

THE FIRST GLASS.

BY R. A. CARROLL.

Go, tempter, go! I have not the wine,
Nor turn the innocent and go
To taste one drop; ah, yes, one sup
Might be his ruin from that day.
Be careful how you handle wine,
It sparkles to the youthful eye;
But oh! how little you know
What poisons in its beauty lie.

'Twas the first glass that sealed the doom
Of many a young and blooming youth,
And sent him to an early grave;
Tempter beware and heed the truth:
Oh! think how deep the serpent lurks
Within the wine cup's ruddy glow,
And do not hold that to his lips,
Which brings but sorrow death and woe.

Little Feet.

In castle halls or cottage homes,
Wherever guileless childhood roams,
O, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,
The purring mill, the organ's power,
All stir the soul, but so deep
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,
To meet the world and brave its scorn,
Adown the garden walks so neat,
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,
Withaching limbs and brood of care,
The voices ring out clear and sweet—
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,
The tools are scattered all away,
And when we go to the lost to seek,
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death hath come,
And caught our darling from its home,
Oppressive silence reigns complete;
We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,
No doors go slamming all the day;
But O, 'twould give us pleasure sweet
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft night hath come, all are asleep,
Yes, all but me; I vigil keep.
Hush! hush! my heart, and cease to beat,
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, mother, 'tis the softened tread
Of him you miss and mourn as dead,
And often when your sleep is sweet,
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And you approach that blissful shore,
The first to run your soul to greet
Will be your darling's little feet.

From The New York Observer.

THE COURTSHIP OF
REV. HENRY BLAKESFORD.

BY MISS S. S. ROBBINS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—NO. II.

If it is supposed that Darlington is going to accept this engagement without taking any further notice of it than that shown by painting and papering the inside of the parsonage, it is a mistake. The matter settled, that Faith Halstead was to be Mrs. Henry Blakesford, their minister's wife, the two became at once town property, and with an intensity of interest for the most part kindly, all their past, their present and their future were closely identified with the past, present and future of every man, woman and child in the parish.

The antecedents of their pastor they had become familiar with at the time of his settlement, but of Miss Halstead's they were in entire ignorance, nor could the most adroit questioner learn more than that she had been born at the West, was an orphan, and now had only a few distant relatives living. She did not seem to incline to make the slightest difference in her way of living on account of her engagement. She went regularly to school, studied as faithfully at home, and was no more constant or demonstrative in any of her public religious duties. She had double the number of invitations out to tea, and accepted them as she had previously, when some of her school duties did not prevent. The most fault-finding person in Darlington could not say that she "gave herself a single air,"—that is the way any assumption of dignity would have been characterized,—on account of her expected position; and yet, on the whole, Darlington was not satisfied. It wanted from her something it did not receive. So it took suddenly to asking questions. Had Mr. Blakesford made a mistake? Did his sermons begin to show it? Did his prayers? Had he made as many parish calls since his engagement? Had he not exchanged more frequently? Was he beginning to choose from among his society such persons as he would like to see frequently at the parsonage? Did he spend too much time visiting Faith Halstead? What kind of an engagement ring did she wear? That plain gold hoop that made its appearance on the little finger of his left hand one Sabbath, where did that come from? Wasn't it feminine for a minister, under any circumstances, to wear a ring? Or, might it not be even worse than that—a positive sin—to set an example of such extravagance from the pulpit?

One day Deacon Brent met his pastor in the street, and said to him: "Parson, there's my mare Black Pet. If you've got a good firm grip on the lines, so she won't be a running away with you, and fancy a team, you may have her any time, and welcome. It does a man good to spin along two-forty once a while, even if he is a minister, and I ain't a mite afraid but you'll put as much spunk into your sermons after she's spun you over a dozen miles or so, as you would a walkin' round town. You're welcome to her, anyway."

Mr. Blakesford had thanked his good Deacon, had borrowed the team, and had brought Faith Halstead home from a "two-forty spin" with eyes softer and browner than ever. They had gone out through Darlington's principal streets on a Saturday afternoon. Not a house had they passed but some one had noticed them, and it was only a few of the most ill-natured who had said:

"Well, if Mr. Blakesford can go out a riding so near the Sabbath, I hope he has finished his sermon. One of the last things that gets into a young minister's head is that he must work."

Was there any flaw in that sermon after the first ride?

Mr. Jones, the corner grocer, thought there was. He said to Mr. Short, the tin-smith, next door, that it wanted *unction*. It wasn't well digested, and no discourse could tell that hadn't been studied. It wasn't practical, and it wasn't doctrinal. The business of a minister was to bring sinners to Christ; and anything that interfered with that was loss,—loss to the church,—and loss to the church meant no new admissions among the roll of its members, and no new admissions meant higher taxes on those who had to support it. He wondered (with a very imploring look) whether the time ever would come when a minister would feel that he was only a paid servant of the church, and every hour of his time ought to be spent in advancing its interest, quite as much as he expected his clerk to spend his time in advancing the business of the store. The mistake ministers, particularly young ones, made, was they didn't see the legality of the money binding. "Earn your pay," belonged as much to them as to any other class of men who fingered other people's dollars and cents. It might be earning it, but he couldn't see it, to go off Saturday afternoon with Deacon Brent's fast mare, and be gone two hours on the stretch. But for his part a little more work put into that discourse would have made it clearer and more logical, or at least given it a fervor which would awaken dying souls and bring them into the kingdom.

To all of which, Mr. Short, tin-smith, had answered: "Wall now, brother Jones, (they were both members of the church, and of course brothers) you know our minister is a courting, and we all on us,—tin-smith had his third wife,—remember, that we needed a little allowance made for us at such times."

"Then let him go on part pay until he's married," Mr. Jones had answered. Luckily, however, the Rev. Henry and his betrothed remained ignorant of this opinion, and made no offer in that direction.

On the whole, considering the delicacy and the difficulty of the situation, affairs are not proceeding inimically for the happiness of the two so deeply concerned. If Faith Halstead is only left alone, Mr. Blakesford will take care of himself. So he writes to his mother-in-law, to whom his weekly letters go crowded with details he can give no one else:

"I'm afraid they are so good and considerate of me, that there is mischief brewing. It's too much, this unparalleled let-alone-ness, to ask of any mortal parish. My shoulders are broad. I can bear anything, or go; but my dove,—I would not have a feather of her beautiful plumage ruffled for all the parishes in the world!"

Deeply in love, you know. I confessed to you he was. Pray forgive him! Yes, there was mischief brewing, and it came at last.

Faith Halstead had gone home from her school, tired and nervous; the children had been full of fun, and the lessons were, of course poorly committed. Sitting quietly in her room, waiting for her, was Mrs. Deacon Hatch. Mrs. Hatch was the active deaconess of the church; a woman instant in every good word and deed; grave, not a slandering; sober, faithful in all things! This last apostolic description I am obliged to put behind an interrogation mark. But this is straying from my story. Mrs. Hatch's was a faded face; it had once been pretty; but it had been noticed in the parish that in proportion as the physical faded, the spiritual blossomed into new life or into fresher activity. Her's had been a prominent position in the parish, President of far too many things. It don't do, in this democratic equalizing country, to rest the supreme power too long in one person.

Unfortunately, between these two women there had been, from the very first, an antagonism. John Hatch, Jr., was a dunce, and his want of progress in his studies was attributed entirely to want of proper care on the teacher's part. Polite little messages, with hidden sharp points, had been often passed between teacher and parent. So, on the whole, Faith Halstead was not glad to find Mrs. Hatch waiting for her; besides, John had been the most stupidly incorrigible pupil to-day. Faith knew, if he was spoken of, she should be kept to say what she felt. But Mrs. Hatch's present visit was for a very different object, nor was she long in making it known.

"We are to have, to-morrow," she said, "a meeting for the purpose of electing officers to fill the places in our branch of the Woman's Board, and I called to see if we might not have the pleasure of appointing the minister's wife the President."

"I did not know that our minister had a wife," said Faith, smiling benignly, but combatively; "if he has, I should think she would be the proper person to consult."

"You are very modest my dear Miss

Halstead; and, though you and I have never spoken freely on the subject,"—and the deaconess bridled a little,—"still we both of us know just what is meant. We hope, on all accounts," with a decided emphasis on *all*, "that you will occupy that important place before long."

"Which—the President of the Branch Woman's Board, or the other?"

"Both. The zeal you have shown as a teacher [dismounted Mrs. Hatch] makes us hope that you will prove a most able and efficient co-worker in our Master's vineyard. We long to welcome you to all the positions of care and trust."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hatch," and Faith stopped, while the blood mounted slowly and painfully, for a moment, into her face; "perhaps it may be as well that we should understand each other. For the present, I must entirely decline any nomination to any office whatever in the parish."

"Surely, you will take a class in the Sabbath school?" said Mrs. Hatch, eagerly.

"Surely, I will not," said Faith, briefly.

"My dear Miss Halstead!"

"Please, Mrs. Hatch," with a deprecating outholding of her hands.

Then, Miss Halstead, I am to report to the ladies your utter refusal."

"The least said, the soonest mended," said Faith, with a faint smile she could not repress.

"I am extremely sorry, I must add extremely grieved, my dear Miss Halstead," without taking any notice of Faith's remark. "We had hoped,—indeed, I may say further, I think we have a right to demand—a different course from the wife of our minister. Mr. Blakesford is only a young man, and so much depends upon starting right; he has done well, I think I may add excellently well, since his settlement here, and we should be extremely sorry to have anything—anything interfere with his work."

"I hope nothing ever will," said Faith, simply.

"But you must feel, Miss Halstead, that so much depends upon the course you take. If you are to throw cold water on all the religious interests of the parish; if you will not take part or lot with us in these great matters!"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Hatch. My answer is final. I should prefer not to discuss these things any farther."

"Good morning, then," And Mrs. Hatch rose, in very unrighteous anger, and left the house.

Was Faith Halstead right? It's an open question, with much to be said on either side. Certain it is that the young minister looked very grave when Faith told him all that had taken place, and Mrs. Deacon Hatch lost no time in dropping into one house after another, where she fully recounted, with a mingling of many pious, regretful interpolations also, what had occurred. Darlington was again in arms, and questions for and against were tossed about the parish in a brisker and more combative manner than ever before. The subscription for the thorough repair of the parsonage, the raising of which had been entrusted to the ladies, came to a sudden close; and a cloud rested over the pleasant town, through which you could not, just now, discern a glimpse of the calm, clear sky.

At this juncture, Mr. Blakesford found, on his return from an afternoon of not wholly satisfactory parish calls, that Sophronia Kipp was waiting for him. He liked Miss Kipp right heartily. Gossip she was, but what of that? She was alone in the world, and this interest of hers was, for the most part, kindly. So now he gave her a warm welcome, which she returned by bursting into tears. Poor man, he little knew what was to come!

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature—a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution—than poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, will see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. Washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toil, will live to see her fashionable sisters die all around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that the fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the ends of human life. They have still less power of moral will, and quite as little of physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They serve nobody and they save nobody. They write no books they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all save to conceive and to give them birth. And when reared, where are they? What do they ever amount to but weak scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

POLITICAL.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT HAYES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5.—The day is raw with snow flakes. Joseph E. Johnston and ex-Senator Key, of Tennessee, are most prominently mentioned for the cabinet from the South. Carl Schurz will have a place. The new government will be emotional.

The following is the address:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—We have assembled to repeat the public ceremonial begun by Washington, observed by all my predecessors and now a time honored custom which marks the commencement of a new term of the Presidential office. Called to the duties of this great trust, I proceed in compliance with usage to announce some of the leading principles on the subjects that now chiefly engage the public attention, by which it is my desire to be guided in the discharge of these duties.

I shall not undertake to lay down irrevocable principles or measures of administration, but rather to speak of the motive which should animate us, and to suggest certain important ends to be attained in accordance with our institutions, and essential to the welfare of our country.

At the outset of the discussions which preceded the recent Presidential election, it seemed to me fitting that I should fully make known my sentiments in regard to several of the important questions which then appeared to demand the consideration of the country. Following the example and in part the language of one of my predecessors, I wish now, when every motive for misrepresentation has passed away, to repeat what I said before the election, trusting that my countrymen will candidly weigh and understand it, and that they will feel assured that the sentiments declared in accepting the nomination for the Presidency will be the standard of my conduct in the path before me, charged, as I know with the grave and difficult task of carrying them out in the practical administration of the government so far as depends under the constitution and laws on the chief executive of the nation. The permanent pacification of the country upon such principles and such measures as will secure the complete protection of all its citizens in the free enjoyment of all their constitutional rights, is now the one subject in our public affairs which all thoughtful and patriotic citizens regard as of supreme importance. Many of the calamitous effects of the tremendous revolution which has passed over the Southern States still remain. The immeasurable benefits which will surely follow, sooner or later, the hearty and generous acceptance of the legitimate results of that revolution have not yet been realized. Difficult and embarrassing questions meet us at the threshold of this subject, the people of these States are still impoverished and the inestimable blessing of wise, honest and peaceful local self government is not fully enjoyed. What-ever difference of opinion may exist as to the fact, the cause of this condition of things is clear that in the progress of events, the time has come when such government is the imperative necessity required by all the varied interests public and private of these States. But it must not be forgotten that only a local government which recognizes and maintains inviolate the rights of all is a true self government. With respect to the two distinct races whose peculiar relations to each other have brought upon us the deplorable complications and perplexities which exist in these States, it must be a government which guards the interest of both races carefully and equally. It must be a government which submits loyally and heartily to the constitution and the laws, the laws of the nation and the laws of the States themselves, accepting and obeying faithfully the whole constitution as it is. Resting upon this sure and substantial foundation the superstructure of beneficent local governments can be built up, and not otherwise. In furtherance of such obedience to the letter and spirit of the constitution, and in behalf of all that its attainment implies, all so-called party interests lose their apparent importance and party lines may well be permitted to fade into insignificance. The question we have to consider for the immediate welfare of these States of the Union is the question of government or no government, of social order and all the peaceful industries and the happiness that belong to it, or a return to barbarism. It is a question in which every citizen of the nation is deeply interested, and with respect to which we ought not to be—in a partisan sense—either Republicans or Democrats, but fellow-citizens and fellow men to whom the interests of a common country and a common humanity are dear. The sweeping revolution of the entire labor system of a large portion of our country and the advance of four millions of people from a condition of servitude to that of citizenship upon an equal footing with their former masters could not occur without presenting problems of the gravest moment to be dealt with by the emancipated race by their former masters and by the general government the author of the emancipation act. That it was a wise, just and providential act, fraught with good for all concerned is now generally conceded throughout the country; that a moral obli-

gation rests upon the national government to employ its constitutional power and influence to establish the rights of the people it has emancipated, and to protect them in the enjoyment of those rights when they are infringed or assailed, is also generally admitted. The evils which afflict the Southern States can only be removed or remedied by the united and harmonious efforts of both races, actuated by motives of mutual sympathy and regard; and, while in duty bound and fully determined to protect the rights of all by constitutional means, in the disposal of my administration, I am sincerely anxious to use every legitimate influence in favor of honest and efficient local self government as the true resource of those States for the promotion of the contentment and prosperity of their citizens. In the effort I shall make to accomplish this purpose, I ask the cordial co-operation of all who cherish an interest in the welfare of the country trusting that party ties and the prejudice of race will be freely surrendered in behalf of the great purpose to be accomplished. In the important work of restoring the South, it is not the political situation alone that merits attention, the material development of that section of the country has been arrested by the social and political revolution through which it has passed and now needs and deserves the considerate care of the National Government within the just limits prescribed by the constitution and wise public economy, but at the basis of all prosperity for that as well as for every other part of the country lies the improvement of the intellectual and moral condition of the people. Universal suffrage should rest upon universal education. To this end liberal and permanent provision should be made for the support of free schools by the State governments, and if need be, supplemented by legitimate aid from national authority. Let me assure my countrymen of the Southern States that it is my earnest desire to regard and promote their truest interests, the interests of the white and of the colored people both and equally, and to put forth my best efforts in behalf of a civil policy which will forever wipe out, in our political affairs, the color line and the distinction between North and South to the end that we may have not merely a united North and a united South but a united country. I ask the attention of the public to the paramount necessity of reform in our civil service, a reform not merely as to certain abuses and practices of so-called official patronage which have come to have the sanction of usage in the several departments of our government, but a change in the system of appointment itself, a reform that shall be thorough radical and complete, a return to the principles and practices of the founders of the government. They neither expected nor desired that public officers should owe their whole service to the government and to the people, they meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure as long as his personal character remained untarnished, and the performance of his duties satisfactory; they held that appointments to office were not to be made nor expected merely as rewards for partisan services, nor merely on the nomination of members of Congress as being entitled in any respect to the control of such appointments. The fact that both of the great political parties of the country in declaring their principles prior to the election, gave a prominent place to the subject of reform of our civil service, recognizing and strongly urging its necessity in terms almost identical in their specific import with those I have here employed, must be accepted as a conclusive argument in behalf of these measures. It must be regarded as the expression of the united voice and will of the whole country upon this subject and both political parties are virtually pledged to give it their unreserved support. The President of the United States of necessity owes his election to office to the suffrage and zealous labors of a political party, the members of which cherish with ardor, and regard as of essential importance the principles of their party organization; but he should strive to be always mindful of the fact that he serves his party best who serves the country best.

In furtherance of the reform we seek, and in other respects a change of great importance, I recommend an amendment to the constitution prescribing a term of six years for the Presidential office and forbidding a re-election.

With respect to the financial condition of the country, I shall not attempt an extended history of the embarrassment and prostration which we have suffered during the past three years, the depression in all our varied commercial and manufacturing interests in the country, which began in September, 1873, still continues. It is very gratifying, however, to be able to say that there are indications around us of a coming change to prosperous times. Upon the currency question, intimately connected as it is with this topic, I may be permitted to repeat here the statement made in my letter of acceptance, that in my judgment the feeling of uncertainty, inseparable from an irredeemable paper currency with its fluctuations of values, is one of the greatest obstacles to a return to prosperous times. The only safe paper currency is one which rests upon a coin basis and is at all times, and promptly, convertible into coin. I

adhere to the views heretofore expressed by me in favor of Congressional legislation in behalf of an early resumption of specie payment, and I am satisfied not only that this is wise, but that the interests as well as the public sentiments of the country imperatively demand it. Passing from these remarks upon the condition of our own country to consider our relations with other lands, we are reminded by the international complications abroad threatening the peace of Europe that our traditional rule of non-interference in the affairs of foreign nations, has proved of great value in past times and ought to be strictly observed. The policy inaugurated by my predecessor, President Grant of submitting to arbitration grave questions of dispute between ourselves and foreign powers points to a new and, incomparably, the best instrumentality for the preservation of peace and good will, as I believe, becomes a beneficent example of the course to be pursued in similar emergencies by other nations. If, unhappily, questions of difference should at any time arise between the United States and any foreign government it will certainly be my disposition and my hope to aid in their settlement in the same peaceful and honorable way—thus securing to our country the great blessings of peace and mutual good offices with all the nations of the world.

Fellow Citizens, we have reached the close of a political contest marked by the excitement which usually attends the contests between great political parties whose members espouse and advocate with earnest faith their respective creeds. The circumstances were perhaps in no respect extraordinary save in the closeness and uncertainty of the result. For the first time in the history of the country it has been deemed best in view of the peculiar circumstances of the case, that the objections and questions in dispute with reference to the counting of the electoral votes should be referred to the decision of a tribunal appointed for this purpose. That tribunal established by law for this sole purpose, its members, all of them men of long established reputation for integrity and intelligence, and, with the exception of those who are also members of the Supreme Judiciary, chosen equally from both political parties its deliberations, enlightened by the research and the arguments of able counsel, was entitled to the fullest confidence of the American people. Its decisions have been patiently waited for and accepted as legally conclusive by the general judgment of the public. For the present opinion will widely vary as to the wisdom of the several conclusions announced by that tribunal. This is to be anticipated in every instance where matters of dispute are made the subject of arbitration under the forms of law. Human judgment is never unerring and is rarely regarded as otherwise than wrong by the unsuccessful party in the contest. The fact that two great political parties have in this way settled a dispute in regard to which good men differ as to the facts and the law, no less than as to the proper course to be pursued in solving the question in controversy, is an occasion for general rejoicing. Upon one point there is entire unanimity in public sentiment, that conflicting claims to the Presidency must be amicably and peaceably adjusted and that, when so adjusted, the general acquiescence of the nation ought surely to follow. It has been reserved for a government of the people where the right of suffrage is universal, to give to the world the first example in history of a great nation in the midst of a struggle of opposing parties for power, hushing its party tumults to yield the issue of the contest to adjustment according to the forms of law.

Looking for the guidance of that divine hand by which the destinies of nations and individuals are shaped, I call upon you Senators, Representatives, Judges and fellow citizens here and everywhere to unite with me in an earnest effort to secure to our country the blessings not only of material prosperity, but of Justice, Peace and Union, a Union depending not upon the constraint of force but upon the loving devotion of a free people. And that "all things may be so ordered and settled upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations."

LUXURY THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL DECAY.

FRUGALITY of manners is the nourishment and strength of bodies politic. It is that by which they grow and subsist, until they are corrupted by luxury—the natural cause of their decay and ruin. Of this we have examples in the Persians, Lacedaemonians and Romans; not to mention many later governments which have sprung up, continued a while, and then perished by the same natural causes. These are, it seems, of no use to us; and, in spite of them, we are in a fair way of becoming ourselves another useless example to future ages.

Simplicity of manners may be more easily preserved in a republic than in a monarchy; but if once lost, may be sooner recovered in a monarchy, the example of a court being of greater efficacy, either to reform or to corrupt a people; that alone were sufficient to discountenance the wearing of gold or silver, either in clothes or equipage, and if the same were prohibited by law, the saving so much bullion would be the smallest benefit of such an institution; there being nothing more apt to debase the virtue and good sense of our gentry of both sexes than the trifling vanity of apparel, which we have learned from France, and which has had such visible ill consequences on the genius of that people. Wiser nations have made it their care to shut out this folly by severe laws and penalties, and its spreading among us can forebode no good, if there be any truth in the observation of one of the ancients, that the direct way to ruin a man is to dress him up in fine clothes.

Neither the plain reason of the thing, nor the experience of past ages, nor the examples we have before our eyes, can restrain us from imitating, not to say surpassing, the most corrupt and ruined people in those very points of luxury that ruined them. Our gaming, our operas, our masquerades, are, in spite of our debts and poverty, become the wonder of our neighbors. If there be any man so void of all thought and common-sense, as not to see where this must end, let him but compare what Venice was at the league of Cambray, with what it is at present, and he will be convinced how truly those fashionable pastimes are calculated to depress and ruin a nation.

It is not to be believed, what influence public diversions have on the spirit and manners of a people. The Greeks wisely saw this, and made a very serious affair of their public sports. For the same reason, it will, perhaps, seem worthy the care of our legislature to regulate the public diversions, by an absolute prohibition of those which have a direct tendency to corrupt our morals, as well as by a reformation of the drama; which, when rightly managed, is such a noble entertainment, and gave those fine lessons of morality and good sense to the Athenians of old, and to our British gentry above a century ago; but for these last ninety years, hath entertained us, for the most part, with such wretched things as spoil, instead of improving, the taste and manners of the audience. Those who are attentive to such propositions only as may fill their pockets, will probably slight these things as trifles below the care of the legislature. But I am sure all honest, thinking men must lament to see their country run headlong into all those luxurious follies, which, it is evident, have been fatal to other nations, and will undoubtedly prove fatal to us also, if a timely stop be not put to them.—*Berkeley's Essays.*

ALL SORTS.

A home-ruler—A man's wife.

Moody is just forty. And holds his forty well.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The millennium has begun in Baltimore. Oysters are fifteen cents a bushel there.

There does seem to be something curious about this blue-glass.—*Hack-Eye.*

The residence of Gilbert, at Fremont, was burnt last week.

There is a new paper to be started in Wilkesboro, to be called the *Witness*.

A company is being formed to start a "road steamer," to ply between Statesville and Fayetteville.

Prof. Proctor says there are sea-serpents 130 feet long, and he never owned a sea-side hotel, either.

A Kentucky debating society has been discussing the question: "Which is the bottom of a buckwheat cake?"

A feature of a recent charitable entertainment at Wonsocket, R. I., was a game chess with young people, fancifully attired, as the pieces.

Young man, court not suffering. You can put in your time to much better advantage in courting some nice young woman.—*Saturday Night.*

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old, walked into a teachers' examination at Oswego and bawled out: "Amie, your fellow is down to the home!"

Mr. James F. Newman, one of the proprietors of the *Wilson Express*, has sold out his interest and retired, and the *Express* will in future, be published by a company.

The prospect for rebuilding Davenport Female College is, says the *Topic*, very flattering. Additional subscriptions are coming in, and the timber is being gotten together for the building.

A traveler stepped off a train and asked a boy: "Sonny, what is the quickest way to get to the Central depot?" "Run!" he answered, and set the example by getting out of the way pretty fast.

Mr. Beecher says a million dollars is a very poor man. We desire to state that this article of poem will be accepted if we have to crowd out advertisements to make room for it.—*Rochester Democrat.*

reform or to corrupt a people; that alone were sufficient to discountenance the wearing of gold or silver, either in clothes or equipage, and if the same were prohibited by law, the saving so much bullion would be the smallest benefit of such an institution; there being nothing more apt to debase the virtue and good sense of our gentry of both sexes than the trifling vanity of apparel, which we have learned from France, and which has had such visible ill consequences on the genius of that people. Wiser nations have made it their care to shut out this folly by severe laws and penalties, and its spreading among us can forebode no good, if there be any truth in the observation of one of the ancients, that the direct way to ruin a man is to dress him up in fine clothes.

Neither the plain reason of the thing, nor the experience of past ages, nor the examples we have before our eyes, can restrain us from imitating, not to say surpassing, the most corrupt and ruined people in those very points of luxury that ruined them. Our gaming, our operas, our masquerades, are, in spite of our debts and poverty, become the wonder of our neighbors. If there be any man so void of all thought and common-sense, as not to see where this must end, let him but compare what Venice was at the league of Cambray, with what it is at present, and he will be convinced how truly those fashionable pastimes are calculated to depress and ruin a nation.

It is not to be believed, what influence public diversions have on the spirit and manners of a people. The Greeks wisely saw this, and made a very serious affair of their public sports. For the same reason, it will, perhaps, seem worthy the care of our legislature to regulate the public diversions, by an absolute prohibition of those which have a direct tendency to corrupt our morals, as well as by a reformation of the drama; which, when rightly managed, is such a noble entertainment, and gave those fine lessons of morality and good sense to the Athenians of old, and to our British gentry above a century ago; but for these last ninety years, hath entertained us, for the most part, with such wretched things as spoil, instead of improving, the taste and manners of the audience. Those who are attentive to such propositions only as may fill their pockets, will probably slight these things as trifles below the care of the legislature. But I am sure all honest, thinking men must lament to see their country run headlong into all those luxurious follies, which, it is evident, have been fatal to other nations, and will undoubtedly prove fatal to us also, if a timely stop be not put to them.—*Berkeley's Essays.*

ALL SORTS.

A home-ruler—A man's wife.

Moody is just forty. And holds his forty well.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The millennium has begun in Baltimore. Oysters are fifteen cents a bushel there.

There does seem to be something curious about this blue-glass.—*Hack-Eye.*

The residence of Gilbert, at Fremont, was burnt last week.

There is a new paper to be started in Wilkesboro, to be called the *Witness*.

A company is being formed to start a "road steamer," to ply between Statesville and Fayetteville.

Prof. Proctor says there are sea-serpents 130 feet long, and he never owned a sea-side hotel, either.

A Kentucky debating society has been discussing the question: "Which is the bottom of a buckwheat cake?"

A feature of a recent charitable entertainment at Wonsocket, R. I., was a game chess with young people, fancifully attired, as the pieces.

Young man, court not suffering. You can put in your time to much better advantage in courting some nice young woman.—*Saturday Night.*

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie," shouted a little boy.

A sweet little boy, only eight years old, walked into a teachers' examination at Oswego and bawled out: "Amie, your fellow is down to the home!"

Mr. James F. Newman, one of the proprietors of the *Wilson Express*, has sold out his interest and retired, and the *Express* will in future, be published by a company.

The prospect for rebuilding Davenport Female College is, says the *Topic*, very flattering. Additional subscriptions are coming in, and the timber is being gotten together for the building.

A traveler stepped off a train and asked a boy: "Sonny, what is the quickest way to get to the Central depot?" "Run!" he answered, and set the example by getting out of the way pretty fast.

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