THE Ashland Union.

A Weekly Family Newspaper---Devoted to Light Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

H. S. KNAPP, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.] "THE UNION—IT MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED." [OFFICE OVER T. C. BUSHNELL'S STORE.

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Poetry.

[From the Boston Traveler.]

Lines by Daniel Webster on the Death of a Child.

Mr. Webster, at more than one period of his life dallied with the muses. In 1825, he had the misfortune to lose a son, three years of age, named Charles, represented to have possessed singular attractiveness of mind and character even at that early age. On that occasion, Mr. Webster enclosed the following effusion in a letter to his wife:

My son thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son!
And kiss'd thee laughing, kiss'd thee weeping,
But ah! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with my angel sister sleeping.

The staff, on which my years should lean
Is broken, ere those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in thy tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest:
Thou art my ancestor, my son!
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine,
Thou hast thy predecessor past,
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss!
And oh! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear Angel, thou art safe in Heaven;
No prayer for thee need more be made,
Oh! let thy prayer for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My Father! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to Heaven's bright morn,
My son! my father! guide me there.

Comfort.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild,
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child,
Is a corpse upon my knees.

No holy choir to sing so low—
No priest to kneel in prayer,
No tire-woman to help me sew
A cap for his golden hair.

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
Not without Him who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died!

His grace the same, and the same his power,
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether He makes of the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

On the land and the water, all in all,
The strength to be still, or pray,
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May.

To a Lady.

Too late I stay'd, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours,
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only falls on flowers.

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass.

All who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings.

SHERIDAN.

Miscellaneous.

THE TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOR.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Adams were near neighbors. If this had been in the city, they might have lived thus many years without making each other's acquaintance. As, however, the village in which they lived was but a small one, vicinity naturally led to familiar acquaintances, and thus an interchange of neighborly courtesies. It will not do to cultivate exclusiveness in a country village—'to keep one's self to one's self,' as the saying is. Every one makes it a point to know all about everybody else, and feels aggrieved if any impediments are thrown in the way. This, however, is something of a digression.

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams to her maid of all work, entering the lady's precints one morning, 'how much sugar is there in the bucket?'

'Sure, ma'am, and there isn't more than enough to last to-day.'

'Is it possible?' said Mrs. Adams, in surprise, 'and it was only got last week. What makes it go so fast?'

'I'm thinking ma'am its because Mrs. Brown has sent to borrow it three times.'

'And hasn't she thought of returning it?'

'Well, first and last, she's borrowed about ten pounds, and a few days ago she sent in two pounds of dirty brown sugar, full of sand and sticks, that was not fit for any Christian at all to eat.'

'Has she borrowed anything else lately?'

'I should like to know what she hasn't borrowed. Yesterday she borrowed a bar of soap, a quart of milk, half a dozen pounds of flour, and a pint of molasses. Every day she sends in her Jane to borrow something or other.'

'And dosen't she return other things better than she did in the case of the sugar?'

'Faith, ma'am, and its lucky you may think yourself if she returns anything at all.'

'If that's the case Bridget, matters must be looked into a little. When Jane comes to borrow anything more just let me know before you let it go.'

'I can't understand,' thought Mrs. Adams, as she walked away, 'what a woman can be thinking to depend so constantly upon her neighbors. To my mind it's just as bad to borrow an article without intending to return it, as it is to pick a person's pockets.'

Mrs. Adams had hardly seated herself to her work, when Bridget popped her head into the door and said:

'Please ma'am Jane is here, and says Mrs. Brown sends her compliments, and would be much obliged for the loan of a castor.'

'Hasn't she got one of her own?'

'Yes, ma'am, but it's got rusty, and she's going to have company to dinner.'

'Very well; we can do without ours for one day; but you must tell Jane to return it before the dinner hour to-morrow.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

Bridget disappeared, but returned in the space of a minute.

Jane forgot to ask the loan of a table-cloth, and a dozen knives and forks.'

'What can the woman mean?' said Mrs. Adams, in astonishment, at this new demand. 'Well, you may give them to her, but tell her strictly they must be returned to-morrow.'

'It seems to me,' she continued, when Bridget had left the room, 'that Mrs. Brown must be strangely destitute of household conveniences, or she would never be obliged to borrow by the wholesale, as she has done lately.'

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams, the next evening, 'has Mrs. Brown returned the articles she borrowed yesterday?'

'Faith, not a bit! but hark! there's a knock at the door this minute. Perhaps she's bringing them back.'

'Mrs. Brown sends her compliments,' said the young lady in question, on being admitted, 'and would be greatly obliged by the loan of a pair of glass lamps. Tommy broke ours to-day, and she hasn't got any to burn!'

'Well,' said Mrs. Adams, not overwilling, 'she can have ours for to-night. I suppose of course, however, she will provide for to-morraw. But you havn't brought in the castor and other articles I lent you yesterday.'

'La, no,' said Jane coolly, 'we are to have company to dinner day after to-morrow, she would just keep 'em, and that would save the trouble of sending again.'

'Very considerate, upon my word,' though she did not say it.

She could not help saying, however, with some slight emphasis—'Isn't there *anything else* I could lend Mrs. Brown to-day?'

'There, now,' said Jane, with sudden recollection, 'I came near forgetting one thing, and I should if you hadn't mentioned it. Mrs. Brown would like to borrow your gridiron.'

'Gridiron,' said Mrs. Adams in astonishment.

'Yes, ma'am, we've mislaid ours where we can't find it; and so if you hain't any objection we'd like to borrow yours, as we're agoing to broil some steak to-morrow morning.'

'Bridget,' said Mrs. Adams, in a tone of despair, 'get the gridiron for Jane; and if,' she continued turning to the latter, 'you could make it convenient to return it in the course of a fortnight, I should be glad.'

'Oh yes,' simply, not noticing the sarcastic tone in which she spoke, 'I don't think we shall want it above a week.'

'I don't see the castor,' remarked Mr. Adams to his wife the next day at the dinner table. 'Bridget ought to remember to place it on the table.'

'So she would, but Mrs. Brown, our next door neighbor, has borrowed it.'

'Borrowed the castor? Rather a strange request, I think. But why didn't Bridget cook the steak I sent home?'

'Because Mrs. Brown has borrowed the gridiron.'

'Mrs. Brown again? You ought not to lend her so freely. By the way, where are all the umbrellas? It rained this morning, but I could find none in the place.'

'I don't know I'm sure. Perhaps Bridget can inform us. Bridget,' said she when that young lady had answered the bell, 'do you know what has become of all the umbrellas?'

'Sure, ma'am, and Mrs. Brown has got two of them. She borrowed two of them a week ago.'

'And has'nt she returned them yet?'

'No, ma'am, and I don't believe that's the worst of it.'

Just then the bell rang, and Bridget obeyed the summons.

'Mrs. Brown sends her compliments, said she re-appearing, and would like to borrow your largest wash tub.'

'Well,' said the former, at length, 'for sublime audacity, the palm must certainly be awarded to Mrs. Brown. It is said that three removes are as bad as a fire; I should like to know how many removes are as bad as a borrowing neighbor.'

'Am I to tell Jane that, sir?' said Bridget, a little mischievously.

'No, no,' said Mr. Adams laughing, 'you give her the tub, and you needn't say anything about returning it—it won't do any good.'

'Seriously,' said Mrs. Adams, after Bridget had left the room, 'something must be done, or very soon the house will be empty. You don't know half the extent to which Mrs. Brown carries her borrowing propensities. Within the past week she has borrowed tea, coffee, milk, sugar, flour, eggs, frying-pan, knives, table-napkins, a castor, gridiron, shovel and tongs, and other articles, as the auctioneers say in their advertisements, too numerous to mention. This is bad enough; but Mrs. Brown in addition to this, seems to regard the act of borrowing as investing her with permanent possession. At least I judge so from the fact that she seldom or never returns the borrowed articles.

'Is it possible?' said Mr. Adams in astonishment. 'Certainly some end must be put to this wholesale robbery. Suppose we begin to borrow of her! It's a bad rule that don't work both ways, and perhaps if you make her feel a little of the annoyance to which she has subjected you, it may be productive of benefit.'

'A good idea,' said his wife, laughing; 'and it is better to try this course than to refuse directly to lend any further; that would only produce bad feeling.'

'And yet,' said Mr. Adams, 'we must come to that finally, unless the present course succeeds.'

And next morning Bridget was sent to Mrs. Brown's to borrow a dozen tumblers, nutmeg grater, and a couple of sheets.

Mrs. Brown was surprised. She had never before received such an application from Mrs. Adams, and could not help wondering, besides, at the miscellaneous nature of the loan requested. Her surprise was increased the following day, when Bridget brought her mistress' compliments, and would like to borrow her clothes-horse.

'Yes, you may take it; but we shall want it early next week. But you haven't brought back the tumblers.'

'No ma'am,' said Bridget; 'mistress expects considerable company in a day or two, and it will save the trouble of borrowing again if she doesn't return them till afterwards.'

'Well,' thought Mrs. Brown, quite unconscious of the beam within her own eye, though she readily discovered the mote in that of her neighbor, 'I must say that is decidedly cool.'

Every New England house-keeper knows Tuesday is ironing day in all well regulated families.

'I should like to know,' remarked Mrs. Brown, on that morning, 'why Mrs. Adams doesn't return my clothes-horse. She must know that it will be in use to-day. Jane, go over and ask for it.'

Jane did her errand.

'Give my compliments to Mrs. Brown,' replied Mrs. Adams, 'and tell her that since she borrowed our clothes-line, we've had to dry our clothes in the house, and therefore were obliged to borrow her clothes-horse. We should have been through using it, but as she has got our largest tub, it takes more than a day to get through with our washing.'

Mrs. Brown took the hint. The clothes-line was returned, the tub was sent back, and she never borrowed of Mrs. Adams again.

☞ Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship soothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped with wisdom, and effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time!

☞ An exchange paper says that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.

☞ The funeral of Father Matthew, in Cork, was attended by fifty thousand people, and the bishop and seventy priests officiated on the occasion.

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A BRILLIANT ROMANCE.

SARY TOMPKINS.

BY LIEUT. A. BRICK, R. F. R. (Bare-footed Rangers.) Author of "The Spectre Swill tub," "The Last of the Pollywogs," "The Haunted Beer Barrel," &c.

CHAPTER I.—THE COUNT.

Deep night in New York! Night, to the high and the lowly,—the vicious and the wretched,—to all, was it deep night! The gas-lamps threw a pale and sickly light upon the now almost vacated streets—for it was deep night! Now and then a vigilant watchman crawled out of his favorite drinking saloon, though not very often, to see that nobody had carried off the city! (The author intends this as a joke, and the reader is requested to laugh.)

In a fashionable oyster saloon in Five Points, in a stall sat two men. One was the Count Alfred de Flunkey—the other, Henry Podgers, son of old Podgers, a wealthy retired clam-merchant. The Count de Flunkey was apparently about twenty-eight years old. He was dressed in armor, wore a military cap, with feathers, and his feet were encased in russet boots. His companion, Podgers, was about nineteen. He wore a new suit of ready-made clothing, a white hat, cloth pumps, and—in a word—his appearance spoke the man of fashion. The ordinarily handsome and ingenuous countenance of the Count de Flunkey was now covered with a frown. He was abstracted. He would take a spoonful of oyster soup and raise it to his mouth—then, his coal-black eagle eyes rolling wildly the while, he would slubber, like the Arabian charger at his oats, and the soup would drip down upon his mailed breast. At length, bringing his clenched fist down upon the table with tremendous force, the Count cried, "By Heaven, Sary Tompkins must be mine! Ho! without there! Bring ten cents' worth of gin!"

The gin was brought.

It was drank!

And the Count telling the bar-keeper to "charge it," left the saloon arm in arm with his friend, the young and accomplished Podgers.

CHAPTER II.

SARY TOMPKINS.

Fifth Avenue! Time, night. Scene, Tompkins, the retired lobster dealer's princely mansion. Bright the gas-lamps shown over fair women and brave men, (this expression is original with the author,) and all went merry as several marriage bells. The spacious and gorgeously furnished drawing-rooms of the princely Tompkins were thronged with the beauty and chivalry of Fifth Avenue. Like a pure diamond amidst trinkets of brass, shone Sary Tompkins. The pen refuses its office. And the author must content himself by remarking that she was supremely beautiful. How truly and beautifully has Keats said:

"It's a tarnal hard thing to describe a lovely woman."

"Count Alfred de Flunkey!" cried a servant in livery.

The Count entered. A smile lit up his noble countenance. Bowing with exquisite grace to the assembled *elite*, he advanced with lordly strides, towards his betrothed, Sary Tompkins.

The merry night sped on. The silver-winged hours flew by. Still the brilliant assembly at Tompkins' remained. The best of feeling prevailed. Wit, sentiment, beauty and chivalry crowned the glowing hours. But, Oh, hark! The bell rings. A huge man, with fiery nose, enters the "marble halls" of Tompkins. In a voice of thunder, he cries:

"Ladies an' gen'l'men, I'm a perlice-man an' nothin' shorter, an' I'll ax ye if Count de Flunkey is in this ere august 'sembly. 'Cause if he is, I'm ordered to arrest 'im, unless he immejitly squares up his wash-bill with Mrs. Bridget O' Flannigin."

"Fellow, away! Slave, avaunt! cried the Count de Flunkey, in a voice hoarse with passion and—gin.

"Not by a d——d sight, ole feller; yer must pay this ere bill or go ter the toombs!" And the obdurate policeman laughed loudly and defiantly.

Tompkins was bewildered. At length he became highly indignant. He tore his hair and foamed at the mouth. He then, with a terrible jerk, tore off both of his coat-tails, and danced with rage, like a Tuscarora savage. Rushing to the Count, he yelled—

"'Viper, and this from you? Dog—poltroon—puppy—ain't you ashamed of yerself?"

With a cry of despair, Sary now rushed forward. Raising herself up to her full height, she said:

"Policeman! How much is this bill?"

"Two dollars and twenty-seven cents, if yer please, mum."

"Then, there—there is the sum—take it and away—away!" And Sary threw the money at the policeman's feet, and fell into a swoon. She was pulled out by three servants in livery and the policeman.

Tompkins was an attentive pectator to this heart-rending spectacle. Tompkins had a heart. Thirty years' intimate association with lobsters, had not entirely crushed the finer feelings in his bosom. Tompkins was affected. He wept. Suddenly starting up, he bounded, like a gazelle, towards Count Alfred de Flunkey.

"Come to my arms my noble feller," cried Tompkins, and the Count was locked in his (Tompkins') arms. It was a moving spectacle. Some of the guests were moved to tears, while others moved to the ante-room, where the brandy and sugar were.

Now it was that Sary shone forth with singular brilliancy. Rushing forward toward her father and the Count, she said—

[This is all of this intensely interesting story that will be published in this paper. The remainder may be found in the *Flashy-push*, published by Cute, at the remarkably low price of $2,00 a year. The *Flashy-pash*, is a tremendous paper. It circulates 3,000,000 copies (more or less) weekly. Corncob writes for it. Wiggins writes for it. Biggins writes for it—so does Spriggins. The *Flashy-pash* may be obtained at all the corner groceries. The next chapter of this story (Sary Tompkins) will inform the reader what Sary said—also what the Count de Flunkey said—and also, what *she said then*.]—*Toledo Commercial.*

[From Dr. Kane's "Aertic Explorations."]

PARTING HAWSERS AMONG THE ICE BERGS.

It blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming, and were ready with three good hawsers out ahead, and all things snug on board.

Still it came on heavier and heavier, and the ice began to drive more widly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during the momentary lull, and was stretching myself out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. Our six-inch hawser had parted, and we were swinging by the two others; the gale like a roaring lion to the southward.

Half a minute more, "twang, twang!" came a second report. I knew it was the whale line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten-inch manilla still held on. I was hurrying my last sock into its sealskin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders: "Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer: it's blowing the devil himself, and I'm afraid to surge."

The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck; and the crew, as they gathered around me, were loud in its praises. We colud hear its deep Eolian chant swelling through all the rattle of the running-gear and moaning of the shrouds. *It was the death song!* The strands gave way with the noise of a shotted gun; and in the smoke that followed their recoil, we were dragged out by the wild ice, at its mercy.

We steadied and did some pretty warping, and got the brig a good bed in the rushing drift; but it all came to nothing. We then tried to beat back through the narrow ice clogged water way, that was driving, a quarter of a mile wide, between the shore and the pack. It cost us two hours of hard labor, I thought skilfully bestowed; but at the end of that time, we were at least four miles off, opposite the great valley in the centre of Bedevilled reach. Ahead of us, farther to the north, we could see the strait growing still narrower, and the heavy ice tables grinding up, and clogging it between the shore cliffs on one side and the ledge on the other. There was but one thing left for us—to keep in some sort the command of the helm by going freely where we must otherwise be driven. We allowed her to scud under a reefed foretopsail; all hands watching the enemy, as we closed in silence. At 7 in the morning, we were close upon the piling masses. We dropped our heaviest anchor with the desperate hope of winding the brig, but there was no withstanding the ice torrent that followed us. We had only time to fasten a spar as a buoy to the chain, and let her slip. So went our best bower.

Down we went upon the gale again, hopelessly scraping along a lee of ice seldom less than thirty feet thick; one floe measured by a line as we tried to fasten to it, more than forty. I had seen such ice only once before, and never in such rapid motion. One upturned mass rose above our gunwall, and smashing in our bulwarks, and depositing half a ton of ice in a lump upon our decks. Our staunch little brig bore herself through all this wild adventure as if she had a charmed life.

But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice, against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed to pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge, and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose as the gale drove us toward the passage and into it, and we were ready to exult when, from some unexplained cause, probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls, we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment we saw that the bergs were not at rest; that with a momentum of their own they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

Just then a broad sconce-piece of low water-washed bergs came driving from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay, and as the scone moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope, and to hold on to it by a whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble two-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on; the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead plowing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced; our channel narrowed to a width of about forty feet; we braced the yards to keep clear of the impending ice-walls.

We passed clear; but it was a close shave, so close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it from the davits, and found ourselves under the lee of a bergs, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge, with more gratitude, their merciful deliverance from a wretched death.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, that is important, not only because he can ordinarily build cheaper than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by a frequent change of residence. A man who in early life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birthplace of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and when ever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy yesterday, and so, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a stone of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account, we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautiful without a considerable out'ay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with the simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin, and over the stamp of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her examples, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being if he fails to fulfill this beneficient purpose of his creation.—*Southern Times.*

☞ Parents may expect from their children the same degree of dutiful behavior, as they themselves paid to their own parents.

SHORT TALE FOR CHILDREN.

THE PIGEONS.—Emmerich and Leopold, two active lads, were neighbors. Emmerich, who was rich, had a number of beautiful pigeons; but Leopold, who was poor, had only a few, and these of the commonest kind.

One day a pair of Emmerich's pigeons began to build their nest there. "Ah," thought poor Leopold, "how lucky I should be if these pigeons belonged to me! They are so dazzlingly white, just like snow, and their heads and tails are glossy black, like coal. Of all Emmerich's pigeons, these please me far the best."

He was strongly tempted to shut them up and keep them.

"But, no," said he, "that I dare not do; that would be a sin! I will at once overcome the temptation." So he shut the cot, caught the pigeons, and brought them to Emmerich.

Emmerich was greatly pleased at the poor boy's honesty. He took the very first eggs which he obtained from the beautiful pigeons, stole secretly to Leopold's cot, and placed them under a common gray pigeon, instead of her own.

When therefore the young ones crept out of the shell and came to be fledged, Leopold was exceedingly astonished to see that they were beautifully marked black and white, exactly like Emmerich's prettiest pair. He ran full of joy to Emmerich, and informed him of the miracle, as he supposed it to be.

Emmerich laughed; told him that he had changed the eggs, in order to show his gratitude for Leopold's honorable conduct; and, at the end of the conversation, said to him:

"Always, my dear Leopold, continue thus honorable: for

"The best rewards of earth and heaven,
To truth and honesty are given."

"PARENTS COUSINS."

This is the remark which attracted our eye as we looked down the catalogue of the Blind Asylum from 1837 to No. number, 1856. There have been nineteen cases of blind children admitted, the parents of each being cousins. The result in these families, which are, of course, but a small portion of those afflicted in the State, as the institution has never been able to admit but a quarter of the blind children within our limits, are most deplorable and ought to give a loud note of alarm to all who are not yet convinced of the great crime of marrying relations. Four families had each five boys and a girl totally blind; three had two boys and three girls each; two had five each, while sixteen marriages resulted in bringing into the world thirty-six children who could never see the light and must ever be groping through the world a burden to their parents and to themselves. If this is not proof which should make young people who contemplate marriage with relatives, recoil from the unhappy connection, it will perhaps appeal with force to wise and prudent parents, the happiness of whose children and their prosterity are next their hearts.—*Plaindealer.*

HEAR THE STORY OF THE CHILD, which went forth into the mountain ravine. While the child was wandering there, he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets—all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words.—But the mother took her child by the hand and said: "My child, these names were but the echoes of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hillside. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone." Always, said the speaker, is that child in the mountain passes—and every man and every woman is that child.

☞ A modern writer, who is probably fit only for "treason, strategems and spoils," says: Everything is very fine until you have got it. A singing wife is like a piping bulfinch, great fun for your friends—duced tiresome to yourself.

☞ A truly great man borrows no lustre from splendid ancestry.