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SOME LESSONS FOR TEACHERS.

We are, all of us, teachers,
And the world is a school,
Where the wise man's a pupil,
As well as the fool.

Where all must be learners,
From cradle to grave—
Clown and Philosopher,
Parson and knave.

Young heads are giddy,
And young hearts are warm,
And make many blunders,
For Age to reform.

Yet young heads are ready
And willing to learn;
And young hearts but seldom
Good counsellors spurn.

While old heads look backward
To days that are fled,
And take rules for the living
From the dust of the dead.

Young heads look forward,
The dead past is night;
They live in the present,
And their future is bright.

Although they differ
As heat does from cold,
Just old heads from young may learn,
As young heads from old.

The young I would caution:—
Be not overwise
When your elders in trouble,
Would have you advise.

Be glad to impart
What your able to teach;
Be patient in listening,
And modest in speech.

The old who know little,
And talk much should heed
Lest in trying to teach,
They only mislead.

To the old who have wisdom
'Tis needless to say,
The grass must be seasoned
Before it is hay.

Let your truths be well studied,
Then plainly expressed,
And not in the garments
Of pedantry dressed.

Let no word of falsehood
Ever fall from your tongue,
And all shall be lettered—
The old and the young.

A TRAP FOR A YOUNG BRIDE.

By W. J. Morgan.

The following is a true story. It was told me on board the good ship "Lincolnshire" one rough night off Cape Horn by a fellow-passenger who perished with the ill-fated "London" not many months afterwards. I fear, however, any narrative of mine will but feebly convey the deep impression its thrilling and tragic incidents made upon my mind—an impression which a lapse of years has failed to obliterate or even lessen in the smallest degree.

PART I.

The Day Before.

"'Tis but another anxious night."—*Byron.*

It was my last day of single blessedness! To-morrow, ere noon, would see me ranked among the noble army of Benedicts, or martyrs, as my uncle, the most inveterate of bachelors, would have it. *Then* I felt half credulous, half inclined to believe him; *now* I know it is all nonsense (I speak as a veteran of nineteen years, with seven olive-branches round my table). The married state is the right one; it halves our griefs and doubles our joys. Such is my experience, whatever selfish bachelors or peevish old maids may say to the contrary. To return—it was the day before our wedding, and I had plenty to do; how to get through it all, even during a long June day, seemed a puzzle. *Imprimis*—morning, Park with my betrothed, her last canter as Annie Beltravers, luncheon at her father's house, a visit east of Temple Bar to my family solicitors, a drive in afternoon park on my old regiment's drag, dinner with my uncle, Sir John Colebrooke, whose favorite nephew and heir presumptive I was. The opera—and, as a grand finale, a farewell supper to my late brother officers, who all called me a fool to sell out of a crack cavalry corps and throw away my liberty at five-and-twenty, whilst in their hearts, I believe, they all envied my good fortune in winning the belle of the season. Such was to be the order of the day, and I hastened to get myself up under the surveillance of my French valet. What pains I bestowed on my toilet—engaged men always do! Now I have done with such follies and leave them to my eldest boy just passed for Sandhurst. The coat that fitted me so faultlessly *then* would not *now* button round my waist by six inches—out upon time! I think I see Adolphe putting the last finishing touches to my hair, adjusting the exotic flower in my button hole, dusting every speck off my boots. I think I see myself seated at last on my thoroughbred, Ladybird, and speeding along towards Grosvenor-square. There she was, my bride elect, in all the glory of youth and loveliness, already mounted, and waiting for me. How well the tight-fitting habit showed off the delicate proportions of her sylphlike figure, how well the little black velvet hat, with its white ostrich plume, become her—how perfectly she managed her steed! What castles in the air we built "that sunny morn in Rotten Row!" What matter that they are still unrealized! That I am not Prime Minister, nor Viceroy of India, but a plain country gentleman, keeping a pack of hounds for the amusement of my neighbors, open house to all good fellows, and striving, with Annie's assistance, to bring up our youngsters in the way they should go—no easy matter in these railroad times. But I am growing tedious. That ride, like all happiness, came to an end; that luncheon was discussed, and I drove to Messrs. Surefast and Vellum, and inscribed my name on various parchments. The senior partner was marvellously polite, and insisted on opening a bottle of rare old port (I found some hours later), in which to drink our future happiness. I next occupied the seat of honor on the drag of the —th Hussars, duly presented myself at my uncle's house in Park Lane, and was ushered into the drawing room by the old butler.

"Just twenty minutes late, Harry," said Sir John, consulting his chronometer.

I had hardly time to apologize ere the gong summoned us to a dinner worthy of Lucullus, where my readers must be content to leave me until due justice has been done to the inventive faculties of the *chef de cuisine.*

PART II.

Wooed and Married and A'.

"In the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted."—*Longfellow.*

"The wine stands with you, Harry," said my uncle. "Why, bless the boy, he is so taken up with his future bride that he forgets his old uncle."

"A thousand pardons," said I, refilling my glass; "but, to tell the truth, I was thinking it was high time I was off to Covent Garden, though, indeed, Annie told me, it was not likely she would go."

"Then don't you go either, my boy; I shall be glad of a little more of your company; and, by-the-bye, it is customary, is it not, on these occasions to give the bride some present?"

I replied that it certainly was usual.

"In my day it was quite the reverse—we were the givers—cake and gloves to all our friends; however, I ordered this little ring to be made by Storr and Mortimer; it is the exact copy of a ring I once gave to another bride." (My uncle sighed deeply.) "Give it to your Annie with my love and blessing."

"I am sure she will prize it, no less for its intrinsic value than for its being your gift," I remarked, as I examined the ring, an old-fashioned whole hoop of emeralds and diamonds.

"And I have something less ornamental, perhaps, but more solid for you," continued my relative. "You know, Harry, you are my heir?"

"Unless, uncle, you took it into your head to follow my example."

"There is not the slightest chance of that," he replied, in almost a stern tone of voice, "if you will let me finish without interruption. I was saying you are my sole heir; you are going to my country seat for your honeymoon. Knowing your love for the country, I have made over Colebrooke Hall to you now by deed of gift contained in this envelope. You will find the place a sad wilderness—it will be an occupation and amusement to you both to get it into order."

"How can I ever thank you sufficiently?" I said, as I took the deed from my uncle's hand. "It has been my dream to be a country gentleman."

"And you have realized it."

"Annie, too, I know, is of the same mind; but, positively, I feel as if I was robbing you. You must promise to be our first guest, uncle."

"Never, never do I wish to set my eyes on the place again. May it prove a happier home to you than it has been to me—may your commencement of married life there be more auspicious than mine was."

"Than yours, uncle? I never knew till now you had been married."

"I was, indeed, though my experience of wedded bliss is very short. The tale is long ago forgotten. During my voluntary exile from England of so many years, the friends of my youth dropped away. I, who would have gladly have followed them, was left. Except my faithful old servant, Bennett, few recollect the terrible mystery connected with my marriage—a mystery, the truth of which will, I suppose, never be known until 'that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.'" Tears glistened in his eyes, but, brushing them hastily away, my uncle filled his glass, saying, "Here, Harry, is your good health and your fiancee's, and may your future be as bright and happy as my past has been dark and miserable! If you will have patience with an old man's digressions, I will tell you my life's story. During the few years I may yet have to live, you will repeat it to no one, your wife, of course, excepted; when I am gone, you may publish it to the world. 'In the stirring times when George III. was King, when Napoleon Bonaparte was deluging Europe with blood, when Nelson swept the seas, and Pitt, Burke and Sheridan shook the Senate with their wondrous eloquence, I was as gay a young fellow about town as ever sauntered down Fop's Alley. I could tell you how I flirted with many well-known belles of the day; how among my friends and acquaintances I numbered such men as the Regent, Lord Byron, and many other celebrities; but this is not to the point. I was then just your age—a young Baronet with a large rent roll, and an extravagant turn of mind. With neither father nor mother to contest me, I led a life of pleasure, riding hard, drinking hard; and yet I suppose I was not so fast as some of you youngsters are now, or I should not be the hale man I am. One night I went with a friend, whose name I have forgotten, to see the *debut* of a young actress, reported to be of extraordinary beauty. The play was *The Gamester;* but, in delineating the misery of the gambler's unfortunate wife, the debutante failed to please her critical audience, and was not applauded. She had mistaken her profession. Her beauty, which was really marvellous, did not atone for her bad acting. It seemed cruel; it raised pity in one heart, at least, in that crowded pit. I went behind the scenes; I sought to comfort the weeping beauty by assuring her that the same mishap befel the great Siddons. I went home that night, for the first time in my life, in love. I discovered that Alice Temple, such was her name, was not only a lady by birth, but her father, who had died two years previously of decline, had actually been rector of Colebrooke parish. Often and often, as a boy, I had seen little Alice at the rectory, which was in my own gift. Mrs. Temple after her husband's death, was left almost penniless, added to which she lost her health, and it was to support her sick mother that Alice, much against her will, had gone on the stage, and—failed! Morally, I felt guilty of their misfortunes and I hastened to make amends for my criminal negligence. I gave a pretty cottage, close to Colebrooke Hall, rent free to the widow during her life. I presented the vacant living to her nephew; and Alice, saved from a theatrical existence, accompanied her mother to her native country. I soon followed. Every day that I saw Alice I admired her more and more. I resolved that I would make her Lady Colebrooke. Away from the dissipations and racket of town life, I spent, then, the few happy days of my life in the society of the loveliest and best of beings, who *seemingly* loved me as much as I adored her. I say *seemingly,* for the sequel will show how bitterly I was mistaken. It was in the fir-woods above the house that I spent the happiest day of my life, the day she accepted me, and vowed that she had no other attachment to any but me. It was in these same woods that I passed the most miserable night of my wretched after-life—but I anticipate. I look back upon those few weeks as the one ray of real sunshine that has illuminated a long, dark day. Together we roamed over the lovely country during the bright months of June and July. I got Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint her portrait. You will see it in the drawing-room, and judge by that feeble reflection if I have exaggerated her charms. I require no picture—her face is engraved in my mind; that luxuriant hair, those deep, violet eyes, those pearly teeth! Hers was a beauty almost supernatural. Sometimes I have thought she was not mortal. I see your smile of incredulity—wait till you view that portrait, wait till you hear the end.

"Of course all my friends warned me not to marry an actress; of course I would not be convinced. What lover ever yet listened to advice? I married her. The knot was tied in Colebrook Church. It was a quiet affair, very unlike what yours will be to-morrow. A friend now gone was my best man. The clergyman, Edward Temple's daughter, two fresh looking girls, Alice's bridesmaid; a few of my tenants and servants were the sole spectators. The ceremony over, we drove to the house, where a merry party of eight sat down to the breakfast; our healths were drunk, and then our guests left Alice and me to ourselves. We spent a happy enough afternoon, wandering over the house and grounds, and talking about the alterations and improvements we would make. The bright July day wore away—dinner time came (we dined at six o'clock in those days). It was while we were sitting over our dessert that Bennett (then footman) came to tell me that the head constable from Hereford was in the hall, and wished to see me on special business. I bade him ask if the case was urgent and admitted of no delay. Inwardly anathematising the man's ill-timed visit, I told Alice to amuse herself in the drawing-room and I would rejoin her in ten minutes. How that scene is imprinted upon my memory. I see her now sweep gracefully from the room, kissing her hand to me as she reached the door, and playfully remarking, "I hope the constable has not come to carry you off to prison—it would be too bad to separate us so soon!" I see her *last* loving smile as she disappeared from the room—yes, Harry, her *last,* "I never saw her more!" My uncle paused—I saw the big tears rolling down his cheeks—I felt, too, a choking sensation in my throat as I tried to say "how shocking!" I could not utter a word. More than a minute's painful silence intervened before my relative commenced anew.

(*To be Continued.*)

The Romish Leos.

The new Pope has assumed the title of Pope Leo XIII., and we are led to inquire after his predecessors who have borne the name of Leo.

Pope Leo I., called also "The Great," was a Tuscan, and occupied St. Peter's chair from A. D. 440 to 461.

Leo II. was a Roman. He died the next year after his election, which occurred A. D. 682.

Leo III., a Roman, reigned twenty-one years, A. D. 795 to A.D. 816.

Leo IV. occupied the Holy See from 847 to 855. He was an Italian.

Leo V. the "unfortunate Leo," reigned one month and was then banished. This occurred in 903. He was a native of Ardea.

Leo VI., a Roman, was Pope for one year, 928.

Leo VII., reigned three years, from 936 to 939.

Leo VIII. had an unsettled and brief reign of two years, from 963 to 965.

Leo IX. was a German, and reigned five years, 1049 to 1054.

Leo X., whose name will always be famous because of his powerful opposition against Luther, wore the Pontifical robes from 1513 to 1521. He was a native of Florence.

Leo XI., also a Florentine, acceded to the Popedom in 1605. His honors faded in a single month.

Leo XII., a native of Papal Italy, was Pope from 1823 to 1829.

The first four Leos and the ninth have been accorded canonical nones. It is somewhat astonishing that Leo X. escaped this infliction, in view of his eminent services during the most trying period of the "Romish Supremacy."

It will be noticed that two of the Leos reigned twenty-one years, two one year, and two one month.

Being a Boy.

In that delightful book, "Being a Boy," Mr. Charles Dudley Warner gives such touches as this to the common places of life:—"His elders say that the boy is always hungry: but that is a very coarse way of putting it. He has only recently come into a world that is full of good things to eat, and there is, on the whole, a very short time in which to eat them; at least he is told; among the first information he receives, that life is brief. Life being brief, and pie and the like fleeting, he very soon decides, on an active campaign. It may be an old story to people who have been eating for forty or fifty years, but it is different with a beginner. He takes the thick and thin as it comes—as to pie, for instance. Some people do make them very thin."

Young men who visit their girls in this deplorable age of slang should be careful to speak distinctly. A few evening since as a Mill Street clerk was about to bid his sweetheart good-bye for a few days, his emotion nearly mastering him, he began in an unintelligible voice to utter words of love, when she brought him down from the sublime to the ridiculous by exclaiming in a loud voice, "What'd yer soy!" That love story is yet untold.

He Didn't Want the 'Scription.

He was an old man, and he had a bit of conductor's pasteboard stuck in his hat. He walked into the drugstore and enquired: 'Have you got any good whiskey?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the gentlemanly druggist.

'Gimme half a pint'

'Have you got a doctor's prescription?'

'No.'

'Can't sell it, then, sir. Jury in session; must be strict.'

'Where can I get a doctor?' sadly inquired the aged inebriate.

'I am a physician, sir,' whiningly responded the druggist.

'Can't you give me that—what you called it—'scription?'

'Well, I might.' And the doctor wrote out a prescription blank, calling for so many ounces of *spiritus frumenti.* He filled a snug looking bottle with the article, pasted a label on it numbered to correspond with the paper, and presenting the bottle to the venerable roysterer, remarked, in the most business like way imaginable: 'A dollar and a half, sir.'

'A dollar and a half!' gasped his astonished customer. 'Ain't that pretty high, mister?'

'It's our price—a dollar for the prescription and fifty cents for the medicine.'

'Yes, well,' slowly replied the wicked old duffer, as he slowly buttoned up the half pint in his overcoat pocket, 'I guess, boss, that I don't want the 'scription. Here's your half a dollar,' and he stuck his tongue in one side of his mouth, winked ironically at him out of the mortar and peftle, and walked out.

Napoleon's Prophecy.

Napoleon, the Great, when at St. Helena, spoke as follows to Dr. O'Meara:

"In the course of a few years Russia will have Constantinople, and the greater part of Turkey and Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. In the natural course of things in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, you may say Russians. The Powers it would injure and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia and Austria. Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian Dominion, reaching near to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that England and France will ever be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance will not avail. France, England and Prussia cannot effect it, and once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She will quarrel with England, march off an army to India of 90,000 good soldiers, which to Russia is nothing, and 400,000 Cossacks, and England loses India. Above all other powers Russia is to be feared especially by England. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. A hundred years hence I shall be applauded for my efforts to re-establish the Kingdom of Poland, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. There are only three ways of attacking England with effect, detaching Ireland from her, capturing her Indian possessions or a descent on her coast."

That Fetched Him.

When a Michigander was brought into court on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by his wife, his Honor asked him why he struck her.

'She called me a worthless, lazy loafer, but that wasn't it.'

'Well?'

'She said our whole family weren't fit for fish bait, but I didn't get mad at that.'

'What was it, then?'

'She shook her fist under my nose, and said I was too lazy to die, but I know'd she was excited and I let that pass. She's got a fearful temper, your honor.'

'I wish to know if you had sufficient cause or provocation,' said the court.

'I guess I had, Judge. She came close up and spit in my face, and said I was meaner than pizen, but I didn't mind that.'

'What then?'

'I know'd her temper, and I sot and whistled 'Hold the Fort,' and I was bearing and bearing with her, when she turned round and gin my coon dog the smashingest kick—lifted him right out'n doors onter his head. That fetched me. Judge, if there had been forty lions and a camel in the road, I'd have skinned her or died a trying.'

Pearls of Truth.

The man whose mind and hands are busy finds no time to weep and wail. If work is slack spend the time in reading. No man ever knew too much. The hardest students in the world are the old men who know the most.

Habits influence the character pretty much as undercurrents influence a vessel, and whether they speed us on the way of our wishes, or retard our progress, their effect is not the less important because imperceptible.

Among so many arguments, while others have been refuted, this alone remains unshaken, that we ought to beware of committing injustice rather than of being injured, and that, above all, a man out to study not to appear good, but to be so, both publicly and privately.—*Plato.*

The third finger was originally chosen for wearing the wedding ring for the reason that it is not only used less, but is more capable of preserving a ring from bruises—having this one quality peculiar to itself, that it cannot be extended but in company with some some other finger, whereas the others may be singly stretched out to their full length and straightness.

Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least admixture of a lie—for example, the least mixture of vanity, the least attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance, will vitiate the effect; but speak the truth and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance.—*Emerson.*

It was finally said by Socrates that the shortest and most direct road to popularity is 'for a man to be the same as he wishes to be taken for.' People are egregiously mistaken if they think they can ever attain to permanent popularity by hypocrisy, by mere outside appearances, and by disguising not only their language but their looks. True popularity takes deep root, and spreads itself wide, but the false falls away like blossoms; for nothing that is false can be lasting.—*Cicero.*

Total Abstinence at Home.

If you have a son, keep him, if you can, from ever touching a glass of wine. It is the ready excuse of many a young lad for taking a glass of champagne—"We always have it at home." The decanter at home kindles the appetite which soon seeks the drinking saloon. The thoughtless or reckless parent gives the fatal push which sends the boys to destruction.

Long labor in the temperance reform has convinced me that the most effectual place to promote it is at home. There is the spot where the mischief too often is done. Let it be written upon the walls of every house — *Wherever there is a boy, there should never be a bottle.*

Lengthening His Nights.

Bonnel Thornton, like most wits, was a lover of conviviality, which frequently led him to spend the whole night in company and the next morning in bed. On one of these occasions an old female relation, having waited on him before he had arisen, began to read a familiar lecture on prudence, which she concluded by saying:—

"Ah, Bonnel, Bonnel! I see plainly that you'll *shorten your days.*"

"Very true, madam, replied he; but by the same rule you must admit that I shall *lengthen my nights!*"

In the third precinct a policeman arrested a man who tried to explain that he was only "weary." The policeman explained that there is arrest for the "weary."

A Georgia negro who failed to put in an appearance until a week after the day set for his wedding, explained that he and his brother had only one good suit of clothes between them, and that as his brother was off preaching he had to await his return.

During the sermon in the Baptist Church at Grand Rapids, Mich., a few Sundays ago, a five year old child left its seat, walked up to the pulpit, and stood beside Dr. Graves, the pastor, who inquired, 'What do you want, my little man?' 'A glass of water,' the child replied. The minister poured out a glass of water, and the child drank it and left the platform. The incident created much amusement among the congregation, which the child, in returning to his seat, noticed; and thinking the people were laughing at some mistake of his, he made a bow to the pastor, and said, 'Thank you, sir,' and took his seat.