ride in such company.'

Two miles from the city resided a gentleman of taste and education, who had manifested no little interest in our excitable young friend. To visit him was the purpose of Wentworth when he entered the stage, which would have taken him within half a mile of his pleasant dwelling. He purposed to walk the whole distance rather than ride with such disagreeable companions. The day was rather warm. Our young artist found it pleasant enough while the pavements lay in the shadow of contiguous houses. But fairly beyond these, the direct rays of the sun fell upon his head, and the clouds of dust from passing vehicles almost suffocated him. Just a little in advance of him kept the omnibus, from which the woman with her lap-dog and crying child got out only a square beyond the point where he left the omnibus. The drunken man also soon left the vehicle. Tired and overheated, Wentworth now hurried forward, making signs to the driver; but, as the driver did not look around, his signs were in vain: and he was more fretted at this from the fact that a passenger who was in the omnibus, had his face towards him all the time, and was, so our pedestrian imagined, enjoying his disappointment.

Hot, dusty and weary was our young artist, when after walking the whole distance he arrived at the pleasant residence of the gentleman we have mentioned.

'Ah my young friend how are you today? A visit I need not tell you is always agreeable. But you look heated and tired. You have walked too fast.

'Too far rather,' said Wentworth. 'I have come all the way on foot.'

'How so? Did you prefer walking?'

'Yes, to riding in the stage with a crying child, a lap-dog and a drunken man.

'The drunken man was bad company certainly. But the crying child and the lap-dog were trifling matters.'

'Not to me,' answered Wentworth.—'I despise a woman who nurses a lap-dog. The very sight frets me beyond endurance.'

'Still my young friend, if women will nurse lap-dogs, you can't help it; and so your wisest course would be to let the fact pass unobserved; or, at least, uncared for. To punish yourself as you have done to-day, because other people don't conform in all things just to your ideas of propriety, is, pardon me, hardly the act of a wise man.'

'I can't help it. I am too alive to the harmonies of nature, and too quick to feel the jar of discord. Do you know to what you are indebted for this visit to-day?'

And Wentworth related with a coloring of his own, the incidents just sketched for the reader; taking as he did so something of merit to himself for his course of action.

'Upon what were you at work?' asked his friend, when the young man had finished speaking.

'On the beautiful Madonna, about which I told you at my last visit.'

'Is it nearly completed?'

'A few more touches, and I would have achieved a triumph above anything yet accomplished by my pencil. It was in the eyes that I failed to succeed. They are full of divine tenderness, that only a magic touch can give. Raphael was inspired when he caught that look from Heaven. I had risen by intense abstraction of mind, into a perception of the true ideal I sought to gain, and the power to fix it all on canvass, was flowing down into my pen, when the jar of discord produced by that vulgar fellow, scattered everything into confusion and darkness.'

'And so the Madonna remains unfinished?'

'Yes, and I am driven from work.—Here is another day added to my list of almost useless days.

The friend mused for a little while, and then said, somewhat sententiously—

'You must take a lesson from the bees, Henry.'

'I will hear a lesson from your lips; but as for the bees——'

And he shrugged his shoulders with an air that said—'I can learn but little from them.'

'Let us walk into the garden,' said the friend, rising.

And they went out among the leafy shrubs and blossoming plants, where butterflies folded their lazy wings, and the busy bees made all the air musical with their tiny hum.

'Now for the lesson,' said the young artist smiling. 'A lesson from the bees. Here is a sprightly little fellow, just diving into the red cup of a honeysuckle. What lesson does he teach?'

'One that all of us may lay at heart.—There is honey in the cup, and it is his business to gather honey. Just beside the crimson blossom and nearly touching it, hangs an ugly worm, spinning out the the thread of his winding sheet; but the bee did not pass the flower, because of its offensive presence, nor will he hasten from it until he has extracted the honey dew. Now his work is accomplished; and now he has passed to that clover blossom which his weight bends over against the leaves of a deadly nightshade. But the poisoned weed is no annoyance to him. So intently pursues he his search for honey, that he is unconscious of its presence. Now he buries himself in blushing rose-leaves, 'heeding not and caring not,' though a hundred sharp thorns bristle on the stem that supports the lovely flower. And now, full laden with the sweet treasure he sought, he is off on swift wing, for the hive. Shall we observe the motions of another bee? Or is the lesson clear?'

The countenance of Wentworth looked thoughtful, even serious. A little while he stood musing, as though his perceptions were not lucid. Then turning to his wise and gently reproving friend, he grasped his hand saying with a manner greatly subdued:

The lessou is clear. I will go back and finish my Madonna, though a dozen vulgar follows haunt the studio. I will have no eyes nor ears for them. My own high purpose to excel, shall make me blind and deaf to anything that would hinder my onward progress. Thanks for your lesson of the bees. I will never forget it. Like them, I will gather the honey of life from every rich flower in my way. Let the weeds grow nigh if they will. I shall not regard their presence.'

A Remedy for War.

[Mrs. L. M. Child has lately written several letters from New York to the Boston Courier, about matters and things in general, in one of which in speaking of the follies and evils of war she related the following anecdote, the principles of which need only to be universally observed, to put a final stop to the ravages and desolations of war.]

I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town (in the Tyrol I think) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that the troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, 'if they will take it they must.' Soldiers soon came riding in with flying colors, and fifes piping their shrill defiance.—They looked around for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plow, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning wheels. Babies crowed to hear the music, and the boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the harlequins of the nineteenth century.' Of course none of those were in a proper position to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked.

'We have none,' was the reply.

'But we have come to take the town.'

'Well friends, it lies before you.'

'But is there nobody here to fight?'

'No we are all *Christians*.'

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools.—This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with of course we cannot fight,' said he, 'it is impossible to take such a town as this.' So he ordered the horses heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village as guiltless as they entered and perchance somewhat wiser.

CORPULENCE A CRIME.—Mr. Bruce, in his Classic and Historic Portraits, speaks of the danger of becoming too fat in Sparta:

'The ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men, as the cattle breeders in modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free State, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military exercises and the service of Sparta, were soundly whipped. In one particular instance—that of Nauclis, the son of Polybus—the offender was brought before the Ephori, and a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed; and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a son of Lucedemon.

TALENT ACQUIRED.—As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is, and most even of those excellences which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised only to that pitch by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in railery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories.—This is apt to be taken for pure nature, and that the rather because it is not got by rules; and those who excel in either of them never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learned. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavors that way, till at last he insensibly got a faculty in it without perceiving how, and that is attributed wholly to nature which was much more the effect of use and practice.—*Locke.*

☞ 'When will these cars leave!' inquired an anxious individual of Smith.

'I presume,' replied the wag, 'as soon as the last seat is taken, as that will be quite sure to make the *car-go*.'

Mr. Anxious took his umbrella and got aboard.

THE colored woman exclaimed, poetically, 'Come buy my flowers!' The young beau stopped, eyed her a minute, said, 'I will,' and went *by*.

An Election Story.

YEARS ago, in a certain county in Pennsylvania, the northern part of which was peopled by the descendants of Germans, politics were running high, though merely on local questions. The opposing candidates of the Whig and the Democratic parties were both lawyers. One a Democrat nicknamed Dignity Brown, and the other a Whig, known to his brother lawyers and the public as Volunteer Davis, and sometimes as 'With-all-due-deference Davis.'

Election was drawing near—a meeting was appointed by the Democratic wire-pullers, to be held in the upper portion of the county, for the purpose of making sure of the 'German interest.' Our friend, Dignity Brown, had never been in this region of his county to be known, nor had the inhabitants been at court often enough to distinguish one lawyer from another. As witnesses they hated them all alike, and as jurymen they admired alike. He had never been among these people, we say, but as the contest was approaching, and the chances for Dignity's staying at home or going to Washington being evenly balanced, it seemed necessary that the Germans should be aroused to a sense of their duty and danger. Accordingly the call for the meeting had been published.

Now on the meeting day—or rather evening—it happened, altogether accidentally, that our Whig Candidate, Volunteer Davis, was returning from a conference with his friends of 'the upper end.' Twilight was just melting into night as he drove up to the tavern where the meeting was held, at which he thought unobservedly to stop a few minutes to refresh his horse and himself and pick up a few points in Dignity's harangue for a speech when a Whig meeting should be held.

As he drove up, fingers were pointed at him, short conferences held, some of the unterrified were smiling, and others laughing outright, until Volunteer Davis began to think they meditated some practical joke upon him for thus coming as a spy into his enemy's country, when all at once his doubts were relieved by the appearance of a committee of two who simultaneously took him by the hand, plying each arm vigorously in the pump-handle and cross-cut style, saying at the same time, 'Welcome Mishter Brown,' and up went three lusty cheers from the 'lion hearted Democracy.'

'Oh! ho!' thought our hero, 'sits the wind in that quarter? Well here goes; I'll do once my friend but now my foe,' a bit of service. I'll make a speech for him! If any mischief's done, why I'll prove an alibi, if fortunately these mistaken men don't take out a writ of Habeas Corpus for my body before I am done.

The meeting was organized—while Davis was hurriedly refreshing himself, concocting a speech, and anxious lest the Simon Pure, Dignity Brown should appear. But that individual was in blissful ignorance of the state of things at Grundle Town, for having stopped at the tavern of a good Whig, he found after travelling a mile, that his lynch pin was gone and that there was no getting along without it. No blacksmith was nearer than the one at the inn he had just left—so back he trudges to have the loss repaired while the opposing general was in his very camp. All this was accidental, of course, and it was accidental that the blacksmith was half an hour making the pin, and that he should burn his fingers so seriously in the job, that the apprentice should finish it—accidential that all resulted in a detention of Brown for two hours from the road.

In the meantime affairs were approaching a crisis at Grundle Town.

Davis is beginning his peroration—his German friends are all ear. 'Fellow citizens, with all do deference to the opinions which men entertain concerning their own language, I frankly tell you that I can see neither wit nor sense in German.' Looks of astonishment from his auditors. 'So much am I convinced of this that I introduced a resolution last winter against printing our laws in German.' Much feeling evinced, and here and there a low murmur of dissatisfaction. 'But I intend this winter to bring forward a more strenuous regulation. I shall abolish German schools.' Cries of 'Trow him mit eggs!

'Schlag him on the kop!' and similar pleasant and reassuring remarks came, thick and fast. 'If a man can't speak English, I intend he shall have no vote!'

Donder and Blitzen, donner mid dorio, and the gentlest of the last arguments of an incensed crowd, an egg spread its golden hues over his breast like a gorgeous sunflower growing out of his vest pocket. It was time to be gone.

'And with all due deference,' shouted he as he made a retrograde movement, 'if any man, after the year 1836, tench his child German, I shall have him imprisoned!' He had to run for his life. Imprecations, stone, and clubs, were behind him thick as hail, and the cloud whence they had come was following.

The landlord, who having been busy in his bar, had heard none of the obnoxious sentiments of his favorite candidate, was thunderstruck to see him flying thro the house, followed by the yelling crowd and not knowing how to gain a knowledge sooner, spread himself between the pursuers and the pursued, crying 'Liber Himmel, was is?' The crowd had no time to answer but the burly figure of mine host obstructed them sufficiently to give Davis time to mount his horse, a fleet little animal that could not be easily overtaken.

A pursuit was attempted, but the crowd finding it in vain, sulkily dispersed without going back to the scene of difficulty, but swearing eternal hatred to Brown and all his kith and kin forever.

This ill-used individual rode up to the town about two hours after this fatal blow had been struck at his fortune, but finding the inn closed concluded that the meeting had adjourned in despair of seeing him that night, and so he quietly turned his horse and jogged on homeward.

At the election he was surprised to find Grundle Town, a rock of democracy in former times, had gone deadly against him, with the exception of the landlord, who never could rightly understand the matter. Davis kept his own counsel, and held his place in congress for three years. It is not reported that he ever volunteered a speech for any one since.

From 'Little Ferns for Fanny's Friends'

What Came of an Omnibus Ride.

AND 'ONE PULL TO THE RIGHT.'

Some time ago, (no matter when; little folks shouldn't be curious!) I was riding in an omnibus with some half-dozen well dressed ladies and white kidded gentlemen.

At a signal from somebody on the sidewalk, the driver reined up his horses and a very old man, with tremulous limbs and silvery locks, presented himself at the door for admission. The driver shouted through the sky-light, 'Room for one more, there, inside,' but the gentlemen looked at the old man and frowned, and the ladies spread out their ruffled skirts, for his hat was shabby, and his coat very threadbare. He saw how it was, and why there was 'no room,' and meekly turned to go down the steps, when a fine looking young man, who sat next to me sprang to the door, and seizing him by the arm, said, 'Take my place, sir; you are *quite* welcome to it. I am young and hearty; it won't weary me to walk'—and kindly leading the old man to the vacant seat, he leaped from the steps and walked briskly down the street, while I look admiringly after him, saying to myself, 'That young man has had a good mother.'

We drove on, and the more I looked at the man's silver hairs, and fine honest face, the more indignant I felt, at the way he had been treated. Whether he read my thoughts in my countenance, or not, I can't say; but, after most of the passengers had got out, he moved up to me and said, 'Good boy—good boy—wasn't he?' My dear, (and here his voice sunk to a confidential whisper,) I have got money enough to buy out all the upstart people that filled this omnibus, twenty times over, but I like this coat and hat. They are as good as a crucible. Help me to find out the true metal. Good morning, my dear. Thank you for your pity, just as much as if I needed it'—and the old man pulled the strap, got out of the omnibus and hobbled off down street.

Some time after, I advertised for lodgings, and was answered by a widow lady I liked the air of her house, it was so neat and quiet; and then the flowering plants in the window were a letter of recommendation to me. Your cold hearted icicle people never care for flowers; (you may write that in the fly-leaf of your primer.) But what particularly pleased me at Mrs. Harris,' was the devotion of her son to his mother. I expected no less, because the minute he opened the door, I saw that he was the same young man who gave up his seat in the omnibus to the old gentleman.

John did all the marketing, and providing as wisely as if he were seventy, instead of seventeen. He wheeled his mother's arm-chair to the pleasantest corner; handed her her footstool, and newspaper and spectacles, offered her his arm up stairs and spent his evenings by *her* side, instead of joining other young men in racing over the city to find ways to kill time.

It was a beautiful sight, in these days, when beardless boys come stamping and whistling into their mother's presence, with their hats on, and call her 'the old woman.'

I spent a pleasant autumn under Mrs. Harris' quiet roof. And now, winter had set in, with its nice long evenings. John came in to tea, one night, with his bright face overclouded. His mother was at his side in an instant. John's master had failed, and John was thrown out of employment!

Then I learned, that it was only by the strictest economy, and hoarding of every cent of John's small salary, that the house rent was paid and the table provided.

And now, so the widow said, the house must be given up, for John might be a long while getting another place; clerkships were so difficult to obtain; and they must not think of running in debt.

It was *such* a pity. We were all so comfortable and happy there, in that cozy little parlor, with its sunny bow window full of flowers, and its bright Lehigh fire, and softly cushioned chairs; that cozy parlor, where the little round table, with its snowy cloth, had been so often spread and the delicate tea-biscuit, and racy newspapers had been so often discussed; where John, in his slippers and dressing-gown, with his dark hair pushed off his broad forehead, read page after page of some favorite author, while the wind was welcome to whistle itself dumb outside the threshold, and old Winter to pile up the snow at the door till he got tired of it.

It *was* hard!

John walked up and down the floor, with his hands crossed behind, and Mrs. Harris went round the room, hunting after her spectacles, when they were comfortably reposing on the bridge of her fine Roman nose.

A knock at the door!

A note for John!

'Enclosed, find $500, to pay Mr. John Harris' house rent for the coming year.

'A FRIEND.'

John rubbed his eyes, and looked at his mother; his mother looked at me; and I looked at both of them; and then we laughed and cried, till we nearly had regular hysterics.

But who was the 'Friend'? That was the question. We were all born Yankees, and did our best at 'guessing;' but it didn't help us. Well, at any rate, it was very nice, all round. I hadn't to be routed. No, nor John, nor his dear old mother.

And pussy purred around as if she had as much reason to be glad as any of us; and the canary trilled so sharp a strain that we were obliged to muffle his cage and his enthusiasm, with John's red silk pocket handkerchief.

Mrs. Harris and I had not got our feminine tongues still, the next day, when John came back in the middle of the forenoon, with another riddle, to drive our womanly curiosity still more distracted. He was requested to call immediately—so a note he had just received, read—at Mr.——& Co.'s, and accept the head clerkship, at a salary of $1,400 a year; being highly recommended by a person whose name his new employers decline giving.'

That was a greater puzzle still. John and his mother had rich relations, to be sure; but, though they had always been interfering in all their plans for making a living, they never had been known to *give* them anything except *advice*, or to call on them by *daylight;* and it wasn't at all likely that the 'leopard would change his spots,' at that late day. No; it couldn't be John's rich relatives, who were always in such a panic lest upper tendom should discover that their cousins, the Harrises, lived in an unfashionable part of the town, dined at one o'clock, and noticed trades-people and mechanics.

We were too sensible to believe in fairies, and who the mischief was emptying the 'horn of plenty' in that way at our feet, was the question.

When we awoke the next morning, we found in the back yard, a barrel of apples a barrel of flour, a keg of butter, and a bag of buckwheat flour, labeled—'For Mr. John Harris,——street.'

John declared (after pinching himself to see if he were really John,) that he fastened the gate inside the very last thing before he put on his night-cap. Mrs. Harris said somebody had climbed over and unfastened it; and I jumped right up and down, for a bright thought had just struck me, and I was determined to hold on to it, for I didn't have a bright thought every day.

'What now?' said John, as I capered round the room.

'Oh! nothing,' said I, 'only takes a woman, after all to find out a secret—and to *keep it, too,*' I added snapping my fingers at him.

That day I thought it would do me good to ride about in an omnibus, I tried several. It didn't make much difference to me whether they went up street or down, or where they finally stopped. I was looking more at the passengers.

By and by I saw the person I wanted. Said I, in a whisper, sitting down beside him, 'House rent—clerkship—flour—butter—crackers and buckwheat, all for giving you a seat in an omnibus!'

Didn't I know that 'the fairy' was the nice old man with silver locks? Didn't he bribe me to hold my tongue, by telling me that he would come and drink tea with me, so that he might get a peep at John and his mother? Didn't he come and didn't I look as much astonished when he called, as if it hadn't been all settled two days previous! But how was I to know that Mrs. Harris would turn out to be an old love of his? How was *John* to know when he felt such an irresistible impulse to be kind to the old man that his hair had grown gray loving his mother! How was the old man to know why he loved John so well, and thought him one of the finest young men he had ever seen? How was I to know that I was to turn out what I always so mortally detested a femine match maker!

MITCHELL.—The speech of this gentleman at the complimentary dinner given him in San Francisco, is published in the Eastern papers. He declared that what sustained and kept life in him during all those years of banishment, was 'rage and scorn, and firm reliance on God's justice, and the immortal thirst for vengeance.' He concludes as follows:

Enough, then, of the past. I fling it behind me from this night, and looking forward, forward, I have commenced in your State, my novitiate in order to become an American citizen. Before Heaven I declare that I will be a true and thorough American, as my naturalized countrymen generally are. But I believe America will not hold it disloyalty to her, if we Irish Americans look anxiously out for an opportunity, and if we one day dash at the opportunity to wipe off the dishonor of the old mother-land, and to dry her tears and staunch her wounds, and make her a participator in the noble republican freedom that your fathers have shown all the world the way to win.

REWARD OF FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interests only move them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel his former kindness is appreciated and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare but it exists—in the heart.—They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy.

☞ The phrase 'whip the devil around the stump,' is politely rendered by the New York *Tribune* thus: 'Chastise the Ancient Nicholas around the roots of a defunct tree.'

☞ Why is the heart of a tree like a dog's tail? Because it's furthest from the bark.

Hotel Belles.

There is a growing disposition on the part of a certain portion of the fashionable people, to spend a considerable part of their days of leisure at hotels. In the summer months, the hotels at Saratoga and Newport are resorted to, as the burning points of the fashionable world, and in winter, Washington comes in for a share of the same or a similar class of society. In addition to this, there are persons, married and single, who prefer a life in a fashionable hotel to the solid comforts of a home, partly from erroneous notions of economy, and partly because housekeeping is connected with certain inconveniences, in the shape of supervision of labor, from which boarding affords comparative relief.

We decidedly object to the taste of a married woman who can be better satisfied in a hotel than in a house of her own; who can cheerfully substitute a public life for a private one, and the bustle of a public drawing-room for the retirement of a home with her husband and children. We think a hotel life is the very grave of conjugal tenderness and affection, and fell assured that a properly constituted woman, in any sphere of life, will submit to it only temporarily, and from necessity. We would as readily believe that flowers can blossom without dew or sunshine, as that delicacy of sentiment, and sound morals, can be cultivated without retirement, and the undisturbed play of the affections in the family circle round the domestic hearth. A woman who can find pleasure and happiness away from her own fireside, has already lost the greatest charm of her sex, and is sure to become, in the end, a burden to herself and her husband.

But there is a class of ladies, longing for the distinction of being considered belles of a particular fashionable hotel, and admired as such, not only by their acquaintances, but by strangers. This assuredly is in wretched bad state and as vulgar as wretched. The idea of dressing all the time for strange company, and endeavoring to please whom you do not care for, admitting everybody into your society, who can afford to live in the same house, and be observed, criticised, and, perhaps slandered by persons you can take no notice of, because they are beneath your notice, is enough to make any rational woman who has been more than a year out of boarding school, detest a life in a public house, be it ten times as gorgeously furnished as St. Nicholas or the Metropolitan.

We say nothing of the 'flirtation galleries,' 'whispering rooms,' and 'bridal chambers,' which are usually exhibited in the hotels with so much pomp and vulgar significance. We have no fancy for courtship under a chandelier. A woman of true delicacy and refinement will neither exhibit her charms nor her graces nor her accomplishments, to the public. Exclusiveness is the very essence of ladies' society, as domestic retirement is the very soil in which grows every female virtue. The most poetical beauty of woman, is the blush on her cheeks; the hotel belle usually has but one color and that not always her own. If a man wants to know what sort of feeling a belle of the genius we have described inspires him with, let him put the question to his heart; how would I like to have that woman for a wife? and he will have no difficulty in understanding himself.

☞ When you see a young lady so very delicate that she can't make her bed or put a couple of plates on the table, and troop all over town daily with the speed of a race horse, to jumble visits with the Softpates, and Snippers, and Jenkinses, and Duzzenberries, just chalk it down that sho's a piece of calico you can't invest a single penny or pulsation in. A girl who hasn't the muscle to lift three feathers and a pillowcase, but can tire a locomotive and a whole omnibus line out of breath, is an institution that, like prussic acid and old maids, is to keep clear of.—Young men will please bottom up this fact in ther memory.

CUVIER.—It was said that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier that if he only saw the tooth of an animal he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a quick and cool examination of a personage whom most people would not think of submitting to scientific research is decidedly rich. He once saw in his shop the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him and threatening to eat him. 'Eat me!' exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with the eye of a naturalist; and then added, 'Horns, hoofs! *Graminivorous!* Needn't be afraid of him.'

☞ A reverend gentleman down South being invited by a young friend to take a private drink, agreed to dispose of a lemonade. By some mistake he drank the friends whiskey punch, and the young man informed him that he had taken the wrong horn. The minister smiled affably and remarked, 'Ah my young friend, the horn of the ungodly shall be put down.'

☞ Sergeant Davy was accused of having once disgraced the bar by taking silver from a client. 'I took silver,' replied he, 'because I could not get gold, but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world; and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession.'

☞ Old dad, will your peaches keep over Sunday?

'Yes, my son, they will.'

'Well, keep 'em then.'

☞ Love the young ladies; look before you leap, and eschew infidelity.

☞ Elihu Burritt is lecturing at Boston, on Cheap Postage.