

WAR NEWS.

In the Western Dispatch of Dec. 22.

The conflict Nov. 5, was even more severe, and the loss to allies greater than was previously stated. Four English Generals were killed, and four wounded. Thirty-eight officers were killed, ninety-six wounded, and two were missing. The English Guards alone lost twenty officers. The French were more fortunate, although their loss was great. They had one General killed and two wounded. They had also fourteen officers killed, and twenty-one wounded. General Canrobert, received a mortal wound, but his wound was not considered dangerous. The English batteries were several times taken and retaken.

The Russians, according to the statement of the Allies, lost 9,000 killed and wounded; but if we may credit the Russian account of the battle, their loss was much less, though they acknowledge that no less than one hundred and nine officers were killed and wounded. The fighting on both sides appears to have been of the most desperate character.

A cowardly deed was perpetrated by the Russians. They fired on the wounded soldiers of the Allies, as well as on the detachments who were sent out to bury the dead.

The position of the Allied armies is evidently very hazardous. The Russians are pouring in large masses from the North, and further reinforcements are demanded. Large numbers of reinforcements have reached the Crimea. Prince Napoleon has been obliged to quit the camp through ill health.

The steamer Pacific Express Liverpool dates to Nov. 20th. There is nothing decisive from the seat of war.

In England matters were in a crisis, and Parliament would probably be summoned for the purpose of imposing new taxes.

Since the battle of the Tchernaya, of November 5th, where the Allies lost 4,000, and the Russians 10,000, neither party had been in a condition to resume active hostilities—consequently there is no news.

The utmost anxiety is manifested in France and England in sending reinforcements, as the existence of the allied army depends thereupon. Several thousand have arrived.

Austrian, Prussian and German diplomats are active.

The Magenta sailed from Liverpool on the 25th, with the fourth regiment, and a few of the eighth.

The necessity of reinforcements to improve the forces of the Allies was admitted, and at least 30,000 additional were to be raised.

Russian reinforcements are also augmenting, and another great battle, or series of battles, must be fought before the fate of Sebastopol is decided.

England and France are assuming a higher tone than hitherto. They have notified the German empire that the Western powers no longer recognize the former points as a basis of negotiation, but they intend to hold the Crimea their own time, and dictate terms of peace.

The Allied armies have demanded an explanation from Menschikoff, respecting the order said to have been issued by him, to give no quarter.

A Russian major, who gave orders to kill the wounded, has been taken prisoner and hanged.

The London Times of the 25th, publishes the following brief announcement from Constantinople dated the 16th:

"On the 13th the Russians attacked the French lines, but were repulsed. The loss was great on both sides. The Russians have received reinforcements. There is no doubt as to the reality of this battle. Menschikoff informs the Emperor that the damage done by the fire of the Allies is speedily repaired, and that the garrison is in good condition."

The Allies continued to fortify their right flank.

The London Times says: We have advices from Odessa, but nothing new from the Crimea. The intelligence is telegraphed between the 9th and 13th, that Gen. Migurs' division, six thousand strong, together with 2,300 French troops, left Constantinople for the Crimea. Ten thousand Turks and six thousand Egyptians had also taken their departure.

The reinforcements sent from France and England, on hearing of the battle on the 5th, were anxious to arrive.

A terrible storm occurred on the night of the 14th. The Mincure of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, at Constantinople, was blown down. Twelve transport ships of the allies were wrecked, and the crews fell into the hands of the Russians; two steamers and a screw frigate were driven ashore, but were got off. It continued stormy until the 24th.

It is stated that the allies lost twenty-five transports and ships of war in a storm on the 7th. The admiral and thirteen men were lost.

A Russian courier on the Pruth, with patrols on the Turkish bank of the river, Gen. Schoddeffer is advancing with his army toward Bessarabia, to support Prince Gortschakoff.

The Russian Commander-in-Chief feels the necessity to watch the position which Omar Pacha has taken up, even though the latter cannot prosecute a winter campaign.

The blockade of Odessa has been removed. The Russians are fortifying it by sea and land. It is not thought that the allies will divide their forces at present.

Soliman Pacha, who commanded the Turks in the Crimea, has been degraded to the rank of a common soldier, for the bad conduct of his soldiers on the 5th of November.

The Czar's sons, Michael and Nicholas, have returned to Kichenov.

The Hospodar of Wallachia has announced that the exportation of corn will be permitted from the Danubian Principalities next spring.

About 600 of the wounded from Inkermann are in the care of Mrs. Nightingale and her nurses in hospitals at Scutari. Surgeons are now more abundant, and the sick are well cared for.

It was reported at Kiel, on the 19th or 20th, that a portion of the Russian fleet left Helsingfors and captured two British cruisers in the Gulf of Finland.

The departure of the British fleet had been postponed till the 5th of December.

The navigation of the Gulf of Finland was still open, and very little ice from Sweborg to Cronstadt.

The British fleet was in Kiel Bay.

A dispatch from Vienna, Sunday November 14th says:

It is now positively affirmed that Austria has accepted, with some modifications, the proposition in the Prussian note of the 15th.

A day or two since, Bavaria announced her accession to the policy of Austria on the Oriental question, and promised her support in the German diet. It is by no means correct, the policy of Austria can hardly be that of the Western Powers.

On the 19th and 20th, Ministers Westmoreland and Beaconsfield interviewed with Count Buelow for the purpose of communicating to the Austrian government that, with England and France, the four points no longer exist as a basis.

TIGHT TIMES. This chap is around again. He has been in town for a week. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He is over on the Pier, along Quay street, up Broadway, stalks up State street, looks in at the Banks, and lounges in the hotels. He hovers over merchants, and seats himself cozily in lawyers' offices. He is everywhere.

A great number of the public, a nestling fellow is this same Tight Times. Every body talks about him, every body looks out for him, every body hates him, and a great many hard words and no little profane epithets are bestowed upon him. Every body would avoid him if they could, every body would like him from 'Change, hoot him out of the Pier, chase him from Quay street, hustle him out of Broadway, kick him out of the hotels, throw him out of the stores, out of the banks, but they can't.

A bird, he will stick. Hints are thrown away on him, abuse lavished in vain, kicks, cuffs, profanity are all thrown away on him. He is impervious to them all.

An impudent fellow is Tight Times. Ask for a discount, and he looks over your shoulder, winks to the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Ask a loan of the usurers at one per cent a month, he looks over your securities and marks two and a half. Present a bill to your debtor, Tight Times shrugs his shoulders, rolls up his

eyes, and you must call again. A wife asks for a fashionable brocade, a daughter for a new bonnet, he puts his caveat, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed.

A great deprecator of stocks is Tight Times. He steps in among the brokers, and down goes Central to ninety-five, ninety, eighty-five. He plays the dice with Michigan Central, with Michigan Southern, with Hudson River, with New York and Erie. He goes along the railroads in progress of construction, and the Irishmen throw down their shovels and walk away. He puts his mark upon railroad bonds, and they find no purchasers, are hipped out of market, become obsolete, absolutely dead.

A great exploder of bubbles is Tight Times. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces into kitting banks; and they stop payment; into richly insured companies, and they vanish away. He walks around corner lots, draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his foot-print among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross. He breathes upon the cunningest schemes of speculation, and they burst like a torpedo.

A hard master for the poor, a cruel enemy to the laboring man is Tight Times. He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, the hod-carrier from his ladder. He runs up the prices of provisions and he runs down the wages of labor. He runs up the price of fuel, and he runs down the ability to purchase it at any price. He makes little children hungry and cry for food, cold and cry for fire and clothing! He makes poor women sad, makes mothers weep, discourages the hearts of fathers, carries care and anxiety into families, and sits a crouching desolation in the corner and on the hearthstones of the poor. A hard master to the poor is Tight Times.

A curious fellow is Tight Times, full of idiosyncrasies and crochets. A cosmopolite, a wanderer, too. Where he comes from nobody knows and where he goes nobody knows. He flashes along the telegraph wires, he takes a free passage in the cars, he seats himself in the stages, or goes along the burlesques on foot. He is a gentleman on Wall street to-day, and a back settler on the borders of civilization to-morrow. We hear of him in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, at Vienna, Berlin, at Constantinople, at Calcutta, in China, all over the commercial world, in every great city, in every rural district, every where.

There is one way to avoid being bored by this troublesome fellow, Tight Times. It is the only way for a country, a city, a town, as well as individual men to keep shut of his presence always.

Let the country that would banish him beware of extravagance, of speculations, of over-trading, of embarking in visionary schemes of aggrandizement. Let it keep out of wars, avoid internal commotions, and on right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its resources. Let the city that would exclude him be economical in its expenditures, indulging in no schemes of speculation, making no useless improvements, building no railroads that it cannot pay for, withholding its credit from mushroom corporations, keeping down its taxes, and going right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from his domestic circle be industrious, frugal, keep out of whirling politics, indulging in no idle fancies, holding up his dish when pudding falls from the clouds, laying by something when the sun shines to make up for the dark days, for

"Some days must be dark and dreary," working on always with a heart full of confidence in the good providence of God, and cheerful in the hope of "the good time coming."—Albany Register.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A SENSITIVE MAN IN NEW YORK.—I dined one day at the Irish house. The man next to me said to his neighbor, "How's flour to-day?"

"Why, rising; we made a nice thing of it this morning—five thousand dollars."

"Just next day at the Astor. Man next to me observed to his friend, 'Well, how's Erie?'"

"Oh, down, sir, down—dull, very dull; but there's money in it."

Dined next day at St. Nicholas. Man next to me said to his neighbor, "Shipping business bad, isn't it?"

"I should think so, you can buy a ship now for five thousand dollars less than you could two months ago, and freights are awfully low."

Dined next day at the Metropolitan. Man next to me said to his neighbor, "What's the news from Europe?"

"Consuls have fallen one half, and money is tight."

Dined next day at the New York Hotel. Man next to me said to his neighbor, "By Jove, that's a pretty girl yonder."

"She is so, and besides is worth a hundred."

"I at once left the table. Heaven's exclaimed, 'Is there no spot in this great city where a man can eat without having such talk crammed down his throat with his food? Money—money—money!'"—[Buffalo Courier.]

The Power of the Pence.

A TRUE MANCHESTER STORY.—The following is a strikingly illustrative of the power which lies in the hand of the working men to promote their own social comfort and independence if they would only exert it.

A Manchester calico-printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for though a drinker himself he would have preferred a pretty sober wife. They both worked hard and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house as soon as the factory closed. The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her and made her stunted and even selfish allowance for householding meet the demands upon her, he never complained. She had her daily pint, and he perhaps had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other except when at odd times she succeeded, by dint of one little gentle urticose or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions. They had been married a year, and on the morning of their wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse as he observed—

"Mary, we'd had no holiday sin' we were wed; and only that I haven't a penny in 't, I'd have took a jaunt to the village to see thee mother."

"Wouldst like to go, John?" asked she softly, between a smile and a tear, to bear him speak kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat?" said he, with half a sneer; "that got a fortune, wench?"

"Nay," said she, "but I've gotten the pint o' ale."

"Gotten what?" said he.

"The pint o' ale!" was the reply.

John still did not understand her, till the faithful creature reached down a loose stocking up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of three hundred and sixty-five three pences, (i. e., £4 11s. 3d.), put it into his hand, exclaiming—

"Thou shall have the holiday, John."

John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He would not touch it.

"Hastn't thee had thy share? Then I'll ha' no more," said he.

They kept their wedding-day with the old dame, and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a secret of investment that ultimately swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country seat, a carriage; and for aught Mr. Owen knew, John was mayor of his native borough at last.

THE LOST SOUTHERN FASHION.—George W. Kendall, writing from Paris to the New Orleans Picayune, says:

"In the way of new fashions this year for the gender masculine, the great 'agency' is an overcoat with the tail extending nearly

to the ankle. The new style, which is nothing but a return to the fashion which obtained when all the singular of my age were boys, or as the ancient song has it, 'Long time ago.'

It is terribly trying on very short men, or very fat men, or for very tall and slim men, for that matter. One must be about six feet and well proportioned, in order to carry it off with grace. Yet such an arbitrary rule is fashion that the high and low, so far as the stature is concerned, must don the new garment. I saw a little fellow stubbing along in front of me, the other day, with a blueish gray coat reaching far below his knees; not seeing his face, I took him for some old legitimist, who had purchased his outer garment for the coronation of Charles the Tenth, and who had kept it in a state of excellent preservation ever since. But as he turned to accost a friend, I discovered that it was a young buck of some twenty summers, whose appearance forcibly reminded me of a stanza in an ancient Ethiopian refrain, the words of which ran something as follows:

"There was an animal in the show,
That they call the kangaroo;
He was not a tall just like you,
But it's nothing to my kangaroo blue."

"The Charivari has a capital caricature upon the new fashion. A little fellow is seen anxious to go the whole length, but not being tall enough to carry a coat sufficiently long, he has mounted upon a pair of stilts, which set him up to a goodly height. You can readily perceive how ridiculous he looks."

Firing upon Friends and Enemies in BATTLE.—The London Times and other British organs, as well as their Anglo-Turkish allies in this country, have commented upon the firing of the Russians, at the battle of Balaklava, upon their own cavalry as well as upon that of the British, they being mingled together in the mael of fighting, as though it was one of the most barbarous and cold-blooded atrocities which had ever been committed. Without taking it for granted that the Russians in defending their batteries did not spare their own cavalry, since the account of the transaction comes entirely through the organs of their enemies, we are not obliged to go out of our own country to find a parallel to this 'barbarous' act of war. If any of the advocates of the allies, and denouncers of Russia, will turn to the third chapter of the Life of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, by W. Gilmore Simms, they will find that at the battle of Guilford, which was fought between Greene and Cornwallis, when the British Guards were in full retreat before the American cavalry, and the battle was nearly won, Lord Cornwallis saw that there was but one thing which he could do to save the day, and hurrying to the hill on which Mifflin had posted his artillery, he gave the terrible order to repel the progress of the American cavalry, by pouring out torrents of grape upon the field. Every storm of bullets swept necessarily through the ranks of friends and foes. His own Guard must feel the storm as heavily as their adversaries. Nevertheless, he gave the order.

"It is destroying ourselves," said O'Hara. "That is true," was the answer of Cornwallis, "but it is unavoidable."

The expedient was fatally successful. It repelled the American cavalry, and it rescued the victory from their clutches. But one half of the splendid battalion of the Guards was swept to ruin in the storm—cut to pieces in open day by the guns of their own army.—[Boston Cour.]

A piece of ordnance was hewn sent to the Bristol fleet in the Baltic which weighs over 9,000 pounds and will throw a shot over four miles.

Awful Tornado.

THE TOWN OF SIDON BLOWN AWAY—BUT ONE HOUSE LEFT STANDING.

We are informed that a tremendous hurricane passed over the southwestern portion of this county on Tuesday evening, carrying destruction and devastation before it. We are not in possession of the full particulars, and therefore cannot go into details; but our information is, that two clouds—one traveling northeast and the other in a northwesterly direction—met immediately over the town of Marion, (or Sidon), and the wind raged with such maddened fury as to blow down the entire town! It left but one solitary house standing.

Houses, trees, fences, in short everything which happened to lie in the path of the tornado, were blown down and destroyed. Fortunately no lives were lost that we have heard of, though we regret to learn that Mr. E. Crippin and one or two others, whose names we have forgotten, were very badly though not dangerously injured by being struck with pieces of timber, with which the air was filled.

The two clouds passed on in their respective directions with unabated fury. Whether any further damage was done, more than to uproot trees and blow down fences, we have not been informed.—[Carrollton (Miss.) Democrat.]

Woe! I wish to furnish you with an item in regard to a boy of twenty months, with whom I was acquainted in Milwaukee a year or two ago. He was rather backward in the acquisition of his mother tongue, and at the age I have mentioned could only articulate Pa, Ma, and a few other words of one syllable, among which was the word 'whoa,' learned from his father while riding with him in the family carriage. His father was a very pious man, and somewhat tedious in saying grace.

One day at dinner, the little fellow felt more than usually impatient to lay hold of the good things smoking before him; and when the blessing was about half pronounced, exclaimed to his father in a tone quite mandatory for an infant, "Pa, whoa!"

The effect upon all at the table was comical in the extreme; and the sober parent performed the remainder of his duty with an evident relaxation of the facial muscles, and with no disposition to restrain the inevitable merriment of his guests.

MINIE RIFLE.—A shot of the foot of a boy wounded by a Minie rifle was recently shown to the Surgical Society of Ireland, in order to attest the difference between a round inflicted by a conical piece of lead, as propelled from a rifle of that description, and the round bullet fired from a musket. The physician who explained this case stated that his impression was, that if a Minie shot struck with force against the cartilages of the ribs, it would go directly through the body, and transfix a man like an arrow, instead of passing around and escaping behind at the back.

TUNE.—The time was when ladies who went visiting took their work with them. This is the reason we have such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in fashionable circles, darning her father's stockings, or carding wool? Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize for somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses his wife from among the poor despised girls "who work for a living."

The First Crusade.

As soon as the Spring appeared, nothing could restrain the impetuosity of the Crusaders, and they set forward on their march to the places at which they were to assemble. The greater number went on foot; some horsemen appeared amongst the multitude; a great many traveled in cars; they were clothed in a variety of manners, and armed, in the same way, with lances, swords, javalins, iron clubs, &c. &c. The crowd of Crusaders presented a whimsical and confused mixture of all ranks and all conditions; women appeared in arms in the midst of warriors, prostitution not being forgotten among the austere duties of penitence. Old age was to be seen with infamy, opulence next to misery; the helmet was confounded with the frock, the mitre with the sword. Around cities, around fortresses, in the plains, upon the mountains, were raised tents and pavilions; everywhere was displayed a preparation for war and festivity. Here was heard the sound of arms or the braying of trumpets; whilst at a short distance the air was filled with psalms and spiritual songs. From the Tiber to the ocean, and from the Rhine to the other side of the Pyrenees, nothing was to be seen but troops of men marked with the cross, who swore to exterminate the Saracens, and were chanting their songs of conquest beforehand. On all parts resounded the warcry of the Crusaders:—It is the will of God! It is the will of God!

Fathers themselves conducted their children, and made them swear to conquer or die for Jesus Christ. Warriors tore themselves from the arms of their wives and from their families, promising to return victorious. Women or old men, whose weakness was left without support, accompanied their sons or their husbands to the nearest city, and there, not being able to separate themselves from the objects of their affections, determined to follow them to Jerusalem.

They who remained in Europe, envied the fate of the Crusaders, and could not restrain their tears; they who went to seek death in Asia were full of hope and joy. Families, whole villages set out for Palestine, and drew into their ranks all they met with on their passage.

They marched on without forethought, and would not believe that He who nourishes the sparrow would leave pilgrims clothed with the holy cross to perish with want. Their ignorance added to their illusion, and lent an air of enchantment to everything they saw; they believed at every moment they were approaching the end of their pilgrimage.

The children of the villagers, when they saw a city or a castle, asked if that was Jerusalem. Many of the great lords, who had passed their lives in their rustic donjons, knew very little more on this head than their vassals; they took with them their hunting and fishing appointments, and marched with their falcons on their wrists, preceded by their hounds. They expected to reach Jerusalem, enjoying themselves on the road, and to exhibit to Asia the rude luxury of their castles.

In the midst of the general delirium, no sage caused the voice of reason to be heard; nobody was then astonished at that which now creates so much surprise. These scenes so strange, in which every one was an actor, could only be a spectacle for posterity.

CHARACTERS OF THE ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH.—Looking at the population of the three kingdoms, it may easily be perceived that there is a considerable difference amongst them with respect to temperance.

The Irish are gay, ardent, and Scotch are comparatively cool, steady, and cautious; the English are, perhaps, a fair average between the two. I remember it was not inelegantly observed by a friend of mine, that an Englishman thinks and speaks; and an Irishman speaks before he thinks.

A lady present added:—A Scotchman thinks with his head; an Irishman with his heart.

This allusion to impulse operating more rapidly than deliberation, is akin to Miss Edgeworth's remark, that an Irishman may err with his head, never with his heart: the truth, however, being that he obeys his heart, not always waiting for the dictates of his head.

Some years ago there was a caricature, very graphically portraying these grades of difference in the order of the three nations.

An Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were presented as looking thro' a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending a half-a-crown with the dear creature, that we may look at her conveniently, and have a bit of chat with her."

"You extravagant dog!" says Mr. George. "I'm sure one-half the money will do quite as well. But let us go in by all means; she's a charming girl."

"Ah! wait a wee!" interposed Mr. Andrew; "dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally well just to ask the bonnie lassie to gie us two sixpences for a shilling, and inquire where's Mr. Toompson's house, and sic like? We're no hungry, and may as well save the siller!"—[Smith's Irish Diamonds.]

THE CROCODILE AND THE HIGHLANDER.—When (in the Egyptian expedition of Sir Ralph Abercrombie) the brigade under Sir David Baird was marching up the eastern bank of the Nile, towards Cairo, a number of stragglers fell behind, unable from fatigue to keep up with the main body. A rear-guard was consequently detached to protect the stragglers and keep them together. One of them, a Highlander, however, became so exhausted that his comrades were obliged to leave him to his fate. He had not been long alone when he saw a large crocodile waddling towards him with a very portentous aspect. Poor Donald eyed the monster as it approached him with feelings of intense alarm; and, altho' almost unable to walk, he mustered up his little remaining strength, and abided the onslaught of the enemy. As the unwieldy brute was slewing himself round to seize him, Donald dexterously got astride on its back, and kept his seat. He at once drove his bayonet (for he had parted with his musket); and every time the animal turned round its head to bite him he pricked it severely behind its foreleg, or wherever he could make the steel penetrate. How long the contest continued Donald could not well tell, but he thought it an age. When the rear-guard reached headquarters, the General, on being informed that Donald had been left behind, immediately dispatched a corporal's guard to bring him in. On his coming up to Donald, there was still astride of his Bucephalus, which was by this time nearly exhausted with the wounds inflicted by the bayonet. The musket soon accomplished what the bayonet had begun, and Donald was brought into camp little the worse for his extraordinary encounter, and was ever afterwards in the regiment as the Crocodile Dragon.—[North British Mail.]

Politics and the Pulpit.

The 'Independent' of New York, edited by Rev. Mr. Beecher, thinks the clergy in these days are favored with entirely too much advice from publicans, the press, and others, as to what they ought, and ought not to preach. For instance:

"Our wonder is not that ministers do not preach better, but that they preach at all. A diffident young man, (and all young men are diffident) with a subtle conscience, balanced like scales in a mint, on so fine an edge, that a mote will turn it, how shall he ever know his own mind, amidst advice that is not only so multitudinous in items, but so conflicting and contradictory?"

Our impression is that a young minister should put cotton into his ears—not into his conscience. Then, in the exercise of common sense, preach in such a way as in its circumstances, will do the work for which preaching was instituted.

We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord, having sharked it all the week, sorrowing and griping among his tenants, would be better pleased on Sunday, to doze thro' an able Gospel sermon on Divine mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon, that, among other things, set for the duties of a Christian landlord.

A broker, who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the 'New Testament' spirit. Out-echism is what he wants—doctrine is his taste.

A merchant, whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Saturday night, and whose brother merchant, who on that same day, swore a false invoice thro' the Custom House—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection. They have nothing invested in those subjects; they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox. But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample pews, let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial questions. A rich Christian brother owns largely in a distillery, and is clamorous against letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons.

Another man buys tax-titles, and noses about all the week to see who can be slipped out of a neglected lot.

A mechanic that plies his craft with the unscrupulous appliances of every means that will win, he, too, wants 'doctrine' on the Sabbath, not these secular questions. Men wish two departments in life; the secular and the religious. Between them a high wall and opaque, is to be built. They wish to do just what they please for six long days. Then stepping the other side of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage their fears, to comfort their conscience, and furnish them a clear ticket and insurance for heaven. By such a shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters, both God and Mammon, at the same time.

A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

A countryman one day, returning from the city took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with the rosy cheeks, and soft, plum-like skins. The father divided them amongst his four children, and retained one for their mother.

In the evening, the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking—

"How did you like the soft rosy apples?"

"Very much indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit, so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone, that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right, and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine, and thrown the stone away," said the youngest; "besides which, mother gave me half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet, and so melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father, "thou has not been prudent. However, it was very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for four years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my little brother threw away, cracked it, and eaten the kernel; it was as sweet as a nut to the taste, but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying—

"Beware, my boy, of avarice. Prudence is a very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. I have guarded thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund?" asked the father, turning to the third son, who frankly and openly replied—

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor, the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and I have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has