

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

FRIEDAY, MAY 26, 1857.

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WEALTH.--Excessive wealth is neither glory nor happiness. The cold and sordid wretch who thinks only of himself; who draws his head within his shell, and never puts it out but for the purpose of lucre and ostentation--who looks upon his fellow creatures not only without sympathy, but with arrogance and insolence, as if he were made to be his vassals, and he were their lord and master, is not worth the name of man.

hard-working man; "Ah, sir," said he, "what a cure it is!—can nothing be done to put a stop to this intemperance? I hear a great deal of the efforts that are making, but still the rum business goes on. If it were not for the temptations to take strong drink, I should do well enough; and the good doctor should not have sent twice for the amount of his bill. Very few of those who write and talk so much of intemperance, know any thing of our trials and troubles.—I confess," said the collector, "that I have had my suspicions and fears

From that time, the habit grew upon her very fast. She has told me on hundred times, in her sober moments, that she would give the world to leave it off; but that she could not for the life of her. She strong was her desire to get liquor, that nothing was safe from her grasp. She has sold her children's Sabbath clothes and my own for rum. After I had gotten well of my fever I worked hard; and at one time, had labored nearly enough, as I supposed, to pay the doctor's bill. One day, I had received a dollar for work, and went to my drawer to add it to the rest; and—*all* was gone. The drawer had been forced open. She knew that I had been saving the money to pay the doctor and the apothecary, for their services, during my fever; she knew

A month passed away, before the collector was brought again into the neighborhood of the blacksmith's shop. John Hughes was at work as usual. He happened to be excited and entertained. His visitor shook him by the hand and told him, that the doctor said he should consider him a good Brosehavee need money, one of his best patients, for God would be his paymaster. "Never think of the debt any more, John," said the collector. "The doctor has now sent you his bill receipted, and he will not tell you that it is a little man would help you in your trouble; you should be heartily welcome to it." "Indeed not," said the blacksmith. "The doctor is a kind friend, but I suppose nothing can be done to pay

together. Johnny's apron was lying carelessly upon the bench. — And the iron upon which he had been working, lay cold upon the anvil. I turned towards the little dwelling. That also had been abandoned. A short conversation with an elderly man who proved to be neighbor, upon my doubts and uncertainties at rest. The conclusion of this painful little history may be told in a very few words. The wife, who it appears, now thanking her gross misfortune, retained no considerable portion of personal energy, which was absolutely frank; had run off, in company with a common soldier, abandoning her husband and children about three months before. Five days only before my visit, poor Johnny Rogers, having died of

A MUSICAL DOG.—THE WANDERING PIPER.—The Cincinnati Eagle states that there is a dog in that place that has "wonderful ear" for music. "We do not know," says the Eagle, "that he barks more musically than many others of the canine race. But he goes to the singing school regularly, and appears to take great interest in the performance, pricking up his ears as much as to say, 'You see I too have an ear for music.' He appears to be moved entirely by musical impulses. At times one passes the house singing a tune, he rushes out ineffectually, shakes himself, and becomes as docile as a kitten. At the sight of a brass band he plays all manner of antics. He goes to church as regular as the ushers, and squats himself near the pulpit to have a full view of the choir. He heads the sermon but little, but when the singer commences, he is on all fours, very quick, and if he does not keep time with his paw,

the shivering of his hand blew Garp