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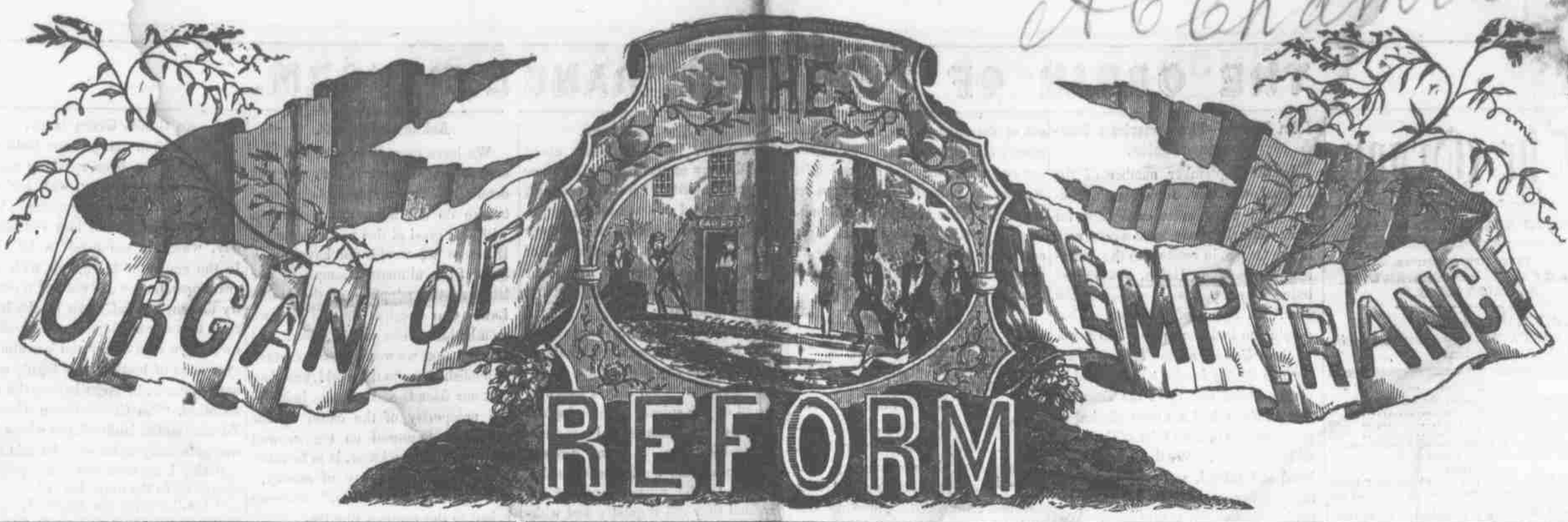

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POETRY.

MIND.

Inscribed to the Rev. Abner Morse, of Sherborn, Middlesex County, Mass.

BY PERSIA OLA.

When first the mighty power of God,
Spread the wide arch of heaven abroad,
And lade the earth appear,
Chaos and all-pervading night,
Back from creation's dawning light,
Amazed, recoild in fear.

Then suns and stars adorned the sky,
Filling the boundless void on high
With everlasting day.—
Earth, with her Eden-bowers of love,
Smiling to the glad worlds above,
In radiant beauty lay.

But lo! His noblest work He shrined
In man's frail breast—Immortal Mind—
The soul will upward soar,
When time's great cycle shall be filled,
Creation's beating heart be stilled,
Its throbbings heard no more.

Ages have passed—how dimly now
The stars gleam o'er the night's dark brow,
Some gems are missing there,
Where are the Pleiads? No more their beams
Cheer the Chaldean's midnight dreams,
Amid the desert air.

How changed the Earth! Where Eden smiled,
The barren desert, bleak and wild,
No buds or blossoms grace;
No sparkling drops eve's robes adorn,
Death lurks in ev'ry beam of morn,
And desolates the place.

But Mind endures, here strength abides,
From roaring thunder clouds it guides
The messenger of fire;
O'er the wide earth and wat'ry deep,
Subdued by mind the lightnings leap,
Fulfilling its desire.

That wondrous power whose mighty force
Keeps the vast planets in their course,
Within Mind's orbit lies;
The blazing star whose track appears
Lost in the maze of distant years,
It traces in the skies.

Were greater gifts with these combined,
Subservient to Immortal Mind,
Before the birth of vice?
Say, were they lost when guilt a trace
Of sadness left on Adam's face,
And withered Paradise?

As wanderers in the Polar realms,
Where everlasting winter whelms
In gloom the rolling year;
Long for dear home, its flowery vales,
Where balm in every breath prevails,
And luscious fruits appear;

So Mind, though dimmed its lust'rous flame,
Highest created power that came
From God's almighty hand;
Pines in this chill benighted waste,
Till her sad pilgrimage be past,
To tread her native land.

Dark scenes of tears, and toil and strife,
Flit o'er this vestibule of life—
This childhood of the mind;
Short are our infant sports, and when
We fill our three score years and ten,
They're quickly left behind.

Beyond the clouds and mists of night,
Beyond those rolling orbs of light,
Which deck the heaven's vast dome—
Where first the morning stars unfurled
The glories of the spirit-world,
Is Mind's enduring home.

Cincinnati, O.

SELECT TALE.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE INEBRIATE'S VOW; OR, THE VOICE OF GOD.

BY MRS. S. F. DOUGHTY.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine,
Leave but a kiss within the glass,
And I'll not ask for wine."

Thus gaily sung Henry Graham as he rose to bid adieu to his lady love, the fair Helen Meredith, and at her invitation again took a seat and refreshed himself with a glass of wine and aslice of cake.

"That does very well for the poet to say, but for my part I like the kiss and the wine also," he continued. "What say you Helen?"

Helen smiled and declared that she cared but little for either.

"Indeed, Helen! I am sorry for that. But seriously, what think you of the great temperance reform? No doubt it does much good, but I must own that I like a cheerful glass.—My friend Shelby was married the other evening, and if you will believe it, not a drop of wine was allowed at the wedding."

"That seems to be carrying the matter too far," replied Helen. "Intemperance is certainly a great evil, but it appears to me that there can be no harm in the moderate use of wine."

"Surely not, or of brandy either," said Henry, "We will have no lemonade wedding when we are married, Helen."

Helen smiled assent, and after a few minutes conversation, the lovers parted for the evening.

Alas, Henry Graham! Highly gifted in mind, of noble person and engaging manners—few could have imagined that he stood on the brink of a frightful precipice, from which, could have recoiled with horror.

And Helen, lovely and amiable, with a well cultivated mind, and a gentle, sensitive disposition, which rendered her wholly dependent for happiness upon the loved ones around her; she had given her young affections to one whom she fondly believed most worthy to be entrusted with the precious gift; and so indeed he was, had it not been for that one fatal propensity which rendered him an easy prey to the fell destroyer of domestic happiness, peace and virtue.

Henry would have spurned with indignation the thought that he could ever become intemperate, but he knew not how frequently his excited spirits were producted by the unnatural stimulus on which he had already become too dependent. Unsuspected, stealthily, but, alas, too surely, even as the tiger springs upon its prey, does intemperance seize its victim.

A few shorts months passed on, and the lovers stood at the altar and solemnly plighted their faith. Every thing seemed to promise fairly for their future happiness, and their numerous friends and acquaintance hastened to offer their warm congratulations.

The young couple were indeed most happy, nearly a year elapsed before even a shadow crossed their path. And yet the dangerous habit was daily gaining strength. A few glasses of wine or a moderate share of good brandy, were now considered by Henry as quite essential to his welfare. He "needed the stimulus and could not attend to his business without it." Helen occasionally rallied him upon taking what she considered a somewhat immoderate quantity, and threatened to compel him to sign the pledge; but her remonstrances were made in playfulness. As yet, not a donbt or fear had crossed her mind.

Time passed on, and now another tie bound them still more closely together. A lovely babe smiled upon them and warmed their hearts with its looks of love.

The duties of a mother had somewhat abstracted Helen's attention from her husband. Although he still possessed her most devoted and earnest affection, even more, if possible, than previous to the birth of the child, she did not watch his every look and action as she had done when there was no other claimant to her love; and it was not until long after others had perceived and lamented his altered looks and manners, that her eyes were opened to the fearful change.

"Are you going out this evening?" asked Helen, with something of disappointment in her tone, as her husband rose from the teatable, and took his hat and overcoat.

Henry hesited. "I am sorry to leave you, Helen," he said, "but to tell the truth, there is to be a social party among the young men with whom I was acquained before our marriage, this evening, and they urged me so earnestly to attend, that I knew not how to refuse."

"You have been absent so much lately," said Helen. "I long to pass one quiet evening with you. There are many things I want to talk about."

Henry blushed. Already he shrunk from the thought of a long private conversation with his pure-minded, and as he felt, already injured wife; for in the closest and holiest of all ties, evil and its baneful consequences cannot be borne by one alone; the innocent must suffer with the guilty.

Recovering his self-possession, he presently replied:

"My absence is generally caused by business, Helen. I devote little time to my own pleasure."

"True," returned Helen, quickly. "I would not willingly be selfish. Forget what I have said, and go to your friends. No doubt you need the recreation."

"Thank you, dearest," said her husband; "to-morrow evening I will be at your service," and begging her not to wait his return, but to retire at her usual hour, he kissed her cheek and left the house.

There was an unusual depression in Helen's spirits, for which she could not account. She tried to occupy her thoughts with an interesting book, but found it impossible to fix her attention, and soon threw it aside. She stole softly to the crib, where her sleeping boy lay in his innocent beauty, and bent over him to listen to his gentle breathing, almost wishing that he would wake and demand that care which might drive away the feeling of loneliness and desolation which had crept over her, but he slept on soundly and sweetly.

Where spirits are united in the interiors of the mind, which we may regard as their heavenly home, it is impossible for one to be led astray by the temptations which constantly beset our path, without the cognizance and suffering of the other. The evil, which at this day obscures all spiritual things, may not be sufficiently raised to enable the sufferer to perceive the cause of the mental disturbance, but the effect is sensibly felt. Anxiety, depression, and an undefined fear of evil in our own minds, are often the result of the errors or misfortunes of those with whom we are in intimate spiritual association.

To some it may appear strange that we can speak of spiritual union between one who has yielded to the more flagrant evils of our depraved nature, and an innocent being, who seems the personification of goodness and purity; but thus it is.

Good and evil cannot indeed be united, but during our life in this world, there are few whom we can class as wholly evil, and none whom we are prepared to call without sin. Good and evil, truth and falsity, are strangely blended together; and even in the poor wretch who, in a moment of infatuation, has raised the fatal cup to his lips, there may be found redeeming traits, which, when deep repentance and reformation have followed sin, may stilt bring him into union with one, who, perhaps less tempted, has wandered less from the path of virtue.

The weary hours wore on. Helen could not compose her mind sufficiently to retire to rest, and resolved to wait her husband's return. Midnight passed by; but this excited no surprise. It was not to be expected that he would leave his gay companions until a late hour; but when one o'clock arrived, and still he did not return, the heart of the young wife grew more and more sad, and a thousand dangers which might have befallen her husband, were conjured up before her; but, alas, her imagination pictured not the real danger—far more fearful than those which fancy presented.

Two o'clock struck, and Helen still sat motionless and statue-like, in that state of anxious listening which all of us have more or less experienced.

Another half hour and a step was heard approaching. She started up; it came nearer and paused at their own door.

It must be Henry; but why did he not enter? Possibly he had forgotten to take the night key, and hesitated about ringing for fear of disturbing the family. Filled with this idea, Helen flew to the door and opened it, and her husband staggered into the entry almost knocking her to the ground as he fell against her.

Nearly fainting from alarm, Helen leaned against the wall for support and [illegible]

"Oh, Henry, what has happened? Are you hurt? Are you ill? Speak to me for the love of Heaven!" she almost shrieked, as the unhappy man gazed at her with a vacant stare, but without making any attempt to reply.

A loud and insulting laugh of derision was the answer to her last appeal, and instantly the dreadful truth flashed through the mind of the poor wife. For an instant the shock seemed too great to be borne, and consciousness was suspended, but the deep, devoted love of a true woman overcame her weakness, and trembling in every limb, she closed the door, and inwardly congratulating herself that no eye but her own would witness this disgrace, she gently placed her hand on Henry's arm, and supported his unsteady steps to their own room. Another dreadful hour passed before her repeated and patient efforts had succeeded in inducing him to take off his clothes and go to rest; but at length this task was accomplished, and he fell into a deep, heavy sleep.

Through all this the little one had slept, protected by the guardian spirits around it; but now he awoke and urged his claim to the mother's attention; a well-timed call, for when the immediate necessity for exertion had passed, Helen would have yielded to the overpowering sorrow which had come upon her. But the infant cried, and her own grief was again hushed, while she ministered to its wants.

It is ever thus with woman. No thought of self intrudes, while aught remains to be done for the loved ones in whom her thoughts are centered.

The eastern sky was becoming bright with the light of day, ere Helen sought her pillow, not to sleep—for how could she sleep, when he who had so betrayed her trust lay by her side in the deep repose of drunkenness—but, her throbbing temples seemed almost bursting, and her trembling form was unable longer to retain an upright posision. Thought after thought crowded upon her mind. She could now see that this was no sudden and accidental downfall. Many little circumstances came to her recollection, which at the time had passed unheeded, but which now presented themselves in fearful array to prove that her beloved husband had indeed become what she shuddered to name even to herself. What should now be her course? Surely he was not yet irreclainable. It should be her task to win him back to virtue. She would exert herself to make home even more attractive than it had hitherto been; and for Henry's sake she would consent to leave her babe more frequently with its attendant, and again mingle with the gay society in which he had formerly delighted. Not a reproach should pass her lips, and unless he forced the truth from her, he should not even guess that she was aware of his situation.

These thoughts tranquilized her, and feeling the insufficiency of her own strength to combat the trials before her, she poured out her full heart in prayer to her heavenly Father, and received in return that peace and consolation which earnest prayer never fails to bring.

A few hours of sound sleep brought returning consciousness, and a dim recollection of what had passed, to the mind of Henry Graham. His heart was filled with shame and repentance, not so much for the evil itself, but for the grief which he knew he must have occasioned his wife. He dreaded to meet her eye or to hear the toues of her gentle voice; but her first words relieved him. They contained merely a kind inquiry for his health, and whether he had recovered from his fatigue. Surely she could not speak in this manner, if she had suspected the true state of the case. He endeavored to reply in an unconcerned and indifferent tone, but in vain; he could not return her looks or words of love; and when she placed the babe in his arms, he shrunk from its touch as if he feared to contaminate one so innocent and lovely.

Well had it been for him if he had then paused in his course, and firmly resolved, with the help of heaven, to transgress no more. But he was again tempted and again he yielded to the temptation.

His almost heart-broken wife finding silent endurance, and devoted love of no avail, ventured to speak plainly on the subject, and poured forth her feelings in earnest though gentle remoustrance and entreaty urging him to pause ere it was yet too late, and save himself and family from the ruin which awaited them. But, alas! it was in vain. Henry's whole nature seemed to have changed. The prayers of her whom he had so lately almost idolized, were now unheeded, and her fears treated with contempt and ridicule. His former unremitting attention to his business was now exchanged for idle, desultory habits, which soon involved his affairs to an alarming extent; but still he rushed madly on.

The friends of Helen thought it time to interfere. Her father came forward and warmly urged her to leave one so unworthy of her affection, and return with her babe to the home of her childhood. But Helen was immovable. If he had been led into error, there was the more reason why she should remain by his side and endeavor to lead him back to the right path. If she left him, she felt sure that there would no longer be a chance for his reformation; but if she still clung to him, surely Providence would open the way by which she could yet reach his heart.

"This is madness, my child," remonstrated the afflicted father. "You must be well aware that your infatuated husband will soon be penniless, and if you still retain your connection with him it will be nearly impossible to aid you. You and your child must share his poverty and degradation."

"It matters not," returned Helen firmly.—"I will abide by my husband. It would be little comfort to me to be surrounded with all that should make life happy and to feel that my husband was a wanderer upon the earth, without friends or home."

"But your child," still urged the disappointed parent. "Do you consider your duty to him? Think of the evils to which he will be exposed as a constant witness of the scenes which are enacted in the home of a drunkard. You shudder, Helen, and think me unkind, but I present to you the plain, unvarnished truth. Your innocent boy, nay, even yourself, may be treated with personal violence."

"Oh, father, father! in pity forbear," exclaimed Helen, covering her face with her hands, and giving way to a burst of grief almost alarming by its violence."

But Mr. Meredith went on:

"Promise me at least, Helen, that if what I have mentioned ever does take place, you will then consider yourself absolved from the tie which you now deem so binding, and will return to your [illegible]

"Helen's wild sobs had ceased, and calmly, though sadly, she listened to her father's earnest appeal. A moment's pause, and she answered in low, sweet tones:

"Never, father. Never, while the breath of life remains in my husband, will I forsake him. Personal ill-treatment will not abate my affection, for it is not he, but the demon who has for the time obtained possession of him, who would strike. But my child, my sweet boy! if this dreadful crises arrives, he shall be yours. His wretched mother will leave him to the kind friends who would gladly protect him; and oh, if possible, conceal from him the missery and disgrace of his parents."

Much affected, Mr. Meredith turned away, and returned to acquaint the mother of Helen with the result of his mission.

Weeks, months, and even years passed on, and Henry Graham had not paused in his fearful course. As Mr. Meredith had foretold, poverty and degradation had come upon him, but still his gentle wife remained true to her purpose; and to the continued entreaties of her parents that she would come to them, or at least permit them to take her innocent boy from his miserable home, she answered with a quiet smile:

"The time has not come yet, father. Henry has never treated us with personal unkindness. Even in his wildest moments, a word from me will often quiet him, and I have seen tears on his cheek when little Authur kneels to repeat his evening prayer. There is yet hope. His heart is not utterly hardened. Surely you would not have me leave him to destruction. The shadow which has fallen upon us will pass away, and we shall again be united in a purified and exalted love."

To such appeals the father could only shake his head mournfully, as if these were to him vain anticipations.

Little could be done for Helen's comfort, excepting to protect her from actual want; for nothing which could be turned into money was safe from the selfish grasp of her husband. Even her own personal property, articles of jewelry, which she valued as remembrancers from those she loved, had, one by one, disappeared.

It was near the close of a sultry summer's afternoon. Helen sat in her scantily furnished apartment with little Arthur, now a lovely boy of four years, by her side. The husband and father was absent, and there was little reason to expect him home until a late hour of the night, for midnight carousing had now become an habitual custom. Still there was a chance that he might return to the evening meal; and Helen now laid aside her work, and rose to prepare the tempting morsel which she knew would suit his appetite, and also the more simple refreshment for herself and her boy. It was her own choice to perform this task herself, for she shrunk from the thought of another witness to the constant degradation of her husband. The oppressive state of the air increased the usual depressed state of her spirits, and she signed so frequently and heavily that little Arthur stole to her side, and slipping his hand into her's, said softly:

"Are you tired, mamma? I will help you set the table."

"Thank you, dearest," was the reply. "I do not feel very well this evening. I shall be glad of your help."

"You are not sick like poor father," continued the little boy, as he carefully placed the plates on the table. "He has been sick a long time. How soon will he get well, mamma?"

"I do not know, dear. We will pray to our Heavenly father for him."

"Yes, mamma, I do always pray that the Lord will make him better, and one day I thought the Lord had heard my prayer, for father patted my head and gave me some sugar plums; and when I put my arms round his neck and kissed him, he cried just as you do sometimes, mamma; but he soon grew sick again, and now he does not speak to me at all.

Tears rolled down the mother's cheeks as she listened to the artless prattle of her pure minded boy; but she endeavored to control her feelings, and bade the child still to pray for his father, for, the Lord would always hear his prayer, and in His own good time would make him well.

The beauty of the summer's afternoon was gone. The sky was completely overcast, and one huge cloud of frightful blackness was rapidly rising. The wind moaned and sighed among the trees, and low peals of distant thunder were occasionally heard. There was every prospect of a violent tempest, and Helen hastened her preparations for supper, in the hope that her husband would seek refuge in his own home. In this she was not disappointed. The street door slammed heavily, and his well known step was head in the entry. He came in without apparent notice of his wife or child, and walked hurriedly to and fro in their small apartment. Helen saw at once that he had been drinking—not enough to appease his unquenchable thirst, but sufficient to produce irritation and partial derangement of the senses.

At her well-known sign, little Arthur seated himself quietly in his chair, and with a picture book in his hand, remained almost motionless. Half an hour passed, and the hurried walk was still continued. Helen's gentle summons to the table was disregarded, excepting by an impatient gesture.

The storm had increased, and was now raging fearfully.

Suddenly Henry paused, and turning to Helen, demanded if she had not in her possession a golden locket containing his miniature and hair.

Helen trembled. It was the last trinket she possessed, and it had been carefully preserved that her boy might see what his father had once been. She could not part with it even if she incurred his displeasure by a refusal. Mildly she replied:

"Yes, Henry, I have the locket, I am keeping it for Arthur:"

"Give it to me. It is no longer of any value to you or him," said her husband.

"Indeed, Henry, it is of inestimable value to me, and I cannot think of parting with it."

The miserable man uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Have you any money then!" he continued. "Something I must have."

"I have no money, Henry. But come and take the nice tea which I have provided for you. And look, here is your favorite dish," removing a cover as she spoke.

[illegible] If you have no *money*, give me the locket at once."

"I cannot, Henry."

Irritated by her refusal, he again placed the room restlessly, while little Arthur crept close to his mother and whispered.—

"I have the gold piece my grandfather gave me, mamma. Shall I give that to poor father? Perhaps it will make him well."

"No, dearest; money would make him worse. Do not say that you have any."

But the whisper had been partially overheard, and Henry turned to his boy.

"Have you any money, Arthur? Give it to me. I will bring it to you again."

The child hesitated. He looked at his mother for direction, but she was unable to help him. At length he said:

"I cannot give you the money, father, because mamma says it would make you worse. She knows the best. One day I eat some raisins when she told me not to, and they made me sick. When you are quite well, I will give you all my money."

Unaffected by the simplicity and sweetness of the answer, the father replied, angrily:

"What nonsense you have put into the child's head, Helen. Give me the money, at once, Arthur! I command you to do so."

The child still lingered, and exasperated by his delay, the infuriated man raised his hand to strike, but Helen sprang forward, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, flung her arms around the boy, exclaiming—

"No, Henry,—not that! for the love of heaven strike not our innocent boy! Never not the only tie which now binds us together."

But her appeal was lost upon one whose better feelings slumbered too deep for an earthly voice to awaken them.

His wrath turned upon her, and the blow intended for the child would fallen upon the devoted wife and mother, had not the voice of God Himself, arrested the uplifted arm.

A flash of lightning so vivid that the eyes involuntarily closed before it, followed or rather accompanied by a deafening peal of thunder, and the crash of a part of the house in which they stood, was followed by that death like silence which often succeeds this concussion of the elements.

In the middle of the room stood the husband with his arm still raised over the lovley beings who knelt awe struck and motionless at his feet, all unhurt in the midst of the destruction that surrounded them. Fragments of glass, piles of mortar, and large splinters of wood, gave fearful evidence of the mighty power around them.

The arm of the guilty one was still raised, but no longer in insane wrath. The whole expression of his countanance had changed—his soul bowed before his Creator and Father, and the first sound which aroused Helen from the temporary suspension of her faculties which had followed that fearful crash, was the deep full tones of her husband's voice, which thrilled to her heart as in days of old, uttering fervent prayers and thanksgivings for their miraculous preservation from a sudden and dreadful death.

Instantly her arms were twined around him, her head rested upon his bosom, and by the side of their child they kneeled, while Henry solemnly vowed that the cup of intoxication should never again be raised to his lips; and with a full sense of his own weakness, earnestly and humbly prayed to the Only Source of Strength.

The vow thus registered was never broken.

YANKEE SHREWDNESS.—When the prospect of forming a large manufacturing town on the Merrimac River was in contemplation, some of the persons concerned sent up Mr. B——, a young gentleman skilled as an engineer, and who was also fond of sporting, to view the water privileges carefully, and to make inquiry as to the prices of land in the vicinity. He went with his dog, gun and fishing tackle, and obtained board in a farmer's house, a Mr. F.; and spent his time in viewing the falls, and the canal, and the river, and grounds, with occasional fowling and fishing. After spending some time there, in talking with the farmer, one evening he told him, "that he liked the place very well, and thought he should be pleased to come and live there." The man said "he should be pleased to have him." "Well, Mr. F., what will you take for your farm?" "Why, I don't want to sell it, Mr. B.; nor would I, unless I can get twice what it is worth, as I am satisfied here, and don't want to move." "Well, what do you say it is worth, Mr. F.?" "Why, it is worth $1,500, and I won't sell it for less than $3,000." "That is too much," says B; "I can't give that." "Very well, you need not." Here the conversation ended. Mr. B. continued his sporting, and having received his instructions in the course of a few days, renewed his task with Mr. F., and said to him, "Well, Mr. F., I have made up my mind that I should like to live here very well, and though you ask so much, I will take up with your offer, and give you $3,000." "Why, as to that, Mr. B., you did not take my farm when I offered it to you, and I am not willing to sell it for anything less than $6,000." "You are joking, Mr. F." "Not so, Mr. B.; I am in earnest, and I shan't continue my offer more than twenty-four hours."

B., finding he was determined, went off for instructions, and the next day told Mr. F. he would give him $6,000. The purchase was made, deed passed, and money paid. Some time afterwards, Mr. B. asked the farmer what reason he had in the course of a few days to double the price for his farm, and to insist upon it. "Why, Mr. B., I will tell you; a day or two after I offered you the farm for $3,000, I saw two men on the opposite side of the Merrimac River, sitting on a rock, and talking for some time; then they got up, and one went up the river, and the other down, and after some time they returned, and seemed in earnest conversation for half an hour or more, when they arose and went away. I did not know what it meant, but I thought something was in the wind, and I was determined, if you asked me again to sell my farm, I would demand double price."

Thus began the purchase of land upon which the city of Lowell has been erected.

☞ A Lawyer was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel arose and said: "May it please the Court—I do not propose in this case to *bore* for *water*, but——." Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, the ridiculousness of the case was exposed, and the defendant got clear.

WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.—He was born with a physical constitution and conformation of the noblest kind; his stature was of the loftiest and grandest dimensions; his mental and moral faculties, his sensibilities and passions, were also adapted, in their strength and vivacity, to the large scale of his superior nature. In combination with these attributes, there were traits and habits which could have been the product of no other power than that of a most careful education and culture. From early youth he was distinguished for a degree of method, neatness, caution, and self-control, such as his natural formation and constitutional organization can hardly account for. Nature gave him certain striking and remarkable powers and characteristics; parental vigilance and assiduity superinduced other attributes, which would not have been likely to spring spontaneously from his original constitution; and the admirable combination which his character presented of excellencies seldom found united in one person, was the result.—His childhood and youth, spent on the banks of the Rappahannock, under the vigilant inspection of intelligent and virtuous parents, naturally led to the formation and establishment of those principles of integrity and uprightness which marked his whole life. In rural retirement, the temptations and enfeebling operation of worldly vice did not reach him. The simplicity and purity of his tastes and habits became fixed. The invigorating exercises and sports of the field and forest gave to his character and person a manly energy and hardy strength. While the circumstances and connections of his family brought his mind and manners into contact with the best forms of the civilization and refinement of the period, at the same time the incidents and adventures belonging to a frontier mode of life tended to impart an athletic power of endurance, and a familiarity with danger and exposure, which could not have been elsewhere acquired.—*Upham's Life of Washington.*

AN ENGLISH INN KEEPER.—The following humorous picture of an English Inn, is taken from "Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians:"—

Arrived at Squashmire Gate, it was natural that the weary and hungry traveler should desire a little comfort for the inner man, and between him and the lady-keeper of the Inn, this discourse ensues:

"What would you like, sir?"

"A boiled chicken."

"We have never a chicken, *sir*; but would you like some eggs and bacon?"

"No. Can I have a lamb chop?"

"No, sir; but our eggs and bacon is very nice."

"Or a cutlet, or a steak?"

"No, sir; but we are remarkable here for our eggs and bacon."

"Have you anything cold in your larder?"

"Not exactly, sir; but I'm sure you will admire our eggs and bacon."

"Then what have you got?"

"Why, sir, we have nothing but eggs and bacon."

"Oh! then have the goodness to give me some eggs and bacon."

"I was sure you'd choose eggs and bacon, sir; we are so famous for it."

Having finished my dinner, I thought it proper for the good of the house, to inquire what kind of wine I could have—of course not expecting that my choice would be perplexed by the variety offered.

"What would you like, sir?"

"Some port."

"We have no port, sir."

"A little sherry, then."

"We don't keep sherry, sir; in short, we have so little call for wine, that we don't keep any of no kind."

"Then pray give me some lemonade."

"Yes, sir. Do you—do you prefer it *with* lemon, or without?"

"How?"

"Why, only we happen, just now, to be out of lemons."

DEAR SLEEP.—The Parkersburg Gazette has the following good thing:—

One night this week, a stranger hailed at our wharfboat, took lodgings, and requested to be called in time for the first boat going westward.

An hour passed, and down came the packet, blowing and whistling as only our liners can blow and whistle. Our passenger was aroused and told to "hump himself," as the boat was in sight.

"How long," inquired the drowsy traveler, rubbing his eyes, "have I been asleep?".

"About an hour," was the reply.

"What's the damage for lodging?"

"Two bits," responded the polite wharfmaster, in his blandest tone.

"Two bits! Well, mister, I'm mighty glad you woke me so soon. Two bits an hour!—Why, stranger, at that rate, if I had slept till morning, I should have been dead broke!"

So saying, our calculating friend forked over, stepped aboard the steamer, and went on his way rejoicing. He was one of the k'chaps, and can journey on.

☞ A Scotch thief having been proved, in the Glasgow police-court, lately to have stolen a barrel from a man in Stockwell street, the principal accuser proceeded to address the magistrate thus:

"Deed, Sir Bailie, the man at the bar is a great rogue. The stealing of the barrel is nothing to some of his tricks. He stole my signboard last week; and what does your honor think he did wi't?"

Magistrate—"Well, sir?"

Witness—"I'll tell ye. He brought it into my ain shop, wi' my name on't, and offered to sell me't, as he said he thought it would be o' mair use to me than anybody else."

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—A letter from Africa states that two steamers have lately taken 1,000 slaves from the Gallinas, and another vessel 400. The English brig Crane had been in pursuit of an armed slaver, having 10 guns, but was unable to overtake her. The Governor of Sierra Leone has received information of 2,000 slaves being ready for embarkation in the Rio Pongos.

SAD AFFLICTION NOW CURED.—A young gentleman of Detroit, who has of late been much afflicted by palpitation of the heart, poor lad, says that he has found considerable relief—indeed, every relief—by pressing another palpitating heart to his bosom! Quite homœopathic. Those of the feminine gender preferred. Fact.