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Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis.

In the fall of 1857, a young country merchant, not altogether ignorant of the ways of the city, and by no means adverse to adventures, came here to get his semi-annual supply of dry goods. Having made his purchase, and being in no especial haste to return, he determined to visit the matrimonial office, the advertisement of which he had seen, and which struck him as exceedingly curious.

He repaired to the place indicated in the paper, paid the usual fee of $5, and made the following entry:

"John Quincy Jenkins, a dry goods merchant of Memphis, Tennessee, 28 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches high, black eyes and hair, and domestic tastes, desires to form the acquaintance of a lady, 22 to 25 years of age, with a view to matrimony. She must be of affectionate disposition, accomplished, intelligent and handsome. None others need apply. Money is no object, the advertiser having a lucrative business."

The merchant was assured by the broker that she had just such a person on her list at that moment, and that if he would call at 5 o'clock that afternoon he should see her.

The adventurous Jenkins, being of a somewhat suspicious disposition, feared foul play; and when the appointed hour arrived, went to the office with a six shooter, loaded, in his pocket, more than half expecting to defend himself against robbers and assassins.

But the enemy he encountered was not of this kind. He was introduced to a young woman with black eyes and hair, pearly teeth, delicate hands, fine form, and somewhat handsome and rather intelligent face. Her dress was appropriate and her manner modest.

Be it known that the adventurous Jenkins had anticipated nothing of the sort. He had supposed that if the landlady introduced him at all, which he considered doubtful, it would be to some frightful hag, who would drive him from the house in disgust. He was therefore a good deal taken aback, and though a man of sufficient *audacie*, much embarrassed.

He rallied, however, and was soon chatting with the fair stranger as with an old acquaintance. Her wit and intelligence surprised and pleased him. He had no more idea of marrying than Brigham Young has of living single, and began to wish from the bottom of his heart, that he was out of the affair.

The twain talked on until Jenkins became aware that he was expected to broach the main subject—but how to do it was a problem. He resolved, however, to tell her frankly that he was there merely from curiosity. He opened in this way:

"Mrs. —— (naming the broker,) keeps a matrimonial office, it seems. It is a novel idea, and her advertisement made me curious."

The unknown beauty blushed charmingly. The glow which overspread her cheeks was, indeed a 'hit.' She replied, "Yes; I see no harm in it. I would not have my uncle know I am here for anything in the world, he could never understand it. I have plenty of acquaintances but little sympathy. I am well aware what the conventionalities of the world require; I am also aware that a woman's happiness is often sacrificed to them. I have resolved to this extent to break through them, and never marry until I love."

"Love surely," replied the half captivated and philosophic Jenkins, "is the essential element of happiness, and I fancy that marriage without would be an intolerable burden."

"I come here," responded mademoiselle, "not because I am ignorant of what belongs to a modest woman, but believe there is nothing wrong or immodest in doing so; and thinking that I might meet with what has been denied me—the sympathy and friendship of some one who understands me."

"I came here," vigorously responded Jenkins, perceiving a good chance to say what he wanted to, "I came here simply from curiosity. It is always best to be frank and truthful; I have no intention of marrying, but seeing so novel an advertisement in the paper, I wished to know its meaning."

Jenkins is of opinion that when he uttered this speech a careful observer might have seen the slightest shade of disappointment becloud the features of the fair stranger; but if so it passed quickly.

After a few minutes conversation, Jenkins arose to depart. He expressed gratification at having seen her, and said that as he had a few days to spend in the city, he would, if he might presume to do so, beg the honor of calling upon her.

"Tell me, sir," replied the enchanting damsel, "tell me if you can respect me just as much as though you had met me at Saratoga or Newport, and sought an introduction?"

"It matters very little where we find a jewel we prize," was the gallant reply of the gallant Jenkins.

"If by that you mean to answer me in the affirmative," was the reply, "I shall be happy to have you call upon me to-morrow evening at my uncle's, No. —— 14th street."

Jenkins went away looking, like Ferdinand.

—"in a moved sort.
As if he were dismayed."

His soliloquy was something after this fashion:

"I was a fool for going there! If the girl is honest, and has taken a fancy to me, she will be disappointed. She seems honest and modest, though I don't understand how a really modest woman could go to such a place, still she might perhaps. I did as much as tell her I tho't it was wrong. I won't go—that's the cheapest way to get out of it. Yes, I will go.

Jenkins was swayed by conflicting emotions for something more than twenty four hours—sometimes firmly resolving not to call, and again as determined to go. Finally, when the time came, he started without hesitation.

He found Della (so she called herself) in a very respectable house, richly furnished. He was introduced to the 'uncle' as an old acquaintance whom she had met at a watering place. The evening passed pleasantly—so pleasantly, indeed, that Jenkins, without thinking precisely what he was about, promised to call again which he did two evenings later.

This time he found Della alone, and after another very pleasant chat, arose to take his leave, remarked that he should remain in town but three days longer, and asked if he might call again.

He now observed that his new friend appeared much embarrassed. She did not answer directly, and Jenkins walked to the door. She followed with hesitating steps, but finally seized him frantically by the hand, and drawing him back, stammered rather than spoke as follows:

"You—sir—you ask if you shall call again. It will give me pleasure to have you do so—that—is—sir—I—have something to say. You will excuse me—but I know you are generous and can appreciate my position"—[a profound sigh and Della, staggered to the piano, placed her head on her hands and wept.]

"Madam," said Jenkins, "I trust I can appreciate what you wish to say; and if I can be of service to you in any way, you have only to show me how.—She restrained her tears and proceeded.

"I will be frank with you, sir—that is, [sighs and tears]—I will try to tell you—will you forgive me if it is wrong?"

"Certainly, it cannot be wrong," Jenkins answered, considerably excited by the unexpected scene. "Tell me frankly —I assure you it will give me pleasure to assist you."

"Yes, but—oh, dear! [another fit of weeping]—but—it is so strange!"

"What is it Della?" Jenkins for the first time calling her by her Christian name.

"You will be as frank as I am, will you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, then—whether you come or not depends upon yourself."

"Then I shall certainly come."

"I fear not."

"Pray explain."

[Sighs and tears.]

"Well, then, I will try to be calm enough. I—like you—very much,—and feel towards you—as I never did towards another. I—that is—I am sure I *shall*, if you continue to come here—*love you*. If you do not feel so towards me, I must ask you not to come again."

This last speech was interlarded with an infinite number of sighs, and appearances of fainting. And no sooner was it concluded than she fell fainting towards the bewildered Jenkins. Of course there was no alternative, and he caught her in his arms, and made various frantic attempts to restore her; as he was thus performing his kindly offices, in came the uncle, of a sudden, followed by a young man he had not before seen.

Those who have read the adventures of the renowned Mr. Pickwick, will never forget the memorable occasion on which his friends entered his lodgings, and discovered Mrs. Bardell fainting and screaming in his arms; and they have only to revert to that picture to have an exact portrait in the case of Mr. Jenkins. The uncle summoned the servant girl, who for some unaccountable reason was very near at hand; she came rushing to the spot, and she, too, saw Della in the arms of the petrefied Jenkins.

In due time their united efforts restored her, and the uncle demanded of her an explanation. But she could not or would not make any, and he of course, turned upon Jenkins. The adventurous merchant told him that his niece was seized with a fainting fit as he stood by the door about to depart, and that he, of course, caught her falling at the moment he came in. He seemed dissatisfied and suspicious. Jenkins said his niece would explain all, when sufficiently restored, and bade him good night.

It chanced that Mr. Jenkins had an intimate acquaintance living at the hotel at which he stopped, and as he rushed out of the house in a state bordering on frenzy, he encountered this identical friend. It was a moonlight evening, and the lawyer instantly recognized him as he descended into the street. As he did so, he very deliberately walked up the steps and examined the number, more carefully than Mr. Farrell did 31 Bond street, on that memorable occasion when he sat down to tie a shoe string, and returning to the walk said to Jenkins:

"What the deuce has brought you here?"

"I don't know!—fate I suppose—or being a cursed fool!" was the excited reply.

The lawyer took Jenkins' arm, and demanded a confidential communication. He with some hesitation, gave a history of the case from first to last.

"You gave a ficticious name and residence?" inquired the lawyer eagerly, when Jenkins had finished.

"Yes."

"And did you tell the fair enchantress where you were stopping?"

"No, I told her I was at the Metropolitan."

"Lucky! Lucky!" said he.

"Why lucky?"

"Let me tell you. I know a thing or two of that precious uncle and his virtuous niece. Didn't she faint well?" said he laughing.

"Yes."

"Admirably, I will wager. She sighed well, blushed well, fainted well!"

"Yes."

"Of course she did. *She is an actress.* She might have been a good one—a famous one, I think—but that she had so many lovers and amours. She ran off with a Southern actor, lived with him a year or so, went to a watering place met the man of the house there, ran away from the actor with him, and called him her uncle. He is as much her uncle as I am—no more.

"Well?"

"Well, there are a great many things done in New York which don't square with the golden rule—lawyers know that You know something of us here, but you know little of the ways of this wicked city. The house you have just left is a trap, and but for your precaution in concealing your name and hotel, you would have been caught. You would have been, as it is, probably, had I not found this out; for the uncle would search every hotel in this city but they find you.

"Your safety is in flight. You must retreat in the morning, or my word for it you will be sued for a breach of promise of marriage in less than three days.—That scene was all arranged. They will make out a case against you. In the first place there is the matrimonial office; the keeper will swear to the facts of the acquaintance. It was formed avowedly in view of matrimony; there is your writing in the register—all of which shows the *animus*. In the second place the repeated calls. They can prove two, and insinuate more. The matrimonial agent will not remember the date of your visit. They will say that it might have been four weeks that you had been in the habit of calling, though they cannot swear positively. In the third place, there were three eye witnesses to the fainting scene, besides the girl herself; and I have no doubt that the young man is a *bona fide* witness, invited there without any knowledge of the conspiracy. Could a lawyer ask a better case with which to go before a jury?"

"But are you sure there is such a conspiracy?"

"I know it; that is, I am morally certain of it."

"Have they served up such cases to you before?"

"Yes. I have seen the papers for four similar cases, and rather than suffer the exposure, trouble and expense, the parties settled. One man gave $1000, another $4,500, another $3,000, and another $4000, which, I have no doubt was divided up between the niece, the uncle, and the servant girl, and perhaps the matrimonial office."

"And the lawyer," Jenkins suggested.

"Well, the lawyer had his fee, of course, but I do not know as he was *particeps criminis*."

Jenkins did not argue the morality of the lawyer's part, but requested him to let him know if anything occurred, which he promised to do.

The next morning John Quincy Jenkins left for his home in the rural districts, two or three days sooner than he expected. In less than a week he received a letter from his legal friend, in which he was informed that the next day after his last visit to Della, a lawyer was applied to, as he expected to make out a case and commence proceedings against John Quincy Jenkins, for breach of promise of marriage unless it was settled. At the uncle's suggestion, the lawyer went with to the Metropolitan Hotel, to find Mr. Jenkins, and see if he would not compromise; not finding that worthy gentleman, the old man instituted a search in all the prominent hotels, and finding no such name on the books, concluded that Mr. Jenkins was a myth, consigned the individual who bore the name to curses and history.

The Printer and his Types.

The following beautiful extract, from the pen of the gifted Bayard Taylor, traveling printer of the New York Tribune, we commend to the craft everywhere, as something worthy of their attention:—

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the "art preservative"—the achievement of types,

Every day of their long life, they are accustomed to read the newspaper, to find fault with its statements, its arrangements, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roguish and acrobatic type, that gets into a frolic and stands upon it's head; or some with a waste letter or two in it—but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and thousands of pieces necessary to its composition they know little and think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder, indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet woven for thought to walk on, of the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose the printer's "case,"—noiseless except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their place in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of the art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes, how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he only has a little chart to work by, how many facts in small handfulls, how much truth and chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements until he holds in his hand a stanza of Gray's Elegy or a monody upon Grimes "all buttoned down before." Now he "sets" a "puppy missing," and now "Paradise Lost; he arrays a bride in "SMALL CAPS," and a sonnet in nonpareil; he announces that the languishing "live," in one sentence—transposes the word and deplores the days that are few and "evil," in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand like a clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing of the ear but perhaps not.

Types that told of a wedding yesterday, announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps in the self-same letters. They are elements to make a word of—those types are—a word with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer, and as grand as autumn flowers that frost cannot wilt, fruit that shall ripen for all time.

The newspaper has become the logbook of the age; it tells us what rate the world is running; we cannot find our "reckoning" without it.

True, the green grocer may build up a pound of candles in our last expressed thoughts, but it is only coming to bad uses, as its letters have done times innumerable.

We console ourselves by thinking that one can make of living that newspaper what we cannot make of living oaks—a bridge for time—that he can fling it over the chasm of the dead years and walk safely back on the shadowy sea into the far Past. The singer shall not end his song, nor the true soul be eloquent any more.

The realm of the Press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has given utterance to a sentiment that is not lost—a sentiment that has cheered somebody's solitary hour made some one happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or hope in a heart.

We may meet with the sentiment many a year after, it may have lost all traces of its paternity, but he feels an affection for it. He welcomes it as a long absent child. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders if, indeed, he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now—perhaps he would not if he could.

It seems like the voice of his former self calling to his parent, and there is something mournful in its tone. He begins to think, to remember why he wrote it—where his readers then, and where they had gone—what was he then and how has he changed. So he muses until he finds himself wondering if that thought of his will continue to float until he is dead, and whether he is really looking upon something that will survive him And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentence that he could wish unwritten—that is a better part of him—a shred from the garment of immortality he leaves behind him when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the silent halls of eternal sleep.

Comfort of a Small House.

We confess to a liking for small houses and small women. Touching the former, we will here give seven good, and, as we think, sufficient reasons for our preference:

In the first place, they imply small, cozy rooms. Not cramped, but measurable. So small that the light and heat are reflected and radiated from all parts. Family comfort cannot thrive in a hall or field. I imagine that the boy who did not feel sufficiently acquainted with his father to ask him for a new cap, lived in a "palatial residence." I doubt not, for the same reason, people living among the mountains are more sociable than those who live on plains. Affection, like a smile, dies unless it is reflected.

Secondly, we like small houses because they look paid for, and a small house paid for holds more happiness and real friends than a large one unpaid. Anything unpaid is uncomfortable. To an honest man debts are demons, and an indebted house a haunted house, full of creeping horrors and disquietudes as that described by Hood.

Thirdly, we like small houses because they look sympathising. They are like people not over-dressed, more ready to make acquaintance. A big house is like a big man—unaccostable. Stately porticos and lordly halls are like the titles of D. D., L. L. D., etc., imposing, distant, and inclined to be repellent.

In the fourth place, we like a small house because it excites no envy. It matters not how elegantly it is furnished, how tastefully adorned with shrubbery and flowers, its observers are its admirers and friends. It does not fall under the "evil eye," and no man who has a soul would wish even his house—his home—the abode of his wife and children—to be an object of envy. Everybody can say, and is encouraged to say, "I can build such a house," which words are equivalent to a blessing.

Fifthly, we like a small house because it must always remain the people's house. The industrious mechanic can earn such a house. The diligent laborer can own, by patient industry, such a house. The widow can live in such a house; and what a rich, rational comfort it is to live in such accommodations as of necessity must be the dwelling-place of nine-tenths of the race?

Sixthly, we like small houses because in such most of us begin life. It is with small houses that the affections of young couples, the first care and joys of married life, are mostly associated. Most of us begin "in a small way."

In the last place, we prefer the small house because it is not so far removed from our last narrow home. Only a few steps down, and our weary feet are there; but from the large palace to the narrow grave the change is too abrupt. I've grown sober over these orders of architecture, and will stop.—[Ohio Farmer.

A Youthful Hero.

It is recorded of a little boy in Holland, that he was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the side of the canal. He stopped and thought what the consequence would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell of the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings; how in a few hours, the opening would become bigger, and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dyke, until, the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and everything in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers? it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it.

Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently waited the approach of some villager.—But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, but there sat the heroic boy in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking by the canal heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you here, my child?" he asked seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the villagers from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold, that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives, was prevented.

"Heroic boy: what a truly noble spirit of self-devotedness he showed!" every one will exclaim. A heroic boy he indeed was; and what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his warm home?—What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the responsibility of his position? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the darkness and the cold, in thinking what the consequences would be if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of waters, and he determined to stay at his post or to die.

Now there is a sense in which every person has far weightier responsibility than that of the little Hollander on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and eternal ruin, or a pure stream of gladness and goodness on the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful in it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, "I am nobody; I don't exert any influence," for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influence, and you have it whether you will or no, and you are responsible for the consequence of that influence, whatever it is.

Take your stand before the world, then with the determination to devote your influence to virtue, to humanity, to God. Dear children, begin life, and grow up with these solid principles of action, to fear and to honor God, to be true to your conscience and to"do all the good you can. Then will your path indeed be like that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—[Home Magazine.

Stupidities.

Walking along the street with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind. under the arm or over the shoulder, By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye, in one of our streets and died in a few days.

Stepping into a church aisle after dismission, and standing to converse with others, or to allow occupants of the same pew to pass out and before, for the courtesy of precedence, at the expense of a great boorishness to those behind him.

To carry a long pencil in vest or outside coat pocket. Not long since a clerk in New York fell, and a long ceader pencil so pierced an important artery, that it had to be cut down upon from the top of the shoulder to prevent his bleeding to death, with three months' illness.

To take exercise, or walk for the health when every step is a drag, and instinct urges to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health giving nature of its washing out qualities·

To sit down to a table and "force" yourself to eat, when there is not only no appetite, but a positive aversion to all food.

To economise time by robbing yourself of necessary sleep' on the ground that an hour saved from sleep is an hour gained for life, when in reality it is two hours actually spoiled.

To persuade yourself that you are destroying one unpleasant odor by introducing a stronger one; that is, attempting to sweeten your own unwashed garments and person, by enveloping yourself in the fumes of musk, eau de Cologne, or rose-water; the best perfume being a clean skin and well washed clothing.

Bringing up daughters in such a way as to make poor, helpless tallow colored things of them. This may easily be done by anticipating all their wants, "fixing," everything for them, and confining them to a life of utter inactivity and worthlessness. One of the advantages of this course is, that they will certainly attract the notice of none but fortune seekers sap heads or sensualists. Or if a man of worth should happen to marry one of them, he will be very sure to regret it all the days of his life.

MARINE LOSSES FOR OCTOBER.—The losses for the month of October, have been 30 vessels in all, whereof 4 were ships, 2 barks, 2 brigs, 21 schooners, and 1 sloop. The total value of property lost was five hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars, exclusive of damage to vessels, not totally lost, and of partial losses of cargo.

Editing a Paper.

We copy from the Olpheluss Gazette, of January 13, 1830, the following, which shows that twenty eight years ago, the difficulties of an editor of a newspaper were the same as they are now, and the same as will always exist:

The truth is, an Editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he express his opinions fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptous. If he states facts without comment, he dares not to express his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of hostility, A jackanape, who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape—by the yard—hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and gimlets, and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense, "stop my paper—I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry; as if it were patronage to buy a paper at about one half more than so much waste paper would cost. One murmers because his paper is not literary —another because it is literary—another because it is not literary enough. One grumbles because the advertisements engross too much room—another complains that the paper is too large—we can't find time to read it all. One wants type so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family—another threatens to discontinue the paper unless the letters are half an inch long—an old lady actually offered an additional price for a paper that should be printed in type as large as is used in handbills.

Every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisypnus was recreation when compared with an editor who undertakes to please all.

Various Readings.

On the plenary inspirations of scripture, Dr. Cumming remarks:

It has been objected that there are various readings in the original of the New Testament and Old Testament too; and that this shows that we cannot hold by the idea that the words are inspired.—Let me state the facts of the case: Michælis, the ablest critic perhaps that ever examined the Scriptures, labored thirty years in crtical researches in the MSS. Dr. Kennicott labored ten years, and consulted five hundred and eighty one different MSS.; and compared them word for word, and letter for letter. Professor Rossi examined six hundred and eighty MSS.; Griesbaugh examined three hundred and thirty five for the gospels alone; and Scholz examined six hundred and seventy-four, comparing word for word, letter with letter. What is the result of all? Literally nothing, and the very nothinguess of the result is the magnificant proof of the inspiration of the original· all they have discoveren is, to a great extent, that the rspirate should be here, or the article should be omitted there, or a letter should be inserted elsewhere. I will take only one of the testimonies they have left. Eichhorn says: "The different readings collated by Kennicott, scarcely afford enough interest to repay the labor which was bestowed upon them," Now what does this prove? It proves that God not only inspired that blessed book but spread over it the wing of his protecting providence from year to year, and age to age. The grand fruit of elaborate research is negative.

ONE would think that the Gospel, in the eyes of a certain class of New York clergymen, was worn thread-bare, with nothing more to be said on the subject, such is the avidity with which secular topics are seized for pulpit dissertation. On Sunday last, no less than three sermons were preached upon the tragedy in Thirtieth street, very good discourses in their way, doubtless, but as they were advertised in advance, it looks as if the reverend orators were as much inclined to "sensation sermons" as the penny-a-liners are to "sensation stories."—[Pitts. True Press.

A REMARKABLE exhibition took place at the Hopkinsville (Tenn.) Fair. Ten brothers, named BROWN, all mounted on fine gray horses, rode into the amphitheater, and displayed their horsemanship, all being good riders. The eldest was aged forty, the youngest twenty. They had not all been together for fifteen years. Their mother was present, and they reined up in front of the glorious matron, and saluted her, while she shed tears of joy and pride.

"A FATAL FACILITY" IN WRITING.—A few men write at an easy canter, but it is a "fatal facility" they possess and not to be prayed for; the thoughts of still fewer leap into life full-growth and in panoply, for the Minerva family is very limited, and according to Homer, never had a mother. Those real gems of tho't that shine like stars in the night, were not struck one at a heat, as a spark from a Blacksmith's anvil are, but were fashioned and polished with a weary hand, perchance a weary, aching head and heart.