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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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BROWN'S AMANUENSIS.

Brown was a magazine writer, of what is sometimes called the fast school. His were the veriest bubbles of the current literature of the day, the merest froth of the trifles which are skimmed rather than read by the busy world of pleasure. He touched—by the beautiful language of a fashionable reviewer—he touched the passing follies of the day with a light and facile pen, and people smirked over his articles in a manner pleasant to witness. My opinion is, that his abilities were—in short were not first-rate, but he used them very ably. He never wrote in men's language for a lady's magazine, and never threw away the delicate wit which suited its pages upon the middle-aged gentlemen who prefer scandal and satire.

To the world of periodicals, Brown was known as a rising comic writer, while to himself, he was a man of crushed ambition and rejected manuscripts. In a drawer of his writing-table, under Chubb's lock, were a treatise on ethics, several pamphlets on political and financial questions, a biography of the poet Mason—unduly neglected now—but who flourished a good deal in the last century—and, lastly, a history of Nova Zembla, with an account of the climate and productions of that isolated region. These several manuscripts were brought into existence when Mr. Brown first came to the metropolis. While he had money he wrote what he pleased; when he had not, he had the good sense (and good fortune) to write what pleased the public.

The result was, that he was in a fair way of doing well in his line of business. But Brown was, unhappily, rather of a restless temper. 'I'll be a butterfly,' he said to himself, after he had hawked his ethics from west to east and back again; and for some months he labored with fair success in the field of the lightest literature, and got his bread and butter by it, and amused himself in his leisure hours like any other young gentleman. It must be observed, however, that he never lost that lofty opinion of his own talents which had formerly stimulated his efforts, and he was on the look-out for a subject on which he might build a great work of fiction. 'Picton,' he said to himself, 'is the thing. If I could only get hold of a plot, a real plot, I would write a romance which should commence a new era in the literature of this country.'

So Brown was accustomed to meditate; but it was not until very recently that anything came of it. It was after reading of important events taking place in Spain, that he determined to lay his scene there. Spain was the land of romance; its characters should be men and women now swaying its destinies, his time the present day. 'I will read up the history,' he said, 'and with *Gl' Blas*, Mr. Borrow, and the *Tales of the Alhambra*, I think something may be done.' Familiarity with modern Spanish customs was, however, indispensable, and Brown's knowledge of that subject was limited. Fortunately, information, like any other article, can be obtained readily in London by those who can pay for it, and after ten minutes' reflection, which was as much as he now devoted to any question, Brown sent the following advertisement for insertion in the daily papers:

AMANUENSIS WANTED.—The applicant will be required to have recently traveled or resided in Spain. Remuneration according to qualifications. Apply to B. B.

Brown had certain literary engagements which it was necessary to fulfill in a given time, and he set himself busily to work to get rid of these as soon as possible. To this end he shunned amusements, public and private, retired into the solitude of his apartments, and requested the prim maid-servant who attended at his call to receive all visitors with the assertion that he was out of town. In consequence of these arrangements, he was enabled to produce in the course of the day a great deal of what printers call 'copy'; a name which, in the present state of literature, is frequently correct in more senses than one.

On the morning when the advertisement appeared, Brown was seated at work as usual, and had just completed a philosophical paper 'On the Diminished Diameter of Ladies' Hats,' and another on the 'Increased Proportions' of their petticoats, through the agency of 'hoops,' when the maid-servant, fresh from the country, opened the door.

'If you please, sir—'

'Well,' said Brown, mildly.

'There's a lady down stairs, and she wants you, sir.'

Now Brown was not accustomed to receive visits from ladies, and the announcement caused him some little surprise; but he was not curious, and desired quiet. So he replied: 'She wants me, does she? I am very sorry, but she can't have me. Tell her so, Sarah, if you please.'

'O, sir, you're such a funny gentleman,' Sarah said, and fingered.

'That's how I pay my rent, Sarah,' replied Brown. 'Remember, in future, that I am out of town to everybody.'

'Please, sir, it's B. B. she wants,' the girl persisted, who had received special directions as to answers to the advertisement.

'Eh! a lady? Show her up.' And Brown hastily threw off his dressing-gown, and assumed a garment somewhat less variegated.

'Old,' thought he—'decidedly,' and he seated himself in his chair to await the result. A light step was heard on the staircase, and the lady, who had sent no card, entered the room. Brown turned, and rose to offer her a chair, but paused suddenly without doing so.

The visitor was equally embarrassed, and the silence endured until you have read the next paragraph. Brown gazed; because, instead of the middle-aged lady, with a British Museum complexion whom he had expected to see, there stood before him a young girl, whose beauty was enhanced by the deep blush which rose to her downcast eyes.

Brown first recovered himself. I am happy to say; and having got hold of a chair, he jerked it rather nervously on to the ground, and said something about doing him the honor to be seated.

'I fear, sir, there is some mistake.' The voice was a very sweet one, as, indeed, it could not help being, Brown thought.

'You wished to make some inquiry about my advertisement,' he said, with some hesitation.

'Then you are B. B.?'

'I am B. B., madam.'

The visitor rose, and, bowing her head to him, said: 'I must apologize for having intruded upon you, and beg you to excuse the mistake which has caused this visit; and she moved toward the door.

'I beg your pardon,' Brown said hastily.

'One moment. Will you be kind enough to explain—'

'Pray, do not ask me, sir,' and again she turned toward the door. Brown was by no means satisfied.

'I have no right to detain you; but if I can be of service to you in any way, pray do me the pleasure of saying so.' It will be observed that Brown's language was remarkably polished, a trait on which he prided himself.

'It is impossible,' she said, looking up at him; and, perhaps seeing something honest about his face, she continued: 'I saw the advertisement, which seemed so well suited to me, that I hoped it might be from a lady, or

some one who—who could have accepted my services.'

'I should be most happy,' Brown began. She shook her head, and replied, now without embarrassment:

'I was mistaken.'

'You have been in Spain?' Brown asked.

'I have only just returned from there.'

'I cannot, of course, press upon you anything to which you have an objection; but if you will permit me, it may be possible to arrange the matter in a way which will overcome any difficulty.'

'She looked up, and Brown was encouraged to proceed.

'The assistance I require may be rendered at your own house, if such an arrangement would suit you.'

For a moment she looked as if it would, but glancing once more at Brown, she seemed to take another resolution, and wishing him good-day rather abruptly, she disappeared down stairs. Brown is considered, by some people, a very handsome fellow; but whether that had anything to do with frightening her away, I must leave the ladies to determine.

Brown jumped up, and stepped to the window, which commanded a small strip of garden in front of the house. 'Very odd! no name—no nothing! There she goes! Very pretty figure! awful shabby bonnet!' Such was the turn of his thoughts while the shabby bonnet moved along the garden-wall and disappeared. Then he suddenly put on his hat, and followed it at a distance.

He admitted to himself that this was an absurd thing to do, and thought he would go back sensibly; then as the bonnet passed round a corner, he quickened his steps, and meditated no more till he caught sight of it again. The bonnet passed round a great many corners, and hurried along at a speed which surprised him, leading him through dingy and narrow streets, and disappearing at length up a court, which seemed to be a playground for the children of the neighborhood.

The door of one of the houses stood open, and Brown perceived a woman seated at work in a room, on the ground-floor. Walking over some children who were strewn about the steps, he entered the room, and took his stand beside a cradle, while he addressed the mistress of the apartment. Did a young lady wearing so and so lodge there? She did—on the third floor back. The bell was broken, and he had better walk up.

Bashfulness had ceased to be one of Brown's failings, but yet he hesitated considerably at the door which was pointed out to him. At length he knocked nervously, and being told to 'come in,' did so.

It was a little sitting-room, the walls of which still retained some vestige of a dingy paper, which had once covered them. There were two chairs and two small tables, and a portrait over the chimney-piece. A quantity of needle-work lay scattered about the room, which, in spite of its poor appearance, was clean, and even fragrant, for a large pot of mignonette stood under the open window.

A pale, withered-looking woman sat in one of the chairs, propped up by cushions, and the object of Brown's impertinent inquiries stood near the window, looking at the intruder with great indignation.

Their story may be told in a very few lines. The elder lady, a widow, had supported herself for several years in a small shop, while her daughter, who in early life had been under the care of good masters, had accompanied a family to Spain, as governess. At length the widow fell into bad health, and being unable to attend to her little shop, was soon reduced to a condition of utter poverty, on which the daughter at once quitted her situation, and, under the protection of a family of tourists, returned home. She could do little for her mother's support without again leaving her, a course which both were most anxious to avoid; and thus it happened that she had been attracted by the advertisement in the papers.

Brown learned half of this story in a glance round the room, and was encouraged to persevere. He introduced himself to the elder lady, and exerted himself to the utmost to remove the unfavorable impression he had produced. She received him with a politeness which at once put him at his ease, and gradually the daughter was induced to join in the conversation. What may have been said, I do not know, but the interview lasted for at least half an hour, and from that time Brown became a frequent visitor.

Not far distant from where we at present write, there lives a Mr. Silas Brown, a retired medical practitioner, a bachelor, and Brown's uncle. When Mr. Brown was a boy, his uncle Silas took a fancy to him, and even went so far as to buy a small piece of ground in his name in an improving neighborhood. Brown had always shown a proper sense of his uncle's generosity, though hitherto he had not derived any advantage from it, for the old gentleman persisted in retaining the property and acting as trustee. He had worked his way up without help, and he determined that his nephew should do the same. It was a fine thing for a young man. Besides, by keeping down the boy's income, he would be prevented from making some foolish marriage—a term which Silas Brown was used to apply to marriage under any circumstances.

About three months after the adventure of the advertisement, the old gentleman was startled by a letter from his nephew, in which the latter for the first time alluded rather pointedly to 'those three acres by the new church.'

'You have always told me, my dear uncle,'—so ran the letter—'to consider this land as my own. I have no right to presume upon your kindness, but I should be very glad if you would allow me to derive some immediate advantage from it. The fact is, that I am engaged upon a work—scene laid in Spain—from which I hope great things, and I am compelled in consequence to keep an amanuensis, which is very expensive.'

The elder Mr. Brown read this letter with a doubtful expression of face. 'Great work, indeed!' he said to himself. '*Chateaux en Espagne!*' I'll go to the city, and see what that boy's doing.' And therefore Mr. Brown wrote no reply to the letter, but he presented himself a few days afterward at 93 Hampstead Road.

'Out of town! nonsense, my good girl,' the old gentleman said to Sarah, who vainly attempted to oppose his entrance. 'This is the room, I think?' and he walked in without further ceremony. His face grew absolutely purple as he did so; for there was his nephew seated at a table busily writing, and opposite

to him was a young lady, very simply dressed, but very good looking.

'Well, sir!' he exclaimed, in a tone by no means pleasant.

Brown, as soon as he recovered from his surprise, shook his uncle's unwilling hand, and pressed him into a chair. As to the young lady, she blushed considerably, and seemed anxious to run away.

'Pray, sir, is this your—your amanuensis?' Poor Brown hesitated, and at length said, 'Yes, sir.'

'What!' the old gentleman said in a tone so menacing, that Brown thought it best to lead the lady out of the room, whispering to her some reassuring words.

The old gentleman wiped his brow. 'John, I can't tell you how grieved I am at what I have seen to-day. That you should be so lost, not only to propriety—'

'My dear uncle, what do you mean?' 'Mean? why, you won't persist in the story of that young person being your amanuensis? What is she doing here, sir?' 'It's all over with the three acres,' Brown thought. 'I must tell him.'

'I admit, sir, that I have practiced some little deception upon you, and yet I told the truth.'

'Eh?' 'I mean that that lady is indeed my amanuensis, but that she is also—'

'Well, sir?' 'My wife.'

'Now it's all over,' Brown said to himself. His uncle was evidently taken by surprise. He threw himself back in his chair, and drawing out his snuff-box, helped himself to several pinches successively. At last he spoke in a much calmer tone, and said gravely: 'I am very glad to hear it.'

Brown would have been ill-fitted for his position as a comic writer if he had not possessed a profound knowledge of human nature. That he, this is the proper time to say nothing. In dealing with one's relations, there is the great advantage of knowing that their hearts are in the right place, whatever may be the case with the rest of the world. Uncle Silas might or might not be coming round, but in the meantime he sat in profound silence, using his snuff-box at intervals. At last he spoke.

'John, I have been mistaken in you. Don't suppose that I object to marriage; on the contrary, I approve of it when undertaken prudently—not otherwise. Yours has been most imprudent. Not only that, sir, but you have been guilty of a deception which is unmanly and disgraceful.'

Brown felt the truth of this, and showed it in his face.

'For that, sir, I beg your pardon.'

'Humph!' said his uncle.

'But as regards the imprudence of my marriage, sir, consider that I live by writing light articles for the magazines.'

'Pretty business it is to support a wife!'

'And consider the advantage one derives in such work from the graceful fancy and admirable taste of a woman.'

'I don't want to hear any more, John. Remember, I am not in a passion; I am not angry, mind; but I shall leave it to time to show whether you have acted prudently or not. Don't attempt to argue; I consider that by deceiving me, you have forfeited any claim you had upon me; and Mr. Brown took up his hat, as if with the intention of leaving the house.

'If by claim you mean money, sir, I can do without it; but I am sorry indeed to have lost your good opinion. Still—'

'You will do it again in the same way, I suppose?'

Brown hesitated. 'After all,' he thought, 'I have done no wrong; why should I speak like a criminal?'

'Well, perhaps I would; but I assure you—'

He stopped, for his uncle had dashed his hat on to the table, and scattered Brown's card-basket to the four winds.

'Very well, sir,' the old gentleman said; 'I see how it is. You know how valuable the land now is, and you know, too, that it was bought in your name. You are of age, sir, and may set your old uncle at defiance.'

'You do me great injustice,' Brown said, and repeated the same thing several times, while Mr. Silas pronounced the hearth-rug, with one hand behind him, and the other firmly grasping his snuff-box. Presently, the snuff-box disappeared into one pocket, and out of another came a paper of a discolored legal appearance, which also descended violently upon the card-basket.

'There is the title to the land. You will find it all in form, and so good morning to you.' And Mr. Silas caught up his hat, brushed past his nephew, and walked, at a tremendous pace, down the garden-wall.

Brown, I regret to say, was not remarkable for decision of character. He stood gazing stupidly at the paper on the table, while a person glided gently into the room, laid a little white hand upon his shoulder, and looked up anxiously into his face.

'What's the matter, dear?'

Brown collected his thoughts, and explained that the dirty piece of paper was the title to the land which his uncle had bought for him in the days of yore, and now regretted his generosity.

'Of course you will not accept a repented benevolence?'

'What am I to do? It is a more puzzling affair than you think. If my uncle cannot, and I will not make use of the property, the thing will be neutralized.'

'But you can thank your uncle for his gift, and then go to your man of business, and restore the gift by means of transfer.'

'That's the very thing! I'll get Cramp to do it for me; he lives at the bottom of the hill; and Brown seized the paper and hastily quitted the house. Mrs. Brown—I have great pleasure in giving her proper title—went to the window, whence by straining her eyes she could command a view of the lawyer's door.

Meanwhile Mr. Silas Brown, who had taken the same direction, had slackened his pace considerably, and she saw her husband overtake his uncle, and address him once more. The old gentleman appeared to listen without any further attempt to escape; the snuff-box being again put into requisition. At length they reached the lawyer's house, and entered it together.

The bright eyes at the window grew dim, as their owner thought that for her sake Brown had quarreled with his relations and destroyed his future prospects; so dim were they, that she did not at first see that the two persons

who, after a few moments, quitted the lawyer's house arm in arm, were her husband and his uncle: yet so it was. Mr. Silas Brown could not maintain his position against his nephew's new mode of attack; for if there was one thing more calculated than another to please him, it was that spirit of manly independence which Brown had exhibited.

The bright eyes looked brighter than ever when Mr. Silas entered the house with his nephew and took her by the hand gravely, but kindly. What were his impressions of the bride may be conceived from the following remarkable speech which fell from his lips, as he kissed her forehead:

'If my nephew has acted without my permission, I see here the best excuse he could offer.'

Some day's afterward, when Brown, in the exuberance of his joy, related these circumstances to an intimate friend—the present writer in point of fact—he made a tremendous bull, which, as some people persist in thinking him clever, I shall put on record.

'It was a very good thing my uncle was one of the family,' he said, 'otherwise I don't think he would ever have come round.'

Little Children.

Whoever takes a little child into his love, may have a very roomy heart, but that child will fill it all. The children that are in the world keep us from growing old and cold; they cling to our garments with their little hands, and impede our progress to petrification; they win us back with their pleading eyes from cruel care; they never encumber us at all. A poor old couple, with no one to love them, is a most pitiful picture; but a hovel with a small face to fill a broken pane, here and there, as the stranger goes by, is robbed of its desolateness.

We have heard somewhere a sneering statement that poverty is prolific; for our part we are glad of it. The poor Irish woman, who had a pig and a cow, and a but full of children, and not a penny for her name, took the right view of the matter, when she replied to our wondering at her attachment for the little Norahs and Patrick:—'Why, bless your honor, I've nothing else to love!'

Indeed, we are more than half inclined to think that we all of us do about as much good in the world before we are seven years old as we ever do, and certainly a great deal less evil.

A little child is a profitable possession, and when we hear of anybody's 'giving away' one, we marvel how, as he can get not along with it, he can ever hope to prosper without it. It is very much like a bird that should dispense with a wing, fancying that it costs more to carry it than it is worth.

Children are the most powerful allies humanity can enlist; we call them 'hopes' sometimes, with a laugh, but we may give them a better name, and be too happy about it to laugh; we may call them hope makers, for such indeed they are. We are so constructed that we do not love those most who help us, but those whom we help. Ah, many a prodigal who would have been in the cornfield this day were it not so, has been welcomed home with a feast of fat veal.

A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand; and the secret of many a gallant struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found thrown in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of bulrushes. Get ready to be afraid of the man whom children are afraid of, and be sure that he who hates them, is not himself worth hating.

Blessings upon the little children, for of such are they the kingdom of Heaven!

Interesting History of Shad.

Robert L. Pell, Esq., of Esopus, Ulster county, who has given many years of study to the habits of the finny tribe, and whose fish ponds have become famous, has furnished to a New York paper, the following interesting chapter on our favorite Spring fish:

The most interesting of all fish to me is the common shad, which may be regarded as a source of commercial wealth and national industry, and a miracle of nature in its multiplication and continuance. Notwithstanding thousands of myriads are destroyed by the agency of man, and tens of thousands of myriads in the ova state, we find an undiminished abundance year after year, which can only be accounted for by their extraordinary creative ability. They spawn about forty-five thousand. They have a peculiarly sloping head and tapering body, projecting under jaw, small teeth, dusky blue color, with a line of dark round spots on each side, sometimes four or five in number, and I have frequently seen them without any. They ascend our rivers from 1st of April to the 10th of June for the purpose of spawning, which they accomplish in the same manner that bass do, except that the male fails to cover the ova; this necessary operation is performed by the ebbing and flowing tide. The organization of this fish enables it to breathe either salt or fresh water, and taking advantage of this fact, I have been enabled to breed them in ponds, and from numerous experiments, am led to believe that shad live but a single year, and that when they pass down the rivers, after spawning, they are so weak and emaciated that they fall an easy prey to voracious fish. They grow in a single season to weigh from five to eight pounds; they take, like the herring (of which they are erroneously called by fishermen and others), the circuit of the seas, commencing in the regions of the North pole, in schools equalling in extent the whole of Great Britain and France. When they reach the coast of Georgia they separate into immense squadrons, and as the season advances run up all the rivers on our coast, followed a little later by the herring. Late writers question the migratory character of these fish, and suppose that they remain throughout the Winter in the most profound depths of the ocean, burrowing in the mud. This is bad philosophy, as they are not organized for living in mud, and the structure of their air bladder prevents them from sinking in deep water. Their form indicates clearly that they were designed by nature to swim near the surface of the sea, and to be always in motion. I have had herrings in my pond, with shad, several hundred at a time, and never saw them at rest.

The shad lives upon suction, and feeds on the animalculæ in the water, while swimming. Food has never been discovered in the body of shad when opened, and they never bite a baited hook.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1858.

NO. 50.

OUR OWN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

There are who say that at the grave's dark portal,
All earthly loves depart;
That our affections, like our frames, are mortal,
And perish like the heart.

That when with wailing feet beside the river,
Shivering and pale we stand,
All that is known and dear we leave forever,
Stripped by Death's cruel hand.

But to my soul a comforting evangel
This precious faith hath given,
The human soul, made glorious as an angel,
Still loves its own in heaven.

They ask "our own" who in the Father's dwelling
Still wait for us to come;
With holier love for us their souls are swelling,
Oh! let us hasten home.

All imperfection from our nature taken
By Him who for us died,
In Christ's fair image we shall each awaken,
And all be sanctified.

EDUCATION.

BY MARTIN FAIRBAIRN TUPPER.

A child is born. Now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dew
Of knowledge and the light of virtue wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hue.

When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection we'll refuse;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if the lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O, who shall say that it hath lived in vain,
However fugitive its sweets were tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

On Reading for Instruction.

The object of all reading should be instruction. If you do not grow wiser, in some way, by what you read, that is, if you are only amused, and not instructed, by what you read,—you are throwing away the greater part of the time spent in reading. To gather instruction from the pages of a book, you must understand them; and you cannot understand without consideration and thought. While it is desirable that you should select such books and publications as you can master, it is indispensable that you should exercise the powers of your own mind, and be determined to master them.

Do not complain of the words of many syllables that a writer uses, so long as he speaks to you in fair and honest English. It is better for you—better a thousand times—that you should come to a word or phrase, now and then, the meaning of which you should have to seek out by inquiry, or by the help of the dictionary, than that you should be written to in such words and forms of expression only as you are already acquainted with. If authors were to write down to the comprehension of the lowest intellects, they would not succeed in raising them to a respectable standard; and instead of promoting the popular improvement, they would retard it.

It is an old saying, that if you wish to make a person a dunce, you have only to treat him as a dunce, and he is sure to become one. There is much truth in this, and it is not less applicable to a class than to an individual. If the uneducated classes are written down to, to be sure of one thing—they will be kept down.

When a man or woman acquires a taste for reading, he makes a grand discovery; he enters upon a new world—a world as new to him as America was to Columbus when he first set foot upon it—a world full of marvels and mysteries, and what is better than these, full of wealth and wisdom of which he may help himself to as much as he can carry away, and make it honestly his own.

The great drawback is, that he finds he cannot carry much of it. The land of literature is to him a strange land, and its language, to a considerable extent, a strange language. In this dilemma he is apt to make the mistake of supposing that if simpler language had been used, he should have understood the subject at once, and enriched himself by a new possession.

In the present day this idea is generally without foundation.

There was a time when knowledge, which was not thought good for the common people, was boxed round with a kind of learned pedantry which rendered it accessible only to a few; but that time has gone by, and the best writers now address themselves to the largest classes—in for a very sufficient reason, namely, that in these days, when books are sold so cheap, it is only from the patronage of the multitude that they can hope for adequate remuneration. It is the interest of all popular writers to simplify their propositions, whatever they may treat of, as far as possible; but this practice of simplifying can only be carried out to a limited extent, after all, for a reason which, on a moment's consideration, will be obvious.

What are words? Words are nothing more nor less than the names of ideas; if any combination of letters of the alphabet suggests an idea to the mind, such combination is mere gibberish, not a word. All the words that an illiterate man is acquainted with have their corresponding ideas in his mind; and all the ideas in his mind have their corresponding words in his memory.

Now, if he turn the faculties of his mind to a new subject,—a subject entirely different from anything which has before occupied his attention,—it is as certain that he will meet with new words as that he will meet with new ideas; and, simply as much as we may, it is not easy to perceive how he is to make himself master of any new subject through his old stock of words. Thus, in order to get new ideas, you must get new words; and in the proportion that you master their meaning will be your knowledge of the subject to which you turn your attention.

To profit by literature, then, you must learn its language. All that has been done, or can or will be done, in the simplifying processes, will never do away with that necessity. Remember that the language you have to learn is your mother-tongue; that the words whose signification you seek are on the lips of your fellow-countrymen every day; that you have a living dictionary in your teacher or parent, who will help you; that you can buy a Webster's pocket dictionary for a quarter of a dollar; and remember, too, that every step you advance will render the next step easier.

Take advice if it suits your case. Select a volume of average reading. Begin the perusal of it with the determination to understand the whole before you have done with it. Do your best with every sentence, using your dictionary with discretion. A sentence which may not be plain enough on the first reading may be so on the second or third. By this means you will learn the meaning of thousands of words which you did not know before.

The language of literature once acquired, the world of literature is before you. It is a boundless field of delightful and exciting inquiry, if you make the right use of it. We will not promise that it shall lift you to worldly prosperity, but it shall build you up to a nobler state of being, and make you a credit and an ornament to any position you may be called upon to fill.—[Sargent's school Monthly.

A FIRST RATE NOTICE FOR THE SMITHS.—Smith, the razor strop man, is about again. He is not ashamed of his patronymic—the rather or glories in it. In the course of a harangue in one of our neighboring cities, Smith administered the following consolation to the great family to which he has the honor to belong:

'Gentlemen, my name is Smith, and I am proud to say, I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few left of this same sort.'

Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name. And stands very high in the annals of fame. Let White, Brown, and Jones increase as they will. Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.

