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THE TWO HOMES. Two men, on their way home, met at a

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening" was at last said, hurriedly; and the two men passed into their

M. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fretful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost startling. "John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct." "Oh, dear !" groaned Mr. Walcott; "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed unpleasant information as by the information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the John had been sent on coming home, punished the boy severely, and this without lischild tried to make him hear.

"Father, said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased, "I cent."

tell an untruth, and the words fell with a pitiously, closed upon him a ruined man! rebuke upon his heart.

"Very well-we will see about that," he answered, with forced sternness; and leaving the room, he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head, and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came in and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand -

"Father!"-he opened his eyes.

"Here's my quarter's bill; can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning ?"

half in despair. "Nearly all the girls will bring in their

money to-morrow, and it mortifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waived her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "and I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has to be paid and I don't see why it may not be done as well at first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. W. said:

"The coals are all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tons."

"I can't help it if there were sixty tons instead of sixteen, they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrape enough to keep the fire in."

"There has been a shameful waste some where," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room in a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say, when anything runs out," answered Mrs. Walcott rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone also, but I suppose you have done your part, with the rest, in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt! The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances he had come home. Alas I that the process of exhaustion should still go on-that where only strougth could be looked for on earth, no strongth was given.

When the tea-bell rung, Mr. Walcott made no provement to obey the surningons, "Come to supper," said his wife, coldly But he did not stir.

"Ate you got coming to supper to she called to him, as she was leaving the room. "Falon L with for snything this evening My head aches very much," he abayesed.

Walcott to herself. 'It's as much as one's ous, and easily to be dispensed with; and life is worth to ask for money, or to say : ny before sleep fell scothingly on the heavy street crossing, and walked on together. thing is wanted." And she kept on her eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night, an enway to the dining room. When she re- tire change in their style of living had been turned, her husband was still sitting where determined upon-a change that would reshe had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of teaf" she asked.

"No : I don't wish for anything."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott ?-What do you look so troubled about, as if body, and a confident spirit, he went forth you hadn't a friend a friend in the world? the next day-a day that he had looked What have I done to you?"

shade of real sympathy in the voice that and confident spirit that he was able to made the queries, but rather of querulous overcome the difficulties that loomed up, dissatisfaction. A few moments Mr. Wal- mountains high, before him. Weak decott stood behind her husband, but as he spondency would have ruined all. Home did not seem to be inclined to answer her questions, she turned away from him, and resumed the employment which had been had gone forth again in the world, and interrupted by the ringing of the tea bell.

The whole evening passed off without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but, on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and looking to him only that he might supply the means of self-gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly disconraged. He retired early and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night think, but from time to time to review passed in broken slumber and disturbing

dreams. From the cheerless morning mea', moment, and, going to the room where at which he was reminded of the quarter's bill that must be paid, of the coals and flour that were out, and of the necessity of other truths more general; so that their tening to the explanation which the poor supplying Mrs. Walcott's empty purse, !e went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, and almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by was not to blame; and if you will go with home affections, would have carried him me to the teacher, I can prove myself inno-through; but, unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sank Mr. Walcott had never know his son under it. The day that opened so unpro- hand and commit to paper any new thought

Let us look in for a few moments upon Mr. Freeman, a friend and neighbor of M.

Walcott. He, also, had come he me weary, dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gl-am of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart, for the thought came, "How slight the present hold upon all these comforts?"-Not for himself, but for his wife and children was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sound-"I am afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, ed in the passage; then quick, pattering feet were heard -and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the ong room above, Alice, the eldest daug or, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eves lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

"Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment, a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him, by letting the de pression from which he was suffering become too closely apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the sur-

"Are you not well, Robert ?" she inquired, tenderly, as he drew his large arm-chair toward the center of the room. "A little hendache," he answered, with

slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated ere pair of hands was busy with each foot, removing gaiter and shoe, and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There were none the household who did not feel happier for his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.

It was impossible, under such a burst of neart-sunshine for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptibly to himself gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day.

But they could not be held back altogether, and their existence was marked, during the evening, by an unusual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about which she had intended to speak to him, for she leared they would add to his mental disquietude. During the evening she gleand from something he said the real caused of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading femarks she draw her hashand into conversation on the subject of home expanses, and the propri-ety desselviction in various points. Many

"In the dumps again!" muttered Mrs. things were mutually pronounced superfluduce their expenses at least one half.

"I see light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. F., as he resigned himself to

With renewed strength of mind and forward to with fear and trembling. And There was no answer, for there was not a it was only through this renewed strength had proved his tower of strength-his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he conquered in the struggle.

"I see light ahead" gave place to "The

morning breaketh!"- Orange Blossoms, THE ART OF THINKING .- One of the best ways of improving the art of thinking is to think on some subject before you read upon it, and to observe after what manner it occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid, what you have omitted, and in what you have exceeded; and by this process you will insensibly eatch a great manner of viewing a question It is right in study not only to think when any extraordinary incident provokes you to what has passed; to dwell upon it and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit for some minds to refer all particular truths which strike them, to knowledge is beautifully methodized, and the general truth at any time suggests all particular exemplification, at once leads to the general truth. This kind of understanding has an immense and decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another, without the least attempt at classification and arrangements. which strikes them; others trust to chance for its re-appearance. Which of these is standing mu-t I suppose, depend a great deal upon the particular understanding in question. Some men can do nothing without preparation; others little with it; some

are fountains, some reservoirs. Sidney Smith.

USE PLENTY OF GRAVY .- Dr. Dixon a laste number of the "Scalpel," in an article on diet, assumes the position that the "use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption nine-tenths, and that this is the whole secret of the use of cod liver oil," and quotes the following summary observations on the subject, made by Dr. Hooker:

Of all persons at between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years, more than onefifth eat no fat meat.

Of persons at the age of forty-five all excepting less than one in fifty, habitually use

Of persons who, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the greater portion die with

phthisic before thirty five. Of persons dying with phthisic, between the ages of twelve and forty-five, nine-tenths at least, have never used fat meat.

Most individuals who avoid fat meat, al so use little butter or oily gravies, though they should compensate for this want, in part, at least, by free use of those articles and also milk, eggs and various saccharine substances. But they constitute an imperfeet substitute for fat meat, without which, sooner or later, the body is almost sure to show the effects of deficient calorification.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON LONG LIFE .-- I've always noticed," says Mrs. Partinton, dropping her voice to the key that people adopt when they are disposed to be philosophi cal or moral, "I've always noticed that every year added to a man's life has a tendency to make him older, just as a man who goes a journey finds, as he jogs on, that every mile stone brings him nearer to where he is going and farther from where started haven't got the exorbitance of feeling that had once, and I don't believe I shall ever have it again, if I live to the age of Methusaleh, which heaven knows, I don't want to. And, speaking of long life, I haven't any desire to live longer than the breath remains in my body, if it isn't more than eighty years - I wouldn't wish to be a centurion, and the idea of surviving one's factories always give me a disagreeable sensoriousness. But whatever is to be, will be and there is no knowing how a thing will

take place till it turns out .- Boston Guzette. THE PARENT AND THE TEACHER.-Never attempt to dictate or suggest to the man to whom you confide your son, or you will never be satisfied. Leave everything as you find it, convinced that if you try to mend the least you will spoil all. The more energetic a man is in his business, the more loes he value the lessons of experience, and the more heartily does he despise the fancies of all but practical men. The labor, the self-denial, and command, requisite to form the characters of youth are very great. No man will ever succeed who does not take an interest in it; and the least interference may check this interest, or cause it to be exerted in favor, not of your son, but of some of wiser parents, who do nothing to deant the marter. hope of success to in this hope at success commists of his some at patients tion.

## Contentment.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A very plain brown stone will do,) That I may call my own; And close at hand is such a one, In yonder street that fronts the sun

Plain food is quite enough for me; Three courses are as good as ten—
If nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen! I always thought cold victuals is nice— My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land; Give me a mortgage here and there— Some good bank-stock—some note of land, Or trifling railroad share;

I only ask that Fortune send A little more than I shall spend Honors are silly toys, I know,

And titles are but empty names-I would, perhaps, be Plenipo, But only near St. James; I'm very sure I do not care To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bubbles; 'tis a sin To care for such unfruitful things; One good-sized diamond pin-Some, not so large, in rings; A ruby, and a pearl, or so, Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire ; (Good, heavy silks are never dear); I own, perhaps I might desire Some shawls of true cashmere-Some marrowy crapes of China silk, Like wrinkled skin on scalded milk

I would not have the horse I drive An easy gait-two forty-five-Suits me : I do not care ; Perhaps, for just a single spurt

Some seconds less would do no hurt Of pictures, I should like to own itians and Raphaels three or four-I love so much their style and tone-One Turner, and no more. (A landscape—foreground golden dirt

The sunshine painted with a squirt.) Of books but few—some fifty score \ For daily use, and bound for wear; The rest upon an upper floor; Some little luxury there

Of red morocco's gilded gleam,

And vellum rich as country cream, Busts, cameos, gems-such things as these, Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish curls deride;
One Stradivarious, I confess,
Tico Meerchaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn, Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; Shall not carved tables serve my turn, But all must be of buhi? Give grasping pomp its double share— I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die. Nor long for Midas' golden torch If Heavenmore generous gifts deny, I shall not miss them much. Too grateful for the blessing lent

Of simple tastes and mind contest A Visit to Professor Morse. The Rochester Democrat has a letter from a Poughkeepsie correspondent, giving an account of a visit paid to Professor Morse

"A few weeks since I had the pleasure, and I may say the honor, too, of a call upon Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, at his residence two miles below this city, upon the old Post Road, over which many of your readers have made winter journeys by stage in days of yore. I do not intend to pass an eulogium upon Mr. Morse, but this fact is impressed upon my mind—that he is one of the most gentlemanly, kind-hearted, unassuming and respect-inspiring men with whom it has ever been my lot to meet. I should think him to be about fifty years of age, nearly six feet in height, hair some grey, countenance clear and healthy. I am told that he oftentimes has his house filled with visitors, strangers, many of whom trespass greatly upon his hospitality. The Professor has a splendid mansion, situated forty or fifty rods from the road, upon grounds extending to the Hudson. From unrivalled view of the Aver and highlands is obtained. His lawn is well planted with rare and beautiful trees. The garden and grapery show that he has a failing for early regetables and good fruit. Before the telegraph wires upon the Post Road were taken down and put thon another route, he had a "switch" from the main line to his study, where he could sit, and, with the simple instrument of his own construction, talk by lightning with his friends throughout the When some new company sucreeds in laying a cable from another European point, direct to New York, I nope they will have enough left to continue on up the "American Rhine," and land an end on the telegraph inventor's own soil, so that he can reach London, Paris, or St. Peters-

burg, without going off his domain. "Thirteen times has he crossed the Atlantic, and, as he sailed July 24, at the same time he was nearing the English coast, no doubt pondering upon the obstacles of the submarine cable, God was pouring out His blessings upon the expedition, and crowning man's greatest work with full success. How think you Mr. Morse felt when the news was brought to him that the cable was successfully laid, and the signals passed to and fro? Must it not have been the happiest, it not the proudest day of his life? Contrast it with his condition when struggling to get the capital necessary to make his first ex-periment on the line from Baltimore to Washington! Baid J. P. Girand, Esq., a celebrated ornithologist, residing next to the Professor, 'Our Government ought to give Professor Morse five hundred thousand dollars for his invention and throw it open to everybody." The French Government has voted about \$70,000 to him, and it is supposed the Russian and some other European powers will follow in the same course. Lest us hope they will."

"Old Hundred." If it be true that Luther- composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to Heaven, how often has he heard the declaration, "They are singing Old Hundred now." solemn strain carries us back to times of the reformers-Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany. From his stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch, the eternal heavens, He into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die. Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion

Can you find a tomb in the land where If they were grey old men, they had beard or sung "Old Hundred." If they were babies, they smiled as their mother rocked them to sleep, singing "Old Hundred." Sinner and saint have joined with endless con-

The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of 16 summers; she whose pure innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved "Old Hundred;" and as she sang it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were soon to claim her. He whose manhood was dewith the white hand placed over his labor-ing breast, loved "Old Hundred." And though sometimes his lips only move, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The voice, how he loved "Old Hundred!" Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm chair, his hands crossed over the head of his cane, his silvery locks floated off from his hollow temples, and a tear stealing down his careworn, furrowed cheeks, that thin, quavering faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, hallowed by four score years' service in the master's cause, "Old Hundred," sounds in

deed, a sacred melody.
You may fill your choirs with Sabbath prima donnas, whose daring notes emulate the steeple and cost most as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn, sung by old and young together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of before the altar, where they gave themselves

Think a moment of the assembled pany who have at different times and in Throng upon throng-the strong, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all beaming with the inspiration

f the heavenly sounds. "Old Hundred !" king of the sacred band "ancient airs!" Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tonges of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strains that welcome, may be:

"Be thou, O God! exalted high!"

THE BURIAL PLACE.-What a multitude of thoughts crowd upon the mind in the contemplation of such a scene! How much of the future, even in its far distant reaches, rises before us with all its persuasive realities! Take but one little narrow space of time, and how affecting are its associations! Within the flight of one-half century, how many of the great, the good, and the wise, will be gathered here! How good morals. I mean, of course, using the objects to cherish with bitterness, and cling many, in the loveliness of infancy, the beautword manners in the usual sense. If you to with fondness. They say with Byron maturity of age, will lie down here, and dwell in the bosom of their mother earth! The rich and the poor, the gay and the thics and tastes. They would betray them wretched, the favorites of thousands, and involuntarily. For instance, it a min care in the wild waste their stranger in his nothing for children—if he were impatient And a bird in the solitude singing.

Which speaks to my spirit of thee." wretched, the favorites of thousands, and involuntarily. For instance, if a man cared ed by the kindred of a long lineage! How many will here bury their brightest hopes or blasted expectations! How many bit has some very desirable end to serve by ter tears will here be shed! How many playing a buge and difficult game. agonizing sighs will here be heaved! How many trembling feet will cross the pathways, and, returning, leave behind them the dear est objects of their reverence or love.

A little girl from the country, on a visit to her aunt in the city, was waiting impatiently, one morning, for her accustomed bowl of bread and milk, when her aunt told her that the "milkman had not yet come." supplied. "Is it good, dear? do you like it ?"-"I don't like milkman's milk so well as I do cow's milk," was her ingenuous reply.

In an advertisement by a railway con pany of some un-called for goods, the letter L has, by an accident, dropped from the word lawful, and it reads now, "People to whom these packages are directed are recharges on the same."

An Irish housemaid who was sent to cal

gentleman to dinner found him engaged n using a tooth-brush. "Well, is he ing?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned. Yes, makin, directly." was the reply; "he's just sharpening his

## What it is to be A Belle.

BY A BELLE.

It isn't enough to be pretty and modest to be a belle Good manners are not the sedon't you know what people call tone in pictures? It isn't the color nor the drawdescribed; at least I have asked a great which we sit when the hair is being brush; over the whole thing, and is as different grape or plum is from the crude positive Can you find a tomb in the land where some form the unipe fruit—or didn't you ever honor us—your mouths froth with complinotice the difference? No? Well then, come to Nahant, and you can study every variety of blush and bloom upon ripening fruit in Mr. Tudor's gardens, behind those gregations where it has, with and without thick-paled fences, that strain these rough after breakfast, smoke all the morning, the pealing organ, sounded on the sacred sea winds into soft zephyrs before they talk horses and drive horses all the aftertouch his trees, very much as a fine-tooth comb would transform the rummy breath these men want the "feminine element" in of an old sailor on the coast into a kind of music before it polluted the baby's lungs.

All this means tact. To be a belle it is necessary to be handsome, well made, of the houses tops their sympathy with what great good manners, and of consummate is womanly? Are they not an alluring style tact. Now every girl can have almost anyvoted to the service of God, and he who thing but the chief thing. If you are not to climb upon? positively squint-eyed or deformed, resolution and Madame-well, the freshest French woman-will make you handsome and of dle-aged beautiful women as in Italy. good figure. Manners you must manage may be attributed to the fullness of their cear white-headed father, with his tremulous for yourself. I have found the best rule perfect kindness-I mean, of course, kindness of manner. Most men are a little bashful with women. Young men get over it tellect. The innate elegance and refineby bravado-older men with a kind of si- ment of Italian character give to the Italian lent, superior, condescending air. Now if women great social attraction. In Londor. you study never to take advantage of this shyness, which makes men doubly sensitive women. They present a combination of -so that many a clever man is conscious nobility of appearance and simplicity of of being a perfect fool with women—if you manner, which is vouchsafed to few women of other lands. So the traveler in Italy is never wound them by look, or word, or insinuations, or implication, and never seem in league with any one man against any circles of Florence and Rome, although other-why, a little judicious flattery of they are seen to much greater advantage in manner only, not of words, does the whole their homes and in the interior of the counbusiness-the man is yours.

Have you never noticed that very "amart" Have you never noticed that very "smart' dom of their movement and manifestations women are never belies? There are of, Finally, in Italian womanhood, as a whole the dear dead have been carried and laid course, what may be called "loud" young we find great and noble traits of moral and ladies from some Western cities, and from future destinies of that beautiful and hallowto God, seem to breathe of "Old Hundred" New York, sometimes, who smoke and ed country. - Washington States. from vestibule to tower-top-the air is drink sherry cobblers at night, and call the com. gentlemen by their Christian names, and who are always very conspicuous; but there is object to cherish through all the days and different places joined in the familiar tune! the same difference between such people dreams this side of the tomb? Have we and belles that there is between notoriety at times met up with those whose smiles and fame.

taught. It is the sublimest sympathy con- remembrance around some scenes, and for stantly on the alert. Its aim is to please- getting others? Why is that the shadows positively, by saying and doing what is of melancholy come upon us like the gloom agreeable; and negatively, by omitting all of night, when certain names are mentioned allusions that are not so. "Never speak of hemp to a man whose father was hanged," is the negative way of stating tact. "All cd, deep down in its innermost recesses,things to all men," is the positive way .-There is no need of asking me about the morality of this. I am treating on belles There have been those who have fondly and manners, not of saints and moral philos- loved, and yet known no day of returning ophers .

One thing, however, I am free to say to vou, in strict confidence; and that is, that see a man or woman every day, you would round in the wreek of the past which has perished, Thus much I at least may recall, It hath taught me that what I most cherish'd. or ill tempered-he could conceal it for some time, but not for a long time, unless he

But for all that, if the great D-should ever come to Nahant, or Newport, or Saratoga, which of course he never does-for where could he stay, what couldhe do? - and entering his name upon the book as the Reverned Mr. Lamb, should mingle in the charming groups that swarm along the piazza or sit so amiably in the parlor, I think the manners of the reverend gentleman He came at last, however, and her want was would be so winning and entertaining that the young men would view him without jealousy, and the old without cynicism .-The young woman would consider disparity of years nothing where bearts were truely united; and the old ladies would seriously ponder how much they might reduce the necessary figures for their daughters, in consideration of certain advantages in the huse quested to come forward and pay the auful band. Old and young would go to bed charmed with the manners of their new acquaintance; sor, among the other dreams The night would the fancy obtrude itself that when the Rev. Lamb went off, he disappeared in smoke, and that the gentlemanly companied of the evening gould such en awful tale unfold.

On the other hand, I suppose Dr. Johnson's morals were product, this manners were outside offension and an angular ware control of the forest of the

on? Very well, it is true, I am that young lady. I wear two bracelets and ear rings,

and these very hoopy skirts. I bowl, bathe, cret, neither is great beauty alone, though and wander over the rocks in a broad-brimthat comes nearer than anything else. But med hat and a very becoming morning dress which the girls here will call pesynor, apparently not knowing that peignoir is the ing, only, it is a sort of something not to be dressing gown—mine is a short gown—in many of long-haired, bad-hatted gentry who ed. I am that same young lady-aged paint pictures, and they never agreed what somewhere between seventeen and twentyit was. It is a sort of mellew complexion three. I have spoken of Dr. Johnson: I know about him and about a good many from mere color as the bloom upon a ripe others, and you are surprised. That is always the way with men. You profess to

ments. Suddenly we show that we are not fools, and you never forgive us. You say you want-something "feminine." Especially men who drink brandy and water soon noon, and gamble all night-especially woman.

Don't their whole lives show they do?-Don't every act of their lives proclaim upon of oak for the shrinking and clinging vines

MIDDLE-AGED BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.-In no country in the world are so many midimagination and spiritual nature, which permits them to bear the sacred pangs of motherhood without impairing the vigor and bouyancy of their physique or their inand Paris, and Vienna society, Italian ladies are more beloved than any other class of struck everywhere with queenly looking try, where the conventionalities of social etiquette do not exist to hamper the free-

Is IT NOT So? Are there not hearts have made a fairy land of memory, and The difficulty is, that tact is not to be stant as the tones of the sea? Why clings Why is that little songs move the spirit, and call to the evelids burning tears? is because the heart has something cherish-There have been those whoshave gathered in the dawn of youth the brightest flowers, affection. They have treasured for their hopes the happiest anticipations in the sunshine of a moment, and then watched the fading of those joys that bloomed in the

Descreed to be dearest of all; In the desert a fountain is springing. In the wild waste there still is a tree,

Love and LEGISLATION. -Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between two sexes, the passion of love, in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician—let them fever the amount of meral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always decussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songa subject for pretty poems and wicked nov-els, and have nothing to de with the prosaic current of our every day existence, our moral welfare, and eternal salvation? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse for with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame as a mere weakness for with evity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is great mystery, and a great measity, lyng at the foundation of human existence morality, and happiness-pysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should love be treated less seriously than

death I It is an aerious a thing.

Mrs. Jameson.

Learning and Wiedom.—The learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has now have the mind above the man has now have the mind above the mind abo slevated his mind above that of others; the judgments are not more pendirating this remarks pot more delicate, nor his salient thors best hors periods, nor its all thors best him than those of others, wholly different with the wise magnitude for storys the object to all the story to the story of the