

The Leisure Hour.

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The following lines, so full of touching pathos and poetic beauty, are from the pen of Dr. Francis L. Hawks. Though so eminently distinguished as a lawyer, an orator, a historian and divine, it is probably not so generally known that he is equally a favorite of the Muses of Poetry.

The Blind Boy.

It was a blessed summer day,
The flowers bloom'd—the air was mild—
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wander'd
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,
Till suddenly I came upon
Two children who had hither stray'd.

Just at an aged birch-tree foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she kindly put,
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near,
The tree conceal'd me from their view;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sigh'd, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!"

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made."

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! he has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there are none—
But why ask me things so odd?"
"Oh, Mary, he's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look on God."

Ever long Edward's hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widow'd mother wept and pray'd
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said—"Oh, never weep for me:
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see."

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given—
When God took up the poor blind child,
And open'd first his eyes in heaven!

Blanche Raymond.

A FAIRY STORY.

Every nation possesses prejudices respecting its neighbors. A prejudice is an opinion formed without having in the first place acquired a sufficient body of facts whereon to form a correct judgment. The French entertain some strange prejudices respecting the English; they consider them to be generally a coarse, overbearing, money-making, and sensual people, without taste or delicacy of feeling. The English, with equal injustice and ignorance of fact, are in the habit of considering the French, universally, to be silly, frivolous, and deceitful, with the additional misfortune of being very poor and very idle. Anxious to correct all such wrong impressions, which tend to foster national animosities, we shall tell a little story respecting a young Frenchwoman, whose character for industry, good sense, and benevolence, whilst no way singular in her own country, could not be excelled in ours.

The name of our heroine was Blanche Raymond, and her occupation was that of a washerwoman in one of the large barges which are moored for the convenience of her class, within the margin of the Seine. At boats of this kind, all the laundry washing of Paris is performed—the clear water of the river as it runs past, with a piece of soap, and a mallet to beat the clothes, being the sole means of purification. The labor is considerable, and the payment for it small, yet no women are more cheerful than these laundresses. Exposed at all seasons to perpetual damp, which saturates their garments, and prematurely stiffens their limbs, they still preserve their national vivacity, which finds vent in many a song; and, in a spirit of cordial fellowship, sympathize with each other in prosperity or adversity. Earning on an average little more than two francs, or twenty-pence daily, they nevertheless agree to set aside rather more than twopence out of that sum towards a fund for unforeseen calamities, and, above all, to prevent any of their number, who may be laid aside by illness, from being reduced to seek other relief. The greater part of them are married women with families.

Unromantic as is the occupation of these women, yet incidents occur among them, as in every other class of society, however humble, of the most interesting and pathetic kind. This was well illustrated in the life of our heroine, Blanche Raymond. Blanche was no more than twenty-three years of age, endowed with a fine open smiling countenance, great strength of body, and uncommon cleverness of hand. She had lost her mother some time before, and being now the only stay of her old blind father, a superannuated laborer on the quay, she had to work double tides for their joint support.

though the old man, by earning a few pence daily by weaving nets, was saved the feeling of being altogether a burden on his child.

There was a nobleness in Blanche's conduct towards her poor old father, that mounted like a brilliant star above the ordinary circumstances of her condition. After preparing her father's breakfast, at his lodgings opposite the stairs in the quay leading to her boat, she went down to it at seven o'clock every morning, came home at noon to give the poor blind man his dinner, and then back to work for the rest of the day. Returning at its close to her humble hearth, where cleanliness and comfort reigned, she would take out her old father for an hour's walk on the quay, and keep him merry by recounting all the gossip of the boat; not forgetting the attempts at flirtation carried on with herself by certain workmen in a merino manufactory, whose pressing-machine immediately adjoined the laundress's back, and who never failed, in going to and from twenty times a-day, to fling passing compliments at the *belle blanchisseuse* (pretty laundress). The cheerful old man would re-echo the light-hearted laugh with which those tales were told; but following them up with the soberer counsels of experience over the closing meal of the day, they fell gently asleep amid the cares and caresses of the most dutiful of daughters.

Three years had rolled away since her mother's death, and Blanche, happily engrossed between her occupation abroad and her filial duties at home, had found no leisure to listen to tales of love. There was, however, among the young merino-dressers a tall fine handsome fellow, named Victor, on whose open countenance were written dispositions corresponding to those of his fair neighbor; whom, instead of annoying with idle familiarities, he gradually won upon, by respectable civility towards herself, and still more by kind inquiries after her good old father.

By degrees he took upon him to watch the time when she might be toiling, heavily laden, up the steep slippery steps; and by coming just behind her, would stily ease her of more than half her burden. On parting at the door of one of the great public laundry establishments (where the work begun on the river is afterwards completed), he would leave her with the hopeful salutation, in which more was meant than met the ear, of "Good-by, Blanche, till we meet again."

Such persevering attentions could hardly be repaid with indifference; and Blanche was of too kindly a nature to remain unmoved by them. But while she candidly acknowledged the impression he had made on her heart, and that it was one which she would carry to her grave, she with equal honesty declared that she could allow no attachment to another to come between her and her devotedness to her blind father. "And why should I, dear Blanche?" was the young man's rejoinder; "surely two of us can do more for his happiness than one. I lost my own father when a child, and it will be quite a pleasure to me to have some one I can call so. In marrying me, you will only give the old man the most dutiful of sons."

"Ah, but I should give myself a master, who would claim and engross the greatest part of my love, for I know I should so love you, Victor! And if we had a family, the poor dear old man would come to have but the third place in my heart, after having it all to himself so long! He would find it out, blind as he is, though he would never complain; but it would make him miserable. No, no; don't talk to me of marrying as long as he lives, or tempt me with thoughts of a happiness which I have quite enough to do to forego. Let poor Blanche fulfill the task God has given her to perform; and don't lure her by your honied words to forget her most sacred duty!"

Poor Blanche might well say she had enough to do to maintain her dutiful resolution, between the gentle importunities of her betrothed, and the general chorus of pleadings in his favor among her sisterhood in the boat, whom Victor's good looks and good behaviour had converted into staunch allies, and who could not conceive it possible to resist so handsome and so constant a lover. Borne down by their homely remonstrances, which agreed but too well with her own internal feelings, Blanche came at length to confess that if she had where-withal to set up a finishing establishment of her own, where she could preside over her business without losing sight of her father, she would at once marry Victor. But the capital required for its fitting up was at least 5000 or 6000 francs, and where was such a sum to be got, or how saved out of her scanty wages? Victor, however, caught eagerly at the promise, and never lost sight of the hope it held out of attaining his darling object.

He was able to earn five francs a-day, and had laid by something; and the master whom he had served for ten years, and who expressed a great regard for him, would perhaps advance part of the sum. Then, again, the good women of the boat, whose united yearly deposits amounted to upwards of 9000 francs, kindly expressed their willingness to advance out of their savings the needful for the marriage of the two lovers. But Blanche, whilst overflowing with gratitude for the generous offer, persisted in her resolution not to marry till their own joint earnings should enable her to set up a laundry.

That she worked the harder, and saved the harder to bring this about, may easily be believed. But the race is not always to the swift; and the desired event was thrown back by a new calamity, which well nigh dashed her hopes to the ground. Her old father, who had been subjected for fifty years of a laborious

life to the damps of the river, was seized with an attack of rheumatic gout, which rendered him completely helpless, by depriving him of the use of his limbs.

Here was an end at once to all his remaining sources of amusement and occupation—it might be said, to his very animated existence; for he was reduced to an automaton, movable only at the will and by the help of others. He had now not only to be dressed and fed like a new-born infant, but to be kept from brooding over his state of anticipated death by cheerful conversation, by news from the armies, by words of consolation and reading more precious still, in all which Blanche was fortunately an adept. The old man now remained in bed till nine, when Blanche regularly left the boat, took him up, set him in his old arm-chair, gave him his breakfast, and snatching a crust of bread for herself, ran back to her work till two o'clock; then she might be seen climbing up the long steps, and running breathless with haste to cheer and comfort the old man with the meal of warm soup, so dear to a Frenchman's heart. Unwilling as she was to leave him, his very necessities kept her at work till a late hour, when, with her hard won earnings in her hand, she would seek her infirm charge, and fall on a thousand devices to amuse and console him, till sleep stole at length on eyelids long strangers to the light of day.

One morning, on coming home as usual, Blanche found her dear invalid already up and dressed, and seated in his elbow-chair; and on inquiring to whom she was indebted for so pleasing a surprise, the old man, with a mysterious smile, said he was sworn to secrecy. But his daughter was not long in learning that it was her betrothed, who, happy thus to anticipate her wishes and cares, had prevailed on his master so to alter his own breakfast hour, as to enable him to devote the greater part of it to this pious office. Straight to her heart as this considerate kindness went, it fell short of what she experienced when, on coming home some days after, she found her dear father not only up, but in a medicated bath, administered by Victor, under the directions of a skillful doctor he had brought to visit the patient. At sight of this, Blanche's tears flowed fast and freely; and seizing on her betrothed's hands, which she held to her heart, she exclaimed—"Never can I repay what you have done for me!" "Nay, Blanche," was the gentle answer, "you have but to say one word, and the debt is repaid."

That word! few but would have spoken it, backed, as the modest appeal was, by the pleadings of the ally within, and the openly avowed concurrence of old Raymond in the wish so dear to both. Let none despise the struggles of the poor working girl to withstand at once a father and a lover to set at naught, for the first time, an authority never before disputed, and defy the power of a love so deeply founded on gratitude! In spite of them all, filial duty still came off conqueror. Blanche summoned all the energies of a truly heroic mind, to declare that not even the happiness of belonging to the very best man she had ever heard of in her life, could induce her to sacrifice the tender ties of nature. The more her father's infirmities increased, the more dependent he would become on his daughter. What to her was a pleasure, could, she argued, to him be only a burdensome and painful task; in a word, her resolution was not to be shaken. Victor was therefore obliged to submit, even when (from a delicacy which would but incur obligations on which claims might be founded, too difficult, if not impossible, to resist) Blanche insisted on defraying, from her own resources, the expense of the medicated baths, thus putting more hopelessly far off than ever the long-deferred wedding.

She had not the heart, however, to deny Victor the privilege of putting the patient into the healing waters, which seemed daily to mitigate his pains, and lend his limbs more agility. While her father was at the worst, Blanche had been obliged altogether to forego the river, and obtain from her employer permission to do what she could in the way of her vocation at home. But when, on his amendment, she resumed her out-of-door labor, a circumstance occurred, so very honorable to the class of workwomen we are commemorating, to their mutual attachment, and honest feelings of benevolence, that to leave it untold would be doing them and the subject great injustice.

With the motives for enhanced industry which Blanche had to spur her on, that she should be first at the opening of the boat, with her daily load of allotted labour, will be little matter of surprise; or that her good-natured companions, knowing the necessity for exertion on her part, should abstain from wasting her precious time by any of their little tricks and gossip. But one morning, when, from her father having been ill all night, she had arrived at work unusually late, and had consequently, when the hour of noon struck, left the greater part of her task (which had often detained her till night set in) unfinished it was nevertheless accomplished, as if by magic, within the usual time, and her day's earnings, instead of being diminished, rather increased.

Next day, and the next, their amount was the same, till the grateful girl, suspecting to what she owed so unforeseen a result, and concealing herself behind the parapet of the quay, ascertained, by ocular demonstration, that during her necessary absence, her place at the river was regularly occupied by one or other of her neighbors, who took it in turn to give up the hour of rest, that poor Blanche might be no loser by her filial duty, as not one of those

worthy women would forego her share in this token of goodwill to the best and most respected of daughters.

Blanche, though affected and flattered, as may well be believed, by this novel sort of contribution, was led, by a delicacy of feeling beyond her station, to seem ignorant of it, till the additional funds thus procured had enabled her to effect the complete cure of her father, whom she then informed of the means by which it had been purchased, and eagerly led the recruited invalid to reward, better than she could do, her generous companions.

Amid the hand shakings and congratulations which marked this happy meeting, Victor, who may be sure, was not behind-hand; only, he managed to whisper amid the general tide of joy, "Am I to be the only one you have not made happy to-day?" Too much agitated to be able to answer, Blanche only held the faster by her father's arm.

Among the laundresses of the barges there is a custom of choosing annually one of their number, whom they style their queen, to preside over their festivities, and decide disputed points in the community. Mid-Lent, the season for appointing the queen of the boat, arrived, and Blanche was duly elected at the fête always given on the occasion. The boat was gaily dressed up with ship's colours, and a profusion of early spring flowers; and all were as happy as possible. In England, on the occasion of any appointment like that with which Blanche was endowed, there would be no kind of ceremony, and no ornaments would be employed; but it is doubtful whether we are any the better for thus despising a tasteful and joyous way of performing a gracious and useful public act. Be this as it may, the barge of the laundresses was, as we have said, gaily decorated, and there was to be a species of ceremonial at the installation of Blanche.

What a happy moment it was for the good daughter—how much more happy for the aged father of such a daughter. Old Raymond, firmer on his limbs than ever, led on his blushing daughter, and had the welcome office assigned him of placing on her head the rose crown—a task which his trembling fingers could scarcely accomplish. After having climbed down on the head of the dutiful girl, whom he half smothered with kisses, the best blessings of heaven, he left her to receive the felicitations of her new subjects, among whom the disconsolate Victor was again heard to exclaim, "So I am still to be the only one you want me to make happy!"

The melancholy words proved too potent for the softened feelings of Blanche's new neighbors, particularly the one whose heart it was of most consequence to touch; namely, the mistress of the laundry establishment, who, having long had thoughts of retiring, freely offered her the business whenever she should be able to muster 5000 francs.

"Oh! cried Victor, "I have already a fourth of it, and I'll engage my master will advance the rest."

"It is not to be thought of; it would be a debt we could never repay," cried the upright Blanche; "we never should be able to make up so large a sum."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," replied an elderly gentleman of venerable appearance, who had, unobserved, mingled as a spectator in the scene, "you will now have the means of paying it with the prize of 5000 francs left for the reward of virtue in humble life by the late M. Mouthyon, and awarded to you by the French Academy, at the representations of the mayor of the eighth arrondissement of Paris. The mayor, it is pleasing to know, has become acquainted with your excellent filial devotion from the laundresses of the city now assembled."

A shout of joy burst from all around; and that which followed may be left to the imagination. It will suffice to state that Blanche, simple and modest as ever, could scarcely believe in the honor she so unexpectedly received; while her surrounding companions derived from it the lesson, that the filial piety so decidedly inculcated and rewarded by Heaven, and equally admirable in its effects in the cottage and the palace, does not always go unrewarded on earth.

His Mother was his Counsellor.

BY M. S. MUTTON, D.D.

"He also walked in the ways of the house of Ahab, for his mother was his counsellor to do wickedly."—2 Chron. xlii: 3.

These words are recorded concerning Ahab, one of the kings of Judah, whose idolatry and crimes were so great, that God did not allow him to retain the kingdom beyond a single year.

The bodily pain which his father had endured on account of his sins, and the manifest displeasure of God robbing him of peace and quiet, would, we might naturally suppose, have induced his son at least to pause in the same career, if not to forsake the destructive path which he saw led to such sad results. But there was a more powerful influence exerted to lure him on in the steps of his guilty parents, and the manner in which it is mentioned indicates its power. The sacred record declares, His mother's name also was Athaliah, the daughter of Omri—and she was his counsellor. It is also worthy of notice how careful the sacred historian is to inform us, that this mother was of the wicked house of Ahab, thus drawing our attention to the fact how a wicked father perpetuated his wickedness through the family line.

There is no earthly influence which in moral power can be compared with that of a mother. It is superior in many respects even to that

of the father, though I know not indeed that I ought to compare it with the paternal influence, for they cannot be separated without injury and loss of power upon both sides.

The sovereign of a mighty nation, however exalted his character, or despotic his government—though he possess an influence which may sway the world, and raise up and put down kingdoms—possesses not the moral power over the heart and conscience of the poorest child in his dominions, which the mother of that child possesses. A man can easily pass from beneath the influence of the mighty monarch—he can leave the land over which he bears sway, and his power is gone. Not so it is with the influence of a mother. Her child may leave his mother and his native land—may burst away from all the restraints of civil society, but he cannot tear from his heart the cords which a mother's love has bound around him. The cold soil may be laid upon the motionless heart of that mother, and the unnatural son may even rejoice that he will never more meet the melting rebuke of that tearful eye. But the mother's voice is not hushed in his soul even by the stillness of the grave. She being dead yet speaketh—speaketh often in the hour when he has strayed most widely from the path of duty—speaketh often in that lone dying hour, when none but God and a dead mother can make him hear.

The mother is the counsellor of her child, from the day when with tottering steps he ran to her, with all his little troubles and doubts, his joys and his sorrows, until his eyes close in death and his spirit stands at the bar of God. She is made his counsellor by the very physical constitution which God in his wisdom has given to man. She holds in her hands and gives direction to all those properties of our nature which form the character. She holds hearts, conscience, intellect and the habits of the future man.

The mutual attachment which takes place and is cemented between the infant and its mother during the period of infancy and childhood, could never exist were the infant born with all its powers complete and capable of immediate independent action. Her office is no insecure—she has a severe and self-denying scene through which to pass—she endures an anxiety and a care by night and by day, unceasing and often most fatiguing, but they have their reward. Thy cares, O mother, are not wasted—every act of kindness which maternal affection prompts, each kind and gentle word, each care and effort, binds thine own heart to thy little one, and binds that young heart to thyself. Thou art teaching it to love, and calling into action the exercise of gratitude. Thou art, in one word, giving heart affection to thy child.

And if in addition to this silent, ever ongoing instruction, the mother shall seek to cultivate the affections of her child by rebuking every malignant feeling, and finding proper exercise for those affections, and if she urge the duty and seek to call forth the love of her child toward the Father who is in heaven, and the Saviour who for her child's sake himself became a child, she will find that not only has she won the young heart to herself, but she has given a stamp and character to that heart, which no elime, no age, no future training can obliterate. The heart thus taught to beat right and true by the mother's heart, will ever utter the mother's counsels. Yes, she remains, thro' life, the counsellor of her child's heart.

She is also the counsellor of her child's conscience. Conscience is indeed an innate power of the mind, and when reason exists and acts, there will she exist and act—but the infant cannot reason, and so comes to the mother's hand, knowing neither good nor evil, and his first rule and guide of conscience his mother's eye and word—his smile and frown. She is truly for the first year of his life, the conscience of her child. The eye and understanding of a child, his parents seem almost to possess infinite power—they are so much stronger and wiser than he is, that the idea never crosses his mind that they can err or be mistaken. Hence what the mother decides to be right or wrong, the child receives as truth. Now if she regulate all her decisions as to right and wrong by the Word of God, as her child advances in life and becomes capable of reason, he sees that she is right, reason comes in only to teach as his mother taught, and she by her instructions, training and example, has written the law of God on her child's conscience, and made Jehovah the guide of her child's footsteps through life, in every instance in which he allows conscience to speak.

In many important particulars the mother may be considered the counsellor of her child's intellect. Intellect is more entirely a natural gift, than either the heart or the conscience. Where nature has displayed a deficiency in this respect, man cannot supply it. But we must remember that the intellect is as feeble in infancy, as the hand or the foot, and requires to be trained and exercised. Who does not know that the conscience and the heart operate with great power in giving direction to the intellect and in quickening its powers of perception? Who does not know that the nature of the subjects which occupy the mind affect and modify the powers of that mind?

There are two facts which have forced themselves upon the notice in all ages, and which have been ascribed to physical laws, but which, I think, bear directly on this point. It has often been remarked that the children of men of great intellectual seldom show the same mental powers as their fathers. If has also been noticed that men of bright intellects have pe-

ressed superior mothers. I regard these facts not as physical but an intellectual phenomena—that the superiority of the man's intellect was the result of the bright play of the thought and flashing of his own bright creations upon its roused attention—in other words, that the mother has been the counsellor of her child's intellect.

I mention but one further principle of human nature displaying the extent of the mother's influence over the character of the man, and which entitles her to the title of counsellor.—She has the power of establishing in the child such habits as will prove of immense benefit. The mother who commences in the days of infancy to induce her child always to do right, to refer all his actions to a conscience whose motto is: "Thine eye, O God, sees me," is forming such holy habits both of feeling and action as, I had almost said, will raise him above the common weaknesses of other men. Every time her little one has resisted the inclination to do what his mother, his God and his conscience assures him to be wrong, he has made an attainment in moral worth and power which is fitting him for a noble and certain career, and the glorious trinity, his mother, his God, and his conscience, will continue to guide him while life lasts.

Yes, from the cradle to the grave the mother is the counsellor of her child. What she will be to him in the future world we know not—but we do know that where she has been successful in early winning her child to God, and has thus kept him in a measure pure and unspotted from the world, started him thus early in a career by which he has been gathering treasures in heaven during all his existence, she has laid up for herself mighty treasures in that noble redeemed mind. As she beholds him here, after shining with a brighter crown than others, standing high up and nearest the throne of God, more radiant in the beauty of holiness—where all are radiant—and this too through the blessing of God and her exertions.—Oh, what will be the memory of her anxiety and her care as she hears from those bright lips the sweet words her heart loved to hear when on earth—My own mother—and sees that glorious being, as he lays his crown at the feet of Jesus, rise up and call her blessed.

Origin of the American Flag.

Speculations have often been indulged in about the origin—that is from whence came the idea of the stars and stripes composing our national flag. Whoever has an opportunity of examining the illustrated pedigree of the Washington family, will be struck with the idea in a moment that the coat of arms of Washington furnished the flag of the country which his generalship made independent of the flag of St. George, and entitled to wear one of her own. The pedigree of Gen. Washington, traced and illuminated by Mr. Gwilt Mapleson, carries back his descent to William de Herthorn, Lord of the Manor of Washington, in the county of Durham, England. From him descended John Washington, of Whitefield, in the time of Richard III, and ninth in descent from the said John, was George, the first President of the United States. The mother of John Washington, who emigrated to Virginia in 1657, and who was great-grand-mother to the General, was Eleanor Hastings, grand-daughter to Francis, second Earl Huntington. She was the descendant, through Lady Huntington, of George, Duke of Clarence, brother of King Edward IV, and King Richard III, by Isabel Nevil, daughter and heiress of Richard, Earl of Warwick, the King-maker. Washington, therefore, as well as the descendants of that marriage, are entitled to quarter the arms of Hastings—Pole, Earl of Salisbury, Plantagenet, Scotland, Mortimer, Earl of March, Nevil, Montagu, Beauchamp, Devereux. The pedigree, which is full and accurate in regard to dates, gives, as it were, an epitome of the history of the family. It is surrounded by a border, ornamented by the shields of arms, implanted by different ancestors in right of their wives, as well as some of the quarterings borne by their descendants. The coat of arms of the first John Washington was composed of three stars and three stripes, which form a part of all heraldic bearings of the family ever since. George Washington was entitled to use his ensign upon a flag in the army which he commanded; and in all probability the first one ever made in America was composed of three stars and three stripes, which those who were versed in heraldry would at once recognize as the proper colors of the Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary army—the flag of Washington. In time, (as other stars were added and the flag of Washington became the flag of the thirteen United Colonies. While individuals still live who might have seen the first Washington standard unfurled, or who helped to swell the shout that went up to Heaven when the thirteen stars first spread to the breeze over the thirteen United States—behold! the figures are transposed—thirteen has changed to thirty-two—a tenfold multiply from the origin of the flag; and few are aware, as they uncover the head to honor the name of Washington, and send up shout after shout as the stars and stripes are unfurled to the breeze, that the flag they adore is the flag of the name they would honor—the stars and stripes of the arms and standard of Washington. "Our flag is (still) there," and the name of its founder is still here, in our hearts—in the hearts of all the people of the thirty-one United States, over whom, until the name is forgotten, may no other flag ever wave, than the stars and stripes of Washington.

The Bargain.
"What have you there, husband?" said Mrs. Courtland to her thrifty and careful spouse, as the latter passed in the open door to give some directions to a couple of porters who had just set something on the pavement in front of the house.

"Just wait a moment, and I'll tell you—Here, Henry! John! bring it in here," and the two porters entered with a beautiful sofa, newly new.

"Why, that is a beauty, husband! How kind you are!"

"It's second hand, you perceive; but it's hardly soiled—no one would know the difference."

"It's just as good as new. What did you give for it?"

"That's the best part of it. It is a splendid bargain. It didn't cost a cent less than a hundred dollars. Now, what do you think I got it for?"

"Sixty dollars?"

"Guess again?"

"Fifty?"

"Guess again?"

"Forty-five?"

"No. Try again."

"But what did you give for it, dear?"

"Why, only twenty dollars!"

"Well, now, that is a bargain."

"Ain't it, though? It takes me to get the things cheap," continued the prudent Mr. Courtland, chuckling with delight.

"Why, how in the world did it go off so low?"

"I managed that. It ain't every one that understands how to do these things."

"But how did you manage it, dear? I should like to know."

"Why, you see, there were a great many other things there, and among the rest some dirty carpets. Before the sale I pulled over these carpets and threw them upon the sofa; a good deal of dust fell from them, and made the sofa look fifty per cent worse than it really was. When the sale was commenced, there happened to be but few persons there, and I asked the auctioneer to sell the sofa first, as I wanted to go, and would bid for it if it were sold then. Few persons bid freely at the opening of a sale."

"What'd bid for this splendid sofa?" he began.

"I'll give you fifteen dollars for it," said I; "it's not worth more than that;—it's dreadfully abused."

"Fifteen dollars! fifteen dollars! only fifteen dollars for this beautiful sofa!" he went on; and a man next to me bid seventeen dollars. I let the auctioneer say the last bid for a few minutes, until I saw he was likely to knock it down."

"Twenty dollars!" said I, "and that's as much as I'll go for it."

"The other bidder was deceived by this as to the real value of the sofa, for it did look dreadfully disfigured by the dust and dirt, and consequently the sofa was knocked off to me."

"That was admirably done, indeed!" said Mrs. Courtland, with a bland smile of satisfaction at having obtained the elegant piece of furniture at so cheap a rate. "And it's so near a match, too, for the sofa in our front parlor."

"This scene occurred at the residence of a merchant in this city, who was beginning to count his fifty thousands. Let us look on the other side of the picture."

"On the day previous to this sale, a widow lady with one daughter, a beautiful and interesting girl about seventeen, were seated on a sofa in a neatly furnished parlor in Hudson street. The mother held in her hand a small piece of paper, on which her eyes were intensely fixed; but it could be readily perceived that she saw not the characters that were written upon it."

"What is to be done, ma?" at length asked the daughter.

"Indeed, my child, I cannot tell. The bill is fifty dollars, and has been due, you know, for several days. I haven't got five dollars, and your bill for teaching the Miss Leonard's cannot be presented for two weeks, and then it will not amount to this sum."

"Can't we sell something more, ma?" suggested the daughter.

"We have sold all our plate and jewelry, and now I'm sure I don't know what we can dispose of, unless it be something that we really want."

"What do you say to selling the sofa, ma?"

"Well, I don't know, Florence. It don't seem right to part with it. But perhaps we can do without it."

"It will readily bring fifty dollars, I suppose?"

"Certainly. It is of the best wood and workmanship, and cost one hundred and forty dollars. Your father bought it a short time before he died, and that is less than two years past, you know."

"I should think it would bring nearly one hundred dollars," said Florence, who knew quite a good deal of auctioneering, and had given as much as she could for the sofa's rent, to keep up comfortably until some of her bills became due."

"That afternoon the sofa was sold, and so the next afternoon Florence went to the auctioneer's to receive the money for it."

"Have you sold that sofa yet, ma?" asked the timid girl, in a low, hesitating voice.

"What sofa, ma?" asked the mother, who was steadily in her face with a bold countenance.

"The sofa sent by Mrs. ———"

"When was it to have been sold?"

"Yesterday, sir."