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"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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Thursday Morning, July 26, 1855

From the Home Journal.

TO ONE ONCE LOVED.

[The following, by a distinguished hand, seems wonderfully in earnest:]

Go, girl—my soul-empress no longer. We meet not again
Whom fortune so often together has cruelly cast;
The love in my bosom that raged has been turned to disdain,
The dream that deliriously bound me, thank heaven, is past,
And into those tender brown eyes I have now looked my last;
Ah! sad is it, girl, that those eloquent eyes should betray
The falsehood your lips have been tutored by others to say.

Think, think not of moments departed, when close to my cheek
Your breath bore the burning and tumultuous whisper of love,
What time the white angels, the angels seemed softly to speak
As on our fond meeting they smilingly looked from above.
How nestled within your sweet breast then the white-winged dove,
That now in affright to some far away region has flown.
Alas! that such innocence ever should leave you alone.

Remember not, child of caprice, how you bade me repeat
Some high-thoughted, love-frighted passage of Tennyson's verse,
When seated at evening in musical joy at your feet,
Or ask me some poor halting rhyme of my own to rehearse,
Which rvine the fair critic, believe me, thought never the worse
For weaving her manifold charms into garlands of song,
But often would blushingly seek the rude strain to prolong.

Your vows have been concealed; our paths in the future divided—
You stray among roses; I walk on desolate moor.
A charmer that ever charmed wisely with maidens was prized,
That bade you the poet forget—*for the poet was poor.*
He could not fling open before you the golden-hinged door
Disclosing life's lusters and velvet; no jewels you see,
But only such pebbles as faith and devotion had he.

When wealth at the altar shall lead you, with gems in your hair,
All beauteous and white as an image that comes in a dream;
When pledges eternal your rosate lips shall declare,
And Joy's happy sunlight around you shall peacefully stream,
May memory shed from the past on your soul not a beam
Of *that* glowing radience which erst on your maidenhood fell
As down the green ways of Love's morning we wandered farewell.

BY A MOTHER.

'What are you intending to do with yourself, Thanksgiving day, Louis?'

'I have not thought much about it yet; but father and mother always contrive some way to make the day pass pleasantly. We attend church in the morning, and then comes dinner. You know a thanksgiving dinner cannot be hurried through; after this we have some kind of a game in which all the family and friends unite. For several years we have had a large party of our relatives, but I heard mother say we were to be alone this year.'

'Well, Louis, I expect to have a very dull day. It's the last thing my father would think of to have a game with his children; and mother always is tired or has a head ache when I propose any amusement.'

'How should you enjoy spending it with us, James?'

'Oh, of all the things in the world!'

'Then I'll run and ask mother at once, and I'm quite sure she will make no objection; but I never invite company without consulting her convenience, since she is the one who has the additional trouble.'

'If I waited for my mother to consent, I should not have a friend to visit me, from one year's end to the other. The only way I can do is to take them right home, where mother is amazingly polite to them, though she looks daggers at me behind their backs; and half my enjoyment is lost in dreading the scolding I am sure to get when they are gone;' and James sighed heavily.

'Come,' said Louis, secretly disliking to hear his companion speak so disrespectfully of his mother, though he had abundant reason to know the truth of James's statement, 'go with me toward our house while I run forward and gain mother's consent; and then matters will be settled.'

'I do believe,' said James to himself, as he stood near the gate waiting for his friend, 'if I had such a home, I should be a better boy. Both father and mother would resent the idea that their only son had not more advantages than the children of Mr. Nelson; but they never sympathize in my boyish sports as Louis' parents do. Then if I propose a game to Ellen, or we attempt to get up a panorama, as all other boys do, mother stops it at once, and says she won't have the house littered up so; she can't see what boys were ever made for; she's sure they're the bother of her life.'

At this moment, Louis came to the door, followed by his mother, who, after beckoning to the youth, said kindly, 'will you ask your mother to allow you to pass the afternoon and evening of thanksgiving day with us. We are to have a court here, and perhaps you would like to take a part in it.'

A bright flush of pleasure passed over the hitherto sad countenance of James as he replied, 'Thank you, Mrs. Nelson, I should be delighted to come.'

'Then meet us at recess, James,' said Louis, joyfully, 'and I'll tell you all the plan. Harry got it up. Oh, we'll have a splendid time!'

During the school recess, the friends hastened to a retired part part of the play-ground, and secreted themselves from their companions behind a large rock where they were sheltered from the cold; they talked eagerly of the one subject which engrossed their thoughts.

Thanksgiving dinner had been eaten and enjoyed; the afternoon was passed in busy preparations for the approaching scene.—In one room, a young lawyer could be heard practicing his part. In another, the district attorney was committing his speech to memory, while ever and anon the cry of 'father, please tell me about this,' or 'what shall I do next, Mrs. Nelson?' could be heard through the house.

After tea, which Mrs. Nelson willingly consented to hasten, to give more time for the evening entertainment, the spacious dining room was prepared for the court.—An elevated seat for the Judge, then the desks for the district attorney and lawyers, a box for the criminal, and a bench for the jurors, were arranged in due order.

At seven o'clock the constable, carrying his long pole in one hand, walked in on one side of the prisoner, the other being occupied by a young assistant appointed as deputy. Dr. Haywood, the valued physician of the family, was the officiating Judge; and advanced to his seat with great dignity. Though neither Mrs. Nelson or her friend Mrs. Haywood aspired to the honor of being members to the convention for women's rights, yet on this occasion they consented to occupy seats usually alloted to the lords of creation, and to take the place of jurymen. Mr. Nelson occupied a retired seat where he could be consulted by the young sprigs of the law, then they found themselves at a loss. Henry Nelson was district attorney, and Louis was counsellor for the defence.

The court opened. The indictment was read charging the prisoner (who was none other than the mischievous little Albert Nelson,) with breaking into the house and stealing a pocket book containing money, and also attempting to purloin other articles from which he was prevented by hearing a noise in the next room.

The prisoner with his slouched hat partly concealing his face, his straight bodied coat and vest, which evidently from the size allowed free scope to his lungs, appeared much excited at the formal and ceremonious manner in which he was arraigned. He however plead 'not guilty,' when some of the witnesses made such a noise that the sheriff was obliged to rap with his pole and call, 'order!'

The witnesses were then called, and 'affirmed' that they were lying in bed on the night of——, when suddenly hearing a noise they jumped up and looking into the next room, saw a young man whom they identified as the one at the bar, standing with a dark lantern in his hand, holding the pocket book which had been in the desk. Two or three also testified to hearing a noise like the raising of a window.

The next witness was the constable, who was going by the house, when, hearing a loud scream for help, he went in through the open window and secured the prisoner.

The evidence of guilt seemed so clear and conclusive that Mrs. Haywood whispered to her friend, 'I shall carry in a verdict of guilty.'

'Attention of the jury!' said the Judge in a stern voice. This reprimand was so unexpected as to cause a start which almost threw the jury out of their seats, and raised such a laugh that the sheriff was again obliged to interpose his authority.

Louis, for the defence, now arose in a dignified manner, and pushing his glasses to the top of his head, proceeded to cross-question the witnesses, who, however kept to their original statements. Having failed to bring forward any direct proof in favor of his client, he said he had some important rebutting testimony, and called forward James Pond, who appeared and read to the court a letter from the prisoner, addressed to him, purporting to have been written on the very night of the alleged robbery, attempting thus to prove an alibi. After several witnesses had been called to identify the hand writing, when the strictest integrity was manifested, and after the closing speech of the lawyer, the distrect attorney closed with a powerful argument, urging the growing frequency of crimes, the great necessity of caution in allowing criminals to go unpunished.—When he had closed, the Judge in slow and grave accents charged to jury to judge the case by the evinence given to the court, and to remember that now the issue of this important case rested with them.

The jury, with palpitating hearts at the thought of sending so young a prisoner to jail, were obliged to render a verdict of "guilty," when the young man at the bar, with a heavy groan tried to escape from his keepers.

Finally order being restored, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, with their friends, Dr. and Mrs. Haywood, retired to the parlor, leaving the young people for a game by themselves.

When they were seated, Mrs. Haywood remarked, 'I should not have supposed the children understood enough of the order of court to carry the trial through so well.'

Mrs. Nelson smilled as she looked at her husband and replied' 'Mr. Nelson has spent the greater part of the day in explaining to them the nature of the crime, reading the law; assisting them to write their speeches, and, indeed, going through every part of the trial. I have learned a great deal by listening to it.'

Dr. Haywood remarked, 'very few fathers realize the importance of providing suitable entertainments for their children.'

'Young people,' replied Mr. Nelson, 'will have games and frolic of some kind. I long ago learned that parents must interest themselves in the sports of their children, and provide such as are innocent, or they will soon find for themselves those which may be of questionable propriety. When I have seen the evils arising from youth being left to seek pleasure in the streets, at theaters, operas, or other unsuitable places, I have felt encouraged in the course we have endeavored to pursue, to select such as may profit as well as amuse. Last year we had a large store, with the owner, clerks, accountant, book-keeper, tellers and porters. Unconsciously the young folks were taking a pretty thorough lesson in the principles of commerce and arithmetic, all the time thinking it a most delightful and amusing game. I felt more than repaid for all my trouble to-day, by hearing my little son, who was the prisoner, say to his companion, as I was leaving the room, 'I don't believe any boys in town have so good a time as we do. We never want to go away from home.'

'After all,' exclaimed Mrs. Nelson 'in the management and training of a family of children, particularly of boys, there is no one thing so necessary, aside from inculcating religious principles, as RENDERING HOME ATTRACTIVE.'

"Let sports be fair, and joyance innocent,
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall,
For your children seem made for merriment,
Merrily sporting both in bower and hall."

Happy Home and Mother's Assistant.

Expense of War.

That war is an expensive occupation, the British Government and people are beginning to understand by means of augmented taxes, and the opening of the fire of the allies suggests a calculation as to the cost of the iron balls which have been thrown into Sevastopol by the five hudred cannon which vomited them in what Gortschakoff called "an infernal fire." The accounts represent that each of these guns fired 120 rounds a day. This fire has been continued for thirteen days making an aggregate of seven hundred and eighty thousand missiles rained upon the city.

The weight of the shot fired from the guns of the allies varies probably from nineteen to one hundred and forty pounds: and of the shells from fifteen to one hundred and ten pounds—and forty-five pounds would be probably a low estimate for an average. This would give a daily delivering of iron to the Russians ammounting to two millions seven hundred thousand pounds, and a total for the thirteen days of *thirty-five million one hundred thousand pounds*—the prime cost of which in the rough at the average price of pig iron in England for the last year was not less than three hundred and thirteen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars.—This is of course without any regard to the enormous cost of transportation to the Crimea.

If the cannon balls fired from the allies' lines during the thirteen days, were rolled into rail cars weighing sixty pounds to the yard, the cars would extend three hundred and thirty-two miles; or if laid as a railroad would suffice for a single track from New York to Albany, with all the necessary turn outs.

The charge of powder for each gun would probably average about six pounds, which would show an expenditure for the thirteen days of four million six hundred and eighty pounds of powder. Such powder is worth here eighteen cents a pound, but in England would not probably, cost more than fifteen cents, at which price the powder cost seven hundred and two thousand dollars.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

THE ENJOYMENT OF OCCUPATION.—The mind requires some object on which its powers must be exercised, and without which it preys upon itself and becomes miserable. A person accustomed to a life of activity longs for ease and retirement, and when he has accomplished this purpose, finds himself wretched. The pleasure of relaxation is known to those only who have regular and interesting occupations. Continual relaxation soon becomes a weariness, and on this ground, we may safely assert that the greatest degree of real enjoyment belongs not to the luxurious man of wealth, or to the listless votary of fashion, but to the middle classes of society, who, along with the comforts of life, have constant and important occupation.

☞ Love is a queer article. People fall into it, are led by it, into all sorts of trouble for it, and frequently go to jail on its account. It swindles the young man and deceives the young woman. It puts on a fine dress, when at heart all is hollow and frigid. It smiles from a cloud, weeps from a laugh, and does various other matters neither mentioned in Genesis or Revelations. It makes people the happiest and most miserable of folks, and comes and goes in all shapes. Cupid is a riddle.

THE DYING MINSTREL.

BY GEO. WILLIS.

Poor Tom Briggs! How well I rrecollect him as he used to enter between the first and second divisions of the performance, with his banjo on his shoulder, and his cheerful "Good eve'nin,' white folks!"

Black as he made himielf, Tom Briggs could not help being handsome, while the special set of his red vest and the exquisite trim of his lower outline helped largely towards his title as the "Darkey Apollo."

There are some persons so resolutely handsome that no paint will disfigure them no garb entirely disguise, and of this sort was poor Tom Briggs. Wisely appreciating his good gifts, he prefered the silent favor they insured in the minds of the audience, to the clack which is the reward of preposterous exageration. He was the dandy nigger; clean as a race-horse, fine as a star, and when his finger struck the banjo, you felt that he was filled with the spirit of an artist. Altogether, Tom Briggs was an extraordinary person, and had he chosen a less humble instrument, and subjected his taste to the tutelage of science, he would have achieved an elevated and refined renown. As it was, he distanced rivalry, elevated the banjo to the rank of the guitar, and rendered his performance not only the feature of a concert, but a by-word of surprise. This makes him a character worth which had once heard him, the comment inevitably was,—"Ah, but you should have heard Tom Briggs!" This was fame; and Tom Briggs felt its inspiring influence, and day by day he played more famously because of it.

Success develops genius. Those who cannot win it, stop on the near side of Jordan; and there they must remain till it gives them strength to get beyond. But Tom Briggs took one jump to the right side of Happy Valley, and leaving competition in the rear, made it useful to him in the way of contrast. Every one conceded the superiority of Tom Briggs! All minstrel managers endeavored to secure him, and it is the misfortune of us here that he was forced to leave the band for the cemetery in the first week of his arrival on these shores.

But Tom Briggs had other merits than attached to his pursuits. He possessed a kind and gentle spirit; he was shy, modest and reserved, and free from the hard habits which characterize many of his class. He had a great notion, too, of being a gentleman, and instead of hanging about taverns and passing his time in vulgar pleasures, he devoted himself to elegant attire, good company and that ladorious practice which is the mother of improvement.

Nevertheless, Tom Briggs, pursued these inclinations without offence to his professional associates. With all his niceness of dress and manner there was no exceptional vanity in his bearing; nothing about him which the most jealous critic could style "airish." He had an inborn gentility which oozed out of him, as it were, gracefully, and you could feel no more objection to it than to the just pride of a handsome girl, who only evinces an amiable desire to be fine. Elegance was his "natural gait," and I verily believe his comrades took as much pride as himself in his straw kids, and perhaps felt that they were in some way associated with the dignity of the band. Certain it is, that his unassuming excellence had made a deep impression on their minds and when he was lowered out of sight, many a tear dropped silently into the fresh sand that laid ready to be heaped into his grave!

The evening performance that succeeded this ceremony, was a doleful one. "For my part," said Horn, "I scarcely knew what I was about. Tom and I had travelled together for years, and it seemed to me as if I had lost a brother. All my main business was done with him, and when I looked around, in the middle of my work, and found a strange face in place of his, and remembered that I had just helped to put him in the ground, I nearly 'broke down.'"

As he said this, the eye of the humorist became moist, a slight tremor and huskiness was perceptible in his voice, and turning half round, so as to look another way, he suddenly asked a crowd of us to drink.

"Ah, gentlemen," said he, when we had all got our glasses, and he had cleared his throat, "You'll never see the like of poor Tom Briggs again! He was different from most other players. They seldom take any pride in their business, and are generally satisfied with any cheap instrument they can get; but Tom was very particular; he never stood upon the price of a banjo, when he got a good one, he was always studying some way to ornament and improve it. He had a light one and a heavy one for different kinds of work, and he played so strong that he got a piece of steel made for the end of his finger, as a sort of shield-like, to prevent tearing off his nail. He was very fond of playing the heavy one, and when he was coming up the coast, he would sometimes strike his strongest notes, and then turn round to me so proud and say, "Ahj Eph," what'll they think when they hear the old Cremona speak like that?"

"It did not make any difference when he took sick. He played all the same. Only after he got here, he could play only the light one. He used to have it hanging against the wall, so as he could reach it in bed. Most any time you went in you'd hear him talkin to the old Cremona, as he called it, and making it talk back to him. But by'm by he got so weak he could scarcely hold on to it, and I have sat by his bed and watched him till the sound became so faint, that it seemed as if he and the banjo were both falling into a dream. All the while he kept a good heart—poor fellow; and we kept encouraging him along too; and every now and then he would raise himself up and say, "Ah! how I'll make 'em look around when I get strength enough, once more, to make the old banjo, speak!"

But at last he felt that he was gone; and after some straight, sensible talk, he told us that when he died, to take the two banjos and pack them up carefully and send them home to his father and mother. An hour before he went, he asked me to hand him his banjo. He took a hold of it, and looked at it for a minute as if he was looking at a person whom he was going to part with forever; and then he tried to hit it. But he could merely drop the weight of his thin fingers on the cords. There was no stroke to his touch at all. He could just barley make a sound, and that was so fine that it appeared to vanish away like the buzz of a fly It was so dim that I don't believe that he heard it himself, and he dropped his hand as if he gave it up. Then he looked at me as if he understood everything in the world, and said, 'It's no use—hang it up, Eph—I cannot hit it any more!' These were the last words that poor Tom Briggs ever spoke.'

At this the speaker wiped a tear from his eyes, but it did him no discredid, for he had described the death of an artist, and given the best proof of a man.—*California Pioneer, for January.*

A ROMANCE OF BOHEMIA:—The following pathetic incident is related of a young painter, who was one of the moneyless adventurers known in Paris as Bohemians:

'This hero had remained in a hotel in Naples, living one day on a great-coat, the next on a pair of pantaloons, sold to a Jew.

One morning the landlord, who saw that the wardrobe must, at this rate, very soon vanish, appeared before his guest, and said to him:

'Here are a hundred francs, go back to France, you can remit me the money when you get to Paris.'

The young Bohemian who was a painter, would not accept the money so liberally offered to him, till he had legitimately earned it.

The landlord had a wife and two daughters; the Bohemian immortalized the whole family on canvas, and including a scullion into the bargain.

This accomplished, he took his way to the steamboat accompanied by the landlord, now loth to lose him. Happy youth! The charm that it spreads around is so great, that it melts the heart of Neapolitan landlords.

On the packet, our Bohemian met a handsome young woman, to whom he did not dare to speak, she appeared so much of a lady, such a noble creature.

Nevertheless he picked up courage gradually, and introduced himself to the proud beauty, as a young gentleman traveling for instruction, but who had, unfortunately, left his tutor in the crater of Vesuvius.

The bait took, and the passage to Marseilles was delightful. But bad luck would have it, the horrible custom-house officers began to examine the luggage.

Our Bohemian tried to steal off; but he was kept back, his keys were forced from him, and his box opened.

It contained three paving-stones!

General petrification of the passengers.

The trunk of the beautiful traveler was next opened.

Oh, happiness! it contained nothing but oranges.

The great lady is herself nothing but a Bohemian! delicious mistake! exquisite discovery!

They started together for Paris and lived there happily, for an eternity of fifteen days.'

"She has breastwork and knees," said Ike, describing the new U. S. ship *Merrimac* to Mrs. Partington, and he looked up at her rougishly. "What is that, Isaac?" said the old lady, looking up from a profound contemplation of Dudley Leavitt's almanac. She had not caught all the remark. "She has breastworks and knees," repeated Ike, smiling. "Breastworks and knees?" said Mrs. Partington impressively with a face that had a whole moral code written upon it, "and how do you know that?" "I saw 'em," returned he, "and put my hand on 'em." "Well," said she, raising her finger like a guide-post, "you must not let me hear such a thing from you again. Such shameless conduct is without a parable in one so young, and I am almost ready to believe all they say of the moral turpentine of youth." She looked anxiously at Ike, who was sitting on his legs and rocking to and fro· "It was the new ship I was talking about," said he, grinning at the mistake she had made. "Oh!" said she, "was that all? well the lesson may be laid away in your mind till you need it." The old lady took a pinch of snuff, with her eyes upon the picture of the stiff corporal upon the wall, but the picture was moveless, and she turned toward Ike, who was making a row of port-holes in the side of a sheet of ginber-bread ready for the oven.

BALLOON ASCENSION.—Mr. W. D. Bannister maee one of the most daring balloon ascensions from Adrain, Michigan, on record. He left Adrain on the 8th inst., and in 4 hours and 5 minutes afterwards landat Red Bank, Clarion county, Pa., 360 miles distant—making the progress of the ærial ship about *ninety miles an hour.*

The Rescued Criminal.

A great number of persons who know the celebrated Dr. B——, a professor of the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following ancient anecdote:

One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been executed, for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bed room.

During the evening, Dr. B—— wrote and read as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of this unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and on going nearer he discovered that one of the two bodies was missing.

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him; when to his horror and amazement, he perceived the missing body sitting upright in one corner.

Poor Dr. B——, at this unexpected apparition, became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the death-like sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him, and whichever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror; he retreated, step by step, one hand holding the candle and the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the specire had risen and followed him, whose lived features, added to the lateness of the hour and the stillness of the night seemed to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of what little courage he had left—his strength fails—the candle falls from his hand, and the scene is now in complete darkness.

The good doctor has, however, gained his apartment and thrown himself upon his bed; but the fearful spectre had followed him—it has caught him, and seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror, the doctor loudly exclaimed, 'whoever you are, leave me!'

At this the spectre let go his hold and moaned feebly these words: 'Pity, good hangman, have pity on me!'

The doctor now discovered his mystery, and recovered, little by little, his composure. He explained to the criminal, who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call some of his family.

'Do you, then wish to destroy me?' exclaimed the criminal. 'If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold the second time. In the name of humanity save me from death!'

The good Doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled his unexpected visitor in an old dressing gown; and having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime had brought him to the scaffold.

He was a deserter.

Dr. B——did not well know what means to employ in order to save this poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him into the country; so having made him dress himself in some old clothes, which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early with his portege; whom he represented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open part of the country, the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore eternal gratitude, and the generous doctor having supplied his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him with many blessings and prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B——had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well-dressed man—one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city.

The merchant asked him if he was not Dr. B——, of London, and on his answering him in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house, which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the house of the merchant he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him in a most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more as coming from persons he had never before met.

After dinner, the merchant, having taken him into his counting room, seized his hand, and having pressed it with a warmth, said to him:

'Do you not recollect me!'

'No,' said the doctor.

'Well then, I remember you well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland. Writing a good hand and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon won for me the confidence of my employer, and the affections of his daughter. When he retired from business I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! henceforth consider my fortune, my house, and myself, wholly yours.

The kind doctor was affected even to tears, and both those happy beings participated in the most lovely expressions of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"Let it Live."

'Let it live,' said a kind hearted lady, a short time since, as she picked up a flying bug from the floor, and helped it out of the window. She probably thought there was plenty of room in the wide world for it, and there was no good reason for killing it.

We can see nothing wrong in killing a poisonous serpent, or a dangerous beast of the forrest, as they are hurtful, and are evidently our enemies. God has also shown us that it is perfectly right to kill such animals as are good for our food; but to kill any thing that has life and feeling merely for sport, or through wantonness, is wrong, and the habit indulged in begets and cultivates cruelty in one's heart.

The fishes that swim in the waters, the beasts that roam through the forrest, the birds that fly in the air, and the insects that crawl among the leaves, were all made to live, and love to live; and when we, through recklessness, destroy them, it does no good, but brings death to them, and the act injures us, as it engenders a cruel disposition.

More than half the music in the world is made by birds and insects; and yet there is cruelty enough among men and boys to hush all this melody by recklessly killing the creatures which God has made to live, to sing, and be happy.

Let us not be cruel, but let these creatures live and enjoy life as best they can; let them skip over the hills, or glide through the waters, or fly in the air, or sing among the trees, as God has given them ability. Let them live, and by their example teach us lessons of activity and industry. Be kind towards insects, birds, and beasts, and you will be more likely to be kind to your fellow beings, and to secure kindness in return.

A "SKEARY" FUGITIVE.—The Detroit Democrat & Inquirer tells a good story of a poor fugitive negro, who arrived in that city on Wednesday morning, having come all the way from Michigan City in a closely shut corn car. With the thermometer at 80 degs. or thereabout, and considering the nature of corn to evolve heat, the poor darkie must have been in a warm condition by the time he arrived at Detroit.—He had drank no water and eat nothing but raw corn for three days! The car was opened and Caff made his appearance, bleached to a soft cream color and covered with dew:

'Hillo!' says the conductor, 'where are you from?'

'From Kentucky, Massa.'

'How did you find the traveling?'

'Oh, Massa, berry warm.'

'The poor fellow was perfectly reeking with prespiration. At this time, up stepped one of the railroad men and says:

'You'r the man I'v' got the papers for.'

'Oh, Massa,' said the old wooly head, 'bress de Lor, Ize cool now. Don't send a poor nigger back. Dey'll skin um alive if dey cotch um back dere.'

Meanwhile he had got out of the car, and one of the men says to him, do you see that place over the river? Now, you run for it, and we will keep the man who is after you till you get a fair start. So the fugitive made tracks at a swinging gate up the dock, and caught the Transit Just as she was starting over with a drove of hogs, and the way he plunged into the drove over the taffrail, raised the most horrible squealin, both on and off the docks, that has been heard in that vicinity since the new runer law has gone into opperation. The man that had the papers of course enjoyed the sport with the rest.

DRIFT OF THE OCEAN.—In a letter to the editor of the *National Intelligencer*, dated June 7th, Lieut. Maury has demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, that the drift of the "King of Rivers" and the "Father of Waters" as he terms the Amazon and the Mississppi, is through the Florida Pass out upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic; thus demonstrating that the drift-wood from the Andes down the Amazon, and from the Rocky Mountains down the Missouri, coming together in the Gulf of Mexico, were together swept onward by the Gulf Stream. His proof lies in this, that in 1851, Lieut. S. P. Lee, U. S. N., was sent out in the brig Dolphin to verify discoveries. A bottle thrown overboard on the 18th of May, 1852, containing a paper with date and position of the vessel, was picked up by Lieut. De Haven, U. S. N., 2d April, 1855, on the beach of Galveston Island, Texas. From the lat and long. in which the bottle was thrown overboard and that in which it was found, Lieut. Maury finds full confirmation of his theory of the Gulf current.