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THE DYING MAIDEN.

Down in the vale where the gurgling stream
Ripples amid the ferny leaves,
'Neath the willow branch, where the evening beam
Gladdens the earth with its mellow gleam—
There, mother, make my grave.

Let the greenest grass adorn my bed,
And the wild flowers cluster around;
The robin will sit on the spray o'er my head,
And a requiem sing for the lonely dead,
Beneath the grassy mound.

For oft, when the sun had sank to rest,
And bright stars enlit the sky,
On its banks we stray'd, alas! too blest;
But he fell afar in the troubl'd West—
Ah! what can I do but die!

As I slept last night, a spirit stood
Before my startled gaze;
On his breast were the gory gouts of blood—
I heard it drop on the floor of wood
As I look'd in wild amaze.

Slowly he passed through the cottage door,
And waved his ghostly hand;
I thought the wind from the stilly moor
Breathed to my soul in accents pure—
Come to the spirit land.

* * * * * * * *

Like the fading sound of a fairy lute,
Her sweet tones died away;
The silver tongue is forever mute,
But her gentle love will bear its fruit,
Through all eternity.

In a soldier's grave his form is laid,
Down by Potomac's tide,
But his spirit walks thro' the forest glade,
When the moon shines bright, and the gentle maid
Is ever by his side.

And maidens sit in the haunted vale
At eve by her quiet grave;
With tearful eyes they repeat the tale,
While mournfully sighs the evening gale,
And sadly the willows wave.

(Written for the Beacon.)

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Mr. Editor:—Amid the pine forests of our "old mother county," there nestles a little valley almost secluded from the world; its existence until within the last few months being almost unknown to your busy, bustling *city*. But the so-called "march of improvement," conducted by that indefatigable corps of engineers for the survey of the Southern Maryland Railroad, has found out our peaceful home; and soon the quiet little valley will echo to the shrill whistle of the iron-horse, where now the slowly-riding mail-boy rouses thrice a week the rustic from his daily toil, to listen to the news he brings from the world without.

Strange things have come to pass of late; and quite pleasing too to some of us, who have gained the title of "old fogies" from our more enterprising neighbors: The noble oaks and hickories that once decked our hill sides are fast falling beneath the woodman's axe. The wild meandering stream is being broadened out to turn a great mill with a never-ceasing, gurgling whirl. But is it not thus over all our broad land? and doubtless it is best. First comes life, business and jostle; when middle age arrives we may have time to *think*—time to cultivate the beautiful, for the wild race for money will then be over. But I had taken my seat to tell you one of my old fashioned stories, which by the by I am very fond of telling, tho' it is rare to catch up a listener in this hurry-skurry age, and so will begin.

Just half a mile from where the great Railroad will run, in our hitherto calm valley of Hopedale, are four tall stone chimneys, standing like monuments over the ashes of departed hopes. Only a few short years ago *there* was a homestead, and it was lighted up for a bridal. The oldest fledgling was to take its first trembling flight from the home-nest. Three bright young beings decked that home.—One had been sought and won by a young lawyer from the city, and 'twas now the wedding eve. She was to leave her childhood haunts, but her sister Minnie would go to Baltimore and spend the first winter with them. The long old fashioned parlor was filled with guests, some who had loved the meek and gentle Annie long—ever since she had opened her blue eyes on this beautiful world of ours. We were all expectation; a rustle of garments, the two bride-maid sisters flutter in, and then the bride in all her youthful beauty—the rose tint of health upon her velvet cheek, and such a depth of love in her trusting heart. Involuntarily we turn to him who is to be the guiding star of her earth-life. At the first glance we are satisfied, but a second look and we see a scornful curve about the handsome mouth, a cold glitter in the jetty eye that sends a pang to our heart. And yet see how trustfully contentedly she leans upon his arm. Away with gloomy fears to-night.

Now a light has gone from the old homestead, but the old pair sit peacefully by the hearth-stone; their thoughts often wandering up the broad Chesapeake into the crowded city to the loved nestings so far from the parent birds. One was still with them, their dove-eyed Hope and "sensative plant," as Minnie called her. She was a silent, shrinking creature known by few; but like some modest violet beside a mossy stone, she rejoiced in shedding purity and sympathy around her—making that home spot lovely.

Winter came; anxiously we expected our merry Minnie, hoping soon to hear her ringing laugh in the old house again. She came, but not the Minnie of the olden time; "a change had come over the spirit of her dream;" her step was languid, and her cheek had lost its color. To our anxious enquiries were cheerful answers, but in such a forced and different manner. Spring went forth in all its beauty; the sky was as blue, the fields as green, the flowers as sweet and beautiful; our river still rolled its bright waves on to the sea, but not for Minnie; she cared for naught around; the wild restlessness of her eye told there was no peace within. Soon the rounded form became more shadowy; the pale cheek wore a hectic flush, and we felt, though we durst not speak it, that our darling was passing away.

Spring brightened into Summer. Summer waned. Autumn with its chilling breath touched the fair cheek of the year and stained it with the fever flush.—'Twas October, and we sought the home of Minnie. Gladly she welcomed her old friend once more, and as we took her pale thin hand in ours, she said she had wished for an opportunity to speak with us. Seated by her bedside we listened to a tale from the lips of guileless youth—a tale of broken vows and a crushed heart—of the deep clear fountains of maiden love that were poured out on an unworthy object. As we sat there that glorious Autumn evening gazing on the beautiful being before us, the sun sank to rest behind the western hills, brilliant clouds floated like fairy boats on the sea of heaven. The last rays, as if loth to say farewell to so lovely a scene, cast a brighter glimmer on the old brown house and the scarlet draped forests lighting up all within and around. And this bright place is man's dwelling. Is he worthy of it?—The first thought-answer would be a sad no. But, though there be many mean and base, yet many more are great and noble. Then let us not distrust—'tis better to trust every human brother and be deceived than never to trust at all. Then the love that gushed from that young heart was not wasted, but may be treasured up by the great Eternal to shed upon some desert place of earth. 'Twas thus I thought while sitting by the poor stricken one. But sorrow was not long for her—ere a little while, and the spirit of sweet Minnie M—— was borne upward on fluttering angel wings. The first light snow was still white on Minnie's grave when another poor broken-winged bird flew homeward. The trustful Annie had not found the world what she had hoped. The young husband was not all he should have been. Yet never a word of complaint escaped her lips. Before the green leaves opened, the two earth-sisters had met in heaven.

There was deep mourning in the old homestead, but through it all there went up the cry "Father, thy will, not mine, be done." The aged father's hair was bleached to whiteness, the strong shoulders began to bend beneath the weight of sorrow, and his once strong form to tremble as he crossed the floor. The pale horse under the rider that sat thereon, whose name was Death, still hovered near that door. Oh! mysterious are the ways of Providence. Who can fathom them? Yea, the Lord's will was not yet done.—Three months from his daughter's death, the father closed his eyes from all earthly scenes and sorrows. And now indeed the cry of anguish went up to heaven, "God, all merciful, I am weary, take *me* home." A rent and bleeding heart it seemed could bear no more. But, mother, look up, there is still one more star in thy cloudy sky; one more blossom clings to the parent stem. With a wild love she clasps her darling to her heart. Yet, another trial, and they must leave their loved home; say farewell to the faithful servants; see a stranger's footstep cross the sill—a stranger's hand desecrate the household gods. Only a scanty pittance from the wreck escaped; a last look at the old familiar rooms; a last sound from Minnie's piano, some buds from Annie's flowers, and the two sorely-tried ones left their almost sacred spot. The sensative Hope, bowed beneath her heavy grief, gave way before the wild tempest that tossed her soul. A strange unearthly calm fell on the mother's heart: I wondered at her strength, and mourned to see the gentle Hope. She was not formed to battle with these waves of trouble.—And yet spare me another tale of anguish—another opening of scarce healed wounds; but think only of another white-robed seraph hymning her Maker's praise on the green shores of the river of life. And now the lone sufferer is left, and though the flesh was weak, the spirit became stronger, and she was enabled to say "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." One year she lingered, awaiting her Father's good pleasure to call her away. Her greatest delight was to go often to that silent dwelling place of the loved and the lost; to plant fragrant flowers over the sacred mounds, and to sit on the green sod and hold communion with her dead—not dead, only gone before.

Gradually she became weaker, and we saw the worn out form sinking—sinking, too, into the silent grave. And we did not grieve, for we knew that it was well.

But I have not told you of the chimneys, why or how they alone remain.—It seems incomprehensible and passing strange, yet this is also [illegible] the devoted mother and loving wife lived to see her every dear one torn from her, the home to be deserted, and lastly to see it destroyed by fire. Accidently it caught, and from our quiet home we watched the curling flame as it crept around the weather-beaten roof and licked the time-stained stone; we almost heard the crackling timbers and held our breath in awe. It seemed like another friend passing from our view, and when even this was over she said, "it too is well; I could not bear to see another occupy our valley home." And so they stand, the four tall white chimneys, keeping watch and guard over the monuments of the past smouldering ruins of the Old Homestead.

P.

(Written for the Beacon.)

MUSIC.

"The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erubus;
Let no such man be trusted."

Merchant of Venice.

What is that which strikes a chord in our nature, making us feel something above this earth; changing the current of our thoughts from joy to sadness, from sadness to joy? Strike the harp of sorrow, and it carries us back to far off scenes, and we live over again the days which drew tears of sorrow down our cheeks. Strike the harp of pleasure, and our hearts bound to the chord, and we are again enraptured by joys which have grown old in their remembrance.

What is that which changes nature for a time, taming the savage, soothing our rage, bending us to its will? This is Music.

What is music? Some have attempted to define it. The usual definition is, that it is the concord of sound, but this I think falls far short of its true meaning. What would the world be without music? Silence. Every sound that reaches the ear is music. No matter how pleasant or discordant it may seem, it can have an octave chord in the seven notes of the scale. Every sound is music. The terror of the thunder is the grandest music known; the boom of the death-dealing cannon makes music while it slays; the song of a bird is music; the voice of man,—how often are we enraptured by the sweetness of a voice? Even the most discordant sounds which grate upon our ears would, if properly applied, form sweet music.

Pythagoras asserted "that the world is made according to musical proportions: and that the seven planets between heaven and earth, which govern the nativities of mortals, have harmonious motion, and render various sounds according to their several heights so consonant, that they make most sweat melody, but to us inaudible, because of the greatness of the noise, which the narrow passage of our ears is not capable to receive." This idea has been received also by "Fancy's Child" with so little change, that we might consider it, almost a gross plagiarism.

"There is not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Dost grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

The sound of the bell is music, which can wake our nature to any emotion.—Listen to the joyful sound as they call us to the wedding; the merry sounds of the sleigh bells with their "jingle, jingle, jingle," telling us of happy hearts; the sad sound of the funeral bell telling us of death and hopes departed; the solemn sound of the cathedral bell, reminding us of God and our souls; and the frightful sound of the tocsin, as it fell upon the ears of the victims of Robespiere, or as it tells us of a city in flames.

That which is generally termed music is all the sounds of the universe brought into a connection which produces harmony. This has been done by a discovery that all sounds are embraced in seven notes. Who made this discovery has not been correctly settled. Some attribute it to Pythagoras, who hearing a blacksmith strike upon his anvil, conceived this idea of arranging sound. Truly it was a wonderful discovery.

The ancients were greater admirers of music than we are of the present day.—Their history has reached us embalmed in song. Homer sung his immortality.—Apollo raised the walls of Troy by the sound of his harp, and Orpheus made trees trip it to his measure.

"Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And made hell grant what love did seek."

The songs of the Syrens, "who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul, and lap in Elysium" lured the mariners to the rocks and their destruction. The *sweet* melody of ruin.

These fables serve to show the veneration of the ancients for this sublime art.

All acknowledge the influence of music. It is the noise of the world encompassed, so as to meet our ears with melody, now making us sad, now joyful.—Some old song reaching our ears brings back to us "the days that are no more." Some old familiar air which, last heard in our early days, brings back to the soul many sweet memories, now making us jubilant in the present, spurring armed men to the bloody fight; now making us lift our thoughts to God on hearing its solemnity. Music can [illegible] rage of the soul, bending the [illegible] to its sweet influence, [illegible] power of its strains; uncoiling the [illegible]ly serpent's folds, making him innocent by its softness; smoothing the ruggedness of nature.

"Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature."

Music is an art, and must be courted as the other arts. A lifetime may be devoted to it, and still we will not be perfect. She makes slaves of her lovers.—Whose names will live longer than Mozart's, Beethoven's or Haydn's? They have made their names immortal by their art. Who have done more to refine and civilize their race? The writer remembers seeing, a short time since, an account of a great representation of the "Creation" by Haydn. The great composer, although very old and feeble, was invited to be present at the performance of his master-piece. He appeared, borne upon a litter, and the piece proceeded, but before it was concluded, he was so overcome by his *creation*, that he fainted away and had to be hurried from the hall. Maybe, the next time such strains are heard by him, they will be sung by a choir of angels. The "Creation" of Haydn is considered the master-piece in music. It represents, at first, the Chaos which pervaded all things on the eve of the creation. The grandeur of the music fully upholds the idea, and, secondly, the creation, "Let there be light," this, they say, is beyond all power of description.—The noblest subject for music is here treated the noblest.

The music of Mozart and Beethoven is all that sound can be. Mozart's masses are chanted the world over. Many of us have heard their beauties.

How any one can be indifferent to music has always been an enigma to me.—It is true, that some have a greater talent for it than others, but I have frequently seen persons who have not the least idea of concord the greatest lovers of music.—Concord in anything must please a person and more than all the concord of sound. Sound, which pervades the universe generally with discord, reduced to harmony, must strike home to the soul. Shakespeare might have said, "the who hath no music in himself" hath no soul.

As long as the world stands, music must be venerated, and when the world ends, the songs of the angels will continue to enrapture the souls in Paradise, while discord of sound will torment the souls in perdition.

WISE SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.—They who defraud virtue of its rewards, rob the young of virtue itself.—*Cato Major.*

The young ought to use modesty in their gesture, in their behaviour, and in their dress.—*Zeno.*

The office of a wise man is to discern that which is good and honest, and to shun that which is contrary.—*Socrates.*

Three properties are essentially requisite to the attainment of wisdom; nature, learning and experience.—*Aristotle.*

The perfection of a man consists in fore-seeing the future, as much as reason can possibly accomplish.—*Chilo.*

There is as much difference between a wise man and a fool as between a horse that is properly broken and one that is not.—*Aristipphus.*

They who know what they ought to do, and do it not, are not wise and well instituted; but fools and stupid.

The most difficult thing is to know one's self; the most easy, to give counsel to another; and the most delightful, to obtain the completion of our desires.—*Thales.*

To be ignorant of ourselves, to seem to know those things whereof we are ignorant, borders on madness.—*Socrates.*

To be commended by those who might blame without fear, gives great pleasure.—*Agesilaus.*

To praise what is estimable, is right; but to flatter what is wrong, is the property of a designing hypocritical soul.—*Democritus.*

The beauty of fame is blasted by envy, as by sickness.—*Socrates.*

To desire little levels poverty with riches.—*Democritus.*

To be engaged, is good and useful; to be idle is pernicious and evil. They who do good are employed, but they who spend their time in vain recreations, are idle.—*Socrates.*

To prescribe physic for the dead, and advice to the old, is the same thing.—*Diogenes.*

The way to be admired, is to be what we affect to be thought.—*Socrates.*

To expose one's self to great dangers for trivial matters, is to fish with a golden hook, where more may be lost than gotten.—*Augustus Cæsar.*

The beauty of the mind is more lovely than that of the body.—*Socrates.*

A white boy met a colored lad the other day and asked him what he had such a short nose for. "I spect's so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

The man who tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue, says it took off a little of the roughness, but made it fly faster.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Mr. Paul Trotter was a man who was everybody's friend but his own. His course in life seemed to be directed by the maxim of doing for everybody what everybody asked him to do, even to the extent of impossibilities, but in which of course he failed. Whether it was that his heart beat responsive to every other [illegible]hat he did not like to give of[illegible]d many othe[illegible] "could not be bothered" [illegible]lasses of [illegible] could never pro[illegible]rtain it is, that he [illegible]ked to sign a requi[illegible]te, to lend money, or to endorse a bill, that he did not at once comply. He couldn't say "no;" and there were many, who knew him well, who said he had not the courage to do so.

I knew him when a mere boy. He was then the scape-goat of the school. Every mad-cap trick which came to the master's ears was fathered on Paul. One day, a gross caricature of the master, drawn with chalk on the black-board, met his eyes on entering the school room when least expected. "Whose trash is this? Is it yours, sirrah?" bellowed the algebraic Triton, turning to a quaking youth with chalky fingers, suspiciously near the black-board. "No!" was the bold answer, and looked in the direction of little Paul. "Then, it was you, scoundrel!" Paul could not say "no;" of course he was thrashed as usual—for there was little mercy shown in that school, as in most other schools in our younger days.

Another time, when some of the boys, among them Paul, were out at their usual forenoon interval, the master's big dog came bounding into the school room with a great tin pan tied to his tail, and flew along the passage between the forms, where the master was flourishing his cane over the heads of his trembling infantry; the dog caught him under the legs, and canted him over in an instant, his heavy body falling between the dog and the pan. You may conceive the howling of the dog, the consternation of the pupils, and the tremendous indignation of the fallen pedagogue. Of course, the mischief was fathered on poor Paul, and as he couldn't say "no," or, at least, said it as if it were unnatural to him, or untrue, he suffered as usual.

Any idle truant who wanted a companion, and asked Paul to accompany him, was sure of his acquiescence. He was sent on all imaginary errands; to a book seller, to ask if he had a copy of "The History of Adam's Grandfather;" to the Grocer, for a pennyworth of "dove's milk;" or to the saddler, for some "strap oil," which generally brought him a warming. He would be presented with an egg, which, on being deposited for safety in his breeches-pocket, his tempter would "squash" forthwith by a blow; and then Paul had to dig out the remains from amidst penknives, whip-cord and marbles.

But he grew out of jackets and buttons and left school to enter the world, where the consequences arising from saying "Yes" and "No" are more serious than at school. Paul's infirmity accompanied him. He was importuned—as who is not?—to do this, that, and the other thing, for the advantage or the the pleasure of others. He had not the heart to refuse. A party of pleasure was proposed—Paul could never say "No" to this.—Shall we have a glass of something hot this cold evening? Paul was unanimous with the proposer; and, on these occasions, Paul's habit of acquiescence not unfrequently led to his being selected as the paymaster. Often he promised what he could not perform,—for instance, to be in two places at the same time, for he could say "No" to neither's solicitation; and he began to have a bad name; his friends said they could not reply upon him—he was not a man of his promise. He promised too much; he promised to lend money before he had earned it; he promished to go to the theatre with one party, and join an evening party elsewhere on the same night. He refused nothing—couldn't say "No" to any solicitation.

His father left him a snug little fortune, and he was at once beset by persons wanting a share of it. Now was the time to say "No," if he could; but he couldn't. His habit of yielding had been formed; he did not like to be bored; could not bear to refuse; could not stand importunity; and almost invariably yielded to the demands made upon his purse. At one time it was a baby-linen providing society, at another an association for prosecuting street beggars; now, a subscription for a monument on some deceased railway man, or some great orator (no matter what his politics); and again a joint stock company for the supply of sweet milk for the metropolis; or it was a new theatre, or a temperence hall or a chapel, or a charity ball for the New Zealanders; had it been a gin-palace, be sure you would have seen Paul Trotter's name in the list of patrons and subscribers.

While his money lasted, he had no end of friends. He was a universal referee—everybody's bondsman. "Just sign me this little bit of paper," was a request often made to him by particular friends.—"What is it?" he would mildly ask, not for the purpose of raising any objection, far from it, but simply for information—for satisfaction; for, with all his simplicity, the honest creature sometimes prided himself on his caution! "One must not sign every bit of paper presented to him," he would observe on those occasions. And yet he never refused—not he. "Oh, it is all right; one cannot refuse such little favors to a friend;" and he signed.—Three months after, a bill for a rather heavy amount would fall due, and who should be called on to make it good but everybody's friend—foolish Paul Trotter!—Many a time he thus burnt his fingers, but never learned wisdom from losses.

At last, a malster, for whom he was bondsman—a person with whom he had only a nodding acquaintance—suddenly came to a stand in his business, ruined by speculations in funds and shares, and Paul was called upon to make good the duties due to the Crown. It was a heavy stroke for Paul, and made him a poor man. But he never grew wise. He was a post against which every needy fellow came and rubbed himself; a tap, from which every thisty soul could drink; a flitch, at which every hungry dog had a pull; an ass, on which every mischievious urchin must have his ride; a mill, that ground everybody's corn but his own;—in short, a "good-hearted fellow," who couldn't, for the life of him, say "No."

In his better days, Paul was a borough voter. An election happened, and one day a smirking agent, accompanied by a candidate for Paul's suffrage, marched into his office—"I have the honor to introduce you to Sir Ralph Wheezlepiper, Baronet, a candidate for the representation of this ancient borough in Parliament." A low bow from Paul, and ditto from the Baronet. He is a friend to all good measures, of all large and beneficial plans of reform, and an enemy to all abuses and corruptions in Church and State. Knowing your opinion, I have no doubt we shall have the honor of your support at the approaching election." Paul rubbed his hands—"I shall have the greatest pleasure. I am quite in favor of the principles which you have just stated, and shall be glad to have the honor of recording my vote in favor of Sir Ralph." A hearty shake of the hands, a few commonplaces from Sir Ralph, an entry made in the little agent's canvassing-book, and the worthy pair marched out, with loud huzzaing from the attendant partisans.

But Paul's trial was to come. Scarcely had the first candidate left, but the second made his appearance. He was the chief banker of the town, and Paul did business at his house. Paul's unresisting compliance with his friends' requests had rendered his circumstances less easy now than they had been—and who does not know how good a thing it is to "stand well with one's banker," and have a friend in him? This candidate was a man difficult to refuse, and Paul, in his heart, wished that he had come first. He professed himself to be a friend to "our glorious constitution in Church and State; in favor of all the measures calculated to promote the good of the country, and opposed to the destructive principles now afloat, and which threatened ruin to our most cherished institutions." Paul, after cordially agreeing in the sound of these views, was solicited for his vote, and—he could not refuse! Who would to their banker? Besides, Paul quite approved of the views summarily expressed by him. Thus he was pledged to vote for both candidates, simply because he could say "No" to neither.

This election was a terrible trial to Paul. He was beset by the friends of both candidates, and so entreated and canvassed, so argued and expostulated with, that he found himself under the necessity of making a nice short summer tour until the election was over, and when he returned he found that he had been burnt in effigy by both sides.

Paul came to a sorry end. He breathed his last in the workhouse. His many friends to whom he could never say "No" did not look near him. They who had beggared him had scarcely their compassion to give. "Ah, it has just happened as we thought it would; he was never done throwing away his money; why couldn't he have refused to sign that malster's ugly bond?" This was all their sympathy.

It is of great importance to a man's peace and well being that he should be able to say "No" at the right time.—Many are ruined because they cannot, or do not say it. Vice often gains a footing within us, because we will not summon up the courage to say "No." We offer ourselves too often as willing sacrifices to the fashion of the world, because we have not the honesty to pronounce the little word. The beauty hesitated to say it when a rich blockhead offers her his hand, because she has set her ambition upon an "establishment." The courtier will not say it then, for he must smile and promise to all.

When pleasure tempts with its seductions have the courage to say "No" at once. The little monitor within will approve the decision; and you will feel virture grown stronger by the act. When dissipation invites you, and offers its secret pleasures, boldly say "No;" if you do not, if you acquiesce and succumb, you will find virtue has gone out from you, and your self-reliance will have received a fatal shock. The first time may require an effort; but you will find your strength grow with use. It is the only way of meeting temptations to idleness, to self-indulgence, to folly, to bad custom, to meet it at once with an indignant "No." There is, indeed, great virtue in a "No," when pronounced at the right time.

A dollar once broken into soon goes, and it is the same with a resolution. A resolution unbroken is hard as gold; once change it, and it is thrown, as it were, into as many coppers, and rapidly melts away.

He is well constituted who grieves not for what he has not, and rejoices for what he has.

A TIMELY RECEIPT.—Cory O'Lanus of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, gives a receipt, which will prove of use during holidays:

The most authentic receipt for making the genuine English plum pudding as it was made by the aborigines when Julius Cæsar landed in Brittan, and added Roman Punch to their bill of fare, is that there should be a pound of everything.

Go to a grocery and tell him to put up a pound of every article he has got in his store.

Then buy a pound of suet, a dozen of eggs, several quarts of milk, some crackers and a gallon of brandy.

Unpack your groceries and mix. Taste the brandy to see if it is good.

It will be just as well to grate the nutmegs, it takes too long to cook them whole.

Then break your eggs and agitate them in a basin.

Try the brandy.

Then add the milk. That is to the eggs—don't put the brandy in yet, but you may taste it to see how it is getting along.

Chop the suet and carefully dissominate it among the miscellaneous groceries.

If the brandy is the best imported try a little of it, if the flavor is all right, proceed with the pudding

Pour the milk and eggs into the groceries, or the groceries into the eggs and milk, whichever is most convenient and vigorously agitate the whole.

If you have loose spices, orange peel, nutmegs, a lemon or two, some spare sugar, an onion, a scrap of ginger, or any other highly flavored condiment about the house put it in, the greater variety of materials the better the pudding.

I don't believe the story of the French cook who made a plain pudding out of a quart of dried apples, a pair of boot tops, and a bottle of Spalding's glue.

Be careful of the brandy, and before you put any in the pudding taste it.

Then try it with a little milk and sugar.

When the pudding is made the next thing is to cook it.

Boiling is usually preferred.

The plum pudding had better be tied up in a towel, before it is put into the water, to keep it from scattering.

A plum pudding wants much boiling, in fact you can't boil it too much, and the best plan is to boil four or five hours after it is done, to make sure.

The pudding should be made about a week before Christmas and boiled six hours a day till Christmas; then boil it all night so as to have it ready for dinner.

Serve up the pudding the last thing. Owing to its specific gravity it settles the rest of your dinner.

And you too.

Try the brandy

If it is all right put some in the sauce.

Also, take a little by itself, unless you are a total abstainer, in which case put it all in the sauce so as not to go back on your principles.

It is a good thing to have a clear conscience after eating plum pudding.

HOW TO COOK A BEEFSTEAK.—A beefsteak ought always to be broiled, to be the nicest; but the following method of cooking is recommended by a lady writer on the subject, which even those who are accustomed to frying may be willing to try:

The frying-pan being wiped very dry, place it upon the stove, and let it become hot—very hot. In the meantime mangle the steak—if it chance to be sirloin, so much the better—pepper and salt it, lay it in the hot dry pan, which instantly cover as tight as possible. When the raw flesh touches the heated pan, of course it seethes and adheres to it, but in a few seconds it becomes loosened and juicy. Every half minute turn the steak, but be very careful to keep it as much as possible under cover. When nearly done lay a small piece of butter upon it, and if you want much gravy add a tablespoonful of good strong coffee.

In three minutes from the time the steak goes into the pan it is ready for the table. This method of cooking makes the most delicious, delicately broiled steak, full of juice, yet retaining the healthy beefy flavor, that any John Bull could require. The same method may be applied to mutton chops, only they require a little longer cooking to prevent them being rare. An excellent gravy may be made for them by adding a little cream, thickened with a pinch of flour, into which, when off the fire and partly cool, stir the yolk of an egg, well beaten.

A SMOOTH-GOING HARROW.—Near the village of M. there lived a farmer who engaged a son of the Emerald Isle to work for him. One morning in the spring Pat was set out to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before all the teeth—except two or three—came out of the harrow. After a while the farmer went out in the field to see how he liked harrowing. "Oh," replied Pat, "it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are out."

"Did you know," said a cunning Gentile to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed!" retorted Solomon, "den it ish vell dat you and I ish not dere."

The fountain of true politeness is a good and generous heart. It consists less in exterior manners than the spirit developed in conduct in the intercourse of society.