

The diseased, during his sickness was in constant fear of being robbed, but did not disclose to any of his attendants that he had no valuable a possession and the cause of his extreme solicitude was not explained until the finding of the money. Dying intestate, and having no known relatives in St. Louis or elsewhere, the Public Administrator took charge of his effects, and ordered a sale of the furniture and the personal property in his office on Market-Street. Yesterday Mr. Riggins, the auctioneer, in conformity to the order, held a sale of the premises. While it was progressing, and during the moving of the furniture, some one examined the cello to take an inventory of the articles subject to sale, and in an old box, under a heap of wood, came upon \$1,700 in gold and silver. It was tied in small bags, so rotten, from age that the slightest handling reduced the canvases to shreds. This discovery induced another exploration of the office and cello, and it ended in a still more surprising result—the finding of near \$4,500 in Missouri Bank bills, hidden away in the chimney. Diligent search was again made, but as no more money was forthcoming, it is probable that the entire wealth of the old man has been regained. A rumor prevailed, however, from the statement of two small boys in the neighborhood, that about the commencement of the sale a man was seen leaving the office with two small bags of money. The sums last found are also in the hands of the public administrator.—*St. Louis Paper.*



Ladies' Department.

O! SUMMER SEA.

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

O, Summer Sea! your murmuring waves are singing
A song of sweetness in my list'ning ear—
Youth Love and Hope, that lulling strain is giving
Back to my heart, in forms distinct and dear.
Again the glorious visions of Life's morning
Rise on my sight, and make the darkness flee—
Again upon thy shores, at daylight's dawning,
I walk with one beloved, O, Summer Sea!

Your soft waves kiss her feet, and love to linger
Upon the sand where her light steps have strayed;
Now in the tide she dips her sunny finger,
And now I feel it on my forehead laid—
"I sign thee with a sign," she softly murmurs,
And turns her blushing face away from me;
"Thou shalt be happy, Love, through many summers,
And I will love thee! Hear me, Summer Sea!

Thou heard'st the vow, oh, gentle Sea of Summer—
Thou heard'st it, laughing in the morning's ray;
Thou knew'st it well that Love, the earliest comer,
Is very prone to make the shortest stay;
The sign dried up beneath the rays of morning—
The vow found wings as fast and far to flee—
Now I prefer my sleep at daylight's dawning
To wandering on thy shores, O, Summer Sea!

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.

Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron sometimes imagined himself to be a spectre; but he said it was owing to the overexcitability of the brain. The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm it was that appeared to come out of the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw

ed, during those troublesome times of the kingdom some such strong idea; and who can say whether, as the phantom murmured these words in his ear:—"Thou wilt one day be king," the protector would have refused the crown, as did Caesar at the Lupercalian Feast?

DELICATE CASE.—Yesterday a lady of genteel dress and address went into a shoe store in Broadway, and wished to purchase a pair of shoes. The shop-keeper displayed several pairs, and the lady seated herself to try them on; after which he turned to another customer. Presently the lady said that some of the shoes fitted her, and was about to leave the store; but the man discovered that some of the shoes were missing. He did not know how many but the supply he had placed before her was sufficiently diminished for him to feel assured of the fact. He accordingly accused her of taking some of the shoes. She denied the charge, but her trepidation was sufficiently evident to justify the shop-keeper in instituting a search. He accordingly commenced the delicate business, and was soon successful.—He found several pairs of shoes suspended by a hook which were attached to the lady's garter, evidently for such purposes. He identified his own shoes, and left hanging there two of three pairs which did not belong to him. The lady was softened to tears, and pleaded with him not to expose or prosecute her, which he promised not to do. We learned the circumstance, and forbear names, as the lady is of undoubted respectability. This discovery should teach the trade a wholesome lesson.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE LATE MRS. BENTON.—The following tribute to the character of this estimable lady, lately deceased, we find in Philadelphia Ledger:

"Mrs. Benton, by her gentleness, her strong good sense, her imperturbable good temper, and the habitual kindness of her manners, had acquired that influence over her gifted but self-willed husband which in former years tempered, if not directed, his many efforts at supremacy in politics, and proved most beneficial to his reputation and prospects. He was, as we believe, in a habit of deferring to his wife in almost everything; having a very high respect for the powers of her mind, and receiving constant daily proofs of her deep devotion and unalterable love.—However stormy the public course of Col. Benton may have been, at home all was peace and quiet gentleness and affection. Many a difference between Col. Benton and his colleagues of the Senate or House of Representatives was healed by her soothing mediation, and many a bitter enemy became reconciled to the veteran statesman, from respect and admiration of the exalted virtues of his wife. To her, indeed, applied the beautiful words, "blessed be the peacemakers." While we, in common with others grieve at the loss which society and the country have sustained by the death of such a woman, we cannot but feel for Col. Benton, who is thus stricken in his old age, and left, with his orphaned children, to mourn the departure of all that made life a source of enjoyment to them."

The mother of the world renowned Sam Patch died at Pawtucket, R. I., a few days since aged 80 years.

GRACE IN MANNERS.

BY W. W. JALL.

"In walking through the streets of Paris, one scarcely fails to be struck with the life, light and animation which prevail everywhere, and seem to pervade everybody and everything. The traveller from murky London or anxious New York, or stiff calculating, skippy Boston, feels himself to be in a new atmosphere, and before he is aware, he is hurried along with the living tide of the Boulevards or Champs Elysees, a polite and smiling gentleman—his own countenance so brightened up with a cherry gladness and sunshine, that he would not know his own phiz if suddenly confronted with a mirror. Everywhere there are birds, and songs and flowers, and smiles; at every turn there is such a seeming unaffected courtesy and polite deference that the most common person can scarce avoid coming to the conclusion that he is somebody, and he retires to his hotel with a lighter and more satisfied heart than he has had for many a long day, and places his head upon his pillow, well pleased with all the world. The writer's reminiscence of

bench, the very next corner moved on the last two inches of the utmost extremity, in three cases out of four giving a view of his back; in sixteen occasions more he would be making numberless gyrations with his cane. "on the gravel-walk; if the bench happened to be on the flagging he would fix his eye on the same spot and spit at it by the quarter; no cheerful flitting every coming across that sad reflecting face even for the briefest moment as if there were not a thought or a sympathy for a human being. Why not give time to gold and time to gladness too, and let each have its season? be serious if you please in Wall street, or behind the counter; but in the car, or omnibus, or park, or square, or church, or promenade, let an inner joyousness light up the countenance, and let the smile of recognition of your brother man wake up new life whenever the eye falls upon that brother's countenance: it will seldom fail to light up a kindred gladness there, self-perpetuating all along glorious old Broadway, from Union square to the Battery; all of us would live the longer for it, and what is more, live the happier. I move that no vinegar cruet be allowed in Broadway until moon down. what right has any man to come up to me, without cause or provocation, when I am gladsomely strolling down, with little Nell and Molly, each holding on to a forefinger, to turn my face into a tamarind? They will see it in a moment, and their little hearts will beat less joyously, until we get to the next candy shop. These are little things, it is true, but the mass of human enjoyment or sorrow is made up of these self-same little things.



Youth's Department.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

Blest be the Providence Divine
That mingled in the cup of life
Affection's consecrated wine—
The charity that masters strife!
What though some tears unwonted run—
Some griefs in secret hidden be—
'Tis but a shadow o'er the sun,
The voiceless swelling of the sea!
Look up, thou child of faith sincere—
Behold the smiles of Heaven are near!

Man, born to labor, finds repose,
The sweet reward of his toil,
As from the winter's sheltering snows
We look for summer's rosy smile;
So when the storms of life intrude—
As needs they must—e'en let them be
The deeper murmurs of the wood,
Waked by some gale in pleasantry:
And thus, while nature's hymns combine,
Man let the sweetest strain be thine.

With prayer and praise upon thy tongue,
(The incense of a grateful heart,)
While deeds of mercy round thee huz,
Shall lustre more than gems impart;
Let fragrant sales of heav'nly love
Fan holy feelings into flame,
And sweet compassion ever move
To shield a brother's brow from shame:
So thou shalt wield the master key,
In nature's glorious harmony!

F. WRIGHT.

Beverly, County of Leeds, C. W. Aug. 30, 1854.

THE LOST PURSE

"What are you going to do with it—what are you going to do with it?" exclaimed half a dozen ragged urchins to a bright eyed, thinly clad news boy, who was holding up a splendid purse in one of his little purple-cold hands that he had taken, but a few moments previous, from the sidewalk.

"Return it to the owner," returned the little hon-

loose your grasp upon it, I will call the police," returned honest Johnny, in a commanding tone.

The boys knew that Johnny would do as he said; hence, they not only ceased tormenting him, but stole away, as if the police were already upon their track.

When alone Johnny began to consider what it was best to do. There was no way, that he saw, by which the owner could be identified by him. A thought struck him—he would deliver it to the office of the chief of police. But he should lose the sale of his papers if he attended to it then, and, if he did, his mother and little sister must go without bread that night, for they had nothing to eat save that which the daily sale of his newspapers brought. What should he do? He paused awhile, and then said "Mother, you would rather go hungry to night—I am sure I would rather too—than keep the purse till to-morrow morning. "Let's see?" he put his hand into his pocket, and, after fumbling a short time, drew forth three cents; "I've got money enough to buy a loaf of bread for sister's supper and breakfast, and mother and I will go without; so I will at once go away and carry the purse where the owner can obtain it." Thus saying, he trudged with the purse in one hand, and the large bundle of newspapers in the other. He whistled as he went, for, although pinched with cold and hunger, he felt happy because he was doing right.

After disposing of the purse, and being called an "honest little fellow" by the police, he returned home and related to his mother how he had acted. She praised him for so doing, and said he must do right, if he perished in the attempt.

The next morning, Johnny went from his home a little bluer and colder than usual, for he had had no supper nor breakfast to fill up his stomach, there, by keeping the cold out.

At nightfall he was going home with a light heart, for he had sold papers enough to buy bread sufficient to last his mother, sister and himself, one day! when he was met by a gentleman, to whom he had delivered the purse on the previous day.

"My little fellow," exclaimed the gentleman, patting him on the shoulder, "the purse you left with me has been returned to the owner, who, by the way, is an intimate friend of mine, and, to reward you, he has offered to take you in his employ, and see what he can make of you."

"Will he give me wages to buy mother and sister bread?" anxiously inquired the lad.

"Yes," returned the gentleman, "and more than that; come! he added, "we will soon see what he'll do for you."

Thus saying, he led the way to a large brick dwelling, nearly opposite to where they had been talking.

A slight ring at the door bell brought the owner of the purse to the door. He was informed by his friend that the lad before him was the one to whom he was indebted for the recovery of his lost property. Johnny met with a warm and hearty welcome from his new found friend, who not only promised to take the honest boy in his employ, but that his mother and sister should be made comfortable and happy. Tears of joy filled the little fellow's eyes as he hastened to inform his mother of his good fortune. The mother was everjoyed at the pleasing tidings of her son, and she and Johnny never after had occasion to regret the latter's conduct respecting the "Lost Purse."

HOARDING AND ENJOYING.—AN ALLEGORY.—A venerable old man was toiling through the burden heat of the day in cultivating his field with his own hands, and depositing the promising seeds the into fruitful lap of the yielding earth. Suddenly there stood before him under the shade of a huge linden tree adivine vision. The old man was struck with amazement.

"I am Solomon," spoke the phantom, in a friendly voice. "What are you doing here, old man?"

"If you are Solomon," replied the venerable laborer, "how can you ask this? In my youth you sent me to the ant; I saw its occupation, and learned from that insect to be industrious and to gather. What I then learned I have followed out to his hour."

"You have only learned half your lesson," resumed