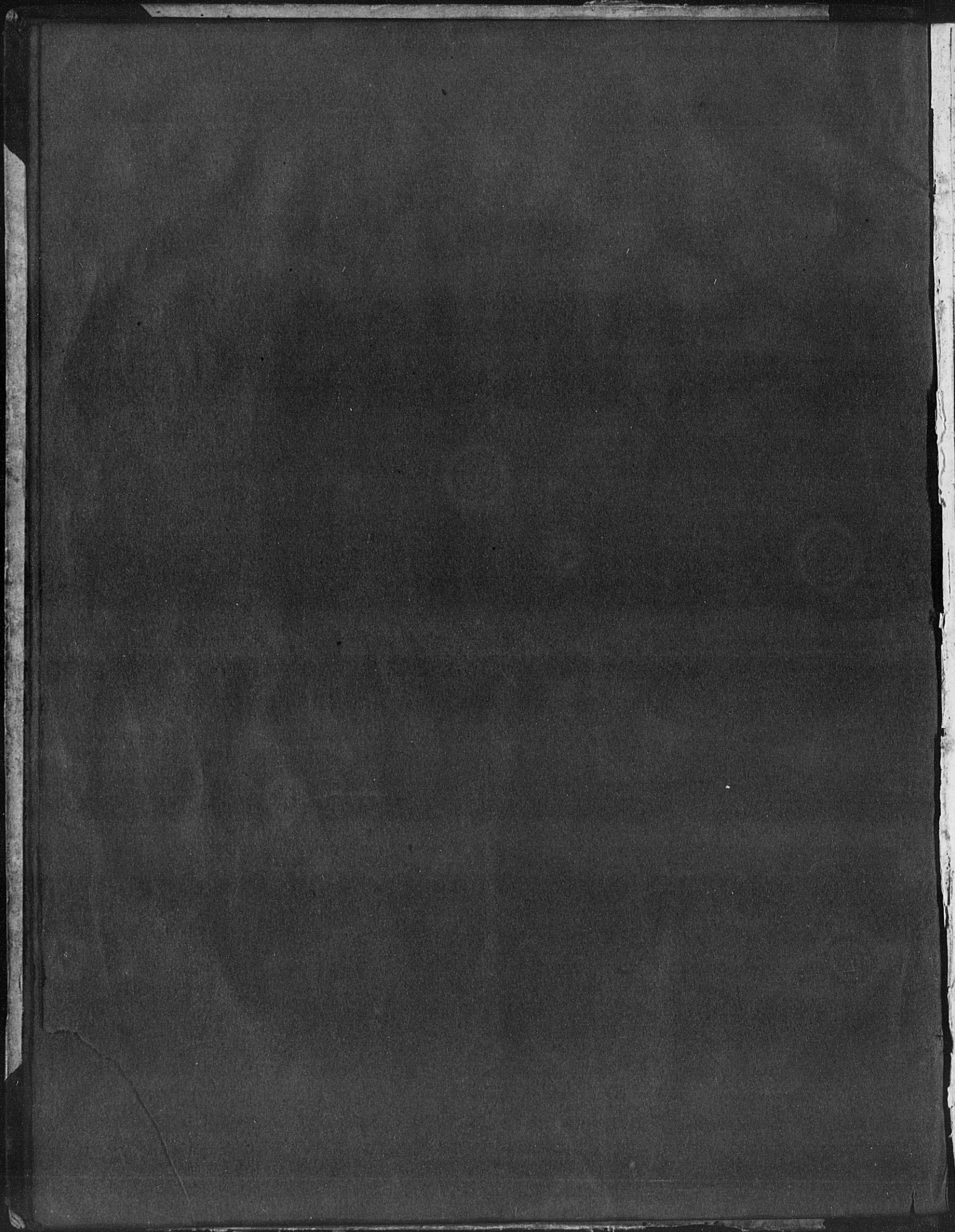


Absence of Mind.

The forgetfulness arising from sheer absence of mind is different in its nature from any other. The man may be in good health, and may be the reverse of stupid, but he is so absorbed in a particular train of thought as to be nearly oblivious to surrounding sayings and doings. Sydney Smith cited two instances of absence of mind which struck his fancy. "I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike. 'What is to pay?' 'Pay, sir, for what?' asked the turnpike-man. 'Why, for my horse to be sure.' 'Your horse, sir! What horse? There is no horse, sir.' 'No horse. God bless me,' said he, suddenly looking down between his legs, 'I thought I was on horseback.' Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time in meeting me he put his arm through mine, muttering. 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick as if he had been in the House of Commons, and, tapping the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, 'Hear, hear.'" An absence of mind more or less similar has often been displayed by men habituated to deep study. Domenichino, the great Italian painter, became so absorbed in his own picture of the Martyrdom of Saint Andrew that he reviled, with the fiercest passion, a soldier who was represented insulting or mocking the saint. Caracci, who was present, was so struck with Domenichino's excited expression of face that he afterward adopted it as an impersonation of rage. Crebillon, the French dramatist, impatiently said to a friend who entered his study, "Don't disturb me; this is a moment of exquisite happiness; I am going to hang a villainous minister, and to banish a stupid one!" Isaac D'Israeli says: "It has been told of a modern astronomer that one Summer night, when he was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it; and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been collecting his thoughts for a few moments, 'It must be thus; but I will go to bed before it is too late.' He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it." Dr. Stukely called upon Sir Isaac Newton, and was told that Sir Isaac would come to him directly. The waiting was long and tedious, dinner was brought in, and Stukely, feeling hungry, sat down and nearly demolished a tempting roast fowl. Newton at length appeared, and, seeing the empty dish, exclaimed, "I protest I had forgotten that I had eaten my dinner!" The Count de Brancas, a friend of La Bruyere and Rochefoucauld, was one day reading in his study, when a nurse brought in a little infant; he put down his book, took up the infant, and caressed it admiringly. A friend came in, and Brancas threw down the baby on the table, thinking it was a book, not detecting his error until a loud crying announced it. On another occasion Rochefoucauld crossed the street to greet him. Brancas said, "God help you, my poor man!" Rochefoucauld smiled, and was about to speak, when the other interrupted him: "I told you that I had nothing for you; there is no use in your teasing me; why don't you try to get work? Such lazy idlers as you make the streets quite disagreeable." Rochefoucauld's hearty laugh at length roused him from his reverie. Men have been known to exhibit such instances of absence of mind as the following: Taking out a watch, looking at it, and then asking, "What's o'clock?" going to a house where friends have lived, and forgetting that they had removed; going up to dress for dinner, forgetting the main purpose in view, and getting into bed instead; taking imaginary pinches of snuff while talking, forgetting all the time that the box was empty.

WOMAN'S MODERN ASPIRATIONS.

I TELL thee what we want, a clearer space,
More breathing room, some stirring work to do!
"To climb life's hill"—how well you state the case!
Those climb the hill who would enjoy the view.
If true strength lies in a calm nothingness,
Then idiots are all mighty men, I guess.

Soft compliments, indeed, and well expressed!
Love, music, flowers, and other useless matters
Suit our rich sisters. Tell me, are the rest—
The thousand poor ones—still to starve in tatters?
'Tis masculine to doctor, lecture, quibble;
Must women be content to teach or scribble?

"Man hath his fitting tasks"—I grant you so!
And those tasks bring him good substantial payment;
While woman treads the same dull world of woe,
But scarcely gains enough for food and raiment
She, working hard, is buried among paupers—
He leaves a fortune to his sons and daughters.

"Our heritage of light" sounds really charming!
But yet it brings no money year by year.
Now, were it so with physic, preaching, farming,
You masculines would soon feel rather queer.
Perchance we beat you in our pious notions;
Still, women can't *exist* on their devotions.

To rule the heart of man 's not our ambition,
We can not keep our own in proper trim;
Thus, you would place us in an odd position—
Failing at home, can we bamboozle him?
Such small intrigue may give a moment's fun.
But, when the prize is gained, what have we won?

Thank God! you can't bring back the Middle Ages,
Or make us quite forget our A B C.
Prate as you may, some women have been sages,
And so in future times they yet shall be!
Not resting, minus soul, beside the mountain—
The sweetest flowers grow high by wisdom's fountain.

At best all life contains its share of trial—
Neath freedom's sunlight men can brave the gloom!
Our path, perforce, is strewn with self-denial;
Can we gaze patiently upon our doom?
To serve, to nurse, to tutor, and for all this
To get sometimes a patronizing kiss.

Then let us still be pure, good, and trusting—
No harm to wish us just a trifle wiser?
A woman not a woman is disgusting,
But independence don't make me despise her.
So, when she's homeless, friendless, and a-weary,
Grant work, with gold, or life will be but dreary.

STATE NICKNAMES.—Queer are the nicknames of people of the different states: The inhabitants of Alabama are called Lizards; of Arkansas, Toothpicks; of California, Gold Hunters; of Colorado, Rovers; of Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; of Delaware, Muskrats; of Florida, Fly Up the Creeks: of Georgia, Buzzards; of Illinois, Suckers; of Indiana, Hoosiers; of Iowa, Hawkeyes; of Kansas, Jayhawkers; of Kentucky, Corn Crackers; of Louisiana, Creoles; of Maine, Foxes; of Maryland, Craw Thumpers; of Michigan, Wolverines; of Minnesota, Gophers; of Mississippi, Tadpoles; of Missouri, Pukes; of Nebraska, Bug Eaters; of Nevada, Sage Hens; of New Hampshire, Granite Boys; of New Jersey, Blues or Clam Catchers; of New York, Knickerbockers; of North Carolina, Tar-Boilers and Tuckoes; of Ohio, Buckeyes; of Oregon, Webfeet and Hard Cases; of Pennsylvania, Pennanites and Leatherheads; of Rhode Island, Gun Flints; of South Carolina, Weasels; of Tennessee, Whelps; of Texas, Beef-heads; of Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; of Virginia, Beadles; of Wisconsin, Badgers.

"*Spiritualism.*—Since the publication of the letter of Judge Edmonds, and the marvellous revelations therein contained we notice that the stories told of the operations of the "spirits" have increased in toughness and Munchausen characteristics generally. The very latest is that describing a scene said to have occurred in the presence of a spritual circle at West Troy, in this State. The medium a Miss Austin, it seems, suddenly commenced rising from her seat, and continued to rise until she had assumed position over the table, at an altitude of five feet from the floor. Here she remained for some time, until she was gradually lowered near to the table, when the following directions were rapped out to the company: "Take your hands off the table, move back from it three feet;; then join hands and form a complete circle." This direction having been duly followed, the medium was again raised to her former position, the table closely following, where they remained suspended until by some invisible power, the medium was brought to a position directly under the table. Then "the room was filled with melody the most sublime; a choir of angel voices seemed discoursing heaven's choicest harmony, while the well known raps responded in tones of sweetest unison to these enchanting strains.' Finally the music ceased, the medium was permitted to resume her former position, and "circle" was directed to open the window and take their places at the table again as usual. A description of what occurred after this, we give in the "Eye-witness' own language—none other could do it justice:

"After we had sat there for a few seconds the table began to vibrate violently—so much so indeed that we were obliged to break the circle, and mark in silence the new developement. Long had we not waited before it became suddenly quiet, and, rising gently from the floor it passed out of the window without a human hand being on it. It was then and while the table yet remained outside, rapped out: "Take it in,"—an order we immediately proceeded to obey; but judge our astonishment, when we found that the table *could not be again brought back*, its narrowest width being more than eighteen inches wider than the window throughwhich I aver it passed!"

This it will be conceded is a "leetle ahead of anything that has yet been told in the marvelous way.

he must be an inhabitant of the State that

THE BIBLE. Some writer gives the following analysis of the book of books, the Bible:

"It is a book of laws, it shows the right and wrong. It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a book of truth, which detects all human errors. It is the book of life, and shows how to avoid everlasting death. It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It is a code of laws. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequaled narrative. It is a book of biography. It is a book of travels. It is a book of voyages. It is a book of the best covenant ever made—the best deed ever written. It is the best will ever executed, the best Testament ever signed. It is the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's instructor. It is the learned man's masterpiece. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's directory."

8. The Senate chooses its own officers, and if the Vice President is absent, they choose a president for the time, or *pro tempore*, as it is called.

9. The Senate has the sole power to try all cases of impeachment. If the President of the United States is tried, the Chief Justice of the United States must preside in the Senate.

Our next No. will take up the House of Representatives.

GARDENING.—No. 1.

There is such a lamentable neglect of gardening in this country, that we have thought best to give a series of articles on the culture and comforts of a garden. And we cannot begin in a better way than to extract a passage from Miss Sedgwick's last work. This passage shows in contrast the condition and products of two very different gardens.

1. There is a small patch of land on the east side of the widow's house, it may be the tenth of an acre, which she made into a garden. She often says, it is well for her it is no larger, for it is just big enough for her William to plant, and sow, and keep in order. It is wonderful how much she gets out of it!

2. Plenty of potatoes for breakfast and dinner all the year round, and often a good mess for the cow. The widow's money held out to buy a cow, and well for her that it did; for this cow till she lost it, half supported her. But I was telling you how full her garden was. She had parsnips, carrots, onions, turnips, and here and there a cabbage or a squash-vine, cucumbers, and a little patch of melons.

3. How could I forget the asparagus which Mrs. Ellis said was "something to give away, for every body did not raise asparagus, and folks, especially old folks, were very fond of it." There was a row of current-bushes, and, latterly, a bed of strawberries. In one corner there were medicinal herbs; country people make great use of these; and when sage and balm could be found no where else, Widow Ellis had always "some to spare."

4. There was a row of never-to-be-forgotten, caraway, dill, and fennel. The old women and children who passed that way on Sunday were in the habit of asking a few heads of these aromatic seeds to chew at meeting; a rustic custom, which, we are happy to observe, is falling into disuse.

5. Round the widow's door—the side door opens into the garden—there were rose-bushes, pinks, and heart's-ease; and throughout the garden, here and there, from May till October, you might see a flower, looking as pleasant among the cabbages, turnips, &c., as a smile on a laborer's face. Indeed, the Widow Ellis's garden put to shame the waste places called (by courtesy) by our farmers, *gardens*.

6. They make many excuses for these slovenly places which we cannot now stop to examine; but, in passing along to the story of little Willie, we will just repeat what Widow Ellis often said when busy in her garden. "I call this *women's work*. I have been weakly for many years; and, but for my garden, I believe I should have been under ground long ago.

7. There's nothing does me so much good as smelling the fresh earth. I believe, if our farmer's girls would take care of their gardens, they would look fresher than they do now, and feel a deal better, besides getting a world of comfort for the family, and a nice present for a neighbor now and then out of it. Besides," added the Widow Ellis, "it's so teaching; I seem to see God's power and goodness in everything that grows."

8. The next house to the Widow Ellis, between her and the river, a large brick building, is Captain Nicholas Stout's. You may see by the good fences round it, and the big barns, corn-crib, sheds, &c., behind it, all snug and sound, that the captain is a wealthy, industrious, pains-taking farmer. An honest man, too, is the captain; that is, as honest as a man can be who is selfish, and crabbed, and thinks so much of his own property and rights as to care very little for his neighbor's.

9. A man is called honest that pays his debts, and does not cheat his neighbors; but there is a higher, nobler honesty than that, and a short rule for the practice of it, viz., "do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." The captain did not come up to this, as we shall see.

10. He was a rough, hard-favored man, and had a crusty way of speaking, particularly to children, that made them all dislike him; and I believe this was the reason the captain was so apt to have his early apples and his watermelons stolen. The Widow Ellis had one pear-tree in her garden; delicious pears it bore, too; and I have heard her say she didn't believe one pear had ever been stolen from it; indeed, I think the boys in our village would as soon have cut off their fingers as have stolen one of her pears.

11. Was it right to steal cross Captain Stout's? Oh, no; but the fact that his were stolen and hers were not, shows how one person doing wrong leads to another doing it too.

12. The captain had a large garden, or rather a large garden-spot; like most of our farmer's gardens, it was much overgrown with weeds, and had little beside potatoes, cabbages, and a few flaunting hollyhocks in it. To have seen the vegetables on the Widow Ellis's table and the captain's, you would have taken her to be the richer person of the two.

LOVE TOKEN FOR CHILDREN.

We make an extract from this bright little gem, just published by the Harpers and written by Miss Sedgwick. It is full of pure and beautiful stories for children and youth. There is a good lesson in what we give below on the treatment of animals.

1. "Do see," said Roswell, "how Julius Smith is laying the whip on his oxen, and how he bawls to them; he is not fit to speak to a dumb creature."

"All the town," said Stuart, "can tell when Julius Smith is driving his oxen. I wish he would join the Shays' men."

2. "Father says he has not spirit enough; he is always ready to lick the feet of those above him, and abuses everything below him; his wife, children, and dumb creatures—" Stuart laughed. "What are you laughing at, Stuart?"

"At your speaking as if Mrs. Smith, who is such a nice woman, was not equal to her paltry husband."

3. "You know I didn't mean that, Roswell, only that Julius treats her so. I heard father say the other day that your mean, low spirited people always treat their wives and children as if they were beneath them—there, Julius is laying it on to his oxen again."

"It seems to me, Roswell, that all the men and all the boys scream at oxen."

"I am sure father and I don't, Stuart."

4. "No, because you and your father are such quiet people—you never scream at anything."

"Father says there is no occasion for screaming at oxen; he says they are the most docile as well as faithful animals that we have; and they know a deal more than people think they do."

5. "I wish, Roswell, we knew what ani-

FOURTH OF JULY.

This day, as usual, is ushered in by the booming of cannon. It will be gay and glad with parade and festivity; rich with eloquent speeches, and the reading of the still more eloquent Declaration of Independence. Spite of all that makes this day one for which we may be grateful, no thoughtful woman can forget that the women of this country are in a far more abject position, legally and politically, than were the handful of men who, ninety-four years ago, signed the Declaration of Independence.

Then, as now, every father had a legal right to own and protect his children. Now, as then, no married mother has a shadow of legal right to own or protect the child who is her very bone and flesh. Then, as now, every man holding his hard-earned property, or that which came to him by descent—could sell, dispose, or will it, just as he chose. Now, as then, no married woman, in any State, can make a will, only as she is hedged about by limitations such as no other sane adult person is subjected to.

By far the larger number of married women are also mothers and housekeepers, and work hard with their hands all the days of their lives. For this they are legally entitled only to food and clothes, and, if they survive their husbands, to the use of one-third of the real estate. Such a wife lies down at last on her death-bed, without the right to will a dollar of the joint earnings of her whole married life. There never was a time in the history of the country when any free man was so outraged.

We are mothers without the right to our children.

We earn money without the right to will it.

We are fined, imprisoned, taxed and hung, and we have no voice in the law that does all this.

Yet, under such circumstances, *we* are to-day asked to rejoice in the general rejoicing! Ah! well do I know that multitudes of women, who to-day hear read the immortal truth that "all men are created equal!"—while they hear in it the prophecy of their own emancipation—will all the more feel their chains gall and bind.

They will be reminded that the worst and meanest men enjoy and exercise rights of citizenship which are denied to all women, and such men bid us *ask them* to grant us the exercise of God-given rights. There are women who say they would not have these rights if they could. God pity and forgive, both those who bid us ask, and those who say they do not wish to have, a position, of such humiliation and degradation!

Let us hope that on the Fourth of July, 1876, a Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States will have blotted out political distinctions based on sex. But till that good day comes, let women never forget that they hold political rank with Jeff. Davis on the one hand, and with idiots on the other. L. S.

WEST BROOKFIELD, MASS., July 4, 1870.

—The Irish, rightly or wrongly, get credit for almost all the bulls that go the round of the papers. It was an Irishman that wanted to find a place where there was no death, that he might go and end his days there. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of Ireland: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing and is not yet full!" It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that "he left no children behind him except a brother, who was killed at the same time." It was an Irish Coroner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly: "I cannot tell. There are people dying this year that never died before." It was an Irish handbill that announced with boundless liberality, in reference to a great political demonstration in the Rotunda, that "ladies, without distinction of sex, would be welcome."

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

[FROM THE CHINESE.]

When spades grow bright,
And idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty,
And where barns are full;
Where field-paths are
With frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy,
Silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it,
And where farmers ride;
Where age abounds,
And youth is multiplied;
Where poisonous drinks
Are chased from every place;
Where opium's curse
No longer leaves a trace;
Where these signs are,
They clearly indicate
A happy people,
And a well-governed state.

WHINING.

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is *whining*. They whine because they are poor: or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too shiney; they whine because it is too rainy; they whine because they have "no luck," and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and have aches and pains because they whine, and they whine—no one can tell why.

I HATE to see things done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.

SPALDING & LA MONTE, PRINTERS, 114 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO.

Sacredness of Tears.

There is a sacredness of tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unspeakable love.

Oh! speak not harshly of the stricken one—weeping in silence! Break not the dead solemnity by rude laughter, or intrusive footsteps. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to sympathy—they are what helps to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but still most holy. There is pleasure in tears—an awful pleasure! If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace. [Dr. Johnson'

The Duty of Life.

Look not mournfully back to the Past,
The Present's the hour for duty,
And Life, be it ever so dark,
Has moments of sunshine and beauty.
Look up! for the sun is still shining,
Although a black cloud may be there;
Remember the bright silver lining
From under the cloud will appear.

Sit not with the hands idly folded—
Each one has a duty to do,
And if Life has its struggles for others,
Why have only pleasures for you?
Seek not to pluck only the roses,
Faint not in the heat of the strife;
But put on the armor of courage,
To fight in the battle of Life.

Look round on the highways, and gather
Not only the flowers so sweet,
But take up the stones that are bruising
Some weary, worn traveller's feet;
Seek out some cool spring in the desert,
And give to the lips that are dry—
Speak a kind word of hope or of comfort
To each sorrowing one that goes by.

Pluck a thorn from some poor bleeding bosom,
Make strong some faint heart for the strife;
Rouse up the weak feet that have fallen—
Ah! this is the mission of Life;
Ask not if the world will applaud you—
No matter since duty is done;
Your conscience will better reward you
With the crown you have faithfully won.

ADORATION.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

Why should our spirits be opprest,
When days of darkness fall?
Our Father knoweth what is best,
And he hath made them all.

He made them, and to all their length
Set parallels of gain;
We gather from our pain the strength
To rise above our pain.

All, all beneath the shining Sun
Is vanity and dust;
Help us, O high and holy One,
To fix in thee our trust;

And in the change, and interfuse
Of change, with every hour,
To recognize the shifting hues
Of never-changing Power.

Thy works, O Lord, interpret Thee,
And through them all thy love is shown;
Flowing about us like a Seer,
Yet steadfast as the eternal throne.

Out of the light that runneth through
Thy hand, the lily's dress is spun;
Thine is the brightness of the dew,
And thine the glory of the Sun.

Little Jessie had been eating currants, contrary to mamma's order. Her mother said: — "You know you were forbidden to eat currants!" "But, mother, Satan tempted me!" "Why didn't you say, get thee behind me Satan?" "I did say get thee behind me Satan; and he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant bushes."

A Stove Polish.—Make weak alum water, and mix your "British lustre" with it; put two spoonfuls to a gill of alum water; let the stove be cold, brush with the mixture, then take a dry brush and dry lustre, and rub the stove until it is perfectly dry. Should any part before polishing become so dry as to look grey, moisten it with a wet brush. The above will keep a stove as bright as a coach body by two applications a year.

and helps his fellows. God bless the good natured, for they bless everybody else!

ception to this great Law of Nature? We will state it, and it will show the care and the fore-sight and the wisdom of the great Creator.

3. When water freezes, instead of growing less and thus occupying a smaller space, it *increases in bulk*, and fills a larger space. This, it will be perceived, is contrary to the general law. Iron and other things are enlarged by heat, but water is enlarged by cold. A quart of water when frozen makes a piece of ice much larger than can be put into a quart cup.

4. Now, why did the Creator make this one great exception to his general law? For this reason. If water, when making into ice, grew less in bulk, the ice would *sink* to the bottom of the lake or the river; for the piece of ice having more water in a less space would be heavier than the amount of water it rested upon.

5. An iron ball sinks because it is heavier than the amount of water directly under it. A piece of wood swims because it is lighter than the water of the same bulk it lies over. The water then, as governed by this beautiful exception, *increases* in size as it freezes; and as it now lies over a greater space in a state of ice, than it did when in a state of water, *it must swim on the top*. This ice always does.

6. If ice should sink as *fast as it made*, the largest rivers and lakes would, during a long winter, become one solid mass of ice; but as the ice now stays on the top, it prevents the frost from striking very low (not more than two or three feet) which is soon thawed out by the warm sun of spring.

7. But if the river or lake should freeze to the bottom, the longest summer would not thaw more than four or five feet of it. Our rivers and lakes would become one solid quarry of ice, and all navigation would cease, and the fish would die, and all the springs which water the earth would cease to flow.

8. How wise is it, therefore, that the water should enlarge by freezing! What a world of being and life and happiness is daily sustained by this one *exception* to a great law!!

9. Again, why is the ocean made salt? For this reason. *Salt* answers the same purpose to the ocean, that *motion* does to [illegible] rivers and lakes. Fresh water must be in *continual motion* to keep it from spoiling. The water in the ocean has but very little motion, not enough to keep it from stagnation, and hence the wise Creator has made it *salt*, which answers the same purpose as motion does to the river.

10. Why are not fish salt when you take them out of the ocean?—They live in salt water all their lives, and breathe salt water, and yet they are always fresh when taken from the water. But if you kill a fish and put it into salt water, it will soon become salt. It seems then that *live* fish do not become salt, although they live a long life in salt brine, but that *dead* fish soon become salt if put into salt water.

11. The *principle of life* is what prevents them from being salted by the briny element they live in. What this principle of life is we do not know. We see its effects, but it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell what it is. In man it is, the Bible says, *the soul*, and will live after the body dies.

SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.—No. 2.

1. Statute Law,—is the express written *will* of the *Legislature*, rendered authentic by prescribed forms. Thus, the statutes of Ohio are the laws enacted by the Legislature of Ohio. It follows, from this definition in connection with those of *Constitution* and *Legislature*, that statutes can be *binding* only when, 1*st*, they are executed according to the *prescribed forms*; and, 2*dly*, when they are *consistent with* the constitution; for, the constitution being the *fundamental law*, created by the people themselves, all other laws are *inferior to it*.

2. Common Law,—is that *body of principles, usages*, and *rules of action* which do not rest for their authority upon the positive will of the legislature. In other words, it consists of those *customs* and *rules* to which time and usage have given the sanction of law. Of such, it is plain, must be the great body of the laws of every people; for the rules of business and the usages of society are so variable and complicated, as to be incapable of being made permanently the subject of statute law. The *will* of the legislature being, however, under the limitation of the constitution, that of the *people*, *statute law* is *superior* in force to common law; and wherever they are inconsistent with each other, the latter is abrogated by the former.

3. A Corporation,—is defined to be a *body politic*, having a *common seal*.—It is an *artificial*, or *political person*, maintaining a *perpetual succession*, by means of several individuals, united in one body through a common seal. They have a legal immortality, except so far as they are limited by the law of their creation. These were originally created for purposes of charity, trade, and education; but are now used for all purposes in which it is wished to transmit a common property. Thus, all banks, turnpike companies, colleges, and chartered societies are examples of corporations.

4. Charter,—is the *act* creating the corporation, or separate government, or the privileges bestowed upon a community, or a society of individuals. It is derived from the Latin term *charta*, signifying a writing.

5. A Court,—is defined to be a place wherein *justice* is judicially *administered*. In our country, and in the New-England States especially, Court has sometimes had another signification, that of the legislative body; thus, the General Court of Massachusetts is the legislature. The former is, however, the correct meaning.

6. Municipal,—relating to a corporation. Municipal laws are *civil* or *internal*, in opposition to national or external laws. Thus, laws relative to the descent of property are municipal laws; but laws relative to war, the army, and navy are external, and national.

7. Jurisdiction,—is extent of legal power. Thus, a court has jurisdiction over certain things, as all sums over a certain amount, when its legal authority extends over them. A government has jurisdiction over a certain territory, when its power extends over it.

8. Impeachment,—is a public accusation, by a body authorised to make it. Such were the charges preferred by the British House of Commons against Warren Hastings, Governor-general of India; and in this country by the House of Representatives, against Samuel Chase, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

9. Verdict,—is the *true saying* of a jury. It is the *answer* which a *jury* make to the court and parties, when the plaintiff and defendant have left the cause to their decision.

10. Diplomacy,—signifies the intercourse which is carried on between different nations by means of their ministers, or agents.

11. Revolution,—is a radical change in the government of the country. It may be made in various ways—by force and blood, as in France, 1792; by the expulsion of one family and settlement of another, as in England, 1688, and, in France, 1830; or by a separation of one part of a country from another, as in the United States, in 1776. Thus, also, all acts in opposition to the laws,

From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Adoniram Podge.

Adoniram Podge was lank and lean
As a withered-up stalk of corn;
And his face was as solemn as ever was seen,
Since the days when Adam was born.
He lived on a farm on the edge of the town,
And he managed to keep on his legs
By hoarding up money and salting it down
When he sold his butter and eggs.

His nose was as long as a piece of chalk,
And his eyes were little and gray;
And he hacked, when he opened his mouth to talk,
And twitched in an awkward way.
His voice was as sharp as a steel-spring trap,
And his head was minus of hair;
But he covered it up with an old fur cap
That his grandfather used to wear.

Adoniram Podge got a liberal price
For the truck that he took to town;
The top of his measure was always nice,
But shabbier deeper down;
And his wood was straight on the top of his load,
And crooked and gnarled below;
But the heavier part, on a rutty road,
Will always shake down, you know.

Adoniram's Bible was worn and old
From the usage that it had got;
But a piece of knowledge that never was told
Was whether he used it or not;
If so, his memory served him wrong,
For he was not much of a doer
To the needy and friends who came along
With the story that they were poor.

A capital man in church was Podge—
To groan when the minister prayed;
And he knew to a T the collection dodge,
And how much money he paid;
And he had, in a frame, in his old front room,
Kept clean and neat by his wife,
A paper which stated a certain sum
Had made him a member for life.

Adoniram Podge kept a hired man,
And he fed him on cabbage and beans,
Which were kept cooked up in an old tin pan
Along with some pig-weed greens;
And he made him work from the break of day
'Till the sun took its final lurch,
And docked him then of a quarter his pay
That the savings might go to the church.

Adoniram finally died one night
And left the farm to his son,
Who follows as near as a true son might
In the course his father had run;
And he daily drives to the market town
With the mare and her spavined legs,
And he hoards up money and salts it down
By selling his butter and eggs.

And he keeps the Bible, so worn and old,
And he reads it without a doubt;
But the leaf containing the rule of gold
Is somehow or other torn out—
And blotted are all the verses which speak
Bad things of the trickery doer,
And twixt its covers 'twere vain to seek
For a word of cheer to the poor.

Bridle the Tongue.

Many a friendship has been broken,
Many a family's peace o'erthrown;
Many a bitter word been spoken,
By the slander-loving tongue.

Many a flower has drooped that flourished,
Many a heart been rent and torn;
Seeds of discord sown and nourished,
By the curious meddling one.

Many a tale of lies invented;
Noblest hearts with anguish wrung,
By some words too late repented,
From the mischief-making tongue.

THOU LOVEST NOT ME.

In sin and in sorrow
Thou hast traveled along,
Thou hast loved the vain pleasures
Of the world's giddy throng.
Through sin and through sorrow
I have waited for thee,
I have wept and entreated,
Yet thou lovest not me.

Thy hopes have been blighted,
They have withered and died;
For all hope without God
Must have death by its side.
They were blighted in mercy,
That to Christ thou shouldst flee,
And be safe for eternity,
Yet thou lovest not me.

Thy pathway through life
Has been marked with much care:
And sickness and trials
Have been sent thee to bear;
I sent them as warnings—
I sent them to thee,
Yet, sinner, thou knowest
Thou lovest not me!

And the friends thou hast loved
In their beauty and bloom,
Have been snatched from thy side,
And are laid in the tomb:
But the message has passed,
Unheeded by thee,
Thou still art unsaved,
For thou lovest not me.

And the shadows of midnight
Are skirting the sky;
And wrath is impending—
God's wrath from on high;
And mercy—free mercy—
Rejected by thee,
Is drawing down judgment,
Yet thou lovest not me.

Say, wanderer, say—
Shall I leave the alone?
Shall I let thee go on,
As the choice is thine own?
I have warned, I have mourned
I have wept over thee;
I have bled, I have died—
Yet thou lovest not me.

Ah! come to thy Savior!
Come, weary one, come;
Though thy sin be as crimson,
Yet for thee there is room;
O tarry not—linger not—
I am waiting for thee,
To save thee, to bless thee,
Though thou lovest not me.

I ask thee for nothing—
Come just as thou art;
Come sinful—come guilty—
Come give me thine heart;
The fountain is open,
It is open to thee,
Let thy Savior *not* say—
Thou lovest not me.

CORN CAKE.—Three cups of cornmeal, one cup of wheat, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of salt. Mix well together; while dry add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in warm water. Mix the whole to a thin batter with milk or water, and bake in a quick oven.

GOOD NATURE.

From Beecher's Eyes and Ears.

If there be one thing for which a man should be more grateful than another, it is the possession of good nature. I do not consider him good tempered who has no temper at all. A man ought to have spirit, strong, earnest, and capable of great indignation. We like to hear a man thunder, once in a while, if it is genuine, and in the right way for a right man. When a noble fellow is brought into contact with mean and little ways, and is tempted by unscrupulous natures to do unworthy things; or when a great and generous heart perceives the wrong done by lordly strength to shrinking, unprotected weakness: or where a man sees the foul mischiefs that sometimes rise and cover the public welfare like a thick cloud of poisonous vapors—we like to hear a man express himself with outburst and glorious anger. It makes us feel safer to know that there are such men. We respect human nature all the more to know that it is capable of such feelings.

But just these men are best capable of good nature. These are the men upon whom a sweet justice in common things, and a forbearance towards men in all the details of life, and a placable, patient and cheerful mind, sit with peculiar grace.

Some men are much helped to do this by a kind of bravery born with them. Some men are good natured because they are benevolent, and always feel in a sunny mood; some, because they have such vigor and robust health that care flies off from them, and they really cannot feel nettled and worried; some, because a sense of character keeps them from all things unbecoming manliness; and some, from an overflow of what may be called in part animal spirits, and in part, also, hopeful and cheerful dispositions. But whatever be the cause or reason, is there anything else that so much blesses a man in human life as this voluntary or involuntary *good nature?* Is there anything else that converts all things so much into enjoyment to him? And then what a glow and light he carries with him to others! Some men come upon you like a cloud passing over the sun. You do not know what ails you, but you feel cold and chilly while they are about, and need an extra handful of coal on the fire whenever they tarry long.

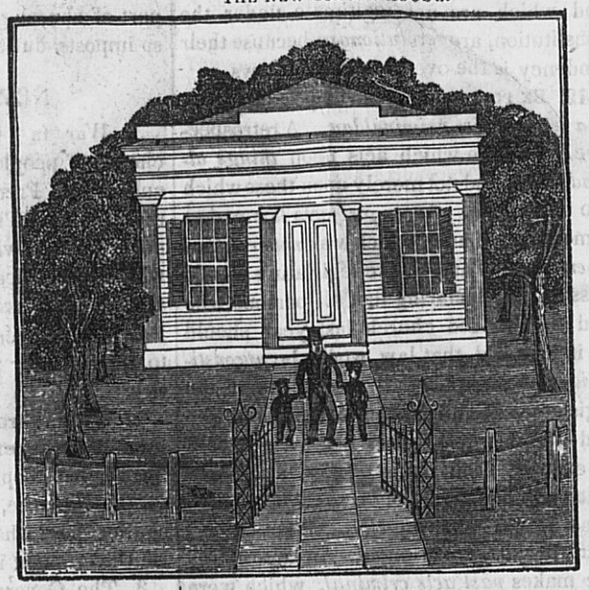
Others rise upon you like daylight. How many times does a cheerful and hopeful physician cure his patient by what he carries in his face, more than by what he has in his medical case! How often does the coming of a happy hearted friend lift you up out of a deep despondency, and before you are aware, inspire you with hope and cheer. What a gift it is to make all men better and happier without knowing it! We don't suppose that flowers know how sweet they are. We have watched them. But as far as we can find out their thoughts, flowers are just as modest as they are beautiful.

These roses before me, salfataine, lamarque, and saffrano, with their geranium leaves (rose) and carnations and abutilon, have made me happy for a day. Yet they stand huddled together in my pitcher without seeming to know my thoughts of them, or the gracious work which they are doing! And how much more is it to have a disposition that carries with it, involuntarily, sweetness, calmness, courage, hope, and happiness, to all who are such? Yet this is the portion of good nature in a real, large-minded, strong-natured man! When it has made him happy it has scarcely begun its office!

In this world, where there is so much real sorrow, and so much unnecessary grief of fret and worry; where burdens are so heavy, and the way so long; where men stumble in rough paths, and so many push them down rather than help them up; where tears are as common as smiles, and hearts ache so easily, but are poorly fed on higher joys, how grateful ought we to be that God sends along, here and there, a natural heart-singer—a man whose nature is large and luminous, and who, by his very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms, cheers, and helps his fellows. God bless the good natured, for they bless everybody else!

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.



The smoke is not helped out by a chimney, but has to find its way up through a hole in the roof. The roof is full of holes, and covered with stones, sticks and hoops, having been thrown up by the unruly inmates. The clap-boards are falling off, and the window-shutters are holding on by one hinge. The door has been carried off, and the window sashes, you perceive, are filled with hats, old rags, &c. The rats are running away from a falling house; the wood, instead of being cut up and placed in a wood house, is lying in large logs before the house, in the road. The school house stands in the road, close by the wheel rut, and very near a mud hole, which some of the lawless little fellows are now playing in, and throwing over each other. The Teacher (a little tipsy) is whipping a young boxer into the school house, while a farmer is passing by in his cart, whipping off a young mischief from the tail board. But a boy just in the rear has sent a stone at the farmer's head, for not permitting the urchin to hang on behind. The whole scene shows disorder, the exercise of bad passions, desolation and malignity.

THE NEW SCHOOL HOUSE.

This building stands on a piece of firm ground, a little retired from the road, and in a beautiful shady grove. The architecture is light, neat and cheerful, and the proportions pleasing to the eye. There is a fence around the house and the grove, with a gate that opens in front of the building. Let our readers reflect upon the contrast of the two school houses here before them.

COMMON SCHOOLS.—No. 4.

1. There are bad habits in learning, as well as in behavior and feeling; and the former are even more prevalent in schools than the latter. To break up and eradicate these from the pupil's mind, is one of the most difficult tasks of the correct teacher. It often requires extraordinary care and labor for years, retarding lamentably the pupil's progress, and what is most to be deplored, tending to dishearten and disgust him with his studies.

2. When the learner is well instructed from the first—when his lessons are adapted to the development of his mind, presented in a simple manner, and made clear to his comprehension, as he understands what he studies, he makes progress in learning and is likely to grow pleased with it. But when on the other hand his early teaching is faulty—when from the difficulty of his lessons or want of care in his teacher, he has passed over without mastering his studies, it must be very difficult afterwards to render them pleasing.

3. All subsequent efforts to improve his scholarship must be at great disadvantage. He must labor in opposition to previous habits. He must study again what he has once passed over, and what has therefore lost much of its interest.

4. He must be pressed with the disheartening conviction that he has toiled long to no purpose. His zeal, his curiosity, his self-reliance are all injured, and if, under these circumstances, he becomes "lexicon-struck," and averse to all study, it is only the natural fruit of his early mismanagement.

5. Many parents seem to regard it a matter of indifference, who are the first instructors of their children. Any one they think may teach the very young, and when the mind is more matured it is to be trained with skill. But let it be understood that early instruction is the most important of any.

6. When the pupil begins to learn lessons from books, and especially when he is commencing the study of foreign languages, is the critical period for instruction. It is more important that he be well taught from eight to twelve years of age, than from sixteen to twenty; and, if careful instruction be at any time sought, let it be in the first of these periods. If habits of industrious and correct study are then formed, they may be easily preserved, and the student will learn well all that he afterwards studies.

7. But if the habits are then bad, their influence will remain long in the mind and be very difficult to remove. The practice which prevails in most of our colleges of receiving their students after fourteen years of age, is unfavorable to scholarship as well as morals. The pupils having studied first in preparatory schools, are in nine cases out of ten, at least, badly taught; and, being thus deficient in knowledge and superficial in their habits of study, they cannot without extraordinary efforts become tolerable scholars in the end.

8. And even when well taught at first there is evil in change. The judicious

Boys as Farmers.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm-boy, that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again; I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand, he who leads the school in a race. The world is new and interesting to him, and there is so much to take his attention off when he is sent to do anything. Perhaps he couldn't explain, himself, why, when he is sent to the neigbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs; he is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. No other living thing can go so slow as a boy sent on an errand. His legs seem to be dead, unless he happens to espy a woodchuck in an adjoining lot, which he gives chase to it like a deer; and it is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one, and the more you have to help on a piece of work the less is accomplished. Boys have a power in helping each other do nothing; and they are so innocent about it and unconscious. "I went as quick as ever I could," says one boy, when his father asks him why he didn't stay all night, when he had been absent three hours on a ten minute errand. The sarcasm has no effect on the boy.

Going after the cows was a serious thing in my day. I had to climb up a hill which was covered with wild strawberries in the season. Could any boy pass by those ripe berries? And then in the fragant hill pasture, there were beds of wintergreen with red berries, tufts of columbine, roots of sassafras to be dug, and dozens of things good to eat or to smell, which I could not resist. It sometimes even lay in my way to climb a tree to look for a crow's nest, or to swing in the top, or to see if I could see the steeple of the village church. It became very important sometimes for me to see the steeple; and in the midst of my investigations the tin horn would blow a great blast from the farm-house, which would send a cold chill down my back in the hottest day. I knew what it meant. It had a frightfully impatient quaver in it, not at all like the sweet note that called us to dinner from the hayfield. It said: "Why on earth doesn't that boy come home? It is almost dark and the cows ain't milked!" And that was the time the cows had to start into a brisk pace and make up for lost time. I wonder if any boy ever drove the cows home late, who did not say that the cows were at the further end of the pasture, and that "Old Brindle was hidden in the woods, and he couldn't find her for ever so long." The brindle cow is the boy's scapegoat many a time.

No other boy knows how to appreciate a holiday as the farm-boy does; and his best ones are of a peculiar kind. Going fishing is of course one sort. The excitement of rigging up the tackle, digging the bait, and the anticipation of great luck; these are pure pleasures, enjoyment because they are rare. Boys who can go a fishing any time care but little for it. Tramping all day through brush and briar, fighting flies and musketoes, and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break the hook, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout on a willow twig, and have the family crowd out at the kitchen door to look at 'em, and say, "Pretty well done for you, bub, did you catch that big one yourself?" This is also pure happiness, the like of which the boy will never have again; not if he comes to be a selectman and deacon, and to "keep store."

But the holidays I recall with delight were the two days in spring and fall, when we went to the distant pasture land, in a neighboring town, may be, to drive thither the young cattle and colts, and to bring them back again. It was a wild and rocky upland where our great pasture was, many miles from home, the road to it running by a brawling river, and up a dashing brookside among great hills. What a day's adventure it was! It was like a journey to Europe. The night before I could scarcely sleep for thinking of it; and there was no trouble about getting me up at sunrise that morning. The breakfast was eaten, the luncheon was packed in a large basket.

I wish the journey would never end; but at last, by noon, we reach the pastures and turn in the herd; and after making the tour of lots to make sure there are no breaks in the fences, we take our luncheon from the wagon and eat it under the trees by the spring. This is the supreme moment of the day. This is the way to live; this is like the Swiss Family Robinson, and all the rest of my delightful acquaintances in romance. Baked beans, rye-and-Indian bread (moist, remember,) doughnuts and cheese, pie and root beer. What richness! You may live to dine at Delmonico's or at Phillippe's in the rue Montorguell in Paris, where the good old Thackeray used to eat as good a dinner as anybody, but you will get there neither doughnuts, nor pie, nor root beer, nor anything so good as that luncheon at noon in the old pasture, high among the Massachusetts hills! Nor will you ever, if you live to be the oldest boy in the world, have any holiday equal to the one I have described. But I have always regretted that I did not take a fish-line, just to "throw in" the brook we passed. I know there were trout there.—*C. D. Warner, in Work and Play*

Couldn't Get the Right Flop.

In the year 1843, during the Miller excitement in the usually quiet town of Durham, old "Aunt Sally H.," who would "weigh nigh on to two hundred pounds," got all ready to "go up," and one evening in meeting, in the midst of a warm season of exhortation, she arose and said, "O, brethren and sisters, bless the Lord! I'll soon get away from this wicked world; I'm going to meet the Lord in a few days. My faith is powerful strong! O, yes, powerful strong it is! So strong," continued the old lady, extending her arms and motioning them like a goose on the "wing," that it does seem as if I could fly right away and meet the Lord in the air."

The minister, who was as great an enthusiast on "going up" as the old lady, encouraged her by exclaiming, "Try, sister, try! Perhaps you can fly, if your faith is only strong enough."

"Well, I can," she exclaimed, "I know I can, and I *will!*"

She was standing near a window which was raised because of the oppressive heat, for it was summer. With her handkerchief in one hand and her fan in the other, she mounted the seat, and thence to the top of the pew, and gave a leap into the air with a flying motion of her arms, expecting to ascend heavenward. But the law of gravitation was too much for both her faith and the *gravity* of the audience. Down she came with an enormous and no very angelic grunt, shaking the whole house with the concussion.

She arose, folded her wings, and with great meekness sneaked back to her seat, and went to weaving back and forth, evidently disappointed. The next evening some of the young folks asked her—

"Aunt Sally, why didn't you fly last night when you tried so hard?"

"I couldn't get the right flop on," was the meek and conclusive reply.

A woman in New York has discovered how to make people live forever. You pour something into your ears, something into your eyes, and rub another something over your head.—All of these somethings she has on hand, in bottles, which she sells for a goodly "consideration." Her followers propose erecting a church, wherein she may preach and advertise her medicines. Talk about the middle ages!

The race of heroic women is not run out. Mrs. Van Hannon resides on Running Creek, sixty miles from Denver. Early on the morning of the 11th of July, the Indians made their appearance, and her husband and several other men went in pursuit. Mrs. Van Hannon was alone, busily engaged in household duties, when suddenly the two children, aged five and eight, ran into the ranche, crying, "Mamma, mamma, the Indians, the Indians!" Two shots fired at the children struck the thick oak door just as the mother shut it in the face of three Cheyenne warriors. After bolting the door, and piling bed, bureau and stove before it, the mother sent the little ones into the cellar, and shut them in. Taking a revolver and an old rusty rifle, the heroic young woman stood near the open window, shooting only when a painted face made itself visible in the brush. Although the rifle was rusty and out of order, the sight of it at the window, with the dragoon revolver, held the three sneaking redskins at a respectful distance. For two hours did she wait the return of her husband and the men with him. Twice the Indians attempted to parley, and beg entrance to the house; but the young mother had heard of their atrocities in the country, and knew a knife and tomahawk awaited her little ones, and captivity for herself. Finding the house impregnable, and having a mortal dread of the rifle and pistol in the hands of the determined woman at the window, the party left, after setting fire to the hay and barn. The smoke attracted the attention of the scouting party, which returned to find the brave little woman still on guard, with her little children shut in the cellar.

Tattoo.—The word "tattoo," by which we now designate all those indelible devices which have been pricked into the skin, is of Oceanic origin, and has been traced to the language of Tahiti. The operation is regarded with religious veneration, as the individual tattooed is supposed by this means to be placed under the protection of a divine being. The god of the tattoo is called Tiki, and his worship prevails through the Oceanic group. The images of Tiki are like most other savage idols, chiefly remarkable for their ferocious expression—the natives apparently associating extreme wisdom and power with excessive ugliness.

THE TRUE GREEN OLD AGE.—I know not a more beautiful spectacle in the world than an old man who has gone with honor through all its storms and conquests, and who retains to the last the freshness of feeling that adorned his youth. This is the true green old age; this makes a southern winter of declining years, in which the sunlight warms, though the hearts have gone. Such are ever welcome to the young—and sympathy unites, while wisdom guides. There is is this distinction between respect and veneration: the latter has always in it something of love.—[Bulwer Lytton.

DRESSING SMART.—"Maria," said a lady to a colored servant, "that's the sixth silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray, how many do you own?" "Only seven, missis; but I's saving my wages to buy anoder!" "Seven! what use are silk dresses to you? why, I don't own so many as that." "'Spect not, missis," said the smiling darkey, "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see, you quality folks everybody knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of cullud pussons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers!"

Curious Shower of Worms.—During the snow storm last week, there are said to have fallen with the flakes, in Somerville, Mass., thousands of greenish-brown worms, about an inch in length and an eighth of an inch in diameter. — When they fell they were curled up in a ball shape, but were alive and very active. Specimens were sent to the Museum of comparative Zoology for examination and classification. The report from there will be looked for with interest, as the occurrence is a most singular one.

There are many of these rich men, indeed, who do hold laborious offices, as magistrates and members of Congress. But this is at their own choice. They do not labor for their subsistence, but live on their property.

2. Young people who make good use of their time, are quick at learning, and grow up industrious and steady, may be able to earn more than enough for their support, and so have the satisfaction of leaving some property to their friends; and if they, again, should, instead of spending this property, increase it by honest diligence, prudence, and frugality, they may, in time, raise themselves to wealth.

3. Several of the richest families in the country have risen in this manner from a low station. It is, of course, not to be expected that *many* poor men should become rich, nor ought any man to set his heart on being so; but it is an allowable and a cheering thought, that no one is shut out from the hope of bettering his condition, and being useful to his fellow men.

4. Can it be supposed that the poor would be better off if all the property of the rich were taken away and divided among them, and no one allowed to become rich for the future? The poor would then be much worse off than they are now; they would still have to work for their living as they do now; for food and clothes cannot be had without *somebody's* labor.

5. But they would not work near so profitably as they do now, because no one would be able to keep up a large manufactory or farm well stocked, and to advance wages to workmen, as is done now, for work which does not bring in any return for, perhaps, a year or two.

6. Every man would live, as the saying is, "from hand to mouth," just tilling his own little patch of ground, enough to keep him alive, and not daring to lay by any thing, because if he were supposed to be rich, he would be in danger of having his property taken away and divided.

7. And if a bad crop, or a sickly family, brought any one into distress, which would soon be the case with many, what could he do after he had spent his little property? He would be willing to work for hire, but no one could afford to employ him except in something that would bring in a very speedy return; for even those few who might have saved a little money would be afraid to have it known, for fear of being forced to part with it.

8. In consequence of all this, the whole produce of the land and labor of the country would become much less than it is now; and we should soon be reduced to the same general wretchedness and distress which prevails in many half-savage countries. The rich, indeed, would have become poor; but the poor, instead of improving their condition, would be much worse off than before. All would soon be as miserably poor as the most destitute beggars are now: indeed, so far worse, that *there would be nobody to beg of.*

9. It is best for all parties, the rich, the poor, the middling, that property should be secure, and that every one should be allowed to possess what is his own, to gain whatever he can by honest means, and to keep it or spend it as he thinks fit,—provided he does no one any injury. Some rich men, indeed, make a much better use of their fortunes than others: but one who is ever so selfish in his disposition can hardly help spending it on his neighbors.

10. If a man has an income of $5000 a year, some people might think, at first sight, that if his estate were divided among one hundred poor families, which would give each of them $50 a year, there would thus be, by such a division, one hundred poor families the more enabled to subsist in the country. But this is quite a mistake.

11. Such would, indeed, be the case if the rich man had been used to eat as much food as one hundred poor families, and to wear out as much clothes as all of them. But we know this is not the case. He pays away his income to laborers, and tradesmen, and manufacturers of different articles, who lay out the money in food and clothing for their families: so that in reality, the same sort of division of it is made as if it had been taken away from him.

12. He may, perhaps, if he be a selfish man, care nothing for the maintaining of all these families: but still he does maintain them; for if he should choose to spend $1000 a year in fine pictures, the painters who are employed in those pictures are as well maintained as if he had made them a present of the money, and left them to sit idle.

13. The only difference is, that they feel they are honestly earning their living, instead of subsisting on charity; but the total quantity of food and clothing in the country is neither the greater nor the less in the one case than in the other. But if a rich man, instead of spending all his income, saves a great part of it, this saving will almost always be the means of maintaining a still greater number of industrious people: for a man who saves, hardly ever, in these days at least, hoards up gold and silver in a box, but lends it out on good security, that he may receive interest upon it.

14. Suppose, instead of spending $1000 a year on painting, he saves that sum every year. Then this money is generally borrowed by farmers or manufacturers or merchants, who can make a profit by it in the way of their business over and above the interest they pay for the use of it. And in order to do this, they lay it out in employing laborers to till the ground, or to manufacture cloth and other articles, or to import foreign goods; by which means the corn, and cloth, and other commodities of the country, are increased.

15. The rich man, therefore, though he appears to have so much larger a share allotted to him, does not really consume it, but is only the channel through which it flows to others. And it is by this means much better distributed than it could have been otherwise.

16. The mistake of which I have been speaking, of supposing the rich cause the poor to be the worse off, was exposed long ago in the fable of the stomach and the limbs:—

17. "Once on a time," says the fable, "all the other members of the body began to murmur against the stomach, for employing the labors of all the rest, and consuming all that they had helped to provide, without doing any thing in return. So they all agreed to strike work, and refused to wait upon this idle stomach any longer."

18. "The feet refused to carry it about; the hands resolved to put no food into the mouth for it; the nose refused to smell for it, and the eyes to look out in its service; and the ears declared they would not even listen to the dinner-bell; and so of all the rest. But after the stomach had been left empty for some time, all the members began to suffer. The legs and arms grew feeble; the eyes became dim, and all the body languid and exhausted."

19. "Oh, foolish members," said the stomach, "you now perceive that what you used to supply to me, was in reality supplied to yourselves. I did not consume for myself the food that was put into me, but digested it, and prepared it for being changed into blood, which was sent through various channels as a supply for each of you."

How to Make Mischief.—Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves a long time ago. Therefore, do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence — be suspicious of him ; perhaps he contemplates stealing one of these dark nights ; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many.

It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing ; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth ; it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

Sam's Legacy. — Sam was a darkey and hired out to a farmer in Connecticut. One day, the farmer, who was not one of the most generous of men, was taken sick, and supposing that his end was approaching, sent for Sam to come to his bedside. The negro made his appearance, and with a joyful face, drew near, expecting something vastly to his benefit would occur. What it would be he had not the remotest idea, but judging from his own feelings, he thought that nothing else than a pretty good fiddle would be at all appropriate for a death-bed present.

"You know," said his employer, "you have been a faithful servant to me, Sam ?"

"Yes, massa." (Sam's ebony features developed into a broad grin. He now hoped for a pair of cowhide boots in addition to the fiddle).

"You know, Sam, I always treated you kindly ?"

"Yes, massa." (By this time Sam's imagination had expanded into something like activity, and his desires now embraced the fiddle, boots, a handfull of plug tobacco, and a bandanna handkerchief, and he anxiously waited to hear the next word).

His master than said in a solemn voice, "Sam, in consideration of your faithful services, I have directed in my will, that when you die, if you in the meantime live in this neighborhood, you shall be buried by my side !"

After waiting a few moments, as if expecting something else to be said, Sam asked—

"Is dat all, massa ?"

"Yes, Sam, all."

"Then," said the disgusted African, "dis nigger don't like it ! for maybe, some dark night, de debil come look for massa, an' make a 'stake an' take poor Sam. No, massa ; if all de same to you, dis chile 'fers to be buried by hisself !"

LITTLE MARY'S WISH

I have seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, "Hear it and wish, and 'twill surely come true;"
So, I've wished such a beautiful thing!

I thought I would like to ask something for you;
But couldn't think what there could be
That you'd want while you had all these beautiful things;
Besides, you have papa and me!

So I wished for a ladder; so long that 'twould stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean agarnst heaven's white floor.

Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
With my sash and my darling new shoes,
And I'd find some white roses to take up to God—
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

And you and dear papa would sit on the ground
And kiss me and tell me "Good-bye;"
Then I'd go up the ladder far out of your sight,
Till I came to the door in the sky!

I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but one little crack I could see,
I would whisper, "Please, God, let this little girl in;
She's as tired as she can be!

She came all alone from the earth to the sky;
For she's always been wanting to see
The gardens of heaven with their robins and flowers,
Please, God, is there room there for me?',

And then, when angels had opened the door,
God would say, "Bring the little child here."
But he'd speak it so softly I'd not be afraid;
And he'd smile just like you, mother, dear!

He would put his kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I'd ask him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
O, dear, don't you wish 'twould come true?

The next spring time, when the robins came home,
They sang over grass and flowers
That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child
For her flight to the summer land.
In a fair, white robe with one snow white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top appears.

—*Mrs. L. M. Blinn.*

...SSISTANT,
...JCTOR.

No. 2.

an obscure abode, and when he was alone, talked with him. A restless, and complaining temper proves a bad education.

7. A good education is a fortune in itself. I do not mean that it will always secure wealth. But it brings something better than gold that perishes. For this may be suddenly lost. Fire may consume it. Water may overwhelm it. The tempest may destroy it. The thief may take it away.

8. But that knowledge which enriches the mind, which moderates its desires, which teaches to make a right use of time, and to promote the happiness of others, is superior to the elements. Fire, air, earth, and water, have no power over it. It can rule them as servants. It fears neither rust nor robber. It walks with us in the vale of years, and does not leave us till we die.

9. What a great evil is ignorance ! We can see this by the state of those countries where it prevails. The history of past times will show us how miserable were their inhabitants—how unfit to judge for themselves—how stubborn in wickedness—how low in their pleasures—how ready to be the ...ing.

...e man who can neither ... How confused are his ...w his conceptions ! How ...ces ! How dependent is ...nvey his sentiments, and ...wn ! How liable to mis- ...pable of forming just and

INITIAL FACTS IN OUR HISTORY.

Our children are taught French, moral science and conic sections, and read histories of Greece and Rome. How few of them, and how few men and women, know anything of the history of their own country, except an outline or a few detached facts. How few undergraduates know that Columbus undertook his first voyage in the expectation of finding the Grand Kahn of Tartary; that he set sail on *Friday*, 1492—that unlucky and direful day—and on *Friday*, ten weeks after, discovered land; that he supposed Cuba to be the continent; that he first reached the continent on the north coast of South America six years afterward; that upon his fourth and last voyage he founded the first colony on the main land on the Isthmus of Panama; that twenty-one years after the first discovery the Old World was astonished to find they had discovered a new world, when they reached the Pacific across the Isthmus; but that Cabot, an Englishman, reached the shores of New England a full year before Columbus touched the continent; that San Augustine, Florida, is the oldest town in America, being just 300 years old; that Santa Fe, New Mexico, is the second town in point of age; that twenty years later—1602—California was discovered and explored; that in 1608 a Frenchman, *Sieur de Monts*, made the first permanent settlement north of San Augustine, at Annapolis, and twice attempted a settlement on Cape Cod, but was driven off by the natives; that Champlain founded Quebec in 1608; that our coast, from Pennsylvania to New Brunswick, was named Acadie, afterward New France; that Canada formerly comprehended our Vermont and New York; that Virginia was so named by Walter Raleigh in honor of Queen Elizabeth, 1584, when he made his exploration of the North Carolina coast; that the first English child born in America was Virginia Dare, daughter of Ananias; that the projected colony failed; that Jamestown was the first *English* town in America, begun 1607 and named for King James I; that the want of wives in Virginia was so great that in 1621 a large number of young women "of good character" were transported to the colony on speculation and sold to the lonely settlers for a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco each [*Mem.*: to suggest that a certain Governor borrow a hint thereby]; that New England was so named by John Smith, 1614; that at length a settlement was made, without a grant from the King's Council, at "New Plymouth," and sent its roots deep and wide into the scanty soil by a band of 102 passengers, December 11, 1620, who came in a small craft whose name has been spoken from the occident to the orient, to wit: the "Mayflower."

...has been truly called the ...When Galileo first taught ...of the earth round the ...ted as a crimina... ...geon. When Col...

—A deacon in Illinois objected to the organ purchased by his church, and when called upon to close the service with prayer, said: "Call on the machine. If it can sing the glory of God, it can pray too. Call on the machine!"

An exchange tells of a negro who insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the teacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born again"!

lead to such evils—defects in the education of the heart are still more deplorable. Look at the child whose moral principles have been neglected. Has he a regard for truth? Does he shrink at dishonesty? Is his conscience quick to warn him of a wrong motive? Does he obey his parents? Does he love his teachers? Is he anxious to understand and keep the law of God.

14. A good education is another name for happiness. We all desire to be happy, and should be willing to take pains to learn how. He who wishes to acquire a trade or a profession—to build a house, or to cultivate a farm, or to guide a vessel over the sea, must expect to work as an apprentice, or to study as a scholar.

15. Shall we not devote time and toil to learn how to be happy? It is a science which the youngest child may begin, and the wisest man is never weary of. If we attain the knowledge of many languages, and the fame of great learning, yet fail in that which makes the heart happy and the life good—our knowledge is but "sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal."

16. The objects to be kept in view by all who seek a good education, are to discharge every duty—to make others happy, and to love good things. May they not be compared to three steps leading to a beautiful house where you wish to go? Each one that you ascend, brings you nearer to the threshold.

17. The temple of happiness in this world, is the temple of goodness. And the temple of happiness in the world to come, is heaven. There, all the good of every nation meet and dwell together for ever. These temples communicate with each other, and a right education is the way of entrance to both.

18. The different parts of a good education may be called the alphabet of happiness. And from this alphabet is formed a language for angels. That is but a lame education, which stops short of a higher world.

19. I seem to hear some little voice asking, "when will a good education be finished? Will it be finished when we have done going to school, or are grown up women?" I tell you it will never be finished, until you die. He alone, who bids the pulse stop, and the cold heart lie still in the bosom, is able to say "it is finished."

20. The whole life is but one great school. From the cradle to the grave, we are all scholars. The voices of those we love, and our own experience, are our teachers. Afflictions give us discipline. The spirits of departed saints whisper to us—"Come up hither."

21. God's holy Word is our code of laws. He commands us there to "give him our heart—to remember him in the days of our youth." May we go to his heaven, as to our father's home, when school is done, and the little hour-glass of our days and nights shall be turned no more.

COMMON SCHOOL MEMORIAL.

1. The following chapter, full of thrilling eloquence as it is, has been taken from the Memorial of the "Perth Amboy Philanthropic Association" to the Legislature of New Jersey. Here, indeed, are "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." And as this is the time when the most of the Legislatures are in session, the article is admirably adapted to our whole country—to the *people* and the *Legislature* of every State.

2. "Is not the main business of our government, through all its branches, more a legislation touching the purse and pocket, than the mind, morals, and manners of the people? And has not the spirit of enterprise abroad over the land, for its chief end, mere physical improvement?

3. Though our progress in physical improvement is rapid, is it not a fearful, because a disproportioned rapidity? Is it not something like the rapidity of the unpractised boy who thinks the art of driving is in applying sturdily the lash, and giving the dashing steeds the reins? It is easier to start than stop; and easier far to quicken the speed of a spirited charger, than to rein him in, or guide his lightning course.

4. Has not this march of our nation's improvement been too hurried to carry with it the nation's mind, and the nation's conscience? In our rush onward, has not the foot of the untaught multitude too roughly trodden down reflection and principle—reason and morality—law and justice, until men are beginning to be regardless of proper means, so that they attain their ends, and the popular mind seems feverish and giddy with excitement?

5. Do you not, gentlemen, behold, in the unrolling scroll of our country's brief history, events and elements developed or at work, big with interest? Does it need prophetic vision to predict, that if the same restive and reckless, because lawless, spirit that seems brooding under the whole surface of our social polity, bursting forth wherever and whenever exciting causes occur, is not speedily, steadily, and vigorously counteracted, your laws, and those of your predecessors and successors, will be but a barrier of gossamer before a tornado?

6. Oh, gentlemen, on this subject we dare not utter all our sad premonitions and forebodings. Unless the people's mind, (and by the people, we mean the millions,) is properly enlightened, and that mind moored fast, by educating the people's conscience to love—reverence—and obey *law*, the law of God and man: the sheet and bow anchors of the American nation will have slipped their cables, and the gallant ship of our freedom, with already too much canvass spread for the coming tempest, will be driven on the breakers, where has been wrecked every republic upon which the sun has shed his light—and with us, we need not tell you, will go down, not the morning, but the evening star of a world's hope—a world's emancipation.

7. Gentlemen, we need not tell you, that there is no third course a people can take. *To govern themselves, or be governed*, are their only alternatives. Educators or soldiers—books or bayonets—camps and campaigns for a standing army, or, churches and colleges for the people, the whole people, are the only choices left us.

8. To a close observer of the times, and with the statute of the race, the only synopsis of pure law and correct legislation, in his hands, it is manifest as a sunbeam, that political conversion or political convulsion is just at hand. Think of the elements of revolution a single free state contains in her bosom; one hundred and eight thousand voters unable to read a ballot, and two hundred and fifty thousand unschooled embryo voters following in their wake!!

9. What restraint will an unknown Bible, or code of laws have upon such a mass of darkened mind? What might not be feared, should some American Napoleon wake that mass to feel, and put forth the might of its brute power, and become its leader? It is a fundamental principle of our government that a majority shall rule. The *vox populi* is law here.

10. Is it not then of the first and last importance that this voice of the people be on the side of truth—law—justice? But this cannot be, never was, and never will be, without virtue and intelligence. The amazing energies of a democracy, are, while human nature is left to itself, prone to move only as passion and interest dictate; and

For the Banner of Light.

POST MORTEM.

BY THADDEUS WARSAW.

"Death is another life."—*Bailey.*
"Ye winged spirits hov'ring round me here,
Death's awful secret whisper in mine ear"—*Anon.*

[The writer of these lines being ill, fell into a death-like trance, which, although it could have lasted but a few minutes, seemed like a long period of time. The spirit appeared to leave the body, and its *post mortem* experience is given in the lines below.]

The damp and gloomy pall of night had fallen on the world,
And round about the starry spheres dim wreathes ethereal curled;
Out from the sable caverns where, upon her ebon throne,
Eternal Night in silence reigns in cheerless gloom alone,
The powers of darkness slowly stole, and wrapped the earth in shade—
Fell darkly o'er the homes of men, by stream and hill and glade.

Upon my bed, in lingering pain, as day's last moments went,
I seemed to sigh away my soul until my breath was spent;
No longer then my bosom heaved, nor tortures racked my breast;
At last 't was over—I was dead, and calmly lay at rest!
Was *dead!*—but still I lived!—with thought and consciousness the same—
No faculty of mind impaired—ah, Death is but a name!

'T is hard for words like ours to paint the soul's immortal state—
The life we live beyond the grave—though dead, still animate!
I found I could remember still; there was no blank or blot—
No passion, friend or foe in life, in death that was forgot!
And yet, although the senses of the body still remained,
'T was in remembrance only, like impressions long retained.

I knew how thirst, how hunger felt—how pleasure and how pain—
How cold, how heat—but felt them not, and never would again.
No fiends infernal ready stood to hurl me down below;
No kindred spirits met me there, in joy, nor yet in woe.
I was not happy, nor yet sad; there was no change of spheres;
I was alone, but in the world, amidst my friends in tears.

Could see those friends as when I lived, and hear each word they said;
Joined in a funeral throng, at first unconscious I was dead!
Nor realized that they my form or essence could not see.
I spoke in solemn, warning tones, they seemed to hear and flee;
"So live," my soul had said, "that when your time shall come to die,
No sorrow or regret upon your spiritual life may lie!"

And then I knew that I was *dead;* resolved to not affright
The living, and so upward rose, and slowly took my flight.
The power of motion I possessed, yet not by limb or wing;
But pendulous I through the air went with a zigzag swing;
And as I wandered o'er the earth, and at its scenery gazed,
'T was one to me though midnight fell or noonday round me blazed.

"And this is Death? the dread estate from which in life we shrink,
Whose shadow darkens all our days and dims each joy we drink!
And yet I would return to life and to my friends again,
To this estate preferring it, with all its toil and pain;
For here existence is *to be*—no power to *act* we bring,
And, without organs to respond, our passions to us cling!"

As thus I mused, a *something* bright, but without form or shape,
Approached me, and a voice replied: "For you there 's still escape;
To life you will return again, your days are not yet spent;
But learn this solemn truth while here: it is the punishment
Of fleshly lusts that after death remains the vain desire,
The worm of conscience dieth not, nor 's quenched its smould'ring fire!"

Then onward still I swung at will, now swaying near the earth,
Now rising high above the realms where storm-clouds have their birth;
Now skimming o'er the verdant fields, now by some river's brink
I paused to watch the minnows play, or thirsty cattle drink;
Now lingered in a harvest field, just o'er a reaper's head,
And thought, if he could see me there, of his wild fear and dread.

I rose into the empyrean blue and gazed upon the world,
Descended through a thunder-cloud from which Jove's bolts were hurled;
I perched upon a mountain peak where human foot ne'er strayed,
And land and sea for many a league with curious eye surveyed;
Then o'er the ocean's briny waste with tireless speed I flit,
Now dipped beneath the rolling waves, or on green islands lit.

O'er many climes and lands I passed, o'er cities and tall spires,
O'er ice-bound polar zones, and through the desert's sand-built fires;
How vain to me then seemed the pomp and pageantry of life—
Its fevered dreams and mad pursuits, its emptiness and strife!
Through all my wanderings, though alone, around on every side
I saw great bands of spirits troop, and lonely phantoms glide.

At length a little coterie of spirits met my eye,
Among which many well-known forms I gladly could descry;
As hast'ning forth to join the group, their faces to me turned,
Upon them smiles of welcome played, and all the old love burned;
But suddenly I felt a shock of terror and of pain—
The spirits vanished, and I woke to life and care again.

Milwaukee, Wis.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O, FRIENDS, with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument,
Your logic linked and strong;
I weigh as one who dreads dissent
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words you bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem.
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sins,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust;
I vail mine eyes for shame;
And, urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies;
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see;
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight;
And with the chastened Psalmist own
His judgments, too, are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise;
Assured alone that life or death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove:
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me, if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

Up this world and down this world,
And over this world and through,
Though drifted about,
And tossed without,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

What if the breakers rise up ahead,
With dark waves rushing through,
More steadily try,
With steadfast eye,
To "paddle your own canoe."

If a hurricane rise in the midnight sky,
And the stars are lost to view,
Glide safely along,
With smile and song,
And "paddle your own canoe."

Up this world, and down this world,
Over this world and through,
Though weary and worn,
Bereft, forlorn,
Still "paddle your own canoe."

Never give up when trials come—
Never grow sad and blue;
Never sit down
With a tear or frown,
But "paddle your own canoe."

There are daisies springing along the shores,
Blooming and sweet for you;
There are rose-hued dyes
In the autumn skies—
Then "paddle your own canoe."

It has been said that suicide is the sickle with which the Almighty reaps the harvest of fools.

—A conclusive argument against suicide is that it is the hight of impoliteness to go anywhere till you are sent for.

We Reap what we Sow.

For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe—
'Tis the law of our being—we reap what we sow.
We may try to avail them—may do what we will—
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, to be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure.
We may boast of our claim to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then, when we fail, the world bears the blame;
But nine times in ten, it is plain to be seen,
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember, this great truth has often been proved:
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the waters comes back.
This law was enacted by Nature above;
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken and youth becomes old;
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above!

We reap what we sow. Oh! wonderful truth!—
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth.
But it shines out at last, "as the hand on the wall,"
For the world has its "debit" and "credit" for all.

Look at the bright side of everything. It don't pay to go through life with a tear in your eye and a sigh upon your lips. If your friend has a fault don't dwell so long upon it as to forget his virtues. It is folly to look for perfection in anything. Accept the best you can get, and be thankful for it. Humanity is not half as black as some people would paint it. Its faults are like the spots on the sun's surface—apparent enough to all those who seek them, but unnoticed to those who are satisfied with the sunshine of everyday life.

Ethics and Polemics.

NO POSTPONEMENT.

The simplest wisdom is sometimes the best philosophy. The Arab proverb sums all practical ethics in the precept, Do the next thing. It is not always the easiest or the pleasantest thing to do. Sometimes it is the hardest, and the doing of it goes against the grain. There is a vast deal of shirk in the average human nature. It is so much easier not to do than to do —to wait on fortune than to make fortune wait on us —to watch for something to turn up than to turn something up by our endeavor—to float with the current and the tide than to stem both of them and gain the haven of desire in spite of opposing elements—that thousands yield to the seductive temptation almost unconsciously, till the yielding becomes a fixed inclination of the faculties and bend of character. Man is an enormous borrower of time. He is always paying with promises. He draws from a bank full of to-morrows, and defers, and defers, till deferring takes the place of doing, and he becomes a waiter on events instead of a maker of events, and his hoard of days dwindles and wastes away leaving him bankrupt at the end. And thus,

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death."

One of the most pernicious habits, easily formed and hard to be overcome, is procrastination. It stands directly in way of success, of noble doing, of real greatness. Young called it the thief of time, and Nevins compares it to a murderer So much depends on using the unreturning opportunity when it comes—taking the winged moment as it flies, plucking the ripe fruit before it falls or is taken by another, being beforehand with fortune, and making conditions instead of taking them—that the strongest comparisons are nearest the truth. There is but one best time to do anything, and that let slip drags a train of misfortunes after it. A duty delayed is not only at compound interest, accumulating difficulties the longer it is deferred; it interferes with other duties; it upsets other plans; it defeats more important calculations; it is an element of derangement and disorder while it remains undone, and never gets done well. The time to strike is when the iron is hot; and whoever delays may pound himself to weariness in vain to heat it again by his hammering. To make the most of life, each day must be so concentrated and completed in itself that it shall leave no litter for to-morrow to pick up, no tasks for future toil, no burdens for other days to bear. "Look on every day," says Jean Paul Richter, as the whole of life, not merely as a section of it, and enjoy the present without wishing through impatience to leap to another." David Hume compares time to a field; a small lot well tilled is more beautiful and productive than the largest estate when left to weeds and brambles. The day filled with great deeds, noble experiences, elevated joys—rounded with plans that are executed and dreams that are fulfilled—is better than a succession of lean and hungry weeks.

Perhaps more lives come to nothing from the habit of postponing, begun by deferring little things and ending in the neglect of great ones, than in any other way. The man who is always behind-hand is always a failure. He fails to seize the handle things always hold out to him who is forward to take it. He loses the opportunity that leads to success. He misses the train of circumstances that sweeps on to fortune, and so is compelled to creep and drudge, when an alert and active promptitude would have borne him forward without toil or trouble. He misses the "tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and all his voyage of life "is bound in shallows and in miseries." What men call luck is oftentimes nothing but beforehandness. Those who have reversed Franklin's maxim to read, "never do to day what can be put off till to morrow," have found it the mouth of a trap from which extrication was difficult if not impossible. "By the streets of By-and-By one arrives at the house of Never," says Cervantes. "If we spend life in deliberation," said Quesnel, we shall die upon it."

> "The greatest actions, or of good or evil,
> The hero's and the murderer's, spring at once
> From their conception: oh! how many deeds
> Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
> The world had wanted, had the actor said,
> I will do this to-morrow?"

The delay of anything that can and ought to be done is a folly that always costs dear, and may prove fatal. A while ago an old man told the story of his capture by a British privateer in the Baltic, in 1812. There was time enough for escape after the whereabouts of the prowling cruiser were discovered. The mate and sailors begged the captain to raise anchor and spread all sail to catch a rising wind. He looked in all directions, and replied "to-morrow." Then the vessel sailed into the toils of the watching foe, and most of the men died in an English prison, while the two or three who survived carried the memorials of that fatal "to-morrow" in broken constitutions to the grave. All the histories are full of accounts of battles lost by a day, of great enterprises that suffered miscarriage for an hour at the start. Months at the end will not overtake minutes lost at the beginning. The destiny of a life-time is often decided in a day.

> Think not to-morrow still shall be your care,
> Alas, to-morrow like to-day will fare;
> Reflect that yesterday's to-morrow's o'er;
> Thus one to-morrow, one to-morrow more,
> Have seen long years before them fade away,
> And still appear no nearer than to-day.

The habit of doing at once what ought at once to be done is success, happiness, fortune. The worst thing about procrastination is that it unnerves and debilitates the mind, enfeebles resolve, and unfits one for prompt and energetic action. The habit of delay impairs the faculty of seeing what wants most to be done, and the vigilance of will and the keenness of intellect and resilient and foreleaping quality which takes advantage of circumstances and sends its possessor into the arena as a conqueror. It unmans him. It makes him a mere hanger-on at the skirts of circumstances, when he should lead them by the foretop. The ability to see what can and should be done, to foresee opportunities, to scent advantage in the distance, grows with a spirit of active determination and promptness in doing. The more one accustoms himself to decide and act on the instant—never delaying what can be done then and there—the stronger the faculty of determination becomes, and the more infallible. The central element in the personality is will, which gains force by instantaneous decision and immediateness of act following resolve, like the discharge of the bullet after the trigger is pulled. The kings of business become so by determining what to do, and doing what they determine on the moment. Mr. Ralston, the California banker, whose sudden death has plunged the whole Pacific coast in grief, acquired the faculty of doing a week's work in a day by concentrating his mind on the subject in hand, bringing all the power in him to a burning focus of thought, and deciding instantaneously almost by intuition what to do, and then doing the thing. People call it genius. It is the genius that comes from doing at once the thing then on hand. It develops energy, foresight, capacity, force, the nameless electrical power which men great in affairs conspicuously possess. No greater mistake can be made than letting delay creep in at the crack of the door, crowding it open, till the whole room is filled with deferred ambitions. The habit of thinking that to-morrow will round out to-day's unfilled purposes, and crown its ignoble postponements, and reënchant its dissipated dreams is fatal to character. It takes all the temper out of the mind, all the edge from resolve, all the force from the will, all the man out of manhood; and it cheats whoever trusts it out of the fruitions of the occasion. Men say to-morrow. But there is no to-morrow, for the enterprise to-day should complete. "To-morrow," says Chapin, "is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight, behind the veil of glittering constellations." Eternity has no fears to haunt and no rewards to bribe the man who completely lives the moments as they come and go. He takes his heaven as he goes along. What hope withholds memory yields to his thought. "To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to day," said Dryden. There is no peak in the universe can glorify a mind that is false to the moment's trust or deaf to its inspiration. Life admits of no postponement. To act is to be. Neglecting a duty is a denial of Deity.

> Shun delays, they breed remorse;
> Take thy time while time is lent thee;
> Creeping snails have weakest force;
> Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
> Good is best when soonest wrought,
> Lingering labors come to nought,
> Hoist up sail while gale doth last.
> Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
> Seek not time, when time is past,

DIDN'T KNOW THE NATURE OF AN OATH.—A scrub-headed boy, having been brought before the court as a witness, the following very amusing colloquy ensued:—

"Where do you live?" the Judge inquired.

"Live with my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do they live?" says the Judge, getting very red, as an audible titter goes round the court-room.

"They live at home."

"Where in thunder is their home?"

"That's where I'm from," said the boy, sticking his tongue in the corner of his cheek and slowly closing one eye on the Judge.

"Here, Mr. Constable, take this witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not know the nature of an oath."

VICE is sufficient of itself to make a man thoroughly unhappy.

ARTEMUS WARD.—No more amusing anecdote is told of Artemus Ward than the following:—

One day while travelling in the cars, and dreading to be bored by strangers, a man took a seat beside him and presently said—

"Did you hear the last thing on Horace Greeley?"

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus. "Horace Greeley? Who is he?"

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said—

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a Bastile?"

"Train? Train? George Francis Train?" said Artemus, solemnly, "I never heard of him."

This ignorance kept the man quiet about fifteen minutes; then he said—

"What do you think about Gen. Grant's chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?"

"Grant? Grant? Hang it, man!" said Artemus, "you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious; he walked up the car, but at last came back and said—

"You confounded ignoramus! did you ever hear of Adam?"

Artemus looked up and said, "What was his other name?"

A small child being asked by her Sunday School teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

A lady who had repeatedly called her little boy to come in and say his prayers, was shocked by his asking her if "God was in much of a hurry"?

MARRIAGE AMONG THE SHAKERS.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: I noticed, in your issue of the 9th inst., an article containing comments on certain remarks of mine at the Boston Convention of the 28th ult. My object in addressing you at this time is to ask you to correct an erroneous statement in the article referred to. You say, "Elder Cumings thinks nobody should be married and no more children should be born into the world." The above is entirely erroneous, both as regards my own personal belief and also as regards the society of which I am a member. Our faith is founded on the teachings of our Savior and His Disciples, in this matter as in all other respects; and what they teach, as we understand it, is that there are now two orders, or systems, or kingdoms—the natural order, or Old Creation, in which the generative principle is the element or power of life, without which it could not exist; and the other the spiritual order, or New Creation, rising out of the other, yet distinct from it, as much as the second story of a house is above and distinct from the first or lower story. As the Old Creation has the generative principle for its element, so the New Creation has the regenerative or spiritual life principle for its element.

What we believe is that "he that marries doeth well," if he has received no call beyond that; "but he that marrieth not doeth better," if so be he remaineth in that condition in obedience to the call of God, through Christ, to come up higher, and leave the earthly, sensual plane of life, and is able to live the true virgin life. But we believe, as Jesus declares, "all men are not able to receive this saying, save they to whom it is sent." See Matt. xix., 10 to 13. Nor do we wish or desire, or believe it to be right for all men and women to attempt to live as we do; but this we say, if any choose to live the worldly life and still expect to be justified, let them observe the laws of life of the natural world, until the great Architect shall call them from the drudgery of brickmakers to come up and be masons, or carpenters, or master builders in His great and glorious temple.

Enfield, N. H., June 19, 1869. HENRY CUMINGS.

THE READY RECKONER.—"Father, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child, what of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes. And I remember what little girls don't think of."

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much one cigar costs,"

"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars by a long shot."

"But ten cents three times a day is thirty cents."

"That's as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in the week."

"That's so by the almanac."

"And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on. I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her I'll go without cigars for a week."

"Thank you father; but if you would only say for a year it would save you over a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet and lots of pretty things."

"Well, to make my little girl happy, I will say a year."

"Oh, that will be so nice! But wouldn't it be about as easy to say always? Then we would have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when you kiss us."—*Everybody's paper.*

TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Eighty little urchins
Coming through the door,
Pushing, crowding, making
A tremendous roar.
Why don't you keep quiet?
Can't you mind the rule?
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Keeping public school.

Eighty little pilgrims
On the road to fame!
If they fail to reach it,
Who will be to blame?
High and lowly stations,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischief,
Skilled in all the arts.
That's a precious darling!
What are you about?
"May I pass the water?"
"Please may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slates and books are rattling,
And in the corner yonder
Two pugilists are battling!
Others cutting didoes,
What a botheration!
No wonder we grow crusty
From such association.

Anxious parent drops in,
Merely to inquire
Why his olive branches
Do not shoot higher?
Says he wants his children
To mind their p's and q's,
And hopes their brilliant talent
Will not be abused.

Spelling, reading, writing,
Petting up the young ones,
Fanning, scolding, fighting,
Spurring on the dumb ones.
Gymnasts, vocal music?
How the heart rejoices
When the singer comes
To cultivate the voices.

Institute attending,
Making out reports,
Giving object lessons,
Class drills of all sorts;
Reading dissertations,
Feeling like a fool—
Oh, the untold blessing
Of keeping public school.

The Old Year.

We have closed the book and laid it by;
And ever thus must its pages lie;
We cannot unclasp the lids again,
Nor write its record with a brighter pen.

Ah, many the lines we would retrace—
And many the stains we would erase—
But the time has fled from us away,
We cannot recall a single day.

Our lives have not backward paths to tread;
The words we utter are ne'er unsaid;
We never can dream the self-same dream,
Nor reverse the onward flowing stream.

Oh! then let us know in meekness now
Before our Maker in Heaven bow,
And pardon ask for every sin,
Which the closed book doth hold within.

And when another again we ope,
With its pure white pages full of hope,
May we look to him and humbly pray
For strength to keep it as pure each day.

A THANKFUL SPIRIT.—There once was an old woman who, in answer to a visiting almoner's inquiries as to how she did, said: "O, Sir, the Lord is very good to me—I have lost my husband, and my eldest son, and my youngest daughter, and I am half blind, and I can't sleep or move about for the rheumatics; but I've got two teeth left in my head, and praise and bless His holy name! they're opposite each other!

for, were either class to be abolished, both the others would be greatly injured; and the happiness and comfort of society would be greatly diminished.

26. Hence, we see that if a man is only industriously directing his efforts to accomplish either one of these objects, he is a benefit to his country. He only is to be stigmatized as useless, who is allowing his faculties to lie idle, and is doing nothing to benefit his fellow-men in either of these respects.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BY DR. ALCOTT.

1. The importance of chemistry to the housewife, though admitted in words, seems, after all, but little understood. How can we hope to urge her forward to the work of ventilating and properly cleansing her apartments and her furniture, until she understands not only the native constitution of our atmosphere, but the nature of the changes which this atmosphere undergoes in our fire rooms, our sleeping rooms, our beds, our cellars, and our lungs?

2. How can we expect her to co-operate, with all her heart, in the work of simplifying and improving cookery, simplifying our meals, and removing, step by step, from our tables, objectionable articles, or deleterious compounds, until she understands effectually the nature and results of fermentation, as well as of mastication and digestion?

3. How can we expect her to detect noxious gases, and prevent unfavorable chemical changes, and the poisonous compounds which sometimes result, and which have again and again destroyed health and life, while she is as ignorant as thousands are, who are called housewives, of the first principles of chemical science? Would it not be to expect impossibilities?

4. A great multitude of facts might be stated to illustrate the importance of a knowledge of the principles of chemistry to those who have the superintendence of household concerns, from which, however, I will select only one or two of the more prominent.

5. Late in the autumn of 1814, a severe disease broke out at Elizabethtown, in Pennsylvania, and many who were attacked with it died. It was subsequently traced by the physicians, among whom was the distinguished Dr. Eberle, to the following cause:—

6. The manufacture of common red earthenware had been recently commenced in that neighborhood, and many of the inhabitants, for the first time, had supplied themselves with the wares; and among the rest, with a quantity of deep jars.

7. Into these jars they had put their apple butter, or apple sauce. The acid of the apple sauce coming in contact with the glazing, which consisted of an oxyd of lead, had dissolved it, and formed acetate of lead (sugar of lead.)

8. The effects of sugar of lead, when received into the human stomach, are pretty well known. It is a slow but sure poison; and when taken in any considerable quantity, or in a smaller quantity for a long time, gives rise to what is called painters' colic.

9. The people of Elizabethtown had eaten very freely of the apple sauce; and the sugar of lead which it contained produced the terrible results.

AGRICULTURE.—No. I.

1. There is no Science or Art so generally neglected, as the Science and Art of Agriculture. Mechanics have their "Institutes" and their "Mechanic's Fairs," and "Journals," and "Magazines," and their special and yearly exhibitions of all that is *new*, or curious, or useful.

2. The farmer, it is true, has the three or four small papers devoted to his interest in agriculture; and once in a long time, in some part of the country, there may be a "cattle show," and a premium awarded for the best crop in different kinds of grains. But this is unusual, and excites but little interest.

3. The farmer pursues his labors without noise, and remote from the places where lectures and experiments, and collected thoughts are heard and given. He is not brought daily into society where there is close competition, scientific conversation, and immediate access to all the improvements that have been made in various parts of the country. This, however, is the privilege of many mechanics.

4. And there is a prejudice with many who cultivate the soil against learning any thing in their calling from books or educated farmers. We admit that there is some ground for this prejudice. For many of our books and periodicals on farming make large extracts from English, French, and German works, which are not adapted to our soil, climate, or products.

5. If American writers on agriculture had studied our soils, climates, habits, &c. with more industry, and not have been so willing to fill up their papers with learned extracts from other countries, there would not be such a prejudice against reading works on farming.

6. The farmer is ready to read provided he can get something *intelligible and practical* by reading; and those who cry out against farmers for not liking "book farming," should reflect, and see if some of the fault does not lie with their books, either in the style or the inappropriate hints suggested.

7. We believe that there is no class more disposed to read than the agricultural, if it can but read that which it understands and feels an interest in. Books of this nature on farming are not very common, and it shall be our endeavor, while writing our articles on agriculture, to speak to the understandings and practical interests of those whose profession for life is to cultivate the soil.—We believe that *reading* on farming can be made a *delightful* employment.

8. A great fault with farmers is this; they will read an improvement and admire it for the time, perhaps half resolve to adopt it on their own farm: but the time passes on, and the improvement once so vividly in the mind, is forgotten, and the benefit that might arise from reading is lost.

9. A farmer should at once, while the mind is fairly interested in the improvement, take measures that will ensure a benefit from his money spent in procuring the agricultural paper. He should break through his old habits, and his disposition to *delay* what his mind approves. Men very frequently rail against book farming to appease their consciences for not minding what they approved when they read.

10. Let a farmer keep a little blank book; and in it, note down all the useful hints he may read of, and while he is performing the labors of the field, let him make it his constant effort to put in practice as many improvements as his time and circumstances will permit.

11. In this way he will see that reading does good. But if he never tests any thing he reads, it is not strange that he should think reading of no value. We will see whether ourselves or our readers shall be most in fault—they in not minding what we suggest, or we in not suggesting what is worth minding. Now let us all keep an eye on this.

NEWS CHAPTER.

1. During the month of January, Congress did not pass a single Law. The most of the time, both of the House of Repre-

Miss Drummond, the Quaker preacher, was asked whether the spirit ever inspired her with the thought of getting married? "No, friend," she said, "but the flesh has"!

Men trust rather to their eyes than to their ears; the effect of precept is therefore slow and tedious, whilst that of example is summary and effectual.—[Seneca.

Of actual creation, of origin, of beginning of existence from non-existence, we have no experience, and can therefore form no conception.—[Humboldt.

The Protestant Bishop of Ely (England) received a pressing invitation to attend the old Catholic conference at Cologne.

Milton says the hearts of men are their eloquence. The reason there is so little real eloquence is that there is so little depth and fervor of heart.

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased. To be amiable is to be satisfied with one's self and others. Good humor is essential to pleasantry.

A Little Composition on the Wheelbarrow.

The Danbury News man says: If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles toward the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolute anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity.

A society for the suppression of slang has been formed among the pupils of the girls' high school of San Francisco. Said a reporter to one of its members: "Your object is a praiseworthy one. Do you think you will succeed in eradicating conversational slang?" Said she: "You bet."

Short of Meat.—A Deacon being in a neighboring town one Saturday, fell in with a travelling minister and invited him to come to his town and preach next Sunday, and to his house to dinner. So Sunday morning the deacon told his family that the minister would be there to dinner, and, as they were out of meat, told his hired boy to go to a certain place by the side of the road, and dig out a woodchuck that was supposed to have burrowed there, and they would have him for dinner. While the boy was digging away at the woodchuck hole, the minister came along on his way to preach. On seeing the boy thus digging, he hauled up and accosted him with—

"Well, my son, what are you about doing there?"

"Digging out a woodchuck, Sir," said the boy.

"Why, but don't you know that it is very wicked? and besides, you won't get him if you dig for him on Sunday."

"Git 'im!" said the boy. "Thunder! I've got to git 'im; the minister's coming to our house to dinner, and we ain't got any meat."

A HEROINE.

Her name shines not in bannered field,
Where the right and wrong so boldly war;
Nor rings her voice in any cause
Which men and women battle for;
Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,
You long to kneel and kiss her feet.

No wondrous romance wreathes her life;
Nor has she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
But poor and—some would call her—plain,
Yet in her two dear eyes you see
A beauty shining constantly.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
No dainty leisure hath her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
A ribbon binds her hair's soft bands;
Yet in her garment's simple grace
Her souls regality you trace.

No gift has she to charm and thrill
A thankless world and with warbled songs;
An art that wakes the ivory keys
To other hands than her belong;
Yet in her words of tender cheer
A richer music meets the ear.

She walks in humblest ways of life
That lead ofttimes through gloom and shade;
And cares and crosses not a few,
Are on her patient shoulders laid;
Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreathes with grace;
Harsh duty turns to loving zest;
And cherry hope and steadfast will
Are at her side in work and rest;
Yet never dreams she that you spy
The angel looking from her eye.

A sceptic who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we were in the spirit, and the spirit in us, received the reply, "Oh! dar's no puzzle 'bout dat; it's like dat poker: I put it in de fire till it gets red hot—now de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker." A profound theologian could not have made a better reply.

[Lincoln's Indignation.

Col. Forney's "Recollections of Public Men," now publishing in the Philadelphia *Press*, are, we are glad to understand, to be printed in book form. In a recent paper, treating principally of President Lincoln, we find the following reminiscences, which are exceedingly interesting:

I think I never saw him (President Lincoln) out of temper but once, and that was when I presented him the unanimous confirmation of a certain personage for a high office. "Why did not the Senate confirm Mr. —— and Mr. ——? My friends knew I wanted this done, and I wanted it done today;" and then he used certain strong expressions against the successful person. I looked at him with some surprise, never having seen him in such a mood, and said, "Why, Mr. Lincoln, you seem to hold me responsible for the act of the Senate, when you must be aware of the custom under which that body acted." "Oh, no," was his reply, "I was not scolding you, my friend, but I fear I have been caught in a trap."

Many a fierce conflict took place in his presence between angry politicians, but it required a very strong provocation to overbalance his judgment or his equanimity. Not so, however, with an appeal for mercy; not so with a petition from the poor. Here he was as weak as woman, and more than once mingled his tears with the gentler sex. There are few parallels to such a character, but many contrasts.

The contrast between Lincoln and Johnson may be illustrated by an incident connected with the unhappy 4th of March, 1865, when Andrew Johnson was inaugurated vice-President in the Senate chamber. I do not desire to see the curtain rise before a scene that both parties seem willing to expunge—the Republicans, who apologized for it when it occurred, and the Democrats who regretted it after Johnson joined their despairing columns. But I can never forget President Lincoln's face as he came into the Senate chamber while Johnson was delivering his incoherent harangue. Lincoln had been detained signing the bills that had just passed the old Congress, and could not witness the regular opening of the new Senate till the ceremonies had fairly commenced. He took his seat facing the brilliant and surprised audience, and heard all that took place with unutterable sorrow. He then spoke his short inaugural from the middle portico of the capitol, and rode quickly home. Bitter maledictions were immediately hurled at the new vice-President. I hastened to his defence with the best of my abilities, believing the affair to have been an accident. Threats of impeachment were common in both parties, especially among the Democrats; and the crusade got so fierce at last that I found myself included among those who had helped Mr. Johnson to his exposure. But no voice of anger was heard from Abraham Lincoln. While nearly all censured, and many threatened, Mr. Lincoln simply said, "It has been a severe lesson for Andy, but I do not think he will do it again." In a little more than a month Lincoln was in his grave and Andrew Johnson his successor. Both have had their trial before the same people. The verdict on each is irreversible. What was at first a parallel has become a contrast. And this contrast grows stronger with each hour, and will stand through all time as a warning to the nation.

the iron hot by striking.

In our state, meetings for the im-

provement of schools are frequent. Wayne, Duchess, and Orange counties have lately held large meetings. Mr. George Riker, the education agent in Duchess county, is making a revolution in public sentiment; so, also, Mr. James M'Farland, the agent for Orange county. And what speaks well for the people is, that over two thousand subscribers have been sent in for this paper during the past month.

11. The change we made has been well received, and the paper is now in most places made a reading book in school. Every school should have a class reading in this or in a similar paper. Great usefulness and interest can be given to the school in this way.

12. Lord Brougham has just submitted to Parliament a school system for England. He wishes a board of five, appointed for life, to superintend the subject. This board is to establish "Normal Schools," and have the general direction of the studies, books, reports, &c. In the towns having a "corporation" the commonalty are to have the local superintendence of the schools, and in the country the rate-payers are to have the direction and supervision.

13. Compulsory measures do not form a part of the plan. But it is supposed that England will not receive a general school system for some time. In our next number we shall give an account of England, as we have of France in the present number.

14. The French have large colonies in Algiers, and they have there established large public and private schools. One female seminary gives instruction gratuitously to 210 pupils. They give a table of education at Algiers as follows:—

The College at Algiers has	85 pupils
Common schools for boys,	503
Private schools for boys,	37
Common schools for girls,	45
Private schools for girls,	334
Making a total of	1004

Such praiseworthy efforts should make some parts of this country blush.

15. Massachusetts has just made a report from which we get the following:—No. of schools, 2918; No. of scholars, 264,726, out of 991,222 inhabitants; No. of scholars between 4 and 16 years of age, 177,053. Amount of money raised by taxes for schools, 465,228 dollars 4 cents, and of taxes for teachers, 387,124 dollars 17 cents. No. of academies and private schools, 854.

TO TEACHERS.

The editor of this paper, as Professor of Public Instruction in the "New York University," will commence, on the first day of May next, in the "University," a *course of lectures* on the "Art of Teaching," and on the several branches of knowledge which should be taught in a common school.

The object of this professorship is, to prepare young men to teach.

Price of admission to the course (to be continued for the term of six months) will be ten dollars. There will be one lecture, one hour long, and one recitation, of one hour's length, *each day*.

At the close of the six month's instruction, a school, paying at least thirty dollars per month and board, will be provided by the Professor for each student, free of expense.

The only expense which the students will be subjected to, while attending these lectures, will be "board and washing," which will be two dollars and twenty-five cents per week, and *no more*.

Application for admission must be made to the editor of this paper, or to J. M. Matthews, Chancellor of the University, before the first of May next. But fifty students will be admitted.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

1. The following school books we have thoroughly examined, and we recommend them to every school:—

Comstock's Physiology, published by Robinson, Pratt & Co., N. Y.

2. This work has the unqualified commendations of the most competent individuals and institutions. This study, embracing as it does, man's health, wonderful structure, and physical happiness, should be adopted in every school. Mr. Comstock's Treatise is the best text book on the subject for families and schools.

3. "Parley's Universal History," for schools, published by the American Stationers' Co., Boston, and by S. Colman, N. Y., is a most capital book. It is highly spoken of by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, and adopted already in many of the best schools.

4. Elements of General History, by John W. Barber, published by Durrie & Peck, New Haven, Ct. This book is well designed for the use of Common Schools, and we wish its use in every one in our country. Mr. Barber is an energetic, perspicuous writer, favorably known as the author of the History of Connecticut, lately published by Durrie & Peck.

5. The "Reader & Speaker:" containing lessons for rhetorical reading and declamation. By Samuel Putnam, N. Y. We do not know of a better work for pupils to read in their reading exercises.

6. Dolbear's Science of Practical Penmanship, on the inductive plan; fifth edition; with a Chirographic Atlas of twenty-four plates, by Dolbear & Brothers. Published by Collins, Keese & Co., N.Y.

7. This is indeed a scientific system of penmanship; the best we have examined, and one we can commend to pupils and schools. The work is deservedly popular, and has a general circulation in the South. We hope our northern schools will soon use the work. It can be seen and obtained at the "American Common School Union," 128 Fulton-street, N.Y.

8. We have received the second number of the "United States' Magazine and Democratic Review," published monthly, by Langtree and O'Sullivan, Washington, D.C.; terms five dollars a year. This work has the strongest commendations from literary gentlemen, and already has a large circulation. The agent in this city is Leonard Scott, Esq., office corner of Pine-street and Broadway. Any one living within a hundred miles, by subscribing and receiving their numbers at Mr. Scott's office, will save one dollar yearly.

We acknowledge payment for the following subscriptions for the third volume, made during January. Subscriptions under six copies to any one post office cannot be mentioned for want of room:—

	No. copies.		No. copies.
Deans Corners N Y	9	Patchogue N Y	44
Benton Ia	8	Bellport N Y	11
Braintree Mass	11	Middlebury &c Va	6
Quincy Mass	33	New Derry Pa	20
Keene N H	22	Waynesville &c Ohio	8
Colebrook N Y	12	Hanover N H	9
Brookfield Mass	12	Flanders N J	11
Fort Plain N Y	20	Bushington &c Pa	11
Albany N Y	6	Columbus N J	11
Avon N Y	7	Dayton Ohio	11
New York City	30	East Line &c N Y	11
Anderson S C	11	Pleasant Valley N Y	11
West Town N Y	6	Saratoga Springs N Y	10
Unionville N Y	8	W Greenfield N Y	8
Monroe &c N Y	6	Weare N H	12
Pepperel Mass	11	Lancaster Pa	11
Ridge Prairie Ill	10	Maumee City &c Ohio	11
Bucyrus Ohio	11	Darien Centre N Y	6
Rockingham Vt	9	Leesville &c N Y	34
Elmira N Y	11	Waterville N Y	6
Liberty Ia	11	State Line Pa	11
Mansfield Ct	11	La Grange &c Ten	41
Fryeburgh Me	6	W Hartford Ct	15
Enfield N H	11	Erie, Gerard & M'Kean Pa	22
Lyons N Y	7	Williamsburgh Ms	11
Sharon N Y	8	Fishkill &c N Y	29
Arkwright N Y	15	Mexico N Y	11
Rahway N J	18	Middlehope &c N Y	10
Cold Spring Harbor N Y	6	Bovina &c N Y	11
Deckertown N J	20	East Otto N Y	22
Walton N Y	22	West Otto N Y	28
Newburgh N Y	51	Goshen Mass	8
Hickory Grove Ga	11	Ithaca N Y	13
Honeoye N Y	11	Linton Ia	11
E Bloomfield N Y	11	New Market &c Ala	11
Allenshill N Y	11	Carlisle Springs Pa	11
E Sandwich Ms	7	Battenville N Y	13
Yarkleyville &c Pa	9	Clarkson Ohio	6
Mexico &c N Y	6	Elkton Ky	10
Manheim Centre N Y	6		

STOP AND WEIGH.—One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. M———'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street and had a good sized stick in his hand.

"Mr. M——," says the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half walnuts: and that's the young villain that I bought them of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M——, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, Sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the countryman, more enraged by his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John; "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh! you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, Sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp!" said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would *stop to weigh things* before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once," is an excellent motto.

ON THE WRONG ROAD. — At a religious gathering in Chicago, a few years since, one of the speakers was the venerable Rev. Dr. Goodell. Broken in mind and body, but animated by the occasion, the aged clergyman said: — "Friends, I am far on my journey towards the Celestial City; but I could not help stopping on my way to attend this meeting in Chicago." Here a voice from the multitude was heard by all: "Chicago is not on that road!" The effect was electrical, especially upon the poor old gentleman, who was so confused that he could say no more, and was obliged to sit down.—[Presbyterian.

of Java for common educ[illegible]

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days or five days?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenuous child.

[illegible] was [illegible] duly appre-

Where you ever baptized?" inquired an earnest minister of a green candidate. "No—no-o, Sir. Never, only onc't, and then I fell in!"

[illegible] publications, on the subject of Common Schools.

This recognition of our humble efforts, by

Thoughts at a New Jersey Wedding.

The young couple who were married were equal and suitable in all respects; the bride—I believe the sternest old fogy always puts the woman first on a "wedding occasion"—the bride was a very pretty creature in the prime of early womanhood, with a sweet, changeful complexion; large, innocent dark eyes, and a face expressive of goodness and purity. The bridegroom was suitable in age, a man of thoughtful, earnest character, and holding a deservedly high reputation in the community for moral excellence and reliability; a most suitable and, I repeat the word, equal match. How then did the minister who united them address these two people, think you? He was of the Presbyterian denomination, and consequently not forced to use the formula of the Church of England. His service was, however, modelled somewhat after that ritual. He did not, it is true, ask either party to repeat any vows; but he uttered for them a pledge, to which they assented, and in this way he caused the young lady to promise to be an "obedient wife," and the young gentleman to be an "indulgent husband." Now is it not high time this sort of thing was utterly done away with, and a revolution in earnest inaugurated in the marriage ceremony, as well as all other places where woman is degraded legally? For how foolish and wrong was this unnatural vow. The wife to be "obedient," as if she were no more than a froward child needing constant guidance and control. The husband to be "indulgent," as if he could have no real equality and companionship with his wife, but must treat this pretty plaything with indulgent leniency, tempering his masterful rule over her. To look upon the pure, noble face of that woman and then to tell her that she must be "obedient" to any one was an insult that nothing but long established custom would have induced that intelligent clergyman to offer her. It never occurred to him, probably, how much harm this barbarous usage may do. To place that woman in such a manifestly inferior position to that man was enough to foster in his breast an idea of superiority, of rightful dominion, which would do much toward developing any tendency to tyranny, while the delicate bride could not feel but degraded by this public assignment to an inferior position. Obedience from wife and indulgence from husband! Are these the terms upon which two immortal souls, counterparts, equals, differing in characteristics, but one in their heavenly aims, and mutually dependent upon each other for comfort, should begin that journey which they are to accomplish side by side in this world and the next? Away with a formula degrading alike to both parties to it, for no right-minded man ought to be willing to seem thus to usurp authority over the woman he loves, and no right-minded woman ought to consent to accept this inferior position. One other point impressed me somewhat. Up stairs there were very many beautiful offerings to the bride, and by the stupid laws of New Jersey all this pretty wedding finery was by that same marriage ceremony given absolutely to the husband.

[Lillie Devereaux Blake.

WISH OF A GOOD MAN.—I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe what I am to him." Or I would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine; he visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—[Dr. Sharp.

A VILLAGE ON THE HELLESPONT.

And these wives and daughters!—let me pourtray them while the vision yet haunts me of Ellenco, in a dark green fur-edged "kodo," or jacket, and a bright yellow spotted gown, squatting against her cottage door; colour, just that of a healthy bull-frog in showery March; attitude, expression of countenance, and general appearance to match, only Ellenco wears pink calico trousers of baggy make, which the bull-frog does not. The big Valonia barn is the place to see them in the season by scores—picking, sifting, sorting, filling sacks and sewing them up; all the while chewing the acorn, whose bitter-sweet nutty taste has, for those predisposed to discover it, a coarse resemblance to that of a raw chestnut. All these ladies—you may count probably four score and upwards—have their heads wrapped in one or more cloths or napkins. The cloths increase and multiply with the age of the wearer, who never removes the red skull-cap that forms the nucleus of the coiffure, but adds another cloth, and yet another, for every downward step on the ladder of life. A wash every two years or so is customary while the hair lasts; but when it falls, as it does at a comparatively early age, the wash is abandoned, and a knitting-needle, ably wielded, allays that irritation which has a tendency to arise in the scalp. It Ghelmez has long enjoyed a great reputation for the beauty of its women, but the present generation ill sustains this renown, for the village beauties might be counted off on the fingers of one hand; yet a close examination of the features of some of those old creatures in the far corner of the barn, whose knotty fingers fumble with the spike used for picking out the acorns from the cup, will enable an observant mind to conceive—after making due allowance for wrinkles and squalor, for the wrecking effect on the face of intellectual vacuity, of fanaticism, and ill-temper, and for the ravages of paint—that these spidery old hags might in their day have set all the youth of It Ghelmez aflame, with their straight noses and their low brows, their buds of lips, and their ripe peach-like jowls. At the age of nine or ten a daughter of It Ghelmez goes to light field work, and as her intellect developes she is promoted to valonia picking. At fourteen she aspires to matrimony, and as soon as a suitable party turns up she is affianced. A word ere we leave them about their toilette on festive occasions. Their head-cloths are cast aside, but their nether garments remain, concealed by a skirt of bright-coloured stuff, or of printed calico, or—oh! happy she who possesses it—of that glory of glories, red silk shot with green. A sort of fichu covers the bosom, and the costume is completed by the open "kodo" of gaudy-hued satin edged with fur. On the head is a string of gold coins, and the chevelure, parted into many wisps and plaited, hangs down, often to the knees, in such a cluster of tails, ladies, as few of you could help envying. But it is on the getting up of the face that the chief labour is bestowed. First, by the aid of a silk thread and some gum mastic all the down is torn from the cheeks, leaving them as smooth and shiny as a pippin; then a layer of white paint is laid on, after which the eyebrows are trimmed and treated with a dark pigment, being lengthened or thickened, or otherwise aggravated, according to individual taste; then the eyelids are darkened, the cheeks empurpled with rouge, and the lips garnished with the same material. A tinge of henna on the nails perfects the whole work, and the young lady, hampered for the day with shoes and stockings, sallies forth to the dance.—*St Paul's.*

paper devoted to their improvement. How

How She Saved the Money.

A little blind girl in Germany brought her pastor more than five dollars which she had saved for missions. Surprised that she could give so much the minister said, "You are a poor blind girl; it is impossible that you can spare so much for missions." "True," said she, "I am blind, but not so poor as you, perhaps think; and I can prove that I can spare this money sooner than those that see." The minister wanted to hear it proved. "I am a basket maker, answered the girl; and as I am blind I make my baskets just as easy in the dark as with a light. Other girls have, during last winter, spent more than five dollars for light. I had no such expense, and can, therefore, bring this money for the poor heathen and the missionaries."

BRILLIANTS.—He is the richest man who is content with that which he has.

A grand safeguard for doing right is to hate all that is wrong.

An honest man is none the worse because a dog barks at him.

Pleasant memory in old age is like a bird singing on a withered bough.

It little becomes the feeble to be unjust; justice is peculiarly the shield of the weak.

Kind thoughts are the spice islands of the spirit, making a man's character breezy with sweetness.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect; and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom, not from flowers, but from thorns.

The first and noblest office of wisdom is to examine ourselves, and regulate our sentiments and actions by the laws of Nature and morals.

There is a certain kind of man whom nobody is apt to know in adversity, and that is he who is so proud that he never knows anybody in prosperity.

SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR.—As the 4,30 train from New York reached Stamford, Saturday, an antique looking dame thrust her head out of the window, opposite the refreshment-room door, and briefly shouted "Sonny!" A bright-looking boy came up to the window. "Little boy," said she, "have you a mother?" "Yes, ma'm." "Do you love her?" "Yes, ma'm." "Do you go to school?" "Yes, ma'm." "And are you faithful to your studies?" "Yes, ma'm." Do you say your prayers every night?" "Yes, ma'm." "Can I trust you to do an errand for me?" "Yes, ma'm." "I think I can, too," said the lady, looking down on the manly face. "Here is five cents to get me an apple. Remember, God sees you."
—[Hartford Post.

A Chinese thus describes a trial in the English law courts:—"One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

Peter Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist, used to be annoyed by a noisy but not over pious sister, who would go off on a high key every opportunity she got. At an animated class meeting, one day, the surcharged sister broke out with, "If I had one more feather in the wing of my faith I could fly away and be with the Saviour." "Stick in the feather, O Lord! and let her go," fervently responded Brother Cartwright.

COULDN'T SELL IT.—The following is not new, but always good, as an illustration of the truth that some of the finest sentiments crop out betimes from those who walk in the lowly paths of life:—

A gentleman was walking with his little boy at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer, the boy's attention was attracted by a dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a black and tan, but a common cur. Still, the boy took a fancy to him, and wanted pa to buy him. Just then the owner of the dog came home from his labors, and was met by the dog with every demonstration of dog joy.

The gentleman said to the owner, "My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I will buy him. What do you ask for him?"

"I can't sell dat dog!" said the Dutchman.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog, anyway, but as my boy wants him, I will give you five dollars for him."

"Yass," says the German, "I knows he is a werry poor dog, and he ain't worth almost notting, but der ish von little ding mit dat dog vot I can't sell. I can't sell de vag of his dail ven I comes home a night."

BY MARRIAGE.—Joe W. was never drunk but once, and that time he was "drunk as a fool." Consequently, his wife, who was a very pious woman, was very much shocked when at night he staggered home under the influence of liquor. After remonstrating with him about the folly of drinking, she said—"Joe, when we were married, and became one, I little thought I should ever see you in this condition." Who can imagine the devoted wife's thoughts when Joe made her the following reply? "Well, Mary, dear, (hic) I know I am pretty drunk, (hic) that's a fact; but Mary, as we (hic) were made one by marriage, then (hic) you must be pretty drunk, too (hic)."

A LITTLE DEAF.—Old Uncle S. was engaged to work in B. one winter by Mr. H., who took him to board in his own family. Mr. S. arrived Saturday evening, and during the evening Mrs. H., thinking to find where the old gentleman went to church, asked him the question—

"Mr. S., where do you attend church?"

"What did you say?"

"Where do you attend church?"

"You will have to speak a trifle louder, as I'm a *little* deaf."

So Mrs. H. asks him again, in a louder voice, "Where do you attend church?"

The old man hesitated, not liking to ask again, but, after a few moments, he said,—"*When do I change my shirt?*"

Imagine if you can the result. Mrs. H. didn't find where he attended church, after all, but she was careful to speak very loud when talking with the old man after that.

The Theatre in China.

In China the dramatic profession is considered contemptible, vile and dishonorable. Those who exercise it are shut out from all literary competition, and cannot indulge in the hope, open to all other inhabitants of the great Empire, of obtaining by merit an administrative rank, and walking beneath the official umbrella, "which shines like a silvery cloud." The principal cause of this general contumely comes from the fact that directors of theatres are in the habit of buying the children of slaves in order to bring them up to the stage. In spite of this, Chinese actors are sometimes of good family, stolen perhaps in their infancy.

To console them for this contempt and ignominy, which follows them as a class, the comedians of China, as elsewhere, may turn to their triumphs on the boards and in the streets, their influence over the public, their illusive splendors, and their adventurous life, merry and vagrant. They travel from town to town in companies, generally following the course of the rivers, for traveling by water is the most comfortable way in China, letting themselves out for a few days at a time to the *bouzes*, or to some great personage who wishes to make a display of munificence. They put up at small expense a temporary stage, upon which they go through their *repertoire*, after which they move off, carrying with them the joy and laughter which spring up in their path. The junk in which they travel, and which very frequently forms their only home, is gaudily decorated, grotesque and conspicuous, covered with extraordinary pictures, often carrying a figure-head in the shape of a huge dragon, grasshopper, or fish with eyes starting from its head; the outside of the cabin on deck is hung with lanterns and fluttering festoons of silk. Within this cabin, while on the voyage, the actors study and rehearse their parts under the direction of their stage-manager.

Here the Siano-Mo, or sentimental man, practises a squeaky voice to express youth, and strives to give to his bearing that simplicity and humility which would indicate his being always in the presence of old age. The Techin-Mo, who takes the leading parts, studies the expression of feature in a mirror of polished steel. The Ouaz, or heavy dignitary, makes himself pompous and full of majesty; the Pei-Lao, elderly parent, studies to be grave and venerable; while the Tcheou, comic actor, makes faces and counterfeits his voice. At present, as women are not allowed upon the stage in China, the youngest and most attractive boys of the troupe are trained to represent the young girl of illustrious origin, the virtuous wife, the frivolous woman, and the widow who forgets her duties. Another set of actors study to step lightly, speak in a ghastly manner, and appear pale and diaphanous, in order to depict ghosts, gods and genii. Every member of the company is accomplished in turning summersaults, singing and dancing, and playing on all kinds of instruments.

Thus they float along joyously under a clear sky, wondering at the monotony of the lives of the laborers and peasants whom they pass; greeted when they stop with enthusiastic acclamation by people collected on the banks of the river.

A gentleman in the suburbs of Montgomery, Ala., has lately hatched one thousand chickens by steam, and has eighteen hundred eggs in progress of incubation.

LABOR, WAIT, AND HOPE!

The farmer knows not if his fields,
With flood, or drought, or blight must cope;
He questions not the fickle skies,
But *ploughs*, and *sows*, and *toils* in *hope*.
Then up, and *strive*, and *dare*, and *do*,
Nor doubt a harvest thou wilt gather;
'Tis time to *labor* and to *wait*,
And *trust in God* for genial weather.

—*Anon.*

COUNT OVER THE MERCIES!

COUNT THEM!—Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your history. Down they come every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of Light, to tell you of your best friend in heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting mercies, renewing them every day, and never yet realized whence they came? If you have, Heaven pity you. You have murmured under afflictions, but who has heard you rejoice over blessings? Ask the sunbeam, the rain drop, the star, or the queen of the night. What is life but mercy? What is health, strength, friendship, social life? Had each the power of speech, each would say, "I am a mercy." Perhaps you have never regarded them as such. If not, you have been a poor student of nature or revelation. What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers, and eat pleasant fruits?

BACKBITING.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:

1st. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.

2nd. To believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it.

3rd. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4th. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.

5th. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—REV. CHAS. [illegible]

"By love serve another."—*Gal.* v, 13.

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren."—*Jas.* iv, 11.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—*Ps.* cxli, 3.

"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."—*I John* iii, 18.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care.

We engrave our wrongs in marble; our benefits in the sand.

God Knows it All.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber
Is there some hidden grief thou mayest not tell?
Let not the heart forsake thee, but remember
His pitying eye who sees and knows it well—
God knows it all!

Art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil still prevails?
Oh! think amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails—
God knows it all!

And dost thou sin? thy sins of shame concealing
In some dark spot no human eye can see—
Their walk in guilt, without one sign revealing
The deep remorse that should disquiet thee—
God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
And well nigh crushed no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, 'Be not afraid'—
God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear drops flowing
For one so early lost to love and thee—
The depth of grief no human spirit knowing,
Which moans in secret like the moaning sea?
God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future lot?
There's one who sees the end from the beginning;
Thy tear of penitence is unforgot—
God knows it all!

Then go to God! Pour out your hearts before him!
There is no grief your Father cannot feel;
And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him—
To save, forgive, and every wound to heal—
God knows it all!

[Written for Life Illustrated.]

A SONG IN THE DESERT.

Onward! onward! o'er the Desert,
With a firm, unfaltering tread;
Scorn to act the shrinking craven,
Spurn the very name of Dread.

We are strong, my own brave brother—
Strong in faith, and love, and trust,
And we journey not, my brother,
To a heritage of dust.

Far beyond our bounded vision
Lieth still the glorious goal,
But the path is radiant, brother,
To the true and earnest soul;

To the soul that ever onward
Moves with calm, majestic might,
Conscious that it draweth nearer
To the Source of life and light.

But, my brother, o'er the Desert
Sounds the voice of human woe;
Some that thirst for living waters
Hopeless wander to and fro.

Call them to thy side, my brother,
With thy tones of loftiest cheer,
Tell them of the shaded fountains
And the sweet oases near.

SELF-OBLIVION is God's remembrance.—*Bartol.*

THE eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—*Carlyle.*

WISDOM is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—*Wordsworth.*

IT is impossible to be a hypocrite and to be brave at the same instant.—*Thomas Paine.*

SINCE we are exposed to inevitable sorrows, wisdom is the art of finding compensation.—*Levis.*

GOD never yet kindled a fagot, and made a costly lamp of a man to prolong epochs of darkness.—*John Weiss.*

TRUE religion teaches us to reverence what is under us, to recognize humility and poverty, and, despite mockery and disgrace, wretchedness, suffering, and death, as things divine.—*Goethe.*

Mrs. Stanton well says that when marriage results from a true union of intellect and spirit when mothers and fathers give to their holy offices even the preparation of soul and body that the artist gives to the conception of his poem, statue or landscape, then will marriage, maternity and paternity acquire a new sacredness and dignity, and a nobler type of manhood and womanhood will glorify the race.

Miss Phelps recently represented girls as a very unhappy race of beings; but Elizabeth Dudley, a pleasant contributor of the *Evening Mail*, comes to the defence of girlhood and of girls. She does not believe in the misery of sweet sixteen, nor the total wretchedness of blooming twenty-five. She is convinced that girls are even less unhappy than any other class of people, which is so nearly true that it will pass for the truth. We have known very few women of fifty who did not wish they were fifteen once more.

Franklin said, "when you run in debt you give another power over your liberty." Our old friend Franklin was a practical man and uttered many wise and truthful sayings.—They were truthful and applicable sayings in his day, and are just as truthful now. Young men and young women—the golden rule of life is "keep out of debt." If you have not the means to pay for beef, eat dry bread—but don't get in debt. If you can't pay for a silk dress, don't order it, but select a calico one and plank down your cash, but don't go in debt. This is how to be free.

A wise man once said,—"There are three things that will surprise us when we get to Heaven. First, to find many there whom we did not at all expect. Second, not to find many there whom we did expect. Third, the greatest wonder will be to find ourselves there."

A Boy's Definition of the Ohio.—A correspondent writes us as follows:

"I heard the other day a clergyman tell of his experience as school teacher in Cincinnati some years ago. He gave to a school of small boys, as a subject for composition, 'The Ohio River,' and one little fellow brought in the following: 'He was born at the creation. His father is the Alleghany and his mother is the Monongahela. He is bigger than both his parents. It is not known when he will die.'" [New York Post.

15. Exercise is also an essential part of the Education which is to embrace Health, and that not merely in the ordinary form of walking or riding, but in the greatest va-

Gleanings.

A New Version of The Flood.—William Cullen Bryant writes as follows from Florida:

Save in the case of very young, however, the schools have made but little impression upon the ignorance in which the colored race have been reared. Their worship in their churches give evidence of this. A lady, the other day gave me an account of a sermon which she heard not long since in St. Augustine, as an example of their mode of embellishing, Scripture history. The preacher had dwelt awhile on the fall of man, and the act of disobedience by which sins came into the world, and had got as far as the time of Noah. He then said:

"De world got to be berry wicked, de people all bad, and de Lord make up His mind to drown dem. But Noah was a good man, who read his Bible and did just as de Lord tole him And de Lord tole Noah to build a big ark, big enough to hole part of ebery ting alive on de earth; and Noah built it. And de Lord call upon ebery hbing ting to come into de ark and be saved. And de birds come flyin' to de ark, and de big lion, and de cow, and de possum come in, and de horse come trotting to de ark, and de leetle worms come creepin' in; but only de wicked sinner wouldn't come in, and dey laugh at Noah and his big ark. And den de rain come down, but Noah set comfortable and dry in de ark, and read his Bible. And de rain come down in big spouts, and come up to de doo' steps of de houses, and gin to cober de floo', and den de sinner be scaret, and knock at de doo' ob de ark berry hard. And de big lion hear de racket, and roar, and de dog bark, and de ox bellow, but Noah keep on reading de Bible. And de sinner say, "Noah, Noah, let us come in," and Noah say, "I berry sorry, but I can't let you in, for de Lord hab lock de doo' and trow away de key."

LOVE, DRINK AND DEBT.

BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Son of mine! The world before you
Spreads a thousand secret snares
Round the feet of every mortal
Who through life's long highway fares.
Three especial, let me warn you,
Are by every traveller met;
Three, to try your might of virtue—
They are Love and Drink and Debt.

Love, my boy, there's no escaping,
'Tis the common fate of men;
Father had it; I have had it;—
But for Love you had not been.
Take your chances, but be cautious;
Know a squab is not a dove;
Be the upright man of honor;
All deceit doth murder love.

As for drink, avoid it wholly;
Like an adder it will sting;
Crush the earliest temptation,
Handle not the dangerous thing.
See the wrecks of men around us—
Once as fair and pure as you—
Mark the warning! Shun their pathway,
And the hell they're tottering through.

Yet though love be pure and gentle,
And from Drink you may be free,
With a yearning heart I warn you
'Gainst the worst of all the three!
Many a demon in his journey
Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim met;
They were lambs, e'en old Apollyon,
To the awful demon Debt!

With quaking heart and face abashed
The wretched debtor goes;
He starts at shadows, lest they be
The shades of men he owes.
Down silent streets he furtive steals,
The face of man to shun,
He shivers at the postman's ring,
And fears the dreadful dun.

Beware of Debt! Once in, you'll be
A slave forevermore;
If credit tempt you, thunder "No!"
And show it to the door.
Cold water and a crust of bread
May be the best you'll get;
Accept them like a man, and swear—
"I'll never run in Debt!"

by those who have lived in past times, a well as by our contemporaries, so as to be come acquainted with the accumulate facts and observations, discovered and mad by a thousand different minds.

23. The best method of learning is t unite these two processes in one: and fo tunately they do not hinder, but materiall assist each other: so that he who reads th greatest number of well chosen books, wil profit most by the oral discourses and livin conversation of intelligent and experience men; and he who enjoys the greatest shar of both of these, will become the most skil ful in his power, and most successful in his application of that power, to make daily and hourly observations on the events that are passing around him, and the objects that he sees, in society, in nature, and in art: till industrious application will secure him a large stock of valuable information—

One thing at a Time.

One thing at a time, my dear fellow — one thing at a time. If you attempt to lift both the twins and your wife over the stream at once, you will probably drop the doll of one of the little ones, and the bonnet of the other, and set the wife ankle deep into the stream. Some men of extraordinary gift can rock the cradle and read the papers at the same time; but few can stir the hominy and calculate an eclipse at once, without burning the one and postponing the other a year or two. You may put as many irons in the fire as the furnace will hold, if you time them rightly about their coming out. But don't try to hammer out all at once, or attempt to shape an eel spear and a horse-shoe nail at the same blow. A wise builder will have the masons busy here, and the carpenters there, and much work proceeding with equal pace. But he does not draw up the specification for a new house while he is drafting the plan of another. We [illegible] set out a tree that will be growing while we [illegible] wind up a clock that will run its round while we run up town on an errand; but we don't set our trees nor wind clocks while running of errands or while asleep.

It is wise to have things so situated that there be no chinks between our jobs; no time wasted in taking up another when one is ended, and that, when really tired of one we can refresh ourselves by laboring at another. But it is wasteful to turn from one undertaking to another while yet fresh enough to push the first on to a conclusion. One thing at a time, and that thoroughly, is the secret of all great attainments. Crowd the inspiration in between narrow banks, too narrow to allow jobs to ride abreast, and you can float down it any task you have attempted, though as large among our common labors as a seventy-four is among other ships. But widen the stream to accommodate a score of trifling tasks, and half of them will stick at sand bars and be left for another tide.

Value of Amusement.

The world must be amused. It is entirely false reasoning to suppose that any human being can devote himself exclusively to labor of any description. It will not do. Rest alone will not give him adequate relief. He must be amused. He must enjoy himself. He must sing, laugh, dance, eat, drink and be merry. He must chat with his friends, exercise his mind in exciting, gentle emotions, and his body in agreeable demonstrations of activity. The constitution of the human system demands this. It exacts variety of influences and motion. It will not remain in health if it cannot obtain that variety. Too much merriment affects it as injuriously as too much sadness; too much relaxation is as pernicious as none at all. But, to the industrious toiler, the sunshine of the heart is just as indispensable as the material sunshine is to the flowers, that soon pine away and die if deprived of it.

every district, county, and State, in this great and powerful Union: and from thence, by precept, example, and practice, still further extending it over all the habitable surface of the globe, till it shall embrace the uttermost corners of the earth, and include within its ample circle every member of the great human family, which has but one God for its father—and

THE PRAYING TEMPERANCE WOMEN.

Probably no sign of the times prophecies so unerringly of the advent of equal human suffrage as does the late movement of the praying temperance women of the West.

Of course the majority of the women engaged in the crusade, and who are yet to enlist, do not look forward to any such consumation, but the result will come none the less for that.

The great mass of men who marched forth to fight, ostensibly for the "Union," and for the "Old Flag," did not, in the outset, dream that they were, in reality, fighting for the civil and political rights of the slave; but this was the final end, and all realize it now.

Thus the "stone that the builders rejected (viz., impartial freedom) has become the chief corner-stone."

The person who supposes that the spirit of liberty will hide its head, and be no more seen [illegible] rights have been assured; that it will go to sleep, and do nothing for the rights of the other half of our race; must be hopelessly blind.

It is the spirit of God, saying, "Let there be light; and let *all* men and women who call me 'Father,' have freedom to find their best expression and their noblest mission."

Doubtless the new temperance revival, like all other "revivals," and sudden and startling events, is abnormal, and will give place to some different method. It was so with the advent of John the Baptist, who became the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," and preached repentance over the narcotized form of Judahism.

These abnormal phases of reform are usually forced to the surface by two causes, viz.:

First, because the laws and rules of nations, of churches, of society, and of families, always tend, in the long run—unless directly under the control of intelligent love—to *repression*, and to unnatural inaction, rather than to expression, and to natural, healthy activity.

Second, because human nature is irrepressible, and desirous *equipoise*, and its flow must, of necessity, in some manner be equal to its ebb.

Hence, these sudden overflows, or "freshets," of human emotions will continue to occur until we learn to so irrigate the dry plains, and underdrain the wet marsh lands of human nature, that it will be more even in its processes of development.

It is only through the religious, or inspirational element that we reach our highest possibilities, and are really saved. And there is no doubt but that people, both in the church and out of the church, are extensively and effectually "damned" through false relations to this element; some by ignoring it altogether; some by rendering it secondary and subservient to the desire for money, and others by covering it so deeply with laws, regulations, customs, rules of propriety, so-called, and by pious pretense, that it must either die of suffocation, or struggle till it breaks its shell, and bursts through the rubbish, causing what is termed a "revival." But it is a revival no less inevitable and necessary than an annual spring flood in our northern climate after the moisture incident to three or four months of winter weather has; instead of falling in rain drops, to pass off quietly and gradually to the ocean, accumulated in snow-fields among the forests and mountains, only to yield suddenly to the warm touch of April, and give us more water than we need at one time.

Men have always governed and been governed through force. Jesus inaugurated a different policy nearly two thousand years ago, but the world has hardly begun to appreciate yet. Even his professed messengers fail to live the gospel they preach. True, they warmly welcome people into the "church," and they love their friends who stand ready to pay them back in their own coin. But they have almost invariably met force with force; they have usually been first to "take the sword," and are yet the most persistent and relentless advocates we have of that relic of darkness in our criminal code, which multiplies murderers by making twelve men legally responsible for the murder of every newly "regenerated" candidate for the scaffold. They have taught women to "keep silent" in the pulpit, and at the ballot-box. And all this time women have waited and watched, and wept and prayed in silence, asking "no questions for conscience sake," but hoping that men, seeing and admitting the evil of the whiskey trade, would take effectual measures for destroying it. And now, after preachers and politicians have, to their eternal disgrace, proved their indisposition—or at least their inability, which is generally evidence of indisposition to remove the business of death—lo! there comes a sudden thaw to the long-frozen and pent-up emotional force of women. And the hardened rumseller, who has constantly grown more and more hardened from never having received a kindly word, a friendly handshake, nor a Christian recognition from those whose mission it ought to be to seek and "save that which is lost," is naturally overwhelmed by a surge of his better nature when a band of respectable wives and mothers come to his saloon, and, in a spirit of love, and of tearful, prayerful entreaty, ask him to give up his business and sign the pledge.

No doubt many of these men, realizing, as they never did before, the terrible results of their business, sign the pledge in an honest spirit, and with a deliberate purpose to keep it. It is certain that they show less evidence of total depravity than is displayed by the professing Christian, who would rent his property to liquor venders.

We do not wonder that ministers of the Gospel, and business men, steal away from their icy pulpits and their counting houses to thaw themselves out in the warm wake of a female temperance revival.

It is said that ships which sail in the Arctic seas till they become badly clogged with ice are frequently relieved by crusing about for a few days in the gulf-stream. Sail on brothers; the least we can do is to sing songs of praise and thanksgiving over the victories won by our sisters, and to back them with our money, and what little moral force we have left.

But now that women have successfully invaded the worst of drinking dens, in our wickedest villages and cities, and fairly conquered the hearts and the respect of the owners and inmates, let us hope and pray, as we shout "glory hallelujah," that for the sake of consistency, and of the remnant of common sense that still lingers with our "stronger sex," no sane man, except Prof. Taylor Lewis, will hereafter proclaim that the "bad associations of the elective franchise would tend to unsex woman, and destroy their influence." If liquor dealers sign the pledge and keep it, all may be well. If not, it would be better to hasten on the time when a woman can clinch her prayer with a vote.

That time is coming before the "lion" will regard the "lamb" with the tender respect suggestive of the "Golden Age."

JAMES G. CLARK.

SYRACUSE, March 4, 1874.

ANT,

No. 4.

these dirty shops of education,
are driven to be taught.
quiry, that a man, for example,
eap sort of lawyer from ten to
w hours' service, is giving the
from one to two dollars for a
the mind of his son.
, I found that the Americans
engaged in planting live oak
f their navy in future genera-
iscover that they had any par-
ow, about citizens and magis-
e."
better things: and there is
at sounder views are about to
re taking new interest in the
s are awakening public feel-
is spreading, that it were bet-
ealth, power, and every other
r than the education of our

ON ENSURED.

Austria has issued a decree—
or female, shall be married
cipher, and cast up a com-

, and if adopted in this coun-
an adult to school. We
o are not only between five
n twenty-five and sixty, has-
e, and beg to say a, b, c, to
hool master.
r it secures more effectually
ld do the education of the
his result in two ways. Pa-
be much more likely to teach
d they will look forward to
ance will ensure, and endea-
ow the means of happiness
iety.
s to secure man's happiness;
tely to effect this great ob-
head of this article? Yet
to do right or wrong, would
f tyranny. But we ought to
laws which compel us to do
highest happiness.
arent neglects the education
e officer takes the parent to
o school. Perhaps it would
e the parent to school also.
igh crime against the govern-
t his child grow up in igno-
ect a much higher crime un-
ns—institutions which are

based on intelligence, preserved by intelligence, and which look to intelligence for their *very existence?*

7. From what we have now said, we let the parents of "Free America" make their own application, and form their own resolutions. We have the strongest confidence in the result, if the people can only be brought to *think*.

CHILDREN IN FACTORIES.

1. Mr. Peltz, member of the Senate of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill for the protection and education of that class of children named above. The factory system has made England, and to some extent our own country, a mere *spinning* and *weaving* nation. There is a fine prospect that we shall be a nation of admirable workers, fit to make rail-roads and canals, and tissues and cottons.

2. But is this all of a man? Is man a machine, a mere tool, made to make money, and to produce in the shortest time, the greatest possible amount of *physical* result; has man no other end than a mercantile, or a terrestrial?

3. Oh yes, man has an end far nobler, far more divine than to move stones about the earth, or throw the shuttle, or wait upon machines. The end of man is *thought*, good will, and adoration. But does our factory system *teach* this, or *lead* to it?

4. Who thinks of the physical misery and deformity, the degradation of the moral blight, the vice and fanaticism of ignorance, which fall as the woful lot of thousands of factory children? Who has gone in among these children and learned their condition, as Howard did that of the prison convicts? Oh, that a Howard would arise for these wronged, suffering, and oppressed little ones!

5. We are glad to see that something is doing. Mr. Peltz's bill is a commencement, and public attention must be turned to this subject. An abstract of the bill is as follows:

6. "That no child of a less age than ten years shall be employed in a factory.

7. "That no child of a less age than sixteen years shall be allowed to labor more than ten hours a day.

8. "That all children employed in factories not sufficiently well educated to be able to read, write, and keep an account, shall be sent to school at least three months in each and every year, while they are so employed, or until they are so far advanced in the rudiments of education as above mentioned.

9. "Penalties are imposed on parents, guardians, or other persons, having charge of children, who neglect or refuse to comply with the above requisitions.

10. "Penalties are also imposed on employers, for employing, or allowing to be employed in their factories, children who come under any of the abovementioned provisions."

EDUCATION IN TENNESSEE.

1. An able report to the Tennessee Legislature recommends efficient measures for the promotion of general education. It says:

2. "The hope is fondly cherished, that the time has now arrived, when a system, embracing common schools, academies, and colleges, may at least be put under way, having received countenance and encouragement from state legislation.

3. "By the bill which accompanies this report, it will be perceived that it is proposed to connect these three divisions of education in one grand whole, appropriating to each a sum which shall be amply sufficient, it is believed, for the establishment of an efficient and liberal system. The time is an auspicious one for undertaking this important object—our constituents expect something at our hands, and we have it in our power to do something which may be useful, permanent and enlightened. All this can be accomplished by the proper use of the sum of money which is within the control of this Legislature. This fund is composed of the school fund proper, which, including the proceeds of the sales of the lands in the Occee District, will amount to more than $1[redacted] and of the surplus revenue, amounting to nearly one million and a half—making nearly two millions and a half of dollars."

3. The report further proposes, that of this fund, the interest of $1,650,000 be appropriate to the use of common schools. It proposes further, that the sum of $748,000, which would yield an interest of about $40,000, go to the support of academies, which would afford annually $550 to each county in the state. It is still further proposed to appropriate the remaining $300,000 as follows: the interest upon $100,000 annually to East Tennessee College—upon $100,000 to Nashville University, and upon $100,000 to a College or University in the Western District.

INFIDELITY.

What is the object of infidelity? It is to brutify a man, to cut the cords which bind him to infinity—to turn the current of his being downwards, and to reverse the whole design and tendency of his nature. Those high and holy thoughts which he has sent abroad into eternity it would bid him summon back, only that he may bury them in the dust at his feet. It beckons his eyes away from the mansions of heaven, that he may gaze on the blackness of darkness for ever. It would turn off his thoughts from all that is inspiring in the future, only that he may be led into moody nothingness, and disappear. It would dissolve his connection with all he loves, and all that his soul aspires to, that he may claim kindred to all he hates, and all his mind shudders to contemplate. Embrace its sentiments, and God, angels, heaven, immortality, retire from our view, while dread annihilation and uncreated night swell into frightful spectres in the prospect. Who would be an infidel?

OUR COUNTRY.

1. *Liberty* does not mean *independence of law.* But *the right of self-government by our own laws.*

Freedom for every one to do as he pleases without regard to the rights of others, is anarchy—not republicanism.

2. *Equality* does not mean that each should have the same amount of property as every other, nor that all should have the same calling. To demand this would be as if we should ask that the earth should be all hill, or all valley.

3. There must be a diversity of condition among men as long as there are differences in character and capacity and different ends to be answered in civilized society.

4. By equality, I mean that all shall be equally protected in their rights, and have the opportunity to rise by industry and well doing, according to their several ability.

5. We have no despotic government, costing a hundred fold more than sufficient to sustain a republic. We have no landed aristocracy—no union of Church and State—and no sinecure priesthood. No minister with us can be settled uncalled by his hearers, but each one stands upon his own character without any thing to break the force of responsibility—and is in his calling urged by as powerful necessities as is the farmer.

6. The soil belongs to us—and is owned in fee simple, and for the most part, by its cultivators, or is in the hands of Government for sale, for the benefit of the whole, or to any who may wish to purchase.

7. Our constitution and our laws are our own; they were made and are sustained and enjoyed by ourselves. There never was such a people, never such a luxuriant and boundless soil thrown open for the benefit of the cultivators—never, since earth was made, have men been let loose under the stimulus of of such high hope and the pressure of such motive to continued action.

And we are a wonder to many, and a wonder even to ourselves.

8. But how to *preserve* liberty, "there's the rub." Other nations have made themselves free, but their light of life has been like the meteor's glow—flashing athwart the horizon and going down in endless night. Shall it be thus with ours? Have we been called into the light of liberty and shown what we may be, only to be thrust back into more terrible darkness?

9. I trust not. I trust we shall shine brighter and brighter, till the nations, encouraged by our success, shall break their chains and walk erect and free over the fair earth which God has given them.

10. When at first we set up for independence, Kings, Nobles, and Priesthood stood aghast! They pitied us poor orphans who had no "Church and State" to take care of us—they feared that we should all go back again to *skins and acorns.*

11. But we have kept along for fifty years or more, and we have in that time made some bread stuff, some cloth, and *considerable* pork; and we have thoughts of trying it fifty years more—and if we stick to the good old way of "Virtue and Liberty," I think we shall succeed.—*Dr. Beecher.*

DUELLING.

1. The late and most melancholy occurrence at Washington, has sent a pang of anguish and sorrow through the community, which even now vibrates in thousands of pierced and aching hearts. So strong and throbbing is the pulse of public opinion, that we have thought it best to devote one chapter to the painful subject. The remarks are mostly taken from an essay on duelling by the Hon. J. S. Buckingham.

2. There are many who will face the cannon's mouth, and yet dare not stand up against some ab

Golden Words.

We that live to please must please to live.—*Johnson.*

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.—*Shakespeare.*

Celerity is never more admired than by the negligent.—*Shakespeare.*

Admonish your friends privately, but praise them openly.—*Publius Syrus.*

Nothing is rarer than the use of a word in its exact meaning.—*Whipple.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.—*Bible.*

Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastening.—*George Herbert.*

The defects of the mind, like those of the face grow worse as we grow old.—*Rochefoucauld.*

He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself.—*Colton.*

At twenty years of age, the will reigns; at thirty, the wit; and at forty, the judgement.—*Grattan.*

How many persons fancy they have experience simply because they have grown old!—*Stanislaus.*

Always rise from the table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.—*William Penn.*

Ambition is a lust that is never quenched, grows more inflamed and madder by enjoyment.—*Otway.*

God afflicts with the mind of a father, and kills for no other purpose but that he may raise again.—*South.*

It is by aitempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world.—*Cobbett.*

If an offence come out of the Truth, better is that the offence come, than the truth be concealed.—*Jerome.*

Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.—*Lady Blessington.*

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies without making arrangements for the purpose.—*Sterling.*

The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in.—*Rochefoucauld.*

It is impossible that anything so natural, so necessary, and so universal as Death, should ever have been designed by Providence as an evil to mankind.—*Swift.*

> Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
> Both when we wake and when we sleep.
>
> —*Milton.*

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery by some rough wind, that we are the most disposed to picture to ourselves what flowers they might have borne, if they had flourished.—*Charles Dickens.*

I prefer my own life to that of the mass of married people that I see, it is a dreary material life that they seem to me to live no inspiration of the deepest love in it. And yet I believe that true marriage holds the highest and purest possibilities of human happiness.—*Phœbe Cary.*

One may live as a conqueror, or a king or a magistrate, but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.—*Webster.*

> He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;
> Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
> For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
> Where sorrow is held intrusive, and turned out
> There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
> Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
>
> —*Shakespeare.*

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden,
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.

—*Longfellow.*

I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works.—*Emerson.*

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

There are few nobler spectacles than the friendship of two great men; and the history of literature presents nothing comparable to the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. The friendship of Montainge and Etienne de la Boetie was, perhaps, more passionate and entire; but it was the union of two kindred natures, which from the first moment discovered their affinity, not the union of two rivals incessantly contrasted by partisans, and originally disposed to hold aloof from each other. Rivals Goethe and Schiller were and are; natures in many respects directly antagonistic; chiefs of opposing camps, and brought into brotherly union only by what was highest in their natures and their aims.

To look on these great rivals was to see at once their profound dissimilarity. Goethe's beautiful head had the calm victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Shiller's the earnest beauty of a Christian looking towards the future. The massive brow, and large-pupiled eyes—like those given by Raphæl to the infant Christ, in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto—the strong and well-proportioned features, lined indeed by thought and suffering, yet showing that thought and suffering have troubled, but not vanquished the strong man—a certain healthy vigor in the brown skin, make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eyes, narrow brow—tense and intense—his irregular features worn thought and suffering, and weakened by sickness. The one looks; the other looks out. Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing; he seems much taller than he is. Schiller's frame is disproportioned; he seems less than he is. Goethe holds himself stiffly erect; the long-necked Schiller "walks like a camel." Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theseus; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung.—*The Story of Goethe's Life.*

ARE PLANTS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH?

It has long been a settled belief among people generally that this question should be answered affirmatively, especially if the plants are in one's sleeping room. Peter Henderson, who ought to know, having been, for about a quarter of a century, a practical gardener, says that it is utter nonsense to suppose so, and cites his own experience to prove that plants do not give enough carbonic acid, to be injurious. He says:

"No healthier class of men can be found than greenhouse operators, which makes me sometimes think that plants have a health-giving effect rather than otherwise. But doctors may tell us that our workmen are only at work in daytime, and that it is at night that the carbonic acid is emitted. Here we must meet them by the information that in most cases the gardener in charge of green-houses often has to be up the greater part of the night in winter, and the green-house, from its warmth, is universally taken as his sitting-room, and sometimes as his bed-room; such was my own experience for three winters. I had charge of a large amount of glass, situated nearly a mile from my boarding-house, too far to go and come at midnight, with the thermometer below zero. Our means of heating were entirely inadequate, so that the fires had to be looked to every three or four hours. Disregarding all my kind-hearted employer's admonitions, I nightly slept on the floor of the hot-house, which was rank with tropical growth. The floor was just the place to inhale the gas, if there had been much to inhale. It did not hurt me, however, and has not yet, and that is a score of years ago."

. . . An examination of the flesh of one of the Indiana victims of trichinæ disclosed millions of the creatures coiling and uncoiling in the tissues. Such reports are calculated to give us all a truly Mosaic horror of pork and pork eaters.

thout a knowledge of

ourse, is a mere hit of merican. In another stract of the Austrian omments.

eresting account from held in the Theatre subject of education. peakers, were Hon. Vilderspin. We will their speeches, and a cent meeting.

Secretary of the Mas- communicated through e of that State, on ence had placed at his nd dollars to promote in Massachusetts, on would contribute the

. . . The women of Charleston, S. C., have been working for temperance in a very quiet, and as they believe, a very effective way for over a year past. At the hour of twelve each day hundreds of them by concert offer up prayers in their homes that bar-rooms may be closed, and the drunkard reformed. And the rum-selling business is really going down.

. . . This is what the Russian Princess wore on her wedding day—a singular but costly costume for a bride: A dress of silver heavily embroidered, and from her shoulders hung a train of claret colored velvet, lined and edged with ermine. On her head was a tiara and a small crown of diamonds, from which hung a point lace vail; on her neck the largest diamond necklace in Russia, composed of large perfect diamonds, each with a large drop attached, the whole valued at $20,000,000. The front of her waist was covered with diamonds, and down the front of her dress were rows of pearls.

—The best substitute for silver—gold.

—What was the proverb that King Lear heard from his two daughters? Go, father and fare worse.

—Young ladies in New Haven are learning to play the violin. The idea of having four strings to their bow is fascinating.

—The Yankee who was lying at the point of death, whittled it off with his jack-knife, and is now recovering.

—Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. Ah, said he, we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

—The balance of trade is disturbed in Newbern, N. C., by the fact that watermelons are only three cents apiece, while cholera mixture is half a dollar a bottle.

—On the departure of Bishop Selwyn for his diocese in New Zealand, Sydney Smith took leave of him as follows: Goodbye, my dear Selwyn, I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you.

—A citizen of Connecticut, recently introduced to a newly-married man, congratulated him warmly, and said: Ah, these Litchfield county girls make clever wives; I've had three of 'em.

—Stern parent! Leave off that noise directly, Jack, you naughty boy! It's all over now, and Bertha's left off crying these ten minutes. Jack: B—B—Bertha began crying before I did! Boo, hoo!—(Punch.

—Squabbles, an old bachelor, shows his stockings, which he has just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks, Pretty good for a man darner. Whereupon Squabbles rejoins, Yes good enough for a woman, darn her.

—The Connersville, Ind., *Times* tells of an old rail-splitter in that country, who put a quietus upon a young man who chaffed him about his bald head in these words: Young man, when my head gets as soft as yours, I can raise hair to sell.

—Appropriate names: For a printer's wife, Em; for a sport's wife, Bet-ty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a general's wife, Sally; for a teamster's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Net-ty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peg-gy; for a carpetman's wife, Mat-tie; for an auctioneer's wife, Bid-dy; for a chemist's wife, Ann-Eliza; for an engineer's wife, Bridg-it; for a farmer's wife, Gerusha.

—An absent minded editor, who is known to have an account at the bank, goes from some fifty miles below Toledo to that city, courting. The other night he came to a climax, and the old man was interviewed. "So you want Clara?" said the paterfamilias. "What will you give her?" "Give her?" replied the newspaper man, looking up vacantly, "Oh I'll give her a puff."

—September iz named after Septus, which thrashed out into Amerikan, means seven. I wouldn't take 500 dollars for the latin i kno, and i don't kno much nuther. Sept. is a lakadaisikal month, mello az the dekayed side of a punkin, and as sensitive az a boarding school miss during her first quarter in french. Nature makes her will this month—hogs root violently—birds hold convenshunal and adjourn down South—tree toads boost each other up trees and warble sum anthems—katydids chew music and spit it out freely, and bullfrogs post their books.—*Josh Billings.*

—A Flushing, L. I., farmer started home from Brooklyn a few days ago with a barrel of whiskey and a barrel of molasses. He had a balky horse, which, taking a sudden notion to take a rest, refused to budge. The farmer procured an armful of hay, placed it under the horse and set it on fire. The horse moved forward just far enough for the fire to ignite a leak-hole in the whiskey barrel. Seeing the danger, the farmer rolled out the molasses; but when he turned to the whiskey the horse and wagon were gone, a sudden jerk having dumped the whiskey out; there it lay, shooting with flames high in the air. Pretty soon there was an explosion, and the whiskey was gone. The farmer surveyed the spot took a steady look at the molasses, picked up a big stone and stove in the head of the molasses barrel, and remarked philosophically: If I can't have any whiskey, tan my hide if the old woman shall have any molasses.

General Boynton's Darky.

When General Boynton was in the South, a swarthy, good-natured darky became quite attached to that jolly son of Mars and quill-driver. The General, in course of time, sent him to his father in Ohio. The old gent asked Sam if he knew any thing about horses and carriages. Spec I does, massa; was massa's ole coachman, dis chile was! He was told to go to the barn and grease up the buggy, meaning, of course, the wheels. After a while Sam was told to put the horse into the buggy, which he did. The old gent then got in, but thought the dasher was rather stickey as he laid his hand on it to assist himself in getting in. But what was his horror to find that Sam had literally greased up the buggy; for he had applied the wheel grease to every part of it—the seat, top, sides, wheels, dasher, and shafts. His rage was not cooled much by Sam's remarking, as he scrambled out of the sticky concern, Golly, massa, couldn't grease dis yere harness, cos de grease it's all dun gone!

The same darky was afterward taken to the village with Mrs. B., who, wishing to leave a short message with a lady friend, and not desiring to get out of the carriage, told Sam to get out and ring the bell. Sam got out and stood in the road, peering and gazing up in the air and around the sides of the house, with his great hands stuck in his trowsers' pockets. Mrs. B. asked him what he was looking after. Foh der Lord, missus, I don't see no bell. Reckon dey hasn't got any hands on dis yere plantation. He was looking for a Southern plantation bell of two-darky power in Ohio! Mrs. B. saw the joke, and directed him to take hold of the little silver bell-handle on the side of the door and pull it out. Sam went for it, got hold of it, held on to it put his big right foot against the door-post, gave a tremendous pull—when something broke, and Sam landed in the middle of the dusty road, exclaiming, By golly! reckon dey meant dis yere shouldn't *never* come out!—Editor's Drawer, in *Harper's Magazine for Oct.*

a person a Patron of the Society and Director for

tion that they ever receive—and a very large portion of the children of our widely extended Republic, are destitute of the benefits even of Primary Schools: and yet these children are to enjoy the same political privileges that we do, and will certainly exercise an influence, for good or for evil, upon the institutions of our country. What but education, then, can protect them from the artful impositions of the demagogue?

The Society proposes to devote its energies to the improvement and extension of Primary Schools, throughout the United States; and in thus adopting for its exertion, a field commensurate with our whole country, it will keep itself aloof from all sectional and

Ithaca &c N Y	11	Ex ter &c N Y	9
Bloomfield Ct	22	Rhinebeck &c N Y	14
Clay N Y	7	Whitestown &c N Y	8
E Bl-o field &c Mich	11	St Mary's &c O	13
Union District Mich	11	Flora Ill	11
Duanesburgh N Y	6	N York city	25
Newa k N J	208	Eaton N Y	15
Bucyrus O	6	Mo ri-ville N Y	6
Perrysburgh O	11	Pe'e b ro N Y	10
New Mi ford Pa	11	Wi liam-town Ms	27
Willink N Y	11	Jamaica N Y	8
E Palmyra N Y	11		

PIERCY AND REED, PRINTERS,
No. 7 Theatre Alley.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.

The power of the human eye as exercised by woman over man is doubtless irresistible, but when a man imagines that his own eye can exert the same influence over the lower creation, and that he has only to gaze fixedly on a wild beast to subdue its ferocity, he occasionally miscalculates his chance.

Thus, a professor in Vermont, who was a believer in the power of the human eye, realized the truth of the doctrine to his sorrow. Determined to convince the skeptics of its truth, he selected a ferocious bull, who was the terror of the neighborhood, as the object of his experiment. The result was not altogether successful. Surrounded by a retinue of disbelievers, the scientific gentleman sauntered into the pasture where the thoughtful bull was peacefully grazing. He fixed upon the bull his eagle eye, but the ferocious old animal quailed not, neither did it retire in melo-dramatic order, but the last thing seen of that professor was his archæological form tossed twenty-seven feet into the air, and coming down on the other side of the fence. His physical injuries were slight, but his faith in scientific mesmerism, as illustrated in bulls, has been greatly weakened.

AN ODD OLD PAPER.

The most amusing and remarkable paper ever printed was the "Muse Historique," or "Rhyming Gazette" of Jacques Loret, which for fifteen years—from 1650 to 1665—was issued weekly in Paris. It consisted of 550 verses, summarizing the week's news in rhyme, and treated of every class of subject, grave and gay. Loret computed in 1663, the thirteenth year of his enterprise, that he had written over 300,000 verses, and found more than 700 different exordiums, for he never twice began his gazette with the same form of phrase. He ran about the city for his own news, never failed to write good verses upon it, and never had anybody to help him; and his prolonged and always equal performance has been pronounced something unique in the history of journalism.—*Wells' Illustrated Annual.*

WASTE NO TIME.

Time lost can never be regained. After allowing yourself proper time for rest, don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and clearly; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop out between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressed upon you that you hardly know where to begin, let us tell you a secret. Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

THE TRUE VITALITY OF LIFE.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink and sleep—to be exposed to the darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awaked; and the sanctities will slumber which will make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart; the tears that freshen the dry wastes within; the music that brings childhood back; the prayer that calls the future near; the doubt that makes us meditate; the death that startles us with mystery; the hardship that forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust—are the nourishment of our natural being.

The Poet's Corner.

SOWING FOR ETERNITY.

Though humble be the field and the endeavor
O brother mine, thou sowest every day
Seeds, of which fruitage shall exist forever
To reproduce and reproduce, for aye.

Whate'er thy walk, whate'er thy social standing;—
Whate'er thy contact with humanity;—
Whate'er thy influence, less, or more commanding,
That influence is the germ of fruit to be.

Ah! if in love of truth thou grapplest error,
However popular that error be,—
Accepting loss of favor, without terror,—
Truth's harvest waits thee in futurity.

We're sowing seeds in high and lowly places;
We're sowing seeds of honor or of shame;
Of truth and goodness, from a moral basis;—
Or else to falsehood and each kindred name.

If every word breathes love and hope and duty;
And every deed a thought beyond ourself;
A life so lived, so blossoming in beauty,
Richer than millions, of your hoarded pelf.

Thus living for the future; thought sublimest!
For the wide cycles of eternity
To human workers, impulse, the divinest,
For good, immortal, in earth's destiny.

How blest shall be the soul that lifts the lowly,
And sends sweet hope into the darkest cell
Scattering seeds, that germinate, if slowly
And of an upward tendency shall tell.

What bloom, what harvest for such labor waiting
In the eternal destiny of man;
This is the *seed* time, in the present dating,
We all are workers in the general plan.

Workers for joy eternal, or for sorrow,—
As good we sow, or evil, every day,—
Working for a triumphant bright to-morrow,
Or for our own regret, reproach, dismay.

Oh! if we are inspired by holy feeling
With love of goodness for its lovely sake
Sweet charity like sun-beams o'er us stealing
What lovely lives such inspirations make!

May purest love from baser influence free us
And lift our spirits to that upper air
Where, by reflected light, the world shall see us
Transparent, as the truth, whose shield we wear.

That aspiration from the Father given
A thirst for goodness, fill our souls for aye!
Loving and serving, thus begins our heaven,
And thus its kingdom, in our hearts alway.

M. A. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1874.

. . . Miss Vinnie Ream, the prettiest of all sculptors, has entered into a contract with the Brooklyn city authorities to execute a bust in Carrara marble of ex-Mayor Powell. The Common Council has appropriated $1,000 as compensation for the work.

. . . A strong shock of earthquake was felt at Copiapo, Chili, on the 15th ult. The Chilian volcano has opened a crater on its eastern side, and made the winds blowing from that quarter unsufferably hot, the thermometer rising as high as 28 degrees centigrade.

. . . Lamartine was asked by a friend if he did not spend too much in advertising. "No," was the reply, "advertisements are absolutely necessary. Even Divine worship (*le bon Dieu*) needs to be advertised. Else what is the meaning of church bells?"

. . . to have

ıd a reward.

:o their whole nature by such ar-

ssive. If the limbs and lungs are

ıy, not less is the intellect clouded,

ed sulky, listless, or sour. These

captivity are the causes of half the

, punishments in schools.

forth at once, master and all, on

ning, or the long summer's after-

plot before the school, covered

own planting; under the tree fa-

rs' recollections, when they too

themselves; and there you will

of keeping their attention, not

vith a loving heart; there indeed

ature, with her page wide spread

y, secure of the piety of your au-

ı temple over you as God's own

d prayer fall with such sweetness

uttered by those small innocent

ıopy of some noble old tree."

'OSTOR CAUGHT.

gue, entiled Alcibiades, in Plato,

s study of all who are directing

ung men, who from talent, rank

to possess weight and power in

ides is represented as going to

ians. Socrates meets and asks

ping to address them upon some-

rstands better than they do? Of

is there can be no doubt.

questions him with regard to what he does understand; and finding it to be literature, playing upon the lute, and gymnastics, asks him upon which of these subjects he is about to address the Athenians. When it is discovered to be none of these, he inquires whether it is upon architecture that he is going to speak? This, however, Alcibiades allows could not be the case, because he does not understand the subject.

ere is usually but one room for the children, f the most inferior description. This might d, were not the old practice still obstinately , of cooping up children,—young, cheerful, hildren,—with all their being fresh and thin them, for seven or eight mortal hours prison precincts, its heavy and often fetid e.

MR. SUMNER'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

The open earth waits to-day to close over the body of Charles Sumner.

At a great man's death the whole noisy world lays its finger on its lips in a hush of homage, and at this moment a universal Sabbath of the mind pervades the week-day activities of forty millions of people.

This illustrious citizen, who in so many points during his life recalled to us the name of Edmund Burke, now in his unexpected death vividly recalls Burke's impressive moral—"what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."

At every flag-staff in this day's sunshine, the nation's crape-clad banner has sunk to half-mast, and our heavy spirits droop still lower till they touch the very earth itself, to commune anew with the old and inevitable decree—"ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Charles Sumner, lying dead in the State House, lies dead also in every citizen's house, and finds a separate burial in each American heart that loves the republic enough to suffer with its loss, and to grieve with its grief.

What other death could fling such a shadow on the land to-day?

A President of the United States has just died and gone to his burial; but he passed away like a private citizen, amid little more than the respectful sorrow which polite usage accords to all biers.

The death of Abraham Lincoln, the death of Horace Greely, and the death of Charles Sumner have been the three chief personal griefs which the American people have suffered during the present generation. The exit of each of these three men touched and pricked the same inward and reverent sense by which the American people distinguish between the great and the greatest men—between the chief and the chiefest names.

Public and honored men are numerous in this country, and their deaths frequent. But the death of Charles Sumner has put an end to a life unlike that of any other statesman whom the country has produced. Mr. Sumner—in his character, in his career, and in his fame—is so peculiar and unique a figure in our history that, in all these respects, he has no peer, no twin, no colleague. None but himself can be his parallel.

There are some public personages who are so exalted in reputation—in acquirements—in purity of life—in kingliness of mind—in chivalry of soul—that when, after a long career, they die, and the world is suddenly empty of their presence,—they leave behind them in the hearts of all their countrymen, not only an emotion of common regret, but a pang of majestic pain.

Within the memory of men now living, no public man in this country, in any walk of life, whether of statesmanship, science, literature, art, or war, has evoked by his death so exquisite a public sensibility to the conviction that one of the loftiest of human souls has departed from the great fellowship of lesser men.

We think of Chevalier Bayard—of Sir Philip Sidney—and of all the other white-plumed worthies of a heroic age; and we then think of our own great hero and knight templar of liberty—out-pluming them all in a chivalry, not of the sword, but of the mind;—doing battle in a still nobler warfare against oppression; and leaving behind him, to outshine their example, a typical career and an ideal name.

This is the man whom the sepulchre locks fast to-day—but whose deathless memory is now set loose to cover the whole earth in a free range of unrestricted renown. This is the noble face, which—after to-day's last unanswering glance—we shall behold no more! This is the great heart that has ceased to beat,—and that now sets all others to beating at its own stillness. This is the kingly presence—imperial above monarchs—stately as the state itself, as if he carried his country's proud port in his own;—this is the senator, the citizen, and the friend to whom we this day say farewell?

What judgment is fit to be passed, in this bereaved moment, on this mighty man, who has ended his historic life, and now begins his posthumous fame.

In all that can make a public character admired, beloved, and reverenced, Charles Sumner was endowed lavishly, first by the gifts of Nature, then by the advantages of fortune, and last by that more capricious yet not less powerful influence which may be called the spirit of destiny, or the genius of a career.

What a rich catalogue of elements go to make the sum-total of all that death now consecrates in the name of Charles Sumner! What personal gifts and graces,—beginning with the comely tower of his physical frame, which in itself adorned the Senate Chamber like some work of antique art! What a noble mind sat like a chapter on this pillar, crowning it as with a Corinthian scroll! What a library of learning was stored within his capacious brain—a crowded granary of harvests from all tongues and times! What a skill of speech and pen he acquired,—showing the cunning workman's most facile touch! What solidity of judgment he evinced! What gravity of behavior he maintained! What majesty of moral force pervaded all his faculties and dictated all his acts! What a position he was enabled to fill as the chief Senator who bore the standard of human rights during a prolonged term of service which a favoring Providence cast for him in just that period of our history in which he was most fitted to shine!

Indeed, what may be called the propitious accessories of his life were extended beyond the happy, and were made to include the unhappy, events in his experience:—for even his sufferings,—both those inflicted on him in the public service, and those which grew out of his private grief,—combined within him to work out that greatness of character which only the pure, the sad-hearted, and the solitary ever attain.

Among all cotemporary statesmen, not only in this country but in Europe, he achieved what we regard as the noblest of political reputations; nor has political life in any age of the world ever developed a superior character.

The only danger that now menaces this great fame is the fact that its colossal proportions demand that it shall be judged by colossal tests. There is a divine democracy in human nature by which the majority of mankind instinctively forbid any one of their number—however great and masterly—to

> "Get the start of this majestic world
> And bear the palm alone."

When men tower up into the upper ranks of greatness, we insist that they shall be measured by the heroic mould. It is itself a sufficient fame to be required to submit to this measurement. Charles Sumner must be guaged by this, and by no other. It is idle to judge him by any ordinary standard, for he transcends it.

If one of our many eloquent Senators ends an oration in the Senate and takes his seat amid the applause of the Chamber, he is congratulated on having made what is called a great speech. And yet the judgment which bestows this verdict does not stop to make comparison with Cicero or with Chatham. The award is adjudged by a lower standard.

But in Mr. Sumner's speeches there is a towering ambitiousness which—if not in their realization of a perfect eloquence, yet in their aspiration toward it—necessarily puts their author into a forced comparison with the world's brightest lights of rhetoric and literature—with the chief and master spirits who rule ancient and modern tongues. This comparison, Mr. Sumner can neither evade nor abide ; for though no man has spoken in our time whose words have challenged wider attention than his,—so that it might be almost said that Charles Sumner's speeches were historic events;—and though no other American orator has bequeathed in choice English so many studious orations to the care or the neglect of the next generation; yet—judging Mr. Sumner by the only standard that we are willing to apply to him—these works do not seem to us to bear evidence of the continuing and immortal fire of

"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

So too he had his limitations in other directions ; for example, in a deficiency of that practical statesmanship which knows how to shape—and, above all, knows how to carry, the fitting measure for the present hour.

We freely admit, therefore, that in these practical, and in some other important respects, Mr. Sumner had his superiors among the many able and few great men who sat about him in the Senate.

Nevertheless, take him for all in all—judging him by any test, whether the supreme or the common—Charles Sumner now goes into history as the most illustrious man who ever sat in the American Senate. Clay outcharmed him in eloquence ; Webster outweighed him in intellect ; Calhoun outshone him in brilliancy ; but Sumner outranks them all in the sum-total of his gifts, his learning, his labors, his devotion to liberty, his moral majesty of character, and, consequently, in the historic lustre of his name.

It is his peculiar greatness to have been great in those qualities which are of the greatest rank in human nature.

Charles Sumner's devotion to the negro-slave is like an episode of romance in the midst of our political history. Our annals of statesmanship furnish no incident like it. The search for the Holy Grael was not pursued by the knight-errants of old with so lofty-minded a devotion as animated this Giant Great Heart in fighting for the oppressed. Neither Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Hamilton, Sam Adams nor any other of the brave spirits of our earlier history, not James Otis himself, —not one among them all has left an example like it. Even on his death-bed, Mr. Sumner's last flickering spark of life was emitted from this same life-long passion for human liberty. He died as he had lived,—pleading for the negro and his rights.

In reward of this unexampled chivalry, as no statesman in our history ever more conspicuously joined his fortunes with the lowly, so none now finds his name written more illustriously among the proud.

else connected with the entire subject. We will sub- | reliance on

Then, too, there is another aspect in which Mr. Sumner has never had a superior among our great men in public office ; and that is, his absolute, romantic, and almost incredible exemption from all maneuvering for his own advancement to office, or for his retention in it. To say how thoroughly Mr. Sumner always abstained from even lifting so much as a finger to help himself to those official honors which lose their value except as they are voluntarily bestowed,—would hardly be credited by the average human being of our day. There is not the slightest exaggeration in declaring that Mr. Sumner never did anything more toward electing himself a Senator from Massachusetts than he did to become the Governor of Oregon or the King of Spain. The wire-pulling, the strategy, the bargaining, the dexterity, the finesse,—honorable or dishonorable,—which goes to make up what is called "practical politics";—all this was as foreign to Mr. Sumner as it was to a star of the sky, or to a flower of the field.

Another quality distinguished him not only from all the low but from most of the high statesmen of his time. Macaulay says, "The essence of politics is compromise." But the politics which Mr. Sumner illustrated possessed a quintessence beyond this :—he was the statesman of *no* compromise. His convictions were sacred, and he never surrendered them to the caprice of a majority. The storm of popular opinion bends some men, and breaks others ; but it neither bent nor broke Charles Sumner. Moreover, his convictions, being always noble, led him only into noble paths—from which he never had need to depart.

His pride of character—which was greater than we have ever known in any man, and have never seen equalled except in a few women—would have enabled him to bear every possible calamity except one—a stain upon his stainlessness ; and fortunate was his life that no act of it ever humbled this marvelous pride into a forfeiture of its native dignity.

Made of the temper of Latimer and Ridley, he could have endured martyrdom at the stake, had this been fate's decree. He never trimmed his sails to catch the popular breath. He never "sold the truth to serve "the hour." He calmly saw his own state legislators array themselves multitudinously against him in an official resolution censuring his supposed too great leniency toward the expired rebellion. But *their* resolution did not change *his*. The tardy exscinding of that ungracious measure a few days before his death, came just in time to serve as the greatest tribute which he ever received during his life :—for it showed that if Charles Sumner —as the offensive resolution had charged—did not truly represent the State of Massachusetts, it was only because her great representative had proved himself morally greater than his constituents,—they themselves being judges.

In personal friendship—including both the interchange of its pleasures and the reciprocity of its obligations—Mr. Sumner was a model. His vestal and never-cooling ardor for his intimates was a manly passion, "passing the love of women." We have seen tears leap into his eyes at the mere mention of the names of some of his trusty compeers—his true yoke-fellows of the soul. If misfortune overtook one of them—or if his name were assailed—or if the ignorant world condemned him unheard for what it had no right to hear :—against every such calumny spoken of a friend, Mr. Sumner would set himself like a rock to beat off the wave. It is the vivid memory of Mr. Sumner's faithful friendships that will constitute, to many public men, their "sorrow's crown of sorrow" in their sad act of unclasping his hand to-day.

parents and children, as a

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most unsullied of human dust :—and from their reverent touch of these sacred ashes there cannot but come to all who participate in this requiem a charm that shall inspire in their hearts a nobler patriotism, a warmer love of liberty, and a purer consecration to human rights.

In giving his ashes to their urn to-day, his countrymen may justly feel that they are handling the

grandly on the part of those

Does not praise rightly is not this such a man? belong to him, as to few men who live or die? Is it legitimate to praise scholarship? He was a scholar of uncommon learning. To praise eloquence? He was an orator of noble force and heat. To praise patriotism? He was a passionate lover of his country. To praise courage? He was the dauntless champion of liberty. To praise character? He wore the white lily of a blameless life. What risk has the full heart of overspeaking in rash admiration of this admirable man?

Charles Sumner rises superior to any tribute that can be paid to him—as the Cedar of Lebanon is greener than any word that can paint it.

How many reminiscences of him rush at this moment to our pen! But they are too private to become public. Moreover, how can we write fitly of our friend while the bell is tolling for his burial!

The kindly custom to speak naught of the dead but their praise—which has grown to be one of the rules of morals—results sometimes in unduly magnifying the virtues of the good and the abilities of the great. But what limitation of eulogy does candor need to make in the case of Charles Sumner? If our country ever produced a man worthy of the whitest of marbled names,

The Round Table.

SENATOR SUMNER'S WILL.

In September, 1872, just before Senator Sumner left for Europe, he wrote, in his own hand, his will. He bequeathed all his papers, manuscripts, and letter-books to Henry W. Longfellow, Francis E. Balch and Edward L. Pierce, as trustees; all his books and autographs to the library of Harvard College; his bronzes to his friends of many years, Henry W. Longfellow and Dr. Samuel G. Howe. He gives to the city of Boston, for the Art Museum, his pictures and engravings, except the picture of the "Miracle of the Slave," which he bequeaths to his friend Joshua B. Smith, of Boston. To Mrs. Hannah Richmond Jacobs, the only surviving sister of his mother, he gives an annuity of $500. There is a bequest of $2,000 to the daughters of Henry W. Longfellow, $2,000 to the daughters of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, and $2,000 to the daughters of James T. Furness, of Philadelphia, of whom he says, "I ask them to accept in token of gratitude for the friendship their parents have shown me." The will directs that the residue of his estate shall be distributed in two equal moieties, one moiety to his sister, Mrs. Julia Hastings, of San Francisco, California, the other moiety to the president and fellows of Harvard College, in trust for the benefit of the college library, the income to be applied to the purchase of books. In reference to this last moiety the will adds: "This bequest is made in filial regard to the college. In selecting especially the library, I am governed especially by the consideration that all my life I have been a user of books, and having few of my own I have relied on the libraries of friends and public libraries, so that what I now do is only a return for what I freely received." Francis E. Balch, of Boston, formerly clerk to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations when Mr. Sumner was chairman of that committee, is designated sole executor of the will. Mr. Sumner's estate is valued at $100,000.

SWALLOWED A RAT.—A New Orleans householder, disturbed by an aged darkey who each day seated himself on his porch and went to sleep in the sun, with upturned head, open mouth and prodigious snore, concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of ice and dropped it into the huge orifice that served as Sambo's mouth. It disappeared like a shot, and with a cough and a snort, Sambo started to his feet. "Ugh!" he cried, as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach. "What dis?" and his fingers clutched nervously the afflicted parts. Just then some one cried out in the house that a big rat had run down "Uncle Sam's" throat. This added terror to pain. He rolled on the banquette and cried lustily for help. "Fore God, missus, he's knawin' out'n me. I feel him. Oh, golly, he's kill'n me!" and the whites of the darkey's eyes protruding like saucers, and the convulsed and anguished face, showed that real pain was strongly enhanced by his imaginary terror. "Oh, golly, how he do jump, and kick about," and Sambo again gave himself up to a paroxysm of lamentations. "Drink warm water and drown him, Uncle Sam," the lady suggested. Without a moment's hesitation, Sam started for the water plug. He turned on the crank and the water started. Sam glued his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffed out like an inflated balloon. "How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" the landlady inquired as Sam staggered back to his seat. "I guess he's drowned, missus; but here's what's troublin' dis chile; *how's dat rat gwine to git out'n dare?*"

ARTICLE VI.

There shall be an office open in the city of New York, where the publications of the Society, and other works on education, may be obtained.

VOL. XVII. {S. S. J. PUBLIS

A NEW BALLAD OF "MARY OF THE WILD MOOR."

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

The snow glistened ghastly and cold,
And the winter winds howled o'er the moor
As young Mary, outcast by the world,
Shuddered back to the old cottage door.
"Be still, little baby—press close
To this frozen and desolate breast,
And it may be my father will rise
And bid the poor wanderer rest."

But cold blew the winds, and the child
Wailed louder its piteous cry;
As she folded it closer, and moaned,
While the tears froze which fell from her eyes.
The sparks from the chimney laughed up
In the face of the merciless sky,
As she stalked like a ghost of the storm
To the door with a supplicant's cry;—

O Father! pray open the door!
I freeze with my half frozen child!
The world has no shelter for me
And the cold winds howl bitter and wild!
She waited, and harkened, and moaned,
But the silence was sullen and dead,
So she turned her white face to the storm,
And the snows drifted over her head.

In the dumbness and darkness of death
A door opened high o'er the moor,
And an angel as tender as love
Stood looking at her in the door.
She saw little children at play
Which never were wretched or poor,
And thither she went with her babe
From the winds which blew 'cross the wild moor.

A century's years have gone by
Since the wanderers perished of cold,
And Christ, who is tender and wise,
Took the shivering lambs to his fold;
But afar in that country of bloom
Sweet Mary looks oft from the door,
To welcome the outcasts of earth
From the winds which howl o'er the wild moor.

The thought of the year of her sin,
And the night of her agonized tears,
Have made her remember and pray
For the weak and the needy all years.
And so when a wanderer faints
You may hear Mary call from God's door,
"Come this way! come this way, poor soul!
From the winds which blow o'er the wild moor."

The Poet's Corner.

SOLITUDE.

There is a sotitude whose depth profound,
Is greater than the silent desert knows;
About whose state a deeper gloom is wound,
Than starless night o'er slumbering Nature throws;
Whose dreariness, unfelt in hermit cell,
Assumes no outward sign, or mark of dole,
But with a secret force that naught can quell,
Relentless saps the life and gnaws the soul.
'Tis his who wanders aimless and alone
Amid a crowded city's busy throng,
Mourning bright hopes by cruel Fortune strown
Far on the winds; and sorrowing along
Past beauty, joy and sorrow, friend and foe,
Whelmed in a deep infinity of woe!

P.

...ineteen-twentie ths of the Ame-
...Common Schools all the educa-
...ceive—and a very large portion
...r widely extended Republic are
...ts even of Primary Schools: and
...re to enjoy the same political
... and will certainly exercise an
... for evil, upon the institutions of
...but education, then, can protect
...mpositions of the demagogue?
...es to devote its energies to the
...tension of Primary Schools,
...l States; and in thus adopting,
...l commensurate with our whole
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... newspaper will be published,
...he laws of the different States,
...port and regulation of Schools—
... Schools and systems of instruc-
...ates, and also in foreign coun-
...Model School Houses—Commu-
... Men on kindred subjects, and
...Parents, Teachers, Pupils, and
...o co-operate in elevating the
... School education.

... for good School Books, which
...old by the agents of the Society.
...with Auxiliary Societies and cor-
...collection of facts and for the
...nation; and to arouse attention
... the subject.
...in the city of New York, where
...tion relative to Schools, in this
...countries, may be collected, and
...irers—and where all the publica-
..., and other approved books on
...urchased.

...ready made to the Society continued.

$250	M. H. Grinnell,	50
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50	A. P. Halsey,	10
50	A. Post,	10
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50	Wm. Colgate,	10
50	Geo. B. Butler,	10
50		

...G BOOK, *in Prose and Poetry*, ...Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY: Pub-... Taylor, New York.

... we have carefully examined, ...ot too highly commend it. The ...f topics, and the style of treating ... to the judgment and heart of the ... has been especially framed for ... sex, on the principle of combin-...plishment of reading sentiments ... their character, and knowledge ... elements of woman's duty."— ... completely attained her object; ...self not only to the gratitude of ... the thanks of every father and ...—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY M. EDESSA WYNNE.

Not the one who cometh in
With a ready speech and smile,
Uttering words of honeyed sound
While his heart is full of guile.
He doth love himself alone;
You are but the mirror fine
Wherein he doth look to see
His perfections glow and shine.

Not the one who gives you gold,
Careless of your truest needs;
Not the one who gives you praise
For the *aspect* of your deeds.
He who gives you bread and wine,
Shelter when you're faint and sore,
Is but helping CHRIST Himself—
You are where you were before.

Not the one who comes and goes,
Saying, "How are you to-day?
Doth your business prosper still?
May all good luck speed your way!
If you need a helping hand
Do not fear to call on me—
I will aid you with a will!"—
Ah! the truest is not he.

Truest of the true is he
Who doth say, "I love this soul;
I would win it to the Lord,
That we have a common goal!"
When the body falls away
To its elemental dust,
And our pale hands drop the goods
Which we only held on trust—

We can measure then our friend,
And the love that he hath given,
If he sought to raise our souls
Up to equal lights in Heaven—
He is truest of the true!
Though he may be plain of speech,
Friendship's ministry is his,
And the right to love and teach!

—as b-a-k-e-r, baker. And now the pupil is fastene

MOTHERT'S WAY.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight touches softly
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushes and tender tones,
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder that this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer,
"It was once our mother's way!"

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many, not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember,
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes, when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burden looks to heavy
And we deem the right all wrong;
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,
As we rise to proudly say:
"Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray,
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of the day,
They may find us waiting calmly,
To go home our mother's way.

—*United Presbyterian.*

Leaf Photographs.

A pretty amusement, especially for those who contemplate the study of botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is, at any druggist's get five cents worth of bichromate of potash. Put this into a two ounce bottle of soda water. When the solution has become saturated—that is, the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the clear liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly and evenly moistened. Let it become nearly dry in the dark. It should be a bright yellow. On this put the leaf, under it a piece of soft black cloth and several pieces of newspaper. Put this between two pieces of glass, all the pieces should be the same size, and with spring clothes pins fasten them all together. Expose to a bright sun placing the leaf so that the rays will fall on it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a good print. When it has become dark enough take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes till the yellow part becomes perfectly white. Sometimes the venation of the leaves will be quite distinct. By following these directions it is scarcely possible to fail, and a little practice will make perfect. The photographs if well taken are very pretty as well as interesting.

A Philadephia lady recently identified the body of a drowned man as that of her husband and had it decently buried; and the very next day her husband walked into the house, as hale and hearty as if he hadn't seen water in any shape since his birth. The lady regrets exceedingly the cost of the funeral; but we believe no effort has yet been made to get the money back.

SISTANT,

THE ARTIST.

Not in the marble cold, the statue lies,
But in the artist's mind; his earnest eyes
Look it to life, his reverential hands
Unveil its beauty, till it speaking stands.

In vain the empty canvass all unrolled
Before the easel in the studio lies,
Till genius, with its labors manifold,
Cause it to throb with life that never dies.

So from the flinty rocks of adverse fate
The soul a perfect temple can create,
And on the clouds of darkest destiny,
Rainbow a life of immortality.

S. D. ROBBINS.

CONCORD, Mass., July 8, 1874.

holders draw interest on a sum much greater
they have invested.

profits are divided among
as thus divided are called
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e failed, or to be broken.
York, a fund is provided
bank bills against losses
his fund is raised under an
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pital stock of the several
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D REWARD.

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weeds.

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THE LIFETIME OF MAN.

When the world was created and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime time appointed, the Ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live? "Thirty years," replied Nature: "will that be agreeable to thee?" "Alas," answered the Ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine—from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything, but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that time, I pray!" Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The Ass went away comforted, and the Dog came forward. "How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too many for the Ass, but wilt thou be content with them?" "Is it thy will that I should?" replied the Dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl?" Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years. The Ape then appeared. "Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the Ass and the Dog. Life will be pleasant to thee." "Ah no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be. Should puddings ever rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest. I shall not be able to endure for thirty years." Nature was gracious, and he received but ten. At last came Man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days. "Will thirty years content thee?" "How short a time!" exclaimed Man, "When I shall have built my house and kindled a fire on my own hearth, when the trees shall bear fruit, when life shall seem to me most desirable, I shall die. O, Nature, grant me longer period." "Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the Ass besides." "That is not enough," replied Man. "Take, likewise, the twelve years of the Dog." "It is not yet sufficient," reiterated Man; "give me more." "I give thee, then, the ten years of the Ape; in vain wilt thou claim more." Man departed unsatisfied. Thus Man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy. He labors cheerfully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen of the Ass come next, burden upon burdon is heaped upon him, he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the rewards of his faithful service. The twelve years of the Dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies down in the corner and growls. When these are gone the Ape's ten years form the conclusion. The Man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.—*Translated from the German.*

2. The teacher is in a vessel, (the School House) with forty young and ignorant; and he may shipwreck them all, or he may skilfully direct their course through the paths of knowledge, into the haven of virtue and happiness. All is dependent on the teacher—the Pilot on angry waters in a fearful night.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

The following extract, taken from the plan of a proposed institution, describes, fully and forcibly, what should be the education of American youth:

"He should be taught the courtesies of life, and be permitted to participate in the social circle. He should be led to honor his father and mother, and to appreciate domestic happiness. He should be taught the nature of business relations—the duties of men in their common transactions with each other. He should be taught the nature of crime, and the reward of virtue, and be led to practice the principles of Christianity as a privilege He should be taught the various processes of manufacturing, and the extent of production and consumption. He should be taught the advantages of commerce, and of national treaties regulating trade and the rights of citizens. He should be taught the properties and capabilities of the soil, and the extent of its rich and diversified products.—He should be taught the laws of his country, and the duties of citizenship; and be made acquainted with the forms and principles of foreign governments. He should be taught the natural economy of the animal creation, and be made familiar with the intellectual, moral, physiological, anatomical and organic laws of his own system. His education should have reference to the exertions and sacrifices which life requires; to self-command and benevolence; to whatever confers dignity or ornament on human nature—whatever opens pure and innocent sources of enjoyment—whatever contributes to elevate man, as a thinking, social, and accountable being, for undying growth and improvement. And as he is led to observe and understand all those principles and things, he should be instructed in the sacred laws of obedience and dependence, which the Creator has established throughout the moral and physical world, and the inevitable suffering which follows every abuse and violation of them."

WONDERFUL CHANGES.

1. Animals are made out of air, earth and water. This is done mostly through plants. Grass and all kinds of vegetables are nourished by and formed out of water, earth and air; and animals either live on plants or other animals which plants support.

2. Man devours beef,—the ox was supported by grain and grass which come from the earth. Every thing comes either from the air or the water or the earth.

3. Plants are composed of hydrogen, oxygen and carbon—three of the simple elements—men and animals eat plants, and thus the simple elements of nature enter into the very natures of men and animals.

4. We could not live on carbon, oxygen or hydrogen separately.—But plants unite them into a compound, and thus form a delicious food for animals.—Plants, as it were, take the mineral kingdom and hand it to the animal kingdom for food. Plants are the connecting link between the mineral and animal kingdoms.

5. It seems to be the only object of the vegetable kingdom, to prepare pleasure or food for animals,—pleasure by its flowers, shade, refuge, &c.

6. The great object of the farmer should be to raise as much vegetable growth as he can, for he cannot have animals without it—he cannot have grain without it—neither can he have an abundance of good manure without a great quantity of plants, grass, &c.

7. The life and food of a growing plant is a plant that is decomposing, that is *rotting;* and the more vegetable decomposition a farmer has, the more vegetable growth will he have. If land is worked down, there are no stubble, or roots to nourish it, but if the land is kept in good heart, the stubble and roots of the large crop, aid very much in preparing the soil for another crop.

8. A good crop only makes it easier for another harvest, and if farmers will only get their ground in good order, they will raise much more, with less labor.

THINGS A FARMER SHOULD NOT DO.

1. A farmer should never undertake to cultivate more land than he can do thoroughly; half-tilled land is growing poorer; well-tilled land is constantly improving.

2. A farmer should never keep more cattle, horses, sheep, or hogs, than he can keep in good order; an animal in high order the first of December, is already half wintered.

3. A farmer never should depend on his neighbor for what he can by care and good management produce on his own farm; he should never beg fruit while he can plant trees, or borrow tools while he can make or buy; a high authority has said, the borrower is a servant to the lender.

4. The farmer should never be so immersed in political matters, as to forget to sow his wheat, dig his potatoes, and bank up his cellar; nor should he be so inattentive to them as to remain ignorant of those great questions of national and state policy which will always agitate, more or less, a free people.

5. A farmer should shun the doors of a bank, as he would the approach of the plague or cholera; banks are for traders and men of speculation, and theirs is a business with which farmers should have little to do.

6. A farmer should never be ashamed of his calling; we know that no man can be entirely independent, yet the farmer should remember, that if any one can be said to possess that enviable distinction, he is the man.

7. No farmer should allow the reproach of neglecting education to lie against himself or family; if knowledge is power, the beginning of it should be early and deeply laid in the district school.

8. A farmer never should use ardent spirit as a drink; if, while undergoing severe fatigue, and the hard labors of the summer, he would enjoy robust health, let him be temperate in all things.

9. A farmer never should refuse a fair price for any thing he wishes to sell; we have known a man who had several hundred bushels of wheat to dispose of, refuse 8s. because he wanted 8s. 6d., and after keeping his wheat six months, was glad to get 6s. 6d. for it.

10. A farmer should never allow his wood-house to be emptied of wood during the summer months; if he does, when winter comes, in addition to cold fingers, he must expect to encounter the chilling looks of his wife, and perhaps be compelled, in a series of lectures, to learn that the man who burns green wood has not mastered the A B C of domestic economy.

11. A farmer should never allow windows to be filled with red cloaks, tattered coats, and old hats: if he does, he will most assuredly acquire the reputation of a man who tarries long at the whiskey, leaving his wife and children to freeze or starve at home.

WATER.

1. Water is transparent, without color, taste, or smell. It is heavy, and has little elasticity. It cannot easily be compressed into less bulk. It is called a *non-elastic* fluid, while air, which can be easily compressed, is called an *elastic fluid.*

2. Water may become a solid by cold, and vapor by heat; when solid, it is called ice, when a vapor, it is called steam. Water always seeks its own level. It is subject to gravitation, and capillary attraction. Its particles press equally in all directions.

3. When water boils away, (to use a common expression,) the particles are driven off by heat, and pass into the air around, but no one particle is lost or destroyed. Steam may be changed back to water by the application of cold.

4. If a current of cold air, be let into a room which is so filled with steam that one can scarcely see across it, the steam at once vanishes, and drops of water cover the windows and ceiling of the room. The steam was condensed by the cold air; that is, the watery particles, being cooled, drew closer together, and formed themselves into drops.

5. Water left in an open dish, slowly passes off into the air; this is called *evaporation.* The water in seas, rivers, lakes and ponds, evaporates; it goes into the air and forms clouds, and descends to the earth again in rain, snow, or hail.

6. If the floor of a room be wet in a warm day, the air will be cooled and refreshed by the moisture arising from the evaporation of the water.

7. When water is solid or becomes ice, it is lighter than in the liquid state, and rises to the surface. Were it not for this wonderful provision of Providence, in departing, in this instance, from the common principle that the loss of heat and consequent solidifying of bodies, makes them heavier, rivers and lakes and every body of water subject to frost, would become one solid body of ice.

Astronomy.

Mrs. TYLER has written the best work on Astronomy we have seen for Primary Schools. It is published by E. Hunt & Co., Middletown, Ct. We have adopted it in our series of School Books, as the work on Astronomy.

Annie and Willie's Prayer.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
To-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such person as Santa Claus never had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds,
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa had said there's no 'Santa Claus;'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied;
For he came every year before mamma died,
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray.
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year,"
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too." And without a word more
Four little feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees at the soft carpet pressed,
And two little hands were clasped close to each breast,
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn will come then,
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea chest and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, Dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he.
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie,—Amen!"
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light.
I want he should dive me a nice ittle sed,
With bright, shiny rudders, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen and then Desus I'll be a good boy."
Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep.
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep,
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie'e blue eyes,
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this;
And that I denied them the thrice asked for kiss;
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door, to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's "Bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears;
"Strange, strange I'd forgotten, said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh,"
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and went out in the street.
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
To the box full of candy, the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nusery 'twas stowed.
Miss dolly was seated beneath a pine tree
By the side of a table set out for her tea
A work-box, well-filled, in the centre was laid.
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed,
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
With bright shining runners, and all painted red;
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see.
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop,
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
His thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
[illegible] for a year,
[illegible] n ever before;
[illegible] per cent. more.
[illegible]reafter I'll [illegible]e, I believe,
To have Santa Claus [illegible] us each Christmas Eve."
So thinking he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted) and left before light;
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus,' papa, I know,"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer.
"Then we dot up and prayed dest well as we tould,
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't he dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf;
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

A Visit from St. Nicholas.

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash;
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the house top the coursers they flew.
With a sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his lips like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face, and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlfull of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, as he drove out of sight.
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

THE HOME CIRCLE.

For the Watchman and Reflector.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS THE LEAF."

BY LUCY C. GILSON.

It is autumn; all the landscape
Shadows forth the dying year.
Through the trees the the winds are making
Music, but how sad and drear!

All the foliage of the forest—
Which a few short weeks ago
Clothed them in their leafy splendor—
Now lies faded, dead, below.

As we think of all the loved ones,
Whose dear lives were, O, so brief,
We repeat the ancient saying,
"We all fade as fades the leaf."

One by one they're passing from us,
Leaving us awhile,—in grief;
For each one of us will soon be
Fading—fading "as the leaf."

But if we have borne the burden,—
Shared the toil in heat of day,—
Patient been amid the trials
God has placed within our way,

If we've followed in His footsteps,
Ever trusted Him, our Guide,
Done His bidding, though 'twere sometimes
Easier with the world to glide,

Naught 'twill matter, though we're fading,
Passing onward to the tomb;
For eternal spring-time cometh,
Where the fadeless flowers bloom.

November, 1875.

THE UNFAILING FRIEND.

Hearts may ache and hearts may break,
Souls may faint and fainting fall;—
Be our best for manhood's sake—
God is just and over all.

Love may go like stars of snow
Melting on Life's muddy tide;—
Earthly friends but few men know—
God is good and by our side.

There's but one unfailing sun;—
Stars are dim and earth is drear;—
Something whispers as they run
"Man may fail but God is near."

ETTIE ROGERS.

PEARLS AND PEBBLES.

We have little faith in those who have never been imposed upon.

The greatest truths are the simplest; so are the greatest men and women.

Persons will refrain from evil-speaking when persons refrain from evil-hearing!

Excessive indulgence to children, by parents, is only self-indulgence under an alias.

It seems as if half the world were purblind; they can see nothing unless it glit-

He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

Prudence is the presumption of the future contracted from the experience of times past.

The man who does not know how to leave off, will make accuracy frivilous and vexatious.

Some men so like the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that they lag behind it.

To Adam and Eve, Paradise was home; to the good among their descendants home is Paradise.

Patience and cheerfulness adorn the ruins of fortune, as ivy does those of castles and temples.

War is an instrument entirely inefficient toward redressing wrong, and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses.

When we see a young man who spends all he earns, we are inclined to think he does not earn all he spends.

Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money, but to be obliged to run in debt for it is enough to break the heart of an angel.

TEA-TABLE TALK.

"There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in naught—*content*."

words, as well as a general understanding of the entire language.

The peculiar advantages of this part of the work, have received the most unqualified approbation of teachers. In this improved form, the work is again submitted to their further examination and experience, under the full conviction, that the part now added will be found equally beneficial with the part so thoroughly tested, and, by them, so highly recommended.

THE AUTHOR.

NOTATIONS ON THE BOOK.

The words, in this book, are arranged in columns, according to their number of syllables. That syllable, on which the main accent falls, is designated by a character, hereafter explained. A multiplication of arbitrary characters, marking peculiarity of sounds in the letters, could be of little use, except to teachers, and they are presumed not to need them. Should it, however, be deemed needful, they will hereafter be added.

There are two general methods, most commonly adopted for imparting to others a knowledge of the meaning of words.

The first is, by naming other words of the nearest corresponding import, but of greater simplicity.—School Dictionaries are somewhat on this plan.

The second is, by enumerating such qualities, properties or circumstances, as, taken together, make up the signification, according to established usage; adding some familiar example. The latter method avails nothing with children, till they can read with some facility. The former, they may apply from their *first efforts* in spelling, without the least interruption or embarrassment in that exercise. In accordance, therefore, with the first method, those words intended as definers, if judiciously selected, will accord in meaning, as nearly as two different words can. Some words will be found repeated, but in somewhat different senses.

In giving the prefixes and suffixes, it became necessary to repeat such words especially, as would in the plainest manner exhibit their peculiar use in the composition of derivative words.

Several columns of exactly opposite meaning, or nearly such, are given, where the strongest conceptions of import will be derived from contrast.

Trees, fruits, shrubs, plants, food, cloth, garments, animals, utensils, and names of things, are classed together, under their several captions, and interspersed promiscuously, where defining columns would admit.

The spelling with *s*, instead of *c*, in such words as *offense*, the omission of *u*, in such words as *color*, and of *k*, in such words as *public*, are manifestly correct, as clearly shown by Dr. Webster, in his second number on Philology, in the Knickerbocker of March, 1836, which is worthy of examination

Some words will be found of rare occurrence, but they still belong to the language, and have not become obsolete.

SPECIMEN OF THE PLAN.

The child spells the first line, and pronounces the caption above and the word opposite in the second line:

Eating	
Car niv' o rous	Flesh
Gra niv o rous	Grain
Her biv o rous	Herbs
Government of	
Au toc' ra sy	One's self
De moc ra cy	Peo ple
The oc ra cy	God
The doctrine of	
Op' tics	Light
Phon ics	Sound
Phys ics	Nature
Tech nics	Arts
A treatise on	
As trog' ra phy	Stars
Con chol o gy	Shells
Den drol o gy	Trees
The slaying of a	
De' i cide	God
Fra tri cide	Brother
Hom i cide	Man
Ma tri cide	Mother
Par ri cide	Parent
Reg i cide	King
The noise of a	
Bray	Ass
Bleat	Sheep
Buzz, Hum	Bees
Bark, Whine, Howl	Dog

Again, in another part, the first line is spelled and defined by the 2d and 3d.

Al' i ment	Nu' tri ment	Food
Ar ti fice	Strat a gem	Trick
At trib' ute	As cribe'	Im pute'
A ban don	De sert	For sake
As sem ble	Con vene	Col lect
Ar' bi ter	Um' pire	Judge
Bois ter ous	Roar ing	Loud
Countenance	Visage	Face
For' mu la	Form	Rule
Log ger head	Dolt	Dunce
Mer chan dise	Goods	Wares
Ad' age	Prov' erb	Say' ing
Brig and	Ban dit	Rob ber
Ac' cent	Tone	Sound
Bal lad	Lay	Song
Abundance		Plenty
Alliance		Union
Al' ti tude		Height
Bev er age		Drink
Babe		In' fant
Bard		Po' et
Slake		Quench
Slay		Kill
Smite		Strike

The discerning will see, that by this simple plan, the child must learn the *meaning* while learning to spell words.

THAT HOLE IN THE POCKET.

Miss Martineau has written any quantity of matter more tiresome than the following, which we clip from the Cincinnati Chronicle—but she never compressed so much good sense in so short a space in her life.—The author is Mr. James H. Perkins, one of the vigorous writers of the young West, whose sketches, collected in a volume, would make a book alike readable and useful.

In this lies the true secret of economy—the care of sixpences. Many people throw them away without remorse or consideration—not reflecting that a penny a day is more than three dollars a year. We should complain loudly if a head tax to that amount were laid upon us; but when we come to add that we uselessly tax ourselves for our penny expenses, we shall find that we waste in this way, annually, quite enough to supply a family with winter fuel.

"It is now about a year since my wife said to me, one day, 'Pray, Mr. Slackwater, have you that half dollar about you that I gave you this morning?' I felt in my waistcoat pocket, and I felt in my breeches pocket, and I turned my purse inside out, but it was all empty space—which is very different from specie; so I said to Mrs. Slackwater, 'I've lost it, my dear, positively, there must be a hole in my pocket!'—'I'll sew it up,' said she.

"An hour or two after, I met Tom Snibbins.—'How did that ice cream set?' said Tom. 'It set,' said I, 'like the sun, gloriously.' And, as I spoke, it flashed upon me that my missing half dollar had paid for those ice creams; however, I held my peace, for Mrs. Slackwater sometimes makes remarks; and even when she assured me at breakfast, next morning, that there was no hole in my pocket, what could I do but lift up my brow and say, 'Ah! isn't there? really!'

"Before a week had gone by, my wife, like a dutiful helpmate, as she is always, gave me her loose change to keep, called for a 25 cent piece that had been deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping; 'there was a poor woman at the door,' she said, 'that she had promised it to, for certain.' 'Well, wait a moment,' I cried; so I pushed inquiries first in this direction, then in that, and then in the other—but vacancy returned a horrid groan. 'On my soul,' said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, 'you must keep my pockets in better repair, Mrs. Slackwater; this piece, with I know not how many more, is lost, because some corner or seam in my plaguey pockets is left open.'

"'Are you sure?' said Mrs. Slackwater.

"'Sure! aye, that I am; it's gone, totally gone.'

"My wife dismissed her promise, and then, in her quiet way, asked me to change my pantaloons before I went out, and, to bar all argument, laid another pair on my knees.

"That evening, allow me to remark, gentlemen of the species 'husband,' I was very loathe to go home to tea; I had half a mind to bore some bachelor friend; and when hunger and habit, in their unassuming manner, one on each side, walked me up to my own door, the touch of the brass knob made by blood run cold. But do not think Mrs. Slackwater is a

Tartar, my good friends, because I thus shrunk from home; the fact was, that I had, while abroad, called to mind the fate of her 25 cent piece, which I had invested in smoke—that is to say, cigars; and I feared to think of her comments on my pantaloon pockets.

"These things went on for some months; we were poor to begin with, and grew poorer, or, at any rate, no richer, fast. Times grew worse and worse; even my pocket book was no longer to be trusted, the rag slipped from it in a manner most incredible to relate—as an Irish song says,

'And such was the fate of poor Paddy O'More,
That his purse had the more rents, as he had the fewer."

"At length one day my wife came in with a subscription paper for the Orphan's Asylum. I looked at it, and sighed, and picked my teeth, and shook my head, and handed it back to her.

"'Ned Bowen,' said she, 'has put down ten dollars.'

"'The more shame to him,' I replied; 'he can't afford it; he can but just scrape along, any how, and in these times it aint right for him to do it.' My wife smiled in her sad way, and took the paper back to him that brought it.

"The next evening she asked me if I would go with her and see the Bowens, and as I had no objection, we started.

"I knew that Ned Bowen did a small business, that would give him about $600 a year, and I thought it would be worth while to see what the sum would do in the way of housekeeping We were admitted by Ned, and welcomed by Ned's wife, a very neat little body, of whom Mrs. Slackwater had told me a great deal, as they had been school mates. All was as nice as wax, and yet as substantial as iron—comfort was written all over the room. The evening passed, somehow or other, though we had no refreshment, an article which we never have at home, but always want when elsewhere, and I returned to our own establishment with mingled pleasure and chagrin.

"'What a pity,' said I to my wife, 'that Bowen don't keep within his income.'

"'He does,' she replied.

"'But how can he on $600?' was my answer, 'if he gives $10 to this charity and $5 to that, and live so snug and comfortable, too?"

"'Shall I tell you?' asked Mrs. Slackwater.

"'Certainly, if you can.'

"'His wife,' said my wife, 'finds it just as easy to go without twenty or thirty dollars worth of ribbons and laces, as to buy them. They have no fruit but what they raise and have given them by country friends, whom they repay by a thousand little acts of kindness. They use no beer, which is not essential to his health as it is to yours; and then he buys no cigars or ice cream, or apples at 100 per cent. on market prices, or oranges at 12 cents a-piece, or candy, or new novels, or rare works that are still more rarely used—in short, my dear Mr. Slackwater, he has no hole in his pocket!'

"It was the first word of suspicion my wife had uttered on the subject, and it cut me to the quick! Cut me? I should rather say it sewed me up, me and my pockets, too: they have never been in holes since that evening."

NEWS CHAPTER.

1. The town of Dayton, Ohio, has raised $10,000 for building Common School Houses.

2. The whole amount of shinplasters issued in Pennsylvania, is over one million eight hundred thousand.

3. A convention from the various banks in Ohio, met at Columbus on the 6th of June last. The Banks then and there resolved to resume specie payments on or before the 4th of this month, (July) provided the Banks in Philadelphia and Baltimore do the same.

4. If these eastern banks do not resume by that time, they have a committee appointed to fix a day on which the banks of Ohio shall resume specie payment.

5. Considerable disturbances are continually appearing on the Canada frontiers. Governor Marcy has been, for the last two or three weeks, along the boundary lines in this State, for the purpose of preventing any warlike preparations or attacks. There are a few lawless outcasts who would delight in bringing about a war between England and this country; but their efforts will be in vain.

6. The Legislature of Connecticut passed an act at the late session, "for the better supervision of Common Schools," which provides that the Governor, Commissioner of the School Fund, and one from each county, be a Board of Commissioners of Common Schools. The Board are to report to the next General Assembly, their condition, and appoint a Secretary, to have $3 per day and his expenses.

7. The last Legislature of Connecticut passed a law, which gives power to the town officers (Selectmen) to prohibit any person selling less than five gallons of wine or spirits; and in case of so doing, to collect a fine of $50.

8. Selectmen of towns may license a person to keep a victualling-house, without a tavern license, on lodging with the town clerk a bond not to sell or keep any spirits, wine, or ale, on penalty of ten dollars.

9. No person shall be licensed as a taverner, unless he has two spare beds and sufficient stabling for keeping four horses more than his own stock, and shall forfeit his license if he is without.

10. No licensed taverner shall sell to any minor, apprentice, student of college, academy, or boarding-school, any ale, wine, or spirits, on penalty of ten dollars; and if convicted of so doing, shall not be licensed another year.

11. The steam-ships have again visited New York. They were 14 days going out to England, and about the same time in returning here. The Great Western would have gone out in 12 days, had not the machinery failed for a day or two. These steam ships have diminished the distance between England and the U. S. about one half. What the effect will be of laying side by side, two governments, the one monarchical and the other republican, cannot be foreseen.

12. Business in England was improving, and the Cotton Market remained firm. Money was very plenty. The Great Western brought 41,000*l.* of specie.

13. A new steam engine has been invented by a Mr. Bennet, which consumes only one tenth of the fuel which other boats use. This is a great improvement—especially as fuel is becoming scarce and dear.

14. It will be a fine thing for the steam ships that run across the ocean, for they now burn one ton of coal an hour; but if one ton, by this new improvement, will last ten hours, it will be a great saving in expense, but more particularly in permitting them to carry goods: for they now have to load down the ships with fuel, which will, by the improvement, give place to freight.

15. An awful catastrophe happened on Lake Erie, 15 miles from Buffalo, the 16th of last month. The steamboat Washington took fire and burnt down, attended with a loss of 50 lives. The boat was so near shore, that a part reached it by small boats. It took fire from the engine.

16. A Convention of the County of Madison, N.Y., for the elevation of Common Schools, was held the 22d of last month at Cazenovia—Rev. George Peck, President. Mr. Isaac Harrington, our enterprising agent, delivered an able address. A County Society was formed, and the fourth Tuesday of August next, was fixed upon as the day for the several towns to send their delegates to Morrisville, for the purpose of forming Town Societies.

17. *Another* dreadful accident has happened. The steamboat *Pulaski*, which ran between New York and Charleston, was wrecked near Wilmington, on the coast of North Carolina, and *one hundred and sixty lives were lost.* The boiler burst, and a few minutes afterwards, the ship sank on a breaker, and went to pieces Over a thousand lives have been lost within a few weeks by steamboat accidents.

18. The Hon. J. S. Buckingham has sent to England, 1000 copies of the "Journal of the Temperance Union." Each member of Parliament receives a copy from him, in connexion with a letter he has written, to call their attention to the subject. We know of no man who is really doing more for the good of others than Mr. Buckingham.

19. Congress has passed a law which gives *squatters* on government land, the first right to buy it at the original price, ($1,25) when offered for sale. It is called the Preemption Act. The person taking possession of the land, must be over 21 years of age—at the head of a family, and have a personal residence on it. He cannot sell his right to buy this land he has in possession.

20. The Sub-Treasury Bill has been rejected by a vote of 125 against, and 111 for it.

Crates, the ancient philosopher, was wont to say, "That if he could get up to the highest place in the city, he would make this proclamation: 'What mean you, fellow-citizens, to be so anxious after wealth, but so indifferent to your children's education? It is like being solicitous about the shoe, but neglecting entirely the foot that is to wear it'."—*Plutarch's Morals.*

CHILD AT HOME.

Child.—Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother.—I hav'nt got any,—it's all gone.

C.—I know there's some up in the cupboard;—I saw it when you opened the door.

M.—Well, you don't need any now, cake hurts children.

C.—No it don't; (*whining*) I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?

M.—Be still, I can't get up now, I am busy.

C.—(*crying aloud*) I want a piece of cake. I want a piece of cake.

M.—Be still, I say, I shan't give you a bit if you don't leave off crying.

C.—(*still crying*) I want a piece of cake. I want a piece of cake.

M.—(*rising hastily and reaching a bit.*) There take that, and hold your tongue. Eat it up quick, I hear Ben coming. Now, don't tell him youv'e had any.

(*Ben enters.*) C —I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any.

Ben.—Yes I will; mother, give me a piece.

M.—There, take that, it seems as if I never could keep a bit of any thing in the house. You see, sir, (*to the child*) if you get any thing the next time!

(*Another room.*) C.—I've had a piece of cake!

Younger sister.—I want some too.

C.—Well, you *bawl*, and mother'll give you a piece I did.

A NOBLE SOCIETY.

1. The "College of Professional Teachers," whose annual meetings have been held in Cincinnati, or in that vicinity, has done much for the cause of education. We do not know of a more enlightened body of educators, or one whose proceedings have done more for the great cause of public instruction.

2. We have been favored with a copy of the proceedings of the last annual convention, held at Columbus, Ohio, and insert a few of the resolutions of the convention, but regret that we have not room for larger extracts.

3. "*Resolved*, That teachers of every grade must be educated, honored, and rewarded, before our schools can be placed on that high ground which the cause of education in our republic justly demands.

4. "*Resolved*, That efforts to introduce a general system of common school education, will be, to a great extent, ineffectual, unless good school houses and a proper compensation for teachers be provided.

5. "*Resolved*, That the labors of the superintendent have already greatly advanced the cause of public schools.

6. "*Resolved*, That frequent and hasty recommendations of books, by men of influence, tend greatly to increase the evils complained of, and that they be respectfully requested to be more cautious in giving recommendations without decided conviction of superior merit."

7 Accompanying this Report of the Convention, we find an address on education by Prof. Wm. Slocum, of Marietta.

RESOLUTIONS FROM MAINE.

1. We have received Mr. Carpenter's Address on Education—delivered before the "Penobscot Association of Teachers." This is a valuable document, and we ask attention to a few of the resolutions passed by the above "Association."

2. "*Resolved*, That our District Schools are the peculiar seminaries of the *poor*, and that it is the duty of *every one* to do all he can to support and sustain them.

3. "On motion of Mr. Carpenter,

"*Resolved*, That building a school house should not be an *experiment*, to ascertain how many *human beings* can live in a given space, and with a given quantity of air, and that the time has not yet arrived for making retrenchments in this department of expenditure.

4. "*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this Association, the *public good* and the cause of education, require the establishment of a Board of Education, by the Legislature, to superintend the interests of Common Schools in this State."

5. This last is an important resolution. Not two years since, Massachusetts appointed the Board; and, through it, and in consequence of it, more has been done in that State for the cause of the people's education, than could possibly have been done in any other way.

6. Every State should, at once, appoint this Board—the chairman of which should travel over the State and lecture—issue a Common School Paper—form associations for the improvement of schools, &c. &c.

SPECIE CIRCULARS.

1. The specie circular, issued in 1836, ordered the men who sold new land for the government, to receive gold and silver only in payment.—Thus, if a man went west to buy land, he had to pay for it in gold or silver. Before the specie circular, he could have paid for it in bank bills.

2. Last month, the specie circular was repealed, but the Secretary of the United States, sent a letter to all the collectors of money for the government, ordering them not to take bank bills of a less sum than $20.

3. Also, to take no bills of such banks, as have put in circulation bills under $5. And no bills can be taken again from those banks, which do not pay specie for all their bills.

4. In June of 1836, Congress passed a law, saying that no money belonging to the government, should be placed, (deposited) in a Bank, which did not pay specie for its bills. At the same time a law was passed, forbidding the government to pay out a bank bill of a less sum than $20. Also, said another law of that time, bills of any bank which has issued paper of a less sum than $5, cannot be received by the government.

5. The banks which have issued small bills complain and say, we did a good by issuing small bills, thereby driving out the small bills of other states, and putting in their places our own money, which is much better for us all; and we ought not to be cast off by the government.

6. Congress may alter this law, but as it exists the Secretary must enforce it. All laws should be obeyed, but if found to be bad, we should alter them.

ENGLISH STATISTICS.

An admirable statistical work has just been published in England. It says there are, in the British empire, the following live stock:

The number of Horses, - - -	2,331 526
Their value, - - -	$301,000 000
The number of Cattle, - - -	15,400 000
Worth, - - -	$1075,000 000
The number of Sheep, - -	53,000 000
Their value, - - -	$300,000 000
The number of Swine, - -	$18,270 000
Worth, - - - -	$82,000 000
The poultry and rabbits of the empire, are calculated to be worth -	$50,000 000

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

1. The most economical and profitable mode of advancing the pecuniary interests of the people, is by improving their minds and their morals. It needs no argument to prove that education improves the morals of a community; and as little to show that improvement of their morals is the most direct and certain mode of advancing their pecuniary interests.

2. In what class of community do we find the most profligate waste of individual fortunes, and the most onerous tax upon the funds of the public? Is it among those whose minds and hearts have been properly trained? The answer must be in the negative.

3. They are found among those who have been taught by example, at least, if not by precept, that mental and moral cultivation are of but little consequence in themselves considered, and, at all events, of less importance than the amassing of princely fortunes.

4. If we are right in this opinion, then it is manifest that the course of our Legislatures should be reversed, and the education of the people be made the *first* object of its care. Education should be considered the lever by which the State is to be raised to wealth.

5. The same argument applies to parents. If they wish their children to be prosperous in the pursuits of this world, they must give them *minds*, which only direct labor to good account, or form good plans—and *morals*, too, which only can make wealth a blessing.

A POPULAR WORK.

The 5th edition of Mrs. Sigourney's "Girl's Reading Book" has already been published. We know of no school book which the public have been so well pleased with. It teaches, beautifully and practically, *domestic economy*, *housewifery*, and those moral and intellectual accomplishments which adorn the female character. Reading this book is not drudgery, but delight; it is no longer a lifeless work, lagging on through a weary and unmeaning process, but it is a living, intelligent spirit that animates the girl's mind, and leads her on to the acquisition of solid and real attainments.

BEECHER.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

HENRY WARD BEECHER,
The world-renowned preacher,
Is filled with invincible thought.
The flow from the fountain,
Like fire from a mountain,
Comes seething and foaming red-hot.

The weak are affrighted,
The strong are delighted,
By the grandeur and beauty displayed.
Dry bones in the valley
Awaken and rally,
And in beautiful forms are arrayed.

On his anvil is wrought
Every image of thought,
And donned in most gorgeous attire;
Virgin gold without loss
Is divorced from the dross
In the flames of immaculate fire.

Yet his heart is in tune
With the zephyrs of June,
When twilight's soft veil dims the flowers.
There alone on the sod
He communes with his God
In the temple of Eden-like bowers.

His love and true "charity,"
Oh, what a "rarity!"
And when their deep fountains are stirred,
The walls that divide
Are submerged in the tide,
And the voice of no bigot is heard.

More thoughtful of needs
Than dogmas and creeds,
All conditions his sympathy share.
His love is his rule,
His duty his school,
His deeds most effectual prayer.

To the sorrowing heart
He doth comfort impart,
While the needy are succored and fed.
And the sin-stricken soul,
While deprived of control,
To the path of his duty is led.

Though sadly we fall,
He beholds God in all,
Though the spark is imprisoned in sin;
Yet by love's willing hands
He unshackles the bands,
By expanding the germ from within.

He portrays to the life
The wide world in its strife,
And probes the deep caverns of thought.
While with breathless amaze
We all wonder and gaze
At each image so skillfully wrought.

Every thought is a beam,
Every sentence a stream,
Sent aglow with a meteor's flight;
Yet he may not unbar
The full orb of his star
Lest the feeble be dazzled with light.

And yet the great masses
Discard their dark glasses;
And, like eagles that gaze at the sun,
Would behold with delight
The full orb in its flight,
And the glory his genius hath won.

When Time, in his flight,
Gently whispers good-night,
New beauties, new glories are dawning;
Though Humanity's tear
Will moisten his bier,
The heavens will echo good-morning!

...thy of the whole energies of your mind and ta...

THE DOGMATIST'S CREED.

Believe as I believe — no more, no less;
That I am right, and no one else, confess;
Feel as I feel; think only as I think;
Eat what I eat, and drink but what I drink;
Look as I look; do always as I do,
And then, and only then,
I'll fellowship with you.

That I am right, and always right, I know,
Because my own convictions tell me so;
And to be right is simply this: To be
Entirely, in all respects, like me.
To deviate a hair's breath, or begin
To question, and to doubt,
Or hesitate, is sin.

I reverence the Bible, if it be
Translated first, and then explained—by me,
By churchly laws and customs I abide,
If they with my opinions coincide.
All creeds and doctrines I concede divine,
Excepting those, of course,
Which disagree with mine.

Let sink the drowning, if he will not swim
Upon the plank that I throw out to him;
Let starve the hungry, if he will not eat
My kind and quantity of bread and meat;
Let freeze the naked, if he will not be
Clothed in such garments
As are cut for me.

'Twere better that the sick should die than live,
Unless they take the medicine I give;
'Twere better sinners perish than refuse
To be conformed to my peculiar views,
'Twere better that the world stand still than move
In any other way
Than that which I approve.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

We shall meet again, beloved,
With a love as true and fond
As our earth-pulse ever quickened,
In the beautiful beyond;

Where the glorious summer reigneth,
Where no waves of sorrow flow;
Where the flowers are ever fadeless,
And the skies with beauty glow.

Though the river flows between us,
I can almost see the strand
Where thy tiny bark hath anchored;
I can almost see thee stand,

With thy smiling lips half-parted,
With the same sweet, loving gaze
Which thy dear face so illumined,
In the happy bygone days.

And I know that thou art waiting
Till we meet upon that shore;
And I, too, await the angel,
Who will bear me safely o'er.

Oh, his wings will cast no shadow;
On his brow a light will gleam,
And the dark and troubled waters
Will appear a little stream.

Though the mists will gather round me,
I shall see thy beckoning hand;
I shall hear thy joyful welcome
Ere I reach the better land.

Shall I mourn the day's declining,
When the evening comes to me
Freighted with the sweet assurance
That I 'm one day nearer thee?

When the day of life is ended,
I shall lay me down to rest,
As an infant sinks to slumber,
On a loving mother's breast.

For the glorious dawn will follow,
As the sunshine after rain;
I shall wake to see, with rapture,
Thy beloved face again.

The Poet's Corner.

THE VALLEY OF PRAYER.

There's a beautiful valley not far away,
Where the softest of sunlight is straying;
And ever and ever with music and mirth,
The breeze with the flowers is playing.
And the azure-arched sky, like a beautiful bow,
Bends over this valley so soft and low.

There are stately palms with their graceful crowns
All aglow in the bright amber sheen,
And beautiful mountains and grassy hills,
With soft murmuring rills between;
And beautiful statues by fountains stand,
Like beautiful spirits from Summer land.

And heavenly music is thrown o'er all,
From the lips of the loveliest flowers,
It tingles and ripples o'er mountain and glen,
And is lost in the deep quiet bowers.
Then the holy stillness that reigns in its stead,
Like a blessing descends on the weary head.

O! often I stray to this peaceful retreat
Shut in from the world's noise and din,
And ask for its calm to rest on my soul
When I am weary of sorrow and sin.
And an infinite rest to my spirit is given,
Like draughts from the balm-breathing gardens of heaven

'Tis here my soul with the infinite meets,
To unladen its burden of tears.
He knows of my weakness, and gives of his strength,
And his kind loving hand soothes my fears.
And the tears that I shed are like dew from May flowers,
For they burst from my heart in its happiest hours.

The loved and the lost here sit by my side,
And I clasp their dear hands in my own;
They smooth back my hair with gentlest touch,
And cheer me with tenderest tone;
And I look in their eyes full of light, till my soul
Seems to bask where the tides of the infinite roll.

Then I watch their sweet forms as softly they glide
Down the still valley that stretches away,
To the strand of the beautiful river that flows
In the clear light of eternity's day.
They waft me back kisses from over the foam,
Until lost in the light of their peaceful home.

And then I feel brave, with the legions of wrong,
To wrestle till break of the day,
Though dark clouds may threaten and frown o'er my path,
They can fill me no more with dismay;
For I know that the angels will meet me there,
And I call that sweet valley, The Valley of Prayer.

D. L. H.

NORTHUMBERLAND, Pa., Aug. 4, 1874.

...LEWIS,
...ols of Ohio."

...'S.
...the gentlemen
...with us:
...llege, and went
...the vicinity of

...t's Cove, L. I.

ADVICE TO NERVOUS PEOPLE.—Irritable nerves are best soothed, not by any indulgence, but by turning the mind resolutely in another direction. Many pass through life without one close grasp of their position or duties, or even without studying the best means of attaining their own desired ends. Such are more likely than any other to become victims of tyrannical nerves and are grossly unreasonable, from the habit of not using their judgment. Above all, real, earnest labor will put to flight a vast deal of nervous troubles. Few who are pursuing a life work of importance are greatly afflicted with nervousness, and these few may trace it to the lack of wholesome living and fresh air. A due regard to the laws of health, an earnest purpose in life, and regular employment, are the best preventives for the evils of over-sensitive nerves. Training and self respect will induce us to suppress tears and conquer weakness. Acts of resolutions will teach courage, and a systematic infusion of vigor and self-discipline will render the whole nature superior to the indulgence of a tyrannical and enfeebling nervous system.

FASHIONABLE FEMALE EDUCATION.

See French and Italian spread out on her lap;
Then Dancing springs up, and skips into a gap;
Next Drawing and all its varieties come,
Sewed down in her place by her finger and thumb.

And then, for completing her fanciful robes,
Geography, Music, the use of the Globes,
&c. &c., which, match as they will,
Are sewn into shape, and set down in the bill.

Thus Science distorted, and torn into bits,
Art tortured, and frightened half out of her wits:
In portions and patches, some light and some shady,
Are stitched up together, and make a young lady.

PENNSYLVANIA.

1. It appears from the report of Mr. Burrows, the indefatigable and intelligent superintendent of public schools in the above state, that in the districts reported, there are 3,351 male and 1,490 female teachers, and that the number of scholars taught was 182,355, increased from 80,000.

2. Of these, 3,612 were German, 922 were in endowed schools, and 713 were colored, and the average cost of teaching for a month was about thirty-seven and a half cents, reduced from seventy-five cents. The whole number of persons, between five and fifteen years, in the districts reported, is supposed to be about 200,000.

2. We extract the following judicious and liberal remarks on the subject of the remuneration of teachers:

4. "Persons are now found anxious to undertake the business of instruction in primary schools, who would not do so three years ago. This is owing, mainly, to the increased respectability of the calling. It is in this way that the chief improvement is effected.

5. The compensation is increasing. It is now $18 89 1-4; and four years ago it was not $14 for males.

6. This is one of the most cheering results of the system. It is in vain to expect well qualified persons to assume an employment, however necessary and useful, unless they are properly compensated. It is equally certain that they will when they receive a fair remuneration. In the latter event, the supply can soon be made to equal the demand.

7. There were 4,089 primary schools taught in the districts that have reported. Of these, eighty-six were German, twenty-two endowed schools, and seventeen colored. The average number of scholars in each was about forty-two; and they were kept open, on an average, six months in the year.

NEW JERSEY.

1. We cut the extracts below, from an "Address to the People of New Jersey, on the Subject of Common Schools." They contain important truths, eloquently presented.

2. "When the child, who has not been trained up in the way in which he ought to go, commits a crime against the state, the law, with iron hand, comes in between the parent and his offspring, and takes charge of the offender.

3. "And shall there be provision to punish only, and none to prevent? Shall the only offices in which the state is known be those of jailor and executioner? Shall she content herself with the stern attribute of justice, and discard the gentler ministers of mercy?

4. "It was said of Draco's laws, that they were writ with blood. Is it less true of any state which makes provision for the whipping post, the penitentiary, the scaffold, and leaves the education of her children to individual effort or precarious charity?

5. "We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion, that there is to be an education for the poor, as such. Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky?

6. "Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden flood as cheerily upon the poor man's hovel as upon the rich man's palace? Have not the cotter's children as keen a sense of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings?

7. "Or is it on the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a baser birth, so that the poor man's child knows, with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not to climb? It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Mind is immortal. Mind is imperial. It bears no mark of high or low, of rich or poor. It heeds no bound of time or place, of rank or circumcum stance!

8. "It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it. Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. And the poor tallow-chandler's son, that sits up all the night to read the book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall stand and treat with kings, shall add new provinces to the domain of science, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies.

9. "The common school is *common*, not as inferior, not as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air are common. It ought to be the best school, because it is the first school; and in all good works the beginning is one half.

10. "Who does not know the value to a community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water? And infinitely more than this is the instruction of the common school; for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory."

FANEUIL HALL.—The "cradle of American liberty"—not where it was rocked to sleep, but where it was nurtured and made to gain strength by such master-spirits as John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Faneuil Hall is a large building, at Boston, in which the lovers of freedom held their meetings, and passed their resolves, in opposition to the usurpations of Great Britain, during the trying times that were immediately followed by the war of the Revolution.

Mother's Magazine, edited by Mrs. Whittlesey, and published at 150 Nassau-street, N. Y., at $1 per year. This is an excellent work, and we recommend it to every mother and child in our land.

NEW SCHOOL BOOKS.

1. He who would describe the American army as equipped with bows and arrows, would either be put down as an ignorant blockhead, or laughed at for his falsehood and folly. But the children in the most of our common schools, have a much worse equipment.

2. Farmers will admit that there have been improvements in ploughs, hay-rakes, &c. &c., but they do not see how it is possible that there should be an improvement in a school book; or, if there should be, they cannot see that the children would like improvements in the school room as much as they do on the farm.

3. Steamboats have been improved: rail-roads and canals have been made: all—every thing—is on the march of improvement, but school books. The same old books which were used fifty years ago, are now used in most of our schools.

4. We have a multitude of new books published, but they go, with but very few exceptions, to the villages and cities. The mass of the schools use the old books, without even wishing a change.

5. The school house, the teacher, the children's time—each and all—cost the same, with a poor school book, that they do with a good one. But to save a cent or two in a school book, the parent will make every thing else almost useless.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY FOR BEGINNERS: *By Mrs. Phelps*. Published by F. J. Huntington, N. Y.—This work is admirably adapted for the use of Common and Elementary Schools, and we heartily recommend it to the notice of every teacher and parent.

LOST MONEY.

Since last January, we have lost, by mail, the following sums: From Elkton P. O, (Ky.) $5; Mrs. S. K. Fales sent the money, and Wm. L. Campbell, P M. From Milwakee P. O., (Wisconsin Ter.) $1.

When a person sends us money, and takes evidence that he sent it in the letter, the loss is ours if the money miscarries. We must look to the Post Office Department for our pay.

NEWSPAPERS

Originated in Italy, about 1563. The first English newspaper was published in 1588, during Elizabeth's reign, and called "The English Mercurie." The first regular German newspaper, was printed in 1612. The American colonies, in 1720, had but seven newspapers; now there are, in the United States, about 1400. Great Britain has about 500 periodicals; Sweden and Norway, 85; Denmark, 80; Prussia, 300; Netherlands, 160; France, 500; Rome, 3; in Egypt, by authority of Mohammed Ali, 1; the Cherokee Indians have one at New Echota.

MAXIMS.

1. Elementary schools sustain and bestow the nations liberty.

2. It is cheaper to educate the infant mind, than to support the aged criminal.

3. Education is the cheap defence of nations.—*Burke.*

COMMON SCHOOL ASSISTANT,

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To whom all communications and subscriptions, *post paid*, may be addressed.

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COMMON SCHOOL ASSISTANT.

POOR TEACHERS—POOR PAY.

1. We have given teachers poor pay, because they have been poor teachers. School Districts have rewarded on the same principle that the Indian did, who, after the sermon, put a penny into the hat, but was asked why he did not put in more, when he laconically said, "Poor preach, poor pay." The system in the United States has been, "poor teaching and poor paying."

2. Teachers complain of low wages, but they usually get as much as they are worth. The avarice or indifference of parents, and the inability of teachers, are about equally culpable. It was a remark of Franklin, "that if we build pigeon holes, the pigeons will come;" and I would say to teachers, if you will prepare yourselves for extra wages, extra wages will come.

3. We pay men in proportion to the time and money they have expended in preparing themselves for their calling. The great mass of teachers have never spent either time or money in preparing to teach, and they cannot expect to receive better pay than the mere muscular laborer. They must not look for an increase of wages until they increase their knowledge.

4. The teacher's best method of making parents more liberal, is to make himself entitled to this liberality. I believe that parents generally are disposed to reward teaching just in proportion to its excellence. At any rate, teachers cannot expect better pay, while they remain unqualified. Let them qualify themselves, and then if parents do not offer an adequate reward, the teachers will have a right to complain of inadequate compensation.

TEACHER'S WAGES—A DIALOGUE.

Mr. Paylittle.—'Squire Jones, good morning! I am glad that you have dropped in, for there is a young man here *what* wants to take our school—and he asks only ten dollars a month, not half as much as that Mr. Williams asked you wanted to hire the other day.

'Squire Jones.—We certainly ought to have a school, for we have been quarrelling now six months, whether we should have a teacher qualified and well paid, or one ignorant and temporary, but willing to teach cheap. This man you speak of I shall be glad to see, but I am, I confess, rather prejudiced against him—you know that my doctrine is, that the cheapest articles are generally the dearest.

Mr. Paylittle.—Your doctrine, 'Squire Jones, may be right, and fit to practice on when you go into a store, but it don't apply to school-keeping. *I've knowed them what are first-rate* teachers, ask less than *them what never knowed* any thing about the business.

'Squire Jones.—That may be; we some times get a good article, by mere chance, among a cheap class of goods. But this is rare, and not to be looked upon only as an exception to the rest of the purchase. Mr. Paylittle, you in reality do not think that a ten dollar per month man is as good as a thirty dollar per month one, but you are not willing to spend so much on your children's education. If I can convince you that thirty dollars a month is *cheaper* than ten dollars, you will not object to a *qualified* teacher.

Mr. Paylittle.—No, to be sure not; but you can never convince me that thirty dollars a month to the teacher does not make my *schoolen* come higher than ten dollars a month: you have often said that ten dollars a month teachers were the dearest, and thirty dollar men the cheapest, and now I should like to have you prove it.

'Squire Jones.—I can prove this, Mr. Paylittle, in five minutes.

Mr. Paylittle.—I'll be bound you can't; but I've no objections now just to hear you try—only just keep what you say straight, so I don't get all confused like.

'Squire Jones.—You will admit, neighbor Paylittle, that our school house costs us the same whether we pay ten dollars or thirty dollars per month. In that expense we save nothing by cheap teachers.

Mr. Paylittle.—No, it's all the same either way.

'Squire Jones.—No, not quite the same; the school house will not last as long with a cheap, careless teacher, who will permit it to be torn and cut to pieces, as it will, if we have a man who is considerate and keeps order. You will see, by a little observation, that cheap teachers make us pay more for school houses.

Mr. Paylittle.—Well, I admit this; what next?

'Squire Jones.—The fuel costs us more if we have a cheap man, for such a one requires double the time to teach the same thing, and of course will want double the wood.

Mr. Paylittle.—That's true, though I did'nt think on it afore: I had to pay, last winter, seven dollars for the school house wood.

'Squire Jones.—More than that; you had to pay three dollars, as your share, for repairing the school house, the boards having been torn off for kindling wood. That's your $10-a-month system—ha! ha!

Mr. Paylittle.—Well, well; you need'nt say any thing more: I know it costs more for wood and to keep the house whole, if we have a cheap man who don't care or know any thing 'bout his business. Have you any more to say?

'Squire Jones.—O, yes! It costs double or tribble for school books, if we have a cheap teacher.

Mr. Paylittle.—How is that?

'Squire Jones.—A skilful, qualified teacher, one worth thirty dollars per month, will advance the pupils as far in one month, as an inexperienced, cheap teacher will in three months; and thus, by hiring a qualified man, we save two dollars out of every three for school books. A child will hold and use the book, and if he goes as far in one day, as he would otherwise in three days, the book is saved two days wear.

Mr. Paylittle.—Now, of all things, that I never thought of that afore! Why, that's so plain too! Why, 'Squire Jones, to save expense, I believe that I shall be willing to try one of your dear teachers.

'Squire Jones.—*I have not done yet.* You have not heard my two strong arguments in favor of high-priced, qualified teachers.

Mr. Paylittle.—I shall like to hear them.

'Squire Jones.—If a child can be put forward in his studies as far in one month by a *good* teacher, as he can in two months by a poor one, the parent will save half of the child's time; and this spare time is worth two and three shillings per day to the parent, saving so much hired help.

Mr. Paylittle.—That's a fact. (And here Mr. Paylittle called out, "Betsey! Betsey!" Betsey came: said Mr. Paylittle, "Betsey, go and tell the young man in the other room, that we shan't want to hire a teacher just now.) 'Squire Jones smiled, and gave his chair an encouraging hitch.

'Squire Jones.—Again, neighbor Paylittle, a cheap teacher permits, ah! and teaches, bad pronunciation; and he lets the pupils form destructive habits. It is necessary for us to pay a good teacher a large sum to undo what the poor, cheap teacher has done. This makes cheap teaching a losing game indeed to us. *We lose our children's time, and then have to pay money to correct the errors they formed during that time.*

Mr. Paylittle.—All true, all true! I see it all: it's costly enough to pay for a thing; and then pay for undoing it, and then for doing it all over again; better to have it done well at first.

'Squire Jones.—One more argument, and I will say no more this morning. Our land does not pro-

there was anything fortified by all the strength of politics and politicians; of governments, of commerce, and of the benedictions of a sham religion at the time she entered on her work, it was slavery. Behold! where is it to-day? It is in history only. On that background stands out the bow of promise, showing that it shall never more disgrace our land. This is not of man alone. It is of God. And now, standing here on this platform, I do not see your face more clearly at this moment than I do those of my father and mother, and to-day, while you give offerings of regard to Mrs. Stowe, we, the children of the same parents, give thanks for such a father and mother.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read the following poem, after a few introductory remarks:

If every tongue that speaks her praise,
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase,
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman, and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Mantchoo,
Would shout: "We know the lady."

Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom,
And her he learned his gospel from,
Has never heard of Moses!
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to Freedom's grasp the hoe,
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern Roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spake out so grandly "*Dos pou sto*
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you, now"—
He little dreamed or fancied how
The sto at last should find its pou
For woman's faith to land on.

Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart,
Whence all unfailing aid is.
She moved the earth, its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down
Marched Uncle Tom and old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal,
And which was false and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell
Where pale Devotion lingers;
But she who serves the sufferers' needs,
Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads
As well as human fingers.

When Truth herself was slavery's slave
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
The rainbow wings of fiction;
And Truth who soared descends to-day,
Bearing an angel's wealth away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay,
With Heaven's own benediction.

Poems were also read by John G. Whittier Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Trowbridge, the Rev. Henry Allen, Mrs. C. F. Baker and Mrs. James T. Fields. Following is the poem by Mr. Whittier:

TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Thrice welcome from the Land of Flowers
And golden-fruited orange bowers
To this sweet, green-turfed June of ours!
To her, who in our evil time
Dragged into light the Nation's crime
With strength beyond the strength of men,
And, mightier than their sword, her pen;—
To her who world-wide entrance gave
To the log cabin of the slave,
Made all his wrongs and sorrows known,
And all earth's languages his own!—
Welcome from each and all to her
Whose Wooing of the Minister
Revealed the warm heart of the man
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,
And taught the kinship of the love
Of man below and God above:—
To her whose vigorous pencil strokes
Sketched into life her Oldtown Folks,
Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,
With old New-England's flavor rife,
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,
Are racy as the legends old
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told:—
To her who keeps, through change of place
And time, her native strength and grace,
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles
Whose summer winds have shivered o'er
The icy drift of Labrador,
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl:—
To her at threescore years and ten
Be tributes of the tongue and pen,
Be honor, praise and heart thanks given,
The loves of earth, the hopes of Heaven!
Ah! dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers!
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep;
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines,
Shall sing of her: the unending years
Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.
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White, black and red shall own as one
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GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The following was read from George W. Cable, the Southern novelist;

NEW-ORLEANS, June 9, 1882.

DEAR SIRS: I thank you most gratefully for the kindness that remembers me at such a distance, and regret exceedingly my inability to respond in person. To be in New-England would be enough for me. I was there once—a year ago—and it seemed as though I never had been home till then. To be there again, to join friends in rejoicing over the continuance on earth of one who has earned the gratitude of two races of humanity, is greater than the measure of my cup. I can only send blessings on the day when Harriet Beecher Stowe was born. Yours truly,

G. W. CABLE.

Letters were also received from many other prominent persons.

Brief remarks were made by Judge Tourgee, the Rev. Edward Beecher and Edward Atkinson, esq. Mrs. Stowe concluded the delightful occasion by making a brief speech, in which she spoke kindly of emancipated slaves and asked charity for their ignorance. She thanked her friends for all they had done to make this a memorable event in her life, and closed her remarks by saying that the liberation of the slaves demonstrated that what ought to be would be.

MRS. STOWE'S GARDEN PARTY.

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HER BIRTH.

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About 100 ladies and gentlemen, distinguished in literary and social circles in Boston, Cambridge, New-York and elsewhere, were present.

Ex-Governor Claflin's magnificent private grounds and his elegantly furnished house were thrown open to the guests, who were very handsomely entertained; and while they were assembling, and at intervals during the afternoon, the Germania Band furnished excellent music. A collation was served in a large tent which was decorated with beautiful flowers and bunting, while over the platform in which the literary exercises were given there was formed in flowers:

H. B. S., 1812—1882.

The honored guest sat in the centre of the platform and near her husband, Professsor Stowe, members of the Beecher family, Oliver Wendell Holmes, A. Bronson Alcott, J. T. Trowbridge, F. B. Sanborn and H. O. Houghton, the chairman of the day. The Beethoven Club introduced the exercises by the performance of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," after which Mr. Houghton made a brief speech.

An aria and prayer from "Der Freischutz" was sung by Mrs. Humphrey Allen, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was introduced. He said that perhaps it was not in good taste to join in the laudations of his sister, but he was going to do it. For a long time some people had supposed that he wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the matter became so scandalous that he determined to put a stop to it, and so he wrote "Norwood." He said:

I had something to do with "Uncle Tom's Cabin," however. Mrs. Stowe asked me one day whether I took *The National Era*. She said that Dr. Bailey had sent her a generous sum to write him a story. This was the first idea she had of Uncle Tom. The publisher of the book, John P. Jewett, persuaded me that it would not be advisable to have it go beyond one octavo volume, and so I wrote her a very affecting letter to kill off Uncle Tom shortly. I doubt if she remembers the circumstances now; but, with the peculiarity which belongs to no other member of my father's family, she had her own way. It may be worth telling how I read "Uncle Tom." I am a slow reader, although I speak fast. After I had received the book it had come to be Thursday, and Sunday was looming up before me, with the necessity of preparing for preaching. I determined to finish this book by Thursday night. I recommended my wife to go to bed, not wishing her to witness the emotions aroused by the book. Then I read, and my feelings became tumultuous, and I fastened the doors and windows. I finished the book that night. Now I am in sympathy with your rejoicing.

It was always a matter of congratulation with me that Garrison, who saw the slow growth of freedom, lived to see almost the full blossom and fruit. Mrs. Stowe began her work when she was a wife and mother, and yet she is living after its full recognition; and, although her head is crowned with blossoms, they are the blossoms that linger long; and long may they linger. I

there was anything fortified by all the strength of politics and politicians; of governments, of commerce, and of the benedictions of a sham religion at the time she entered on her work, it was slavery. Behold! where is it to-day? It is in history only. On that background stands out the bow of promise, showing that it shall never more disgrace our land. This is not of man alone. It is of God. And now, standing here on this platform, I do not see your face more clearly at this moment than I do those of my father and mother, and to-day, while you give offerings of regard to Mrs. Stowe, we, the children of the same parents, give thanks for such a father and mother.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes read the following poem, after a few introductory remarks:

If every tongue that speaks her praise,
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase,
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman, and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Mantchoo,
Would shout: "We know the lady."

Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom,
And her he learned his gospel from,
Has never heard of Moses!
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to Freedom's grasp the hoe,
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern Roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spake out so grandly "*Dos pou sto*
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you, now"—
He little dreamed or fancied how
The sto at last should find its pou
For woman's faith to land on.

Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart,
Whence all unfailing aid is.
She moved the earth, its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down
Marched Uncle Tom and old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal,
And which was false and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell
Where pale Devotion lingers;
But she who serves the sufferers' needs,
Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads
As well as human fingers.

When Truth herself was slavery's slave
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
The rainbow wings of fiction;
And Truth who soared descends to-day,
Bearing an angel's wealth away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay,
With Heaven's own benediction.

Poems were also read by John G. Whittier Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Trowbridge, the Rev. Henry Allen, Mrs. C. F. Baker and Mrs. James T. Fields. Following is the poem by Mr. Whittier:

TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Thrice welcome from the Land of Flowers
And golden-fruited orange bowers
To this sweet, green-turfed June of ours!
To her, who in our evil time
Dragged into light the Nation's crime
With strength beyond the strength of men,
And, mightier than their sword, her pen;—
To her who world-wide entrance gave
To the log cabin of the slave,
Made all his wrongs and sorrows known,
And all earth's languages his own!—
Welcome from each and all to her
Whose Wooing of the Minister
Revealed the warm heart of the man
Beneath the creed-bound Puritan,
And taught the kinship of the love
Of man below and God above:—
To her whose vigorous pencil strokes
Sketched into life her Oldtown Folks,
Whose fireside stories, grave or gay,
In quaint Sam Lawson's vagrant way,
With old New-England's flavor rife,
Waifs from her rude idyllic life,
Are racy as the legends old
By Chaucer or Boccaccio told:—
To her who keeps, through change of place
And time, her native strength and grace,
Alike where warm Sorrento smiles,
Or where, by birchen-shaded isles
Whose summer winds have shivered o'er
The icy drift of Labrador,
She lifts to light the priceless Pearl
Of Harpswell's angel-beckoned girl:—
To her at threescore years and ten
Be tributes of the tongue and pen,
Be honor, praise and heart thanks given,
The loves of earth, the hopes of Heaven!
Ah! dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers!
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep;
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines,
Shall sing of her: the unending years
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From Broadway to the river's strand
The street in silence lies;
Old Trinity, an upturned hand,
Points finger to the skies.

Now swells the invitation sweet
From the soft-chiding bells,
And footsteps sound in many a street
Throughout their parallels.

No hand or sunlight warms to-day
The wealth yon buildings hold;
On yonder steps there sits at play
A child with hair of gold.

Ah, fateful street, thy strife is loud
When all thy dollars shake,
And from their friction's dust the crowd
Their various livings take!

But more I love this Sabbath-voice
Whose softer accents say
That higher wealth still moves the choice
Of men to keep this day;

That not in vain do Heaven's rifts
Shine in the children's eyes;
That not in vain the church-spire lifts
Its finger to the skies.

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

HOME INTERESTS.

CUPS AND SAUCERS.

The love of fine china is innate in the heart of the housekeeper. She delights to set her table with dainty porcelain, in which exquisite form rivals beauty of decoration. In our grandmother's days the "china set" was sacred to seasons of rare festivity. Now we want it on our tables every day in pieces, if not in sets, and many of us can have it, for porcelain is no longer the luxury it was. If we cannot afford "real china" we may have the shapely forms wrought in clay by our finest artists reproduced in granite-ware, and with these we may well be content.

The art of fashioning from clay utensils needed for daily use is one of the earliest practised by tribes and nations. The first notice of the art in history is in the account in Genesis of the making of bricks for tower of Babel. The Chinese date the invention of pottery about 2168 B. C. At first pottery was made by the hand, but when the wheel was used in its moulding, great improvements, in both form and decoration, was made. The potter's wheel is among the very earliest of Egyptian mural paintings, and according to some of them, it was used in moulding man from clay.

Porcelain is said to have been invented in China 400 A. D. Thence it was carried to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, but the secret of its manufacture was unknown in Europe till early in the eighteenth century, when Bottcher, a Germanal alchemist, observing the contents of a crucible in which some chemical preparations were heated, found a substance resembling porcelain, and on analysis, its peculiar character was found to be owing to the fine white clay in its composition. This was kaolin. Thus did the search for the philosopher's stone result in the discovery of porcelain. Though attempts were made to keep this discovery secret, precautions were in vain, and porcelain factories were established not only in Germany but in Austria, France and England, at or near localities containing deposits of kaolin.

This clay is found in connection with the crystalline rocks—granite and porphyry—and results from the decomposition of feldspar. In China this clay is exposed in heaps for thirty or forty years before it is used, as it thus acquires plasticity. In the time of Marco Polo, Chinamen thus laid up wealth for their children and grandchildren; a clay heap was a rich inheritance. In Europe the clay, when ready for moulding, is put away in moist cellars to undergo a species of decay which increases its plasticity.

Hard porcelain is composed chiefly of kaolin; tender porcelain is more like glass in its composition, and melts at the heat which hard porcelain requires to burn it. The tests of porcelain are the glassy fracture, its clear ringing sound when struck, and its resistance to fire, water and all acids except fluoric acid. The name porcelain is said to be derived from *porcellana*, a Portuguese name given to a fine white shell which was thought to resemble the ware.

The clay, when ready, is formed either on the potter's wheel or in moulds. The handles are made in separate moulds and attached by moistening the surfaces. Egg shell china is made by pouring the clay when of a cream like consistency into moulds and letting it remain in them till a thin deposit of clay is made, the residue is then drawn off, and the shells are ready for baking. The decorations are applied either after baking to the "biscuit," as it is termed, and before glazing, or after the glazing. They are put on with a brush by hand, or first engraved and transferred to the china, and then burned in.

Stoneware is dense, sonorous, fine-grained and entirely opaque. Granite and Wedgwood are fine varieties of stoneware and capable of receiving elegant decoration. The pieces are formed like those of hard porcelain, either on the wheel or in plaster moulds. Earthenware is open, porous' opaque, little sonorous and generally pretty hard. In this term is included delft-ware, majolica, or faience, ordinary pottery, bricks and tiles. The glaze is opaque and the decorations are applied with a brush or by transfer, and the ware subjected to a third firing. Majolica is a corruption of Majorca, into which island the Moors introduced the manufacture of a species of earthenware, decorated with brilliant colors. Faience is a fine kind of pottery named from Faenza, in Italy, and was originally made in imitation of majolica.

Crackleware is produced by sudden cooling after burning. The Chinese produce this in earthenware; we, so far, only in glass.

Whenever any of our readers who are unfamiliar with the processes used in potteries have opportunity to see them, they will find a great deal to interest and instruct them in a visit to a pottery.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

EASTLAKE STYLES.—If E. L. M. will procure and read "Hints on Household Taste," by Charles L. Eastlake, architect, she will understand what is meant by Eastlake architecture. The book is published in London, England.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES.—There are two of these in New-York City, one connected with Bellevue Hospital and the other with the New-York Hospital. On application to the secretaries of these schools circulars will be forwarded. This is in answer to "Clara."

WHAT SHALL SHE DO?—Mrs. S. W. writes:

I have been much interested in the essay on "Culture

ful made mustard, three tablespoonfuls salad oil or melted butter and the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs; add a small quantity of pepper and salt. Select crisp lettuce, put vinegar over it; cut up the white of the egg in rings and lay over the dish after mixing the dressing with it.

OIL STOVES.—If those who have written asking information concerning oil stoves will procure the Adams & Westlake stove they will have one non-explosive, compact, efficient and entirely manageable. Of the many in the market, we have found none that can be more cordially commended than this. For ironing it is invaluable.

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CHERRY PIE.—Line a pie-tin with rich crust; nearly fill with the carefully seeded fruit, sweeten to taste, and sprinkle evenly with a teaspoonful of corn starch, or tablespoonful of flour: add a tablespoonful of butter cut into small bits and scattered over the top; wet the edge of the crust, put on upper crust, and press the edges closely together, taking care to provide holes in the centre for the escape of the air. Pies from blackberries, raspberries, etc., are all made in the same way, regulating the quantity of sugar by the tartness of the fruit.

ORANGE SOUFFLE.—Peel and slice six oranges, put in a glass dish a layer of oranges, then one of sugar, and so until all the orange is used, and let stand two hours; make a soft boiled custard of yolks of three eggs, a pint of milk, sugar to taste, with grating of orange peel for flavor, and pour over the oranges when cool enough not to break the dish. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten to taste, and pour over the top. Serve very cold.

VINEGAR FOR THE SICK ROOM.—There is a French legend connected with the preparation called *Vinaigre a quatre Voleurs*. During the plague at Marseilles a band of robbers plundered the dying and the dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the following recipe, which makes a delicious and refreshing wash for the sick room: Take of rosemary, wormwood, lavender, rue, sage and mint a large handful of each. Place in a stone jar and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar, cover closely and keep near the fire for four days, then strain and add one ounce of powdered camphor gum. Bottle and keep tightly corked. It is very aromatic, cooling and refreshing in the sick room, and is of great value to nurses.

BRIEF ANSWERS.—"Records" should consult a lawyer.—If J. N. S. will write to the secretary of Cooper Union, New-York City, for circulars of the Institute, he will be able to answer his own questions.—If "Inconnita" will whitewash her cellar and scatter lime about the base of the walls, it would sweeten the air.—The secretary of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Plainfield, N. J.—There is no demand for such literary wares as E. R. wishes to furnish. He could not possibly meet expenses in the way he suggests.—Two or three tablespoonfuls of milk will cure ordinary cases of heartburn.

WANTS.—C. C. K. wants to know how to make cubeb cigarettes, such as are commonly sold in stores.—A. S. wishes to know if anything can be applied to the stems of cut-roses which will keep them fresh for a few hours for personal adornment.—S. R. wishes to know how to arrange the colors in a rag carpet.

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The love of fine china is innate in the heart of the housekeeper. She delights to set her table with dainty porcelain, in which exquisite form rivals beauty of decoration. In our grandmother's days the "china set" was sacred to seasons of rare festivity. Now we want it on our tables every day in pieces, if not in sets, and many of us can have it, for porcelain is no longer the luxury it was. If we cannot afford "real china" we may have the shapely forms wrought in clay by our finest artists reproduced in granite-ware, and with these we may well be content.

The art of fashioning from clay utensils needed for daily use is one of the earliest practised by tribes and nations. The first notice of the art in history is in the account in Genesis of the making of bricks for tower of Babel. The Chinese date the invention of pottery about 2168 B. C. At first pottery was made by the hand, but when the wheel was used in its moulding, great improvements, in both form and decoration, was made. The potter's wheel is among the very earliest of Egyptian mural paintings, and according to some of them, it was used in moulding man from clay.

Porcelain is said to have been invented in China 400 A. D. Thence it was carried to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, but the secret of its manufacture was unknown in Europe till early in the eighteenth century, when Bottcher, a Germanal alchemist, observing the contents of a crucible in which some chemical preparations were heated, found a substance resembling porcelain, and on analysis, its peculiar character was found to be owing to the fine white clay in its composition. This was kaolin. Thus did the search for the philosopher's stone result in the discovery of porcelain. Though attempts were made to keep this discovery secret, precautions were in vain, and porcelain factories were established not only in Germany but in Austria, France and England, at or near localities containing deposits of kaolin.

This clay is found in connection with the crystalline rocks—granite and porphyry—and results from the decomposition of feldspar. In China this clay is exposed in heaps for thirty or forty years before it is used, as it thus acquires plasticity. In the time of Marco Polo, Chinamen thus laid up wealth for their children and grandchildren; a clay heap was a rich inheritance. In Europe the clay, when ready for moulding, is put away in moist cellars to undergo a species of decay which increases its plasticity.

Hard porcelain is composed chiefly of kaolin; tender porcelain is more like glass in its composition, and melts at the heat which hard porcelain requires to burn it. The tests of porcelain are the glassy fracture, its clear ringing sound when struck, and its resistance to fire, water and all acids except fluoric acid. The name porcelain is said to be derived from *porcellana*, a Portuguese name given to a fine white shell which was thought to resemble the ware.

The clay, when ready, is formed either on the potter's wheel or in moulds. The handles are made in separate moulds and attached by moistening the surfaces. Egg shell china is made by pouring the clay when of a cream like consistency into moulds and letting it remain in them till a thin deposit of clay is made, the residue is then drawn off, and the shells are ready for baking. The decorations are applied either after baking to the "biscuit," as it is termed, and before glazing, or after the glazing. They are put on with a brush by hand, or first engraved and transferred to the china, and then burned in.

Stoneware is dense, sonorous, fine-grained and entirely opaque. Granite and Wedgwood are fine varieties of stoneware and capable of receiving elegant decoration. The pieces are formed like those of hard porcelain, either on the wheel or in plaster moulds. Earthenware is open, porous, opaque, little sonorous and generally pretty hard. In this term is included delft-ware, majolica, or faience, ordinary pottery, bricks and tiles. The glaze is opaque and the decorations are applied with a brush or by transfer, and the ware subjected to a third firing. Majolica is a corruption of Majorca, into which island the Moors introduced the manufacture of a species of earthenware, decorated with brilliant colors. Faience is a fine kind of pottery named from Faenza, in Italy, and was originally made in imitation of majolica.

Crackleware is produced by sudden cooling after burning. The Chinese produce this in earthenware; we, so far, only in glass.

Whenever any of our readers who are unfamiliar with the processes used in potteries have opportunity to see them, they will find a great deal to interest and instruct them in a visit to a pottery.

TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

EASTLAKE STYLES.—If E. L. M. will procure and read "Hints on Household Taste," by Charles L. Eastlake, architect, she will understand what is meant by Eastlake architecture. The book is published in London, England.

TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES.—There are two of these in New-York City, one connected with Bellevue Hospital and the other with the New-York Hospital. On application to the secretaries of these schools circulars will be forwarded. This is in answer to "Clara."

WHAT SHALL SHE DO?—Mrs. S. W. writes:

I have been much interested in the essay on "Culture

[illegible] ful made mustard, three tablespoonfuls salad oil or melted butter and the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs; add a small quantity of pepper and salt. Select crisp lettuce, put vinegar over it; cut up the white of the egg in rings and lay over the dish after mixing the dressing with it.

OIL STOVES.—If those who have written asking information concerning oil stoves will procure the Adams & Westlake stove they will have one non-explosive, compact, efficient and entirely manageable. Of the many in the market, we have found none that can be more cordially commended than this. For ironing it is invaluable.

HARD-MONEY CAKE.—*Gold Part*—Take two cups of sugar, a scant cup of butter, and work together to a cream, then add the yolks of eight eggs, four cups of flour and one tablespoonful of corn starch; one cup of sour milk, with a teaspoonful of soda in it, added the last thing, except the flavor, which may be lemon and vanilla. *Silver Part*—Take two cups of sugar and one of butter, four cups of flour and one tablespoonful of corn starch, the whites of eight eggs, one cup of sour milk, teaspoonful of soda; flavor with almond or peach. Put in the baking pan alternately one spoonful of gold and one of silver.

CHERRY PIE.—Line a pie-tin with rich crust; nearly fill with the carefully seeded fruit, sweeten to taste, and sprinkle evenly with a teaspoonful of corn starch, or tablespoonful of flour; add a tablespoonful of butter cut into small bits and scattered over the top; wet the edge of the crust, put on upper crust, and press the edges closely together, taking care to provide holes in the centre for the escape of the air. Pies from blackberries, raspberries, etc., are all made in the same way, regulating the quantity of sugar by the tartness of the fruit.

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BRIEF ANSWERS.—"Records" should consult a lawyer.—If J. N. S. will write to the secretary of Cooper Union, New-York City, for circulars of the Institute, he will be able to answer his own questions.—If "Inconita" will whitewash her cellar and scatter lime about the base of the walls, it would sweeten the air.—The secretary of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., Plainfield, N. J.—There is no demand for such literary wares as E. R. wishes to furnish. He could not possibly meet expenses in the way he suggests.—Two or three tablespoonfuls of milk will cure ordinary cases of heartburn.

WANTS.—C. C. K. wants to know how to make cubeb cigarettes, such as are commonly sold in stores.—A. S. wishes to know if anything can be applied to the stems of cut-roses which will keep them fresh for a few hours for personal adornment.—S. R. wishes to know how to arrange the colors in a rag carpet.