I can see that I grow older, And I note it day by day! I can feel my heart grow colder -As its pleasures pass away. At the tell-tale glass I linger, As with faded eye I trate Solemn tokens which Time's finger Has engraven on my face. But one monient can restore me To my boyhood and my prime, And sweet memories come o'er me Of that brief but blessed time:

Then I hear a father's blessing,

And I feel a mother's kiss,

And again I am caressing.

One who has shared with me my bliss Who shall say the Past must perish-Neath the Future's coming waves! When the Soul delights to cherish From Oblivion's depths it saves? Looking backward, on I'm gliding, Till I reach that final shore . Where the Present is abiding, And where Change shall come no more.

Select Cule.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start reader.) twenty-seven, and was yet in a state of single blessedness. Somehow or other she had not even fallen in love as yet .-- 'Had she no-offers?' What a simple question! Did you ever know half a million dollars go a begging ? Offers ? yes scores of them! At may be counted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but when the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have assurance of this, and how could she in her present position ?-Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and execute what will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting room really indulging in some serious reflections of the past and future, the far future, too, a gentleman presented himself, and inquired for Mr. Breemen. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said 'I am he.'

The stranger might have been some thirty your or so of age: He was dressed in black, a mourning weed was on his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had recently departed. The letter of introduction which he presented to Mr. B. was quickly yet corefully porused, and as it was somewhat unique, we shall take the liberly of submitting it to the inspection of the ronder:

.____,11 mo., 18—.

FRIEND PAUL .- This will introduce to thee, friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend upon him for aught that he can do, and shall Lot lean as on a broken reed. If thou canst do anything for him, thou mayest peradventure benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice,

Thy former and present friend, MICAH LOOMIS

'It is not every one who can get old Micah Loomis's endorsement on his character,' said . Paul Breemen to himself, as ho folded up the letter of a well-known associate of former days. Old Micah is good for a quarter of a million, or anything clae-it will do-I want him-getting old business increasing-must have some more help-now as well as any time,

The old gentleman looked at all this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man be fore him. At length he opened his lips.

'Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?' 'I have had some year's experience.'

'Any objection to a place here?--pretty close work-thousand a year.'

None in the world.'

When can you begin?' 'Now.'

A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among clouds of evening, lighting up those seeming hard, dark features.

A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained directions givon, the pen was dipped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away, you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years

In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark, that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes, and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a genera al acquaintance with the most noteworthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, end with many of past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he

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with scarcely any property, and alone in the | don't want to trust it to any one else." world save his two lovely sisters,

As year after year passed away, he grew ster dily in the confidence of his employer, who felt though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure.

Very little, indeed, was said by either of them not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse whatever between them, save in the counting room. Thus six years went by, towards the close of which period old Mr. Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the young man before him. Something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be ? And then, too, at home he looked so curiously. The Trish servant was puzzled. Sure, said James, 'something's coming.' Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.

What is it, father?' she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadfastly in her face; what is it? Do tell me.'

'I wish you'd have him,' burst fourth like an avalanche. 'Known him for six yearstrue as a ledger-a goutleman-roal sensible man-don't talk much-regular as a clockprime for business - worth his weight in gold. Have who, father? What are you talking

'My head clerk, Copeland-you don't know him-I do-havent' seen anybody else worth an old quill."

Annie was puzzled. She laughed, however, and said : Marry my father's clerk ! what would people say ?

'Humbug, child, all humbug-worth forty of your whiskered; lounging, lazy gentry; say what they please what do I care? what do 1 care? what do you care? what's money after all? got enough of it-want a sensible manwant somebody to take care of it; all hum-

What's all humbug, father ?'

Why, people's notions on these matters. Copeland is poor-so was I once-may be ngain; world's full of changes-seen a great many of them in my day-can't stay here long-got to leave you, Annie-wish you'd like him.' Father, are you serious?'

'Serious, child!' and he looked so.

Annie was a chip of the old block; a strongminded resolute girl. A new idea scenied to

Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland; I'll get ac. quainted with him. If he likes me and I like him I'll have him. But he shall love me for you, whild bless you. myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the matter to me?'

'Go ahead, my child, and do as you like .-Good morning.'

Stop a moment, futher. I shall alter my in II street, she shall know the whole, Peyfon; I shall be a relative of yours; you you got something to sny." shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as Yes, Mt. Charles Copeland, even kinder you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care for itself.'

'I see, I see;' and one of those rare smiles illuminated his whole face. It actually got between his lips, parted them asunder, glavehouse for his counting room. The twilight of that smile had not yet gone when he reached the well known spot, and bowed and looked 'good morning' to those in his employ, for old Paul was, after his fashion, a polite man On the morning of that day, what looks were peculiar, so full of something, that the head clerk could not but notice them, and thattoo, with some alarm. What, was coming?-At last the volcano burst forth.

·Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?'

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremem say that, and in the counting room, too? The very ledger seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject. He for the first time made a blot on the fair pages & Copeland; got the papers all drawn up tobefore him.

'I say-why don't you get a wife !-- know just the thing for you-prime article-poor enough, to be sure-what of that-a fortune in a wife, you know-a sort of relation of mine-don't want to meddle with other people's affairs, know your own business bestcan't help thinking you'll be happier-must

see her.' Now the fact is, that Charles had for some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should have completely divined his teelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hands by James, his Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grim sort of a smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. B. handed a scaled dooument of rather imposing form to Charles, say one of whom has the toothache, and the other

had devoted himself, misfortunes came thick at No. 67 H street. Place it only in the and fast upon him. He found himself-left hands of the person to whom it is directed;

> The clerk saw on the outside. Mrs. Richards, No 67 H street The door bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty five or thirty years of age, plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

> She is not in, but is expected presently: will you be sented?' There was an ease and quietness, and an air of self command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such people,) -made some -common place remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation grew so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten. Her absence was strangely protracted, but at length she made her appearance. The document was presented; a glance

at the outside. 'Mr Copeland ' Charles bowed.

'Miss Peyton,' The young lady bowed; and thus they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.

That night Annie said to Mr. B, 'I like his appearance, father.'

'Forward-march!' said old Paul, as he ooked at his daughter with vast satisfaction. 'The ould man's as swate to night as a new pointo,' said James to the cook.

The next day Charles Co, cland came near writing several times, To Miss Peyton, Dr., as he was my king out some bills of merchandisesold." ...

Deliver the paper last evening ?" Copeland bowed.

Mrs. Richards is an old friend-humble in ircumstances-the young lady, Peyton, worth her weight in gold any day-have her myself if I could.'

·How much you remind me of Mr. Bremen, said Charles one evening to Annie: 'I think you said you were a relation of his?"

I am related to him through my Mother,

was the grave reply. Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal

smile. Somewhat later than usual, on that day, Annie reached her father's house There was no mistaking the expression of her counte-

nance. Happiness was plainly written there. 'I see, I see,' said the old man: 'the account is closed-books balanced-have it all through now in short order. You are a sensible girl -no foolish puss-just what I want-bless

The next day Paul came, for almost the first time(in his life, rather late to his counting room. Casks and boxes seemed to be staring with wonder.

Copeland, you are a fine fellow-heard name a little; I shall appear to be a poor from Mrs. Richards-proposals to my relative, girl, a companien of our friend, Mis. Richards, Peyton-all right-done up well. Come to my house this evening-never been there yet, affair; you shall call me by my middle name, oh !-eight_o'clock, precisely-want to see

than you think for.

At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr., Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, and ed upon a set of teeth but little the worse for turning round abruptly, introduced him to wear, and was resting there when he left the My daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen, and immediately withdrew.

Charles will you forgive me this !! He was too much astonished to make any reply. If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would.'

. That the motives and feelings were soon exdirected to our friend Charles! so many, so plained to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.

Copeland, my dear fellow, shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, no use in a long engagement!'

'O, father!'

No use, I say; marry now-get ready afterwards: next Monday evening; who cares ?-Want it over; feel settled. Shan't part with Annie, though; must bring your wife here; house rather lonesome; be still; no words; must have it so; partner in business; Bremen day; can't alter it. Be quiet, will you? won't stay in the room !'-

I have now finished my story, reader. I have given you the facts. I cannot say however, that I ap the the deception practiced upon our friend tharles. As, however, our Lord commended the 'unjust steward because he acted wisely,' so I suppose the good sense shown by the young lady, in choosing a husband for what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has the courage to step out of the girole which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart which the heart can neither give nor take away.

Put two persons in the same bedroom, in love, and you will find the one who has got Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that the toothache go to sleep first.

Washington at Cambridge in 1775.

Washington had prayers morning and evening and was regular in his attendance at the church in which he was a communicant. On one occasion, for want of a clergyman, the Episcopal service was read by Col. William Palfrey, one of Washington's aides de camp, who substituted a prayer of his own composition in place of the one formerly offered up for the king.

Not long after her arrival in camp, Mrs. Washington claimed to keep twelfth-night in due style as the anniversary of her, wedding. "The General," says the same information, was somewhat thoughtful, and said he was afraid he must refuse it." His objections were overcome, and twelfth-night and the wed. ding were duly colebrated.

There seems to have been more-conviviality at the quarters of some of the other generals; their time and minds were less intensely engrossed by anxious cares, having only their individual departments to attend to. Adjutant General Mifflin's house appears to have been a gay one. . He was a man of education, ready apprehension and brilliancy," says Graydon; "had spent some time in Europe, particularly in France, and was very easy of access, with the manners of genteel life; though occasionally evolving those of the Qua-

Mrs., Adams gives an account of an evening party at his house. "I was very politely entertained and noticed by the generals," writes she; "more especially General Lee, who was very urgent for me to tarry in town, and dine with him and the ladies present at Hobgoblin Hall; but I excused myself. The General was determined that I should not only be acquainted with him, but with his companions too; and therefore placed a chair before me, into which he ordered Mr. Spara (his dog) to mount, and present his paw to me for a better acquaintance, I could not do otherwise than accept it."

John Adams, likewise, gives us a picture of festivities at headquarters, where he was a visitant on the recess of Congress.

"I dined at Col. Mifflins with the General (Washington) and lady, and a vast collection of other company, among whom were six or seven suchems of the Prench Cahnawaga Indians, with their wives and children. A savage feast they made of it; yet were very polite in the Indian style. I was introduced to them by the General as one of the grand council at Philadelphia, which made them prick up their ears. They came and shook hands with me."

While giving these familiar scenes and occurrences at camp, we are tempted to subjoin one furnished from the memoir of an eye witness. A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived at camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half-Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffied hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead chiefly fishermen and sailors, who though nothing equal to the round jacket and trow eers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snow balls began to fly when jokes were wanti They closed, and came to blows; both sides were re-inforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fisticulfs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. "At this juicture," writes our informant, "Yashington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew I saw none of his aides with him; his black servant just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's length: talking to and shaking them."

As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged, too in one of of these sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must therefore, have been a vehement one. He commanding in his serenest moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.

pen Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic, who worked near his office, was always happy and smiling, ventured to ask him for the secret of his constant cheerfulness. ["No secret. Doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for mer and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the ten is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

no A good education is a better safeguard for liberty than a standing army of severe laws:

EQUEEZING HANDS.

What an immense difference it makes who squeezes one's hand! A lady may twine her arm round your waist, press a kiss on your brow, or, holding your hand in hers, toy with your fingers to your hearts content, but you are perfectly calm and collected and experience no unusual sensation, either disagreeable or otherwise. Perchance a gentleman whom you dislike or feel slightly acquainted withventures to press your hand; you snatch it quickly away, the indigunat blood mounts to your forehead, and with flashing eyes, you wonder how the impertinent fellow dares to do such a thing.' Rather an antiquated specimen of humanity squrezes your band, you feel mortified for yourself and mortified that a man of his years should make a fool of himself, that he should think you can really like such contact, and above all that he believes it. possible that you can like him; you are exed at what lie has done, and determined that an opportunity shall never be offered him of doing so again.

To place your liand confidently in that of an accepted, acknowledged lover, you are not excited or confused, you have ceased blushing continually in his presence; you experience a feeling of quiet happiness, a little heaven upon earth sort of feeling; you are perfectly contented with everything in this terrestrial world; especially your lover and yourself; and yet withal it is a foolish feeling; you sit with his arms twined around you-that manly arm which is to support you through life; a soft, rosy, happy tint suffuses your face as your hand is clasped in his; ah, it is a blissful, foolish feeling,

But let some one whom you like very much, not an accepted lover, but to who may be, perhaps, one of these da gently enclose your hands in his own; what a strange, wild, joyful, painful feeling the b through your veins, rushes to your finger ends; our heart goes bump! bump! surely, you the the must hear it throbbing! for the life of you you cannot speak. After letting your hand remain in' his long enough to show you are not offended, you gently withdraw it, but perchance it is taken back again; after a faint 'don't do so,' which is answered by a still closer pressure, with downcast eyes and blushing cheek, you let the little hand, the first earnest of other things to come, thrilling and burning with new costatic emotion, remain all trembling in its resting place.

Awful Tragedy.

We copy from the Memphis Whig of the 9th nstant, the following narrative of anjoi sthe most horrible tragedies we have ever he d of: "We heard yesterday of one of the most melancholy tragedies we have known for many years, which occurred in Marshall county, Miss., about twelve miles from Holly Springs, on Wednesday last., Mr. R. R. Cox, a planter in good circumstances, killed his own wife while she was lying asleep in her bed, and then shot himself through the head, kill ling himself instantly. This occurred some time during the night, but was not known until the next morning, when a negro man went to the room to make a fire, and found the door fustened. Not being able to raise any one in the inside, the negro called the overseer who came and forced the door open, when he found both Mr. and Mrs. Cox dead ing ing on the bed with two bullets through her head, and he lying on the hearth, shot through the region of the heart, with his hand still grasping the deadly revolver. They had been married but a short time, and it is supposed that Mr. Cox was insone at the time, as he has frequently suffered from aberrations of the Both Mr. and Mrs. Cox were known by

many of our citizens, he as the possessor and occupant some two or three years since of the dwelling in the lower part of the city known. as the "Swiss Cottage," while the young and beautiful bride was, but a few months since a gay and lively school girl, attending Mrs. Armstrong's school in this city, and will be remembered by many as the pretty Miss Sallie Wilson. Leaving school, she married Mr. C. sometime last fall, and now she has been cut off from all earthly hopes and happiness by him who had solemnly vowed to love and protect her. Mr. C. was a worthy young man, and there can be no doubt but that he was laboring under insanity at the time of this awful calamity; in fact, many circumstances that transpired a day or two previous go to show that he was not in his right mind.

Much sympathy is felt in this community for the families and friends of both the deceased persons-families of the first standing in north Mississippi. May God be their help in this, their hour of the deepest and most heartrending affliction.

The Memphis Enquirer, speaking of the affair, says the parties had been married only six weeks, and adds:

Mr. Cox is the third male member of a worthy family who has died a violent death within the last eight or ten years. One, in a fit of insanity, threw himself from the deck of a Mississippi steamer, and was drowned; another was slain by the accidental discharge of a double-barreled shot-gun, when starting on a camp hunt: and now we have to record the death of still another, and that of his fair young wife, by his own hands.