

Select Poetry.

Of Old a Spade was called a Spade.

Of old a spade was called a spade,
By simple and by sage;
A workman did his honest work,
And servants earned their wages.

Choice Miscellany.

THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

A STORY BY ALICE CAREY.

[CONCLUDED]

It was well for Orpha that she did not know that the old folks said as laying the embers together, they trimmed the candle, and spelled through Hannah's carefully written letter—

How sleepy she was in the morning, when her grandmother said, "Come Orpha, it seemed as if she had just come to bed; she could only open her eyes and the "Why, grandmother, was a good deal fainter than usual; but when "Come, Orpha," was repeated, with the added words, "It's time to get up, get up, you said to go to Aunt Hannah's with your grandfather and me," she was wide awake, and sitting straight up in bed in a moment.

Redder than was a clover field in June was all the east, when having carefully secured the doors, and sprinkled the hickory sticks in the fireplace with water, they set out, breaking and plowing their way through the deep snow, in the old waddled. Nobody would notice that it was not in the best sleigh in the world, Orpha thought, as the grandfather had had the newly painted wagon body on the sled, and that was filled with straw, and overspread with the nicest coverlid of all the town.

What a pretty pink the clouds made on the snow—she was never weary of looking at it, and how strangely the cattle looked in pastures of snow, and the haystacks, crusted like pound cakes, grandfather's horses would be the admiration of the city, she was sure, so gay and fine they looked, their manes loose in the wind, and their ears trembling with the exhilaration of the snow drive.

For the seven first miles the scene was quite familiar—she had been there, that distance, and the road—once with her grandfather to him, and then to a funeral, but the strange country where they went, after crossing the creek where the mill was, afforded new and surprising interest. The sleigh ride, in itself, was a perfect delight, the birds dipping into it with such merry twitters, and to lead down over the side and plow the way through with her hand, there was a great joy, without the crowing fact that it was in the evening by arrival at Aunt Hannah's.

Now she came forward to the front of the sled, and held grandmother's hands in hers, wondering why they were so cold; now she turned up the collar of grandfather's overcoat, brushing back the gray hair that the wind blew over her eyes; and now, wrapping his hands in her warm shawl, and taking the reins for a little while, she could drive as well as he, she said, upon which she smiled, patting her cheek, but not saying that the horses were so well trained, and so sobered now with the distance already traveled, that they would go straight along without any quivering at all. Now they went through a wide-brown creek where the water ran fast through brown sandstone and cakes of broken ice, and Orpha trembled a little as grandfather walked on the tongue of the sled and loosened the bridle reins, so that the horses could drink cold as it was, their sides were all wet, and they breathed very hard and fast between the driving. At length, grandfather pulled off his blue mitten, and pulled out his big silver watch and said that where a pointed spire crested at the forks of the road, and a curious old house, having no fence in front of it, stood, they stopped to procure an hour's rest, and some refreshment for themselves and their beasts. There was a great fire burning in the big room in which they were

shown, before which sat half a dozen travelers, eating apples and cakes, and drinking cider and whiskey; across the middle of the floor a long table was spread, and, at one end of it, there sat a young man, sipping tea and writing alternately. He looked up from the sheet before him, on the entrance of our party, and having made a friendly salutation, such as country folks thought strangers are not given to one another, resumed his pen, as if he were presently quite absorbed; his heavy black hair fell over and partly covered a smooth fair forehead, as he wrote, and a smile of extreme sweetness played round the mouth, betraying no irresolution, but seeming rather the outward shining of firm and good principles. The thoughtful glow of his cheek was in a fine contrast with the blackness of his full curling beard, and the pearls teeth, sound and even, with the ripe redness of the lips.

Orpha thought she had never seen so handsome a man in her life, and in twenty, she never had seen beauty cultivated and matured under the refining influence of intellect and art. She could not tell why, but there was an indefinable air of superiority about him, that made even the schoolmaster and the village clergyman seem commonplace in comparison with him. When her thoughts reverted to her cousin Anne, she could not imagine how she could have fallen in love with any one, not having seen the young man traveling. But how much did his beauty increase in her eyes, when looking up as he folded his letter, he made haste to offer her grandfather (who was sitting on a hard bench) the leather cushioned chair in which himself had been sitting, and with a gesture and a word, not rude, but authoritative, caused the men at the fire to dispose themselves in half the room they had previously occupied, so giving her grandmother and herself a nearer and warmer feeling of the fire from which, till then, they had almost been shut out.

"How far is it to the town of—," said the old man to the landlord, as he entered with hot doughnuts and a fresh pot of cider, but the question was too modestly low for that blustering person to hear.

"It is twenty-two miles, sir," replied the young man, who had heard the question.

"Are you much acquainted there?" Mr. Davidson ventured timidly to inquire.

The young man answered that he knew the city pretty thoroughly, and had indeed a large personal acquaintance with the inhabitants.

"Then, perhaps, you know or have heard of my son, Joseph C. Pettibone," suggested the old man, his face now with animation.

"Oh, yes, sir—no one in the whole city better, an admirable family."

"Why, isn't it strange," exclaimed the father, turning to his wife, "this young man here knows Mr. Pettibone. I am glad I have met you," he continued, offering his hand to the young man, and then, turning to the old man, "we are on our way to Mr. Pettibone's house, my wife here, and this little girl—we haven't seen any of them these twenty years, nor they us. Indeed, Orpha, our little granddaughter, has never seen her aunt Hannah Pettibone at all, and you may be sure she is happy enough, having a sleigh ride and a chance to see the town and her aunt and cousins; and tenderly he patted the cheek of Orpha, already blushing painfully with the attention called to her. And so you know Mr. Pettibone, and Hannah said that she had some thought seemed to strike the old gentleman—and he continued, "may be you know a young man of the name of Hammond, who is shortly, Hannah writes me, to be married to her daughter Anna."

There was a confused heightening of color in the cheek of the handsome stranger, and he bit his lip, to which, however, the accustomed smile came back with his wonted brightness. Hannah also replied, that he had some acquaintance with the young man and was just returning from a visit to his father's family, but that he was quite ignorant of the proposed marriage.

"A man of position and influence, I suppose, from what Hannah says," mused the grandfather aloud, "she seemed to think it would be a fine match for the girl—when do you think was the young man at home when you were at his father's?"

"Why, yes," replied the stranger, "he was here, but in fact I did not converse with him much."

"Well, do you think Anna is going to do pretty well?" continued the grandfather, perseveringly; "great fathers don't always have great sons, nor even good ones."

The young man replied that he hardly knew what to think, and hastened to interrupt the conversation by inquiring of the landlord what time the coach would arrive.

That personage raised himself on his toes, and looking from the window, said the coach was just coming in, and taking out his watch, he continued in a tone that indicated especial feeling.

to and fro, and houses and people as far as she could see.

"Well, pretty, we have got there," said the grandfather, and taking the handkerchief from her face, she sat up, and in her bewilderment, said almost sadly,

"I am sorry, I wish it was further."

"So do I," said the young stranger, "from my heart; and he was almost lifted Orpha out of the sled."

"I wonder whether Mr. Pettibone has any stable," asked Mr. Davidson of the young man; adding, as he patted the necks of his horses caressingly—"poor fellows, you are tired, ain't you?"

"I know where he keeps his horses," replied the young man, "go right in, and I will attend to them, and give the bell a vigorous pull."

"See they don't drink while they are waiting, if you please," said the careful farmer, "and thank you for the young man's kindness; and that they have plenty of meal and oats, and I will see you by-and-by here, at my son's house, and thank you."

"I guess we have got to the wrong place, like enough," he said, looking inquiringly at his wife as he saw the grin in the face of the negro who opened the door, and the number of black men looking on from the great hall.

"Does Mr. Pettibone live here?" he inquired of the usher.

"Yes, sah," replied that functionary, drawing himself up.

"Joseph C. Pettibone?" repeated the old man, still in doubt.

"Yes, sah, who shall I announce?"

"Why I will announce myself," said Mr. Davidson, indignantly; "Mrs. Pettibone is my daughter, will you find her in here where she is waiting, he made his way to the open door of the brilliant drawing room. Poor Orpha trembling like a frightened bird, and nestling close to her grandmother's skirts.

A stylish and richly dressed woman advanced as their shadows crossed the threshold, and started, retreating slightly, and a kind of blank surprise taking the place of the welcoming smile she had assumed, when she saw the persons who came behind the shadows.

The mother's heart, rather than her eyes, told her that was Hannah, and with a sobbing cry of "my daughter!" she would have taken her in her arms, but the white-gloved hand of the lady motioned her back—the light dazzled, and the wondrous track feet repelled her, staggering, rather than walking, she retreated.

ed about the fine chamber, she could not at first tell where she was, and with memory came a strange, and, home sick feeling that she had never in her life known till then. When she was dressed in her brown flannel frock, she looked at herself in the great looking glass, before her, with painful dissatisfaction. Afterward she seated herself at the window, and looked into the cold street.

Two persons were stirring yet, for it was early; the snow was driving before the wind in dismal gusts—all looked strange and dreary, dreary; despite all she could do, the tears kept dropping and dropping on her little brown hands, folded together in her lap. When the first sunshine touched the window, she held up her handkerchief to dry the tears in its light—Why did she blush and smile and tremble all at once? it is not her own name wrought with black ink threads that she saw—Richard Hammond is written there in clear black characters. How came she by it? Ah, she remembers now that when she awoke from sleep in the sled last night she found her face covered with a handkerchief—could this have been the one?

Richard Hammond rose early too—it was not his habit, but that morning he could not sleep—of course he could not imagine why, and the thought came to him that a little exercise before breakfast might be beneficial, and with no definite object in view, he went out for a walk in the direction of Mr. Pettibone's house; he saw those tearful eyes at the window, and intuition told him why they had grown so dim since yesterday, and his heart knocked tumultuously to get out of his bosom and go up to that window and comfort her.

Two hours later he was rigging the bell, and inquiring for Mr. Davidson. It was his duty to tell the old gentleman how well his horses were doing and where they were.

"I am glad you have come," said the old man, "our folks think they have been in town long enough; but the light which beamed in his face said very plainly how pleased he, too, was with the prospect of going home.

"Not to-day, surely," said the young man, but the farmer thought he would get up the horses, drive about a little and show his folks the town, and then start home—they would have a full moon to light them, he said, and if they were a little late in getting there, why no matter.

Mr. Hammond knew the town well, everything that was worth seeing he would be happy to show his new friends, if they would accept his guidance.

They could not think of making him such trouble, the old man said, but it was evidently not a trouble; and when, some minutes later, the horses came prancing up to the door, it was Richard and Hammond who was driving them.

Neither Mrs. Pettibone nor Anna came near the front door to see their guests go away; they were afraid of the chilly air of morning; but what was their astonishment and confusion when on looking from the window, they saw Richard Hammond almost lifting Orpha into the sled, and with a tenderness of manner which they had never seen in him till then.

He saw them—smiled and kissed his hand gaily as they drove off, and the last their wonder struck vision saw of him he was carefully wrapping the coverlid about the young girl's feet. No, not the last they saw of him—the following year, the old folks would not have been so surprised, they changed so often sitting, only saw her from them, at the opera, and beside him, the sunny length of his hair, dipping over his temples and half down her snowy cheek, a young woman whose beauty was evidently the admiration of the house.

Mr. Hammond thought (Hannah and her proud daughter think of their country cousin now), said grandfather Davidson, as he snuffed the candles and heaped high the fire, while his wife polishing the silver tea set, and adjusted the pound cake and custard cups, on the evening "the children" were expected home from their bridal visit.

The two pins in the sleeve of the grandmother's black silk dress, were not straiter and brighter than everything else about the house; the fire of the chimney, and the light of their own marriage day than when the joyous barking of the watch dog at the door told them "the children" were come.

The Jug without a Bottom.

On the bridge that crosses the Grand Rapids we met a bald old man and his wife, with eleven sons, seven daughters, and thirty-seven grandchildren, with numerous horses, calves, sheep and furniture of antiquated appearance; among which were to be seen cradles for babies, cradles for grain, spinning wheels, pots and kettles and almost every thing requisite for a settlement such as fifty blood relations will make in Grand river country. After the train stopped, we made some inquiries, and asked the old gentleman what use could be made of a bottomless jug, which was carefully stowed away among his domestic equipments, and received the following reply:

"Why, sir, I am a man of many years, and have worked other people's land all my days, and paid for four to nine bushels of wheat per acre for doing it—and have all the time used a jug with a bottom in it, by which all my profits have been wasted, and I was sick of seeing both landlord and ruffler—so I sent seven of my boys to Mexico to get the jug for me. They got back safe, and bought safe and sound a bottomless jug, that will be mine without rent. And now you see that this shall hold all the whiskey and rum that will be used in my whole family while I control them. Old General Taylor told me one John that a jug without a bottom was the best kind of a jug to put liquor in, and I believe it."

TAKE IT EASY.

Take it easy! Live as long as you can,
But let a little shadow in;
Let the breeze as well as the sun,
And do not seek to overdo.

A MISSISSIPPI SERMON.

BY A BAPTIST MINISTER.

In some sections of the South-west and South, there are a class of men known as "Hardshell Baptists." Why they claim any kindred with the Baptists we are at a loss to know. Their distinguishing traits are hatred of all association with the world, and a determination to keep themselves separate from the world; despisers of Missions, Temperance, and Anti-Slavery movements, and special adherents of a learned, "man-made" ministry. To know how to read, for a minister, with them is the "unpardonable sin." The Register, published at Brandon, Miss., gives a part of a sermon preached a few weeks since at Water-Proof, not far from Brandon, by one of these hard-shellers. It is to be regretted that the whole service is not preserved; the following paragraphs show the spirit of the preacher.

"I may say to you my brethren that I am not an educated man, as I am not one of them; but I believe that education is necessary for a gospel minister, for I believe the Lord educates his preacher just as he wants 'em to be educated, and although I say it what oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indiana where I live, there is no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits."

"That may be some here to-day, my brethren, as don't know what persuasion I am uttering, I may say to you my brethren, that I am a Hardshell Baptist. There's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptist, but I'd rather have a hard shell than no shell at all. You see here to-day my brethren, dress up in fine clothes; you mount thick I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethren, and although I've been a preacher of the Gospel for twenty years and although I'm captiv' of that flat boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud my brethren."

"I'm not going to tell you exactly what my text is, but I'm going to tell you in the words of the Bible, as you'll find it somewhere atween the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revelations, and if you'll go and search the scriptures as I have searched them, you'll not only find my text there, but you'll find a great many other texts as will do you good to read, an my text, when you find it, you shall find to read thus:

"And he played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

My text, brethren, leads me to speak of spirits. Now that's a great many kinds of spirits in the world—in the first place, there's the spirits as sum folks call ghosts, then there's the spirits of turpentine in the woods, and there's the spirits of the common sort of fire you see good an article of them kind of spirits on my flat boat as ever was fished down the Mississippi River; but that's a great many other kinds of spirits, for the text says: "He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind of spirits as is meant in the text is fire. That is the kind of spirit as is meant in the text, my brethren. Now that's a great many kinds of fire in the world, as I have said, there's the common sort of fire you see a cigar or pipe with, and then there's cam-fire, fire before your reds, and fall back; and many other kinds of fire, for the text says: "He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you what kind of fire is meant in the text, my brethren; it's hell fire; an' that's the kind of fire as a great many you'll cum to, if you don't do better nor what you have been doing—for "He played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

Now the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened to the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Piousians; and they are a high sailin' and a high faultin set, and they will be likened unto a turkey buzzard that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the first thing you know, he comes down and down, and is fillin' himself of the kark in a dead loss by the side of the road—and spirits layed on a harp of a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then my brethren, there's the Priesterians, they may be likened unto a fox sittin' at the mouth up his hole. He sits there all the day long with a solemn face, and you would think he never stole a chicken in all the days of his life, but the first thing you see of him of your watch him at night, is that you find him in the hen-house making the feathers fly, just like the Priesterian; who thinks he may sin as much as he pleases, for he says "Once in grace always in grace," for though you see the text say: "He played upon a harp of a thousand strings," the Priesterian always plays on this one for his key note.

The Bride of Horn Island.

A peculiarly strange and romantic little island, says the N. O. Observer, is that "Isle of Horn, situated in the Gulf of Mexico, about twelve or fourteen miles from Pascagoula. On the island, surrounded by the waters, old Harry Henry lives and flourishes with his family—Harry, however, is not the hero of our tale so much as Harry's daughter, is our heroine.

Harriet is a beauty without paint—one of nature's own unsophisticated children. Of art, science and philosophy, she knows no more than did the ancient daughters of the Pascagoula, and to the rigid rules of fashion she is even less a slave than they were. Roaming around the island, and swimming and fishing in the blue waters of the Gulf, were her constant pastimes; and if, "beauty unadorned" be indeed most adorned, her adornments were certainly of a perfect order.

Her hair, innocent of comb, spread over her sun-browned shoulders like a mantle, and no other garment did she wear save one loose robe of unbleached cotton. With the gaily strainers of Arctic valance, and that, with its rustling sound, she was wholly unacquainted. They were to be like the stars, things of beauty, far, far beyond her island world, and she could not comprehend them. She had seen the stars, afar off though they were, but earth's "glittering gew-gaws" she had never seen; and, if anything, she knew more of the stars than she of the gew-gaws, for she watched alone at night, as along the island's margin she strayed, listening to the ceaseless melody. Not wider than she was the untamed steed of the Arabian desert, and not freer from guile was the roe of Sharon. A strange wild girl was Harriet.

The island of Horn is but seldom visited by those who live on the main land, and Harriet, of course, had seen but little of life, if we except the life of her father's herds, life in her father's boat, and life piscatorial. In a skiff she was the perfect Grace Darling, and in the water a mermaid.

Old Harry, the father, is a rough, strange, who's-who's-right; her mother, a stout, straight, careless woman; and little Harry, her brother, but a plaything. Such at least, was the case two years ago, when Harriet unexpectedly became a bride.

It so happened that a jolly old fellow belonging to the city, with a plethoric purse and an ample corporation, while cruising at midnight for the benefit of his health and the enjoyment of fresh fish and oysters, turned his prow "Horn Island" way. He had with him, in the capacity of cook, and servant generally, a "broth of a boy" with most persuasive manners, and as he stayed on the island several days, his Patrick and old Harry's Harriet became quite partial to each other. Now, as our friend, the old man, had plenty of whiskey, this for him served as an open sesame to the ancient Harry's good graces, and the time passed pleasantly enough, being rendered golden by tender and spiritual sympathies. Each day the wag would get up a foot-race, he entered Patrick and old Harry entered Harriet, and such for as never seen such a target up between the betters and the racers. These races, of a somewhat suspicious character, being one day terrestrial and the other aqueous. For fleet of foot as Harriet was on the land, she could only make a "tie" at best with Patrick; but in the water Patrick couldn't hold a candle to her.

Patrick was getting tired of his "broth" morning he paraded all his implements of war on the table of his lieutenant, and summoned the lovers to appear in his presence. They came; and Patrick, when he saw the fearful array of weapons, and the star cluster countenance of the national judge, trembled from head to foot, and his heart failed within him.

"What are your professions to that girl there, you?" inquired Harry.

"I'd marry her," said Pat, "if I was only a cent; but I haven't got my papers out yet, your honor."

"And what business had you to think of marrying when you ain't a citizen?" inquired Harry, "but citizen or not, you shall marry her, if you want her."

Patrick said he would, if he must; but a stout Norwegian, who rushed in at the moment, swayed by the girls of his fathers that he shouldn't—"He," quoted the Norwegian, who was known among the yesternut of the Gulf as Peter, and who sometimes paid clandestine visits to the island, "Hi lubs Harriet mine-self, had mine put on my heart his girls to her. Hysterics his nice, put no more nice his Harriet, and dopkins, wuz you catches dem, his party, but wuz purty his lubs; he's mine lully Harriet, rush to thine Peter's harms."

Old Harry, Harriet and Patrick were all started by the theatrical and earnest manner in which Peter delivered himself, and after certain explanations were made, the case was submitted to the fair one herself.

She innocently observed that if she had to get married she would as soon have Peter as any body. She had been on board of his boat many a time when her father knew nothing about it, and as for Pat there, he was well enough to marry her, but that's not what she cared about him. Such, in substance, were Harriet's remarks.

Old Harry, seeing how things were going, swore that it was all right, and administered to each a horn of whiskey in honor to the coming nuptials, and after this Harriet did indeed rush to her Peter's harms.

Benon's History.

The New York Evening Post publishes another chapter of the forthcoming history of the Hon. Thomas H. Benton. It purports to be an explanation of a vast intrigue, by which Merwin Van Buren was ousted out of a nomination for the Presidency in 1844. Washington was the headquarters of the conspiracy, nightly they met, and in darkness they concocted their schemes; they had emissaries everywhere to pass on secretly and efficiently their designs. It was a

plot to cheat the people out of their choice for the office of President. The ill opinion of many kind casts a shadow over the historical writings of Benton. The most commonplace articles of men cover, in his estimation, every far-reaching, sinister design. It was a vast and criminal in men who preferred some other man to Van Buren for the office of President, to adopt measures to carry out their views. It was criminal to defeat the aspirations of the Sage of Lindenwood.

As to cheating the people, that is all nonsense. The result showed how little the people cared for Mr. Van Buren. A few politicians, interested personally in his success—expecting office and spoils if their favorite could be gratified—felt very much aggrieved, no doubt. They were ill used individuals, and had a perfect right to be indignant, and the rest of mankind had a right to laugh at their disappointment. Van Buren was set aside, and the people were satisfied. Subsequent events have shown that those who defeated Van Buren deserve the thanks of the country. He has proved that he did not deserve the confidence a party once reposed in him.

Mr. Benton has likewise been an ill used individual. His talents, and still greater services have not been appreciated, and he is not pleased about it. His gloomy suspicions find dark designs and purposes in men who would decline to support such great and good men as Van Buren and Benton—Louisville Democrat.

The Amasons of Africa.

In Dahomey, a considerable portion of the national troops consist of armed and disciplined females. They are known as being royal women, strictly and watchfully kept up by communication with men, and seem to have been trained through discipline and the force of co-operation to the warlike habits of the enterprises from which the tumultuous warriors of a nature army would shrink. A late English author (Dunbar) says, "I have seen them, all well armed, and generally fine, strong, and healthy women, and doubtless capable of enduring great fatigue."

They seem to use the long Dutch rifle with as much ease as one of our grenadiers does his fivelock, but not, of course, with the same quickness, as they are not trained to any particular exercises; but, on receiving the word, make an attempt like a pack of hounds, with great swiftness. Of course, they would be useless against disciplined troops, if at all approaching to the same numbers. Still, their appearance is more military than the generalty of the men, and if undertaken a campaign, I shall prefer the female to the male soldiers of this country.

Double-Headed Hindooism.

Hon. Mr. Sidel, the United States Senator from Louisiana, in replying to an invitation to be present at the Democratic festival at Baltimore, thus shows up the inconsistency of Know-Nothingism:

"Look at Massachusetts: there abolitionism, religious persecution, and the most galling yoke of temperance and despotism, under the flag of temperance, and hand in hand. From the pulpit, instead of the meek and persuasive tones of Christian pastors, including the pure and awe-inspiring morality of the Gospel, peace on earth and good will towards men, are hurled the defiant and angry denunciations of wily demagogues and excited partisans. May God deliver the day when the monstrous combination of Catholic, shall find favor with the masses of the American people! There, 1,100 anti-Nebraska preachers thunder forth their anathemas against the abolitionists of the land woman of Bayou. But what say their affiliated lodges in Louisiana, where Catholicism so largely constitutes? They "rear as gently as sucking doves." There, Know-nothing, opposition to Catholicism is no part of the Know Nothing creed. They assert boldly, and attempt to prove, that religious proscription is not one of the watch-words of their order. They appeal to their tickets, and put complacently to their Catholic candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Treasurer, as conclusive refutation of the basest slanders."

Little Tommy.

Does not this simple story remind the reader of some other Little Tommy who has sanctified a trifle by the magic of his touch and left it to be cherished as a priceless thing? It is from the Charleston Herald.

While passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy sitting on a curb-stone. He was apparently about 5 or 6 years old and his well-combed hair, clean hands and bright, though well patched apron, and whole appearance indicated that he was the child of a loving, though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart-broken expression of his countenance, and the mark of recent tears on his cheek.

So, yielding to an impulse which always leads me to sympathize with the poor and sorrowful, the little one, we stopped, and putting a hand upon his head, asked what was the matter? He replied, looking up with his open hand, in which he held the fragments of a broken toy—a figure of a cow.

VERY CONSIDERATE.

The United Service Gazette says: "The authorities decreed compensation for their neglect of the troops at the campaign, they are now determined to supply everything that may be required. At the present time there are two very elegant black horses waiting at the Tower to be shipped for Bermuda."

PATRICK'S WARDROBE.

At a sale of furniture which took place in a country town, among the lookers on were a few Irish laborers, and up on a trunk being put up for sale, one of them said to his neighbor:

"Pat, I think ye should buy that trunk."

"An' what should I do with it?" said Pat, "with some degree of astonishment."

"Pat your clothes is in it," was his adviser's reply.

"Pat gazed upon him with a look of surprise, and then, with that lucid eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed, 'An' go asked!'"

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