

FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

SOULLESS PRAYERS.

I do not like to hear him pray, Who joins for twenty-five per cent, For then I think the borrower may Be pressed to pay for food and rent; And in the Book we all should heed, Which says the lender shall be blest, As sure as I have eyes to read, It does not say "take interest!"

CINCINNATI'S EXPERIENCES IN CHICAGO.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times relates his troubles during a late visit to Chicago:

At HOME, February 6, 1839. For the first time, strange to say, we—the subscriber—visited the evangelical city of Chicago last week, and "hung up our hat" with our esteemed friend, John B. Drake, Esq., of the Tremont House. We were courteously received, assigned a comfortable room, and, being somewhat fatigued, retired at an early hour Sunday evening to dream of suicides, divorces, and such little incidents for which the city of virtue is notorious. After considerable effort owing to the disturbed state of our mind, we succeeded in finding "our native's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Arising at an early hour Monday morning ("the early bird catches the worm," and we were after it), we sallied forth for a morning walk, wending our way toward the lake shore—having heard of the efficacy of the lake breeze—and had proceeded but a few steps when we were accosted by a well-dressed individual who sported an elegant nose glass of pure gold so we thought—and carried in hand a huge bundle of apparently legal documents.

"Morning, sir," exclaimed our legal friend, extending his hand.

"Good morning, sir; happy to meet you."

"Out early, sir, best time for business"—opening a menu cardium book—"suppose you have your points all arranged."

"Perhaps you are mistaken, sir. I am not in need of legal assistance at present."

"No necessity for being reticent, my friend. I'm ready to serve you, and can furnish your papers in a short time."

"What papers do you mean, sir? I know nothing of papers."

"Come, no foolishness; you are certainly the gentleman" (opening the memorandum)—"gentleman from Ohio, stopping at the Tremont House, wants divorce."

"Divorce! the devil! I never thought of such a thing. What do you mean, sir?"

"Beg pardon, sir; no use getting excited over so light an affair. I assure you is very singular—gentleman from Cincinnati; five feet seven, light complexioned, dark hair, sandy whiskers, and—"

Expecting to hear our name called next, we endeavored to pass on, but were detained by the stranger, who seized our arm and exclaimed:

"Dug it, if you are not the man, you look like you wanted, or at least ought, to be divorced."

We are disposed to be peaceable, having been raised in a Quaker neighborhood, but must admit that this last remark got our dander up, and before we could gain composure aimed a blow at our tormentor's nose, which he wisely dodged and permitted us to measure our length upon the sidewalk. Picking myself up, as best we could, we hurried on, thankful for our escape.

We had proceeded but a few steps from the scene of our adventure when we were again accosted this time by a gentleman whom we took for a member of the tonsorial profession.

"Pass right in this way, sir; you'll find everything all right."

A glance at our wardrobe suggested that a little attention was necessary in order to regain our former respectable appearance, and following, were led into a gorgeously furnished parlor, where sat half a dozen beautiful ladies, ranging

UPS AND DOWNS IN THE WORLD.

"Sir, bring me a good, plain dinner, said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter in one of the principal hotels in a Western State.

"Yes, sir." The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside and thus addressed him:

"You are the landlord?" "Yes."

"You do a good business here?" "Yes," (in astonishment.) "You make probably \$10 a day clear?" "Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed. I have been out of employment for seven months, and have engaged to work to-morrow. I had been without food four and twenty hours when I entered your place. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord, "and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security."

"I have nothing." "I will take your coat."

"If I go in the street without that, I will get my death, such weather as this."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"You are serious? Well I solemnly aver that one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take your coat." The coat was left, and a week afterwards redeemed.

Seven years after that a wealthy man entered the political arena, and was presented to the caucus as an applicant for a Congressional nomination. The Chairman of the caucus held his peace.

He heard the name and history of the applicant, who was a member of the Church, and one of the most respectable citizens. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, whom he met an hour afterward, and to whom he said:

"You don't remember me?" "No."

"I once ate dinner in your hotel, and although I was famishing, and pledged my word and honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat and saw me go out in the inclement air, at the risk of my life, without it."

"Well, sir, what then?" "Not much. You call yourself a Christian. To-night you were a candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel keeper became bankrupt. The dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond comprehension or belief.

FUSSY FOLKS.—Everything which fussy folk do is blazoned forth to the world through a six foot trumpet, and ricketed with letters a yard high. They have no respect for candles hidden under bushes, or for the ignorance of the left hand as to the deeds of the right.

They cannot go into new lodgings or give a shilling to a beggar without calling the attention of the world to their feat, as the hen cackles to the dispersed poultry-yard to let them all know she has laid an egg. Thus, when any red-tornado sweeps over them they can scarcely do more than they have done already; and the world can give them no more sympathy for a misfortune than that which has already been bestowed on the inconvenience. It is the old cry of the wolf a little altered, and with corresponding results according to the change of circumstances. Besides, people get tired of always having to sympathize with one special set of friends. They want variety even in their objects of compassion, and after a time reject the constant drum upon their feelings as they resent the constant application for funds from one individual only. This is a hint, which fussy folks, screaming "wolf" at the top of their voices all day long would do well to take and profit by it.

WONDERFUL.—A telescope with a three and a half inch aperture brings the moon virtually within one thousand two hundred miles of the observer—one two hundredths of its real distance. Lord Rosse's telescope brings the moon within forty-two miles of the observer, so that objects two hundred and seventy feet long are discernible. An instrument ten times the power of Lord Rosse's would bring the moon within a German mile, at which distance the body of a man can be perceived. Professor Baily says that he is confident that so powerful an instrument will be constructed within a few years.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.—The Sabbath day is the beautiful river in the week of time. The other days are troubled streams, whose angry waters are disturbed by the countless crabs that float upon them; but the pure river Sabbath flows on to eternal rest, chanting the sublime music of the silent throbbing shore, and vying time by the pulsation of everlasting life. Beautiful river Sabbath, glide on! Bear forth on thy bosom the poor, tired spirit to the rest which it seeks, and the weary, watching soul to endless bliss.

FIGHT hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all your life.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address, at a meeting at Alexandria for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, one cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him in his way, reached, at nightfall, the home of a wealthy planter, who took him in, and lodged him, and sent him on his way with a blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on, and he reached the legal profession; his host had died; the ornaments that prey on substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to submit her case to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude, was now added to the ordinary motive connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity, and," Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, "that boy stands before you!"

SUGGESTIVE REFLECTION.—"He left a large property," was the closing sentence of a recent obituary. How many reflections it suggests! What a pity he was obliged to leave it! He had taken great delight in collecting it. It was all the fruits of his own energy, industry, and good judgment; he had to leave it, and went out of the world as poor as he came in. He might have taken it with him—or rather, he might have sent it forward in advance. Every dollar given in humble faith to scatter the glad tidings of salvation; every cup of water given to a disciple; every tear of pious sympathy for the suffering; every gift of his kindly charity to the needy, would have been treasure laid up in Heaven. How much more blessed to go to, than to leave a large property. The man who is poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, closes his eyes on this life, and goes to take possession of his inheritance. He owned not a foot of land on earth, but for him—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green."

His food here was plain and scanty, but there he would eat freely from the "tree of life." He associated here with those who are despised of men, but there his companions will be the "innumerable company of angels," and the "Church of the First Born which are written in Heaven."

ATTRIBUTES OF THE SEXES.—Men have more strength. Women more flexibility. Men listen, arrange, compare, and deduct. Women combine, vary and reproduce. Men have more force. Women more grace. Men overcome. Women subdue. Men think. Women speak. Men are noble. Women are beautiful. Men were formed to conquer the whole creation. Women to approach that conqueror.

All things else living shall keep their distance from man; it is the privilege of women alone to be divested of such fear. Man is never so much lord of all nature as when he completes all other triumphs by protecting woman.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came."

PROSE.—We think that most people have a happier and better time of it than ourselves. The fiction is a pleasing one to some extent, and so we nurse it along through life. It is true that the difference in position and gift of people are often marked, but it does not follow that one has more satisfaction than another. The stomach of poverty may ache for bread, but the head of wealth aches a great deal worse, and it isn't half as easily cured. There is no more warmth in cassimere than in cheap wool. Silk and broadcloth may look to some eyes nicer, but for use are no better than calico and corduroy.

A low-bred woman: One who stars at home, takes care of her children, and never meddles with the business of her neighbors. The species is almost extinct.

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