

boys there are given special training in the harakiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honor of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boy's school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in the art of suicide.

Boys practice all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace caused often by the deeds of other men appears inevitable he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connections, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature: dying before shame come to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from participation in his fall, which otherwise was imminent.—*Household Words.*

ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON.

The first recorded ancestors of George Washington, the Commander-in-Chief and first President of the United States, was, says an English writer, John Washington of Whitfield, or Whitefield, Lancashire, who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century, and had two sons—John, who inherited the patrimonial lands at Whitefield, and Robert, who settled at Wharton, in the same county, and married three wives, by the first of whom he was father of John Washington, Esq., of Wharton, who (marrying Margaret, sister of Sir Thomas Kitson, alderman of London,) left a successor, Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Grey's Inn, Mayor of Northampton in 1532 and 1545, to whom Henry VIII granted the manor of Sulgrave, parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrew, near that town. Dying in 1581, he left two sons Robert and Lawrence—the latter was knighted, and left a son. Lawrence, whose only daughter and heiress married Robert Shirley, Earl of Ferras. Robert, the eldest son of Lawrence, the grantee of Sulgrave, had a large family; the eldest son, Lawrence, left four sons, Sir William of Pockington, who married Anne, half sister of Sir George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by whom he had two sons, Henry and George. Henry was probably that Sir Henry Washington renowned for the resolute and spirited manner in which he defended the city of Worcester for Charles I, against the Parliamentary forces under Fairfax, in 1646. The other three sons of the last named Lawrence were John, of South Cave, Yorkshire, who emigrated to America about 1647; Richard and Lawrence who accompanied their brother John to the United States, where they purchased lands in Virginia, and became successful planters. John had two sons, Lawrence and John; the elder (Lawrence) had two sons, John and Augustine; and this Augustine had two sons (Lawrence and Augustine) by his first wife, and four by his second wife—George (the patriot and president) Samuel, John, Augustine, and Charles. The President bore the arms of the Washingtons of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire.

LOVERS.—Some one says—“If our sex were wiser a lover should have a certificate from the last woman he served,” which reminds us of a remark made to us by a very singular as well as a shrewd woman not long ago. “If,” said she, “you happen to be in the company of a woman, and speak in praise of a man who has formerly been attentive to her, but the change of fancy, satiety, a quarrel, or what not has dropped from the position of lover to that of a mere acquaintance she immediately fancies he has left her service for yours, and ten to one, although she

never cared a fig for him before, but she conceives the most violent desire to reclaim him, and falls into a complete hatred of you, as if you had treacherously stolen him away from her.—Now,” she continued, “on the contrary, when such a thing happens to me, I congratulate myself that he has found out why I didn't suit him, before he suited me too well, and no sooner see him at the feet of another than I feel like telling her all the good I know of him, and find myself hoping that he will love her twenty times as well in reality as I fancied he did me.” But apropos to the remark at the first of this—why is it that the last thing a woman ever thinks of inquiring about a man is, how he behaved in “his last place?” Even if she knows by all the evidence of eyes and ears that he has had a grand passion for her most particular friend, and has all of a sudden, fallen into as grand an indifference, the minute he falls at her feet she has such a tender fear of injuring the unfortunate fellow's sensibilities, that she never dreams of asking him whether he has not been acting just a little like a rascal. On the contrary, she immediately takes him into her service, permits him to put on her livery, and ten to one, in less than a month makes a known traitor the repository of her most private thoughts, and reposes the most unlimited amount of confidence in one that has forfeited all claim to any thing of the sort, by unworthily betraying that of another. Nay, in a majority of instances, the recreant recommends himself to the second by speaking in the most contemptuous manner of the first—and that, perhaps, not a month after she has seen him all ardor and devotion to the very one he undervalues.

VOYAGE OF LIFE.

'Twas morning—o'er a vale of flowers
Arose the sun, its golden beam
Kindling with light the fairy bowers,
That made the beautiful landscape seem
As if the Saviour's beaming smile
Were resting on the spot the while.

A silvery stream the lovely vale
Fill'd with its music soft and low,
While moved with a bark that swelling sail
Most gently to the water's flow,
And calmly on its course did glide,
Sweet zephyrs whispering by its side.

Within a rosy infant played,
On whose bright face dwelt smiles so fair,
It seemed as golden sunbeams strayed
From heaven, their home, to linger there.
But played the baby next alone,
An angel's wings were round it thrown!

Time passed—still on the slight bark flies,
A graceful youth now marks its tide:
Some ripples on the stream arise:
Yet hovers near the angel guide,
And points the way with eager eyes
To towers that beam in far-off skies.

Noon comes, but oh! a bearing cloud
The smiling sky at length creates—
It bursts—now roars the tempest loud,
The lightning brightly glimmers past,
And on the storm-tost vessel stands
A weary man with outstretched hands.

In vain to steer his bark he tries:
A long and dreary rock-bound coast
Is all that meets his anxious eyes—
And but to strike this he were lost.
At length he prays—the dark clouds fly:
Again his angel hovers nigh.

'Tis evening, and the setting sun
Is sending down its parting beam:
Its kindling course is nearly done,
And, in the calmly flowing stream,
Descend its bright rays one by one,
An aged man now fills the bark,
Who scarce his onward course can mark.

His angel points with out-stretched hand,
Where seraph music gushing seems,
Such as oft played, an angel band,
In dreams—his happy childhood's dreams;
Gained is the port, hushed human strife—
That port is Heaven—the voyage Life.

FEMALE PURITY.—All the influence which women enjoy in Society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old, depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that to insinuate a doubt of its real value is wilfully to remove the broadest corner stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits and all its comforts.

SELF-JUDGMENT.—As every one looks upon himself with too much indulgence, when he passes a judgment on his own thoughts and actions, and as a very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is so universally blamed, I shall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and search into his own disposition of mind which I am here mention:—First of all, let him consider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others. Secondly, whether he is not too apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured side. Thirdly, whether he is not ready to spread and propagate such reports as tend to the disreputation of another.

WAYS TO HAPPINESS.—There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our wants or augment our means—either will do—the result is the same; and which may happen to be the easier.

THE VANITY OF PRIDE.—If there be anything which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbors on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

HAPPINESS consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher. They may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy! A small drinking glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the smaller.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE EFFECTS OF WORLDLY SUCCESS.—We almost always find that a long course of success gives a sort of confidence very different from that which arises in a reliance on accurate and extensive views and prudent calculations. Many a man sets out in life with a daring and powerful genius, which, trusting implicitly to the precautions which it has previously taken, and the resources which it feels within itself for the future, grapples with enterprise and risks consequences, and succeeds in efforts that would daunt the timid, and be lost by the slow and calculating; but, after a long course of success, the basis of confidence becomes changed to the same man. He trusts to his fortune, not to his genius; grows rash instead of bold; and falls by events for which he is neither prepared nor adequate.—*G. P. R. James.*

OUTWARD APPEARANCES.—As the greatest part of mankind are more affected by things which strike the senses, than by excellencies that are to be discerned by reason and thought, they form very erroneous judgments, when they compare the one with the other. An eminent instance of this is that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are less useful members of society than those of a different course of life

He who depends on another, dines ill and sups worse.