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G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

CANT AGAIN.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

No. 1.

I once heard a man—a gentleman, a Christian, a scholar, and a clergyman—deliver an address to a class of young ladies just closing their school life. Those who have ever listened to such addresses need not be informed of their character. The reverend mentors, as if haunted by phantoms of Lucy Stone and Antoinette Brown, delight to enlarge upon the appropriate duties of woman—to show that the true glory and dignity of feminine life lie in the wash-tub or the frying-pan, or at least in the darkened chamber where the gourmand is suffering from the effects of such a belief. They assure us that a woman never appears so lovely as when washing her children's faces or handing her husband's slippers. They solemnly warn the innocent damsels of such breakers as the law, the gospel, and the pill-box, and wax jocose over visions of men by the cradle and women on the woolsack. But the clergyman to whom I refer was not a fossil remain. He was an energetic young man. He had apparently brushed from his eyes the cobwebs that obscure the light of heaven to so many, and nothing seemed more probable than that he would speak sincerely and earnestly and truthfully. Did he? Well, perhaps he did. He knows a great deal more than I. He has travelled far and written much, and is very emphatically somebody. These girls were leaving school, about to take upon themselves the responsibility of their characters; and he told them what they might do, and what they might not. He allowed them to teach or to live at home; to embroider and read and draw and paint and sing, and make oak-leaf pictures and cone picture-frames, and gather mosses and grasses and shells, and do good generally and particularly; "but"—here his voice faltered, his eyes grew "heavy with unshed tears," and he struck an attitude of the most beseeching pose—"but, young ladies, don't write poetry, unless the impulse to do it is so strong that resistance would be fatal." After this astonishing outbreak, he subsided, evidently impressed with the idea that he had delivered a very witty saying. Nonsense! and very poor, stale, and trite nonsense, too. When it was first uttered, there might have been a degree of sprightliness in it; but it has caught the foul breath from so many lips, that it has quite lost its original flavor. It is based, however, on an opinion as false and ill-founded as it is widespread—an opinion caught up and passed around, without any examination into its real nature or its claims to our belief—an opinion redolent with cant.

To show that such is the fact, let me ask you, reverend sir, if this is a rule that obtains in any other profession, pursuit, or enjoyment in life? Would you have your wife refrain from sewing the button upon your waistband till the desire to do it becomes so strong that a resistance would be fatal? Do you not write your sermons till moved by the instinct of self-preservation? Men talk as if it were a sin to write poetry, unless it be of the very highest order. You are all preachers Pauls?—all soldiers Bonapartes?—all actors Garricks?—all statesmen Washingtons? Shall a woman not dance unless she have the heels of an Ellsler, or sing without the voice of a Lind, or paint without the pencil of an Angelo? Would it even be better so? Is there not many a man whose pulses thrill to the notes of "Yankee Doodle," who would sit calm and impassive under "Casta Diva?"

A certain reviewer of L. E. L. said that her poems had done positive harm—they had weakened the English language and perverted the English taste; that it would really be better if she had never taken a pen in her hand; and then he pronounced an anathema on the whole race of feminine rhymers. Nonsense, again! Is the English language more important than the English heart? Is the marble statue which the skilful artist carves with his chisel of greater moment than the living soul which he is to shape, "not for an age, but for all time"—ay, and for all eternity? All over the green fields of England, and under the blue skies of America, hearts have throbbed and eyes have filled with tears at the simple songs of L. E. L. Of what use is it, then, for a critic to rise up in his self-conceit and say, "This is not poetry; this is all sentiment; it ought not to be written; it is not Miltonian nor Spenserian nor Virgilian nor Dantesque; it is not written according to the rules of high art." A fig for your high art! I tell you, if I love her poetry, I will read it. "Oh, but you are only a simpleton—ignorant and uncultivated! It may be so, but I am myself, am I not? And one thing I like, and another thing I do not like. I have a passion for sweet potatoes, but eschew pork-steak. You have no relish for sweet potatoes, but you deify pork. At your own table you may gratify your own taste—pork undique, undique sausages; but when you come to my pine board, and bid me cast aside my simple root, because it indicates or produces a vitiated appetite, and try to thrust your abominable flesh down my reluctant throat, why, I say, "Avaunt, there! Look you to your sausages, but don't meddle with my sweet potatoes!"

You may tell a mother that her child's features are not Grecian; that his skin is browned and freckled by sun and wind; that his hair is coarse and his form ungainly—but will she clasp him to her bosom with any the less tenderness, or will she thenceforth cease to whisper his name in her morning and evening prayer? The object of poetry is, to please—and whom? Not the elegant, the cultivated, the delicately-nurtured, merely; but the poor, the homely, the ignorant, as well. It is to polish the rough, to refine the vulgar, to ennoble the commonplace, to scatter pearls before those who find the path to Heaven among the untrodden ways of life. Go to now, fools, and slow of heart to believe! There must be vessels of honor and vessels of dishonor. All stars have not the same glory; but one star differeth from another star in glory. Homer wrote the Iliad, and Florilla Flowerdale writes a Sonnet to a Dew-drop; and though the soul of the one be the basin of an ocean, and that of the other a gill dipper, they are both full. There is but one Chinese wall, but there are many stone fences; and they are entirely effectual in keeping "the cows from the meadow and the sheep from the corn." There are but few St. Paul's Cathedrals, but white spires peer heavenward from every valley; and wayworn feet tread cheerily thitherward, and many souls are refreshed and gladdened. The nightingale is the sweetest of all birds, but we could ill spare from our woodland chorus the notes of the robin, the hum of the bee.

Many a woman with no pretensions to genius walks her daily round, fulfills all wifely duties, seems contented and happy in her home of peace and plenty, who is nevertheless sometimes lonely and dispirited. There are glimmerings of somewhat higher, shadowy remembrances of girlish aspirations and heroic purposes; a sad and eager questioning—"is *this* all?"—to the heart that vouchsafes no reply. This feeling can find no vent like poetry or music. If from the keys of her piano or the strings of her harp her troubled spirit, Saul-like, shall find rest, it is well; but if she have no spell to evoke the genius of song, why should you forbid her to give expression by rhythmic cadence to the feeling which, unvoiced, will be crushed back into the soil whence it sprang, to moulder and decay and cast a mildew and blight on all the graces, virtues, and affections, which should adorn and beautify life. The little poem may be simple in thought and rugged in outline; it may be at once consigned to the silence of a secret drawer; but the longing is gratified, the pent-up mind has found an outlet, and the weary woman goes on her way rejoicing. Years afterward, when the hand that wrote it is cold in the grave, a daughter's eyes, it may be, will fall upon it, and a page of that mother's history, hitherto all unrevealed, be suddenly illuminated; and between the daughter on earth and the mother in heaven there will be another and a golden link, which the world knoweth not of.

Girls, do not be deceived. Write poetry—write in rhyme—if it is only

> "One, two,
> Buckle my shoe;
> Three, four,
> Open the door."

Form the habit. It is often convenient. It is a refuge from ennui. It may do good. Any one of you who refrains from writing for fear of ridicule, is a coward. Don't be a coward. There is not much to a woman at best. She is not expected to have physical courage; but if she have not moral, pray, what has she? The more a man tells you not to write, the more do you write. By this I do not mean to say that you must immediately publish a volume of "Something, and other Poems," though even that I advise you to do, if you feel disposed and can afford it. It is better than to be talking scandal or making flounces. Would-be critics lament pathetically or satirize mercilessly this "rushing into print." It is mere selfishness on their part. You might rush elbow deep into a batter pudding, or bury heart, and soul, and mind, beyond all hope of disinterment, beneath a confused rubbish of unmended stockings, or by a letter of recommendation become the fifth wife of some hard-worked, hard-working, broken-down, and worn-out missionary, and they would not lift a finger to prevent. No, girls; no. If your heart is stirred within you to write, write! If you can find an editor or publisher who is willing to print for you, print! Somewhere in the world, a heart-string may tremble to your feeble and unsteady touch, with a strange bliss. I do not suppose a line of poetry was ever written, from the New Hampshire bard's

> "The beauties of nature, I positive declare
> The beauties of nature are very rich and rare,"

to the stately hexameters of Britain's sturdy old Republican, which did not bear a message of joy or consolation to some of God's children—whose coming was not watched for, perhaps, by many loving eyes, and gazed at with untiring satisfaction. Never be concerned about readers. You will, at all events, read it yourself, and, better than all, you will appreciate it. Your darling Arabella will read, admire, and very probably cut it out and place it in her scrap-book. What is fame, more than this?

No. 2.

John Jones and Sarah Smith played together when they were little children, and took sleigh-rides together when they had become great children. He has given her innumerable ribbons, and flowers, and candies, and she has worked him a watch-case, a guard-chain, and a pair of slippers. Of course, they are "engaged." So says the world of Onionville, and so, very likely, they think themselves. At least, they have, as yet, formed no higher ideas of happiness than to gather flowers and work watch-cases for each other all their lives long. Presently, John's father removes to the city, and John goes to school, and subsequently to college, and then to a theological seminary. All this while he cherishes a beautiful and fragrant memory, and looks forward with a young man's ardor to the time when boyish and girlish fancy shall be moulded into mature and undying love. In the mean time his mind becomes cultivated by reading and study, his manners polished by mingling with beauty and refinement. He visits his early home, and rushes into the presence of Sarah Smith. What? Is *that* Sarah Smith? Is that girl in a green and blue broad-striped de laine dress, with a bright plaid ribbon pinned round her neck, and a silver watch—is that the fair dream he has borne in his heart these years? To be sure there are rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, and a buxom lass; but—but—alas! poor John. He has shrined her in the secret chambers of his soul so long, but his soul-love grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and Sarah Smith did not. Walking alone by the river-side where he so often walked with her, "What shall I do?" is the question that ever and ever recurs. He is disappointed and miserable. Like too many of us, he finds his idol is but common clay—very common. His happiness is turned to cinders, ashes, and dust. Is *she* to be the "angel of the house?" Is hers the delicate ethereal nature which is to bear him on the white wings of love up beyond his lower level? Will she help him to be true to himself, to his country, to his God? Aside from himself, can he make her happy? Will she not see enough of the disparity between them, to be discontented and uneasy? Will she not be entirely out of her sphere, in the circle of his educated and accomplished friends? The thought makes him hot and nervous. He becomes restless, dissatisfied, and cannot sleep o' nights. Finally, after much debating and many struggles, he decides that their future paths must diverge, and he tells her so very gently and tenderly. She has felt the same thing all along. She knows there is something in him to which she cannot respond. She feels that a change has been going on during the years of their separation, and that they cannot make each other happy. They part friends. She reverences his superiority. He respects her good sense. When he is gone, she goes to her own room, has a "good cry," almost wishes she were safe in heaven, but finally thinks she would, on the whole, prefer to wait till her little brothers are grown up, and on the strength of this postponement goes to bed and to sleep—is paler than usual for a while, but her voice soon recovers its tone, her cheek its color, her step its elasticity, and anon she is as merry as before.

Well, what of it? Nothing, if you would only let them alone; nothing whatever. But you won't—busy, prying, inquisitive, meddlesome, mischief-making neighbor that you are. You think John left town rather suddenly, and you fancy Susan is a little low-spirited; and because Satan can find nothing else for your idle hands to do, you put this and that together, and saunter over to Mr. Smith's, determined to ferret out the whole matter. You find Mrs. Smith alone. You talk indifferently on indifferent topics. Sarah comes in. You say, smilingly and carelessly, (your look is a lie, for you are intensely interested, and you want her to think you are not,) "Well, Sarah, I suppose that handsome young minister is going to carry you off pretty soon, according to all appearances. (On the contrary, the only reason why you came, was because, according to all appearances, you suppose no such thing.) Sarah blushes, laughs an embarrassed little laugh, hesitates a moment, and leaves the room. Her mother says, quietly, "That is all given up." "There, I thought so!" leaps to your lips, but you do not say it. You exclaim, "Do tell!" as if you never were so surprised in your life; and though you do not succeed in extracting the details of the occurrence, you have, in the simple fact, sufficient capital to do a flourishing business; so you blazon it abroad in Onionville; and Onionville, nothing loth, takes it up, and at every sewing circle and tea-party where the Smiths happen not to be present, you discuss it in all its bearings. Poor John Jones! Every virtue is torn from him piecemeal, till he stands before you a mere skeleton of vices; while Sarah Smith, in your transforming hands, becomes an angel of light. "To keep company with her when he was nobody, and cast her off when he got his learning!" indignantly exclaims one. "Yes," chimes in a second, "He feels very grand now; too proud to take a woman who knows how to work. He must have a city lady, with her flowers and her flounces." "Well, let him have her," says a third; "there'll no good come of it, mark my word. He'll come to some bad end. Never knew it to fail. There's Captain David, dismissed Lucy Perkins, and married 'Squire Willis's daughter. What with her boarding-school airs and high-flown notions, her pianos and her gold chains, and her new cloak every year, she soon found the bottom of the Captain's purse. And there's their sons now, what are they good for? You'll see;" and the good woman shakes her head ominously. Now, kind-hearted people, I respect your sympathy, but what is the matter? Why are you making all this ado? Do you really mean that you would have him marry her? Marry her in the gloom of that cloud which darkened his being? Marry her, when between his soul and hers there could be no reel communion! It is true, that before he was able to read his or her inner history, he deemed her all-sufficient; but, discovering his mistake, he would do her irreparable wrong, if he should allow her to go on, unknowing and unsuspecting the discovery—irreparable wrong, to fulfil his promise to the letter, when he cannot to the spirit—irreparable wrong, to stand up before God and man, and solemnly promise love till death, knowing that at the very moment the life of love is gone. Alas! you would consign her to a fate compared to which the prospect of death is but a pleasing hope, to the cheerless, dreary, desolate doom of an unloved and unloving wife. He is not to be blamed. The fault, if fault there be, is hers, not his. She knew that he was devoting himself to study, and rising above his former rank, and she might have done the same. The way was open to her, as to him. But she preferred to go to huskings, and quiltings, to take care of the children, and do the dairy work; all very well, and quite proper, only she must abide by the consequences.

But, in fact, what harm is done? Her happiness is not destroyed. This little incident is but a pebble against the tide. In a year's time, the rosy cheeks, the muscular arm, the lithe figure, and the strong, elastic spirit, will bless the heart and cheer the home of some thriving young farmer; and a President and all his Cabinet may yet be chosen from the healthy, ruddy faces that will gather every morning round her wholesome and plentiful table. Spare your pity. Of this happy home she will be the centre, and light, and stay. In this, her appropriate position, her faculties will be brought into full play, her abilities shown to the best advantage. Her many and active duties will develop vigor of mind and of body. Keen intellects and iron nerves, for many generations, will rise up and call her blessed. Joined to one whom she could not appreciate, nor by whom be appreciated—placed in a sphere for which she was unfitted, and which she could not adorn—her joyous, bounding, bouyant life would be checked, and the poor country minister's wife, harassed, careworn, pale, and meek, would go no pleasure tour so swiftly as her own pathway to the tomb.

I am aware that this is only the bright side of the picture. Every woman does not take the matter so easily. It does not follow, however, that the gentleman is any more at fault, or that the lady is any more aggrieved. She may be only less sensible and humble. Instead of doing with all her might whatsoever her hand finds to do, the rich and petted Ida, after parting from her equally rich and petted Mortimer, grows languid and languishing, weeps much, seems to have lost all interest in affairs of the world, listens attentively to discourses turning upon the instability of all earthly friendships, but turns a deaf ear to music, except of the "*Il Penseroso*" key. Doting friends mourn over the crushed affections and broken heart of the dear girl.

I know I am naturally cruel. Having no superfluity of heart myself, I am apt to make too little allowance for an excess of it in others. But, with all sincerity and kindness, I do believe that in nine cases out of ten it is the pride that is mortified, rather than the heart that is broken. Ida knows that, to all intents and purposes, she has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. There may be no real justice in her feeling so. She may be vastly superior to her lover. Women generally are. But, however that may be, she knows that she stands before the world as one who has given her all, and the gift has been rejected. Barkis is *not* willin'.

Now, if scorn and disdain were her style, you would hear nothing of sighings and moanings; but she is not of that caliber, so she becomes gentle, pensive, and interesting. I do not blame her for her sorrow. I do, indeed, think it would be better for her to consider that the man who, after six months or a year of acquaintance, is not profoundly impressed with a sense of her superiority, cannot be a man whose name she will be honored in assuming, and his memory, therefore, is unworthy a regret. Still, if she choose to look at it objectively rather than subjectively, from the world's point of view rather than her own, very well. I only insist that *she* shall *not* insist upon our taking her wounded self-love for a broken heart—her disappointment in not becoming the jewelled mistress of a brown-stone palace, an army of negro servants, and a coach and six, for the agony of misplaced affections. For look you. Ida's anxious parents, in view of her faltering tread and drooping form, call a family council. The decree goes forth that she must travel, and anon they bear her hither and thither; dip her in the surf at Newport; nauseate her with the waters at Saratoga; deafen her with the roar of Niagara; enervate her with the voluptuous airs of the South; tone her up with the breezes of the Alleghanies. After undergoing these sundry processes of resuscitation, the whole business is "done up" in the twinkling of an eye, by the sudden entrance upon the stage of a rich, handsome, mustachioed cavalier, who is smitten by the "most musical, most melancholy charms" of the fair sufferer, and not disenchanted by the excellent name that papa bears on Wall street. Mirth and gayety are re-instated, a bridal veil closes the scene, and the cracked heart is just as good as new.

You see I have little faith in dying for love. I have, however, great faith in moping one's self to death out of spite or stubbornness or false shame. If I am wrong, I am sorry—or glad; perhaps I ought to be glad. At any rate, I am in just that state of mind in which I ought to be, under the circumstances. If I have injured any one's feelings by my unbelief, I most humbly beg pardon. I dare say I shall die of unrequited love myself, some day. It would be no more than strict poetic justice. "Doubtless God might have made a better berry than a strawberry, but doubtless God never did." Doubtless there might be such a thing as dying for love, but doubtless there never (or seldom) was. Not that I suppose all marriages are mercenary. Far from it. But people marry for a thousand things—money not only, but a home—beauty—genius—because others do—because it is respectable, convenient, &c. Some of these motives are objectionable—some perhaps not. When a poor girl, after laying the worn-out bodies of her father and mother in the grave, sees no prospect before her but unremitting toil, loneliness, poverty, and death in the dreary end, and marries the kind old physician who has tended her parents without prospect of reward; who has been the witness of her assiduity, watchfulness, generosity, good cheerful sense, and real worth, and feels that she would shed upon his widowed hearth something of the light of other days, I am far from blaming her. She is not false to her noblest nature, although perhaps, in the dreams of her early and happy girlhood, his was not the arm she looked to lean on. He will love her with a fatherly love; she will return it with grateful affection, and therefore her walk in life will be higher, her ends nobler, her benevolence more expansive, her womanhood better developed, though the ecstatic glow that flushed her morning sky, when

> ——"Life went a-Maying,
> With Youth and Hope and Poesy,"

may have faded; yet a calm serenity—"the sober certainty of home-felt bliss"—will enwrap her in a holy atmosphere, soft, hazy, and warm-tinted, as this beautiful Indian summer.

When a young man is captivated by the fall of a graceful shoulder, or the twirl of a tiny toe, and on the strength of it marches straightway to church, and there promises to love and cherish, I shall not forbid the banns:

> "Honored well are charms to sell,
> If priests the selling do;"

or, if more practical, and with an eye to the windward, he notes that the pretty silk is not new, but simply colored, turned up side down, wrong side out, with new fringe and trimmings, and new waist and sleeves, and bethinks himself how, under such management, "his narrow cottage walls would stretch away into stately halls;" if he can secure the fair artisan, he is doubtless lucky. I do not object. Their talk will be of bread and butter, the baby's teething, and the price of turnips; but let them marry. I do say, however—and am I not right?—this is not that resistless tide, which, gathering to itself the thousand streams that ripple through the quiet meadows of life, sweeps suddenly over the heart, bearing down all the old landmarks of pride and prejudice; not that raging and quenchless fire, which consumes the dross of selfishness, and fuses into a glowing devotion every power, thought, faculty, and purpose; not that great, deep, absorbing, passionate, deathless love, which, having once passed into a soul, can go no more out forever.

P. S. A distinguished literary friend objects to the first few paragraphs concerning clerical lecturers, and advises that they be omitted. Now, I would do so, with all my heart; but, first, whatever I may in future think, these are my present views, and rather than bate one jot or tittle, I would march to the stake, and not a nerve should tremble. Secondly. I am nothing whatever, nobody in the least, and never was; my opinions partake of the same quality, only with greater intensity—so that no sane person ever thinks of paying the slightest regard to them. Thirdly. I only said it in fun; so don't cry.

P. S. jr., N. B. There is not a word of truth in the greater part of the above postscript.

For the National Era.

TO—YOU, IF YOU UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

> Roses budding and blushing,
> When "the skies are ashen and sober,"
> June's young fingers wreathing
> The brows of the swart October;
> Dewy light of the morning
> Gilding the evening hours;
> Age bright with the smiles of life's dawning,
> So whisper to me your flowers.
>
> Childhood's mysterious slumbers,
> Wonderful, dreamy, deep,
> Before the gaunt fingers of care,
> Have plucked at the robes of sleep;
> Faint notes of a distant lyre,
> Struck by an unseen hand;
> Vaguely-remembered journeyings,
> Into a far-off land,
> Over the sunset hills,
> Over the ocean billow—
> Such are their whispers to me,
> The rosebuds you strewed on my pillow.
>
> I accept the omen, and pray
> That their warm and delicate hue
> May be but a beautiful symbol
> Of the future that waiteth for you;
> That their fragrance encircle your life,
> My love, till the angels have crowned you;
> And we trace out your path to the heavens,
> By the roses you scattered around you.

For the National Era.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WENT TO TOWN TO LIVE.

A STORY, BY ALICE CAREY.

He thinks of the choking that came up to his throat, and of the resolve he made as he drove away. He has a confused recollection of the red and yellow leaves raining down upon him as he came through the woods by the creek, and of meeting some gaily-dressed people riding out from the city, and hearing them laugh as they passed, making him give the entire road; and he feels now, as he did then, that it was his old hat they laughed at. He remembers nothing more, till he found himself stopping before Ethan Boffman's low white-washed meat market, dwelling, and stable—his horses drinking from the green trough. Memory grows revived now, for it was here that all his half-formed resolves were pushed to the point of execution. The heart-burning of the morning had cooled away, and left his heart harder than it had ever been till then. Very plainly he sees how cool and clean David Wardell appeared, as he sat under the awning at his door, reading the morning paper; and he feels how kind his smile seemed, as he sauntered across the street for a nearer view of his best horse. He can recall every word he said, as he opened the mouth of the horse, examined his eyes, and lifted one foot and another—concluding by the inquiry whether he would trade for first-rate family groceries—twisting the horse's tail about his hand as he did so, and offering himself a cigar. He remembers how pleasant it then seemed to him to really *own* a horse, or anything else that he could do with as he pleased. He sees Ethan Boffman, looking well-dressed and comfortable, as he comes forth from his meat-stall—his spectacles in his hand, and a blue-covered pamphlet partly in and partly out of one vest pocket; sees him set a new well-fitting boot on the green trough, as he inquires whether neighbor Heighway has any good fat calves to sell—calves six or eight weeks old, that have from the first had all the milk of the mother cow. He remembers, too, the tingle and thrill that stirred his young manhood, as Mr. Boffman inquired whether he knew an honest young countryman who wanted to come to town and make his fortune—chance words—selfish and common—but, to Charley, holding a charm and a prophecy, brightening as Mr. Boffman went on to say he wanted such a youth; would pay him liberally, and meantime give him an opportunity of learning to transact business for himself. He wanted a hand he could trust to buy for him—a judge of healthy country meat, either on foot or in the quarter—honest of course, and that he supposed almost any countryman would be.

He remembers how his cheek flushed, partly at the felt degradation, and partly with anticipated pride of independence, as he modestly offered himself. Ay, he is the boy who heard Mr. Boffman say, as he hitched along the green trough and shook hands with him, "I consider myself very fortunate, young man." He is the same boy in whose hand Ethan Boffman then placed the blue-covered pamphlet, asking him to repeat the wish to his father that he would read it very carefully—the pencilled passages especially. He remembers seeing a frail old gentleman, who drove his light shining buggy within a quarter of an inch of his wheels, and whose white neckcloth fluttered behind him as the ground slid beneath the feet of his high-headed, short-tailed bay. He remembers, too, of seeing the old knife-grinder sitting on a stone beside the canal bridge, and trying the edge of his pocket-knife with a hair. By all this he knows very well that he is Charley Heighway, even without recalling how his sister leaned against the old brindle cow and cried, when in the milk-yard he told her he was going to town to live; or the words of his mother, "There are worse things in the world than hard work; you had better wait a while, my son, and think of it." There is no need he should recall these, nor his father's look of gloomy displeasure as he heard the new plan, or the angry energy with which he took the axe, and went straight to the woods.

His eyes are growing dim as he thinks of the rainy morning when he said, or tried to say, "Good bye," while his mother told him to try and do right, and remember the little good she had taught him, if any; and his sister said, "Come home, Charley, often, and bring all your shirts to me—I know just the way you like them." He says "O Lord" again, and thinks he will walk home the next Saturday, and stay till Monday—carrying a new dress to his sister, perhaps; he is quite sure he has money enough—and he has not been home for two months. How could he stay away so long! he never will again.

This revery was broken by the noisy breaking up of the card-table. The wooden leg is thumping toward him; the frail old man is swearing toward him; and the handsome young man is laughing toward him, hugging himself, as it were; he then stoops and hugs Charley; after which, he slaps him on the shoulder, telling him, with an oath, that the pride of the Riffraff Stables is fallen, and Lady Jane (the beautiful gray mare) is his—then, henceforth, and forever! The old man laughs very badly—winks one eye, and says *he* plays according to Hoyle; Old Rye plays a game of his own making, and according to that has won.

Wardell says that is a lie, and the old man shall swaller it; and he appeals to the wooden-legged man to say if he has not played and won fairly. The arbiter is against both, but chiefly against the old man; upon which, Wardell becomes enraged, and runs through all forms of profanity with an awful familiarity—breaks a chair to pieces in mad gesticulation, and in the end kicks the old man out of doors, and tells his late partner that there is a hole in the wall, through which he may poke his wooden leg, to the tune of particular short meter.

Two guests having been thus disposed of, he turns the broken chair over the grate, and ranges along the hearth a black bottle; two green glass tumblers; an earthen dish, containing half a dozen dried herrings; some mouldy cheese, and gingerbread—which he invites Charley to "pitch into"—setting the example by lifting one of the herrings on the point of his pen-knife.

The youth, however, seemed not inclined for such a feast, and turned away his head, as the smoke of broiling fish and toasting cheese ascended together.

"What the h—ll makes you so lively to-night, parson, and what's a reason you don't take to the provender? Can't you illuminate my dark apprehension, or hain't you got your mouthpiece with you?"

Without lifting his head, Charley says he does not feel well; and perhaps, to say something he inquires by what chance Mr. Forbs lost his fingers.

"By the chance of getting into a row, and the chance of being walloped, as he deserved to be; and of having 'em bit off by some pretty tolerable strong teeth—teeth that had had a good deal of practice in that sort of job work afore." And Mr. Wardell complacently sliced gingerbread and herring, as he disclosed this fact.

If your ear had been very near to Charley's hidden face, you might have heard him say, in under-breath, "Oh Lord."

Wardell did not hear it, nor did he see that Charley began to loathe the life into which he had fallen, and would gladly climb up out of it, if any kind friend would stoop down and show him the way; he did not see this, but he saw that Charley was tired, and about to go home; and if he had been a little more hardened, a little more wicked, he would have let him go; but conscience was not quite dead in him, and he felt uncomfortable at the prospect of being alone.

"O don't, Charley," he said, earnestly, and pulling him back to his seat as he rose; "don't leave a fellow a prey to his own melancholy reflections. Stay till grace, after meat, and I'll go, too."

"Don't, David; don't talk so," said Charley, moving toward the door, and with such entreaty in his tone as went down to the moral nature, yet alive, under all the rubbish of that young man's character.

"O stop, Charley," repeated he again; I'm a poor miserable sinner, the Lord knows; but something that would not burn up; but I don't know."

Charley says nothing; he don't know what to say, but stands at the door with his hands in his pockets, and the young man goes on: "I don't know, but I feel that I am seasoning fast, that's a fact. I'll swear, I mean to do better."

Charley comes a little nearer the fire.

"I ort to a gone after Chat; I wonder how she got home; but Peter Pious, or whatever the preacher's name is, was glad of the chance to go with her. I know that, and that's why I did not go; and then them blasted old loafers kept me here. Well, I'm done with 'em both; I'm glad of that;" and pushing the herrings and cheese aside with his foot, he motioned Charley to sit down. He hesitated, saying it was late.

Wardell continued, ingenuously, "It was too bad. I'll go right home and kiss Chatty, for she is waiting for me. I tell you, Charley, she is the best girl in the world, passing over the nonsense she's got into her head about the church."

Charley smiled now, and sat down, saying, "Who is Chatty? your sister!" for he never heard of her before.

"Why, yes; havn't you seen my sister, Charity Wardell? I'd a been clean gone long ago, but for her; she is the last uncut cord between me and the d—l."

Charley thinks of his sister, and says he shall go home Saturday; and then he adds, interrogatively, "your folks don't live about here?"

"Well, all the folks I've got live just over the hill yonder—quite near, yet completely shut out from this valley of dry bones, I hope." And he adds, as if ashamed of the serious tone he has been using, "I was an orphan at an early age; Chat's all the folks I've got. Bless my soul, it seems like yesterday when we were children together, and now I'm twenty-five; that is not so old by a good many years—I don't know how many." He went on, as if speaking to himself: "This world is a curious institution, but a pretty fair little one-horse team, after all. I mean to lock up, after this, precisely at ten o'clock. If it hadn't a been for them loafers—blame their hides!—I'd a gone after Chat. She'll forgive me, though, bless her soul."

He looked up, as if surprised to see Charley, and said, "You have had good examples; you have been raised right, I know. How happens it that your lines have fallen in this neck of woods?"

Charley says he don't know; he used to think he had a hard time; he used to think he did not have clothes good enough, nor so much money as he ought to have. He don't say he had a hard time, as he had, poor boy, but he says his folks are as good, honest folks as can be found anywhere.

"Well, things are as they is, and they can't be any iser. Suppose we break up, to meet to-morrow evening at early candle-light—no intervening providence. Seems to me I never saw this old town so still and so dark. I wish it was morning." And David Wardell put up the shutters, blew out the lard-lamp, and locked the door behind himself and his young friend.

The lights were mostly gone now, except at the Lion and the Bull's Head, or here and there in some cellar where the dice were still rattling; and through the snow, still coming down in flakes, the friends picked their way around slops, and through muddy weeds, and from stone to stone—David Wardell giving what he called his experience as they went.

A feeling kindred to remorse had been awakened that night in his bosom, and the darkness seemed to hold and press it down into his heart as they went along. Perhaps he was trying to find some excuse for what he knew to be a bad life, when he said, "If our folks had given me a little more liberty when I was young, I don't believe I'd a took so much now; but I did not dare to say my life was my own—specially Sundays. I was not allowed to pick a flower nor a berry, to say nothing of swinging under the peach tree, right before father's eyes, and with no one but Chat; and if I did, tired to death of the same old book and the silence of the house, I was sure of a day's imprisonment within the garret, and a fast—ending with what my father called a wholesome application of the corrective rod. I used to resolve at such times that I'd break out of his hands when I was old enough, and sure enough I have. I never meant to go so far away from the straight path that I could not step back when I chose, and don't mean to now; but the world owes me a good deal for all it made me suffer when I was a boy, and I take it now by main force. Gementalies! I would not live one of them Sundays over now for a good deal—no dinner, and no supper, and no nothing, but long faces, and groans, and "hushes!" at me and Charity, if we even so much as smiled. Oh, the sermons of those days used to be three hours long, every inch of it; and then the hymns had five million verses a-piece in them; and after all, if any brother had anything to say, a privilege was offered, and after, an exhortation of an hour's length followed. If it had been my privilege to exhort, I would have urged the efficacy of a little brief common sense; but my part was to sit on a hard bench without any back, and if I lopped down or shut my eyes, I was brought up with a jerk, and so frightened that I often forgot the text—an offence I was sure to be whipped for. The first lie I ever told was to say to the preacher I liked to go to meeting, because I knew if I said I did not, my father would whip me; but you can't beat goodness into nobody."

They had climbed the hill, and come up on to level ground, where the roadside was bordered with grass—Charley walking in silence, and wondering whether it would not be easier work to do right than to find justifications for wrong.

"This is the way," said Wardell; "that is our house where you see the light." And they turned aside from the main road into a lane, winding round a hill side, and against a patch of woods that completely shut the neighboring town from view. Through the snow, and darkness, and the orchard trees, nothing but the light was to be seen; but it was love that kept it burning, and how cheerful and comfortable its effect was. Wardell's spirits rose at once, and, as he went on relating what he called one of the pleasant reminiscences of his boyhood, the echoes of his laughter laughed in the hills.

"Do you remember the plaid cloaks they used to wear?" he began. "Well, I had one of them, and I had to wear it long after it was outgrown and out of fashion. The last time I wore the thing, it was to meeting. It was a cold day, but I said I would not wear the cloak; I would be warm enough. My father saw that I was ashamed to wear it; and, holding me by main force, he strapped and buckled and hooked it on to me, with all its brass acorns and silver hooks, and I know not what all; and when I met force with resistance, he brought a rope with which a calf had been tied in the stable, saying, if I behaved like a calf, I must be treated like one; and so he tied me fast in the wagon, and I went to meeting so—in no very pious mood, you may imagine. It was but a week or two after that, that I hid in the barn till our folks were gone to church, and came out and played with the neighbor's boys. I never wore the cloak again, though poor little Chatty wore it a great many years after that; dear Chat, she was not like me, and she goes to church as often of her own inclination as she did by compulsion; but here we are; this is our house—a nice place, isn't it?"

Charley said yes, though he could see nothing but a light shining through a small window, curtained with white.

"I say our house," continued Wardell, "but you see it's Chatty's. The fact is, I've spent all my patrimony for the wild oats I've sowed. She bought this place, for the sake of being near me, and it's her money I'm doing business with. Come in, won't you?"

He lifted the gate latch as he spoke, and at the sound the door opened softly, a muffled night-dress fluttered in the wind, and a voice, so sweet and so loving, said, "Oh, I am so glad!" Charley saw there was a wood fire burning, a warmly carpeted floor, and pictures and books against the wall.

with a cheerful "good night," turned away, and whistled homeward.

There was no wood fire and no candle burning for him, but he had a brave nature; he was always just going to get at some good some way, but he had never seen the way quite clearly, and he did not yet, poor Charley.

You might have heard the cheerful whistling, as the steep stairs creaked under his feet, as the little door in the dark gable opened, and for a minute or two, more lowly and slowly, after it closed.

Wardell was as good as his word, and put his arm around Chatty, and kissed her cheek, as her little slippered feet pattered along the snow-path, to meet him.

"I am so glad!" she said again, and that was all; no allusion to her long, weary watch, no reproving look, even, or mention of the better way in which she had been passing her time; yet not the less the brother knew it, and felt it—felt it, not so pungently as he should, yet he felt it; and when there was no accusation, he began to excuse himself, by saying that a couple of loafers, whom he hated, and hoped never to see again, had kept him waiting for two hours, when all the time he wished to be at home. Charity looked down a little sadly, but said nothing. She had heard such excuses before; and directly David continued, forcing some gaiety, "And you know, Chatty, I did not suppose you were alone. I don't think your preacher very polite; but he came home with you, didn't he?"

"He came to the door with me," she replied, speaking seriously.

"To the door!" repeated David, "why, when do you expect to make your courtship, at that rate?"

"Never!" replied Charity; "we have no courtship to make."

"Honor bright, now," interrupted David. "Don't Parson Longface, or whatever else his name is, like you perpendicularly well?"

In talking with Charley, or with his sister, David Wardell for the most part used natural and sensible language, but now and then he made or twisted a word from its legitimate meaning, though to avoid profanity seemed as easy as to use it when surrounded by his bad companions.

"Don't, David," said Charity, very softly, in allusion to the word-twisting and word-making of her brother.

"'Don't, David;' that's what Charley's always saying to me. I can't so much as say, 'by gings,' when he and I are by our lone, but that he says, 'don't.'"

Charity's blue eyes opened wide, and there shone in them an earnest glow, as she asked who Charley was, and said she was glad he had so good a friend.

"O, you must know him," said David, "he is one of the best fellows in the world;" and he added, as the crowning praise of all, "he plays a first-rate game of euchre!"

Charity looked half sorrowful again, and David hastened to say, "But you did not tell me, Chat, when I am to have a preacher for a brother; just tell me, and I'll begin a preparatory course of training—yes, sir-e-e, I will."

"We must not wait," said Charity, for this thing nor for that. I have little faith in the religion that comes from any external force—it should be a divine impulse of the heart, acting outwardly. The true fire of religion, of love, which is the same thing, will consume evil into itself, if by activity we keep it well aglow, till all is bright and shining. My dear brother, we must let the good that is in us work in its own way, and not ourselves work to smother and kill it, and so make our hearts heavy with its dead weight."

"Well, that's just what I believe in doing; but nobody calls it religion to do good," said David. "If I had been taught that that was all, I believe that I should have been a better man."

"To do good from the right motive, and for the right end," said Charity, "is all the religion I know. It seems an easy thing to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and yet it is so hard that we have all come short."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pretty Severe.—The venerable Dr. Noyes, of Hartford, Connecticut, once said, when commenting on the verse of St. Paul, "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe," Paul does not say, by foolish preaching; for if it had been by that, the world would have been saved long ago.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IN ENGLAND.

Reply of the Times to the Moniteur.

From the London Times, Oct 27, 1856.

Once more, after a considerable interval of time, the *Moniteur* has been directed to call to order the unmannerly organs of the English press. The *Moniteur* is the organ of the French Government. The English newspapers are merely the private utterance of individuals; it therefore becomes them to confront their monitor with dignity and respect, neither forgetting the interests that might be compromised by rough and unmannerly plainness, nor the directness and sincerity which are the honor and the distinction of freemen.

The *Moniteur* tells us that "for some time different organs of the English press have endeavored to spread calumnies respecting the French Government, which are the more odious as they are concealed under an anonymous mask, and can only be answered by contempt. We are aware of the respect which is paid to the liberty of the press in England, and in thus pointing out its deviations we confine ourselves to an appeal to the common sense and good faith of the English people, to warn them against the dangers of a system which, by destroying the confidence between the two Governments, would tend to disunite two nations whose alliance is the best guarantee of the peace of the world."

This paragraph is framed in terms of studied ambiguity, and has taken the public both in London and Paris completely by surprise. The offending journals, the nature of the offence, the portion of the French Government attacked, are all left to the consciences of the anonymous persons who write them, and of the anonymous public who by reading encourage them. We are neither in the secrets of the *Moniteur* nor of our cotempararies, and therefore know not who are the guilty writers, and what part of the French Government believes itself aspersed. But this we can say with confidence, speaking for ourselves, for whom alone we have a right to speak, that without pretending any sympathy with the manner in which the present Government of France was established, or with the principles on which it is based, we recognise in his Majesty the Emperor of the French a faithful and honorable ally, whose good faith towards and effective co-operation with this country is embalmed in the glorious reminiscences of a successful war. We believe that the Emperor of the French is the best and sincerest friend of the English alliance within his dominions. We accept his autocracy over France as the result of her own choice, authenticated by her own suffrages, and therefore as a fact which it becomes every English writer to treat with reserve, with moderation, and even with respect.

Again, we sincerely profess for the French nation at large, the constituents of their Imperial master, the same feeling which we entertain towards their representative, and it is to their union with England that we look for all that politicians can achieve towards the future progress and enlightenment of Europe. But if we are asked to extend the same respectful consideration which we gladly give to the Emperor of the French and the people he represents to all who may from time to time surround him, we distinctly refuse to carry our complaisance to that pitch; and we tell the *Moniteur* and the men who inspire it that they must be prepared with far better answers to the charges which have appeared—not in our own columns, but those of our contemporaries—than the simple allegation "that such charges are anonymous, and that they are only worthy of contempt."

The charges which may have appeared in the English press are not on that account to be anonymous, to be assumed as false; but the fact of their appearing in a respectable journal is a sufficient reason for answering their statements by some better and more convincing response than an assumption of supercilious contempt.

The *Moniteur* speaks of danger to the alliance. Well! we will speak out of the dangers to that alliance. There *is* danger to the alliance, but that danger proceeds, not from the just and honest strictures of the English press on public men, whose characters are public property, but from the conduct of some who, raised suddenly to high office, seem inclined to enter on a career at once fatal to France and false to England. Those are the worst enemies of the French and English alliance who can see in Government no higher aim than their own interest, and so become careless of the welfare of the nation and the trust confided to them. Such men, for instance, view in the negotiations for a treaty of peace an excellent opportunity for reviling and crushing the press of a small but free State; and, as we are driven to it by the *Moniteur*, we must confess that we saw with shame and disgust how easily our own plenipotentiaries were beguiled by the snare spread for them before their very eyes. Again, we are not ignorant—we do not profess to be ignorant—of the colossal fortunes that have been realized within the last few years, by men who till then were plunged in the depths of indigence. We have observed with dismay the rise to the surface of the financial pool of vast bubbles; we have witnessed the most reckless and gigantic private speculation combined with the direction of public affairs; and we have seen with deep regret that, instead of doing everything in their power to check the rising spirit of gambling, some high in office and favor in France have lent the whole influence of their position and their example to stimulate and exaggerate the evil. We have also observed with pain that the Government of France has conducted its operations in many respects ostentatiously in defiance of the ascertained and recognised principles of political economy, and thus provoked a collapse, which, come when it may, cannot fail to be injurious to the Government, calamitous to France, and deeply prejudicial to this country. We detest the restrictions on personal liberty in France. We abhor her whole system of passports and its attendant annoyances. It is idle to tell us that the free discussion of these things is inconsistent with the alliance between France and England. It is because we are allies—allies to an extent which no merely political act can make us—allies in commerce as well as in arms, because France cannot suffer without inflicting corresponding sufferings on England—that we now claim to exercise the right to discuss measures and men in which we as well as she are deeply interested.

The *Moniteur* and its injudicious prompters have drawn these observations on their own heads. We are so used in England to the free expression of opinion, that we cannot consent to be deprived of the privilege of discussing the public affairs of the world, to suit the convenience of any one whatever; and we sincerely regret to find the *Moniteur* instructed to represent that a diminution of the respect paid to the liberty of the press in England is the price that must be paid for the continuance of the French alliance. As regards our national policy, we are ready to do all that can be required from the most faithful and generous ally, but it is otherwise with the internal Government and organization of England. That is sacred and inviolable, and we believe there is no sacrifice that this country would not submit to, rather than suffer them to be assimilated to the Continental standard.

The *Moniteur* "warns the English people against the dangers of a system" (freedom of the press) "which, by destroying the confidence between the two Governments, would tend to disunite the two nations." We answer, that we are warned already. We know what the freedom of the press costs us—we know what it is worth to us. It costs us some abatement of sympathy and cordiality from absolute and repressive Governments. It is worth to us all that we are, all that we have been, all that we shall be. Nor do we lack warnings on the other side. We see that the moment a Government interferes with the liberty of the press, it not merely deprives itself of the best guide to the feelings of its people, but also fixes itself with a new and dangerous responsibility for everything it permits to appear. From these dangers the British Government is at least exempt, and we shall require better proofs than we as yet possess of the benefits of repression, before we consent to try the experiment.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Kansas Yankee's Ferry Ticket.—We are permitted to copy the following anecdote from a private letter just received by a gentleman of this city, from a brother now in Kansas. The Yankee referred to is the right kind of a man to deal with the "Border Ruffians" in Kansas.

You know the test to which the Missourians subject all travellers who make their appearance at any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed into Kansas. Some days since, a slab-sided Yankee arrived at one of the Northern Missouri landings, with a long train of *plunder* of various sorts. By way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had.

"Waal," says the Yankee, "I've got two horses, a yoke of oxen, and two *keows*."

"That's enough," replied the ferryman; "you can't cross here."

"Why not?" inquired the Yankee.

The ferryman told him that his instructions were not to cross anybody that couldn't pronounce the word *cow*.

"But I said *keow*," persisted the Yankee.

"Well, you can't cross here," rather gruffly replied Charon.

"But I've got tickets entitling me to cross," urged the Yankee.

The ferryman replied, that he did not know of anybody who had a right to sell him tickets.

"But I've got them, any way."

The ferryman demanded a sight of the tickets; whereupon, Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand, crying, "Them's the tickets, and I'm bound to cross this ferry, *keow* or no *keow!*"—*Marengo Journal.*

What a Postmaster Should Not Be.—When Judge McLean was Postmaster General, he was grossly abused by a disappointed applicant for reappointment as postmaster in one of the small towns. He at length demanded to be informed in writing why he was not reappointed. He was so informed; and it is said the following is a copy of the letter with which he was favored by the Postmaster General:

Post Office Department,
June 6, 1823.

Sir: The allegations against you are numerous and strong, and are chiefly these:

That you cannot write or read well enough; are not a safe accountant; have been guilty of the grossest negligence in not delivering letters when called for—a negligence always inconvenient, and often attended with injury; deliver letters frequently to persons for whom they were not intended, and suffer them to be taken away; fail to send letters and packages by the mail in proper time, sometimes sending off the mail without putting into it any letters or packets that had been lodged at your office; reverse the destination of letters, and send them back to the places whence they came; have not sense enough to discover the error, after the letters have been repeatedly returned; make frequent and gross mistakes in the bills forwarded to other offices; open packages addressed to other post offices, when a mail is called for by a neighboring postmaster, handing out any one, right or wrong; disobey the regulations respecting dead newspapers; appropriate half a dozen of them to your own use for two or three years, and resort to the miserable speculation of selling them for wrapping paper; fill up a circulating library with periodical works obtained in this way; are uncouth in your behaviour; odious to the population; heap error tried by the vicinage, and found wanting; and, to sum up, they charge you with want of principle and capacity.

Respectfully, your obedient,
John McLean.

The Baltimore Election Riots—An Amazon in the Field.—In the midst of the riots between the Eighth and Seventh wards, and leading on the Eighth ward boys with cheering shouts, was a good-looking Irish woman, who manifested a spirit of daring and bravery which would have done credit to one of Napoleon's Old Guard. She had no fire-arms, except what one might call the swivel, which she helped to carry; but she certainly did most effective service in repelling the invaders with brickbats and such other missiles as she could pick up. She was fired at three times by one man, and yet escaped uninjured. After the Seventh ward Know Nothings had been dispersed and driven back, she deliberately rolled up her sleeves, stooped down at the corner of Milliken and Aisquith streets, with her eye upon the enemy, and washed her hands. The Eighth ward boys gathered around her, and gave her three cheers, while one of them, a son of Erin, became so demonstrative, that he threw his arms around her neck and kissed her. Another incident of this fight observed by the neighbors, was that of a man running upon Mr. Shreck's steps in Aisquith street, for protection, and while there three pistols were aimed at him, a woman placed herself before him and saved his life.—*Baltimore Republican, Nov. 10.*

Action of Sugar on the Teeth.—The Charleston (S. C.) *Medical Journal* states that M. Larez, in the course of his investigations on the teeth, arrived at the following conclusions:

"1st. Refined sugar, either from cane or beet, is injurious to healthy teeth, either by immediate contact with these organs, or by the gas developed, owing to its stoppage in the stomach.

"2d. If a tooth is macerated in a saturated solution of sugar, it is so much altered in the chemical composition, that it becomes gelatinous, and its enamel opaque, spongy, easily broken.

"3d. This modification is due, not to free acid, but to a tendency of sugar to combine with the calcareous basis of the tooth."

The foregoing conclusions are correct, and candies and condiments should be avoided. They should be kept free from children especially. It is well known that maple sugar renders teeth tender and sensitive.

Gallant Boys.—About two weeks ago, two sons of Mr. J. S. Whilhoite, of Monterey, in Owen county, Kentucky, one ten years old and the other eight, rode their father's horse to the Kentucky river to water. The horse plunged in, and attempted to swim across the river, with both the boys upon his back. When near the middle of the stream, they tried to turn the horse back toward the other shore. This made him capsize, and both the boys slipped off into the water, and the horse left them. As they slipped off, the elder said to the younger, "Hold on to me, and I'll swim out with you." He did hold on, and the other actually swam ashore with him upon his back, dragging at the same time through the water a tin bucket, which the younger had strung by the bail upon his arm. When was a more remarkable feat ever accomplished by a boy of ten years?

Queer Names.—We heard of a family in Detroit, whose sons were named One Stickney, Two Stickney, Three Stickney; and whose daughters were named First Stickney, Second Stickney, and so on. The three elder children of another family were named Joseph And, and Another; and it was supposed, that should they have any more, they might have named them Also, Moreover, Nevertheless, and Notwithstanding. Another family actually named their child Finis, supposing it was their last; but they happened afterward to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix, and Supplement. Another parent set out to perpetuate the twelve apostles, and named the fifth child Acts. A man in Pennsylvania called his second son James Also, and third, William Likewise.

Good Advice.—

> If your lips would keep from slips,
> Five things observe with care—
> Of *whom* you speak, to *whom* you speak,
> And *how* and *when* and *where*.