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Poetry.

What is Man?

Man is the proud and lofty pine
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore;
Woman's the young and tender vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock whose towering crest
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side;
Woman's the soft and mossy vest
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,
And wreathe its brow in verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume,
Save where the sunbeam, light and warm,
Of woman's soul—of woman's form—
Gleams brightly through the misty gloom.

Yes, 'tis to lovely woman given
To soothe our griefs, our woes allay,
To heal the heart by sorrow riven,
Change earth into an embryo heaven,
And drive life's weary cares away.

Beauty.

The loveliest eye is that of faith,
Which upwards looks to God;
The neatest foot is that which has
The path of virtue trod.

The sweetest lips are those that ne'er
A word of guile have spoken,
The richest voice is that of prayer,
One ne'er a vow has broken.

The prettiest hair is that which Time,
Has silvered o'er with gray,
Or covers o'er an honest head—
Its beauties ne'er decay.

The fairest hand is one that oft
Its deeds of kindness given;
The purest heart is [illegible] Christ
Has sanctified for heaven.

THE BEGGAR.

One cold, windy morning, the last Sunday in December, 1847, a half naked man knocked at the basement door of a fine substantial mansion in the city of Brooklyn. Though the weather was bitter for the season, the young man had no clothing but a coat and a pair of ragged cloth pants, and the remains of a flannel shirt in many large rents exposing a muscular chest. But in spite of his tattered apparel and evident fatigue, as he leaned heavily upon the railing of the basement stairs, a critical observer could not fail to notice a conscious air of dignity, and the marked traces of cultivation and refinement in his pale, haggard countenance.

The door was speedily opened, and disclosed a comfortably furnished room, and its glowing grate of anthracite; before which was placed a luxuriantly furnished breakfast table A fashionably attired young man in a brocade dressing gown and velvet slippers, was reclining on a soft *fauteil* busily reading. The beautiful young wife had lingered at the table, giving to her servant in waiting her order for the household matters of the day, when the timid rap at the door attracted her attention. She commanded that it be opened; but the young master of the mansion replied that it was quite useless—being no one but some thieving beggar. but the door was already opened, and the sympathies of Mrs. Mayhood enlisted at once.

"Come in to the fire," cried the young wife passionately, "before you perish."

The mendicant, without exhibiting any surprise at such treatment of a street beggar, slowly entered the room, manifesting a painful weakness at every step. On his entrance, Mr. Mayhood, with a displeased air, gathered up his papers and left the apartment. The compassionate lady unwisely placed the half frozen man before the fire, when she prepared a bowl of fragrant coffee. with abundant food, which was placed before him. Mrs. Mayhood, with a clouded countenance, left the room, whispering to the servant to remain until the stranger should leave.

She ran hastily up the richly mounted staircase, and paused before the entrance of a small laboratory and medical library, occupied by her husband, who was a physician and a practical chemist She opened the door and entered the room Mr. Mayhood was sitting at a small table, with his head resting on his hands apparently in deep thought.

"Edward," said the young wife, "I fear ve displeased you; but the man look- [illegible] eched, I could not bear to drive [illegible] the door," and her sweet voice [illegible] as she added, "you know I take [illegible] tament to-day"

"[illegible]r Mary," replied the really fond [illegible]d, "I appreciate your kind mo- [illegible] I know it is pure goodness of heart [illegible] leads you to disobey me; but [illegible] I insist upon my former command that [illegible]eggar shall ever be permitted to en- [illegible] his house. It is for your safety that [illegible] upon it. How deeply you might [illegible] imposed upon in my absence from [illegible]e. I shudder to think of it. The [illegible] who is now below might be a burg- [illegible] in disguise, and already in your absence taking wax impressions of the different keyholes in the room, so as to enter some night at leisure. Your limited experience of city life makes it difficult to credit so much depravity. It is no charity to give to such; it only encourages vice, my dearest."

"It may be so," responded Mrs. Mayhood, "but it seems wicked not to relieve suffering and want, even if the person has behaved badly—and we know it. But I will promise you not to ask another beggar into this house."

At this moment the servant rapped violently at the door, crying out that the beggar was dying.

"Come, Edward, your skill can save him, I know," said the wife, hastening from the room.

The doctor did not refuse this appeal to his personal vanity, for he immediately followed her flying footsteps as she descended to the basement They found the mendicant lying pale and unconscious on the carpet where he had slipped in his weakness from his chair on which Mrs Mayhood had seated him

"He is a handsome fellow," muttered the doctor, as he bent over him to ascertain the state of his pulse.

And well he might say so The glossy locks of raven hair had fallen away from a broad white forehead, his closed eyelids were bordered by long raven lashes which lay like silken fringe on his pale, bronzed cheeks, while a delicate aquilline nose and a square massive chin displayed a model of manly beauty.

"Is he dead?" asked the young wife anxiously.

"Oh, no, it is only a fai[illegible]ing fit induced by the sudden change of temperature, and perhaps the first stage of starvation," replied the doctor, sympathizingly. He had forgotten for the moment, his cold maxims of prudence and added, "he must be carried to a room without fire, and put into a comfortable bed."

The coachman was called in to assist in lifting the athletic stranger, who was soon carried to a room. There the doctor administered with his hands strong doses of port wine sangaree The young man soon became partly conscious. but all conversation was forbade him, and he sunk quietly to sleep.

"He is doing well; let him rest as long as he can; should he awaken in our absence, give him beef tea and toast," said the doctor professionally, as he left the room.

In less than an hour afterwards, Dr. Mayhood and his lovely wife entered the church of the most Holy Trinity.

Among the hundreds of fair dames that entered its broad portals, dressed with all the taste and magnificence that abundant wealth could produce not one rivalled in grace and beauty the orphan bride of the rich physician. Her tall, graceful figure was robed in a violet silk, that only heightened by contrast her large azure eyes, bright with lustre of youthful happiness; yet there was a touch of tender pity in their drooping lids that won the confidence of every beholder. The snowy ermine mantlet which protected her from the piercing wind, rivaling, but could not surpass, the delicate purity of her complexion. Many admiring eyes followed the faultless figure of Mrs. Mayhood, as she moved with conscious grace up the centre aisle of the church, but none with more heartfelt devotion than the young wayward but generous man who had recently wed her in spite of her poverty and sneers of his friends. The stately organ had pealed its last rich notes, which was still faintly echoing in the distant arches, when a stranger of venerable aspect, who had previously taken part in the services of the altar, rose and announced for his text, the often quoted but seldom applied words of the Apostle, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Dr. Mayhood felt his forehead flush painfully; it appeared to him for the moment that the preacher must have known of his want of charity toward strangers, and for his benefit, wished to give him a public lesson; but he soon saw from the tenor of his remarks that his own guilty conscience had alone made the application of his particular case.

I have not space or power to give any synopsis of the sermon, but that it combined with the incident of the morning, effected a happy revolution in the mind of at least one of its hearers. So much so that on the return of Dr. Mayhood from church he repaired at once to the room of the mendicant, to offer such attendance as he might be in need of But the young man seemed much refreshed by rest and nutritious food, and commenced gratefully thanking his host for the attention he received, which, without doubt, saved his life.

But I will recompense you well, for, thank God! I am not the beggar that I [illegible]. I was shipwrecked on Friday [illegible] in the Ocean Wave, on my return [illegible] India. My name was doubtless [illegible] the list of lost—for I escaped from the waves by a miracle I attempted to make my way to New York, where I have ample funds in bank awaiting my orders; but I must have perished with cold and hunger, had it not been for you and your wife's provident charity. I was repulsed from every door; I could get neither food or rest. To be an exile from my own native land ten years, and then after escaping the perils of the ocean, to die of hunger in the streets of a Christian city, I felt was truly a bitter fate. My name is Arthur Willet," added the stranger.

"Why, that is my wife's family name. She will be pleased at her agency in your recovery"

"Of what State is she a native?" asked Arthur Willet eagerly.

"I married in the town of B—, where she was born.

At this moment Mrs. Mayhood entered the room surprised at the long absence of her husband.

Arthur Willet gazed at her with a look of wild surprise murmuring—

'It cannot be—it cannot be. I am delirious to think so."

Mrs. Mayhood gazed with little less astonishment.

"What painful mystery is [illegible]ed Dr. Mayhood, excitedly addressing his wife, who then became conscious of the singularity of her conduct.

"O, no mystery," she replied, sighing deeply, "only this stranger is the image of my lost brother Arthur"

"Stay one moment," pleaded the stranger, drawing the small mourning ring from his finger, and holding it up asked if she recognized that relic

"It is my father's gray hair, and you are—"

"His son, Arthur Willet, and you my sister."

Mary Willet Mayhood fell upon the mendicant's breast, weaping tears of sweetest joy and thanksgiving

Dr. Mayhood turned from the room and left the brother and sister alone in that hour of reunion, saying to himself,

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

A Lesson to a King,

An ancient Persian fabulist tells the story of a king, who, having hanged his general because he had lost a battle, resolved, in his rage, to kill the widow and children of the unfortunate officer also. The whole country was in distress because of this cruel and unjust resolution, and numerous petitions were sent in. But all was in vain. The despot grew all the more implacable; his sense of humanity was appealed to. One day the king's chief counsellor threw himself at the feet of his master, and asked for justice. He was accompanied by his daughter, a woman of unparalleled beauty. "Ruler of the world," he said, "your physician, seeing that my daughter surpasses his daughter in beauty, as the sun surpasses the moon in glory, has, in a fit of jealousy, deformed my child by throwing a caustic fluid over her face." Having said these words, he unveiled his daughter's face. An ugly black spot was exposed, which monstrously disfigured the otherwise beautiful countenance of the poor girl.

The king, roused to anger by the sight, immediately sent for his physician.

"Why have you done this to the woman!" he asked. The physician gave no reply.

"By the sun and all his hosts," cried the king, "with thy head shalt thou pay for this offence!" He beckoned to the captain of the guard, who at once stepped forward to execute the verdict. But the physician produced a sponge from his bosom, and, dipping it in a basin of water, with one stroke thoroughly washed away the black spot. "What is this!" asked the king, in a voice of glad surprise.

"Ruler of the world," the counsellor answered, "you have sentenced my friend, the physician, to death because he only disfigured a girl's face by a stain which could be washed off easily; but what sentence will the eternal judge have to pass upon you, if you cast such a stain upon your conscience as you propose—a stain which all the water of the ocean cannot wash away?" The king, deeply struck by the question, abandoned his cruel intention, and sent the widow and children of the deceased general home, enriched with tokens of his princely munificence

A Miracle of Honesty.—At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing A reverend gentleman was appointed judge of their respective pretentions.

One produced a tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went through the room that this could not be outdone, when—

A second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money that was lent him

"The palm is his," was the generous cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owner two umbrellas that they left at my house."

"I'll hear no more! cried the astonished arbitrator. This is the acme of honesty, it is an act of virtue which I never knew any one capable of. The prize—"

"Hold!" cried another, "I have done still more than that."

"Impossible," cried the whole company. "Let us hear."

"I have taken my paper for twenty years, and have paid for it every year in advance."

He took the prize.

Cracked eggs and cracked reputations are hard things to mend.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A DECIDEDLY CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, not a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think that he was not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking,
We escorted him home from the scene of dread
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched him down
From the first to the lowermost story;
And we never have heard or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

Self-Restraint—A Virtue and Duty.

"He knew himself, and knowing, he controlled."

Self-restraint is one of the most important of duties as well as virtues. It should be exercised daily and hourly. Without it, error and guilt and crime, are inevitable. There is no individual, however wise, however elevated, or however powerful, who does not feel that at times and seasons, his passions, his prejudices, his appetites, and his tastes, require to be controlled and restrained. The defects of his nature attain the mastery; and, but, for the exercise of a powerful mental and moral effort, he would wander into the wrong path, commit some excess, or perpetrate some injustice. But, "the still small voice" within admonishes; he pauses, reviews his position, his inclination and the path before him, exercises the virtue of SELF RESTRAINT, and is saved for the time. If he pursues another course—if he disregard the whisperings of reason and of conscience—if he permit the mere animal to exercise the mastery—if he cannot or will not restrain himself, the consequences will be sad—often deplorable.

"Know thyself"—is the aphorism of an ancient sage. Such knowledge is indeed important. Unless we understand our own frailties and infirmities, our errors and imperfections, our weaknesses and vices, we shall not be able to master or control ourselves. All are more or less defective, and there are few who see themselves as others see them. Nay, it frequently happens that the very frailties and infirmities that we detect and deplore in others, exists in ourselves to a still more serious extent, and yet without our knowledge. We cannot or will not recognize or confess them. Hence, either blinded by prejudice or passion, or by selfishness, we are unable to apply the remedy which seems so simple in the cases of others We delude ourselves into a belief that all men are mortal but ourselves; and thus, instead of practising the virtue of self-restraint, we fancy or assume to fancy, that we do not require the exercise of any such controlling power. And yet scarcely a day goes by, in which errors are not committed, simply because we will not or cannot restrain ourselves.

How often does a garrulous tongue get into trouble! How frequently do we speak rashly and rapidly, without thinking of what we are saying, or of the effect which is likely to be produced. And so with almost every movement of life. The conservative power of SELF RESTRAINT is forgotten or neglected. Only a few days since, a young man of excellent temper, kind heart, ample means and many accomplishments, admitted that he was living a little too fast, and had become too fond of the wine-cup. He felt the evil effects, both in body and mind, and he knew that he was not only damaging his character, but shortening his life. Nevertheless, with these admissions, and with these prospects before him, he could not practice the virtue of self restraint The abyss yawned, he saw it, he felt the impulse that was hurrying him on, and yet he could not, or would not, avoid his fate. And so with almost every other pernicious practice. There is scarcely an individual alive, who is not perfectly conscious that he is indulging in some error—that he is perpetrating some evil—and that some vile habit has to a certain extent, the control of him. Again and again he will determine to amend and reform. And yet the multitude.

"Resolve, and re-resolve, and die the same."

There is scarcely a criminal in the penitentiary who, if he looks back and reviews the past, cannot point out a period in which, had he exercised the virtue of self-restraint, had he obeyed the "still small voice of conscience," he would have turned from the error of his way, and become a useful member of society. But he lacked the courage, and now he repents his infirmity and the consequences, in sack-cloth and ashes.

It is difficult to abandon a habit, however pernicious, when it is the result of years of practice, and has thus become identified, to a certain extent, with our very being. It then forms part of our daily life, so to speak. But in the beginning, the infatuation may be subdued. Nay, there is always hope; and it is far less difficult to overcome an evil propensity, after one or two vigorous trials, than the infatuated are apt to imagine. If the effort be made in a determined spirit, and with a view to all the consequences, the end will surely be accomplished.

A solemn duty with parents is, not only to inculcate the principle, but to teach the practice of self-restraint. Only a short time has gone by, since we recorded the execution of a father for the murder of his son. The wretched old man, a few minutes before he was launched into eternity, admitted that his TEMPER had always been violent, that unfortunately, he had never restrained or controlled it, and that hence, he was about to expiate his most unnatural offence upon the scaffold. But illustrations may be found in every walk of life. A large portion of mankind are too impulsive, too passionate, too hasty, too eager and too reckless.

They forget and disregard the restraints which should be imposed by education, by good feeling, by consideration, by sound morals, or by cultivated intellect; and hence, errors and indiscretions are constantly committed. It is, of course, unreasonable to expect perfection in human nature, however refined or elevated, and yet the individual who understands himself, who, aware of his weaknesses and propensities, is considerate and thoughtful, and thus constantly practices SELF RESTRAINT, will escape many anxieties, difficulties and misfortunes, which a disregard of this duty, and a violation of this virtue will immediately provoke.—*Robert Morris*

Honor Your Business.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his call. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comfort in their work; or they change their business and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another, till the grave or the poor house gives them a fast grip. But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is not a profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected like all other human pursuits, with trials, and unwelcome duties, and spirit-tiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding, then, only gives them strength. On the other hand, a man has power given to him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest toil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imagination not alone to make some men poets, but to enable men to beautify homely things Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies—out of which he may develop an honest pride.

Niagara Eclipsed.

An astonished tourist writes to the *Frontier Index* from the curious district surrounding the Yellowstone Lake of Montana:

"Near this monstrous locality there is a lake on top of the mountain that is yet frozen over, the ice and snow covering its surface some twenty feet deep. Two main forks of the Yellowstone, one heading opposite Wind and Green rivers, and the other opposite Henry's Fork of Snake river, in the same vicinity that the Madison and Gallatin rise, empty into the big lake, which has for its outlet the Yellowstone river, and just below the lake the whole river falls over the face of a mountain thousands of feet, the spray rising several hundred. A pebble was timed by a watch in dropping from an overhanging crag of one perpendicular fall, and is said to have required eleven and a half seconds to strike the surface of the river below. That beats Niagara Falls 'all hollow.' The river, at these greatest falls is represented to be half as large as the Missouri at Omaha, and as clear as crystal. The great lake, like all others in these mountains, is thick with salmon trout, of from five to forty pounds weight, and where the milky boiling mineral waters from the geysers intermingle with the pure clear water from the running streams these elegant fish can be 'forked up' by the boat load."

Phunnygraphic.

The Miller's Portrait.—A worthy miller, wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished.

"But," said he, "I am a very industrious man. I want to be painted as looking out of my mill window: but when any one looks at me I wish to pop my head in, so as not to be thought lazy or as spending too much time at the window."

"Very well," said the painter. "It shall be done so."

He painted the mill and mill window. The miller looked at it.

"Very well," said he. "But where is myself looking out?"

"Oh," said the painter, "whenever any one looks at the mill, you know you pop your head in, of course, to preserve your credit for industry"

"That's right," said the miller. "I'm now in the mill, ain't I? Just so—that will do."

John tells a story of Thompson and Rogers, two married bucks of New York, who wandering home late one night, stopped at what Thompson supposed was his residence, but which his companion insisted was his own house. Thompson rang the bell lustily when a window was opened and a lady inquired what was wanted.

"Madam," inquired Mr. T., "isn't this Mr. T—Thompson's house?"

"No," replied the lady; "this is the residence of Mr. Rogers."

"Well," exclaimed Thompson, "Mrs. T—T—Thompson—beg your pardon—Mrs Rogers, won't you just step down to the door and pick out Rogers, for Thompson wants to go home?"

At a recent Willimantic, Connecticut camp meeting, a certain old lady, at the top of her broken and squeaking voice, was heard to pray thus; "O, Lord, bless that young man I was talking with this afternoon; and another man came and tried to get him away. Lord bless them both! And I told them it was time they were looking out for their souls. And one of them said: Every tub stands on its own bottom. And I said: Yes, and if you don't look out for your bottom you'll go to hell!"

A Strong Symptom.—"Is Miss Blindkins at home?" asked Mr. Sanders of the Irish girl who answered his ring at the door.

"Yes, I b'lave she is, sir."

"Is she engaged?"

"An' is it engaged, you say? Faix, an' I can't tell you, sir, but she kissed Mr. Vincent last evening as if she had never seen the like uv him, an' its engaged I b'lave they are, sir."

"My dear Horatio, I had a very mysterious dream about you."

"What was it, dear?"

"I dreamed I saw you carried up to heaven in a golden chariot surrounded by angels clothed in white and purple. What is that a sign of, dear?"

"It is the sign of a foul stomach, my dear."

'Bridget,' said the counsel to a witness, who had been brought from the House of Correction 'wasn't you brought here on a habeas corpus?'

'No, indade,' she indignantly replied; 'I'd havee you know I came here like a dacint woman on the cars.'

A boy and girl were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out by the way of climax and as a clincher: "Well, there is one thing my mother can do that yours can't; my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once."

Punch says: "Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman being attached to an old bonnet? Echo answers 'Never!'"

Sometime since a gentleman died in the town of X, who during life, refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received through a medium a communication which read as follows; "Dear wife, I now do believe. Please send me my thin clothes"

A fop, talking of the transmigration of souls, said, "In the time of Moses I have no doubt I was the golden calf" "Very likely," replied a lady, "and time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

No mind so bright but drink will befool it; no fortune so ample but brandy will beggar it; the happiest it will fill with misery, the firmest health dissipation will shatter; no business so thriving that whiskey cannot spoil.

'Thou rainest in this bosom,' as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

A woman may speak as many tongues as she will, but don't let her do it with too long a one of her own.

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