



MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.'
This book is all that is left now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart,
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand—this Bible clasp'd
She, dying, gave it me.
Ah! well do I remember those,
Those names these records bear:
Who round the hearth stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill,
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear,
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.
Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide,
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

THE BREAKING HEART.

'Twas morn, and the golden sun,
Was thro' a half-drawn curtain streaming,
With such a mellow light that one
Might swear from fairy eyes 'twas beaming,
And on a maiden's face it fell,
Half roused from rest, and half reclining,
As though it loved to linger well
Upon a cheek so smooth and shining;
One small, white hand, upheld her brow,
Her arm the yielding pillow pressing,
While o'er a neck like stainless snow
Flowed many a tress caressing.
Her eyes—alas! those orbs were hid
Neath her clear fingers, soft and taper;
She might have wept, but if she did
Long ere it fell the tear was vapor.
Oh! grief that maiden's heart had wrong,
And sorrow bow'd her spirit's lightness,
For o'er her sky, impending hung
A cloud that shaded all its brightness,
And darkly in her troubled breast
Sad thoughts of coming woe were waking,
Tears—tears are easily repressed
If the poor, tortured heart is breaking!
And what had thus that fair girl stirred,
Or ruthless hand her hopes been crushing!
What burning wrong or scornful word
The music of her soul been hushing?
Had some stern parent's voice severe
Forbade a love she might not stifle—
Or had some heartless one, too dear,
With her fon' feelings dared to trifle?
No—'twas a grief more deep and cursed
Than faithless love or chiding mother—
Last night her faithless bustle burst,
And she'd no brain to stuff another!

From Leigh's Romances of Real Life.
Three Stories of Human Virtue.

We have put these interesting narratives together, because they are short, and because they strike the same harmonious note—consideration for others. The second and third in particular, (and we have attended to the rights of climate, and put the noblest last.) are among the best instances of virtue, properly so called; that is to say, of moral virtue—strength of purpose beneficently exercised. We make no apology for the homely scene in which the heroine makes her appearance; rather ought we to apologize to her memory for thinking of an apology; but sophistications are sometimes forced upon the mind of a journalist. Virtue can no more be sullied than the sunbeam, let her descend where she may; and as the divine poet says, in one of his variations upon a favorite sentiment,
'Entire affection smother niter hands.'

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

Sir Austine Nicholas was a judge under the protectorate of Cromwell, concerning whom the following circumstances are related. Having while a boy at school, committed an offence for which as soon as it was known, flogging would be the inevitable punishment, his agitation, from a strong sense of shame or peculiar delicacy of constitution, was so violent, that his school-fellow, Wake, an intimate associate, and father of the archbishop, remarked it with concern. Possessing strong nerves and sensibility less exquisite, he told him that the discipline of the rod was a mere trifle, and insisted on taking on himself the fault, for which, after a mutual struggle of friendship and generosity, he suffered a severe whipping.

A fortuitous chain of events, which often disperses school inmates and college chums into opposite quarters of the globe, guided Nicholas through politics and law to a seat in the court of Common Pleas, and confirmed him a friend to the powers that are. Wake, on the contrary, was a firm royalist and cavalier, whose zeal and activity rendered him highly obnoxious to his opponents; he was seized, tried for his life, and condemned at Salisbury by his old friend Nicholas; who after a separation of six-and-twenty years, did not remember Mr. Wake till he came to pass the fatal sentence, when the name catching his eye, a sudden conviction, strengthened by a few leading questions, flashed on his mind that the prisoner at the bar, whom he had just sentenced to an ignominious death, was no other than the fond friend of his juvenile hours, whose hours which, whatever be the colors of

our fate, we always contemplate with a sacred, with a serious, and interesting pleasure. I need not describe the state of my mind in which civil discord had not wholly obliterated gratitude and sympathy; he beheld with the most poignant emotion the forlorn situation of that faithful, firm associate of his youth, who had undergone for him disgrace and stripes; he saw on every side of the house the hell-hounds of war, and the mastiffs of the law waiting with eager impatience to drag the man he once loved to an untimely death; he hurried from the bench precipitately to conceal his feelings, and burst into tears.

But friendship, like other virtues, required the speedy and effectual proof of exertion, or it would have been counteracted by the din of arms by the melevolence of party fury. After much opposition from the round-heads, whom Mr. Wake's behaviour had exasperated, a respite was granted; and Nicholas, unwilling to risk a life which he highly valued by the uncertainty of letters and the dilatory tardiness of messengers, hurried immediately to London. He rushed to the Protector, and would not quit him till, sorely against Oliver's will he had obtained a pardon for his friend, against whom, from personal enmity or misrepresentation, Cromwell was peculiarly inveterate.

The fortunate royalist, from inattention, a magnanimous or affected contempt of death, was a stranger to the name or person of his judge, and knew not the powerful interposition in his favor. Nicholas had also reserved the precious, the important secret in his own breast, till certain of success, lest, by vainly exciting hope, he should only add new pains to the misfortune. Returning without delay to Salisbury, he flew to the prison, gradually disclosed his name and office to Wake, and producing a pardon, the friends sunk into each other's arms—Nicholas overpowered by the bliss of conferring life and comfort on one from whom he had early experienced the most disinterested friendship. Wake unexpectedly snatched from death by discovering perhaps the first friend he ever loved, in a party whom he had always considered as usurpers of lawful authority, as the wolves and tigers of his country.

THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS HORSE.

Cornelius Voldermad, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, had an intrepid philanthropy which impelled him to risk, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose in a great degree he effected in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven ashore in a storm near Table Bay, not far from the South River Fort. Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel and the cries of the crew strongly interested him in their behalf. Though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horse remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude. This worthy man, with his spirit-d horse, approached the ship's side near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord which, he threw out to them; by this method, and their grasping the horses tail, he was happy enough, after returning several times, to convey 14 persons on shore.

But in the warmth of his benevolence he appears not to have sufficiently attended to the prodigious and exhausting efforts of his horse, who, in combating with the boisterous billows and his accumulated burdens, was almost spent with fatigue and debilitated by the quantity of sea water, which in its present agitated state could not be prevented from rushing in great quantities down his throat. In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular; his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen; in this perilous state the least check in his mouth generally is considered as fatal, and it was supposed that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardor of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently; for the noble creature, far superior to the majority of bipeds who harass and torment his species, suddenly disappeared with his master, sunk, and rose no more.

This affecting circumstance induced the Dutch East India Company to erect a monument to Voldermad's memory. They likewise ordered that such descendants or relations as he left should be speedily provided for. Before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, had solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the menagerie, but being refused, retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died before news of the directors' recommendations could reach him.

While we lament Voldermad's fate, and the ungrateful treatment his relation experienced from the people at the Cape, a circumstance arises in our minds which tends to render this misfortune still more aggravating. In his bold and successful attempt to reach the ship, if this benevolent man, instead of embarrassing himself with a hazardous burden fatal to them all, had only brought the end of a long rope with him on shore, it might have been fixed to a cable, which with proper help might have been dragged on shore, and the whole ship's company saved without involving their benefactor and the noble animal in destruction.

HEROISM OF A MENTAL SERVANT.

Catharine Vassent, the daughter of a French peasant, exhibited at the age of seventeen, and in the humble capacity of a mental, a proof of intrepid persevering sympathy which ranks her with the noblest of her sex.

A common sewer of considerable depth having been opened at Noyon for the purpose of repair, four men passing by late in the evening, unfortunately fell in, no precaution having been made to prevent so probable an accident. It was almost midnight before their situation was known; and besides the difficulty of procuring assistance at that unseasonable hour, every one present was intimidated from exposing herself to a similar danger by attempting to rescue those unfortunate wretches, who appeared already in a state of suffocation from the mephitic vapor.

Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistibly impelled by the cries of their wives and children, who surrounded the spot, Catharine Vassent, a servant of the town, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening, and fastening a cord, which she had furnished previous to her descent, round two of their bodies, assisted by those above, she restored them to life and to their families; but in descending a second time her breath began to fail, and after effectually securing a cord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind, although in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair, which hung in long and luxuriant curls round a full but well formed neck. Her neighbors, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford compatible with safety, and in pulling up as they thought a third man's body, were equally concerned and surprised to see the almost lifeless body of Catharine suspended by her hair, and swinging on the same cord.

Fresh air, with *eau-de-vie*, soon restored this excellent girl; and I know not whether most to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the pestiferous cavern, which had almost proved fatal to her, or to exonerate the dastardly meanness and selfish cowardice of the bystanders for not sharing the glorious danger. In consequence of her delay produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeless and irrecoverable corpse.

Such conduct did not pass unnoticed; a procession of the corporation, and a solemn *Te Deum* were celebrated on the occasion; Catharine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop of Noyon, the town magistrates, and the emblematic medal, with considerable pecuniary contributions, and a civic crown; to these were added the congratulations of her own heart, that inestimable reward of a benevolent mind.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen or sixteen, lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy years; a quirell or hare, seven or eight years; rabbits, seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great, had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the Sun, and let him go with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription, three hundred and fifty years afterward. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. Mr. Malerton, has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

A BEAUTIFUL TALE.

'It must be, my child!' said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks.—'There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try to beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone, I shall be better. Go, Henry, my dear;—I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done.'

The boy, a noble looking little fellow of about ten years, started up, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to burst without it. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk, he looked first at one person and then at another, as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to master resolution to beg.—The tears were running fast down his cheeks, but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a morning walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three-cornered hat, and had a face that was as mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow, when Henry looked at him, he felt all his fears vanish at once, and instantly approached him. His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled; but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped, and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the deep blush which spread all over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tone which accompanied his petition.

'You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread,' said he, kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, 'what has driven you to this step?'

'Indeed,' answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, 'indeed, I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father, and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to the necessity now.'

'Who is your father?' inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

'My father was a rich merchant in this city; but he became a bondsman for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live long after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother, my little brother, and myself, soon sunk into the lowest depths of poverty. My mother has, until now managed to support herself and my little brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shovelling snow and other work that I could find to do.—But, night before last, mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse that—here the tears poured faster than ever—I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go out to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she has come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcome my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!'

The tears, and the simple and moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

'Where does your mother live, my boy?' said he in a husky voice, 'is it far from here?'

'She lives in the last house in this street, sir,' replied Henry. 'You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side.'

'Have you sent for a physician?'

'No, sir,' said the boy sorrowfully, shaking his head. 'I had no money to pay either for a physician or for medicine.'

'Here,' said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, 'here are three dollars, take them and run immediately for a physician.'

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude, and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately

sought the dwelling of the sick widow.—He entered a little room in which he could see nothing but a few implements, of female labor—a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted; and on the bed at her feet, sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feigning to be a physician inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, 'O, sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of a physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death can alone end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if—' Here emotion checked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

'Do not despair,' said the benevolent stranger, 'think only of recovery and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?'

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hands of the child who sat with her on the bed, and tearing out a blank leaf, 'I have no other paper,' said she, 'but perhaps this will do.'

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

'This prescription,' said he, 'you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery.'

He laid the paper on the table and went away.

Secretly was he gone when the elder son returned.

'Cheer up, dear mother,' said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. 'See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself now, dear mother, and take courage.'

'Come nearer my son,' answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. 'Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O, may he still watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a kindness and a compassion that were a balm to my heart. When he went he left that prescription on the table; see if you can read it!'

Henry glanced at the paper and started back—he took it up, and as he read it through, again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

'What is it, my son?' exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension she knew not what.

'Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard us.'

The mother took the paper from the hands of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than 'my God!' she exclaimed, 'it is Washington!' and fell back fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant and profitable employment, and her sons, when they had arrived at the proper age, they placed in respectable situations, where they were able to support themselves, and render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let children who read this story, remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of his inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but is only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best men.—N. F. Christian Messenger.

Professor of Signs.

KING JAMES VI. on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crochet in his head that every country should have a professor of signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a queerish sort of man, said to him, 'Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college of my dominions, viz: at Aberdeen; but it is a great way off, perhaps six hundred miles.' 'Were it ten thousand leagues off I shall see him,' said the ambassador, 'and am determined to see out in two or three days,' the king saw he had committed himself, and wrote, or caused to be written to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity; but soon began to inquire of them which of them had the honor of being the professor of signs! and being told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would return no body could say when, the ambassador said, 'I will wait his return, though it were twelve months.' Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expence all the while, the ambassador contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs; but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador was now told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is gowned, wigged, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room.

The ambassador is now shown into Geordy's room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the other professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three; Geordy clenches his first and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket and holds it up; Geordy takes a piece of barley cake from his pocket and holds that up. After which the ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously enquired his opinion of him. 'He is a perfect miracle,' said the ambassador, 'I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies!' 'Well,' said the professors, 'to descend to particulars.' 'Why,' said the ambassador, 'I first held up one finger, denoting that there is but one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; he clenched his first, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries but also the luxuries of life; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that that was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury.' The professors were glad that matters turned out so well; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy to hear his version of the signs. 'Well Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man?' 'Tho' rascal,' says Geordy, 'what did he do first, think ye? he held up one finger, as much as to say you have but one eye!'

'Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say there were but three eyes between us, then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I *steeked my neeve*, wishing to come a wack on the side of his head, and would have done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here; but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that! I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I didna care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as lug's I ha'e this! But by a' that's guid,' concluded Geordy, 'I'm angry yet that I didna thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!'

Stone Jug.—Was the name of a prison. It arose from the following circumstance:—A king in India had a great jug made, and the trunk of a tree for a stopple, into which he was accustomed to put prisoners of war. On one occasion, he had about one hundred men in it. The stopple was in, and he stood on the top of it, when the air inside became so dense that the stopple burst out carrying the king some hundred yards into the air. Since then there have been no stone jugs, though our prisons have received the name.—Phila. Argus.