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The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTEER.
"Pledged to no party's arbitrary sway,
We follow truth wherever she leads the way."

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Some writer says marriage is like eating an onion—you shed tears and eat again.

A lady being told that the world was shortly coming to an end, exclaimed "O, what shall I do for snuff?"

ONLY A TEACHER.

How many a noble, pure-minded and true-hearted girl, from choice, as well as necessity, have left the comforts of an affluent home, with its thousand sweet associations, through a warm devotion to the most useful of all professions accessible to woman a profession which has for its special object and aim, the elevation and refinement of her sex, to meet in a strange place and among strangers only the cold, prying look of curiosity, and to hear the whispered words from one to another, "She is only a teacher!"

It is true, the most sacred and responsible of all duties is her's—the development of immortal minds. But what of that? the door of fashionable society must be slammed in her face, for she is "only a teacher," and must not expect to be admitted within the charmed circle. She may be eminently qualified to mould the plastic mind of a dear daughter, capable of imparting even her own gentle manners and queenly graces to a dear sister, but with the parent this shall profit her nothing, for she is "only a teacher."

She may be possessed of wit, beauty, intelligence, but even these shall not relieve her from the odium which a false and hollow-hearted circle would heap upon her, for alas! she is "only a teacher." The dashing belle, with a heart as unnatural as her false curls, will turn up her nose as she passes and sipper "only a teacher;" the brainless dandy, the joint-work of the hatter, tailor, and boot-maker, even while expressing his admiration by his rule and insolent gaze, will append to this note of admiration his pity, that she is "only a teacher."

Sordid papas and fortune-hunting mammas will guard the self-important, lymphatic "hope of the family," by whispering in his ear, "she is only a teacher." But, thank heaven, there are many without that self-styled, fashionable circle, composed of hollow-hearted bells, brainless dandies, sordid papas, fortune-hunting mammas, and self-important "hopes of the family." Yes, there is a world of generous spirits outside of this exclusive circle, full of noble generosity, with intellect and exalted merit, ready to pay its tribute to the worthy wherever they are found. Wit, wisdom, and beauty command the fealty of these loyal hearts, even when "only a teacher" is the embodiment. They have the discrimination to see, and the feelings to appreciate the noble spirit which impels the gifted teacher, instead of the flattering, gay butterfly of an hour, amid the allurements and dissipations of the ball of fashion, to go forth in the world and leave her impress upon the tablet of the immortal mind. Ah! who it is that is to fashion the future lives of our little sisters and daughters! "Only the teacher." Who is to impress the opening minds of the future genera-

tion? Who is to endeavor, not only by example, but by precept, to sow the seeds of virtue, honesty, and truth in the minds of the gay, young, and thoughtless, while perhaps their fashionable mammas are spending their time at some gay dinner or evening party, theatre, or some other place of amusement? "Only the teacher." Who is debarred from the select circle, whose presence is looked upon as an intrusion, and if by chance, she happens to be present on one of these occasions, she is made to feel that she is with, but not one of them, while she only waits to steal unobserved to some quiet corner, some secret nook, and there pour out the tears that swell up from her heart of hearts? for as the mimosa too faintly touched, folds up its leaves, so if you approach a sensitive nature in a rough and heartless manner it closes the avenue to its affections and shrinks tremblingly from your contact.

Stranger teachers we often meet from the North, the South, the East, and the West, who perhaps, like some of you, reader, of the elite, the bon ton, and the aristocracy, have once revelled in all the comforts and luxuries that wealth can afford, until by some freak of fortune adversity came and compelled them to go forth in the world—many of them far away from the loved ones at home—and for what purpose? to teach your children; to instruct and guide them up the rugged steps of knowledge, without even an encouraging word, friendly call, a passing interest in your hearts and homes, or a look of kindness and sympathy to cheer them in their toils. Ah! no! says one for "she is only a teacher," and cannot be admitted into our circle. She is agreeable and looks well enough, but teachers must be made to feel their position and keep their place. The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness; the kind word, the soft and gentle tone, even the friendly glance of the eye, may sweep with trembling felicity the chords of many a sorrowing stranger's heart, and you, kind readers and patrons of the elite, the bon-ton, &c., would feel all the happier for having done a good action, for benevolent impulses canet many a scene of beautiful wonder amid plaudits of angels; and it is a duty that we owe to those less fortunate than ourselves, not merely to sympathize with them, but to let our sympathy lead to acts of charity and kindness.

Some good writer has said, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes and rising above them, is an object on which the Gods themselves look down with delight, and also, that we never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in the unworthy mind. Of all trees we observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts the soft, patient lamb; of all birds the mild and gentle dove.

When God appeared to Moses, it was not in a lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a bush—a humble, slender, abject bush. As if he would by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing productive love like humility; nothing hate like pride. And we feel gratified that there are still many kind, noble, and true hearts ready and willing to extend the hand of sympathy and encouragement, who are above all such vanities and frivolities, and who are not ashamed to be seen in any circle, conversing and even associating with "only a teacher."

Why are mankind like cows? Because they have calves.

A writer on swearing, says,—"An oath from a woman's lips is unnatural and incredible. I would as soon expect a bullet from a rosebud.

In Professor Mitchell's last lecture on astronomy he explained the astronomical inquiries in the book of Job, and concluded by saying that he had been amazed as he studied God's word to see how accurately its language accorded in every particular with the later revelations of science.

Within the last fifty years steam power and labor-saving machinery have wrought a mighty revolution in industry, and rendered almost superfluous manual labor in the great department of mechanical industry. In the British Islands the work done by machine power is computed by Lord Brougham to be equal to the labor of eight hundred millions of men.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; the extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.

STANZAS TO

BY HELEN TRUEDELL.

I do not ask a single pledge,
From thee a single vow—
I'd only look upon thy face
As I am looking now.

I gaze upon thy lofty brow
Where genius sits enshrined
And read the truth of all thou'st said,
The purpose of thy mind.

I'd seem to hold thee by a chain
That thou might'st wish to break,
Nor will I in this parting hour,
One word or promise take.

Nor shall my woman's weakness prove
Itself in words or tears
But still the same thou wilt be to me
Through dim and distant years.

Such love as mine, when once aroused
It never more can sleep,
But ever hovering round thy shrine,
A tireless watch shall keep.

But should the future prove that hope
Has circled me about
With dreams too fond, one word of thine
Would quickly blot them out.

My woman's pride would blot my heart
To break the fearful spell
And bidding back each struggling tear,
I'd fondly say farewell.

MARRING FOR MONEY.

"Annie Maurie!" The lady looked up, she started, her eyes filled with a sudden light of joy, that died as rapidly as it came, and left them sadly mournful. She half arose from her seat, and gathered up the waving folds of her rich satin dress.

"Do not go—I crave an audience!" and a detaining hand was laid firmly on the snowy arm of the lady.—That touch thrilled through her frame—she trembled, then sank, pale and silent, on the crimson couch. The gentleman seated himself beside her; he gazed earnestly upon the lovely cheek, the trembling form, and the regal splendor with which it was attired. "Your diamonds dazzle me, Annie," she looked imploringly into his face, but spoke not. "So you are married; how long have you been a happy bride?" Happy! did he know that he was mocking her! She turned her eyes away from him, and said sadly, "six months."

"Six months! why you have scarcely had time yet to look at your bridal gifts," and the gentleman took up the elaborately jeweled fan that lay on the lap of the lady. "And your husband, tell me all about him; he is young, or he could not share in the ardor of your youthful feelings; handsome, or you could not admire him as I feel you do; rich I know he is, or you could not lavishly ride in satin and diamonds. I cannot forbear congratulating you on your brilliant match, and wish you all the happiness it can possibly bestow." There was a bitterness in the gentleman's tone, and the large hot tears sprang into the eyes of Annie Maurie; they fell not, but lay glittering on the lashes. The gentleman continued, "attend now to our long walks and longer talks; our morning readings and our evening songs; henceforth, your time, your thoughts, your actions, yourself, belong to another; but, in the midst of all your splendor and happiness, will you not give a thought to the past—that past with its happy hours?" Annie Maurie's red lip quivered, still she spoke not. The gentleman continued, and his voice and words were full of pathos, "over that past you shed a glorious light, but my future you have darkened with shadows interminable." Slowly fell the burning tears from the lady's eyes upon the rich satin of her dress, but she stirred not, spoke not. At length, moved by a passionate impulse, she threw her white arms upon the marble table beside her, and, laying her head upon them, sobbed convulsively, in all the abandonment of despairing sorrow. Her golden curls swept over her face and covered it from sight. The gentleman looked on silently, but not unmoved; he longed to soothe the wild storm of grief that he himself had called up, but pride and wounded love kept him silent.—It was a just retribution, too, that she should suffer; however wild the tempest might sweep through her heart, it could never march with such desolating fury as it had through his. Had not the iron heel of sorrow trampled on the young flowers of his life, and crushed all their sweetness out? What now remained? Alas! alas! The ball, with all its glitter and joy, its melody and light, its fun and folly, was progressing without; within was the deep gloom of the heart, sobs and anguish. Borne on the air melodious strains reached the young couple; the merry dancers were "chasing the glowing hours with flying feet," and joyous bursts of merriment echoed around. But they noted not these sounds, alive only to their own misery and gloom. Poor Annie Maurie! in marrying for money, she sowed the seeds of sorrow, and was now reaping the bitter harvest, despair.—At length she stilled her sobs, and looking up, said mournfully,

"O, why did you come here to mock me? You know that I am wretched."

"You are a wife, Annie," was the cold reply.

"Yes," she said bitterly, "a wife, and God pity me."

"You made your own fate, Annie, nay, the world says you sought it; you gladly bartered yourself for gold; you would not listen to the voice of true love that dwelt in your heart, you trampled on your holiest affections, and—"

"I am miserable," she said, looking up at him sadly. "O, the bitterness of being the wife of one you despise," she ceased suddenly, the light muslin that draped the arched doorway was moved aside, and a gentleman entered.

"Come, Annie," he said, "the carriage awaits you."

"My husband," she murmured in a low voice. Charles Lawrence bowed and smiled. He glanced at Annie Maurie, she was busily engaged in clasping and unclasping her diamond bracelet. She arose hastily and stood beside her husband. What a picture, half sunshine, half shade! The one figure plain to excess, bearing all the marks of approaching age, awkward, unsightly; the other radiant as the sunlight with youthful beauty, graceful as the fawn, charming in the joyousness of early girlhood. Revolving picture! husband and wife.—Where was the love that makes sacred that union—where the sympathy that renders it endurable—where the congeniality of age, of tastes, of pursuits? Where found the music of that young heart an echo? Not in the old man's surely. Type of a worldly marriage, there they stood; youth linked to age with golden yet galling fetters.

In the Dusseldorff gallery there is a painting by Rubens of Othello and Desdemona. The painter has represented Othello as a negro, black as ebony, and repulsive in the extreme. Upon this Ethiopian gazes the refined and lovely Desdemona, her eyes filled with the light of admiring love. As a work of art this painting has been pronounced exquisite, we nevertheless turn away from it with feelings of unmitigated disgust. The reason is obvious. It was with such feelings as these that Charles Lawrence turned away from the picture before him. As he saw the look of ill-concealed disgust with which Annie Maurie took her husband's arm, he felt that her miserable present fully avenged his wretched past. "Go," he murmured, "be clear of that day, when in your girlish fondness you let me sever this golden tress, as a talisman to keep love pure and true," and he twined around his finger a long gleaming curl. A mournful smile passed over his face—he gazed at the glittering treasure, then advanced slowly to the glowing grate. Before it he stood irresolute; the past was upon him with a power he could not throw off—that past, with its love, its joy, its despair. How he had loved her, the starlight of his boyhood, and, oh! wretched knowledge, fraught with bitterness and shame, how he loved her still! He carefully re-wrapped the curl in its silken paper, and, opening his pocket book, replaced it with a sigh. "It is all I have left of her," he sighed; henceforth, let my life's battle be to forget that I have ever loved! Forwardly beginning to the weary conflict, dastardly half yielding to the powerful enemy! Why does he not crush every memorial of the past, wipe out love's name from the tablets of his heart, and flee from the presence of the beloved one? Because human passion is strong and human resolution weak. Already we hear the mutterings of the coming storm.—Hearts are young and passionate, temptation strong and powerful, and no God is called upon out of the depths to succor and to save. Heaven help them! without religion, with weak principles, they must sink and perish in the rushing waves.

The night was serene and lovely; the moon floated calmly in the heavens, silvering the earth with prodigal light. No sound broke the deep stillness, not even the rustling of a leaf stirred the quiet air. Annie Maurie paced the balcony with unquiet steps. She felt restless, the moonlight saddened her, the deep silence oppressed her. She was compassionate! her husband was at the club. He had married late in life and could not be expected to resign his old ways, his old haunts, and his old companions. "You have your piano, my dear, your books, and you may have company whenever you are in the mood; but it is most unreasonable to ask me to stay at home with you." The young wife did not ask it, so far from that, she did not desire it. It was one of

those cases where absence is 'Lethé's quiet,' but not its 'gloom.' Then, you see, my dear, at the club I meet our best men. 'You mean the worst,' 'mind comes in contact with mind,' he continued not noticing the interruption, and—

"O, pray offer no apologies," sharply interrupted Annie; you are pleased to go, and I am pleased that you are pleased. The Club House was built by men, for men, let men frequent it; let the married ignore domestic life, and find their chief delight away from home, but do not let them embarrass themselves with excuses, and plead a necessity that does not exist. Go where you please, when you please, and stay just as long as you please, there is a carte-blanche for you," and Annie Maurie picked up a book, which implied that the audience was at an end.

"My dear, really your kind permission amounts to positive indifference," and Mr. Maurie walked unceasingly out of the room. Thus it was that Annie Maurie was left alone every evening. Eve wandered solitary through the lonely walks of her garden, the temper stole in, persuaded, and—

Annie Maurie at length ceased her weeping and leaned sadly over the balustrade. What would bring her peace, what quiet the restless yearnings of her heart? The tears rose to her eyes, then fell in slow drops. She was miserable, utterly, hopelessly miserable. A voice said beside her, "Alone, and in tears, idle tears!" She started she was not surprised, she knew that he would come, and she answered, quietly dashing away her tears:

"Idle tears! let me finish your quotation!"

"I knew not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more—"

"O, death in life, the days that are no more."

She clasped her hands upon her aching heart, and murmured again and again, "the days that are no more, no more!"

All those days that are no more. Whose years are without them, who has not joyed even unto ecstasy in them, who has not mourned when they even unto despair! Yet who, who would blot them out forever from the tablets of memory! Oh, no! let them stay, even though like Annie Maurie, we press our hands upon our aching hearts, and cry, with a bitter cry, "the days that are no more."

"And what made the happiness of those days, Annie?"

"Love and youth," she answered.

"Nothing else?"

"Yes, truth."

"Aye, truth—when you banished her from your heart, you lost peace and happiness forever, was it not so, Annie?"

"Yes," she said, in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

"Ah! Annie," was the mournful reply, "why did you not think of all this sooner? Wealth is the cruel Moloch to whom you have sacrificed love, happiness, and truth. What peace now remains for us—we are both made miserable by the unrighteous act of one."

"Oh, hush! said Annie Maurie imploringly, 'reproach me not; I could weep away my very life, I am so utterly, so hopelessly wretched.'"

"Then why did you marry him, Annie! You know you did not, you could not hope to love him!"

She answered sadly, "I married him because I knew not the strength of love. I was but a child; they laughed at my ambition, they called it a child's fancy—they said it was like the silver-tinted clouds of summer, beautiful, but fleeting! Her voice trembled, her slight frame quivered with emotion. "Yes, I was but a child, and they treated me as a child—they lured me with golden baubles, whose worthlessness I knew not. They told me I could not marry Charles Lawrence, he was poor—it was madness to think about it. But, I said, I love him. My father laughed, and answered with a trite proverb, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.' 'O, no!' I said, 'love clasps love the closer.' 'Live longer and grow wiser, Annie,' he replied, coldly. 'Poverty is the dark magician, whose wand changes love into weariness, disgust, nay, even, dislike.' 'Impossible, I believe it not; that is the creed of the money-grasping world, but not the loving human heart.' 'Hush! you are a silly girl, my child.' 'I have a woman's heart, my father,' I said, bursting into a passionate fit of weeping. 'We'll not discuss the matter any longer, that is enough, go!' and I went to my room to weep, oh! what

bitter tears. Day by day I was urged to do what every feeling in my heart loudly protested against. The horrors of poverty were held before my gaze; its repinings, its toils, its hopeless despair. I was told to contrast it with the charms of wealth, with its luxury, its importance. I listened, I wavered, and then I consented. I was a mere child—a weak child; I had not sounded the depths of my heart. I knew not the love of which it was capable—and yes, its very scorn and hate, I married. I was surrounded by wealth. At first, I was dazzled, amazed. It seemed as if some generous fairy went before me to pour gems and gold upon my path. Possession sickened into satiety. I had rich furniture, costly plate, and a regal equipage. I was clothed in velvet and satin, and flashed in diamonds. But I grew satisfied with my feast of rich things. I became restless and unappetizing—one craving—the heart's holy craving was unsatisfied; then indifference to my husband darkened into positive dislike, but I was bound by fetters—the world called them holy—whose iron links my weak hands had not the power to break. Then you came, and with you came again my girlhood's love—my first, my holy love. Oh! that you had never left me, that you had remained beside me to make me strong, to save me from all this wretchedness, this woe!" She ceased, overcome by the violence of her feelings, and Charles Lawrence uttered a broken cry, "oh, Annie!" "Go now," she said, "before I sin further; I must conquer this love, or I shall die!" "Go!" said Charles Lawrence, "yes, but you shall go with me. Let us fly from this hateful spot, and break these fetters that bind you with such cruel force." He spoke eagerly—his words came fast and hurriedly, as if his very life depended on their rapid utterance. She listened, so did Eve when the serpent trailed his hateful form through the sun-lighted glades of Eden. Her bosom heaved with a wild tempest of feeling, the words sprang to her lips, then died away in silence. She trembled, broken sighs burst from her troubled heart. Will she consent? will love, strong as a giant, overcome principle weak as a child? He urges with wild, fiery words, still she hesitates, a "still small voice" whispers, "stay better a life of unloved solitude, than the wildest raptures of unholy love." She raises a faint expostulation, it is wrong, but I am very miserable, and we love each other.—Weak child! wretched wife! seal thy lips forever to confessions such as these. "Let us go, let us go," he urges in heart-broken tones; "think of the long days of love that stretch far away into the future; think of the joys shared together, think of living over again the past—the blissful past, Annie! No longer she hesitates, she is resolved; satisfied now shall be the cravings of her heart, upon that faithful bosom she can throw herself, and weep out all her tears, soothed, pitied, consoled. "Oh! at last, at last," she sobs out, "shall this weary heart find joy here, joy deep as the ocean, peace perfect as that of heaven, rest, enduring rest!"

Poor child! how blindly we rush into the pit of destruction and despair, and think it must be heaven because a few fading flowers grow on the brink. "Charles," she stops. A voice says, "Annie, 'my husband' and she falls insensible at his feet. Thus passed away the all but conquering demon; and the good angel interposed to succor and to save.

Years have sped, and death, the desolator, has laid the bright head of Annie Maurie low in the grave. Her husband preceded her into the silent land. One daughter, beautiful and lovely as the first Annie, remains to weep over her mother's story, and to profit by her mother's oft-repeated warning: "never marry for money," it cannot fill up the deep depths of the human heart, or still one note of the music of a former love; if it does, then thou art less than woman more than human!

WHERE'S THE DIFFERENCE?

BY MRS. H. A. DENISON.

A poor man sat at his window—no, I am wrong; it was the window of his hired house. It was a small mansion, a little tenement painted white, and surrounded by richer establishments that seemed to look down with a sort of crimson contempt upon their humble neighbor. The occupants of those stately houses were very much annoyed by the simple little house, and the simple little children that played on the steps, and generally kept its curtains down on the side that looked toward them.

But, as I said before, a poor man sat at one of the windows overlooking the street. He was a thoroughly noble looking man, too, with handsome Roman features, and an eye like a hawk.

With the exception of his coarse clothes, he was much more gentlemanly and dignified in his appearance than any merchant in that princely row.

A pile of bricks had been emptied quite near his doorway; they were for repairs. As this man looked out, he saw two or three children and buzzing about the bricks. Their dainty little hands were eager to fashion houses and bridges, and all sorts of momentary architecture. Suddenly the poor man bethought him of a pastime of his own when he was a child, and his heart having retained a pure and sweet emotion of youth through the cares and hardships of mature life, he hastily threw on his hat, and going down he taught them a new trick. It was this: to place a row of bricks on end, quite near to each other, forming a long line; by touching the last one an impetus is given to every brick by its next neighbor, and the row is presently swept down in regular order.—The children clapped their hands and shouted so loudly that some of the rich neighbors, coming to their windows, saw how their little ones were employed, taking lessons in amusement from a poor and almost unknown man.

"What a fool!" said one, sneeringly; "I should think the man was an over-grown baby. See him laugh! See him play! Shame on him! a grown man; we must call our children in."

And from all those windows went the laugh and the sneer. Men with gold-tasseled caps set on perfumed locks, laughed the poor man to scorn; women in beautifully embroidered robes turned down the corners of their pretty lips, and the children were speedily called in.

Years passed—the poor man had grown rich. Wealth had come to him, not through toil, but it did not corrupt his good heart, his simple tastes. Still he loved children and their sports. He built himself a splendid mansion, however, and lived in the style his great revenues permitted.

Again, as in days of yore, there was a great load of bricks left in the vicinity of his home. Again little children gathered to "play house," and again the man sat watching them at his window. Yes, it was his window now—a window whose glass was costly plate—and he sat there no longer the tenant of a hired house, in coarse clothes, but attired in the richest of broad cloth. Again, as he looked at the busy, beautiful group below, his heart kindled with the memories of old, and he felt himself compelled to go down and teach the juveniles his brick game. So, in a moment after he stood in their midst, and stooping, picked up the bricks, and arranged them, and then set them in motion.

How the children laughed, and their bright eyes sparkled! The noise brought the aristocratic neighbors to their windows.

"Well, to be sure! There's Mr. B.—, that wealthy gentleman opposite; playing with the children—Isn't it a pretty sight, dear!"

"Yes, and what a fine looking man he is, to be sure. What freshness of heart he must have to enjoy their little game with so much zeal! I declare it's quite touching!"

"So it is; they say he is all of two million. Hasn't he a fine figure?"

"Splendid! Do see him clap his hands! I declare it really brings the tears to my eyes."

"Wipe 'em away—wipe 'em away, Mattie, they're crocodile tears!" cried a young stripling of seventeen.

His sister, a maiden lady of an unattractive age, looked round indignantly.

"Fact, sir; they're real crocodile tears, and I'll prove it. When I was seven years old that same gentleman came out of a little white house and taught us children that same trick—And sis, you and mother both called him an 'old fool,' as I distinctly remember, and I, for one, received a tremendous injunction not to speak to his children or notice them in any way."

"Nonsense, Fred!" said his sister, turning red.

"I knew it was nonsense, but you did it. You called him all sorts of names—a 'ridiculous old goose,' a 'grown-up baby,' and I don't know what. Now here's the same old fellow up to the same old trick; and oh! gracious, there never was such a beautiful, charming, delightful scene! Really, I ought to write a poem on it—guess I will, and entitle it 'Then and Now,' or 'The Fool grows Wiser as he grows Richer,' which would be the best, sis."

"Hold your tongue," snapped the lady.

Fred's sarcasm was not misplaced. What is called the poor man's simplicity, is entitled the rich man's tenacity. It was the same noble, tender, loving, great heart standing by the little ones in the coarse coat, jeered at and insulted with impunity, by the rich, that now bends his fine broadcloth to the dust in order to be on a level with the little ones; but not to the neighbors! Poor, all his nobility was but dress in their eyes.—Rich and his weakness would be heavenly lustres, since their offset was the almighty dollar.

Kissing a pretty girl down South, a young gentleman asked her—
"What makes you so sweet?"
"Oh," she replied, in utter innocence, "my father is a sugar planter."

If you see a wife carefully footing her husband's stockings, you may conclude that he will not find it difficult to foot her bills.