The Christian's Home.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose thy rudder band,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall thy plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee;
Reef in the foresail there!
Hold the helm fast!
So let the vessel wear,
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy—all quiet,
No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant,
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold;
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold!
There, let the ingots go,
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbor's near,
Lo! the red lights?

Slacken not sail yet
An inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland;
Crowd all thy canvass on,
Cut through the foam;
Christian cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy home!

MISCELLANY.

MUSS IN OUR CHOIR.

A genuine Yankee cousin narrated the following to one of us one evening last winter. We have kept it safely lodged in memory till now. After tipping his chair and himself back to a comfortable position against the wall, he commenced thus:

My name is Hidgkins—Jonathan T. Hidgkins. The T. stands for Turner, who was my grandfather, and a corporal in the old revolutionary army. So you see I belong to the good old genuine stock of the land of the free and the home of the brave. At this present speaking, I am twenty five and a half years of age, stout, tall, and, as the gals say, all killin' good looking'. I am also a musical character, of the most excruciatingly melodious description. In fact, the whole of our family are musical too. Dad and marm used to be death on harmony. They've got to be kind of old now, though, and their voices have got kinder cracked. But their musical mantle has descended on their two children with a perfect vengeance.

When I say two children, I mean my sister Sal and me. Sal's about the greatest soprano on record. She's splendid, good too, on the alto. On regular right-up-and-down hallelujah music she can't be beat. As to me, I go the whole figger on tenor. I've got the darndest curiousest voice too, you ever heard tell on. Its just as smooth as glass, some jolly chaps down in town say broken glass, but that's all owing to envy. Now all I have to do is to set it in the key of C, and it goes soaring upwards and onwards like a tarnation crow from the top of a pitch pine tree. Of course voices and talents like mine and Sal's couldn't get through this vale of tears without being particularly appreciated. At leas they hav'nt. Sal riz to be head gal singer in our choir down in Spottsdown, when she was only sixteen years old. I've led the choir since I was twenty-two, and if I hain't had a time on't since I began, judge ye.

Spottsdown you know, is a manufacturing village in the State of Vermont. It hain't got but just one meeting-house, and that air's a genuine one. That is to say, it was built by about everybody and ain't owned by nobody. We have all sorts of preachin' in it too. About all the sects you ever hearn tell on have had their turn at it. It is now occupied by the Hallelewyerites. They believe the Lord's a coming this year, sure, about the first day of fall, precisely.

Afore they had the meeting-house, however, it was occupied by the Yewnitarians, and it was during their confounded reign that the muss took place in our choir, which knocked all the musical talent in Spottsdown into a knock up hat. Now you just exercise some patience and more charity and I'll tell you all about it.

You see, then, or will, when I show it to you, that when the Yewnitarians first put a preacher into our pulpit, I led the singing. Sal did the prime soprano, and everything connected with our choir was going just about inkstand. Well, the minister I speak on had only been settled about a month, when down comes a feller to our place from Boston, the grand New England Emporium. But the tarnal critter wasn't satisfied with coming himself so he brought a whole troop of first raters along with him, and gave a scientific sacred concert in our meeting-house. Of course everybody was there who could get there, besides one or two who couldn't.

As far as music was consarned, that air consart killed me just about dead. The very next day afterwards, the proprietors called a meeting and voted to have the scientific music introduced into the Spottsdown choir forthwith. The day after that Squire Dawkins, the clerk of the parish, called on me whilst I was out diggin' taters, and said:

"Mr. Hidgkins, I hereby notify you that it has been voted to have scientific musick from Boston, introduced into our choir, forthwith."

"What in thunder do you mean by that air," says I. "I consider that our musick is rayther in that line now, I do, really."

"So far as the real ginerwine is consarned,' said the Squire, "so do I. It's the instrumental part of the bizziness that I am talking about; you know we ain't got any of that kind to speak on now, Mr. Hidgkins."

"Nor don't want any, as I knows on," says I.

"The proprietors think different," said the Squire, "and says they must and will have it."

"Then let 'em git it, and be darned," says I.

"Then you've no objection," says he.

"Not a bit," says I, feeling all the time as if I was knocked higher than a kite.

"Wall, we've been talking with Dodge about it," says the Squire, "and he's agreed to get a German chap to play the violin, and an Italian to play the big fiddle, and some kind of a gal critter with an outlandish name, to take the place of your sister Sal."

"Accommodatin' chap that Dodge is," says I. "I wonder that he didn't want to get a chap in my place too."

"Wall, he did," answered the Squire, "but the proprietors seein' that you didn't charge nuthin' for the coon, thought they d'keep you, provided you'd stay."

"I shall do that air, sartin," says I.

"And I'm tarnal glad to hear you say so," said the Squire. "Of course you'll give out the tunes, and take the lead, and all that ere sort of thing, just the same as you ever did."

"You'd better believe I won't do nothing else," says I, and then the Squire left the tater field.

Wall, the next Saturday afternoon up came the new musicianers from Boston, music and all. I stood at the tavern door and saw 'em light off the stage-coach. They was pretty good lookin' chaps, all but their faces, and them was awful, I tell you. They had as much hair on 'em, een' a'most, as there was on the back side of their heads. When I saw that ere, I turned to Zeke Jones, who was standin' by, and says I:

"Zeke, what in thunder do you call that air which them foreign chaps has got on their upper lips?

"Mustachers," says Zeke.

"Ar they?" says I; "they look to me like a sort of patent smellers. What's that they got stuck there just under their under-lip?"

"Impercail," says Zeke.

"Shaw, you don't say so. And that are stuff growin' out under their chins, like a bunch of young snake-root—what's that?"

"A goat-tee," says Zeke.

"And that sounds a darned sight more nateraller," says I "than both of t'other two put together."

Just about this time, Squire Dawkins cum along, and as the foreign chaps with their instruments were standin' by the tavern door, he takes me by the arm, walks me up to the German, with a fiddle in his hand, and says:

"This, Mr Hidgkins, is our violinist, Mr. Sleidemer."

"'Tis, hey, how do you do, Mr. Sledgehammer?" says, I holden' out my hand for him to shake. Wall, he shook it a spell, then grinned like a barn cat and said.

"Me vera well, well, me no speak very leetle Inglese. Me play the Mewsic for de grand Cathedral."

"What in the thunder, Squire," says I, "does he mean by thar ere!"

"That what?" says the Squire.

"Why, Cathedral, as he calls it.

"That's a meeting house," says the Squire.

"It is hey—well, it sounds about as much like it as pork does like Nebbardpannezzar."

"That t'other gentleman," says the Squire, "is our big fiddlist, Mr. Vincuro, from Italy."

"Me Italiano—no comprehende—speaks de Inglees."

"Swaw-w you don't hey.? Well, nobody round this way supposed you did. Now, Squire," says I, "where's the genuine elephant—the gal critter I mean, that's goin' to take Sal's place?"

"She's got a touch of the brown-skeeters," said the Squire, "and can't come till next Sabbath day."

"Brown skeeters," says I "what in Jehu's that?"

"It's a tremendous awful disorder in the throat that afflicts great singers and ministers very often," says the Squire. "It can't be cured in this country, so the ministers say.—And that's the reason their congregations—that is, them that can afford it—sends them to Europe."

"Oh, I understand, Squire," says I, "all about it. But does this ere outlandish gal singer have her face all kivered up with stachers and snake-root—goatees I mean, and such stuff?"

"No," says the Squire, "I expect not."

"I've hearn tell afore now," said Zekle Jones, "that all great singers cultivates them things because they help the vibration of the voice."

"Dew they," says I, "well, that's about the curiousest wrinkle ever I hearn tell on.—Soon as I find out it is a fact, though, I'll tell Sal on't, and the way we will both go into the goatee and stasher bizziness, will be a caution to bears grease, now I'll tell ye."

By this time the two goatteed musicianers and Squire Dawkins had gone into the tavern and left Zeke and I standin' out on the doorsteps. When I found there wan't anybody round but us two, says to Zeke says I—

"What do you think of our new music?"

"Darn'd little," saye he. "It ain't goin to do you nor I any good anyhow. You see, Johathan, that you are leader now, and I am head bass singer of the Spottsdown choir, and your sister Sal is the head gal singer. You know too, that the gals in general, all over the village, think a tarnal sight of head singers. Well, this ere music, you see, will make a thunderin noise, and drown all our voices chock out. Then we shall be sowed up and entirely done to. We shall have to shut up shop and go home. Then we shall be laughed and snickered at by all the gals in town, and finally be druv off to t'other side of sundown, or somewhere else."

"Jess so," says I; "and I motion we don't stand it."

"Second that motion," said he. "But how in thunder are we going to help it?"

"Don't know as we can," says I, "but we can try; I've got a plan in my head."

"Sich as what?" said he.

"Sich," said I, "if it works well, as will kick up a muss in the choir and kick the music out on't, at the same time. These chaps with the instruments, you know, can't speak much English."

"And can't read any," said he.

"That's just the idea," says I, "that's goin' to do the whole bizziness."

"How!" says Zeke.

"Wait till to-morrow mornin' and you'll see," says I. "You know I lead the singin?"

"Sartin I do."

"And find the tunes in the psalm book?"

"Eggsactly," says he.

"And give them out to the singers?"

"Deesidle," says he.

"And these ere chaps can't read any English?"

"Not a smudgeon," says he.

"Nuff sed, Zeke. Wait till the first hymn is gin out, to-morrow morning."

Well, the next morning came, as was expected, and was one of them ere king of summer mornings you generally read about. The sun riz in all his glory at half-past four o'clock, and at ten, when the meetin' begun, it was hot enough to boil eggs in the shade. Along while afore the second bell rung, the meetin' house was crowded with people, ram jam full. All the choir was there and the forrin musicianers besides. Wall, about a quarter after ten, in come the minister, and a plaguay genteel, stiff-sort of a looking chap he was tew.—He walked up the broad aisle and into the pulpit, as though he owned the meetin' house and everybody in it. Soon as he got there he hemmed and hawed a little, blowed his nose a great deal, took up the hymn book, and said—

"The choir will sing, if they please, the particular metre; hymn two hundred and thirty-three."

Then he read the hymn in a sort of silk and worsted kind of voice, as soft as soaked saw dust. Whilst he was doing this, I picked out the tunes and it took two of them to sing that hymn with, now I tell you. I picked out a long metre tune for the singers. Then we all stood up to sing, instruments in front. Just afore we begun, I whispered to Sal and Zeke Jones, and says I—

"Put in all you know," and you'd better believe they did it. Well, I led off the singin' double quick time, so that we got through the first stanza afore the musicianers had played half their tune out. Howsomever, they kept on playing, while we stopped to breathe, and then the congregation began to snicker, and the minister's face looked like a mammoth specimen of blood beet cut in halves. I waited patiently for the music to stop, and arter a while it did. Then we was just a goin' to sing again, when the Italian chap, the big fiddler, you know, walks up to me, shakes his bow in my face, and says—

"You much diabols, you—vat you call—spile de mewsicke. 'Spose a you do it again 'ver much I spile do your head."

"You will, hey?" says I. "Then I guess I'll spile yorn in advance."

Then I up fist without any more adew, and planted it under Mr. Vinegar's left ear. Very directly, of course, he fell, and our Sal being in the way, like a urnal fool, he struck smack agin her, and she fell too. Then Mr. Sledgehammer, the German man, hit me from behind an awful louder on the back of the head. Zeke Jones hit him at the same time and place, the rest of the male singers rushing forward for to put in for a share, tumbling over us as we all laid prostrate on the floor, and of course there was a very beautiful and general muss all around the choir.

Then some of the gals sung out "murder," some of 'em "fire," and some on 'em "hallejah!" Some of the congregation too sung out "call the constable!"—a sailor chap in the gallery sung out "call the watch!"—one of the deacons ran up into the pulpit, and the minister thinkin' he was comin' to kill him, shied the big Bible at the deacon's head, and then jumped out of the pulpit window.

In the meantime Sal pulled all the "stashers" off the Italian's face, and takin' me for the German violinist, slapped my chops most tremendously.

Then both of the musicianers got up, and Zeke Jones and I kicked 'em out of the meetin' house, and the congregation kicked us out arter 'em. Sal got her bran new kalliker delane torn all to smash.

The sexton shot up the meetin' house, and there ain't been no preachin' nor especially singin' of any consequence there since; and that ain't all, I don't think that there ever will be. The muss in our choir was the only great event talked on for a long time in them parts, tell ye.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

A Romantic Story.

A gentleman of this city, who has been many years engaged in the prosecution of military claims, fell in accidentally with a case in which both a man and his wife received pensions for revolutionary services. The singularity of the circumstance struck him so forcibly that he instituted an inquiry, and elicited from an old lady, the sole surviving descendant, the following facts. (We state them substantially, but our informant not being present, it is possible that we may be incorrect in some insignificant particulars.)

Early in the Revolutionary war, a man named Lane (we think) enlisted in a company raised in the neighborhood of Manchester, to serve three years. He went, with his regiment, to the north, and there joined Washington's army. Taking part in all the previous battles, he was severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown; and during the battle, and after, was taken care of by a brother soldier, to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company with himself. The term of service having expired, these two soldiers were discharged, and returned home, devoted and inseparable friends. In the meantime, the tide of war rolled to the South, and the couple had scarcely reached their destination, when they again enlisted to serve in General Lincoln's army, at that time engaged in the siege of Savannah. Our readers well know that Lincoln was afterward cooped up in Charleston, and compelled to surrender, after a long siege, to the royal forces, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton.

Throughout this siege, Lane and his friend stood to their posts like horoes, and did their duty bravely. At last, Lane's comrade was wounded in turn, and was carried off the field in the arms of his devoted friend.—What must have been the amazement of Lane, on discovering that the brave comrade who had so long fought by his side, and had nursed him so tenderly when he was wounded, through the report of the attending surgeon, was a woman! It appears that she had accidentally fallen in with him somewhere, and had formed a strong attachment to him. At the same time, from some cause or other, she had made so little impression upon him, that he did not recognize her in the least when he afterward met her disguised as a soldier. She was in despair when Lane enlisted, and, under the influence of that feeling, she fled from her parents' home, donned the Continental uniform, and followed him to the wars. What followed, was a proper finale to such a romance. The wounded woman recovered, and as soon as the twain were released from captivity, they became one. They lived many years happily together, and left several children.

Incidents of this nature—disguised damsels following their lovers to the wars in the capacity of pages—were great favorites with all the old romance writers. The readers of Shakespeare will recollect that one of his plays turns upon something of the same sort. Nevertheless, we feel assured that the tale we have recorded is true in al' its essential particulars. At any rate, both the man and his wife received pensions for services rendered as soldiers, until the days of their deaths, respectively.

NEAT RETORT.—An Israelite lady, sitting in the same box at an opera with a French physician, and was much troubled with ennui, happened to gape.

"Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me."

"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I am a Jewess, and never eat pork!"

THE census takers find great difficulty in ascertaining the ages of girls, a large majority of them being only sixteen. In one family in a neighboring State, there were found ten between ten and sixteen years of age.

WEIGH right, if you sell dear.

Song.

When I was a boy, it is no matter when,
I admit 'twas a long time ago.
There were plenty of children with roundabouts then,
And the world turned around very slow;
At nine the old people went through with their prayers,
And the children all went to their beds.
For they never took part in the grown folks' affairs
Till an idea came into their heads.

But now we have exquisite dandies at ten,
Who strut in their swallow-tailed coats,
And put on the airs and vice of men,
And squander their change and bank notes;
They top off their cocktails and wine with a smack,
Till, though green, they all get very mellow,
And they slap you very familiarly over the back,
While they say "How d'ye do, my old fellow!"

They turn up their noses at girls in their frocks,
And talk about hoops and long dresses,
At an age when their fathers wore nature's socks,
Nor dreamed of intrigues and caresses;
They smoke, chew tobacco, bet, gamble, and swear,
And dance all the polkas and fancies,
With an easy assurance and languishing air,
That delights all the Bridgets and Nancies.

O dear, I am frightened half out of my wits,
With the hurry and bustle and stir;
The world, by steam progress, seems knocked into fits
And goes round with a whiz and a whir;
Shall we never go back to the steady old pace,
And grow up and expand by degrees?
For now we rush on as if running a race,
And the devil the hindmost would seize.

From the Cornhill Monthly.

"Take Tea"

Women of England! I have got a grievance for you. A real, solid one, this time, believe me. In exposing the wrong of which you are the unconscious victims, I shall incur the deadly hostility of a worthless, but numerous class of my own sex, which, engaged in a painful struggle against the power of your numberless fascinations, loses no opportunity of basely endeavoring to undermine it. Need I say that I allude to the selfish youth of England who will not marry on eight hundred a year? Should another carpet-bag be discovered some cold November morning upon the coping-stones of Waterloo Bridge, containing another dismembered corpse, think—oh! think of him who is about to brave so hideous a fate in your service! and—inclining your graceful figures well forward, so that it may not stain your flowing robes—drop a tear upon his memory.

In exposing the wrong of which you are the unconscious victims, I shall win the respect and admiration of the few—the happy few—whose highest ambition is to be reckoned amongst your slaves. From these I demand—from the carpet-bag aforesaid—*revenge!* REVENGE! REVENGE!!

Reader, listen to the voice of wisdom. A PRETTY GIRL IS NEVER SO DANGEROUS AS WHEN SHE IS MAKING TEA. *Fashion*, that inexorable tyrant!—instigated by the machinations of the degraded beings I have betrayed—is driving ladies from the tea-table! Why is this? Simply and solely because they quail before the mighty influence which woman exercises from her throne behind the tea urn. Do they pretend that they do not care about a cup of tea? Go to any club you please at four o'clock any afternoon—be it in murky winter, or on the brightest summer day—and judge for yourself. Is "tea" a meal to be despised? I trow not. Dinner is the male amongst meals—tea the female. Dinner is heavy, pretentious, and strong—tea elegant, light and insinuating. You may weave your pet plot, "make your little game," and invite those who are to play it to your grand dinner—feast them upon a dozen courses, regale them with your "still" or "sparkling," bring out for them your '28 port, give them peaches in March, provide canvas-back ducks, Chinese birds'-nests, butterflies' tongues, anything that is out of the common run, and very expensive and nasty—you may go through the preliminaries whilst discussing these dainties, you may measure swords, chalk your cues, or deal out the cards whilst sipping your wine in the silent, sombre dining room; but, take my word for it, it will be "in my lady's chamber," amongst the glitter and hum of the drawing-room, and over a cup of tea, that the lunge that is to decide the match will be given; the conquering red hazard made; or the odd trick turned up. A cup of tea! Gracious goodness! the mischief that has been done over a cup of tea; the pretty little schemes that it has hatched; the friendships that it has cemented; the feuds that it has occasioned; the pleasant thoughts that it has created; and the characters that it has washed away. Who is, then, to tell me that an inquiry into the manner in which so potent a herb is served can be out of place in this periodical, or is of anything but the deepest interest to mankind at large.

For myself, I utterly abominate, detest, and abjure the manner in which the tyrant Fashion, instigated as aforesaid, ordains that I should be obliged to "take tea," when I "join the ladies" after a dinner party. How am I served? Is there in some cozy corner a table placed, covered with a snowy cloth—with a hissing urn placed in the midst of glittering silver, and shapely glass and china—with the fairest daughter of the house, or even its stately mistress, presiding thereat? No! worse luck. Fashion has dethroned them. No little white hand wields the sugar-tongs. No kind matronly voice demands whether I prefer black tea to mixed, or inquires if I will take cream in my coffee. No pretty rounded arm presents me with the decoction which my soul loveth. No cloudy mystery—called by prosaic milliners a sleeve, but by one regarded as one of the many traps for the hearts of the sons of men set by our elegant modern costume—coyly revealing, madly concealing, that polished limb—falls into the slop basin, is reefed coquettishly, and thereby rendered more bewitching than before. No! There is a clatter at the door, and "Jeames," staggering under the weight of a huge tray full of cups, half-filled with tea and coffee, breathing stentoriously, shambles from guest to guest, followed by the butler with hot milk, sugar and cream, on a waiter. Is it to be pretended that because I have dined well, sumptuously, I am not to have a comfortable cup of tea? Wherefore else was I called from my '28 port? I am always ready for a cup of tea—it is a sign of a well-regulated mind to be so. There is no period of the day or night in which I cannot imbibe it, to the comfort of my soul, and, as I am informed, utter prostration of my digestive organs. My dinner—good as it has been—would be as naught, if not ended with a cup of tea. A slice—one slice—of very thin bread and butter is necessary for its due enjoyment. Badly, wickedly, as Fashion has caused them to be served, I am not going to be done out of either.

Quickly I seize the miserable thimbleful of cold stuff; for my plush-bedizened attendant is already blue in the face, from the strain upon his arms, and gives me the idea that he is about to drop the tray with its contents into my lap. A third servant approaches, and offers me bread and butter, muffins, etc. Muffs! Muffs! Muffs!