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MY HOME.

From the Century.]

I have a beautiful home
Beside the rippling sea,
And nightly we watch to come
Its neighbors via to its lee.

The roses in the morning grey;
They come in the morning red;
They wait with us by day,
And at night we round our bed.

I've an orchard somewhat limbed,
And rich with rock and stone—
A garden nearly cultivated,
And a lawn to every green.

And the house within is sweet
As nuts you warm in the fire;
Love's music-notes are its floors of feet,
Its corner at children's well.

And the chamber where I sleep
Is a perfect concert room;
Thus the morning so first peep
With an oriole's warbling.

My study the delightful nook—
Its books are all in my book;
And if I want a book
I can find it in the dark.

Where neighbors at heart congeals
There is confidence in my hall;
And no matter how hard the rain,
A welcome is at my wall.

I've nothing to do but enjoy;
What then itself is my point?
I have like a careless boy,
And meant to be a man.

I see the ripple draw on,
And the sweet stars gem the I sees;
I see the morning blush
Within a thousand surprise;

I see my native home,
In the summer's deep green;
I see my dear ones come
And go like the stream.

Such is my beautiful home,
Beside a beautiful sea,
Where angels, a world to roam,
Go daily on a journey.

ADVENTURE OF AN ORPHAN BOY.

A Tale of Love and Politics.

Toward the latter part of the summer of 1840 a lad of prepossessing appearance (for the beautiful town of Lewisburg) stepped on the foot of Seneca Lake, New York, near the center of the State. He had traveled from the western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly-made countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to realize a fortune that during the disastrous speculations of 1836.

Being an only son, and left among strangers after the death of his father, Geo ge Wellington was left to make his way from Ohio to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in a manner that course might offer. He had passed through several towns and villages, but had meet through with anything to attract his attention, until reaching G——, this fine town, with its lovely lake and fine scenery, seemed to fancy, so he concluded to obtain employment if possible and make it his future home.

While walking along the principal street of the city, some eventful day, he saw a crowd of people assembled around a newly-erected office, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot, he found it was a political meeting, been for the purpose of raising the pole and making party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "stars and stripes," with the name of their candidates, in the "of of the flagstaff. The flag-staff was very rocky half way, the stillness was being at its height, when the cord in one end, caught in the wheel at the top, and stopped, and time was way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement became intense, and all eyes were turned to the half-masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, who were grouped a little in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the expensive hole made in the extent the occurrence of their economics.

At length Judge S——, editor and publisher of the C—— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, ordered Mr. Wheeler, a young man who would climb the staff and drive the cord through the wheel. The almost silence ensued for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the desired trial.

"Will no one volunteer?" shouted the Judge strongly excited to a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposition.

The circle had scarcely died away, however, before George, well his cap and shoved off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident, blush exclaimed—

"Yes, sir; I'll climb it!"

"You, my lad; are you strong enough?"

"Oh, yes sir; I am used to climbing."

"Then go ahead; my brave Spartan," said the judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging nod come to shoulder.

Scarcely half over half the first catching the pole in a manner that proved his no over-slender, George came his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it bowed to one side with his weight. Nothing daunted he sound his legs right and forward the pole, and with his right hand on toward the cord. Counting fearlessly in those below to move away and shout, "Let the day first—twelve—the top, and drag merely do second.

The cheers that now rent the air were critical—every opposition and all, joining in with one universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge Jones—half proud upon his with admiration, said to the old school, to say the proposed remark.

George pondered the action and exclaimed—

"Have your money, sir, I want no pay for helping to raise the Star-and-Bag."

"Now, sir, what is your name? inquires the judge.

"George Wellington, sir; I am an orphan and have just arrived here in search of employment, replied modest as the bright eyes gile at with a tear.

"Will you stay and live with me," exclaimed the judge, "I will take care of you for the future?"

* * * * * *

Five years have passed away since George Wellington and been a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S. has been defeated by his political opponent, and George has been initiated into the mysteries of the "art of arts." He had become a great favorite with the citizens and was looked upon as the adopted son of the judge. It was whispered that George was to be the heir and the husband of the beautiful and accomplished Miss Jones, the Judge's only daughter. But this George had not dared to dream of; his position in life was far inferior to her presence, and to make him twinkling see the fairest maiden from the college towns around the country, was a thing of the past. Four years, and he knew no more of his little feelings, the thought would have almost terrified his sterling and modest heart. Intense gazing at her and meeting her lovely eyes whenever he dared a modest and cautious glance, if will, "I would not offend his soul with cordiality and delight.

George was in the latter part of June, his father and George, were sipping a wine on the table in the "dining-hall." The "Sage" —which has now grown the "Sage" in our recollection, never the management of our house, who was strumming with his hand on the most gaudy at one end of his capacity on the opposite shore; the jar he have the "Hey, Jack was sending over the side of the boat trying to be pretty hard through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of wind, caught the yacht so that she had her bowsprit and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by his, and before the jolt caused after a very he had kicked off his fine pumps and shoes, and plunged in to his rescue. Being a veteran and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes allowed her to sink, and commenced her water with his left arm, strove out with his right, and kept her above water till the judge turned the boat and came to the rescue. In a few moments they were safe in the boat, and George was congratulated from the effects of her unexpected bath. The old judge embraced George and exclaimed with tears starting from his eyes—

"God bless you, my brave boy, you have saved my daughter's life; how can I ever repay you?"

"By saying no thing about it," replied George.

"I owe you now much more than I can ever repay, and I am too happy in being able to rescue even this slight service."

The lovely lie could say nothing, her heart was overflowing, but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes. Her father even observed her earnest glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was no fool, as we have said, and hence he turned the boat toward the shore. They reached home with feelings far different from those they had started with.

The following morning, George received a notice to meet the judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what can it mean?

The judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library, he commenced:

"Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner, performing every duty cheerfully, and neglecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank in your disposal; you can use this sum as you think proper. It remains only in your, or take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you think of my proposition?

George was completely bewildered, and for a moment he had a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he retired to his room and threw himself on the bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the judge have meant what he said? Was he really dared to leave? What right have to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would another his feelings, can earn as handsome living by his own exertions.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal mongers of G——, as to the cause of young Wellington's leaving his patrons mansion, but their inquiries were unheeded. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheeks grew paler. The judge acted toward him in a straight-forward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tones, as had been his wont before the accident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walk, a friendly glance and nod were all that passed, still she felt that his looks betrayed him or the warm blood gushed from his loving heart and tinted his cheek with the tell-tale blush—and he charged the pleasing thought that her looks were beaming with love and hope.

A little more than a year had passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election. Excitement ran high, and Judge S—— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of able written articles had appeared in the judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes—farmers, mechanics and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear, comprising arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles, invariably carried conviction to all the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party of that congressional district copied them, and curiously was on tip-toe to discover the author, as they were simply signed by two little **. The election passed off, and Judge S—— was elected by a large majority.

Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the judge's office. As the establishment was usually closed at that hour, it appeared strange that it should be lit at the time, so the judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, he ascended the stairs and quietly entered the office. A sight met their gaze which caused the heart of one of them to leap violently. At the desk, a short distance from the door, sat George, fast asleep, with his head resting on his arm.

As Ida's father stepped forward to awaken the sleeper, he observed political essays laying upon on the desk, and a freshly written article with the inscription "Address" underneath. Ida flushed upon the judge in a moment—he was indebted to George for his success! He been owed in life who came trembling to his side. And then they saw on the flickering lamp a smile pass over the slumber's face, and he uttered the words "dear Ida," in a tender tone.

"My Father!" exclaimed the loving girl, affection-stay, throwing her arms around her parent. "Hush, hush!" said the judge, "George came home again, and I will go on a-far for him to love me!"

Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and as he saw Ida and her father, he endeavored to blow his embarrassed. But the judge stopped him, laughingly saying:

"It wasn't you young rascal you are to try caught, I'm not outwitted to you; sleep, will you? Ha! Ha! But come here, Ida Ida, and apologize. I know she loves you. Ha! Ha!"

George was thunderstruck—Ida embarrassed—but been awakened from a pleasant dream to find it a bright reality.

Matters were soon explained, and the warm beaming lamps, "Ida's evening blush bolts, prompted to see her married before an earlier for Washington.

"The Lord Hath Cattle on a Thousand Hills."

Old Bill Wensley, who represented in Congress a certain district of Ohio, some years since, was a very peculiar man in many particulars. One of his peculiarities consisted in the fact that although Old Bill was wonderfully ready for the support of the ministry, or building a church, but if a poor woman lost a cow, or a schoolmaster is to be built, Old Bill's name was always the first on the list. Old Bill was in Washington, one of his friends at the end generously made up a fund to contribute a school building to him on Ohio, in the place of the one which Old Bill was in the habit of contributing to. Old Bill was in the habit of saying, "I am not ashamed to give you anything," said the friend of Mr. W., "but I will tell you what I will do, I will give you a fine farm of ohio where you build a church should be erected, to have a week's and famous for his liberality. If you will call upon him, if he will give you a fine farm, and Goshen, after the you have to pay no rent at all, you object. Only, when you call upon him, you must come down very severe on infidelity, and you will immediately receive his attention." When the above plan called, the friendly wag managed to be within hearing in an adjoining room. The energy was introduced himself something in the wind:

"Mr. Wheeler, from Ohio, I believe?"

"You believe right, so far," said Old Billy.

"Why, Mr. Wheeler, I have heard of the spirit of infidelity stalking abroad, in your own section of Ohio, and as an humble laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, I call upon you to use your influence against the spirit. Since you said building a church in Ohio, the Lord's treasury being empty, it requires repenting, for this purpose, and every dollar counts."

"Stop, sir!" cried Old Billy, raising his spectacles from his eyes, "did I understand you to say, sir, that the Lord's treasury was empty?"

"Ah, yes," said the dominie, "it is verily so—we require—"

"Stop! sir!" again cried Old Billy, "Now I know you are a fool, for I have read in that good book called the Bible, that 'the Lord hath cattle on a thousand hills,' and that 'the fullness of the earth is his.' Now, if the Lord hath cattle on a thousand hills, and the treasury is indeed empty, he can very easily sell the cattle and replenish the same, without any assistance from me, and I tell you, sir, I don't propose to put the money and not the Lord, in which case you are trying to obtain money under false pretenses; and if you don't leave pretty quick, I'll make you! Sir, I'm a strict Presbyterian, and I'm not to be imposed on by that charge, therefore you had better 'scoot!'"

The dominie left.

Japanese Little-Folks.

During more than a half year's residence in Japan, I never never saw a quarrel among children, nor did I ever see a child strike a playmate or injure him. I never saw an offering to the deities. Flying toys kites on the hills, no, no, no—I never saw a disagreeable sound. I never saw a child disobeyed or disrespectful to its parents. I never saw an offering to the deities, angry words of impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jackstones and marbles more than an hour without a quarrel. I have seen them in the streets, and flown kites in the fields with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. The Japanese boys are receiving a new and wonderful awakening from a pleasant dream to find it a bright reality.

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