# THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL,
## AND HARRISON COUNTY FARMER.

VOLUME 18---NO. 13.] CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1851. [TERMS—$1,50 A YEAR.

## Sentinel & Farmer.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

CHAS. N. ALLAN. WM. A. GILES. WM. I. BLAIN

ALLEN, GILES & BLAIN,
*EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞ One dollar and fifty cents if paid during the year, or two dollars and a half after the year expires. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

Any person procuring five responsible subscribers to the *Sentinel*, will be entitled to a copy for the same length of time, free.

### The Song of Good Fellows.

I sing of good fellows,
Whatever their lives,
As monks or as milliners,
Captains or wives;
Of the good and true-hearted
Who laugh at the world,
Yet are happy wherever
By destiny hurled;
Who enjoy all its folly,
Yet from it are free;
And such are good fellows,
Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows,
And this is their sign;
They rail not at Lughter,
Love, music, or wine;
And fear not lest pleasure
Should swamp them below,
Or those who are merry
Must overboard go;
Yet who moderate in all things
And temperate we see,
And such are good fellows.
Wherever they be.

I sing of good fellows
Who hold to their word,
Who are true as the sabre,
And fast as the cord;
Who think what they speak,
Speak not all that they think,
And will stare at the Devil
Or Death, till he wink;
Who from lying or trembling
Or shifting are free;
And such are good fellows.
Wherever they be.

I sing to good fellows;
Oh, could there be found
A land of delight,
Where good fellows abound;
A gentleman's heaven
Below or above,
And governed by Courtesy,
Honor and Love,
To Elysium or Eden
I never would flee,
But the Land of Good Fellows,
Wherever they be.

*From the Drawing Room Companion.*

### The Little Grave.

BY MISS M. B. BROWN.

The sun's last rays played round a grave,
Beneath a willow's shade;
A little grave,—it seemed to be
A dwelling newly made.
For there, beside the willow trunk,
A snow-white stone reclined;
And on the grave a faded wreath,
Affection's hand had twined.

And by the grave a mother knelt,
Her tears were falling fast
Upon the turf, which coldly pressed
Her darling boy—her last.
Three springs, deep in the earth's cold breast,
An opening flower she'd laid;
And now, beside their place of rest,
The weeping mother prayed.

And still she knelt, till round her form
The shades of evening stole;
And Gentle notes on zephyrs came,
To cheer the mourner's soul;
While o'er her, from the clear, blue sky,
Three little stars looked down;
Three shining stars—methought such gems
As deck the Saviour's crown.

She saw their light, and o'er her brow
A look of gladness spread;
"I'll weep no more!" the mother cries,
"My loved ones are not *dead!*
O, no, in yon fair world of light
They're shining brightly now;
Where death has never power to blight,
Nor grief to pale the brow!"

☞ We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our address must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop, whom it is meant to cherish and refresh.

☞ He who would pass the declining years of his life with honor and comfort, should, when young, consider that he may one day become old, and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young.—Addison.

☞ "Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatted calf.'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed, was a male or female calf.'

'Yes it was a female calf.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because, (looking the chap in the face,) I see the male is alive now.

—— Everything human has an outlet into infinity.

## LAURA CARSWELL;
### Or, The Cross Husband.

BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.

Mrs. Carswell had been married but little more than a year, when her friend, Mrs. Marston, dropped in upon her one morning, and found her convulsed with weeping.

'My dear Laura!' exclaimed Mrs. Marston, in astonishment, 'how happens it that you, who were the most cheerful, light-hearted of maidens, have become an unhappy wife? Has your brief experience in married life been so bitter?'

'O, no,' replied Laura, drying her tears, and endeavoring to appear cheerful. 'I have been happy—I am happy, I assure you. My husband is the best of men—he loves me, and our dear child is a great source of joy and comfort. O, no, my experience has not been bitter.'

'I am very glad to hear it,' rejoined Mrs. Marston. 'But it seems so strange to see you weep! Why, before you were married, your heart was as light as a robin's in spring. You were all smiles—and I believe you never knew what it was to shed tears in sober earnest.'

'True,' said Laura, smiling faintly, 'I was a gay and thoughtless creature. I believe I was too happy. I ought to have been made to know something about the cares of life before marriage. As it was, I entered matrimony as a child flies joyously into a garden full of flowers, only to find there are sharp thorns among the roses, and bees with dangerous stings among the sweet thyme.'

'In what have you found the sharp thorns and spiteful bees of married life to consist?' asked Mrs. Marston.

'Nothing worth naming—nothing of importance,' replied Laura, blushing. 'Indeed I ought not to think of my little troubles.'

'But what are these little troubles?' insisted her companion. 'Come, I shall give you no peace until you tell me; and I am a great teaser, you know, when I choose to be. Does Mr. Carswell spend his evenings away from home?'

'Oh, no.'

'Does he flirt with other ladies?'

'No, indeed. He is very attentive to me. He never visits or attends the theatre without me.'

'Perhaps, then, he is *too* attentive. Husbands sometimes are, I am told, though I am sure the accounts we have of such mortals must be altogether fabulous.'

'I think so.'

'It must be so, then, that Mr. Carswell does not provide well for his family. But I know he is not penurious.'

'Penurious!' exclaimed Mrs. Carswell, 'he is the most generous man alive. I have everything I could desire.'

'Ah! it is the extreme which troubles you,' said Mrs. Marston. 'I see—your husband is too extravagant. In his eagerness to make you happy, he neglects to pay the butcher and baker, and frequent visits from certain unwelcome acquaintances annoy your sensitive nature. It is indeed very provoking to have one's attention called a dozen times a day to some small bill.'

'I beg of you, don't suspect Mr. Carswell of any such neglect,' interrupted Laura. 'His bills are all settled.'

'Then your domestics torment you. If they are ill-natured, or stupid, or lazy, or dishonest, turn them away.'

'I have been very fortunate with my girls, I am happy to say.'

'Then do tell me what troubles you have. I can think of nothing else. I should say you were the happiest woman in the world, if I had not caught you crying.'

'I tell you I am happy. I have no trouble—that is, no serious trouble, except when Mr. Carswell appears—I can't explain myself, but you know, I suppose, men are not always in a good humor.'

'Ha, ha! I've got it at last!' cried Mrs. Marston. 'I see it—so your husband is a little cross sometimes, is he?'

'Oh, not exactly cross—oh, no!' murmured Laura. 'Indeed he is very kind-hearted; but he has got into a way of finding fault with everything—that is everything except me; all this, too, without knowing half the time what he says. He scolds about the cooking, without suspecting how much he hurts my feelings; for I oversee it myself, and try hard to please him,' added Laura, while tears gathered in her eyes.

'In short,' rejoined Mrs. Marston, 'he is a downright cross husband.'

'Oh, no!'

'Yes he is. Don't attempt to defend the wretch. But if, as you say, he loves you, and finds fault more from habit than any settled ill-will, he is not past all help. I have known men like him. They are naturally petulant, but they generally have no idea how cross they sometimes are. They can govern themselves if they like, for they are not incurable.'

'My dear Mrs. Marston,' said Laura, with an earnest face, 'you really appear to understand my case, and if you can suggest any method of curing George of this fault-finding, you will remove the only obstacle in the way of my perfect happiness.'

'Ah, my dear Laura, you don't understand the men quite as well as I do! To remove the rank weed from your husband's heart, you have only to convince him that it is there, and demonstrate how very hateful it is. Now if you say to him, kindly, "Dear George, don't, I pray you, find fault with everything," he will reply—kissing you, perhaps—that he never finds fault without reason, and go on thoughtless as ever, venting his spleen at everything.'

'But you would not have me reprove him in an unkind manner?'

'No indeed—that would make him worse still. I say you must *demonstrate* to him the hatefulness of his habit of fault-finding.'

'But *how?*'

'Why, when he finds fault, you must help him. If he scolds at his coffee, you must show a disposition to throw it out of the window. If he complains of a cold room, you must shiver and shake, and scold the girl for not keeping a better fire. When he calls the bread heavy, you must suggest the idea of using it as clock weights, to save the expense of lead. In short you must out-fret him, and find ten times as much fault as he does, and drown his voice in the petulent tones of your own. Show him how perfectly miserable you can make each other by continued fault-finding; give him a foretaste of the beautiful bedlam you can create for him if you try. Thus you will set him to thinking; and he must admit that the fault which appears so uncomfortable in you, is quite as far from seeming amiable in himself.'

Laura was much amused by her friend's singular council; but she was not fully convinced of its safety; until Mrs. Marston declared herself in serious earnest, and instanced a cross husband who had been cured in the manner she so warmly recommended.

After a long discusssion on the subject, Mrs. Carswell expressed her willingness to follow her friend's advice, but seemed to doubt her ability to play the character it would be necessary for her to assume. Mrs. Marston, however succeeded in persuading her to make the attempt and having favored her with full instructions how to act, bade her good morning and gaily took her leave.

Mrs. Carswell awaited with some anxiety her husband's return to dinner, and when he at length arrived, it was not without many misgivings that she remembered her resolution to meet him in the same humor he himself was in.

It was a cold, raw day in November, and it so happened that Mr. Carswell was unusually cross.

'Such wretched weather!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands and seawling, and this room is as cold as a barn.'

'Jane,' said Laura, 'why don't you keep a better fire here! Pile on the coal. We are freezing.'

And she quietly rocked the baby, while her brow seemed to be overshadowed by some great trouble.

'Isn't dinner ready?' asked Mr. Carswell, in a petulant tone.

'Nearly. It will be ready in a few minutes,' replied Laura.

'It is two o'clock,' said her husband, referring to his watch. 'When a man comes home to his dinner, he does not like to be kept waiting.'

'Why is not the dinner ready, Jane?' said Mrs. Darswell. 'You know that two o'clock is the hour we dine at.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Jane, 'but by the clock it wants five minutes to two.'

'The clock is too slow,' growled Mrs. Carswell.

'The clock is too slow,' repeated Laura, in a louder key. 'Why don't you see to such matters, Jane? Set the pointer along five minutes, and be sure you never keep the dinner waiting again.'

Mr. Carswell cast a furtive glance at his wife. Having always been accustomed to having her apologize whenever he found fault, and endeavor to excuse the domestics, he hardly knew what to make of the change. However, he said nothing, but led the way to the dining-room in silence.

Jane was left in charge of the baby, and Susan the cook attended on the table.

'Soup!' said Mr. Carswell. 'Heavens! it's hot as fire! Soup should never be put upon the table in such a state.'

'No,' added Laura, sharply. 'Do you mean to scald people, Susan! never put fire on the table again.'

'Tasteless stuff, too,' muttered Mr. Carswell daintly touching the spoon to his lips.

'Insipid!' cried Laura, impatiently. 'What sort of mess do you call this, Susan? It tastes like the broth of stewed leather.

Mr. Carswell could not help smiling at the conceit, but at the sight of Laura's long face his countenance changed immediately.

'Are you ill to-day?' he asked.

'Ill! No! replied Laura.

'What is the matter, then?'

'Nothing—only things don't go exactly to suit me.'

These being the precise words George had hundreds of times used in answer to similar inquiries from his wife, he paused with the spoon midway between his mouth and the plate, and looked her full in the face in great surprise.

'What does not suit you?' he asked.

'Why, the same things that do not suit you I suppose, the soup.'

'The soup is not very bad after all, it only requires a little salt.'

'So I perceive,' observed Susan, unable to repress a smile.

Mr. Carswell's humor seemed to improve, until he had occasion to apply the carving knife to the roast beef, when his countenance again changed.

'Done to a crisp!' he exclaimed, 'and Susan knows I like my beef rare. My dinner is entirely spoilt.'

'Susan!' cried Laura, 'why didn't you burn the meat to a cinder and done with it? You might as well put a coal on the table, I never—'

'Ah,' interrupted George, in a pleasant tone, 'it is not so bad as I expected—it is rare—come to get into it.'

'So it is,' said Laura smiling.

George seemed for a moment diverted from his annoying habit, but presently he exclaimed, peevishly:

'What wretched potatoes! they are not fit to eat. I never saw such water-soaked things before. What is the reason we can't have potatoes cooked better?'

'Sure enough, why can't we?' said Mrs. Carswell. 'Why do you put such heavy balls on the table, Susan? They are as watery as mellons. If you do not know how to boil potatoes properly—'

'My dear,' interrupted George, 'I am inclined to think it is not in the cooking. The potatoes were not good in the first place.'

'Why were they bought, then!' demanded Laura. 'We might as well invest money in poison parsnips. Potatoes that are not fit to eat are worse than none at all. Here, Susan, take them away.'

'But, my dear,' cried George, in a tone remarkably pleasant, 'I think some of them may be good. Now here is one that is quite mealy indeed.'

'I can't see any difference in them,' observed Laura, in a significant tone.

George colored very red, and found no more fault until the apple pudding was bro't in.

'It is spoilt!' said he, throwing himself back in his chair. 'The crust is as heavy as lead.'

'Heavy!' echoed Laura, 'it is like so much grafting wax, tough and indigestible as a saddle. Who do you think is going to eat such a mess of boiled dough and chopped apples? Throw it—'

'My dear, I think,' said George, in a conciliatory tone, 'a part of this side of it may be palatable. Why, it appears quite light. The apple is very nice, and—'

'I beg of you don't eat it to save it,' replied Laura, pettishly. 'But if you think you can manage to do anything with it, help yourself.'

George did help himself, and discovered that on the whole the pudding was a very creditable affair, and thrice did he have occasion to replennish his plate from the condemned dish.

Mr. Carswell was heartily ashamed of having found fault with so good a pudding, and felt such anxiety to keep Laura in good humor the rest of the day, that not another word of complaint escaped his lips before leaving the house.

At evening, however, when he came home to tea, his petulance had returned, and he commenced with finding fault with a smell of burnt crests, which invaded his nostrils.

'It is Susan's carelessness,' exclaimhd Laura. 'What is the girl about? Jane, go and tell her that if she cannot toast the bread without filling the house with smoke, the sooner—'

'I hardly think that Susan is to blame,' interrupted George.

'Who then!'

'I—I don't know as anybody.'

'There must be somebody to blame when we are annoyed,' observed Laura. 'Is tea ready, Jane?'

'Yes, ma'am,' replied Jane.

And the amiable couple proceeded to the tea table, where the cloth was spread in a very inviting manner.

So firmly fixed had George's habit of fault-finding become, that he complained of his tea, almost before he tasted it.

'It's a pity we can't have a good cup of tea occasionally,' murmured Laura, knitting her pretty brows. 'Susan, take away these slops! Try again, and see if you can't make something fit to drink.'

And without saying 'by your leave,' Laura reached forth, took away her husband's cup, and emptied its contents into the slop bowl, at the same time pushing the tea-pot towards Susan with a look of impatience and disgust.

Laura was playing her part capitally. George became alarmed.

'Don't be to too hasty, my dear,' said he, 'taste the tea and see what you think of it.

'There is no need,' returned Laura, I can take your word for it. You know what good tea is; and when you say the tea is bad it is enough. It must be bad.'

'But—'

'O, it's useless to smooth things over,—When the tea is bad, we may as well speak plainly about. I don't mean to tolerate insipidity any longer. Do you hear Susan!'

Susan was as much astonished as Mr. Carswell himself, but she said nothing,—neither did he,—although he was compelled to wait five minutes for the return of the tea-pot.

This time, in consequence of Susan's haste and confusion, the tea was really insipid, but somehow George found it excellent. A conciliatory humor has a remarkable tendency to quicken one's talents for discovering imaginary perfections in things most poor and unworthy.

Accordingly, George found no fault at the tea-table; but on entering the sitting-room he undoubtedly forgot himself, and indulged in his old habit without even knowing what he said.

'What an atmosphere!' he exclaimed. 'It is like going into an oven. What is the use of keeping a room so hot?'

'I suppose Jane meant to roast us,' added Laura, fanning herself violently, although the room was not uncomfortably warm after all. 'Throw open the doors, Jane. The baby, poor thing, is cooked brown already.—You could bake pies here. Do give us a breath of fresh air.'

And Laura raised the window and sat down by it, as if on the verge of fainting.

George ran to her in alarm, drew her away and closed the window, staring at her as if he deemed her insane.

'You would catch your death cold,' he exclaimed, impatiently. 'The chill night wind blows in—'

'It is better than roasting,' complained Mrs. Carswell.

George bit his lips, but said nothing. The doors were closed, and the amiable couple did not find themselves uncomfortable, even with a little more fire in the grate!

For two hours George and Laura sat together, luxuriating in domestic peace and comfort, and conversing in the most happy manner.

At length Laura took up a magazine to read aloud to her husband. In a clear musical voice she read the opening chapter of a beautiful and interesting story, which was so pleasantly and truthfully written, that George listened as to a charm, his features glowing with pleasure, and his beaming eyes fixed lovingly on Laura's face.

Just as Mrs. Carswell was commencing the second chapter, the baby began to cry, filling the house with the shrill pipings of its little voice. Of Course, Laura, ever ready to leave everything to run to darling child, and drive its fears and troubles away with endearing kisses, stopped reading and started to her feet,

'What a bother!' muttered George. 'It seems to me that the child is crosser than ever, lately. It never gives us a minute's peace.'

Laura remembered the part she was playing at a most fortunate moment. Dashing her magazine upon the table with an impatient gesture, she knit her pretty brows and exclaimed:

'I should think it might be quiet *once!*—Why can't it sleep while we are enjoying ourselves? Where is Jane, I wonder, that she is not here to take care of it? But I suppose it will also be so. Children are the curse of married life. What people marry for I dont know! The prospect of a generation of squalling brats is very delightful!—I'll send for a supply of paregoric before another night, and give it as freely as milk.—I won't be tormented this way much longer.'

*Here*, like too many actors, Laura *overdid* her part. It was perhaps fortunate that such was the case. At first George was prodigiously astonished at this burst of passion, believeing her dangerously insane. But her overacting was as at last so apparent, that her ill humor was no longer a mystery. Something like the truth flashed upon his mind.

'It strikes me that you find fault with everything, to-day,' said he.

'Haven't I a right to?' retorted Laura.—'Can't I complain as well as you? I've left the duty of fault finding to yourself long enough now I am going to help you. I shall do my share of it in the future. If it is comfortable for one to complain, it must be twice comfortable when we are joined together. We'll see how pleasant a home we can make of this!'

Mr. Carswell burst into a loud roar of laughter. Laura, wholly unable longer to sustain her part, in which she astonished herself as well as George, relapsed from the furious into the mirthful—from a tragedy into comedy—and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks and fell upon the face of her darling child, which, all the time she was uttering her mad complaint, she had been holding tenderly to her heart.

On the following morning at breakfast George praised the buckwheats, pronounced the beefsteak delicious, and drank an extra cup of coffee, declared his inability to resist the temptation of its excellent quality.

At dinner, the shrimps were cooked exactly to his taste, and the chicken the most tender and savory in the world, and all day the rooms were found to be of a most favorable temperature.

Thus things continued three days, when Mrs. Marston favored Laura with another call, and inquired about the success of her plans.

"Ah," said Laura, "I can never express my obligations to you! George has really learned to control his temper, as I knew he would, as soon as he was aware how hateful his habit of fault-finding has become."

Mrs. Marston was rejoiced at hes friend's happiness for Laura was troubled no more with a cross husband.

But I hope that no fault-finding husband who reads this sketch will impose upon their wives the necessity of following Laura's example.

### Flowers! Fresh Flowers!

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

Flowers adorn the mountain side,
Flowers in cool and shady dells,
Flowers upon the running tide,
Flowers upon the meadows wide,
Flowers upon the upland swells.

Flowers adorn the bridal train,
Flowers upon the altars rest,
Or with gentle hands are lain
On the couch of mortal pain,
Where their ministry is blest.

Flowers are scattered o'er the dead,
Giving all of light we may
To the glooms around us spread
When the spirit homeward sped,
Leaving nought but lifeless clay.

Plant we flowers above the dead,
Where the Summer wind and rain,
Can their genial influence shed
On the cold and narrow bed,
Where the weary ne'er complain.

Flowers, the very smiles of God,
Almost as the sunlight free!
Bloom they where no foot hath trod!
With them, He hath decked the sod
Nor denied them to the sea.

For the flowers let joyful praise
Crown the Summer's golden prime:
In the city's dusty ways,
In the woodland's twilight haze,
Still prolong the grateful chime.

### Printers.

"The stick of type hath more of might,
Than warrior hosts or fortress walls;
And it shall batter towers to dust
That laugh at siege or cannon balls."

Printers have an honorable employment, and one that the first men have filled; an occupation which is, to all who will be true to themselves in its pursuits, the path to honor and eminence. Lord Erskine was a printer; Benjamin Franklin was a printer; Beranger, the celebrated French poet, was a printer. Thiers, the distinguished French historian, was a printer. Printers have become our State Governors, they take seats with our Senators, and as leading editors, have wielded pens that control the destinies of nations.

☞ A shopkeeper at Birmingham announces his business comprehensively, thus: "B. Hawkes, manufacterer and importer of almost all kinds of articles of necessity for pleasure and happiness, for all the ages of man, for moining, noon and night."

☞ "Flowers of a family" we often hear spoken of, but we believe botanists have not yet determined their place in the floral family. We have consulted with the profound Dr. Digg upon the subject, and doctor thinks that they should properly be classed with the *son*-flower.

☞ Milton somewhere speaks of "elephants endorsed with towers," from which it shall seem that elephants were not in good odor among money lenders of the time referred to. Some of the money-lenders of our own day have also seen the elephant.'

☞ Gold is an idol, worshipped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite.

☞ A maxim is sometimes like the seed of a plant, which the soul it is thrown into must expand into leaves, and flowers, and fruit.

## CLIPPINGS.

—— Why is a schooner like four o'clock? Because it is four and after (fore and after.)

—— What kind of a building would you name did you wish to know a secret? Hotel (O tell!)

—— The man that isn't afraid of thunder, talks of going to the springs next week, without asking his wife.

—— Poor paymasters should learn wisdom from the musquito, who always *settles his bills* the moment he finds you.

—— A daryman heing asked, "how many cows have you?" very candidly replied nineteen – and the *hydrant!*

—— Lightning never strikes twice in the same place—therefore, let a man whose first wife was a good one, never marry again.

—— What would be the natural consequence, if a man should become blind? He would begin to philosophize (feel loss of eyes!)

—— The following is given as a fireman's teast: "The ladies—the only incendiaries who kindle a *flame* which *water* will not extinguish."

—— What was the text in church to-day. Charley, my dear?" "I believe, father, the parson took a *claws* from the lion that Samson killed."

—— "Constitutionally tired," is now the polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lady. We live in wonderfully refined times.

—— Why is a man who is about to be married, like a man intending to visit a certain port in Europe? Answer—because he is bound to have her (Havre.)

—— "What day is this, Quilp?" asked Sizzle, yesterday. "*Fri*-day, I judge from the heat of the weather," Quilp replied, wiping the "pearly dew" from his expansive brow.

—— What is the difference between the emperor of Russia and the beggar? The emperor issues his manifestoes, and the beggar *manifests toes* without *his shoes.*

—— What heavenly thing and what earthly thing does a rainy day exercise the same influence over? The s n and your boots; for it takes the shine out of both.

—— A newly married couple riding in a carriage, were overturned, whereupon a stander by said it was a "shocking sight." "Yes," said the gentleman, "to see those just wedded *fall out* so soon."

—— You had better not attempt to decipher any correspondence when you get home late after supper, for it is a gramatical truth that a person must master his liquids before he can go through his letters.

—— "Shakespeare haunts me night and day," said a stage strutting "hero." "That he is so eternally haunted," said a by-stander, "is not to be wondered at all, for he has *most cruelly murdered him* in everything he has undertaken."

—— War is murder set to music.

—— Virtue is the greatest ornament, and good sense the best equipage.

—— True sensibility leads us to overcome our own feelings for the good of others.

—— Everything we add to our knowledge adds to our means of usefulness.

—— Truth should never strike her topsails in compliment to ignorance or sophistry.

—— Deep is the joy of social silence when we speak not with the loved, but feel their presence,

—— There are more victims to errors committed by society itself, than society supposes.

—— Slanderers are like flies that leap over all a man's good parts, to light upon his sores.

—— It rarely happens that one artificial mind can succeed in forming another; we seldom imitate what we do not love.

—— Others sometimes appear to us more wrong than they are, because we ourselves are not right in judging them.

—— Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says they are like men who stand upon their heads, they see all things the wrong way.

—— It is one of the characteristics of a good man to dispense liberally, and enjoy abstemiously, the goods he knows he may loose, and must leave.

—— The plea of "temptation is the poorest of all apologies for sin: virtue is a perfectly neutral quality unless exercised in the face of temptation.

—— De Lamartine says: "We begin to feel the insanity of existence when we are no longer of use to any person;" that is "when we are no longer loved."

—— Do not consider time lost that is spent in the interchange of social feeling—always provided you neither listen to, nor repeat scandal, in which case it is worse than lost.

—— It was Erasmus who said that if a man got a fever, or a pain in the head by overdrinking, he was apt to curse the wine, when he should rather blame himself for the excess.

—— A man who succeeds to his father's reputation must be greater than him, to be considered as great; but he that succeeds to his father's riches will have to encounter no such deduction.

—— With love, the heart becomes a fair and fertile garden, with sunshine and warm hues, and exhaling sweet odors; but without it, it is a bleak desert covered with ashes.

☞ We may judge of men by their conversation towards God, but never by God's dispensation towards them.

### Mrs. Partington's Opinion.

"A new custom for ladies," said Mrs. Partington, when a friend spoke to her of the invovation in dress. The sound of 'costume' came to her ear indistinctly, and she slightly misapprehended the word. "A new custom for ladies! I should think they had better reform many of the old customs before they try to get new ones. We're none of us any better than we ought to be, and"—

"Costume, ma'am, I said," cried her informant, interrupting her; "they are thinking of changing their dress."

"Well, for my part I don't see what can conduce them to make a public thing of it for; changing the dress used to be a private matter, but folks do so alter! They are always changing dresses now, like the catterpillar in the morning, that turns into the butterfly at night, or the butterfly at night that turns into the catterpillar in the morning, I don't know which."

"I mean they are going to have a new dress," again interrupted her informant.

"Oh, are they?" replied the old lady, "Well I'm sure I'm glad of it, if they can afford it; but they don't always think of it; a good many can't afford it; they can't! But did you hear of that new apperil for wimmen, that somebody is talking about?"

"Why my dear Mrs. P.," said she, smiling, "that was just what I was trying to get your opinion about."

"Then," returned she "why didn't you say so in the first place? Well, I do not know why a woman cannot be as vertuous in a short dress as in a long one; and it will save some trouble in wet weather, to people who have to lift their dresses and show their ankles. It may do for young critters, as sportive as lambs in pasture, but only think how I should look in short coats and trousers, shouldn't I? and old Mrs. Jones, who weighs three hundred pounds, wouldn't look well in 'em neither. But, I say, let 'em do just what they please as long as they don't touch my dress; I like the old way best, and that's the long and short of it."

### The Head and the Heart.

Here is a beautiful thing from the pen of Mrs. Cornwall Wilson:—

'Please, my lady, buy a nosegay, or bestow a trifle,' was the address of a pale, emaciated woman, holding a faw withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the bench at Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide.

'I have no pence, my good woman,' said the lady, looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze; 'If I had I would give them to you.'

'I am a poor widow, with three helpless children depending upon *me*; *would* you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?'

'I have no half-pence,' reiterated the lady somewhat pettishly. 'Really,' she added as the poor applicant turned meekly away, 'this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police on the shores to prevent annoyance.'

They were the thoughtless dictates of the head.

'Mamma,' said a blue-eyed boy, who was playing on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, 'I wish you had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry and you know that we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine.'

The *heart* of the lady answered the appeal of the child; and with a blush of shame crimsoning her cheek at the tacit reproof of his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hand—and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sand on his errand of mercy.

In a few seconds he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight, and his features glowing with health and beauty. 'Oh! mamma, the poor woman was so thankful she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her, and she said, 'God help the noble lady, and you too, my children will now have bread for this two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing.'

The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her *heart* told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure the cold reasoning of the *head* could never bestow.

### Beautiful Extract.

There is an even-tide in human life, a season when the eye becomes dim and strength decays, when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes; and much it would profit you, my elder brethern, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with them not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm temperature of your summer, there is a season of stillness, of solitude, which the benificence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and future, and prepare for the mighty change which you may soon undergo. It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingle its voice with that of revelation—it summons you to those hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which conducts to those green pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

### Printer's Talk.

U O not x10d Ur ☞ 2 a man b4 U R introluced 2 him, nor cut a —— b4 U R acquainted. U should not attempt —— Ur sweetheart b4 her mother. U should not carry a † in company, nor ask a ? designed 2 hur- any 1's feelings. C that U walk not ‖ with the vicious. View the sun and *** with reverence and ! A blowin the stomach will W up, and may put a . 2 U'r x istence When U bgin a ¶ the first line 1 H.—Bear U'r trials with 40titude