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L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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NUMBER XI.

Poetical.

OH, CARRY ME BACK.

Oh! carry me back to my childhood's hours,
When I from care was free;
When the soft winds as they sped along
Were golden days to me.

Oh! carry me back—for the fairest flowers
Have lost their fragrance now;
And I pine for the cool, refreshing breeze
That fanned my childish brow.

Oh! carry me back to the green old woods
Where once I loved to roam;
For I've sought in vain for a tranquil spot
Like these old woods at home.

Oh! carry me back to the mother's face,
And smile and loving hand,
Which were my life and joy,
And which I never can find.

Oh! carry me back, for my heart grows faint
With this world's weary strife;
Which gladden'd my early life.

Miscellaneous.

THE BROKEN MINATURE.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Two young officers belonging to the same regiment aspired to the hand of the same young lady. We will conceal their real names under those of Albert and Horace. Two youths more noble never saw the untarnished colors of their country wave over their heads or took more undaunted hearts into the field or pure forms or a more polished address in the drawing room.

Yet there was a marked difference in their characters, and each wore his virtues so becomingly, and one of them, at least, concealed his vices so becomingly also, that the maiden who saw them both, was puzzled where to give the preference, and stood as it were, between two flowers of very opposite and perfumes, and yet each of equal colors and beauty.

Horace who was the superior officer, was more commanding in his figure than, but not so beautiful as Albert. Horace was the more vivacious, but Albert spoke with more eloquence upon all subjects. Horace did not claim the praise of being sentimental nor Albert the fame of being jovial. Horace laughed the most with less wit, and Albert was the most witty with less laughter. Horace was the most noble born, yet Albert had the better fortune, the mind that could acquire, and the circumspection that could preserve one.

Whom of the two did Matilda prefer? Yes she had a secret, an undefined preference; yet did her inclinations waver sisterly hand in hand with her duties that her spotless mind could not divide them from each other. She talked the more of Horace yet thought the more of Albert. As yet, neither of the aspirants had declared themselves. Sir Oliver, Matilda's father, soon put the matter at rest. He had his private and family reasons for wishing Horace to be the favored lover; but as he by no means wished to lose to himself and his daughter the valued friendship of a man of property and honor, he took the delicate method of letting Albert understand that everything he possessed, his grounds his house and all belonged to him. He accepted only his daughter.

When the two soldiers called, and they were in the habit of making their visits together, Sir Oliver always had some improvement to show him, some dog for him to admire, or some horse for him to try; and even in wet weather, there was never wanting a manuscript to decipher, so that he was sure to take him out of the room or out of the house, and leave Horace alone with his daughter, uttering some disparaging remark, in a jokey tone to the effect that Horace was fit only to dance attendance upon ladies.

Albert understood all this, and submitted. He did not strive to violate the rights of hospitality, to seduce the affections of the daughter, and outrage the feelings of the father. He was not one of those who enter the temple of beauty, and under the pretence of worshipping the shrine, destroy it. A common-place lover might have done this but Albert had no common-place mind. But did he not suffer? O, that he suffered, and suffering, his actually altered looks, his heroic silence, and at times his forced gaiety, too plainly testified.

He kept his flame in the inmost recess of his heart like a lamp in a sepulchre, and which lighted up the ruins of his happiness alone.

To his daughter, Sir Oliver spoke more explicitly. Her affections had not been engaged, and the slight preference that she began to feel in her heart for Albert, had its nature changed at once. When she found that Albert could not approach her as a lover, she found to spring up in her bosom, a regard as sisterly and ardent as if the same erudite had rocked them both. She felt, and her father knew that Albert was a character that must be loved, if not as a husband, as a brother.

The only point upon which Matilda differed with her father, was to the degree of encouragement that ought to be given to Horace.

"Let us, my dear father," she would entreatingly say, "be free at least for one year. Let us for that period stand committed by no engagement; we are both young, myself extremely so. A peasant maiden would buy a longer pro-

bation upon her swain. Do but ask Albert if I am not in the right?"

The appeal that she made to Albert, which ought to have assured her father of the purity of her sentiments, frightened him into a suspicion of lurking affections having crept into her bosom.

Affairs were at this crisis when Napoleon returned from Elba, and burst like a demon of war from a thunder cloud, upon the plains of France, and all the warlike and valorous arose, and walked her in with their veteran breasts.

The returned hero, lifted up his eyes of rapture, rushed with him to battle.

The regiment of his rivals was ordered to Belgium. After many entreaties from her father, Matilda at length consented to sit for a miniature to an eminent artist, but upon the express stipulation, when it should be given to Horace, that they were still to hold themselves free. The miniature was finished, the resemblance excellent, and the exultation and rapture of Horace complete. He looked upon the possession of it, notwithstanding Matilda's stipulation, as an earnest of his happiness. He had the picture set most ostentatiously in the finest jewels, and constantly wore it on his person; and his enemies said he showed it with more freedom than the deity of his regard to Matilda should have warranted.

Albert made no complaint. He acknowledged the merits of his rival eagerly, the more eagerly as the rivalry was suspected. The action at Quatre Bras has taken place. The principal body of the British troops are at Brussels, and the news of the rapid advance of the French is brought to Wellington; and the forces are, before break of day, moving forward. But where is Horace? The column of troops to which he belongs is on the line of march, but Albert and not Horace is at the head. The enemy are in sight. Glory's sun-bright face gleams in the front, whilst dishonor and infamy scowl in the rear.

The orders to charge are given, and at the very moment that the battle is about to join, the foremost, breathless corps of Horace strains forward as if with a last effort, and seems to have but just strength enough to wheel with his rider into his station. A faint huzza from the troops welcome their leader.

On, ye brave, on!

The edges of the armies join. The scream—the shout—the groan, and the thunder of artillery, mingle in one deafening roar. The smoke clears away—the charge is over—the whirlwind is past. Horace and Albert are both down, and the blood flows away from their wounds, and is drunk up by the thirsty soil.

But a few days after the eventful battle of Waterloo, Matilda and Sir Oliver were in the drawing room. Sir Oliver had just returned from the battle, and was sitting in breathless agitation, the details of the battle, and was now reading slowly and silently the list of the dead and the maimed.

"Can you, my dear girl," said he tremulously, "hear to hear very bad news?"

She could reply in no other way than by laying down her head on her father's shoulder, and sobbing out the most inarticulate words of grief.

"Horace is mentioned as having been early in the action, badly wounded, and is returned missing."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the shuddering girl, and embraced her father more closely.

"And our poor friend, Albert, is dangerously wounded too," said her father.

Matilda made no reply, but as a mass of snow slips down from its supporting bank—as silently, as pure, and almost as cold, fell Matilda from her father's arms, insensible upon the floor. Sir Oliver was not surprised, but much puzzled. He thought that she had not felt quite enough for her lover, but too much for her friend. A few days after, a Belgian officer was introduced by a mutual friend, and was pressed to dine by Sir Oliver. As he had been present at the battle, Matilda would not permit her grief to prevent her meeting him at the table. Immediately on her entering the room, the officer started, and took every opportunity of gazing on her intently, when he thought he was not observed.

At last he did so, so incautiously, and in a manner so particular that when the servants had withdrawn, Sir Oliver asked him if he had ever seen his daughter before.

"Assuredly not, but most assuredly a resemblance," said he, and he immediately produced the miniature which Horace had obtained from his mistress.

The first impression of both father and daughter was that Horace was no more, and that the token had been entrusted to the hands of the officer, by the hands of the dying lover; but he quickly undecided them, by informing them that he was lying desperately but dangerously wounded, and that in fact he had suffered amputation.

"Then in the name of all that is honorable, how came you by that miniature?" exclaimed Sir Oliver.

O, he had lost it to a notorious sharpener, at a gambling house at Brussels, on the eve of the battle, which sharper offered it to me as he supposed the gentleman from whom he won it, would never come to repay the large sum of money for which it was left in pledge. Though I had no personal knowledge of Colonel Horace, yet as I admired the

painting, and saw that the jewels were worth more than the rascal asked for them, I purchased it really with the hope of returning it to its first proprietor, if he should feel any value for it, either as a family picture, or as some pledge of affection; but I have not yet had the opportunity of meeting with him.

"What an insult!" said Sir Oliver, "after an appeal," exclaimed Matilda, after the officer had finished his tale.

She need not say that Sir Oliver immediately repurchased the picture, and that he had no further thought of marrying his daughter to a gambler.

"Talking of miniatures," resumed the officer, a very extraordinary occurrence had just taken place. A miniature has actually saved the life of a gallant young officer of the same regiment as Horace, a fine fellow as ever bestowed a charge."

"His name?" exclaimed Matilda and Sir Oliver together.

"Is Albert, and he is second in command, a high spirited fellow that some Albert?"

"Pray, sir, do me the favor to relate the particulars," said Sir Oliver, and Matilda looking gratefully at her father for the request.

"O, do not know them minutely," said he, "but I believe it was simply that the picture served his horse as a sort of breast plate, and broke the force of a musket ball, but it did not, however, prevent him from receiving a very smart wound. The things which were talked of for a day or two, and some joking took place on the subject but when it was seen that these rallies gave him more pain than the wound, the subject was dropped, and soon seemed to have been forgotten."

Shortly after the officer took his leave. The reflections of Matilda were bitter. Her miniature had been lost, whilst the mistress of Albert, of that Albert whom she felt might, but for family pride, been her lover, was even in effigy, the guardian angel of a life she loved too well.

Months elapsed, and Horace did not appear. Sir Oliver wrote him an indignant letter, and bade him consider all intercourse broken off for the future. He returned a melancholy answer, in which he pleaded guilty to the charge—spoke of madness, of intoxication, confessed he was hopeless, and that he deserved to be so, in a word, he was so humble, so desponding, so despondent, that even the insulted Matilda was softened, and shed tears over his blighted hopes. And here we must do Horace the justice to say, that the miniature was merely left in the hands of the winner, he being a stranger, as a deposit until the next morning, but which the next morning did not allow him to redeem.

He went from him a day, and left him one dead upon the field. Had he not gained his miniature would not have been lost to a sharper, the summons to march would have found him at his quarters, his harassed steed would have failed in the charge, and in all probability, his limb would have been saved, and his love would have been preserved.

A year had now elapsed, and at length Albert was announced. He had heard that all intimacy was broken off between Horace and Matilda, but nothing more. The story of the lost miniature was confined to the few whom it concerned, and those few wished all memory of that boy's memory; a picture in which the mother will appear only as a cruel unloving monster.

Reader, do you learn away, feeling that it is impossible that woman should degenerate herself, that she should thus ignore her maternal nature? Alas, that it should be so true.

It has been my misfortune more than once, to occupy the same dwelling with a seducing woman, and stay with the wise man. It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman. If ever my soul's depths were stirred, it has been when listening to the raging storm of woman's passions, bursting, perhaps on a child. Sadly cracked must be the soul of that mother, who can, day after day, year after year, pour out, without remorse, a torrent of harsh words upon the ears of those she really loves, wounded and crushing the hearts of the sensitive, till hatred takes the place of love; and the evil genius presides, where once the heavenly Angels loved to linger.

O woman, woman! How great an influence thy words thy tones of voice possess. Soft and silvery as the music of the streamlet, rich and melodious as the chime of bells, they may melt the heart's hardness, warm the feelings, and kindle the love of heaven; or they may kill the tender growth of hope and love, as the late frosts do kill the buds of spring.

Mother, the echoes of your voice may linger for long years in the hearts of your children; shall they be soft, sweet echoes, that shall seem like angel music to them, winning them to the love of God and earth; or shall they be a rough, cold clamor, driving them on to darkness and despair?

Pat was hungry, and got out of the carriage for refreshment. "Where are you going?" asked he, without knowing his father's name. "To the mill," said Pat, starting on a run, and shaking his fist as he flew after the train. "Stop there, ye old stave wain; ye murtherin' steam-engine—ye've got a passenger aboard that's left behind!"

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covered by accident, I had the precious token enclosed in a double pocket of gold, which opened by a secret spring, known only to myself and the maker.

I gazed on the lovely features on the dawn of the battle day. I returned it to its resting place, and my heart throbb'd probably under its pressure. I was conscious that there I had a talisman, and, if ever I fell in battle—it was there.

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How Jim Donnellan Out-traded Uncle Billy Snow.

Old Uncle Billy was and is the keenest trader in the country. He was never known to make a bad bargain. Many a trap has been laid to catch him, but his operations always turned out so as to add something to his pile, and still more to his reputation. Some time since a party of young men, talking of Uncle Billy's great luck in this way, various instances were mentioned of his extraordinary trades and his uniform success.

Jim Donnellan offered to bet that he would catch him before two days. Of course that was taken as soon as proposed, and soon after Jim left them to make his preparations to win. The next day was Court day, and Jim and Uncle Billy met at the Court House.

"Good morning, Uncle Billy," said Jim; "all well to-day?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, James my son."

"Any trade on hand this morning?" enquired Jim.

"Nothing in particular, James; times rather dull just now, people don't trade as they used to do."

"That's a fact, Uncle Billy," responded Jim. "Well since nothing better offers, supposin' you and I make a trade?"

"No objection in the world James. Go ahead and let's hear from you."

"Well, Uncle Billy, I have a mare younger, that I want to trade for that of yours—how will you trade?"

"I don't know exactly," responded Mr. Snow, "but as mules are generally considered worth more than horses, and your mare is getting along in years, I suppose ten dollars wouldn't be too much, would it? Give me ten dollars and the mare, and you may take the mule."

"Done!" exclaimed Jim, perfectly delighted.

The money was paid over, and the animals handed over to their new masters. Jim took the mule home, and that night the beast lay down and died. This was a sore blow to our hero; but he had one more day left, and determined to save himself. The next morning found him and Snow at the same place, and in conversation as follows:

"Uncle Billy," said Jim, "I think you come the strong game over me yesterday, in that mule of yours. I don't like him so well this morning as I did yesterday—so I don't think he improves on acquaintance—what'll you take for me?"

"—(swap back.)"

"Now, James, my son," answered Uncle Billy, "I don't want to be hard on you, but you took me up on the first job, and you know a trade's a trade. But if you are anxious to rue, I don't care much. Give me ten dollars more and you may have your mare back."

"Uncle Billy, I'll do it!" exclaimed Jim in great delight. "But only on one condition—each man must come after and take away his own beast. I didn't bring my mule along to-day, and I see you didn't ride the mare, so it is as long as it is broad, I'll give you ten dollars now, and I'll go home with you first and get the mare, and afterwards you can send or come for the mule at any time."

"Any way, James," replied Uncle Billy.

The money was paid, and Jim and the old man started. The next day when the crowd had met to decide the bet, Jim was there giving his experience as follows:

"The old man and I went along very cozily together, talking about everything in the world except our trade. This question I dodged. I was afraid to open my lips until I got my mare safe. At last we reached the old man's house. He said to me as he entered the yard, 'James, my son, there is your mare—you can take her away with you.'"

"And boys, if there wasn't the old man layin' in the yard as dead as a door nail, 'The infernal cow did the same night with the mule!'—Porter's Spirit of the Times.

"John," quoth the gentle Julia to her sleep-lord, one warm morning at a late hour, "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer." "Ashew?" murmured her worse half, sleepily opening his optics. "By rising, you sugged."

"I'll not wish you'd imitate that other fellow that hangs by it—the barometer." "Why so?" "Cause, then you'd let me know when a storm was coming."

"Charming Delicacy."—A little girl at school read thus: "The widow related to a small lady, left her by a sea-side. 'What do you call the world?' asked the teacher; 'the world is legacy, not lumbey.' "But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "I'm sure I must say lumb, not leg."

"Pa, what is the interest of a kiss?" asked sweet sixteen of her sire. "Why, really, I don't know. Why do you ask?" "Because John, my cousin, borrowed a kiss last night, from me, and said he'd pay me back, some of these nights, with interest after we are married."

"A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands faces in a pail of water. They looked and exclaimed, 'Why we only see our own faces.' Well said the gipsy, 'those faces will be your husbands when you are married.'"

"Do you keep the bar here?" inquired a traveler of a gentlemanly bar-room loafer, a few days since.

"No, sir, the bar keeps me here."

Marriage.

Nature never did betray the soul that loved her; and nature tells men and women to marry. Just as the young man is entering upon life—just as he comes to independence and man's estate—just as the crisis of his being is to be solved, and it is to be seen whether he decide with the good, and the great, and the true, or whether he sink and be lost for ever—matrimony gives him ballast and aright impulse. War with nature and she takes a sure revenge. Tell a young man not to have an attachment that is virtuous, and he will have one that is vicious. Virtuous love, the honest love of a man for a woman he is about to marry, gives him an anchor for his heart, something pure and beautiful for which to labor and live. And the woman, what a purple light it sheds upon her path; it makes life no day dream, no idle hour, no painted shadow, no passing show, but something real earnest, worthy of heart and head. But most of us are cowards, and dare not think so; we lack grace; we are of little faith; our inward eye is dim and dark. The modern young lady must marry in style; the modern young gentleman marries a fortune. But in the meanwhile the girl grows into an old maid, and the youth takes chambers—ogles at the nursery maids, and becomes a man about town, a man whom it is dangerous to ask into your house, for his business is intrigue. The world might have had a happy couple; instead it gets a woman fretful, nervous, unbecomingly in style, and a man who becomes a septic in all virtues; a corrupter of the youth of both sexes; a curse in whatever domestic circle he penetrates. Even worse may result. She may be deceived and may die of a broken heart.

He may rush from one folly to another associate only with the vicious and depraved; bring disgrace and sorrow on himself and all around; and sink into an early grave. Our great cities show what become of men and women who do not marry. Worldly fathers and mothers advise not to marry till they can afford to support a wife, and the boys wickedly expend double the amount in low company. Hence it is, all wise men (like Franklin) advocate early marriages; and the all great men, with few exceptions, have been men that married young.

Wordsworth had only one hundred pounds a year when he first married.—Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare market, London, to buy sprats for supper. Coleridge and Southey were not rich when they were married. They all lived in poverty and obscurity at any time whether Luther had all that money or not. We must be humanly in its very dawn. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence—you do nothing of the kind; your worldly-wise and clever son is already ruined for life. You will find him at the fire, bleated at free-love circles. Your wretched worldly wisdom taught him to avoid when a young man, and soon after—if he is not involved in embarrassments that will last a life—he is a blaze fellow—heartless, false, without a single generous sentiment or manly aim; he has—'No God, no Heaven, in the wide world!'—Home Journal.

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'The World Owe men Living'

That's false, sir! It doesn't owe you a farthing. You owe the world for the light of its days, the warmth of its sunshine, the beauty of its earth and sky, and for its love, affections and friendship, clustered around and cling to you, and it is to be seen whether he decide with the good, and the great, and the true, or whether he sink and be lost for ever—matrimony gives him ballast and aright impulse. War with nature and she takes a sure revenge. Tell a young man not to have an attachment that is virtuous, and he will have one that is vicious. Virtuous love, the honest love of a man for a woman he is about to marry, gives him an anchor for his heart, something pure and beautiful for which to labor and live. And the woman, what a purple light it sheds upon her path; it makes life no day dream, no idle hour, no painted shadow, no passing show, but something real earnest, worthy of heart and head. But most of us are cowards, and dare not think so; we lack grace; we are of little faith; our inward eye is dim and dark. The modern young lady must marry in style; the modern young gentleman marries a fortune. But in the meanwhile the girl grows into an old maid, and the youth takes chambers—ogles at the nursery maids, and becomes a man about town, a man whom it is dangerous to ask into your house, for his business is intrigue. The world might have had a happy couple; instead it gets a woman fretful, nervous, unbecomingly in style, and a man who becomes a septic in all virtues; a corrupter of the youth of both sexes; a curse in whatever domestic circle he penetrates. Even worse may result. She may be deceived and may die of a broken heart.

He may rush from one folly to another associate only with the vicious and depraved; bring disgrace and sorrow on himself and all around; and sink into an early grave. Our great cities show what become of men and women who do not marry. Worldly fathers and mothers advise not to marry till they can afford to support a wife, and the boys wickedly expend double the amount in low company. Hence it is, all wise men (like Franklin) advocate early marriages; and the all great men, with few exceptions, have been men that married young.

Wordsworth had only one hundred pounds a year when he first married.—Lord Eldon was so poor that he had to go to Clare market, London, to buy sprats for supper. Coleridge and Southey were not rich when they were married. They all lived in poverty and obscurity at any time whether Luther had all that money or not. We must be humanly in its very dawn. Fathers, you say you teach your sons prudence—you do nothing of the kind; your worldly-wise and clever son is already ruined for life. You will find him at the fire, bleated at free-love circles. Your wretched worldly wisdom taught him to avoid when a young man, and soon after—if he is not involved in embarrassments that will last a life—he is a blaze fellow—heartless, false, without a single generous sentiment or manly aim; he has—'No God, no Heaven, in the wide world!'—Home Journal.

"Any way, James," replied Uncle Billy.

The money was paid, and Jim and the old man started. The next day when the crowd had met to decide the bet, Jim was there giving his experience as follows:

"The old man and I went along very cozily together, talking about everything in the world except our trade. This question I dodged. I was afraid to open my lips until I got my mare safe. At last we reached the old man's house. He said to me as he entered the yard, 'James, my son, there is your mare—you can take her away with you.'"

"And boys, if there wasn't the old man layin' in the yard as dead as a door nail, 'The infernal cow did the same night with the mule!'—Porter's Spirit of the Times.

"John," quoth the gentle Julia to her sleep-lord, one warm morning at a late hour, "I wish you'd take pattern by the thermometer." "Ashew?" murmured her worse half, sleepily opening his optics. "By rising, you sugged."

"I'll not wish you'd imitate that other fellow that hangs by it—the barometer." "Why so?" "Cause, then you'd let me know when a storm was coming."

"Charming Delicacy."—A little girl at school read thus: "The widow related to a small lady, left her by a sea-side. 'What do you call the world?' asked the teacher; 'the world is legacy, not lumbey.' "But, Miss Johnson," said the little girl, "I'm sure I must say lumb, not leg."

"Pa, what is the interest of a kiss?" asked sweet sixteen of her sire. "Why, really, I don't know. Why do you ask?" "Because John, my cousin, borrowed a kiss last night, from me, and said he'd pay me back, some of these nights, with interest after we are married."

"A gipsy woman promised to show two young ladies their husbands faces in a pail of water. They looked and exclaimed, 'Why we only see our own faces.' Well said the gipsy, 'those faces will be your husbands when you are married.'"

"Do you keep the bar here?" inquired a traveler of a gentlemanly bar-room loafer, a few days since.

"No, sir, the bar keeps me here."

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