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The Old School-house.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream—
Where we were school-boys in old time
When manhood was a dream;
The brook is choaked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window's side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut-tree is dead, John,
And, what is sadder now,
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough.
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot for many a day
It seems has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wanders up the hill—
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds yet sing upon the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lives as in old time,
The same half panel in the path
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how, o'er the bars of life,
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on the spot
The faces that were gone.

FOR MYSELF ALONE.

BY E. S. GETCHELL.

Brilliant lights blazed and flashed, costly jewels sparkled and glittered, beautiful forms flitted hither and thither through the magnificent rooms of Mrs. Deville, and the crowd of faces wore an eager, expectant look, which is easily explained, by the fact that Miss Costello, the famous singer and pianist, who had been several years abroad, had now returned to the home of her adoption, and was expected to be present at Mrs. Deville's reception this evening.

Miss Costello was an Italian by birth, but her father had come to this country when she was a small child. He was then quite wealthy, but his health failed, he met with several losses, and being too ill to manage his affairs shrewdly, he found himself, at length, in quite reduced circumstances, and decided to return to his friends, in his native country.

And now, after these years, rumors had come across the water, of a new and brilliant star in the musical firmament—the name of Signora Costello dwelt on the lips of the multitude, and her praise was sounded far and near. And she had now returned to her old home, to win fresh laurels here, but more especially to greet again the friends whom she had known and loved in her childhood. Of course all would be glad to claim her as a friend, yet she especially remembered some, whom she had loved with all the fervency of her nature.

Mrs. DeLacy, a millionaire banker's wife, and the acknowledged leader of her set, had tendered a special invitation to Miss Costello, to make her princely dwelling her home during her stay in the city. She had replied from Paris, where she was then stopping, acknowledging the favor, and assuring Mrs. DeLacy that she should certainly avail herself of her invitation, and pay her a visit when she should come to America.

The steamer had arrived in which she had taken passage, and the expectant ones were looking anxiously for the arrival of Mrs. DeLacy and the sweet songster at Mrs. Deville's reception.

Two young men were standing apart from the throng. One exquisitely dressed and handsome, if we do not consider that bigoted, self-conceited expression which his face wore, as detrimental to beauty; the other, though well dressed, was less showy, and decidedly plain.

"I say, Gus," said the former, "'twill be deuced dull here to-night, if that 'sweet singer' doesn't make her appearance. I'm anxious to see some new faces at our soirees, even though they're not so handsome, tho' they do say that Miss Costello is remarkably handsome, as well as rich and talented. If such is the fact, she must have changed wonderfully since she was a child, for she was the most awkward and pelfish-looking young un that you ever saw; disagreeable, too—bah! how I used to hate her, for I have had many a childish quarrel with her. However," he continued with a conceited smirk, "I intend to marry her, for her sweet voice, her fame, well-filled coffers are attractions which I'm sure I cannot resist. I can love her for these, you know, if not for herself; and then when I'm married, I can pay you that cool thousand I owe you."

"For shame, Eustace Harrington," said the other, indignantly. "You certainly are not worthy of any woman's love, to speak of her as you have just now spoken of Miss Costello."

"Nonsense, man," was the reply. "We fellows all think about the same thing; why not say what we think? Zounds! if the nightingale doesn't make her appearance soon, I shall be obliged to commence bestowing my attention upon some of the fair ones already present: bah, I'm tired of old faces and easy conquests."

"Well, there is a stranger here present, a quiet, pretty creature, plainly dressed, but very beautiful and sweet looking. She came with Mrs. Ashton, who gave me an introduction to her. Shall I present you? Perchance she may be one who will fail to see your boasted charms, and you may, for once, have no cause to complain of an easy conquest," was the sarcastic reply.

"Do present me, by all means," said Harrington. "I suppose she is some country lass, who has never before attended a fashionable reception, for Mrs. Ashton—kind-hearted soul—is a lways picking up some forlorn creature, and trying to make them feel easy in fashionable society. I'll have some rare sport—see if I don't—present me."

"H——sh! here she is by our side!" said the other, deprecatingly. Turning he asked the lady's permission, and then presented his friend to Miss Mero.

She honored him with a bow, which, though somewhat awkward, was not devoid of grace, and soon they were engaged in a conversation, principally sustained by him, as Miss Mero only replied briefly to his remarks.

"I begin to fear that we shall be disappointed in seeing Miss Costello this evening," he said, at length, when he had exhausted all other subjects.

"Who's she? Any one who was invited? I should think everybody'd be glad to come, who was invited to such a nice party as this. I almost decided to stay away, because I thought this dress wasn't good enough. Do you think it looks well enough?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied, with difficulty, restraining himself from laughing; "you look very charming."

Her only reply was a bashful giggle.

"Don't you play the piano? and can't you favor us with some music?" he asked, coughing behind his handkerchief.

"Well, I learned to play a few tunes once, but I suppose there are some here, who can play as well as I can."

Harrington winked to his friend, who standing near, had heard all their conversation, and then he added,—

"Oh! do please favor me with one of your favorite airs. Allow me to lead you to the piano?"

Gustavus Barnes came to the rescue, saying in an undertone,

"For shame, for shame, Harrington!" and adding aloud, "I would not urge Miss Mero to play; perhaps she may feel diffident among so many strangers."

"I'm sure she need not feel so," replied Harrington, and turning to Miss Mero, he added, "You will play for me, will you not, please?"

"Why, yes, if you really desire it; but I play with one hand, she said, rising, and accepting Harrington's proffered arm.

"Come see the fun!" said Harrington to Barnes' ear, as he led his poor victim away.

Barnes turned indignantly away, but let us follow.

Once seated at the piano, Miss Mero gazed calmly around upon the crowd which drew nigh, on seeing a stranger seated at the piano, and she said to Harrington—

"Would you really like to hear me play with one hand?"

"Why, yes indeed!" he answered, giving a significant nod to a group of gay belles, who stood near.

She allowed her left hand to remain upon her lap, and with her right, she swept the keys, bringing forth such thrilling music as few present had ever before heard; then, with both hands, she played a short low symphony, and her magnificent voice poured out the simple, touching ballad,—

"Love me for myself alone."

After which she sang a beautiful Italian song, holding her listeners spell-bound.—When she had concluded, she rose from the piano, while "Miss Costello! Miss Costello!" burst from every lip.

"Yes," she said, "I am Inette Camero Costello. Somehow a fancy possessed me to come here as an unknown person, a quiet looker-on. I came with Mrs. Ashton, who introduced me as Miss Mero taking a part of my name, Camero. I intended to make myself known in a different manner, but accidentally, I overheard a conversation between two gentlemen, which decided me to remain awhile 'incognito.'"

She then related what the reader already knows of the conversation between Eustace Harrington and Gustavus Barnes, the subsequent conduct of both gentlemen, and concluded by begging the pardon of all present for the little game she had played.

* * * * * *

One year later there was a grand wedding at Grace Church.

Inette Camero Costello was the bride, and Gustavus Barnes the bridegroom.

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly; day and night it is before me; I explore it in all its bearings; my mind becomes prevaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

"You are a queer chicken," as the hen said when hatched out a duck.

Immortal Sentences.

WORDS OF WISDOM AND TRUE SAYINGS—THE LACONICS OF GREAT AMERICANS.

Some one, with a good memory for such, might make a very readable article from the best remembered and most characteristic sayings of Americans. Here are a few which may serve as specimens of what might be done with time and opportunity:

Samuel Adams, known for many things, seldom had his name associated with the phrase first supplied by him to England—"Nation of shopkeepers."

It was John Wesley, and not Charles Sumner, who first spoke of slavery (the slave trade) as "the sum of all villainies."

Franklin said many things that have passed into maxims, but nothing that is better known and remembered than, "He has paid dear, very dear for his whistle."

Washington made but few epigrammatic speeches. Here is one:—"To be prepared for war is the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Did you ever hear of old John Dickinson? Well, he wrote of Americans in 1768:—"By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall."

Patrick Henry, as every school-boy knows, gave us:—"Give me liberty or give me death," and "If this be treason make the most of it."

Thomas Paine had many quotable epigrammatic sentences:—"Rose like a rocket, fell like a stick;" "Times that try men's souls;" "One step from the sublime to the ridiculous," etc.

Jefferson's writings are so besprinkled that it is difficult to select. In despair we jump at "Few die and none resign," certainly as applicable to office-holders now as in Jefferson's time.

Josiah Quincy, Jr., said:—"Whereso-ever, whensoever or however, we shall be called on to make our exit, we will die freemen."

Henry Lee gave Washington his immortal title, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Charles Colesworth Pinckney declared in favor of "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

"Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," is from Josiah Quincy, 1811.

John Adams did not say, "Live or die, survive or perish, I'm for the Constitution," but Daniel Webster did say it for him.

The revolutionary age alone would give us our article, had we time to gather the pearls. Coming down we pass greater but not more famous men, for—

Davy Crockett, the illustrious author of "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Andrew Jackson gave us "The Union—it must be preserved."

Benton almost lost his original identity in "Old Bullion," from his "hard money" doctrine.

Governor Throop of New York was called "Small Light Throop" for years from a phrase in a Thanksgiving proclamation.

Scott's "hasty plate of soup" lasted his lifetime.

Taylor's battle order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," will be quoted after he is forgotten by "all the world and the rest of mankind."

Seward is known for the "irrepressible conflict" wherever the English language is spoken.

"Marcy's patched breeches" are as well remembered as his State papers.

Rufus Choate gave us "glittering generalities."

Our own Bill Allen, the "Chinese Gong," is responsible for "54, 40, or fight."

Tom Corwin's "Welcome with bloody hands to hospitable graves," one of his noblest utterances, gave him more unenviable criticism than any other saying of his life.

Calhoun gave us "State Rights," as a most pernicious and absurd equivalent for national supremacy under the constitution.

Douglas applied "squatter sovereignty," though it is probable that Cass invented and Calhoun named it.

Stringfellow was the original "Border Ruffian."

War times gives us no end of epigrammatic utterances. Those of Lincoln alone would fill a volume. Chieftest of all these, that noble, God-like sentiment, "With charity for all and malice toward none."

Grant gave us "fight it out on this line," "unconditional surrender." "I propose to move immediately upon your works," "bottled up," and a hundred others. It seems to have escaped notice that Grant is responsible for more of those characterizing, elementary crystalizations of thought than any military leader of modern times.

Sherman first gave utterance to the great truth, showing at once statesmanship and military sagacity, "the Confederacy is a shell," and he had the rare facility of practically demonstrating his own theorem by the "march to the sea."

Sheridan's character and his style of fighting are expressed by "sent them whirling up the valley."

Pope's unfortunate orders from "headquarters in the saddle," gave General opportunity for the one solitary joke of his lifetime, "What can you expect of a general who puts his headquarters where his hindquarters ought to be?"

Butler, more incisive with the pen than with the sword, cut through one of the knottiest problems of the war with the name "Contraband."

New York of the Present Day.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, writing from New York, says:

Here are the same crowded thoroughfares and the same appearance of commercial greatness as of old; but there is besides ample indication of universal luxury and extravagance. Prancing horses, liveried footmen, dashing equipages crowd the avenues and parks. Stately piles of marble line Broadway for miles. Palatial residences, furnished and embellished in the most superb and costly style, fill long, splendid avenues. Gay crowds of youth and fashion throng the streets. No ordinary business can sustain the fabulous rents of Broadway, the revenue of a prince is needed to supply the extravagant wants of a New York family with any fashionable pretensions.

Scores of cooks in New York receive larger salaries than the Governor of Missouri. Men roll down Broadway in costly carriages, with liveried drivers; old men and young, not a few, but many. Ten years ago, everybody walked down town; now it seems that fashion has invaded the counting-room and office. So extended is this spirit of extravagant display that it is not confined to the wealthy alone; the habits and style of one class are imitated by the next, and men who frequent fashionable circles with moderate incomes are called upon to exercise a surprising ingenuity. Fashionable *coupes*, with drivers in livery, surround the Brevoort House and other exclusive localities, and the young and old snobs, at a cost of $10 per week, ride down Broadway to their offices, and back again at night in equal grandeur with the nabobs of the metropolis. Dress suits and superb jewelry are hired for balls and parties by the night. Dinner dishes, attendants and guests are supplied by contract. Young men and snobs of mature years, who move about in faultless attire, and preserve the exterior of fashionable requirement, at night enter the doors of fashionable boarding houses, climb to the attic and repose on straw beds in curiously constructed pens.

The contrast between New York to-day and New York ten years ago, in every description of extravagance and luxury, is marvellous; and sensible men with moderate incomes fly in dismay from the modern Babylon to the simplicity and security of the surrounding country.

But the poverty and crime of New York are the same. Five Points and other localities, which the congregated poverty, vice and crime had made notorious, have given way before the march of improvement, and broad streets and business houses have supplanted vile, dark alleys, and the rickety, gloomy hovels at these points. But their late occupants have only changed their quarters, and block after block, for miles and miles, in narrow, stifling, filthy streets, stand the tall, unsightly tenement houses, or the smaller and still more squalid hovels of the poor. Among these lurk the murderers and thieves; here dark deeds are meditated; here vice and crime has its school; here is the vilest and most abandoned population on the continent. Men and women so hideous in form and feature that they hardly seem to bear the image of humanity. It is an element as vile and as dangerous as that which has reduced Paris to ashes. And over this smouldering volcano the great city sleeps.

Little Things and Great Results

A gnat choked Pope Adrian to death, which caused wonderful changes in the nation and history of the whole world.

A councellor of Rome was strangled by a hair in the milk which he drank.

Anacreon, one of the lyric poets, is said to have died from swallowing the skin of a raisin.

A destructive war between France and England was occasioned by a quarrel between two boy princes.

The "Grasshopper War" which took place about the time the Pilgrims came to New England, between two Indian tribes, was brought about in this way: An Indian woman with her little son went to see a friend belonging to another tribe. The little fellow caught a large grasshopper on the road and carried it with him. A lad from the other tribe wanted it, but he refused to give it up. A quarrel ensued which soon drew the mothers and fathers into dispute, and ere long the chiefs were engaged in a war which nearly exterminated one of the tribes.

Several centuries ago some soldiers of Modena carried away a bucket from a public well at Bologna, which was the cause of a long war, and the king of Sardinia was imprisoned for twenty-two years, in which imprisonment he died.

An English and French vessel had a quarrel about who should be supplied with water from a certain well first, which resulted in the death of a thousand men.

Stephen Montgolfier saw a shirt waving when hung before the fire, from which he first conceived the idea of a balloon.

When Galileo was in the temple of Pisa he observed the oscillation of a lamp, and this was the first conception of a correct method of measuring time.

The introduction of the telescope is due to a little boy playing with spectacles.

The art of printing was suggested by a man cutting the letters of his name upon the bark of a tree and impressing them on paper. From this we have books printed in good legible type on al[illegible] every subject sough[t]

CINCINNATI [illegible]

Somebody's Son.

Somebody's son was out last night,
Brushing about the town;
And, if I mistake not he was tight—
"Tight as a Derby clown."

I know he's considered a moral youth—
Above suspicion: but that
Is no reason, to tell the truth,
He hadn't a "brick in his hat."

Daylight morality often takes
Strange fancies into his head,
And "plays the d—," or "jumps up snakes,"
When the public eye is in bed.

"My son can't dance," somebody said,
"For never a lesson took he—",
But he danced last night when you were in bed,
And Twilight was there to see.

You may call it dancing, or not, as you feel,
Though for half an hour or more
He danced or "jigged" a "tangle-foot reel"
In front of my office door.

"My son can't sing," somebody swears,
But he sang last night, I know,
As rough a song as demon dares
To sing in the regions below.

"My son don't imbibe," somebody thinks;
Well, maybe he don't, but then
That he acts very much like one who drinks
Can be proved by a hundred men.

Yet something was tight—yes, drunk—last night—
So drunk it could hardly crawl;
Perhaps 'twas the brim of a crownless hat
That I found in my garden wall.

So, for fear I'm wrong and somebody's right,
My hasty words I recall,
And say that the thing I saw last night
Was nobody's son—that's all!

[Written for The Union.]

A Reply to "Fanatic."

Mr. Editor:—

Over the signature of "Fanatic," in The Union of June the 8th, I see an article on intemperance, and at the close an "N. B." to the effect that "If any one thinks this ain't true, let's hear from him." I don't exactly think what "Fanatic" says "ain't true;" nevertheless, I cannot endorse all he says. The charge which he hurls against our State Legislature I can but think undeserved. That body may not be a monument of wise and moral legislation, yet I cannot believe it so degenerate as to sell the souls of one hundred and thirty of the citizens of Caroline to the devil, by licensing the thirteen whiskey-selling establishments of which he speaks, for "the paltry sum of three hundred and fifty-three dollars. In charity, let us consider that other reasons formed the basis of the action of the Legislature. Rather than accuse them of such base cupidity, let us write over this work of their hands, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.* (Evil be to him that evil thinks.)

No one more sadly regrets than do I the licensing of retail liquor shops. To my mind it is a gigantic evil—one that should be undone as soon as possible; but I do not think the Legislature should go so far. Would it not be better to pass an act, submitting to the suffrages of the people of each district, or county, whether or no they will have licensed "*rum shops?*" It is a matter which concerns them only, and which they should decide.

And, again, "Fanatic" raves against the retail rum-seller. True, in every sense, he is a public nuisance; but let us not stop here. Is he alone culpable? If A sells B a pistol, and with that pistol B shoots and kills C, is not B guilty of the crime of murder? And if A buys liquor of B and gets drunk thereon, is not he guilty of the crime of drunkenness? Drunkenness *is* a crime, and every crime is derogatory to the good of society. Then why not affix such a punishment to the crime of drunkenness as its magnitude demands, and enforce the law strictly?

Well do I know how hard it is by legislative enactment to make men act as they should. But, surely, we may do something; and let that something be done, and quickly. Intemperance is a damning curse to mankind—a foul blot upon our civilization. It should be erased. Deeply to be deplored is it that "men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains." Yet so it is, and all good men should join to crush out the merciless monster.

Don Q. Hootiz.

[Written for The Union.]

A Defense.

Mr Editor:

I find in your issue of last Thursday a communication over the signature of "A. M.," intending, I presume, to give some account of the proceedings of a temperance meeting held at the M. E. Church in this place on the 8th inst. If the writer had listened to the lecture with the "immense patience" which he professes to have exercised, he could not have so palpably misrepresented the able lecturer and every proposition advanced by him. The writer says he got in exchange for his "patience" a "political lecture, spiced with anecdotes, and urging the people to vote for men who will not allow, or rather prohibit, the sale of intoxicating liquors at the next session of the Legislature."

I am aware that the minds of some men are so warped by prejudice that they can see nothing relating to the whiskey business only in the light of politics. Others, again, interested in the whiskey traffic raise the political war-whoop as a frightful ghost to affright the weak and timid and drive them back again into the political harness. Such, no [illegible] of "A. M." in his comm[illegible]or in all that was sai[illegible]as no intimation [illegible]th and no

Jeff Davis and Greeley.

Meeting of the Tribune Philosopher and the late President of the Confederacy.

The Memphis *Avalanche*, of the 4th inst., gives the following account of the meeting of Davis and Greely in that city:

About 12 o'clock Hon. Jeff. Davis called at the Overton Hotel, and was ushered into the presence of Mr. Greeley, at whose hands he met a very cordial reception. The philosopher and his visitor sat facing each other in the centre of the room, the broad, open and plain countenance of the one in strange contrast with the wiry, nervous and somewhat delicate face of the other. Mr. Davis was dignified and somewhat formal in manner, while Mr. Greeley was frank, easy and quite talkative. There was scarcely a reference to the political situation. Mr. Greeley inquired concerning the health of Mrs. Davis with much warmth and earnestness, and referred to the high regard he entertained for that lady and the family of which she came. Mr. Davis responded appropriately, and expressed the gratitude of himself and Mrs. Davis to the philosopher for his kindly services soon after the war. This brought up Mrs. Davis' interview with Mr. Greeley at Baltimore, at a time when she was in great distress of mind upon the arrest of her husband, on which Mr. Greeley seemed to dwell with much pleasure. In the course of conversation Mr. Greeley spoke of the Blairs, and especially of the seniors of that distinguished family, remarking, *en passant*, that Frank P. Blair, Jr., and others of the present generation did not do justice to the old stock, to whom he referred with apparent deep feeling. Mr. Greeley then passed on to subjects nearer home, and finally dwelt for several minutes on the memory of Gen. Quitman, of whom he spoke as a warm personal and politicalfriend in times gone by. Not a word was said on either side concerning Mr. Davis' condition and prospects. All through the interview, which lasted ten minutes, Mr. Davis maintained a very reserved demeanor, while, on the other hand, the face of the philosopher was wreathed in kindness and smiles, with occasionally a hearty laugh breaking the stillness. It was a scene worthy the pencil of an artist, one that would make a picture valuable now and in future generations. Rising at the conclusion of the interviewed, Mr. Davis withdrew with a stately bow, and in a few minutes after Mr. Greeley was en route for the railroad depot, where he took the 12.45 train for Louisville, accompanied by Gen. Meritt, his friend and travelling companion.

[Written for The Union.]

Barntown Correspondence.

Barntown, June 5th, 1871.

Mr. Editor:

Since there have been so many horse and cattle educators in this county, it is almost an impossibility to look either to the right or left without perceiving the great improvement wrought upon the dumb creatures. Well, really, it is astonishing how they have been educated so rapidly. I discover through the county papers that the entire stock of Brindle cattle have become so well educated that they have all turned correspondents, and was sorry to learn that old Brindle had become so vicious that, in his last effort, he gored one of his descendants so severely that I feared the wound would prove fatal; however, I have learned that Sam. is convalescent.

I am inclined to think that the fellow who wrote,

"Old father Grimes, that good old man,
His face we'll see no more,"

has been trying to practice some deception on the present generation, or else his good old spirit has descended to earth to mingle among swine; at least, he seems inclined to take a great liking to a certain species of the hog. Well, really, du tell, father Grimes, how long you have been engaged in, or, rather, out of the fancy hog breeding business? I am confident I have not seen any of the little fellows running about your *corner* since your stock became so much improved that you were compelled, for their protection, to tie knots in their "shoo fly" to prevent them from falling into the lobster holes in your ditches. I am very desirous of procuring an improved stock of hogs, but do not think yours will meet my views of swine. But suppose you trot them out to the agricultural fair to be held next fall by the Farmer's Club. Are yours, daddy, the same pike-nose stock advertised in the *Prairie Farmer*?

You would be greatly interested, Mr. Editor, if you would take a ride out to Bobtail Corner. It is a lovely place; notwithstanding it is as far behind this place as Paris is Tomtown. There is not a town on this or any other continent that has a more appropriate name than this. Let the pedestrian (for we have no other visitors) approach it from what point of the compass he may, the "big barn" looms up before him in all its grandeur, while the rest of the many small buildings seem to shrink back as if they do not wish to be observed by not only the stranger, but many of the inhabitants. Reference, Daddy Grimes.

I have a distinct recollection of seeing in some paper a notice that all communications, to insure insertion, should be as brief as possible. I like brevity, and if this brevity is not brief enough please make it as brief as brevity will admit.

Adieu! adieu!! adieu!!! Again I say adieu!

James.

A white garment appears worse with a light soiling than do [illegible]ments much

An Old Lady's Advice.

"Now, John, listen to me, for I am older than you are, or I couldn't be your mother. Never do you marry a young woman, John, before you have contrived to happen at the house at least four times before breakfast. You should know how she lies in bed in the morning. You should take notice whether her complexion is the same in the morning as in the evening, or if the washbowl and towel have robbed her of her evening bloom. You take care to surprise her, so that you can see her in her morning dress, and observe her occupation when she is not expecting you. If possible, you should be where you could plainly hear the morning conversation between her and her mother. If she is ill-natured and snappish to her mother, so she will be to you, depend upon it. But if you find her up and neatly dressed in the morning, with the same countenance, the same smiles, the same neatly combed hair, the same ready and pleasant answers to her mother which characterized her deportment in the evening, and particularly if she is lending a hand to get the breakfast ready in good season, she is a great prize, John; and the sooner you secure her to yourself the better."

The Sun's Blessing.—Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the day in sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlets, and yet most potent, influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this and so get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak back, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate: they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine light will be a potent influence in this transformation. Will they not try it a year or two and oblige thousands of admirers.

Imagination.—Man, though individually confined to a narrow spot of this globe, and limited in his existence to a few courses of the sun, has nevertheless, an imagination which no despotism can control, and which unceasingly seeks for the author of his destiny through the immensity of space, and the ever-rolling current of ages.

The world is full [illegible]

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