

When it was three months old, there began to be some strange speculations respecting it among the people. At the age of six months, these speculations had settled down into a very general opinion, but not a word was said to the disconsolate woman, who had also begun to have her own forebodings. At last, as she was one evening looking upon her child, and wondering what could be the reason of its strange conduct, the terrible idea flashed upon her soul, "My child is a natural drunkard!" She shrieked aloud; and her husband, who happened to be within hearing, came to her. She fell upon his neck, and exclaimed, "Dear husband, our little George is born—". She could proceed no further, but swooned away in her husband's arms.

From that hour the father of the boy never tasted a drop of spirits. The sight of his eyes and the heavings of his heart entirely cured him of his habit. He seldom looks upon his unfortunate little George, without shedding a tear over that sin which entailed upon him a life of obscurity and of wretchedness. He has lived, I rejoice to add, so as to redeem his character; and he is now the father of five children, all of whom are bright and beautiful, and lovely, excepting only the one whose destiny was thus blasted.

This principle of inheriting traits and characteristics, however, is susceptible of an indefinite number of illustrations. It has become a proverb, and it is sustained by all history and observation, that libidinous connections are uniformly marked by a strong tendency to improper passions, while the subsequent sons and daughters of the same parentage, where thorough repentance has taken place, are in general virtuous.

COMMON SENSE AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

If a man faint away, says Hall's Journal of Health, instead of yelling out like a savage, or running to him to lift him up, lay him at full length, on his back, on the floor, loosen the clothing, push the crowd away, so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. Dashing water over a person in a simple fainting fit is barbarity. The philosophy of a fainting fit is that the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain; if the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill; but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally, which requires less power, as is apparent.

If a person swallow poison deliberately, or by chance, instead of looking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, despatch some one for the doctor; meanwhile, run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into a teaspoonful of salt, and as much ground mustard, stir it in an instant, catch, a firm hold of the person's nose, the mouth will soon fly open—then down with the mixture, and in a second or or two up will come the poison. This will answer better in a large

number of cases than any other. If, by this time, the physician has not arrived, let the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee (be careful these mullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles.) Antidote for any poison that remains in the stomach.

If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spits in a hurry or the man will be dead in five minutes; there is no time to talk or send for a physician—say nothing, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around, tighter, and tighter, until the blood ceases to flow. But to stop it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws out blood in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence, to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream, and, on the other hand, the blood should be applied before the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart; because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of a great hurry.

A BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE BRIEFLY TOLD.

The most common and attractive manifestations of consistency of character proceeded from those natures in whom the affections are dominant. A striking example, replete, with that pathos which lies too deep for utterance, is found in the story chronicled by John of Brompton, of the mother of Thos. A. Becket. Her father, Gilbert A. Becket, was taken prisoner during one of the Crusades by a Syrian Emir, and held a considerable period in a kind of honorable captivity. A daughter of the Emir saw him at her father's table, heard him converse, fell in love with him, and offered to arrange the means by which both might escape to Europe. The project only partially succeeded; he escaped, but she contrived to allude her attendants, and after many marvellous adventures both by sea and by land, knowing but two English words 'London' and Gilbert.' By constantly repeating the first, she was directed to the city, and there followed by a mob, she walked from street to street crying as she went, 'Gilbert! Gilbert!' She at length came to the street in which her lover lived; the mob and the name attracted the attention of a servant in the house; Gilbert recognized her and they were married. We doubt if any poet, if even Chaucer, imaginative as he was ever conceived a sentiment in a form so vital and primary as is realized in this fact.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—As a wife and mother, woman can make or mar the fortune and happiness of her husband and

children; and even if she did nothing else, surely this would be a sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence and tact, she can secure to her partner and herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginnings, or how adverse a fate may occasionally be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirits, shaken by the anxieties of business. By her tender care she can restore him to health, if disease has seized upon his overtaken powers. By her counsels and her love she can win him from bad company if temptation, in an evil hour, has led him astray. By her example, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character, she can mould her children, however diverse their dispositions, into good and noble men and women. And by leading, in all things, a true and beautiful life, she can refine, elevate and spiritualize all who come within her reach, so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can eventually do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated.

LONGFELLOW, in his "Hiawatha," thus elucidates upon the tendency of young women to run away with their "fellers":

"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love and those who love us,
Just when they have learned to help us,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers;
With his flute of reeds a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally the girl, for the amusement of her company, upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie—"Why, Bridget, did you do this? you're quite an artist; how did you do it?" "Indade, mum, it was myself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pritty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum!"

A Methodist minister at the West, living on a small salary, was greatly troubled to get his quarterly instalment. He at last told the non-paying trustees that he must have his money, as his family was suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money?" replied the steward. "you preach for money, I thought you preached for the good of souls?" "Souls!" replied the minister, "I can't eat souls; and if I could it would take a thousand such as your's to make a meal."

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:

"God did at first make man upright; but he—"
To which a gentleman added:

"Most surely had continued so; but she—"

AN "OLD BIRD CAUGHT WITH CHAFF."
—We see in one our exchange papers, that Mr. Abalom Bird has lately married Miss Julia Chaff.