

# Preble County Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Select Poetry.

### MY MOTHER.

Thou art growing old, my mother,  
And thy brow is marked with care,  
All furrowed is thy cheek,  
Once beautiful and fair,  
Thy soft brown locks are sadly changed  
Chaff frosts have settled there,  
And touched with many a kissing kiss,  
The gentle flowing hair.

Thou art growing old, my mother,  
As I catch the half drawn sigh,  
Well I know that years of sorrow,  
Have bedimmed thy melting eye:  
But with gentle light its beameth,  
Beams on me ever yet,  
With a love that never changes  
Till the sun of life is set.

Thou art growing old, my mother,  
Many of our household band,  
Have before thee journeyed onward,  
To the far off "better land";  
But thy voice in tender accents  
Still is falling on my ear,  
Sweetly brightening my pathway,  
Which without thee, were so drear.

Thou art growing old, my mother,  
And around thy youngest born  
Shadows gather—darkly gather—  
Even in life's early morn;  
But the blessed Saviour's breath  
Thee, still protect thy child,  
While the storms of sorrow hover,  
Hover o'er me dark and wild.

Thou art growing old, my mother,  
Soon I feel that thou wilt rest,  
In the "land of the hereafter";  
In the regions of the blest,  
Who will love me then, my mother,  
When the last life-rod is riven?  
Let us pray that both together,  
God will take us both to Heaven.

## Select Miscellany.

### STARTING A NEWSPAPER.

The object of the printing press is one of the characteristics of the age—Every corporation and company must have its special organ to advocate its peculiar advantage; every village must be represented by an "Advocate," or a "Watchman," or a "Torchlight." What a few years ago was confined exclusively to the cities, is now extended to almost every village and town in the country. The press is an indispensable requisite to advance the character and interest of any locality.

It is a very easy matter for a few individuals, interested in some enterprise, to convene and do the "wind work" towards establishing an "organ"; but to come up promptly with the "material side" is a widely different matter. To promise five hundred subscribers, to produce by a mysterious method of addition a thousand dollars to be made by job work and advertising, is easier than to hand over two thousand dollars.

Now, the good citizens of Blotstown, wanting to increase the value of "corner lots" and "beautiful suburban residences," determined to establish a weekly paper. To mature this design, innumerable meetings were held at the stores and such places as were most convenient. At these meetings Squire Pussymann, Elder Blowhard, Squire Easy-and-slow, Uncle Ultraman, and the Messrs. Skinfint took the most prominent part. The matter was presented in every possible light. Pussymann thought the enterprise of vital importance; one which would do great good without much sacrifice on their part. Elder Blowhard urged that a press be immediately established; though they should at first be compelled to make a little sacrifice, they would realize double the amount in six months, in the way of a rise in property—the most enterprising spirit would control the paper and puff the town. This was easily accomplished. A young printer who was attending college at Blotstown, by flattery, fair promise and misrepresentation was seduced from his studies and persuaded to assume the responsibility of editor, publisher and printer of the prospective paper, to appear under the title of "The Blotstown Scientific Investigator." Subscription papers were circulated and signed by men, women and boys, so that in a short time a telegraphic list of names was presented. But then, "what's in a name?" The five hundred names were made up in about the same style of "Kausus election returns." A few individuals sub-

scribed for as many as ten copies.—This was considered by them a great sacrifice.

Our young editor now began to feel sanguine of success. Such glowing pictures were presented to his mind, and such assurance of ultimate success, that he began to look with contempt on other papers, which were a reality and not a utopian dream. He was induced to believe that the "Investigator" would soon be the first paper of the country—that its subscription list would go up to thousands—that everybody's children would soon be attending Cornell college, and of course everybody's parents would take the paper, to learn how their sons or daughters progressed; that Snizzle would adorn and enrich the columns of the new journal with sparkling gems from their "classical" and "gifted" pens. This was a bright picture to be contemplated by an ambitious, enthusiastic mind.

The city was immediately visited, and the necessary materials purchased for issuing a country newspaper. In due time the press and fixtures arrived at Blotstown, when there was a great hurrah, and exclamations of "what a people we are!" Every one patted the editor on the shoulder, and said "good fellow!" The amateur publisher now set to work in good earnest with his assistants, to "set up the matter" for "Vol. 1, No. 1." Expectation was on the qui vive, and for two weeks the conversation of the printers was mostly in answering the all prevailing question, "When will the first number of the Investigator be out?"

After "days of toil and nights of waking," the long-looked for paper appeared. It was a very creditable sheet containing a number of introductory remarks with adjectives, full of promise for the future, and "done up" at the close with an eloquent quotation from Shakespeare. It was a triumph of art and intellect among the people of Blotstown. The citizens, with unanimous voice, shouted "bravo!" and the editor considered himself immortalized. He was the subject of discussion in the "living society," the social circle, and the bar-room. Old women with daughters were all his true friends, (the editor was single) young misses even cast upon him a loving smile, young widows and old maids greeted him with the most flattering remarks.

Months passed away. Novelty had withdrawn its charm, while plain reality began to present to the publisher of the "Investigator" the asperities of the enterprise. Bills were coming due, and money must be had to meet them. An attempt was made to collect, but only a dollar here and there could be raised. Subscribers began with one accord to make excuses, and fair promises for the future. Still hoping for that millennium of publishers, when delinquent subscribers will pay their bills, recourse was had to borrowing money at three per cent. This was a rash expedient, but the only alternative, as the many warm friends of the press refused to do better. Repeated demands appeared in the columns of the "Investigator," calling on delinquents to pay up their arrears; but with little effect.

Disaffection now began to creep in, and whilom friends began to "wary of well doing." They couldn't see why it needed money to carry on a small paper. A paper with five hundred names on the list ought to live without complaint. The Skinfinners thought they were not puffed enough, and heaped their maledictions on the editor for presuming to charge for editorial notices. Pussymann thought his puff quite good as Slow-and-easy's. The politics of the paper began to be denounced in as many different ways as there was political parties. Thus hundreds of complaints were entered against the hapless editor, because he "dared to call for justice."

By this time our hero finds himself in no enviable position—sans dollars, sans friends, sans hope! He had been charged exorbitant prices for all that he received—high rents, outrageous bills for boarding, &c. Amid incessant labor at the case and press, he had failed to make his paper as interesting as was demanded. But no allowances were made; liability was the excuse of exacting readers. Snizzles had written some dry trash for the farmers, on "gathering seed corn," a subject of which the author was profoundly ignorant. Also, another article on the "topography of a frog pond," with "critical notes" concerning the inhabitants thereof.

The volume was half closed. A crisis in business affairs had almost paralyzed trade; money was scarce, and collections almost impossible to be made. The last "bundle" of paper had been used, while the paper mills refused further credit until former supplies were paid for. At this critical juncture, our al-

most disheartened editor made a last effort to collect outstanding accounts. By this time creditors ceased to be gentlemenly. If one paid up he did so by withdrawing further patronage. Some denied their accounts, said they never subscribed and would not pay. It was no use. A sufficient sum of money could not be raised to purchase a fresh supply of paper; so after a brilliant ascending existence of about six months, "The Blotstown Scientific Investigator" closed up.

So ended the magnificent farce. The editor found himself two hundred dollars out of pocket, besides his six months work. His credit was likewise gone, and but few friends remained. Slanderous tongues circulated all manner of false reports in regard to the paper and the unfortunate proprietor. The office was soon sold to pay off the debts, when the hungry creditors, like a pack of ravenous wolves, rushed together, each one struggling for the greatest share of the spoil. And the good citizens said amen! It has cost us but little and done a great deal of good! "Who cares for the expense!"

### Do it Yourself.

For the following valuable advice to scholars we are indebted to the "Connecquot Common School Journal." We hope our readers will not only remember this advice, but endeavor to acquire the habit of self reliance which is here inculcated.

Do not ask the teacher for some classmate to solve that problem. Do it Yourself. You might as well let them eat your dinner, as to do your sums for you. It is in studying as in eating; he that does it gets the benefit and not he that sees it done. In almost any school I would give more for what the teacher learns, than for what the best scholar is compelled to solve all the problems, and answer all the questions of the lazy boys.

Do not ask him to parse the difficult words, or assist you in the performance of any of your studies. Do it YOURSELF. Never mind though they look as dark as Egypt. Don't ask even a hint from any one. Try again. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in the effort even though the problem at first was beyond your skill. It is the study not the answer that really rewards your pains.

Look at the boy who has just succeeded after six hours of hard study; perhaps his hair looks light up and with proud joy he marches to his class. He treats like a conqueror. And well may he. Last night his lamp burned, and this morning he waked at dawn. Once or twice he nearly gave it up. He had tried his last thought, but a new thought strikes him, and he bends the last process. He tries once more, and succeeds; and now mark the air of conscious strength with which he pronounces the demonstration.

His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem, after his first trial, now looks up to him with something of wonder, as a superior being. And he is his superior. That problem lies there is a great gulf between those boys who stood side by side yesterday. That boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and what is better still, has gained strength to take other and better ones. The boy who waited to see others do it, has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some good excuse to give up school and study forever. Remember, DO IT YOURSELF.

The Worcester (Mass.) Chronicle gives the following as a verbatim copy of a letter from a chief magistrate of a certain corporation:

"Dear Sir—on Monday next I am to be made Mare, and shall be much obliged to you so if as you will send me down by the coach some provisions suitable for the occasion, and I am to say, my brother, the old Mare, and the rest of the Bench. I am, sir, etc."

The above was answered by a wag into whose hands it fell, as follows:

"Sir—In obedience to your order I have sent per coach two bushels of the best oats—and as you are to treat the old mare, have added more bran to make a mash."

The following verdict was given and written by the foreman of a coroner's jury at—We are of a Pinion that the Deceit met with her death from Violent infirmation in the Arm, produced from Uncoan Caus.

Perhaps men are the most imitative animals in the world of Nature.—Only one ass spoke like a man, but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, says Sidney Smith, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always pushing any one who comes between them.

When younger old, think it neither too soon nor too late to turn over the leaves of your past life, and consider what you would do if what you had done were to be done again.

Hero is a pigment extract. He kissed her, and promised. Such beautiful lips Man's usual fate—he has lost upon the coral reefs.

## Courtship.

What the reader exclaims, an essay upon courtship! Yes, indeed, and why not. The world is sadly in need of one and it could have a thousand of them portrayed, too, by abler pens than mine. What department of human nature more sacred than the love feelings? yet how ruthlessly trampled upon by the grossness of our people! Love is made a theme for vulgar sport—sport indeed to vulgar minds, but how very abhorrent to all the better feelings of man's nature, to pure refined and sensitive spirits, are these low allusions and vulgar hints about courtship!

But alas! it shows the extent of the depravity at present existing in the popular mind upon the subject. So important a subject as the one under consideration, ought never to be lightly spoken of, for it is one of the most sacred and important transactions of life, for upon its proper management depends much of the happiness which both men and women receive within the marriage state. To know how to conduct courtship is very important; much more so the selection of a proper life-companion; and when properly conducted, it aims to the improvement of the mental powers of both parties. "Silly nonsense" is banished from the court, and sound common sense takes its place in the conversation of both parties.

"Soft-soap" is also dispensed with, and honest flouts an abode at the court of love. No man does not consider his beloved as beneath him, but he loves as an equal, and the woman manifests kindred feelings in return for his pure love for her. Honest and upright in motive they hold their courts of love, not for the mere sake of winning, but to find out whether their mental hearts harmonize, and when such harmony is found they seek to commingle their affections, and get—not fall in love with each other's charms. They do not blind themselves to each other's faults, but look beyond and lose sight of them only, because they are so deeply censored of each other's virtues. They put on no false charms, are ready to stand or fall by their own real merits, by the attractions of nature's unborn charms, by the magnetic powers of virtue.

But alas! how few pursue such a course! How many too poor in mental charms, try to make up for the defect by outside show—by adorning the person instead of the mind! Gay deceivers, they who employ false charms to catch the hearts of other sex. Gifted with immortal souls, do they know what they are about? Alas, we fear not! If they were to open their eyes to the appalling fact, they would find that they were not merely "setting a trap to catch each other in," but in the end to catch themselves—to throw themselves carelessly, thoughtlessly, into the state of matrimony—matrimony, indeed, but not a spiritual union, a union of true love and divine affection.

Pure marriages, mere shams, mockeries of the sacred institution—these are too many of these already; but we want many, very many more pure marriages—marriages of true and eternal principle of mental congeniality, this being the sole bond of true love, marriage in its more perfect sense—sanctified by God, approved by angels, and blessed with a spiritual union, a union of true love and divine affection.

But such marriages we shall not have until young men and young women become honest in their courtship—until they dispense with foolish nonsense in conversation and in their love letters until they learn to adorn the mind instead of the person; until they go to work to study each other's characters, instead of seeking how they may win even if they have to employ deception. The institution of marriage is of too high and holy nature to spend the period of courtship in folly; when it should be spent in making a proper preparation for marriage. Young men, young women, by as much as you value your happiness in this life, see to it that you give nature's instincts in the choice of life companions—the joy, the solace for congeniality of affection, passion, intellect, and sentiment; that you strive to win by the natural charms of your mind—by mental attractions rather than those of dress and personal show—until you honestly strive to win the affections of your loved ones by pure motives; and be sure before you enter into marriage contract with any one, that that one is the right one, for if you should happen to make a mistake in such a choice, it would be the most sad mistake you have made during life; aye, the worst that you could possibly make!

As marriage—a true, loving, soul union—is of all things on earth, the most heavenly in its nature, so an ill-formed union is actually the abode of hell upon earth.

But when a marriage union is formed, keep love's fire burning brightly upon the altar of affection. Should its light become dim, rekindle it by sparks of love from your own souls nor when the "honeymoon" is over, let not the fire go out completely, for then it is more needed than ever! Let true love for each other's mental qualities be cherished in the hearts at all times.—Thus will a "union of souls" be formed, and the joys of true marriage in its fullest sense be realized.

May the day soon come when courtship shall not be the theme for "meretricious sport," but an object of seri-

ous contemplation with all minds; when the intimate relation of the two sexes shall be considered too holy to be thus trampled upon; when marriage shall be a union of masculine and feminine spirits bound together in an indissoluble charm of true spiritual love!

## Progress.

THE BOYS FORMING THE FIRST CLASS OF THE PREMONITORY SCHOOL HAVING FORMED THEMSELVES INTO AN ASSOCIATION FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT, THE EVENINGS OF THE MEETINGS ARE OCCUPIED WITH READING ORIGINAL ESSAYS ON VARIOUS TOPICS—a very interesting one on Footpicks commenced the course—and at the last meeting, Master Ike Partington, on being called upon, with due modesty submitted the following very scientific paper on THE COMET.

Comets are independent luminaries that go on their own hook. They are first class stars in playing the great drama of the universe, and never quarrel with the management, as our stars do—especially when they don't get their pay. They seem like our stars, because they sometimes cut up shines, move in irregular orbits, in danger of coming in contact with other constellations, and are never settled. Some people think that they are steam engines, dashing through the explanatory system with a long train behind them, some that they are big fire-balls that have got going of it and can't stop, and some don't think about it at all, or anything else. It is the opinion of Mr. Tutwell, who has looked for several evenings at the comet which is now swishing its tail round the north pole, through a spy glass, that comets are tenders to the planters, and go round supplying them with light, to help them make a hay, just as the oil vessels go round among the light-houses furnishing them with oil. This is a very rational hypothesis, and it is probably correct, or it isn't. Comets travel at great speed, and it is confuted by the mathematical instrument maker down town, that the comet now on its way to Boston may travel eleven thousand billions of miles in a day, and never once stop from exhaustion or want of fuel. The same gentleman likewise says that he thinks that the comet's tail is twice as long as the Atlantic Telegraph, and pretty nearly as long as those tales in a long tailed newspaper, which are always to be continued. The present comet will only make a short trip, because it is coming back in about one hundred years. This is not Mr. Haley's comet that was expected a good while ago, and made so many people pious for fear of being killed by it, whose goodness disappeared when the fear of the comet died, and will come back when the comet does. The present doesn't seem to affect the hardened very much; they rather like it as the milk did the steel trap. Comets being very independent, it isn't much use to inquire the reason of its coming here night after night and getting round us in the manner it does—we shouldn't get any answer if we did. Perhaps the committee on lamps would throw some light onto it. As it is, it seems to be a great waste of time and fuel for very little use. But I will not pursue the subject any further, for fear that some will think I am making light of it, as the old lady did when the old boy burnt her Testament, and thus leave it, while, flashing down the Western sky, the great blazing star goes on its way, and my impression is that little planets had better get out of its path, or they may get hurt.—Boston Evc. Gazette.

Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texas Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story:

"Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres once," said old Joe, mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two 'argues just below here for a pair of boots."

"For a pair of boots!" I cried out.

"Yes for a pair of boots for each league."

"But why, on earth, didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?"

"Just cause I didn't have the boots to give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he had owned two leagues of land.

A man by the name of Arbuckle, residing in Council Bluffs, advertises the departure of his wife from his bed and board in the following poetical style, and then cautions all persons not to trust her, as he will not hereafter pay any debts of her contracting:

My loving wife, the joys of life,  
She ran away and left me,  
She took my penny, which gave her joy,  
And devil a penny she left me,  
And what the devil didn't she do,  
She took my watch, shirts, bed and bedding too.

A fellow found guilty of burglary before Justice Day, in Ireland, observed, "that his fate was singular, as he lost by Day what he got by night."

A fellow who got drunk on election day, said it was owing to his effort to put down "party spirits."

## Selling a Deacon.

Deacon Brown is one of the kindest sort of men; he takes as much interest in other people's affairs as in his own, if not more. Elder Wisely, belonging to the same church, had to leave home for several weeks on business, leaving a handsome wife behind. Some days after he had started, Deacon Brown received the following note:

MR. BROWN.—DEAR SIR: I take the liberty to disclose to you some facts which have given me as much pain as yourself. I know, beyond all questions of doubt, that a stranger very mysteriously made his appearance last night in the private parlour of Mrs. Wisely. He was first there about half past eleven o'clock; no one saw him enter the house, and up to the present hour this morning, he has not been known to depart. I think that this new visitor was expected, and he is destined to share the affections of Mrs. Wisely. The voice of this new comer has been distinctly heard in her room and she has even been heard to address him in the tenderest and most loving tones.

Such are the facts. Please act in the premises as your sense of duty may dictate. My opinion is, that should Elder Wisely be informed of this stranger's advent, it might hasten his return.

A FRIEND OF FIDELITY.

As the Deacon read this epistle there was a visible tremor in his hand. He polished his eye-glasses with a silk handkerchief, and perused it a second time. But Deacon Brown was not the man to swerve from duty, though it led him where he would not go. In a moment he was resolved. Putting the letter into his hat, and buttoning his coat to the chin, he hastened down to his hard ware store, and whispering to his confidential clerk he struck his cane very decidedly on the pavement, greeting no one with his usual "good morning," but seemed absorbed in contemplation of a great purpose. Arriving at the scene of his triumph, he stationed his clerk in front of the house, and giving the bell knob a cautious pull, was soon admitted by the servant girl. The following then and there took place:

"Is Mrs. Wisely in?"

"Yes, sir; she's in bed, sir."

The Deacon here examined his watch and muttered "half-past seven!" He then added:

"How long before Mrs. Wisely will rise, mam?"

"Yes, sir; I believe she did, sir," she said.

Here the girl blushed, hesitated, and striving to conceal her embarrassment, showed too plainly that she would evade the real explanation.

The Deacon interposed, as if to relieve her, and said:

"The company I suppose, mam, was a stranger to you?"

"Yes, sir, I believe he is sir."

"Is that young gentleman in the house now, mam?"

"To be sure, sir."

"Will you be so kind as to state, in what part of the house?"

"He is in Mrs. Wisely's bedroom, sir."

The Deacon's manner had by this time become greatly excited, and he gasped out:

"Can it be can it be?"

The maid failing to comprehend the Deacon, inquired:

"Can what be?"

"Why that a young gentleman is, at this very moment—look here, it is a very young and very little gentleman, too get hurt!"—Boston Evc. Gazette.

"What do you mean by this being a very little gentleman?"

"Why ha'n't you heard, sir, that Mrs. Wisely has got a baby, sir—a nice fine boy—weight nine pounds, sir?"

The old gentleman seemed as the phrase is, thunderstruck. He was, for once in his life, favored with a lucid interval, and he saw by the light of it that he was sold. Saying that "Mrs. Brown would be over in the course of the day," he took his leave, without subjecting the servant to any cross examination.

The joke got out in due time, and we fear the Deacon never quite forgave the writer of that anonymous letter. He has however consented to the "stranger's" having a share in Mrs. Wisely's love.

STRETCHING THINGS.—An impatient Welchman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't the breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day! This is equal to the calling of the stirring housewife, who roused her maid at four o'clock with 'Come Bridget get up! Here 'tis Monday morning. To-morrow a Tuesday next day's Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!'"

Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but knew it was a counterfeit bill and walked on without picking it up.—He told Smithers the story, when the latter said:

"Do you know, Diggs you have committed a very grave offense?"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You have passed a counterfeit bill knowing it to be such," said Smithers and without a smile, he fled.

SMART DIGGING.—"Bob, did you ever go to the gold mines?"

"Why, humph! to be sure I did.—What makes you ax?"

"What did you dig?"

"Oh, well, as to that, I dug out as quick as the Lord would let me."

## The News Shop—A Fable.

On a certain day, there was posted up before a London News-vender's shop, a placard of the contents of a newspaper. There were various announcements in it, and they were all printed in such a way as to catch the eye.

Failure of the silk crop!  
Marriage in high life!  
Great rise in the price of stock!  
Bloody battle in India!

The placard had not been displayed long before a military officer passed. "Ah! ah!" said he, "a battle in India! So, so. I wonder whether my friend Charlie Fitz Gibbon was in it. I hope the English have beaten the rascally blacks. I may have the paper and see. But why will these news-venders 'box' fellow with the price of stocks? Who cares whether they rise or fall?" In he went, purchased the paper, and went on his way.

Soon passed another man—sharp-eyed and bustling. He cast a look on the placard and saw the announcement, "Failure of the silk crop!" "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "bless my heart alive! Failure of the silk crop! Impossible!! Dreadful!! Why, what are the silkworms about?—I must know more of this. But why on earth do they trouble us, commercial men, with 'Marriage in high life.' I might as well put my marriage in the page of a newspaper."

He then bought the newspaper and bustled off to his silk warehouse, passing on his way a fashionably dressed individual, with an entirely "used-up" look on his countenance, and who carried his moustaches with his fingers as he walked. As the silk merchant passed, he gave the "swell" a look of unutterable contempt, who took no notice, and lunged easily along towards the news shop. When he was opposite the bill, he stopped, and said—

"Aw! Marrowing in high life! My twined gown and Lady Mawny Snooks, I suppose. Aw! I wonder how the dinner was arranged. But it is really distressing, that we should be troubled with such infawny things as silk crops." He purchased a paper, and went home to read the fashionable news before retiring to rest.

By the shopkeeper had another customer—a member of the Stock Exchange.

"Here you sir!" he bawled out in a sharp voice, "Just give me the morning paper, will you! Very glad to hear the stocks have risen. Quick! quick! I shall lose this opportunity if I don't look sharp. By-the-by, what a pity it is your newspaper people ax! fill up the paper with such stuff as 'marriages amongst the nob,' when nobody cares a snap of the finger whether the bride went to church in the Queen's chariot or a funeral carriage. And at the luncheon, they might eat snails for all I should care. Nobody reads that kind of writing you know," and out he went in a flutter, jumped into a cab, and rushed off to the Exchange to sell his stocks at a bargain.

The Shopkeeper looked after him with a smile, and said,—"Ah! so you may ax, my fine fellow, but I know better, and as he slipped his well filled pocket, he laughed and sniggered until he was red in the face.

Moral.—The tastes of mortals are various.

The wise man despises none, but takes the advantage of all.

CORNELIUS GRIFUETH.

At Rest.

She is at rest, said the village pastor, as we stood around the shrouded figure of the dead. How sweet, how consoling these words seemed when applied to her who lay in a dreamless slumber before us! The form, whose dim outline could be seen through the white coverings of the grave, was wasted, to a mere shadow of its former symmetry and color hands folded over the silent heart, were so simple yet so true, you could trace each blue vein.

There was a many a silver thread in the dark hair, gathered back from the broad forehead; many a deep furrow on the pale and rigid face. Care and sorrow had swept the bloom from the cheek, and cast a gloomy shadow over the spirit, which had now taken its flight heavenward.

She had learned bitter lessons in human sufferings; her home had been darkened by death and her husband and child had long been tenants of the tomb. The rose visions of childhood had thus melted away like the tints of the rainbow the bright passion dreams of youth had fled, the hopes and plans of mature years had been grasped by the iron hand of adversity. Friends had deserted her, and love had grown cold, her existence was a perpetual struggle, yet amid every trial, every misfortune, she kept her faith in God undimmed. The silver cord was broken now; she was free from toil and grief now; as rest. Like the tempest-stricken mariner she made the perilous voyage of life with her gaze fixed on the star of eternity, and in that peaceful heaven beyond the river of death, her sweet repose is endless. What can be more soothing than the thought of eternal rest?

When the poor die in peace we rejoice in the belief that they have found repose in the better land. There no storms come, and no clouds of sorrow lower, but the weary are at rest.