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NOT THE GLORY OF CAESAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

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From the Tribune.
PHILANTHROPY.
By ALBERT S. HENRIKSON.
He who hath read the human soul,
And laid its depths mysterious bare,
Has seen how weak in Truth's control,
When Self has reared an idol there!
O, souls there are which melt in tears,
When blessing flows for succor cries!
And where grim Want its hands uprears,
With joy the famished frame supplies!
But where the lambs have made their fold,
The wolves are ever sure to stray;
And e'en by Virtue's side behold
The form of evil hunt its prey!
Search deep the human soul, and find
How few escape high Truth's strong ban!
How weak within the world's mind
Is found the love of Man for Man!
Self-love! beneath whose baneful shade
Envy and Pride and Hatred grow!
Here lies the heart's "against others' woe!"
Which steals the heart's "against others' woe!"
Unseen the dark work is done there;
White shapes of evil wan and pale,
Are made angelic forms to wear.
How pliant bends the varying face!
How furtive beams the twinkling eye!
How smiles may wrinkle frowns displace,
And seeming Truth may Truth outvie!
Such is the love of Man for Men,
But woe for flies by spiders wrought;
And who adventures in the den,
Is like the wiles insect caught!
Norwich, N. Y.

THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH.

"It is a serious thing to die." To leave this world never to return, to part forever with all the earth, to exchange time for eternity, and the probationary opportunities of the present for the settled and unchanging destiny of the unending future, "to pass from the warm precincts of life, to the cold chambers of the grave," is appalling even in thought, to human nature. When the thought is permitted to stand clearly before the mind, it strikes the living with solemnity and awe. But the dying man—what an amazing change does he experience in that moment, when the soul is unclenched from its mortal tabernacle, and looks abroad to that mighty journey upon which it has been compelled to enter! Just now he was here—Time and opportunity were his. Friends were around him. The light of the sun was in his eyes. But the moment after death finds him gone. Time and opportunity are his no more. No more can he look upon his friends below, and exchange with them the sweet charities of life, engage in its business, or administer to his wants, or soothe his spirits. The light of the sun has faded away from his eyes forever; and other scenes have burst upon his view. His first step is taken upon that new and untried way, whose mysteries are hidden from every living eye, and whose length is the duration of unending periods; and the days he travels onward in his course, are measured by the revolutions of ages. He looks for the first time upon the realities of the world, which, to living men, is to come. The moment after death! What wondrous secrets will it disclose! To what amazing realities will it introduce the soul! To what unspoken interests will it decide! To what glories or fearful destiny will it carry the undying spirit! How then will the great God appear! What fresh disclosures of his Being, and majesty, and power, and truth, and justice, will he make! What displays of his glory, unseen by mortal men, will then be exhibited! How will Christ appear! What views of the way of salvation by the Saviour's blood, will then be had! What views of the work of the Holy Spirit in living sinners to bring them to repentance and to Christ; and in renewing the souls of God's people! How then will the sin of neglecting the Gospel and religion, and grieving the Holy Spirit appear! These questions we cannot answer now, but we shall fully know them all the moment after death.—They are questions to be pondered now—to be experienced then. Reader, are you prepared to experience with safety the wonders and events of the moment after death! If to witness the death of others; if to stand by in that sad hour when they give up the ghost and are gone, strike awe into the hearts of the living, what must be the reality to the soul which has just passed the amazing and mysterious change! The soul of him who has truly repented of sin and believed with the heart unto righteousness whatever may be the peculiar nature of its sensations the moment after death, is unquestionably safe and happy. But who shall tell the sensation of him who dies unprepared to meet his God, when in a moment he finds himself in the world of spirits; not hearing of eternity, but in it! Not asking, is there a God! but trembling in his awful presence. Perhaps while living he despised the Saviour, and stood firm against the thought of eternity. Perhaps he triumphed over the warnings of the Bible; and remained unmoved at death. But where is he! and what his confidence the moment after death! God, and eternity, and his soul, can tell.

RISE IN THE WORLD.

It is well there should be the strongest desire of rising in the world. But what is rising? Here is all the difficulty. Is it for the prosperous man to move into a bigger house, and patronize the tailors, milliners, and the upholsterers, and give splendid entertainments? This may be perfectly allowable and proper as the reward and natural consequences of industry and frugality, but it is not rising in the world. It amounts to nothing but simply patronizing tailors, milliners, upholsterers, and cooks. The only way to rise in the world, even for the prosperous man, is to cultivate his mind, manners, and educate his family. It is not to set up his carriage, though this may be perfectly allowable if he can afford it. It is not to resort to this or that watering place, though there is no objection to his doing that, if he pleases.—It is to raise himself and family in the scale of moral and intellectual beings. It is not to bring up his sons in idleness under the preposterous notion of making them gentlemen, and in so doing make them fops and dandies instead of men, and thus prepare them for squandering his estate much faster than he amassed it. If

is not to educate his daughter with merely showy accomplishments, and with the expectation that this world is to be a show and life a holiday. The best symptoms of rising in the world that he can give, is to despise the follies of American society, to set at naught the despotism of foreign fashions, to perceive and resist the absurdity of a business community following in the footsteps of the idle and worthless aristocracy of Europe. It would show hopeful signs of rising above the vulgar, both great and small, if he should refuse to countenance the nonsense of turning night into day, and day into night; and as the end of society is enjoyment, he should perceive the ridiculousness of going to a party of pleasure at his usual hour of retiring to rest.
"Time passed, and the evening came for the anticipated company. Martha was there early, dressed with most scrupulous regard to effect, yet tastefully in every respect. Alton came in perhaps half an hour after. The maid's heart bounded as she saw him enter, while the soft tint of her cheek, delicate as the rose blossom deepened its hue. The eye of the young man glanced around the brilliant lighted room, evidently in search of some one, and then he seated himself alone, as if disappointed, and again slowly surveyed the company. Of course he did not fail to notice Martha Green. In a little while others made their appearance, and soon he found himself by the side of one of his most intimate friends.
"Did you ever see Martha Green look so beautiful?" he said to this young man.
"Where is she? Oh, yes—I see. Really, she is a superb looking woman."
"Isn't she? But there is one whom I expect here to-night, that if I am not mistaken, will eclipse her."
"Who is she?"
"Ellen Willard."
"There she is now. Look at her, and then yield the palm at once to Miss Green. Really, I never saw Ellen look so indifferent in all my life."
Alton turned his eyes towards the door and sure enough there was Ellen, plainly dressed, though neat, and face wearing an expression of weariness. It was a moment or two before he spoke, and then he said, in a tone of disappointment.
"As you say, I never saw her look so indifferent in my life. Still, she is a sweet girl, even though eclipsed to-night in her way, by Martha Green."
"They certainly will not bear a comparison," responded the friend.
Martha Green, who was sitting beside the friend and confidant mentioned as having called on her the evening before, had been glancing uneasily toward the door, every time it opened to admit some new comer and was the first to perceive Ellen.
"O dear! if that is all, no one here need fear being thrown into the shade to-night, was her exulting remark.
"Why I thought you told me that she was at work on a dress even more beautiful than mine!"
"So she was," replied her friend. "And I cannot for my life tell why she has not worn it."
"She could not get it done, I suppose."
"Perhaps not. There was a good deal to do on it when I saw her. Indeed she had just commenced working on it."
"Do you know that I am right down glad of it?" Martha said.
"No—why?"
"Because if she had come out in her very best style this evening, I am very much afraid Mr. Alton would have been too much pleased with her."
"Indeed? I thought he was paying almost exclusive attention to you."
"So I have flattered myself until within the last week or two, when he has seemed to give a little more attentive to Ellen, than is agreeable to me."
"You have nothing to fear to-night, Martha, just see! She has that old dress worn by her at the last half dozen parties. And instead of her usual brilliant complexion, her skin looks sallow, and her cheeks pale; and her whole face has a dull, lifeless expression. What on earth can be the matter? Something has happened, no doubt, to prevent her getting that dress done, which has worried her so much as to spoil her very face. And see, with what a look Mr. Alton is now regarding her!"
"Yes, I see: and what is more, I see that I am safe."
In a few minutes after, Alton took a seat beside Martha, cured, as he thought, of the evident preference, which recently existed in his mind for Ellen Willard, over her anxious rival. This preference had not been founded upon any serious comparison made in his mind between the intrinsic claims to estimation, which the two young ladies presented. It was rather leaning towards Ellen, without reflecting upon the reason why she seemed more interesting to him than Martha. Of course it required but little to change that state of mind. He now renewed his attention to Martha Green, with even more than his former assiduity, to the entire neglect of Ellen Willard, who retired at a very early hour.
Towards the close of the evening, he sat near Mrs. Hinton, who was present, and two or three ladies who were conversing. The name of Ellen, mentioned by one of them, attracted his attention.
"Ellen did not look like herself, to-night," was remarked by one.
"No," said another, "I never saw her make a more indifferent appearance. And she was besides, very dull, while she remained, and has left the room at an unusually early hour. What can be the matter with her?"
"She is not very well," Mrs. Hinton said.
"But even that does not account for the want of taste and effect in her dress, two things that are always regarded by her."
"I think that I can explain it all," replied Mrs. Hinton, smiling.
Alton listened attentively to what followed, although it was not intended for his ears. He sat near enough to hear all that was said, without making any effort so to do—and he was too much interested to get up, and move to another part of the room.
"Well, what is the reason?" asked two or three of the ladies.
"It is a plain case," resumed Mrs. Hinton. "Most of you know old Mrs. Bender. On calling to see her a few days ago, I found her very ill, and in need of nourishment and

THE TWO MAIDENS.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hinton," said Martha Green, lifting her head, as a visitor entered the room in which she sat, busily engaged in sewing. "You see that I am full of work."
"So you seem to be," was the quiet reply, "but I suppose you can spare to-night, for a work of mercy?"
"How a work of mercy, Mrs. Hinton?"
"Poor old Mrs. Bender is very ill—so ill that she cannot be left alone any length of time. I have been up with her two nights in succession, and am now looking for one or two young ladies who will take charge of her to-night. Can I depend on you?"
"Not to-night, Mrs. Hinton. It would be impossible! It will take me till 12 to night, and the most part of to-morrow, to finish this dress, which I must wear at Mrs. Corrie's party to-morrow evening. Any other time I would go with pleasure."
"I am really sorry for that; I have been to two or three this morning, and all have declined on account of this party."
"Hannah Ball can go as readily as not, Mrs. Hinton. She had her new dress made at the mantuamakers."
"I have seen Hannah."
"Does she decline?"
"Yes."
"That's very strange. What reason does she give?"
"She says that if she were to sit up to-night, it would ruin her appearance to-morrow evening—that it would make her look dreadful."
"There is something in that, you know yourself, Mrs. Hinton. Loss of rest has the same effect upon me. I don't look fit to be seen for two or three days after losing a night's sleep."
"Yes, I know that sitting up does not improve the looks much," Mrs. Hinton gravely remarked; and then, after pausing a few moments, got up, and said, as she moved towards the door—
"Well, I must bid you good morning, Martha; time is passing, and I must find some one who will relieve me, or I shall get sick myself."
"I do hope you will," Martha said, in a tone of concern. "I'm not situated just as I am, I should go with pleasure." And then the visitor went away. After her departure, Martha Green sat thoughtful for some time. She did not feel altogether satisfied with herself, and yet, on reflection, she could not see any cause for self-condemnation. Sincerely did she pity the condition of poor old Mrs. Bender, who was nearly seventy years of age, sick, and without any one in the world up to whom she could look and claim, from consanguinity, a single kind friend. "But it was impossible for her to go," she reasoned, in the effort to quiet her uneasy feelings, "under the circumstances—utterly impossible." Still she sat thoughtfully, without resuming her needle. At length she aroused herself with the half audible remark—"Somebody will go, of course,"—and that settled the matter.
It was, perhaps, an hour after, that a young friend, and confidant, dropped in to sit an hour with Martha. The conversation run of course on the party to be held at Mrs. Corrie's.
"You will look beautiful, in this dress," the friend remarked, lifting a portion of the garment upon which Martha was at work, in her hand. "It suits your complexion admirably; besides being of a rich material, and attractive, yet appropriate and not too gaudy in color."
"I am glad you think so," Martha replied with a smile of satisfaction. "I don't believe there will be anything half so elegant at the party." "There will at least be one dress there that will fully equal it," the visitor said.
"Are you sure?" in a tone of disappointment.
"Yes. As I came along this morning, on my way here, I dropped in a moment to see Ellen Willard, and found her at work as you are, upon her dress. She has certainly selected it with exquisite taste. Much as I admire yours, I really think that I should prefer the one she has chosen. She will attract much attention, of course, for you know that she is a girl of a great deal of taste, and knows how to dress to the very best advantage."
This intelligence had the effect to change naturally the tone of Martha's feelings. As far as was in her power, she concealed this change from her friend, but after she had left her countenance expressed much concern.—"The reason was this. A young man named Alton, had paid her a good many attentions for the last few months, and of such a marked kind, that she had suffered her affections to become a good deal interested. The extent of this interest had not become apparent to herself, until within a week or two, du-

ring which time, she thought that she perceived a slight change in his manner towards her, united with, on two or three occasions, a perceptible preference for the company of Ellen Willard. One reason of her being unusually desirous of making, if possible, the very best appearance at the party of Mrs. Corrie, was to fix again the wavering regard of Mr. Alton. To learn, then, that Ellen was likely to equal, if not to eclipse her, was no very pleasant information, and it troubled her in spite of every effort to rally her feelings.
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HEROISM OF AN AFGHAN GIRL.

An un-gazetted trait of Ghuznee.—While the Afghans were disputing the entrance of the British Army into the citadel, an incident occurred, which for a moment diverted the attention of the combatants, and turned their fury into pity. Amongst the foremost of the party who signified themselves by their desperate gallantry, was an aged chieftain, the richness of whose costume excited general attention, his turban and weapons being resplendent with jewels. The hope of plunder immediately marked him out as an object of attack, and numbers at once assailed him. He defended himself like a man who knew there was no chance of life, but who was resolved to sell it as dearly as he could. He had killed several of the Queens Royals, and a grenadier of the company to which the latter belonged, seeing his officer in danger, rushed to his assistance, and with a thrust of his bayonet, brought the gallant old chieftain to the ground.
The grenadier was about to despatch him, when a beautiful girl, about seventeen, threw herself into the melee, and plunged a dagger in his breast. She then cast herself on the body of the chieftain, for the purpose of protecting it; and the Afghans forming a sort of rampart before them, maintained their ground until the heroic girl succeeded in getting it conveyed into the interior of the citadel. Shortly after the place was taken, she was found weeping over the remains of the brave old man; who, on inquiry, we learned was her father. She was treated with the utmost respect and tenderness by our men; who neither intruded themselves on her grief nor offered any interruption to the preparation which she made for his interment.

EFFECTS AND CAUSES.

In the complicated and marvellous machinery of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place in the march of those that proceeded them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment, many yards' distance from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivaling in its hues tints of the rainbow. There are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel and the riband, but where the connexion has been much more close. If a private country-gentleman in Cheshire, (Eng.) about the year 1730, had not been overruled in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependant colony of England. This country-gentleman happened to be Augustine Washington, Esq., who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year 1732, at Virginia, became the envied mother of GEORGE WASHINGTON the great.—Lacoe.

SPARE MINUTES.—SPARE MINUTES.

The gold dust of time, and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that "Sands make the mountain, moments make the year." Of the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

perfect feeling of giving no offence. Here are no warning boards, no threats of steel traps and spring guns. A wisp of straw stuck on a pole, the usual sign in Germany of warning, in vintage time, gives you notice that a private walk, which all the rest of the year is open, is then closed; or a wisp hung on the bough of a tree in the forest, tells you that the common people are not to cut boughs there, or that young trees are planted, and you are not to tread them down. Everywhere else, you go where you please through woods, valleys, meadows, gardens, or fields;—and while property is sacred to the possessor, nature is, as it should be, unrestrictedly yours, and every man's.

A GOOD SHOT.—AT A DISTANCE.

A boasting character of West recently rejoiced in the reputation of being a good shot, but on being challenged he ran away, and it was found that he was only a good shot at a distance.—This reminds us of an old story of much more point and humor. A well-known little Irish lawyer, famous for impassioned eloquence and sarcastic power got challenged once by an irritable witness, who took offence at some sharp cross-questioning in court. The orator knew precisely as much about fighting, as a fancy boxer knows about Milton's "Paradise Lost." His friends told him, however, that there was no way to avoid the scrape, and it was certainly expected from him either to fight or apologize.—This settled the point; for the proud little Hibernian, tho' he had rather than fight, still infinitely preferred being shot to making an apology. So the two duellists, with their second, &c., were soon upon the battle ground.—The challenger was notorious as a great pistol shot, and had fought some half-dozen duels before, in one of which he was so badly wounded, as to be left a cripple for life.

When other preliminaries were arranged, he requested through his second one favor from his adversary, which was—permission to stand against a mile-stone that was on the chosen ground. He sought no advantage, but wished to lean upon the stone, being too lame to stand erect without support. His request was at once granted, and just as the word was about to be given, the little lawyer issued his mandate to stay proceedings, as he also had a request to make.
In the gravest manner in the world, he solicited permission to lean against the next mile-stone! and the joke was so good that the challenger took his revenge out in a hearty laugh, withdrawing his deadly defiance, and declaring he could never shoot a man of such excellent humor. The opponents shook hands, and were ever after close friends while the barrister rejoined in the quizzical renown of being a good shot—at a distance.—N. O. Picayune.

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COMBAT BETWEEN THE MANGOOZE AND COBRA CAPELLA.

Being desirous of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, (the Mangooze) I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented (as one of these men carries not only snakes, but Mangoozes with them) and led us out in the compound—the field attached to almost every house in Cantonment. Having expressed our fears lest any accident might be injured by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place under an enormous peasant coop of worked wire, which was lying unused in the court yard. This arrangement was acceded to, and at our suggestion, the snake first taken in the morning was selected for the encounter. The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the cover suddenly withdrawn. In a moment after the Cobra Capella darted out. The kedgepot was then taken away, and the edges of the peasantry let down. During two or three minutes the monster poked his nose all around the enclosure evidently wishing to escape; but finding this impossible, he quietly coiled himself up, freeing however, his magnificent head from the folds, and remained in a sort of listening attitude. Presently the man produced the Mangooze, and let him in to his adversary.—Never was I more surprised. This was the first time I had seen one. I had expected to behold a somewhat powerful opponent. Never could I have fancied that so small an animal would have dared to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind; such however, was the case.—The little creature which now sprang round the edge of the coop was about half as large again as an English rat, of a mottled color, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal had it not been for its tail, which was long and bushy, in circumference near the centre, almost as large as the limb to which it was attached. For a time the Mangooze ran about without going direct to the snake, which however, having seen its tormentor in its first entrance had prepared to give him battle. Suddenly, the tiny creature, which seemed to be not more than a single mouthful to its adversary, saw the snake, and without hesitation ran to him. So apparently unequal a contest I never beheld.—The Cobra Capella had reared itself and spread out its hood, a sort of fleshy cape it inflates when irritated, and which has given rise to its designation. The marks round his eyes resembled a pair of spectacles. Its marble stained scales seemed all alive, as it raised itself some three feet high to meet the attack of the little savage

TAKING IN WORK.

It is no discredit to a female to be obliged to maintain herself by work. On the contrary, it is an honor to have it said that she can support herself. It is her glory, and the best recommendation to the society of all whose good will and friendship are alone worth possessing. But there are females who have been so educated by their parents, that they look upon labor as something derogatory to their sex, and esteem those who are willing to work, as far beneath themselves. They do not care to associate with those of their own sex whom misfortune or poverty compel to take in work, or who labor in shops or factories. But which is the most honorable, to doze away existence in following the foolish fashions of the day, in dressing in the latest fashion and be waited upon by servants, carrying nothing for the poor and distressed around, if all can be done, or to be the first circle of society be entered, and to rise with the dawn, support yourself, and enjoy the blessings of life by living as the God of nature designed?

Which, we ask, is the most honorable, the most useful life? And who are the best calculated to become real companions and happy and contented wives?—Who but a poor, a drone, or a fool, would choose the former for a friend and companion through life, if it were not for wealth? and who lives the happiest, and enjoys the most of this life? The answer is plain, and yet there are multitudes around, following after the foolish fashions of the day, spending the property of their fathers in gewgaws and silks, to make a splendid appearance to tickle the fancy of the miserly wretch. Girls, if you know what belongs to your happiness, you will never be ashamed to work; you will never let the crimson mantle you cheeks when it is said, "She takes in work," or "she enters a shop or factory." No, it will be your joy and your passport to success to a cheerful and contented home, and all the blessings of a virtuous life.

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Portland Tribune.

COMBAT BETWEEN THE MANGOOZE AND COBRA CAPELLA.
Being desirous of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, (the Mangooze) I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented (as one of these men carries not only snakes, but Mangoozes with them) and led us out in the compound—the field attached to almost every house in Cantonment. Having expressed our fears lest any accident might be injured by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place under an enormous peasant coop of worked wire, which was lying unused in the court yard. This arrangement was acceded to, and at our suggestion, the snake first taken in the morning was selected for the encounter. The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the cover suddenly withdrawn. In a moment after the Cobra Capella darted out. The kedgepot was then taken away, and the edges of the peasantry let down. During two or three minutes the monster poked his nose all around the enclosure evidently wishing to escape; but finding this impossible, he quietly coiled himself up, freeing however, his magnificent head from the folds, and remained in a sort of listening attitude. Presently the man produced the Mangooze, and let him in to his adversary.—Never was I more surprised. This was the first time I had seen one. I had expected to behold a somewhat powerful opponent. Never could I have fancied that so small an animal would have dared to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind; such however, was the case.—The little creature which now sprang round the edge of the coop was about half as large again as an English rat, of a mottled color, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal had it not been for its tail, which was long and bushy, in circumference near the centre, almost as large as the limb to which it was attached. For a time the Mangooze ran about without going direct to the snake, which however, having seen its tormentor in its first entrance had prepared to give him battle. Suddenly, the tiny creature, which seemed to be not more than a single mouthful to its adversary, saw the snake, and without hesitation ran to him. So apparently unequal a contest I never beheld.—The Cobra Capella had reared itself and spread out its hood, a sort of fleshy cape it inflates when irritated, and which has given rise to its designation. The marks round his eyes resembled a pair of spectacles. Its marble stained scales seemed all alive, as it raised itself some three feet high to meet the attack of the little savage

HEROISM OF AN AFGHAN GIRL.—An un-gazetted trait of Ghuznee.—While the Afghans were disputing the entrance of the British Army into the citadel, an incident occurred, which for a moment diverted the attention of the combatants, and turned their fury into pity. Amongst the foremost of the party who signified themselves by their desperate gallantry, was an aged chieftain, the richness of whose costume excited general attention, his turban and weapons being resplendent with jewels. The hope of plunder immediately marked him out as an object of attack, and numbers at once assailed him. He defended himself like a man who knew there was no chance of life, but who was resolved to sell it as dearly as he could. He had killed several of the Queens Royals, and a grenadier of the company to which the latter belonged, seeing his officer in danger, rushed to his assistance, and with a thrust of his bayonet, brought the gallant old chieftain to the ground.
The grenadier was about to despatch him, when a beautiful girl, about seventeen, threw herself into the melee, and plunged a dagger in his breast. She then cast herself on the body of the chieftain, for the purpose of protecting it; and the Afghans forming a sort of rampart before them, maintained their ground until the heroic girl succeeded in getting it conveyed into the interior of the citadel. Shortly after the place was taken, she was found weeping over the remains of the brave old man; who, on inquiry, we learned was her father. She was treated with the utmost respect and tenderness by our men; who neither intruded themselves on her grief nor offered any interruption to the preparation which she made for his interment.

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EFFECTS AND CAUSES.

In the complicated and marvellous machinery of circumstances, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some events, if the slightest disturbance had taken place in the march of those that proceeded them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning round upon its greasy axle, and the result is, that in another apartment, many yards' distance from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivaling in its hues tints of the rainbow. There are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel and the riband, but where the connexion has been much more close. If a private country-gentleman in Cheshire, (Eng.) about the year 1730, had not been overruled in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependant colony of England. This country-gentleman happened to be Augustine Washington, Esq., who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year 1732, at Virginia, became the envied mother of GEORGE WASHINGTON the great.—Lacoe.

SPARE MINUTES.—SPARE MINUTES.

The gold dust of time, and Young was writing a true, as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that "Sands make the mountain, moments make the year." Of the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden.

TAKING IN WORK.

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