

they should remain three years more in Scotland on the existing terms, and if, during that time no suitable field of exertion should open at home that they should quit the country for America, and share together in a strange land whatever fate might have in store.

Nearly two of the three years passed by, and he was still an operative mason. Bright prospects at last arose. Upon the establishment of a branch of the Bank of Scotland in his native place, he was offered the situation of accountant. When he received his appointment, he had been working mason for fifteen years, including the term of his apprenticeship; he was without experience in financial or mercantile affairs; he had arrived at the thirty-second year of his age; but he determined to make himself master of his new profession; and thus, resolution was the order of the day. Meantime his work, on the History of Scotland, was issued from the press. It met with a favorable reception both from the public and critics. At length the season passed by; his term of probation for the hand of his intended came to an end; and after a courtship of some five anxious years, Hugh Miller became the happiest of men in the possession of his bride.



Ladies' Department.

SPOIL NOT THAT FLOWER.

O! spoil not that flower of its lovely home—
Let it bloom in its humble sphere,
To praise and to false admiration unknown,
Innocence and content it may wear.

Though beautiful its fair form appears to your eye,
Where no rival beside it does shine,
Too soon its meek beauty neglected may lie,
For prouder exotics more fine.

Read not then the flower from this lonely shade,
Where its beauties are raised to the view;
Torn from its quiet nook too soon it will fade,
For, alas! the world withers simplicity's hue.

Then let it here rest, where the calm summer breeze
So gently will fan its meek head;
Where the song of the robin is heard from the trees,
And the balm of soft peace will be shed.

Let it bloom 'neath this shade—'neath the shade let it
Where its sweets have been scattered around, [die,
Enlivening the waste and each wanderer's eye,
Who, by chance, the lone spot may have found.

When its season is past and its young life has fled,
May the sweet-scented grass form its bed,
Where in life it was lovely lay down its sweet head,
Rest a poor artless flower, in the shade.

Woodstock. MRS. C. DUNN.

WIVES, WIDOWS, BACHELORS, MAIDS, MATRIMONY.

Great Britain [1851] contains 3,390,271 husbands, and 3,261,224 wives, 382,969 men who have been husbands—widowers, and 795,590 women, who had wives—widows. If we take only persons of the age of 20 and upwards, the bachelors amount to 1,689,116; the spinsters to 1,767,194. On the census night, 3,202,574 husbands and as many wives slept in the same houses; 188,297 husbands and 188,297 wives were enumerated in separate houses, and the husbands of 70,252 wives were out of the country. The proportions of married in Great Britain amount to 33 in every 100 males, and to 32 in every 100 females, of all ages. The proportions of the married of the age of 20 and upwards, are 62 in 100 males, and 57 in 100 females. About one in three of the whole popu-

average age of the wife in Great Britain, is 40-63 years; of the husband, 43-05 years of age; or the husband is 2-40 (nearly 2½ years older than the wife. The conjoint life of the husband and wife in England continues on an average about 27 years when the children who survive attain the marriage age: while one or other of the parents live on the average 47 years.

Calling those under 40 "young," and those of 40 and upwards "old," there are in the kingdom about 1,407,225 young and 289,969 old maids; 1,413,912 young and 275,204 old bachelors. Of every 100 women in Great Britain of the age of 20, 42, are spinsters; and of every 100 men of 20 and upwards 81 are bachelors. 20 families in 100 are childless, and 80 in every 100 have children living. The birth in England and Wales greatly exceed the deaths, as is shown by the registration of 615,865 births, and 195,174 deaths, in 1851, leaving an excess of 220,691 births. The British population contains a reserve of a million unmarried men of more than a million unmarried women, in the prime of life, with so many more of younger ages. The perpetuity of the British race is thus secured against all contingencies.

LOVE, SUICIDE AND MARRIAGE.

On Monday we gave a brief account of an attempt at self-destruction with a pistol, at Ypsilanti, by a young lady who arrived from Chicago in search of a man who had been trifling with her affections, to "break an honest promise in love." The young lady was not one of that kind who

"Never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
Set like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief,

She sallied out in search of her truant lover who lived at Ypsilanti. She came prepared for desperate things. On her arrival, "the girl he left behind" him, found he was absent at Adrian, and she tried to shoot herself to assuage her grief.

The mother of the young man supposing he had been playing falsely with the fair one, immediately sent her off in charge of another son—giving him a hundred dollars to pay expenses—to hunt up the undutiful boy and to get an explanation, and have full justice meted out, if justice was in the premises.

That she loved him (the one at Adrian) she gave sufficient evidence after the arrival at Ypsilanti, in the attempt to "shuffle off her mortal coil" by the means of "villainous saltpetre," in which she failed by a "flash in the pan" or taking wide aim

After starting to Adrian, the two proceeded cozily on the road as far as Saline—a distance of nine miles—from where, the mother very unexpectedly received a letter from her son, saying that after looking the subject over, he had concluded on the whole to marry the girl himself—that the job had been done up; and that they had concluded to proceed on to New York, Saratoga, Nahant, New port, &c. &c., to spend the honey-moon, and the one hundred dollars. After making the acquaintance of the brother, she evidently said to herself that.

"New my love is thaw'd
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire
Bears no impression of the thing it was,"

towards the other brother, at Adrian. Under the circumstances, inasmuch as it was "all in the family," and a "bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," she concluded to take the one she could make sure of. Surely, the "tide of true love never did run smooth."—[Detroit Advertiser.

THE LADIES AND THE CENSUS.—A London paper says: The returns of the ages of ladies have given some trouble, and a slight correction has been necessary. Those who in 1851 were between 20 and 25, must of course have been between 10 and 15 at the previous census; but the number of girls between 10 and 15 in 1841 was not large enough to grow into the goodly company who in 1851 say that they are but between 20 and 25. The return also, between 30 and 35 in 1851 is too small, as compared with the return for the favorite age of 20-25 in 1841. After allowing for immigration and comparing the number with those of men, the Registrar-General and his assistants are of opinion that about 35,000 ladies who have entered themselves as between 20 and 40 really belong to the next age, 40-60, to which the body of delinquents are

bringer to add that it may have been so, if they choose foolishly to represent themselves younger than they really were, at the scandalous risk of bringing the statements of the whole of their country-women into discredit."

The mean age at which marriages are first contracted in England and Wales is 25.8 years for males, and 24.6 for females; while 54 in every 100 brides and 54 in every hundred bridegrooms, are 20 and under 25 years of age.



Youth's Department.

CHILDREN GOING TO REST.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The day is gone. The sun hath said
Farewell, with silent tongue,
And laid him on his western bed,
With golden curtains hung.
But, ere we little children creep,
All tired with play, to pleasant sleep,
We'll take our leave with kisses bright,
And bid the baby dear—Good night.

Good night, ye blessed stars that keep
Your watch around our rest—
And birds that fold the way to sleep,
Within your quiet nest.
Good night, green trees, beneath whose shade
Our pretty wild-flower wreaths are made—
And singing brook and blossom bright,
And every lovely thing—Good night.

Mother! we turn to thee the last
Sweet words we still would say;
See! your kind hand in ours is fast—
Please come and hear us pray:
Yes, see us on our pillow laid,
And then, at midnight's darkest shade,
The whispers of our dreams shall be
Of angel visitants and thee.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 31st, 1854.

PLAYING WITH CHILDREN.

Country life's opportunity to cultivate intimacy with children, seems to me a very important as well as agreeable advantage over life in the city. To be able to get out any moment in the day when most convenient, and join a gay and loving little troop and take a share in their work or play unobserved by all eyes, is preferable to an opera, I think, as a relaxation from care and as a pleasure exercise; while its timeliness makes it servicable to health. But the degree to which a man lives a stranger to his children, without it—neither understanding their minds nor comprehending their dispositions—can hardly be understood by those who have only lived in the city.—There is no charm, for a child, like the presence of a person who takes an interest in play; and he loves and is frank with nothing else. To enter into the excitement of his occupations, and to listen to reply with habitual familiarity and earnestness to his questionings and impartings, is to link his soul with you by an every-day strengthening of affection, like the growing of a branch upon a tree. With his memories of these days—all golden and treasured—the parent who is the kindly companion out doors is thus inseparably woven. Nature ordained such to be the intercourse between parent and child.

And while to daily life this gives a charm and hallowing influence, it plants a flower of affection that will bloom when old age needs its fragrance of respect and tenderness.—[Willis.

HOW TO SPEAK TO CHILDREN.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power

is no charm, to the untaught one, in letters, syllables, &c. sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few words, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to produce a magic influence. Think we that this influence is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parent's roof. Is the boy grown rude in speech or boisterous in manner? I know no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tone of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

CHILDREN.—Every person, particularly mothers, should be careful to preserve a sound mind in a sound body. The soul should dwell in her body as the strong man who keepeth his house, and she should take care that no thief enters to steal away her senses. Anything which impairs her health, injures her mental powers; and a sickly woman, unless she is one of a thousand, is a fretful woman, and a fretful woman is not fit to have the charge of children.

A mother should take care that her children get none but wholesome food, have pure air night and day, are sufficiently washed, which should be the entire person once every twenty-four hours, loosely and comfortably clothed, have plenty of exercise in the open air, and employment suitable to their age. She should not fetter them with unnecessary rules. People who especially set their minds upon bringing up their children well, are very apt to govern them too much. Let the young body and spirit grow naturally, and rather with too little than, too much restraint. Preserve them, at all cost, from improper associations. Never trust children to the care and companionship of persons you esteem your own inferiors. Have no servants about them. Entrust them only to the care of persons whom they are taught to respect, and who are worthy of that respect.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

THE PRINTER'S LOVE.

We love to see the blooming rose,
In all its beauty dress'd;
We love to hear our friends disclose
The emotions of the breast.

We love to see the ship arrive
Well laden to our shore;
We love to see our neighbors thrive,
And love to bless the poor.

We love to see domestic life
With uninterrupted joys,
We love to see a happy wife
With lots of girls and boys.

We love all these—yet far above
All that we ever said,
We love, what every printer loves—
To have Subscriptions Paid.

A young lady, who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

SIX IN A FIDDLE.—The following anecdote is told of the Rev. Dr. Alleyn, formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Roxbury, Mass., and well known as a man of much eccentricity: When a violin was first introduced into the choir of the church the innovation gave great offence to some of the worthy parishioners. Especially was the player of the bass viol exercised with sorrow and indignation, when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his date and portly instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the person, who, after listening to