

agement of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement and more is spent in sixpences than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on, ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it, but it is the perfect imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief, and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. A bottle of rum was no great loss to the Emperor of Russia, but the empress has eyes discovered that one for every day in the year made a considerable sum, and has suppressed an old established custom. Look sharp, lady house-keepers, and follow her example; there is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those little niceties which mark a well regulated house. An unfurnished cruet stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a clammy spoon, a soiled table-cloth; a mustard pot, its old contents sticking hard; find brows about it, are severally nothings, but each can raise an angry word, or cause discomfort. Depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop or a tidy breakfast table, and if wives will not attend to these minutiae, they risk the club or bar-parlor, and their consequences. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation (however intellectual); but we can always appreciate a well swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country, for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanting beauties of an Armida: but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that without love, their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of the higher order of mind will not run this risk: they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

Children, too, can only be preserved in health of body and mind by a constant and minute attention to little things, not only in them but in yourselves. They are watchful and keen observers of all that passes; their comments would sometimes excite your surprise. An acorn contains the germ of the mighty oak, a wanton idea, carelessly thrown on the infant mind, may produce fearful results. They are now plastic and may be moulded at will; but it is long ere you can efface a false impression. You laugh at their childish babble, but see what it portrays: in it you may trace the hero, the philosopher, the coquette, the loving woman. And their joys and sorrows—futile as they seem to us, they are great to them, proportioned to their strength. Our great poet has bid us pity the dying insect's pangs; in like manner dread your children's passions—watch well, but do not tamper with them. Cruelty, vanity, lying, pride, gluttony, selfishness, every evil feeling, may be carelessly fostered in a child, and that by Christian, but unthinking parents. Even the baby in arms can have a kind of education—will give some traits of character—slight, indeed, but indicative to an attentive, vigilant parent.—We give them credit for discernment—we allow that they invariably discover their real friends, and turn from the complaisant but hollow admirer.—why should we doubt their power of knowing right from wrong? They do; and it is not at all unrequited to hear a child refuse to obey, because "I am naughty—I won't do it."—Some persons love to tease them—to excite their tiny rage—to raise their fears. This is worse than tyranny. Who can answer for the consequences of this folly?—a sordid and suspicious temper, weakened health, and injured intellect. And this fearful, life-long misery is too often the price of half an hour's laugh. Watch well, then, over your children; for a truth small things are great to them.

THE TWO LEADERS.

While Kossuth is receiving the enthusiastic sympathy, admiration and assistance of the people of England and America, Georgey, the other great leader of the Hungarian War of Independence, drags out a miserable and lonely existence at Klagenfurt, in Carniola, a city much resorted to by pensioned officers of the Austrian army. There he lives with his family, consisting of his wife, a single child, now but three months old, a woman servant and a soldier who was his attendant through the war. He sees little society, hardly a family of the city

having sought his acquaintance. He has but one intimate friend, and that is an Englishman. His time is passed in studying chemistry and physics, and his chief amusement is lecturing upon physical chemistry to a few persons. Of money he has plenty; from the Austrian Government he receives a yearly pension of 3,000 dollars; and from that of Russia he has received 60,000 silver rubles. He is very rarely seen in public; about once a month his wife prevails on him to take a walk for the sake of his health, but in general he avoids appearing abroad. The common people regard him with aversion.

THE DOLLAR.

Did you ever think of the power of a Dollar? that poor inanimate silver item in your fingers—did you ever scan its influence? Do you know it to be the leger of nations the test of power, the admission ticket to the graces of a fawning society? The DOLLAR is almost an omnipotent thing—how men love it! What noble self-denial is practiced by humanity upon itself for that SILVER DOLLAR! How men court its presence and kneel in submission at the feet of its possessor! Many preach, pray, work, LIVE and DIE for the dollar. Let us look at a few of its charms. It establishes your foundation in society, gives you influence, draws around you hosts of friends. With it you can buy honor, power, labor; all this can be bought for DOLLARS. Do you want to attain to high position, in community, the State, the nation? Do you wish for glory and applause from the multitude who stand in awe and worship?—You can buy it for DOLLARS. Do you want influence?—Would you wish for hosts to move at your nod, and obey your mandate? Dollars will buy it. Do you want labor upon which to fatten? to live upon the toil of others—owning their very hours and their very souls? Dollars buy them, and society thinks it right.

Yes, so it is. Speak of it, and the Dollar turns upon you to crush and overpower. Here in the pattern nation of the earth, the star of God's lower realm, the hope of all, and the loved of all, thousands are found who sell their influence, their franchise, their God-given birthright as citizens of such a nation, aye, their very souls if needs be, for DOLLARS. Tell the rich of reforms, of progress, of the rights of Labor, and they call you a fanatic or a fool. Tell the Working-man of his rights—beg of him to awake to his true position, speak to him of Labor Reforms and his place in society, and he oftentimes is found among the first to spit upon you. And all this under the influence of DOLLARS. Who shall not call it next to omnipotent? If you want to be cursed by society, pointed at as a fanatic, trampled upon as an idiot, read out of every thing good on earth or in heaven—just turn and face the influence of DOLLARS. Speak of right to your masters, to your rulers, to your gods of society, and a hideous hiss his heard from all—even those to whom you would give redemption. The world bears a righteous witness against your folly, and your fanaticism is brought forward to impeach your doctrine. And all this is, even in this republican nation, where the people rule? Sell your vote, your influence, yourself, if money can buy you—but cursed be the man who would thus traffic in the opinions and minds of freemen, and palsied the hand that places such a blistering record against itself.—[Wankesha (Wis.) Democrat.]

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.

Small birds chase about each other in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter (*Pospia er crepitans*) is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, tops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. The Americans call it the mad bird on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavoring to catch them again, or pretend to avoid them, as if afraid. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, drive after each other, and cleave the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around.

Deers often engage in a sham-battle or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by its bite; and the orang outang, in wrestling with its keeper, attempts to throw him

and makes feints of biting him. Some animals young in their play the semblance of catching their object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn; they crouch and steal forward ready for the spring; body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; bound on the moving leaf, again watch and again forward at another. Rigger saw young jaguars caguaris playing with round substances like kittens. Young lambs collect together on the little hillocks enmeshes in their pastures, racing and sporting each other in the most interesting manner.

Birds of the Pie kind are analogous to monkeys of mischief, play and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie, which was seen busily employed garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air dropping them in a hole about eight inches deep made to receive a post. After dropping the stone, it cried currack! triumphantly, and set off for other. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his moment.

WINTER.

The winds are sighing—sobbing
Like mourners round a bier,
And from the hill there cometh
A voice that soundeth drear,
As the trumpet calls to judgment,
Saying—"Prepare, prepare!
Spread o'er the vale a fleecy pall,
And lay the old year there!"

Within are sounds of gladness,
And fires that brightly burn,
And stones of the olden times
Are told by each in turn;
Without, the cry of misery
And wail salutes the ears,
And we look on hoary Winter,
Through mingled smiles and tears.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A young man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, faculties of power, but had a passion for brandy which he could not control. Often in his walks a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; and as often, in turn, would urge his friend to take the social glass in vain. On occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as he walked up to the bar together, and the bar-keeper said: "Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled and the two friends stood to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said: "Set down that glass." It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

O, the drunkard knows the awful consequence of a first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's coming a drunkard.

What if the question was put to every dealer who asks for his license, and pays his money: "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How would he would say, if the love of money did not rule, "Take the license."

A SEDUCER COMPELLED TO MARRY HIS VICTIM.

The Bloomington (Iowa) Reporter tells a story of seduction case, which ended as follows:—The girl had been at the boarding-house some time, under an assumed name, and was lately delivered of a child, since which time she had been gradually sinking. The young man had been to see her, but had not yet signified his intention of marrying her. Last Tuesday night he came down with some flat boats, and stopping here, he came to see his victim, at her boarding-house. The doctors, whose kindest sympathies had been excited by the unfortunate young woman, were on the alert. A landlady locked the young man in the room, and a one border went for a minister, another for the doctor.