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PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD.—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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"I wish these bills were not allowed to run on," remarked Mrs. Hall, "I am sure it would be a great deal better to pay for everything as we go along."
"So it would, but we hav'n't the money to do it with."
"It takes nearly my whole quarter's salary, regularly, to pay off the bills of three months; and then there is no way to live but to go on trust for almost every thing for three months longer. It's a bad system, I know, but there appears to be no help for it just now."
"And in the full conviction that there was no help for it, Mr. Hall drew his quarter's salary of two hundred and fifty dollars, and went and paid off bills, and borrowed money—debts amounting to two hundred dollars. Then giving his wife ten dollars to buy little things with, he started with a feeling of discouragement, on a new quarter, with but forty dollars in his pocket. Although he had paid two hundred dollars of debts, there was almost an equal amount still hanging over him."
Mr. Hall was a clerk in a bank, where he was engaged, regularly, from eight o'clock in the morning until about four o'clock and sometimes five in the afternoon. He lived in a house for which he paid two hundred dollars a year, and paid his tailor from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars annually. He carried a gold lever watch that had cost eighty dollars, and wore a chain for which he had paid forty. He also indulged in one or two expensive breast-pins, and before his family had become as large as at present, had spent a good deal of money in jewelry for his wife. But the dropping in of one child after another, until the number grew to five, interfered with these little indulgences very materially, and called so loudly for self-denial that the appeal could not be entirely disregarded. But the self-denial was practiced more by Mrs. Hall—much more than by her husband. She denied herself almost every thing, even sufficient rest for her overworked body, while he went on, in most things about the same as he did when he and his wife paid eight dollars a week for their boarding, and had just the same income they had at present. But let us look a little more closely into his way of doing things, and see if it is not possible to discover what appeared so great a mystery to him.

"Yes, here's a three dollar bill. He gave me the right change."
Mr. Hall's mind was in great perplexity. His income was small enough compared to his expenses, and, therefore, to lose eight or ten dollars, he felt to be no trifling matter.
"Suppose you count up what you have spent?" suggested Mrs. Hall, "and see how much it is, exactly. Perhaps you have laid out more than you think for."
"I've not laid out half of sixteen dollars. But we will count up."
In the first place the spendings for marketing, shoes and the sundries that went into the family were recalled with some effort, and the sum of six dollars finally made out.
"That's only six dollars, you see," remarked Mr. Hall, leaving a deficiency of ten dollars and a half."
"But you forgot the carriage hire."
"True. That was two dollars—making eight dollars."
"And you know you bought milk and cakes for the children, and paid the toll-keeper."
"So I did. Let me see how much I paid exactly. Just fifty cents to a fraction."
"Then we have eight dollars and fifty cents accounted for, which leaves eight dollars and fifty cents deficient. Think now, what you spent for yourself, yesterday and the day before."
"Not eight dollars nor eight cents. But let me see. There is my luncheon every day, for three days—just thirty-seven and a half cents. True! And there is a bottle of wine; I'd forgotten that—seventy-five cents. Yes, and now I remember, I paid half a dollar for the toys I bought the children."
"So much?"
"Yes. I had to buy for all of them, and even cheap toys, where you have to get so many of them, count up. But, we must include the children, sometimes I have spent, also, for cigars and tobacco, the trifles of thirty-one cents; and for paper-folding a quarter. And in cakes and candies for the children I may have spent, maybe, a shilling. Let me see how much all these amount to."
The items were soon summed up, and the product was two dollars and nearly a half.

"That, you see, reduces it to five dollars and a half," said Mrs. Hall.
"So it does," remarked the husband.—"How money does slip through one's fingers. I would not have believed it. But where is the balance? Where are the five dollars and a half? Even that is too much to lose. Let me see."
Mr. Hall thought for a moment, and then his thumb and finger gave a sharp crack, and he exclaimed—
"Yes! That's it! I paid my barber's and my boot black's bills, which added together, make just five dollars and a half. Well, I declared! It is astonishing! Would any one have thought it? How money does go! I wish I could never see a dollar.—Money melts out of my pocket like snow before the fire. I wish, in my heart, you would take it and see if you can make it go any further than I do."
Mrs. Hall did not reply for some moments, and then she said—
"I will do so, provided you let me manage things in my own way for a year; and, also, provided you will be content with five dollars a quarter for your tobacco and cigars; also provided, that you will shave yourself, and black your own boots, or let me do it for you; and also take your luncheon from home instead of buying it; by all of which about sixty dollars a year can be saved."
"Sixty dollars! It don't cost half of that sum, Harriet."
"Count it up for yourself, Felix. Why a shilling a day for lunch amounts to thirty-seven dollars a year!"
"So it does? How little things do count up. Well, wife, if you'll take hold in good earnest, I'll do just as you say for one year, and if you bring down the cost of living as much as a hundred dollars, I will let you manage money matters ever after."
"If I don't bring it down three hundred dollars I am mistaken," replied Mrs. Hall, in a confident tone; for light had suddenly broken into her mind. The account which her husband had given of three days' disposition of money under his system, showed her where the leak was.

"Here are my accounts for the year—They are not very neatly kept, but I presume you will find all correct."
"Accounts! Have you kept accounts?" asked Mr. Hall.
"Oh, yes; to a penny."
"Well, how stands the balance?"
"Something in my favor, I think. There isn't a cent owed anywhere, except the balance of your tailor's bill, and you know I had over a hundred and fifty dollars to pay when I took the management of the children."
"Possible!" said Mr. Hall, opening his eyes.
"Yes; and, what is better, I have about fifty dollars on hand."
"Incredible!"
"It is true."
"But how in the world did you do it?"
"Not by starving you all, you will admit."
"No, certainly,—we have had plenty of good, wholesome food to eat; though I mustn't to thinking, sometimes, that you indulge us in little scintillating delicacies rather sparingly."
"It had to be done, or else I couldn't have got along on the reduced income of this year—reduced by the necessity of paying off so many little old bills."
"But how have you done it, Harriet?—You haven't given me the affirmative yet?"
"By following this simple rule, Felix, never to buy anything that was not wanted, and being very careful when a want presented itself, to see whether it was real or imaginary. Hereafter, I hope you will follow the same rule, and if you do, you can keep the family on as little as I have."
"Thank you, Harriet!" returned Mr. Hall, smiling; but I believe I won't super-erogate your administration of affairs; although I shall insist upon one thing; and it is that you get a stout girl of thirteen or fourteen to help you. You are working too hard."
"Wait until next year."
"No. It must be done now. We can afford it. But, if you think we can't, I will give up my tobacco and cigars in order to help meet the extra expense."
"Oh, no, I won't ask that of you," said Mrs. Hall.
"Very well, if you insist so strongly upon it, I suppose it must be done."
And it was done. Three or four years have passed. Mr. Hall is quite as well dressed as before. And his wife much better. Several articles of new furniture have been added to their house. Mrs. Hall keeps a cook and girl to help about, and has a much more cheerful and less broken-down appearance. She doesn't work half as hard as she did. Add to all this the fact, that there is not a cent owed anywhere, and from one to two hundred dollars always lying by, and the reader will agree with Hall, who has quite changed his mind on the subject, that a man can get along on a thousand dollars; that is, if he has the right kind of a wife, and is willing to let her manage things with prudence and economy.

KIRWAN'S LETTERS.
TO THE RIGHT REV. JOHN HUGHES, BISHOP OF NEW YORK.
LETTER XII.
MY DEAR SIR,—The letters which I have had the honor of addressing to you, I must now bring to a close. I have stated to you, with frankness and sincerity, my reasons for leaving the church in which I was born, baptized, and confirmed; and which, on the most mature deliberation, you prevent me from returning to it. I can assure you, on the word of an Irishman, and which is far more, on the word of a Christian, that I have had no end in view but the exposure of error, and the development of the truth. Thirty years have almost run their course since I left your church; and although not utterly unknown to the men of our age, nor uncollected by the letters from my first appearance on popery. Unless some unexpected ripple is excited on the current of my feelings, they will, probably, form my last.
Now, dear sir, what think you of these reasons? Are they, or are they not, sufficient to excuse, to forbid my return to your church? Had I an ear sufficiently acute to hear the decision of your conscience, I believe in my soul that it pronounces them sufficient. Yes, I believe, that were it not for your sad doctrine of infallibility, which stamps types and perpetuates every absurdity, you and multitudes like you, men of sense and education, would rise and cast a fire-brand amid the rubbish which ignorance and wickedness have, in the progress of ages, collected around your church, and send its smoke heavenward like the smoke of a furnace.—But, Sir, I am not ignorant of the slow progress of truth against biggery—the great difficulty of exchanging bad opinions and customs, followed by usage, for better ones. Nor have I read history so inattentively as not to learn from it the great difficulty of converting high ecclesiastics to the knowledge of the truth.—The mire has shrouded many a head from the weapons of sense and logic; and under the surplusage many a conscience has gone to rest, that without it, would have wended to the death for the faith once delivered to the saints. I must not forget that it was the high priest who occupied Moses' seat that put our Lord to death; and I can't forget that those claiming to be the successors of Peter, and the viceroys of Christ, have been the greatest persecutors of the saints. They have shed Christian blood enough for pope and cardinal to swim in. Would to God that you could see things as I see them; your influence would be strong in freeing our fellow-countrymen from that bondage of the soul which most degrades them. But despairing of this, I turn from you to the victims of your system. Roman Catholics, and especially Irish Catholics, to you I now turn. From your bishop, whom, with you, I respect as a man, though I oppose his religious principles, I appeal to you. With you is the power to bring to a perpetual end that system of ghostly tyranny the most oppressive that man has ever felt. Subjects and spouses depart together; the faces of the Mass will soon end when there are none to witness it; and popes, bishops, and priests will soon seek an honest calling when there are none to be edified by their jugglery,—when "the alms and the offerings of the faithful" cease to flow.
Will you give an honest perusal to these letters; and candidly weigh the reasons and the arguments which they contain? That I was born in Ireland, is my pride. My sympathies are all with Ireland in its civil, social, and moral degradation. The blood of my kindred, shed to defend it against English oppression, mingles with its soil. Your present feelings as to your church, I have had, and in all their force. I can entirely appreciate them. I have cordially hated Protestantism as a Protestant; and I have seen the time when I regarded the man as my personal enemy who would utter a word against my religion. But those were the days of my youth and of ignorance.—When I became a man, I put away childish things. And my reasons for so doing are spread out before you in these letters; and all I ask of you, is kindly and candidly to consider them, and then to act accordingly. If they are not sufficiently cogent to cause you as they have caused me, to leave the Church of Rome, then you will have my entire consent to be oppressed, flattered and ridden by your priests as long as you live.
You permit me to entreat you to give to the subject of these letters the attention which it demands. I know that many of you are sincere; but this is no test of truth. I know many of you to be devout; but so are Mahometans and pagans. I know that many of you are prepared to make any sacrifice which religion demands. But we may give all our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be burned, and yet be strangers to the only true religion. My heart is deeply affected in view of your state. A noble people, you are shut out from the joys to which God invites you. You are hoodwinked and manacled by a system of the grossest fraud and delusion; you are denied the common birthright of a citizen of the world—seeing with your own eyes and hearing with your own ears. You are robbed of the only volume that can guide you—and are forbidden to enter the way of life, save through the gate which is guarded by your priests. O suffer the entreaties of one who suffers as you now do under the galling chains of papal tyranny. Break the fetters which priests

SEE CAREFUL FOR THEM.
Although these papers wrap over boys that are sold, whose bright looks are bright, and cheerful friends dead.
To the arms of thy Saviour, poor weeping ones flow, O! prove his compassion—his care for thee.
Though small be the stone when pale we lie nigh, 'Tis written, thy God shall all thy needs supply; 'Tis the birds that he feedeth, from fear ever free; Be careful for nothing—be careful for these.
Thy heart may be heavy, with sorrow oppress'd, And thy spirit be pining, and pining for rest; As thy day of extremity through it shall be; Thine aid to almighty—be careful for these.
Though keen be the conflict, and bitter the strife, Thou art called forth to wage in the battle of life; Though mighty thy foe, yet greater is he; Thy aid and thy fortress—be careful for these.
And when every tempest and conflict hath ceased, And thy spirit from trial and toll is released, By the bright light of heaven then—then thou wilt see How thy God will be careful for thee.
Truths Fully Spoken.
Meredith P. Gentry, the American candidate for Governor in Tennessee, is stamping the State. He has been on the hunt of the Mount Pisgah candidate, Mr. Johnson. He met him at Shelbyville some time ago, and pitched into him in brilliant style, as follows:
"Now, said Col. Gentry, I wish to be understood once for all, that I do not interfere with a man's right of conscience to worship God as he pleases; nor do I desire a union of Church and State. All that I ask, and all that I believe sound statesmanship requires, is that they should not be entrusted in piloting the ship of State through the rough seas, when we have mariners, born on the ocean, who can stand at the helm. Let them come over to our free land—let them enjoy, after they shall have served their apprenticeship, the advantages of our institutions—Let them be fully protected in their enjoyment; but do not place them where they can dictate to us the laws by which we shall be governed. Why, sir, take this case more into your own household; you invite a stranger to share your hospitality, you give him protection, you furnish him with food and raiment, and take care of him. After a while, growing fat on your good things, he assumes to rule the household in your absence, and when you come back you find your orders disobeyed and your plans broken up; what would you say to him? But my competitor says, that the American party is warring against one branch of Christ's Church; they refuse to vote for a member of the Catholic Church for office. And he argues that the devils in hell with all their legions are warring, and have ever since they were cast out of heaven by the Almighty, against the church of Christ on earth—that the Know Nothings, he says are warring against the Catholic church, one branch of Christ's church, and therefore, the Know Nothings are in league with the devils in hell, in attempting to tear down the Christian religion, and building on its ruins atheism and infidelity.
Now, let us see if there is any force in such an argument. Let us dissect it. Let us see what it will prove. My competitor knows that the Catholic Church claims to be the only true church on earth, and that the Protestant churches are only schisms and heresies, going to the devil as fast as they can—and the Catholic Church seeks to exterminate them everywhere.—Why, they burnt them at Smithfield; they exterminated by scores in the tortures of the infernal inquisition; they now refuse Protestant burial in the countries under their sway—in Italy and Spain; they refuse them the right to worship in their own country—they interdict their versions of the scriptures of divine truth—they are evidently leagued together for the purpose of destroying the Protestant churches of Christ on earth—and my competitor is their advocate. Does it not follow, therefore, according to his own argument, that my competitor, together with the Roman church and the devils in hell are leagued together to destroy Christ's church on earth? How can my competitor escape this conclusion, if his argument is sound? Now, we know that my competitor is too firmly convinced of the truths of Christianity, and the moral blessings attending its spread, to be leagued with such unbelly-aliened endeavoring to destroy Protestantism. Yet such is the inevitable result of his argument.
WHISTLING AT FALSEHOOD.—A clergyman in Scotland desired his hearers never to call one another liars, but when any one said what was not true they ought to whistle. On Sunday he preached a sermon on the parable of the loaves and fishes. Being at a loss to explain, he said that the loaves were not like those of now-a-days, they were as big as the hills of Scotland. He had scarcely pronounced the words, when he heard a loud whistle.
"What's that?" said he, "who calls me a liar?"
"It's J. Wally McDonald, the baker."
"Well, what objection have ye to what I told ye?"
"None, master John, only I wanted to know what kind of ovens they used to bake these loaves in?"
The New York Tribune states, that copies of that paper, of the 16th and 17th of April, which went to Paris, were confiscated. It appears there were in them four articles of an alarming nature. One of them related to Louis Napoleon's visit to London, the second to the prospect of peace, the third to the siege of Sevastopol, and the fourth to the decline of discipline in the French army.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.
BY WILLIAM COLLIER BRVANT.
Merrily swinging on briar and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountainside and mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk!
Fung and safes that nest of owls,
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.
Robert of Lincoln is gently dazed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat,
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk!
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine,
Chee, chee, chee.
Pretty and quaint with plain brown wing,
Passing at home a patient lie,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk!
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Throats and robbars while I'm here,
Chee, chee, chee.
Nodest and shys as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Jingant and pring of braggarts is he,
Purring boasts from his little throat;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk!
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about,
Chee, chee, chee.
Soon as the little ones chirp the shrill
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk!
This new life likely to be
Hard for a young fellow like me,
Chee, chee, chee.
Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk!
Nobly known but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie,
Chee, chee, chee.
Summer waxes; the children are grown;
Fan and rattle no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln a husband true!
Off he steers and sings his good;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spunk, spunk!
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again,
Chee, chee, chee.

CAN'T GET ALONG.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.
"I don't know how it is," said Felix Hall, "that some people can get along so comfortably on a thousand dollars a year. We can't do it."
"I'm sure I try to economize all I can," returned Mrs. Hall, "and she felt that her husband's remark was more than half intended as a reflection upon her. 'I only keep one girl, and do nearly all my own sewing.'"
"I don't blame you, Harriet," said Mr. Hall, "I'm sure I don't. I know you work hard—too hard, I often wish it was easier for you. But what can I do? My salary is only a thousand dollars. And yet, that is all I have to live on, and even lays by, he tells me, a hundred dollars a year."
"I don't know how they do it," replied Mrs. Hall. "I know that Mrs. Hawkins does at work half as hard as I do, though her house always looks in better order than mine. They have better furniture than we have, and I am sure Mrs. Hawkins' clothes cost double what mine do. I don't think it is my fault."
"I don't say it is, Harriet. I believe you do your part the best you know how—But something must be wrong, somewhere. Other people can live very well on a thousand dollars, while we are always owing bills to this, that, and the other one.—Here is the quarter's bill for groceries amounting to sixty-five dollars, and I owe seventy to my tailor besides. Then there is an unsettled bill at the provision store of fifteen or twenty dollars, the provision the rent, bread bill, the milk bill, and I don't know how many other bills."

A FAMILY SCENE.—How beautiful it is for children to early form the love and habit of being useful. See how this beauty is set forth in the following Family Scene by Mrs. Sigourney.
"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home, "we can no longer keep our carriage, we must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man—today there is nothing that I can call my own."
"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and in our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in the native hands and loving hearts."
"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."
"What can you do poor things?" said he.
"One of us will see—you shall see!" said several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."
Such a wife, and such children, are true riches to any man.

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