

[ORIGINAL]

THE PEASANT OF LA VENDEE.

"Down with your arms, base peasant down!  
The Democratic creed,  
With savags and vindictive frown,  
Which more than words implied,  
Bot' hark! the answer hails his ear,  
From him who felt Fates' rod—  
From him who shook not 'fore his spear,  
Return us back my God!"

Enough, enough, that answer sealed,  
The noble peasants' doom!  
Scarce had his lips the words revealed,  
Ere he sank in deaths' gloom!  
No grizzly terrors 'fore him glared,  
Death had with him small strife,  
He for his Fathers' altars dared,  
His all on earth—his life!

And proudly in deaths' arms he sank,  
He scorned the quarter gave,  
By men who with excess drank,  
Thought that 'twas great and brave!  
To dare Jehovah's red right hand,  
His altars trample o'er,  
To taunt his Apostolic band,  
And bathe them in their gore!

And thus like him did thousands more,  
Shed for their altars' God,  
Their bravest, best, and purest gore,  
Drawn by oppressor's rod!  
And well and truly too they strove,  
Inflamed with Patriot fire,  
Till by some sudden panic drove,  
They sought the ill star'd Loire!

Where all the Laurels they had won,  
Sank in its fated stream;  
There, sister, mother, sire and son,  
Fled like some frightful dream,  
In vain then Henri tried to quench  
The flying squadrons' spee'  
His cries were deafen'd by the yell,  
Of 'o'er the Loire recede!"

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG HUSBANDS.

WALKING the other day with a valued friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being confined occasionally to his house, by having his way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and ever-ending toils of his wife, whose burden and duties and patient endurance he might never have otherwise understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an "editorial." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours for meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, they begin to think that it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery and to be exercised with all the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case, he needs an opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain what he would fail to learn in health. The fact is, men often lose their interests in their homes by their neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before—and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as his gallantry did while a lover. If it is otherwise, he most generally is at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man could feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his "lady love" had not been invited. After marriage is he always as scrupulous? During the days of courtship, his gallantry could demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it not unfrequently happens that married men after having been away from home the long day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening again to some place of amusement and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unperceived, and unwarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault-finding husband. How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyment even of the fireside.

Look ye! husbands, a moment, and remember what our wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice—a choice based, probably, on that you then considered her superior to all others. She was young, perhaps the idol of a happy home: she

was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sister at her father's fireside cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and do all that woman's love could prompt and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, to lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promise so much, without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would after marriage perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish in the days of betrothment. She became your wife! left her own home for yours; burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to her father's fireside, and sought no other boon than your affections: left, it may be, the care and delicacy of a home of indulgence, and now, what must be her feelings, if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demand of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased?

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyments of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connection with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer, that you reply that you give her a home, that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your help; you would do it for any indifferent house-keeper. She is your wife and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectations you raised by your attentions before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility: but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met with some outward shock, by the indifference or thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.—*Rural New Yorker.*

FRANK'S TRADE WITH A YANKEE.

"The last time I was in St. Louis," says Dan Marble, "I was sitting in the store of Frank—, country fashion, on top of the counter, legs pendant, when a real ruffian came booming along, and in he comes with a heap of bundles in his hands. Frank was down on pedlars, and Yankees in particular, but he was set for a joke, and loved equal to an Israelite to drive a sharp bargain.

"The Yankee nodded to me, and I nodded towards Frank, inasmuch—there was his custom, Frank was busy smoking and figuring over his ledger.

"'How'd' du,' observed the pedlar.

"'No, no, no—go on,' Frank peevishly responded, but that wasn't the Yankee's religion, he wanted to trade, and he was bound to do it.

"'Kalkilate, Squire, I couldn't drive a trade or nothin' with you folks to-day?'

"'I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot,' was the sneering reply.

"'Wall, I guess you needn't get huffy about it—Naow, here's a o zen genuine razor stropps, ten dollars and a half, you may have 'em for ten dollars.'

"'I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going,' said Frank.

"'Sho, haow yea talk, I'll bet; five dollars if yer make me an offer for them ere stropps, we'll have a trade yet.'

"'Done,' says Frank, putting a V in my hand. 'The Yankee deposited a like sum—when Frank offered him a picayune for the stropps.

"'They're your'n, said the Yankee, as he quietly fobbed the stakes. 'But,' he added with great apparent honesty, 'kalkilate a joke is a joke, and if you don't want them stropps, I'll trade back!'

Frank's countenance brightened.

"'There it is, said the yankee, as he received the stropps and passed over the picayune, 'A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake in ainest, I guess the next time you trade with that ere pic, you'll do better than to buy razor stropps.'

"'Away walked the pedlar with his stropps and his wagger, amid the shouts of half a dozen fellows who had dropped in.

HOW A COAT WAS IDENTIFIED.

In the justice's Court, in this city, a case was recently decided in the most novel way. A coat was in dispute, and the evidence was direct and positive for both claimants; the parties were Irish, and 'full of gift,' ready to spend all they had than 'give up best.' The affair had been carefully examined, and the court was 'in a quandary,' not knowing who had the best right to the garment. However a moment before his Honor was to sum up the evidence, Patrick Power, one of the claimants, made the following proposition for settling the affair.—Said Patrick;

'Timothy Maguire, now ye say that coat belongs to yerself enurely; I say us me own. Now mind ye Timothy the both iv us will take the coat an' look all over; the man that finds his name on it shall be the owner.'

'Done,' said Timothy.

'An ye'll stuck to the bargain?' asked Timothy.

'To be sure,' said Patrick, as he passed the coat into the hands of Timothy, who vainly searched every part of it for his name, and passed it back to Patrick boastingly saying, 'An now let us see if ye can be findin' the likes iv yer own name upon the garment.'

'Ye'll stick to the agreement,' said Patrick, eagerly grasping the coat.

'Upon the honor iv a man,' was Timothy's reply.

'Then howld on a bit,' said Patrick as he drew his knife and opened a corner in the collar of his coat, taking therefrom two very small peas, exclaiming as he held them in his hand.

'There, d'ye see that?'

'Yes; but what iv that?' said Timothy.

'A devil a deal it has to do wid it; its me name to be sure—pea for Patrick, and pea for Power, be jabbers!'

He got the coat.—he did.—*N. O. Delta.*

How SAMSON PULLED DOWN THE TEMPLE OF DAGON.—The construction of a building which could be destroyed by the removal of two pillars is a mystery to many. The Temple of Dagon in Tyre had two main pillars, or columns, on which it stood, and Samson, standing between the two, is said to have pulled them down and hurled the temple to destruction. The structure of such a building has puzzled many a commentator and critic, but Sir Christopher Wren, whose learning and reading were equal to his skill in architecture and mathematics, has given so clear an elucidation, as to render its mode of construction perfectly intelligible. In considering what this fabric must be that could at one pull be demolished, he conceived it to be an oval amphitheatre, the scene in the middle, where a vast roof of cedar beams, resting upon the walls, centered upon one short architrave, that united two cedar pillars in the middle, one pillar would not be sufficient to unite the ends of at least one hundred beams that tended to the centre, therefore, he says, there must be a short architrave resting upon two pillars, upon which all the beams tending to the centre of the amphitheatre might be supported. Now if Samson, by his miraculous power pressing upon one of these pillars, moved it from its basis, the whole roof must of necessity fall.—*Cincinnati Citizen.*

Telegraph to the Pacific.—We see that Henry O'Reilly, of telegraphic celebrity, is now earnestly engaged in promoting the project of extending the telegraph westward to the Pacific, and is sanguine of being able to have it in operation to San Francisco, within eighteen months, provided Congress shall make a favorable response to his memorial asking for right of way through the wilderness, and protection to his wires. He seeks no pecuniary aid, but simply proposes to supercede the present system of forts, at long distances, with large garrisons, by establishing stockades twenty miles apart, each of twenty dragoons. He proposes that two or three soldiers shall ride daily each way from each stockade, so as to transport a daily express letter mail across the continent, while at the same time protecting and comforting emigrants and settlers along the public domain, and thus incidentally furnishing all the protection which the telegraph will require. Seemingly, this is a very ingenious and practicable mode of securing a great national object with comparatively small expense. The distance between Missouri and San Francisco is about 2,300 miles. The mail service, conducted with military precision therefrom, ought to be accomplished in from twelve to fourteen days.—*N. Y. Tribune.*