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Poetical.

From the Dollar Newspaper.

Thou art Growing Old, Mother.

Thou art growing old, my Mother,
And thy brow is marked with care,
All furrowed in thine aged cheeks,
Once beautiful and fair,
The soft brown locks are sadly changed,
Curls fringed have settled there,
And touched with many a freezing kiss
The gentle flowing hair.

Thou art growing old, my Mother,
All I catch the half-drawn sigh,
Well I know that years of sorrow
Have bedimmed thy melting eye;
But thy gentle heart is still the same,
Beneath on me ever yet
With love that thine is.

Thou art growing old, my Mother,
Have before thee, jarn-jarn upward
To the far of "Dart's land,"
But thy voice in tender accents
Still is falling on my ear,
Sweetly brightening my pathway,
Which without thee is so drear.

Thou art growing old, my Mother,
And around thy youngest born
Shadows gather—erely gather
From in life's early morn,
But the blessed Saviour's spirit
There, to still protect and cheer,
White the streaks of sorrow he's,
Hover o'er me dark and wild!

Thou art growing old, my Mother,
Soon I feel that thine will rest
In the region of the best,
Who will live in me no more,
When the life-rod is driven
Let us pray that both together
He will take us safe to heaven.

Miscellaneous.

JEALOUSY AND PATRIOTISM.

A LEGEND OF THE CHARTER OAK OF CONNECTICUT.

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

It was near the close of a beautiful October day, in the year of 1636, that a man approached the town of Hartford, in Connecticut, by the road leading from New Haven. At that time, the valley of the Connecticut was densely wooded, affording that golden sunset of the year, every variety of tint that nature can display. The heights were gorgeously beautiful, the chestnuts wore of a deep yellow; other species of trees had put on a motley livery, and the elms that bordered the highway, were clothed in foliage of a rich, warm, brown. A lovely grove of the deepest orange, all mingling by the nicest gradations of shades, like the prismatic colors. As he entered the main street, "the western waves of ebbing day" poured a flood of glistening light upon the diamond panel casements in the eastern fronts of the houses, while beyond was the broad Connecticut, sparkling like a mirror. The overhanging arches of a lofty azure, studded here and there with fleecy clouds, while high in zenith was the silver moon, only awaiting the retreat of her eclipsing orb to shed a more cheery light upon the lovely scene.

The young man was a fine specimen of the sturdy colonist of those days. Born in Dorchester, his infant slumbers had often been disturbed by the preparations of his father for defence, when the war-whoop of the savage resounded through the surrounding forests. The rifle was familiar to him in boyhood, and although he now carried on a farm at Middletown, he had not entirely relinquished his fondness for forest sports. We have said that he was young, but his electric black eye, compressed lip, and gallant horsemanship, showed that Everard Waltham could both think and act for himself, and was, therefore, well qualified to represent his townsmen in the General Assembly, then in session.

"Entering the main street, even then a beautiful evening, Everard Waltham rode slowly along, occasionally bowing to some acquaintance, or speaking to one of the boys who were driving home the cows, kept at nearly every house, and mingling their shrill cries with the musical tinkle of the bells. At last, however, his gaze encountered a couple, which drew a half-suppressed oath from his pointing lips. Applying the spur to his horse, the high-mettled animal sprang to the other side of the road, and he had a good pretence for neglecting to salute them. In a few moments more he had reached the famed hostelry near the site of the present State House, and dismounting, threw his bridle to a negro hostler.

"Ah!" exclaimed an elderly gentleman, who was pacing the porch, with a pipe in his mouth, "the member from Middletown has arrived just in time to see the sport."

"It matters not," replied Waltham, with a frown, for he thought the allusion was aimed at the couple he had met. Perhaps that we may start more one, until by chance he met Henrietta Morley, with whom he had become so intimate that, on the evening in question, he had invited her to take a social ramble, and Henrietta—how shall we

describe her? Tall and gracefully formed, she was not what an artist would call strictly beautiful, but the absence of classical features is often more than compensated for by that sparkling vivacity which clothes the plainest countenances with radiant beauty. Her eyes were of a light blue, a profusion of golden locks shading her clear red and white complexion, and a pleasant smile ever lingered about her pouting lips. Passions always leave their wrinkles early in life, but over such faces as that of Henrietta Morley, years pass like the flight of a dove, the surface looking softer from the touch of its wing. Add to this the fact that she was the daughter of a nobleman, and you will not wonder that Everard Waltham regarded her with a jealous interest.

But his tavern friend never divined what prompted his reply, and said, in a sharp voice:

"It does matter though. Do you, a pledged Republican, intend to let this scarlet-coated popinjay carry off his coveted prize?"

"Not I," and as he spoke, Everard's right hand instinctively clutched at the hilt of his heavy sword—it was one that his father had used valiantly in the cavalry at Cromwell.

"That's the spirit! Why fear the light steel of the king's minion, when there is such a precious charge at stake? Rather apply the torch, and leave him but a heap of ashes for his prey."

"What?" exclaimed Everard. "Why that would be borrowing from the Iroquois?"

"I care not; but I would rather hear the skin crackle in the flames than see it profaned by his hand."

"No, no! He can perhaps make her happy," replied Everard, in a choked tone of voice, as the couple approached, apparently in earnest conversation.

"Happy!" repeated the old man, gazing after Everard with a doubting expression. "Is the young man sane? Surely I do not see what happiness the royal governor can confer on a prebent charter!" and pulling resolutely at his pipe, he continued to perambulate the porch.

"Fool that I was, to trust a woman's word!" said Everard, to himself, as he bolted the door of his chamber to which he had retired. "Here this maiden has entwined her charms around my heart, and now a stranger usurps my privilege!"

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At length the bell rang nine, and Everard, when the last stroke had died in a silence, went out. The round moon was floating in the heavens, and the shadows of the many gabled houses lay darkly upon the foot-paths, save where the clear beams stole through the garden spaces, checking the beaten paths with the mosaic light and shade of intervening trees. All was quiet, for in those days people retired early, to retire with a sneeze, and Everard was not one, as his steps incessantly led him to the residence of Henrietta Morley. The plaint of the whip-poor-will, and an occasional hoot from some wandering bird of wisdom, or the busy hum of nocturnal insects, alone broke upon the ear.

But calm as was the night, it failed to soothe the excited feelings of Everard, and when he approached the home of her who had thus won his love, a thrill of awe, he witnessed a scene that gave a demoniac expression to his feature. The door of Mr. Morley's house was open, and on the threshold, with a candle in her hand, that illuminated the lovely features, stood Henrietta. Nor was she alone. Standing on the door stone, and thus with his back toward the street, was a man, wrapped in a long cloak, with whom Henrietta was conversing. Everard felt an electric thrill of rage convulse his frame, for he had not the least doubt of the man's identity, and with flashing eyes he clutched his sword hilt. At last the interview was ended, and the stranger walked rapidly away; but Everard followed, his cheeks ashy pale, and his lips compressed savagely together. He would obtain satisfaction, or the man who had thus stepped between himself and happiness should die like a dog. But the unknown evidently heard pursuing footsteps, and quickened his own into a run. Everard followed, but when opposite the "Wyly's mansion," he lost sight of the object of his pursuit. The great oak stood clearly developed above his head, and the beautiful river, a short distance beyond, was plainly discernible through the openings of the trees, yet there was no sign of any human being. After waiting some time, he slowly retraced his steps to the tavern, where, in agitated slumbers, he dreamed of Henrietta and his new favored rival, and in a long, long time he awoke in the morning. When Everard arose in the morning, he found the town in an uproar, and learned, for the first time, that Sir Edmund Andros was expected to arrive from Boston. In vain had the colony pleaded its chartered rights to the King—he had determined to subdue the perverse Puritans, and had given full power to his representative. These had already been executed in Massachusetts and in Rhode Island, which had been despoiled of their charter, and Andros was now on his way to Hartford, to abolish all vestiges of republicanism.

Printing presses were to be subject to his censors; Episcopacy was to be sustained, and every officer, both civil and military, was to be of his own appointment. The people felt almost disposed to resist, and all was confusion.

About noon, the clear notes of the trumpet came floating in the air from the direction of Windsor, and soon the troops quartered in Hartford, marched in that direction, to join the expected procession. The streets were crowded, and there were few residing within fifty miles distance who were not that day in Hartford.

At length the roll of the drums was heard, and soon the detachment of Royal Fusiliers came in sight, their ranks extending clear across the street, and the matches of their fire locks alight. They were commanded by young Coffin, who appeared in a new scarlet uniform, richly laced with gold, and carried his bright halbert with a jaunty air. Then, glittering with a jeweled order of knighthood, came Sir Edmund Andros, who is described as erect and soldierlike; followed by his council, those bitter foes of New England. The malignant Randolph, the renegade Dudley, the profane Ballivant, rode scornfully along, followed by another detachment of Fusiliers, equally ready for attack as were their comrades in the van. They waited but the word to deluge the town with blood, and thus enforce the edict of their viceregal master.

The scene that ensued in the Hall of Assembly is one of the most sacred pages of America's history. All the afternoon did old Governor Treat plead that Connecticut might keep her charter—the guarantee of her rights, which had been purchased by so much blood and treasure, poured out in the wilderness. But it was of no avail; and as the shades of evening darkened the hall, candles were lighted.

Sir Edmund Andros rose to conclude the session, and at his bidding the Secretary of State laid a long box, containing the precious parchment, on the table before him. All at once, as if by concert the candles were suddenly extinguished, and some slight confusion ensued among the spectators. When a light was brought, and the candles were re-lighted—lo! the chartered had disappeared!

"Run to Lieutenant Coffin," shouted Edmund Andros to the usher, "and tell him to let no man pass."

The official hastened to the outer door, but the officer was not to be found, and after some delay, he so reported to Sir Edmund.

"What! the officer of my guard absent. Can it be possible that he is conspiring at this foul robbery. A hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of the traitor!"

"May it please your excellency," said one of the few loyalists in Hartford, "I do not think that the young fellow is the one to blame. He has been captured by Goodman Morley's daughter, and I saw him not long since, escorting her from hence to her home!"

"Confusion!" muttered Everard, who had lost all interest in the great question, so hurried were his thoughts under a load of grief. Returning to his hotel he found a pressing invitation to go that evening to the house of William Wadsworth, upon important business. An association of "liberty men," were to meet there, and he went as one of them.

The meeting was well attended, and when they were all seated around the hospitable board, Everard learned, rather to his surprise, that the royal charter had been abstracted in accordance to a preconceived plan, and by their host.

"Where is it?"

"Where I took shelter last night, when a jealous mortal pursued me," said Mr. Wadsworth, laughing. Ere Everard could recover his astonishment, he continued: "After all, gentlemen, I did not feel certain of success, until Henrietta Morley informed me last night, that she had so far carried out our plan as to have obtained a promise from her pompous admirer that if she visited the Assembly Hall he should escort her home. This rendered ardent assistance out of the question, as the royal troops would not have fired without orders from their own officer. So I will give you the young lady's health as our most efficient ally, although the advent of a forced love made it a difficult task for her to entrap that glittering fox, and at the same time I will propose the long existence of the old hollow oak before the 'Wyly's mansion,' the best of hiding places from a pursuer or for a charter. Long may they exist!"

Ere an hour had elapsed, Everard Waltham had sought and obtained forgiveness, may he even made the fair Henrietta name the wedding-day.

"You have done your share of the work, dearest," said he, "and I do not like to expose you to the fascinating qualities of royal officers."

"I suppose that when I see your wife you will look me up when you leave home."

"Indeed I may—and where is there a better place than in the Charter Oak?"

"Never marry for a fortune. We overlooked a poor unfortunate get the following week, and had given full power to his better half."

"You good for nothing fellow, what would you be had I not married you?—Who was the baking girl, whose the frying pan and the iron-hooped bucket, but mine, when you married me?"

Dow, Jr., on Matrimony.

Young men, if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing anything else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter, for you know delays, as well as will bears, are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side. She will cheer you in the journey of life—add to it a touch of her. She is more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can smooth your linen and your cares, you—smooth your own moments, as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper, and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirt, plant happiness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes, and if you are too confounded lazy or too stupid to do such work yourself, she will carry you to the hogs, chop wood, dig potatoes for dinner for her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him—except receive company in her every day clothes.

When a woman loves, she loves with a double distilled devotedness, and when she hates, she hates on a high pressure principle.

Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hemp halter, immutable as the rocks of ages. She won't change it, except in a fit of jealousy, and even then it lingers, as if loth to part. Like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married for all you are worth. But it was of no avail; and as the shades of evening darkened the hall, candles were lighted.

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A Short Story with a Moral.

BY ELLEN C. HOBBS.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the first commandment with promise—promise as beautiful in its exemplifications, as glorious in its conception. A mother's lips first breathed into our ears those words of Holy writ, and explained their general import; and from the time when the story of gray-haired Elijah and his youthful mockers first excited your young imagination, the spirit then inspired, for the White hairs of age has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength. We sigh when we think of the days when the young were wont to bow before the hoary head, and by gentle uncalled-for assidues, strew roses in the old man's tottering path.

But those kindly customs have passed away. The world grows selfish as it grows old; and age-dimmed eyes must turn homeward for stays to their trembling hands and tottering limbs. Here they shall find fulfillment of their first commandment with promise.

No true womanly soul ever withdrew her gentle hand from her poor old father and mother; no manly heart ever forgot the home loves of his wayward childhood, or ceased to hear the echoes of a fond mother's prayer. Often the rich of this world and the destitution of riches may choke up the inborn affections of narrow souls; but few and far between is the fondly loved child, who can be so untrue to himself or his Maker as wholly to forget the mother who bore him.

Yet even with the holiest dictates of our reason and souls, as with the wider application of the commandment, has Fashion insinuated her poisonous influence; and the son, perchance, who left his fond parent's home reluctantly and fearfully, to make his way in the world, forgets, when fortune favors, to welcome his rustic mother to his own luxury with the same cordial embrace with which he left her in his childhood home. Her dim old eyes, perhaps, do not catch readily the meaningless courtesies of life; they look none the less lovingly upon her child, than when they watched over his helpless infancy. Her withered hands may be large and bony, and now and then a tremor quakes her, but a true son never fails to bathe the heated brow, in the dependent days of boyhood. Ah! she's the same fond mother still—her aged and work-bent form, clad in rustic garb, can break a heart full of never dying love, and ready for a new sacrifice.

And, thanks to the Great Being who gave us the commandment with promise, and then thus stands up a noble man, true to his inborn nature, who throws off the trammels of Fashion, however wide the gulf which separates, in the world's eye, from the humblest poverty of his boyhood—who is not ashamed to love, before his fellows, the humble mother who gave him birth.

"My Mother, permit me to present her to you," said an elegantly dressed noble looking young man to a friend for whom he had crossed a crowded drawing-room, with his aged parent leaning on his arm. There was a dead silence for full five minutes.

The moral beauty of the picture pervaded every soul, and melted away the frost work of world-worship. 'Twas the old foreground of a fashionable summer resort, whether of had come, with their for health and pleasure. But here was variation—a bit of truth to nature—in the motley mingling of colors.

From a little brown farm house, pent in the forest, away up in the Granite State, that young man had gone forth with brave heart and stalwart arm—strong, like his native hills, he had not made a name for himself. Gentle lips bled him welcome. Yet none the less carefully did his manly arm support his homely tottering old mother, none the less softly and tenderly did he call her, queer though she looked, "my mother," amongst the proud beauties who had striven for his favor. Her dress was antiquated, for the gifts of her son had been mutilated by rustic hands; yet only one heartless girl tittered, despite the broad filled cap and well kept shawl. Her voice was rough, and often her expressions coarse and inelegant. Used to the social mug at home, she asked for her neighbor's goblet at the table, and was guilty of many vulgarities. She was an uninteresting woman, save in her vigorous age, and her beautiful love for her son.

Yet, for a week, the son watched over that mother, and gained for her kindness and deference, in the very face of fashion; walked with her, drove with her, helped her, like an infant, up a difficult mountain side of twenty miles, but more her sudden expires, and each day found some new friend, whose heart he might thrill by those gentle words "my mother." To him she was the gentle mother who rocked him to sleep in childhood; and true to the commandments she had taught him, he was making the path smooth to her dependent years.

One there was in the gay throng, whose eye flashed laughingly, as they rested on the homely, toil-worn woman, but she was a noble soul, and truth and right gained an instant victory over life long prejudices. Quickly and elegantly she crossed the room laid her hand with

"How many children have you?"

"Three, madam."

The president turned to talk to some of her fellow members, and forgot the waiting applicant. About a quarter of an hour afterward she turned suddenly, and asked "Have you many children?"

The woman looked at her a moment and replied—

"Madam, sometime ago I had the honor of informing you that I had three, and since that time no more have been born to my knowledge."

And with a polite, but indignant bow, the woman quitted the room, leaving the lady patroness horror-stricken at her boldness.

Mr. Jones, after having spent an evening over his bowl, went home a little "how come you so." He was fortunate to find his better half asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration, he thought it would be best to turn over lest his breath should betray him; when Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world, said: "Jones you needn't turn over, you're drunk clear through!"

such a gentle, thrilling touch on the arm of her lover, whispered a word in his ear.

Will she ever forget the look of love triumph in his eyes, or the smiling gentleness of his tones, as he presented his beautiful high-bred betrothed to his gray haired dotting mother.

Hoops and Concerts.

At a fashionable concert lately given in a neighboring city, benches were used in the hall instead of chairs. When the doors were thrown open, and the audience commenced to pour in briskly, and in a short time the ushers announced to the manager that the house was full.

"Impossible," said the manager, who was acting as ticket seller at the time.

"It's a fact, sir," replied the usher, "and you'd better stop the sale of tickets, for no one can get in. There are no more seats left."

"I'll go and see," and suiting the action to the word, the manager slipped from the ticket office to the door of the hall, looked in, and beheld a sight that filled him with dismay, the immense benches extended across the hall only served to seat each about six ladies—and their hoops! The hall was completely "jammed," but with an audience whose number was anything but large. Determining to make up for losses, on the next night he inserted the following line conspicuously in his "poster"—

"Ladies wearing hoops, will be charged double price for seats."

Strange to say, the demand was readily complied with, the hall being well filled by persons who yielded to the novelty of the thing themselves in order to enjoy the fun of seeing how it would operate on others.

A Soft Pillow.

Whitfield and a companion were much annoyed one night at a public house by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitfield's indignation, and pious sympathy that he could no longer rest.

"I will go to them and reprove their wickedness," said he.

His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof were apparently powerless upon them. Returning he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him, rather abruptly:—

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said patiently, and soon fell asleep.

"Yes, a soft pillow," is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect.—Those who faithfully rebuke, and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

A Fine Thought.

Keep close to the beating heart of your race. Avoid the danger which inheres in every system of scholastic discipline, of despising the dictates of common intellect and the instincts of the common heart. And here let me call to your recollection a remark of the most distinguished and most successful author of our period, made in reply to some one who attached an undue importance to mere literary accomplishments, and who affected to regard with contempt the common intellect:

"I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of the poor, uneducated men and women, than exerting the spirit of severity, yet gentle heroism, under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lots of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible."

All matters pertaining to the heart, and conscience, and soul, you will be able to verify these words by your future experience, and will find, as you may be called, either by professional duty or other relations, to mingle with the needy and the unlettered, that you are only among your peers, and that in your intercourse with them you have much to receive as well as much to impart.

"Have you," said a young lady, entering a music store in which we were standing and leaning over the counter, and addressing the young man who had you a heart that loves me only?"

"Yes, Miss," was the reply, "and here is a Health to thee, Mary."

Mary took the songs, and was leaving the store, when suddenly she returned.

"Oh, I forgot! I want one sweet kiss before we part."

We left and can't say whether she obtained it or not.

Jack, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?"

"No, father; you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it would rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

John, said a dotting parent to her rather insatiable boy, can you eat that pudding with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

A Slight Mistake.

Jim Ward is a conductor on the eastern division of the New York Central Railroad, running daily between Utica and Albany. Ward has been in the employ of the Central Railroad for a long period of years, and is one of the oldest conductors in the country. He is invariably accommodating and polite, he is particularly attentive to the ladies, and always manages to make himself a favorite with those of the fair sex who accompany the trains under his direction.

A short time since, when a train under his direction was on its way east from Utica, one of those interesting incidents occurred on board the train, which adds to the visible number of passengers, but scarcely ever increases the profits of the trip. Ward, as soon as he discovered the condition of the lady, hustled about, and with the train running forty miles an hour, fixed up a portion of the express car, and had her conveyed thereto. A physician by the name of Beecher was on the train. His services were immediately put in requisition, and in a short time Ward had the pleasure of announcing to his anxious passengers, that mother and babe were "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

The mother was a poor woman, and as soon as it became known, Ward went around with a hat, and in a short time a handsome purse was collected, and Jim with his countenance absolutely filtering off happiness, took it to the mother. After he re-appeared, the passengers proposed the child should be named. No sooner said than done. Jim went in and got the baby, with the consent of its delighted mother, brought it out, when it was proposed it should be named "James Ward," after Jim, and Beecher after the physician who had professionally attended the mother. It was adopted by acclamation, and amid a general shout and approbation the babe was named "James Ward Beecher."

Jim with a smile of ill-concealed delight, was lugging off his little namesake, when some of the ladies requested to see the "little baby." It was passed from hand to hand among the ladies, all admiring the little bundle, but at the same time a general disposition to smile and stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths, became manifest among the women. Jim wondered and wondered in vain, what this subdued laughter meant, until the babe was handed to an old lady. She had not had it more than a minute, when she exclaimed:—

"Law, Suz!"

"Well, what's the matter?" said Jim feebly.

"Why, it's a gal!" said the old woman, handing the babe to Jim.

Then rose a yell of laughter; the men broke out first, then the women, then they broke out together, until one universal scream filled the car. Several gentlemen threw their hats and mufflers off in the windows, while others endeavored, unsuccessfully, to "swear their legs off." The women blushed and screamed; the men shouted and held their sides. In the midst of this storm of fun and laughter, Jim made his escape from the car with his female "Jim Ward Beecher," and, for the rest of the trip, on the platform of the baggage car, ruminated on the sudden changes and mutations of human life.—*Buffalo Republic.*

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human brain. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shown of its own strength, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flows upon you, dark and heavy toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle.—Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow man.

A GOOD ONE.—The following is reported as having happened in Bristol County:

A witty clergyman, accosted by an old acquaintance of the name of Cobb, replied:—

"I don't know you sir."

"My name is Cobb," rejoined the man, who was about half size over.

"Ah, sir," replied the clergyman, "you have so much of the corn on you that I did not see the cob."

Hood never made a better pun than that of Hook, who was walking with a friend, when they came to a toll bridge.

"Do you know who built this bridge, said he to Hook."

"No," replied Hook; "but if you go over you'll be told!"

A Cincinnati editor says "there are a great many idle, shiftless women" in that city. Here is a fine field for the benevolence of our sewing societies.