



CHOICE POETRY.

OUR UNION.

BY MRS. L. H. SIOURNEY.

Ho!—Eagle of our banded States,
Wilt drop thine olive fair?
And bid the shafts of war and woe
Speed bursting through the air?

'Tis stars that shine in sparkling blue
Upon your banner'd field,—
Shall half be stricken from your place?
And half in clouds concealed?

Oh, human hearts! to concord train'd
By sires who stood of yore,
As brothers, when around their homes
The Lion ramp'd in gore;

Then from the Pater Patrie's tomb,
Beneath Mount Vernon's shade—
And from the hero's bed, who sleeps
In Nashville's beauteous glade,—

Hark!—hark!—o'er forests robed in snow—
In sunny, flower-crown'd vales,—
From where the Atlantic's thunder tone
The far Pacific hails,—

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYES.

"How dreadfully late you are, my dear!"
Mrs. Grayson, the wife of the printer, as he entered
his own door at half past eleven, at night. "I
have watched and waited for you so long, that I
began to feel uneasy."

"Uneasy—I should think you would have become
accustomed to irregular hours by this time,"
replied he, seating himself upon the chair she
handed, with a sigh.

"You are wearied out," said his wife, mournfully,
as he pressed his hand to his throbbing temples,
"you are working yourself to death, and what
it is for I cannot conceive."

"I wonder how I can help it," he replied in that
desponding tone which proclaims one miserable
alike both in body and mind. "I am half dead
with fatigue, that is true, but there is no remedy
which I can perceive, for with all my efforts I am
behind and have been utterly unable to get the
paper out to-day."

"The job of advertising you did yesterday, I
presume is the cause of your being so late," said
she. "Pray, did Mr. Q. pay you for it—five dol-
lars, was it not?"

"Yes, but he said I must trust him awhile, as
money was so scarce."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" cried Mrs.
G., indignantly—"money so scarce! why, that is
the lue and cry from one end of the country to the
other. I wonder how the people think a printer is
to keep up the expenses of his office—type, ink,
paper, fuel, rent, workmen—and support his family,
if every human being thinks the plea, 'Money is
so scarce,' a sufficient excuse for defrauding him of
his honest dues?"

"Defrauding is a hard word," answered the hus-
band, musingly, "and yet, to put a man off with
promises to pay at an indefinite period, to forget
those promises, and perhaps never pay at all unless
compelled, seems very like it. Did Mr. U. bring
grain to-day?" he enquired, suddenly changing
this unpleasant subject.

"No, I saw him hauling a load to Mr. —,
but he brought none here. You were in hopes
that advertising for necessities would have the
desired effect, but you see there is nothing more
easy than to be mistaken."

"I think I was mistaken when I selected my oc-
cupation," resumed the printer, bitterly. "Half
the talent and energy (not to mention the labor)
expended in any other pursuit, would have placed
me ere this on the high road to independence.—
My life is one of never-ending drudgery, and yet
how little do those of our patrons who are rolling
in wealth ever reflect upon the printer's actual
wants—his many privations, or the alicts he is
obliged to resort to on account of their want of
punctuality in making payments. But I must not
sit here talking all night, as I shall be obliged to
arise betimes in the morning, in order to get the
paper out as early as possible."

"I wonder what's the reason the paper don't
come?" said old Squire Burley, the Croesus of the
village of F., as he sat toasting his feet on the
polished fender before a huge fire. "It is pretty near
tea time, and it snows so fast there is no getting
abroad. I wonder what that lazy editor can be
about to-day?"

"This is about the twentieth time this afternoon
you have wondered the same thing, Father," said
his daughter Hester, who sat at the window occu-

ped with her worsted work. "I never knew be-
fore that a newspaper was so essential to your
comfort."

"Essential to my comfort, Miss?" repeated the
Squire, turning towards her, with some asperity.
"I wonder who ever said that it was? There is
some difference in a thing's being essential to your
comfort, and being punctual yourself and a lover
of punctuality in others."

"Just so I think, my dear," chimed in Mrs. Bur-
ley, speaking from the depths of a cushioned chair,
where she sat like comfort embodied, her feet half
buried in the tufted flowers of the stool which sup-
ported them, and partially dozing over her knitting
work. "Just so I think, if a person don't get a
thing when they look for it, they don't want it at
all, and as the paper is very irregular, if I were
you I would stop it. There is Mr. M. takes sev-
eral city papers; you can borrow them, I dare say,
when he gets through with reading them."

"I believe I will," said the Squire, heaving the
Devil's Tattoo with his foot, "there is no use of
putting up with everything."

"I hope you won't stop it for such a trifling rea-
son, Father," cried Hester, with a pleading voice—
"why, we would get no local intelligence what-
ever; and how do we know but Mr. Grayson or some
of his family are ill, that he has been unable to get
it out to-day? Poor man, he looks as though he
had the consumption already, standing over the
case as he does, and in my opinion no one can be
more industrious or try harder to do his duty,—
Printers have a hard lot of it anyhow—a life of
ceaseless slavery, with little thanks and less pay."

"People are not expected to thank and pay both,
my dear," observed Mrs. Burley with a smile of
self-satisfaction.

"Father, have you paid Mr. Grayson regularly?"
asked Hester, with a mischievous glance directed
toward her parent.

"Me?" said the Squire, slightly blushing, and
fidgeting on his chair, "I don't know as I have.—
He hasn't been printing but three or four years,
and he never asked me for it but once or twice,
and I didn't happen to have the change at the time
—however, I shall go up and pay him off and stop
the paper, to-morrow morning."

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,"
repeated Hester, slowly. "Pardon me, my dear
Father," she continued, more quickly, "as she not-
iced his rising anger, 'pray allow me but a few
words—they are these: I do not think those per-
sons, possessed as you are of wealth and many
sources of comfort and happiness, can sympathize
sufficiently with one in Mr. Grayson's situation.—
See how he is tied down by his occupation—what
heavy expenses he is obliged to incur—and what
care and attention, what great mental exertion it
requires to cater for the tastes of his hundreds of
readers—and this attention, whether inclined or
not, is continual. The poor editor is allowed no
respite; holidays and seasons of enjoyment may
come to all but him, for the public are like the
daughters of the horse-leech, their whole cry is
'Give! Give!' and the slightest omission of what
they suppose to be duty on his part—or a single
exhibition of the frailty to which he, as well as
all others, are subject—or the most trifling failure
in what they consider the terms of agreement, is
followed by an immediate withdrawal of patronage;
and while his wants are totally disregarded, their
portion of the contract is broken with the
greatest impunity. Patrons would do well, it seems
to me, to consider that the obligation is mutual.—
A good newspaper is worth to any family treble
the sum usually paid for it, and the editor who is
wearing out his existence in the effort to instruct,
interest and amuse his readers, is in every way
worthy of a support liberally and promptly bestow-
ed."

"I guess you must be thinking of taking one of
the craft yourself, or you would not defend them
so warmly," said the Squire, quite restored to good
humor as he looked at his graceful child, and rather
pleased than otherwise at the fluency of her lan-
guage—but, as we have already had a summons to
tea, suppose we adjourn to the supper table."

"They certainly are the victims of the greatest
possible injustice," continued Hester, as she arose
to follow after. "I recollect reading a notice in a
country paper the other day, where the editor
says, 'We are out of everything—bring on what
you please in the way of payment, for nothing can
come amiss.' Yet I dare affirm, the most negli-
gent among those subscribers would be the first to
cry out if their particular tastes and wishes were
not consulted, and to throw up the paper for any
cause however trifling. The best method in my
opinion for obtaining a good paper, and for insur-
ing punctuality, is for all interested in its success,
to fulfil at a proper time, their part of the obliga-
tion. Let each one at a stated period pay his sub-
scription—his item of the means necessary to
bring about a result so desirable—and my word
for it, the printer would not be weighed in the bal-
ance and found wanting."

"The heart of a generous man is like the
clouds of heaven, which drops upon the earth,
fruits, herbage and flowers. The heart of the un-
grateful is like a desert of sand, which swallows
with greediness the showers that fall, buries them
in its bosom and proclaims nothing."

"A poetic young man, in writing of his lady
love, says, 'her face is a lamp of alabaster, lit up
with pleasant thoughts.' What an interesting light
to write by, especially if she would allow you to
punctuate with kisses. Take away the sugar Jim."

"Writes! be on your guard against the lying
handbills of Locofocoism, that will be circulated
on the eve of the election. All sorts of low
TRICKERY will be resorted to by the unscrupulous
leaders of the opposition. Stand firm, vote THE
WHO TICKET, and all will be well."

HEALTH; Or, the Errors of Mankind.

Health! blooming, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked
Health! How invaluable is it to all who can boast
of being favoured by the delightful and heart-cheer-
ing smiles of the ruddy Goddess. Health, indeed,
is a priceless jewel—compared to which all others
sink into insignificance; yet if we look out upon
mankind, we find numbers of the great human fam-
ily, who do not appreciate its great benefits. Many
there are who recklessly sport and trifle with their
health, until they find, when too late, that they
have most egregiously erred, by throwing away that
blessing, and trampling it, as it were, beneath
their feet. Health perhaps, has forsaken them fore-
ver, and then do they awaken to a full sense of
their condition. Then does the truth flash vividly
before them, that they had enjoyed life's dearest
and richest blessing—and yet, having never felt a
 pang, nor experienced a throb of pain, they were
unconscious of their enviable situation, and became
reckless and lavish of their choice boon. Gaunt
disease has lain its skeleton hands upon them—and
they are prostrated. They are surrounded by all
the comforts of Life—they are surrounded by all
the luxuries—live in the very midst of a large
circle of friends—are blessed with every thing that
wealth and station can command—yet, all these
can have no influence, no power of bringing back
to the wan cheek, the rosy bloom—to the dull, list-
less eye, the joyous sparkle—or impart throughout
the whole system the rich, warm glow of Health.

How many there are, who, placing so slight an
estimate upon the value of this blessing, indulge
in the most intemperate excesses, both in eating
and drinking, as well as in various other ways alike
detrimental to their health, and consequently destruc-
tive to all their happiness and enjoyment in life,
thus virtually committing—Moral Suicide.

How frequently may an individual be seen, who
is fast impairing his health—in whose breast are
sown the seeds of some fell disease, which ultimate-
ly will lead him to an untimely grave. Yet this
individual is consciously pursuing a course which
is wearing away the strength of his system, and is
effectually quenching the glowing fire of health.—
You may talk to him—you may plead with him,
and, although he may acknowledge that his occu-
pation and his habits are detrimental to his enjoy-
ment of health, yet he will continue—and espe-
cially if his occupation be a lucrative one—in the
course he is pursuing, until it shall have been too
late, when he will be unable to recover.

Young females of the Nineteenth Century are
too apt to trifle with their health by wearing such
apparel as is but illy adapted to the climate in
which we live, or the season which may present
with us. They will too frequently destroy their
health—thus blasting their happiness for life—for
the pleasure and enjoyment of an hour. Ah, what
consumate folly! Tight lacing, thin dresses and
thin shoes can number a host of victims, now cold
in the grave. These things should be a warning
to the American female, and teach her to prize
Health more than it is generally done. It should
teach her to follow the pure and simple instruc-
tions of Nature, and throw aside the whims of Fan-
cy, and the caprices of Fashion.

Without health there is no enjoyment. The
body is diseased—the mind is impaired. Life be-
comes a Living Death. It is dragged out in mis-
ery and anguish.

How careful then, should every one be to pro-
tect to themselves—to fulfill the station destined
them by their Creator—to preserve their Health
—to keep pure the fountain, that thereby the streams
running from it may never be rendered turbid, but
always flow in crystal clearness.—Western Empo-
rium.

Love of the Beautiful.

The love of the beautiful and true, like the dew-
drops in the heart of the crystal, remains for ever
clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of man's be-
ing, though all the rest be turned to stone by sor-
row and degradation. The angel who has once
come down into the soul, will not be driven thence
by any sin and baseness, even much less by any
undeserved oppression or wrong. At the soul's
gate sits she silently, with folded hands and down-
cast eyes, but, at the least touch of nobleness,
those patient orbs are serenely uplifted, and the
whole spirit is lightened with their prayerful lustre.

Over all life broods poetry, like the calm blue sky,
with its motherly rebuking face. She is the true
preacher of the word, and when, in time of danger
and trouble, the established sepherds have cast
down their crooks, she tenderly caeths for the flock.
On her calm and fearless heart rests weary Freedom
when all the world have driven her from the door
with scoffs and mockings. From her white breast
flows the strong milk which nurses our heroes and
martyrs; and she blunts the sharp tooth of the fire,
makes the ax edgeless, and dignifies the pillory or
the gallows. She is the great reformer, and where
the love of her is strong and healthy, wickedness
cannot long prevail. The more love is cultivated
and refined, the more do men strive to make their
outward minds rythmical and harmonious, that they
may accord with that inward and dominant rythm
by whose key the composition of all noble and
worthy deeds is guided.

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked
a charity boy if he had ever been baptized.
"No, sir," was the reply, "not as I know of; but
I've been waivanted."

HUMOROUS SKETCH. A Shooting Exploit of Sheridan.

Tom Sheridan used to tell a story for and against
himself, which we shall take leave to relate.
He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham,
(or rather Hamstead), and one day proceeded on
a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only
"his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended
by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the
birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in
search of game, until unconsciously, he entered the
domain of some neighboring squire. A very short
time after, he perceived advancing towards him,
at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking
gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it ap-
peared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and
waited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you, sir," said the squire, when with
in half-earshot, "what are you doing here, sir,
eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are sir?" said the
squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir?" said the squire, growing angry.
"and do you know where here is, sir?—these, sir,
are my manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manors," said Tom, "I
can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire;
"I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan
—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come
out for some sport—I have not had any, and am
not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little,
"oh, from Lord Craven's eh? Well, sir, I could
not know that, sir—I—"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have
been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the
squire; "you don't know, sir, what these preserves
have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have
been at with them; it's all very well for you to
talk, but if you were in my place, I should like
to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place,
under all the circumstances, I should say—I am
convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to
annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, per-
haps you'll come up to my house and take some
refreshment."

The squire was not man of this noncommittal
and (as the newspapers say) "it is needless to add,"
acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for
me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's
house, and having said five hundred more good
things than he swallowed; having delighted his
host, and more than half won the hearts of his
wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on
his return homeward.

In the course of his walk he passed through a
farm yard; in the front of the farm-house was a
green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the
pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and
diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gal-
lant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—
the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn,
which stood near two cottages on the side of the
green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and
having failed in his attempts at higher game, it
struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits
of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else
from doing it for him; and he thought that to car-
ry home a certain number of the domestic inhabi-
tants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the
purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to
the farmer, and accosts him very civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you
an offer."

"Of what, sir?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I have been out all day
fagging after birds, and havn't had a shot; now,
both my barrels are loaded, I should like to take
home something; what shall I give you to let me
have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and
fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish," said Tom, "fairish."

"And to have all you kill?" asked the farmer.

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"A half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you
what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece,
which happens to be all the money I have in my
pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand it over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bar-
gain, took up his post by the barn door, and
laid with one barrel, and then with the other; and
such quacking, and splashing, and screaming, and
fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

THE "OLD THIRTEEN."

God bless the good old Thirteen States;
God bless the young ones too.
Who cares for nasty birth-day dates?—
God bless them—old and new.

The old ones first our freedom gain'd,
In bloody fights of yore;
The young ones have their rights maintained,
As the old ones did before.

Or South or North, or East or West,
Twin sisters all they be,
One mother nursed them at her breast,
And that was Liberty.

And may the wretch whose hand shall strive
To cut their vital thread,
Be scorned while in this world alive,
And scorned when he is dead.

Now fill the bowl with Nature's wine,
Let's drink "God save the King,"
The only King by right divine,
The sovereign People King.

For they're the only King I own,
All others I despise,
The King that towers above the throne,
The King that never dies.

Taking the Census.

Some rich scenes occurred in taking the census,
under the law for that purpose. The following
from an eye-witness, is one:

"Is the head of the family at home?" asks the
enquiring marshal.

"There's the d—— with his book again for
the d'rectory," shouts a junior of the family to
the maternal head above the stairs, who presently
appears. "It is the heads of the family ye want
sure? but last week ye wanted our names for the
d'rectory, an' now yer after our heads. A free
country this, sure, when one's head isn't safe. Be
off, an' had luck to ye, and all like ye."

After some explanations, the questions in order
are asked:

"Who is the head of the family?"

"Ann Mahoney, yer honor; the same in old
Ireland, and forever."

"How many males in this family?"

"Three males a day, with praties for dinner,
an—"

"But how many men and boys?"

"Three children who died five years ago—heaven
rest their dear souls—the swatest jewels that ever—"

"But how many are living?"

"Myself and me daughter Judy, ye see there,
and a jewel of a girl she is indale."

"But have you no males in your family?"

"Sorra the one; the ould man works hard by
day and isn't at home at all, but to his males and
his bed, nor Patrick nither."

"How many are subject to military duty?"

"Niver a one; Patrick and the ould man belong
to the innets, (the Emmets, a New York Irish
corps) an' sure finer looking soldiers were niver
born."

"How many are entitled to vote?"

"Why the ould man an' meself and Judy;
warrn't it we that bate the natives and Whigs an'
all, an' elected Mr. Polk over 'em all? Sorra the
day he died an' disappointed us for a fine man he
was."

"How many colored persons in your family?"

"Nagers! what nagers do you mane? Out, man
an' don't be insultin' me. Out wid ye, and niver
ask for me senses agin;—don't ask about me sen-
ses—wither I have nagers in me family. Yer out
of yer senses yerself; begone, and don't bother
me."

Anecdote of Latimer.

It is related of Latimer, that when he once
preached before that tyrant, Henry VIII., he took
a plain, straight-forward text, and in his sermon
assailed those very sins for which the monarch was
notorious, and he was stung for the quick, for truth
always finds a response in the worst man's con-
science. He would not bend beneath the authori-
ty of his God, but sent for Latimer, and said:—
"Your life is in jeopardy, if you do not recant all
you said to-day, when you preach next Sunday."

The trimming courtiers were all anxious to know
the consequences of this, and the chapel was crowd-
ed. The venerable man took his text, and after a
pause, began with a soliloquy thus:

"Now, Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in
the presence of thy earthly monarch—thy life is in
his hands, and if thou dost not suit his fancies, he
will bring down thy gray hairs to the grave; but
Hugh Latimer, bethink thee, thou art in the pres-
ence of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
who hath told thee, 'Fear not them that kill the
body, and can do no more; but rather fear him
who can kill both body and soul, and cast thee in-
to hell forever?' Yea, I say, Hugh Latimer, fear
him."

He then went on, and not only repeated what
he had before advanced, but, if possible, enforced
it with greater emphasis. After he had finished,
Henry sent for him and said: "How durst thou
insult thy monarch so?" Latimer replied, "I
thought if I were unfaithful to my God, I could
not be loyal to my King." The King embraced
the good old Bishop, exclaiming, "There is yet
one man left who is bold enough to tell me the
truth."

ST. PAUL'S MORAL PROWESS.

BY THE REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

A master element in the character of St. Paul,
was his moral bravery. In the enunciation of
Truth, nothing could appal his spirit. On the Hill
of Mars, before an auditory composed of the liter-
ary sages of far-famed Greece, he stood forth to
proclaim the doctrine of a Resurrection, though
fully conscious that Science might brand him a
fanatic, and haughty dogmatists indulge in scorn-
ful jeers. In the presence of regal Felix, how
faithfully did he adapt his observations to the spe-
cific history of his auditor, shrinking not from the
task of proclaiming righteousness to a venal ruler,
temperance to a professed voluptuary, and a con-
ing judgment to one who must have trampled in
view of its signal reblications. No nice distinc-
tions were for a moment drawn between the vies
of the populace and kingly delinquency, as if the
latter could claim a milder appellation, because
practised by a noble transgressor. No hurried
apology succeeded the exhibition of the Truth, as
though to take a little roughness from its edge—
With Paul, all but his message was forgotten.—
The ermine of the Judge, the coronet of the Prince,
the official insignia of the Jewish priesthood, the
glittering helmets of an overbearing Roman cohort,
slung or combined, communicated no pulsation of
dread to that colossal heart which poured its vital
attestation of the faith it cherished. Policy he
disclaimed. Subterfuge he discarded. Frankly
and fully he unburdened his soul, heedless of self-
interest—careless of the clamor of a censorious
world. We read in the Scriptures that on one oc-
casion "he withstood even Peter to the face, be-
cause he was to be blamed." Signal proof of his
magnanimity, faithfully to reprove a friend—a
bosom companion—for a clearly ascertained delin-
quency is ever a delicate task. We evade the obli-
gation in a thousand ways, and it is only a man
of moral nerve, who, in this particular, can fully come
up to the measure of his duty. Such was the great
Apostle. When Peter needed a gentle reprimand,
how judiciously, yet freely, was it administered by
this great model of personal faithfulness. The
possible or probable estrangement of Peter's feel-
ings, entered not his prudential calculations. He
knew no prudential calculations. Duty, with him,
was life's leading star. He watched for its faintest
glimmering more than they who watch for the
morning. When once its beam came bounding
ed straight on in its blessed radiance. Guided by
that light, he gloried "in tribulation, in distress,
in reproaches," relinquished temporal advantage,
sacrificed personal aggrandisement, and placed
himself free will offering on the Altar of his God.
Imprisoned for the truth, he despatches epistles to
the remotest points of the Christian Church, re-
buking by his unslumbering pen, the careless as-
pate, repelling the advance of heresy, consoling
the penitent, and edifying the enquiring, widening
thus the circle of his influence, when, to a casual
observer it appeared the most contracted, and strik-
ing for Truth, a Herculean blow, when the vigor
of his youth was past, and he beautifully subscrib-
ed himself "Paul the aged." And although the
history of his martyrdom is not detailed in the sa-
cred oracles, yet the faithful page of the Church's
history, records the fact of his fearless adherence
to the faith he loved, up to the hour so auspicious
to himself, when he bared his neck to the sword
of the Roman executioner, and passed on pinions
of light and love to the bosom of his God. Oh!
for the prevalence of such uncompromising fidel-
ity among the ministers of Jesus! Must we not
lament the fact, that with Paul, much of Paul's
spirit has departed? Are we not, compared with
him, but pignions? a nerveless band who rest upon
our arms, while the voice of Paul is sounding in
our almost heedless ears, "Thou, therefore, en-
dure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Evil Company.

The following beautiful allegory was translated
from the German:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer
even his grown up sons and daughters to associate
with those whose conduct was not pure and up-
right.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eudalia to him
one day, when he forbade her, in company with
her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear
father, you must think us very childish, if you im-
agine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the
hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will
not burn you my child; take it."

Eudalia did so, and beheld! her delicate white
hand was soiled and blackened, and as it happen-
ed, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals,"
said Eudalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see my
child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken.
So it is with the company of the vicious."

SKELETONS DISCOVERED.—The workmen on
that portion of the Central Railroad which passes
through BRADDOCK'S Fields, have lately dug up
several skeletons, the remains, doubtless, of some
of the officers and soldiers of BRADDOCK'S brave,
though ill-fated army.

A Dublin paper contains the following:—
"Yesterday, Mr. Kenny, returning to town, fell
down and broke his neck, but happily received no
further damages."

Dobbs says the first time he kissed a girl,
he felt as if he was a dream, struck full of peacock
feathers.

A gentleman says he has become so weak
from dissipation that he is now "unable to raise a
five dollar bill."