

[From the Geneva Gazette.]

Taking the Paper.

Ah! there it lays before the clock,
Its folds the mantle pressing;
We mortals never need complain,
The news are such a blessing.
There—corn has ris to fifty cents—
(Do snuff that flickering taper)
I'm sure I know not what we did
Before we took the paper.

I used to stare when people talked
Of the affairs of nations,
And wonder where on earth they got
Their stock of information:
I knew enough of right and wrong
To sue my nearest neighbor,
Then call him close when he refused
To lend his weekly paper.

And then—O fudge! I might have been
As rich as Jacob Astor,
With out the toll of hoeing corn
And strewing fields with plaster—
But just by digging out the gold—
No way could sure be cheaper,
I've missed the mark—and all because
I did not take the paper.

I loved the cash extremely well,
And pocketed the money—
Let others read—and thought myself
About as smart as any,
Until when I forgot to vote
And cut up many a caper,
Went twice to church on Monday morn—
I vowed I'd take the paper.

The cars in fury passed my door
With noise like rolling thunder—
The wires of Morse above them stretched
Were my most constant wonder.
Pierce played the fool at Washington,
Seymour was sharp for liquor—
While I put up a ten-rail fence
And never took the paper.

Nebraska and the Russian war
I never could unravel—
The Allies at Sebastopol,
Was all to me a marvel.
And then I sneered, and tried to solve,
All the Know-Nothing clatter,
But one indeed I swear I was
Until I took the paper.

At last my every house burned down,
Without one cent insurance,
I lost my all in Kidder's Bank—
This was beyond endurance.
With coat tails straight and hair erect
I dashed o'er every breaker,
And cursing every one I met
I went and took the paper.

But now all subjects I discuss,
Even to the rights of women,
A smarter man there never lived
Than farmer Jones of Oren.
And what is more—in full advance
I always pay the printer,
Nor think twelve shillings better spent
Than for my weekly paper.

SENECA, March 16, 1854.

The Drunkard's Good Angels.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Come, Ady and Jane, it is time you were in bed,' said Mrs. Freeman to her little girls, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle-work.

'Papa has not come home yet,' answered Ady. 'No dear, but it is getting late, and it is time you were in bed, he may not be at home for an hour.'

Ady laid aside the work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school satchel.

'You can light the lamp on the mantel piece,' said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking around as she spoke, when she saw the children had put on their bonnets and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood very well the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came in her eyes and her voice trembled as she said—

'It is very cold out to night, children.'

'But we won't feel it mother,' replied Ady, 'we'll run along very quick.'

And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word more. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upwards and murmured, 'God bless and reward the dear children.'

It was a bleak winter night, as the little adventurers stepped into the street; the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other firmly by the hands, and bending their forms to meet the pressure of the cold rushing air, hurried on their way where they were going as fast as their feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Hope filled their hearts and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house over the door of which was a handsome lamp, bearing the words "Oysters and Refreshments."

It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter and at such an hour, but after standing a few minutes they pushed against the green door—it turned lightly upon its hinges—and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar room.

'Bless us!' exclaimed a man who sat reading at a table, 'there are those babes again.'

Ady and Jane stood near the door, and looked all around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar, and said timidly to a man who stood behind it pouring liquor into glasses,

'Has Papa been here to-night?' The man leaned over the bar until his face was close to the children, and said in angry way, 'I don't know anything about your father, and don't come here again, if you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you.'

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner as angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door, with sad faces, when the person who first marked their entrance, called out loud enough for them to hear him,

'Come here my little girls.'

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned them to approach, and they did so. 'Are you looking for your father,' he asked.

'Yes sir,' replied Ady. 'What did the man at the bar say to you?'

'He said Papa was not here, and that if we came any more he would set his big dog on us.'

The man knit his brows for an instant, and said, 'Who sent you here?'

'Nobody,' answered Ady. 'Don't your mother know you have come?'

'Yes sir, she told us to go to bed, but we could not until Papa was at home.'

'He is here?'

'Yes, he is at the other end of the room asleep, I'll go and wake him up for you.'

Half intoxicated and asleep, it was with difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused.

As, soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened and he found that Ady and Jane had each grasped tightly one of his hands he rose up and yielding passively to their direction, he suffered them to lead him away.

'I guess you never saw him before,' said one of the bar keepers.

'No nor never wish again, at least in this place. Who is their father?'

'Freeman, the lawyer.'

'The one who a few years ago conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?'

'The same.'

'Is it possible?'

A little group now formed around the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home, as they had just done, said it was a most touching case.

'To see,' said one, 'how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him—sometimes when I see them I am almost weak enough to shed tears.'

'They are his good angels,' remarked another, 'but I am afraid they are not quite strong enough to lead him back to the path he has forsaken.'

'You may think what you please about it gentlemen,' spoke the landlord, 'but I can tell you I wouldn't give much for a mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night.'

One of those who expressed interest in the little children, felt angry at this remark, and retorted with some bitterness—

'And I would give less for the man who would make their father drunk.'

'Ditto to that,' responded one of the company.

'And here is my hand to that,' said another. The landlord, finding that a majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silent. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar room went away.

About ten o'clock the next morning while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down said:

'I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended?'

'If you offer me an insult I will certainly resent it.'

'So far from that, I came with the design to do you a great service.'

'Very well, say on.'

'I was at Lawson's Refectory last night.'

'Well!'

'And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all last night it was only to dream of it. I have two little girls and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir, the thought of them coming out in a cold winter night in search of me, and at such a place, makes the blood run cold in my veins.'

Words so unexpected coming upon Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but could not utter a word.

'My dear sir,' pursued the stranger, you have fallen by the hand of the monster intemperance and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may rise yet if you will. Let me, in the name of those sweet babes, who have shown in so wonderful a manner, their love for you,

conjure you to rise superior to that deadly foe. Reward these good children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire. Come with me, and sing the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this one act.'

Half bewildered, yet with a new heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm through his, to lead him away. Before they separated both had signed the pledge.

That, evening, unexpectedly, to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ady and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm round each of them, he said, in a low whisper, bending his head down, and drawing them closer to him,

'You will never have to come after me again.'

The children lifted up their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

'I will never go there again,' he added, 'I will always stay at home with you.'

Ady and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, hid their faces in his lap, and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear, and while her heart trembled between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which she was sitting. She opened it hastily.—It was the Pledge, with his well known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprang to his side, and his arms encircled his wife as well as her little ones, in a fonder embrace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their father; they were, indeed, his 'Good Angels.'

Maud Merrivale.

BY 'ROLANTHE.'

One cold, blustering, winter's morning, a group of school girls were assembled in the large hall of the Roseville seminary, discussing the merits and good looks of a new scholar who had arrived the day before.

'I think she's as homely as can be,' said a tall, languishing brunette, with dark, dreamy eyes, and glossy raven hair.

'Why, Nina Halpin!' shouted a fairy little blonde, by the name of Selma Morgan; she's real pretty. Such hair! such eyes! such teeth! Ah, me! I'm clear in the shade.'

'Well, at any rate, she's as poor as poverty!' and with these not very elegant words, the proud beauty turned away, casting a haughty look at Selma, who stood enjoying her confusion.

'Dear me! what's all this talk about, girls?' said Anna Melville, a good natured girl, looking up from her books; 'do tell me; I'm dying to know! Come, let's hear.'

'Nina will tell you,' Selma answered, with a tinge of spitefulness in her tone.

'Well, what is it, Nina?' Anna asked; but Nina declined to reply.

'Ah, Nina's on her stilts now!' said Selma with a sly laugh; 'she can't speak to us common mortals; and so I'll tell you. We've been discussing Maud Merrivale's looks. I think she is beautiful; but Nina don't—she's jealous, I guess.'

Anna was about to reply, when Mrs. Monroe, the principal, entered, with a pale, young girl, clad in robes of deep mourning, leaning upon her arm.

'Maud Merrivale, young ladies,' said Mrs. Monroe, by way of introduction; and with a slight bow she withdrew. Selma, who a moment before, had been contemplating the effects of her speech upon Nina, tripped gaily up to Maud, and put her arms around her neck, and said, 'Let us be friends, will you?'

'Yes,' Maud answered, and then Selma led her to a seat in a closely curtained recess, near by, where they talked and chatted until the bell rang for school to commence.

Selma's words were true—Maud was beautiful. She had silken, chestnut hair, starry blue eyes, snowy, well formed features, and a high, expansive brow. She was an orphan; and possessed a small fortune, which she appropriated for her education, so as to become a governess in some family. Selma and she became firm friends, sustaining each other in their various trials.

Dick Morgan, Selma's brother, was a fine dashing, young fellow, with raven hair, coal black eyes, and a luxuriant silken moustache; and a large warm heart capable of the most passionate love.

'See here, little sister mine,' said he to Selma, one day; did you know I'm engaged to Nina Halpin?'

'Nina Halpin! Oh, Dick, that's too bad!' said Selma. 'I intended you should have Maud Merrivale.'

'Bless me! I can get, if I like her well enough,' answered Dick, stroking his pet moustache.

'I thought you esteemed love as something holy; and not to be trifled with,' said Selma.

'I do,' Dick answered; 'but I hope you don't think I'm going to marry Nina Halpin, if I should like your friend Maud better, do you?'

'No,' said Selma.

'Well, then, we're square, sissy; and you must give me an introduction this very night, will you?'

'To-night? Yes,' and so Dick was introduced. He fell in love with Maud, irreclaimably. The next day he announced to Selma his freedom from all engagement with Nina; and a

week afterwards he was betrothed to one he loved better, and more passionately.

'I hear your brother is engaged to Maud Merrivale,' said Nina one day, to Selma. 'I guess he wouldn't care much for her, if he knew of a certain dishonorable connection she once formed with a gentleman,' she added, with a toss of her head.

'Nina Halpin! you speak words that have no truth in them!' said Selma, angrily.

Nina turned purple with rage; but said nothing; and turned scornfully away.

Examination day came; and two prizes were to be awarded to the best scholars. One of them was a silver goblet, lined with gold, a present from a millionaire; and the other was a lady's gold watch. There was only two in the whole school, who esteemed themselves competent to compete for them; they were Nina and Maud.

The dreaded day came—the examination was soon over; and the judges retired to decide. They soon came back; and announced Maud as the successful competitor; and so she bore away both prizes, under the loud acclamations of the large audience. That was a day she might well be proud of.

The next week she returned to her uncle's house. One afternoon she was sitting in her boudoir. A servant entered and handed her a note. It ran thus:—

'Does Maud Merrivale know everything concerning her betrothal? No, she does not. Does she dream of such a possibility as her devoted lover, having another love? No; I fear not; but these things are true; and she should take warning. Appearances are often deceptive.'

A month afterwards Selma came to make Maud a visit; and to her she showed this mysterious note.

'I know who wrote it,' said Selma; 'it is Nina Halpin—yes, it's her; for it's her handwriting;' and thus Nina was exposed.

A year—nay, I'll have it less—six months afterwards, saw Maud Merrivale Dick Morgan's bride. Thus dear reader, endeth my story—let us hope for the heroine's welfare.

Virtue, innocence, and kindness, will ever triumph, and be the victor; while pride, hatred and ill-will, will always be overcome.—[N. Y. Ledger.]

CHOICE OF PURSUITS IN LIFE.—There is a genuine good sense and right feeling expressed in the following paragraph, from a late work by Mrs. Sedgwick. The sentiments expressed are in harmony with just views of our republican institutions:—

'I shall be governed by circumstances; I do not intend or wish Anthon, to crowd my boys into the learned profession. If any among them have particular talent or taste for them they may follow them.'

They must decide for themselves in a matter more important to them than any one else.—But my boys know that I should be mortified if they selected these professions from the vulgar notion that they were more genteel—a vulgar word that ought to be banished from the American vocabulary—more genteel than agriculture or the mechanic arts.

I have labored hard to convince my boys there is nothing vulgar in the mechanic's profession; no particular reason for envying the lawyer or the doctor. They, as much as the farmer and mechanic, are working men. And I should like to know what there is particularly elevating in sitting over a table and writing prescribed forms, or in inquiring into the particulars of disease and dealing out physic for them.

It is certainly a false notion in a democratic republic, that a lawyer has more claim to respectability—gentility, if you please—than a tanner, a blacksmith, a painter, or a builder.

It is the fault of the mechanic, if he takes the place not assigned to him by the government and institutions of his country. He is of the lower orders only when he is self-degraded by the ignorant and coarse manners which are associated with manual labor in countries where society is divided into castes, and have, therefore, come to be considered inseparable from it. Rely upon it, it is not so. The old barriers are down.

The time has come when, being mechanics, we may appear on laboring days, as well as holidays, without the sign of our profession.—Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has affixed his everlasting patent of nobility, and these it is which make bright the immortal name to which our children may aspire as well as others. It will be our own fault, Anthon, if, in our land, society as well as government is not organized upon a new foundation. But we must secure, by our own efforts, the elevations that are now accessible to all.

A SERMON TO HIGHWAYMEN.—The English Methodist Magazine, for 1767, contains the following remarkable narrative:—

Four gentlemen and an old minister were assailed on the highway by three robbers, who demanded and took possession of all their funds.—The old minister pleaded very hard to be allowed a little money, as he was on his way to pay a bill in London.

The highwaymen, as our authority informs us, 'being generous fellows, gave him all his money back again, on condition of his preaching them a sermon.'

Accordingly they retired a little distance from the highway, and the minister addressed them as follows:—