

plication to any one mental pursuit exercises over the whole mind, I determined to subject you to a task which I may say, without vanity required considerable perseverance, patience, and energy to accomplish. You have nobly justified my expectations, and I shall now have no anxiety in committing to your care the dearest treasure I have on earth. Take her," concluded the old man with moistened eyes; "and may Heaven shower its blessings on you both!"

Bright and joyous was the summer morn, when Carl led his lovely and loving bride to the home which should shelter them both until death. Many a year has passed away since then adding tenfold prosperity and happiness to the farm fireside, and many a cheerful game between Wilhelm Reiter and Carl has enlivened the long winter evenings at the farm (for the old man has given up the mill, and resides entirely with his darling Lina and her husband); and many a time, when *patience* and *application* have overcome certain difficulties, or *caution*, *foresight*, and *calculation* have brought about a desired result, has Carl mused pleasantly over "The Probation by Chess."

SATURDAY NIGHT.—How sweet, after the cares of the week, comes Saturday evening!—The brain, overworked by six days of incessant labor, looks forward joyfully, to repose; and a sweet calm Sabbath steals over us in anticipation, as we enter our house. We feel that, for one day at least, we shall forget the world and all its anxious ties. If it is winter, we draw up around the fire; if summer, we sit by the window; in either case, we give ourselves up to the hour with a relish we never experience at other times. For the moment, something of the zest of childhood in enjoying a holiday returns to us; we seem to breathe freer, our spirits rise, little trifles amuse us, and we revel in a perfect overflow of happiness. Have you never reader enjoyed such Saturday evenings? How the pleasure of it is heightened if the day's business has been *proving*, and if, at its close, you have walked through the rain and got thoroughly wetted: then what luxury to put on the slipper, to induce the dressing gown, to roll the easy chair to the fire, and sit down to a pleasant book or an hour's pleasant chat with your wife! Saturday evening—how many sweet associations does the name conjure up!

A SERMON FROM THE "FAR WEST."—My dear brethren it has been the usual fashion for an audience to testify their approbation of that which has been said by the clapping of hands, but I recommend for your adoption a new method of clapping, less tumultuous and much more pleasing. When you leave this building clap your hands into your breeches pocket, and drawing them out again, clap your money in the box which is at the door to receive it; and "may the Lord give it his blessing." It is stated that the address had the desired effect; and the audience having given the needful, as requested, clapped their hats upon their heads, and started for their homes much edified with the discourse.

MARRIAGE.—Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences.—Fold not the arms together and sit idle—"Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleased to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on today, for remember that marriage has its day-after-to-morrow too! "Spare," as one may say "fuel for the winter." Consider my daughters what the word "wife" expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith, in her hand he must be able to confide house and family, be able to intrust her with the key of his heart, as well as the key of his house. His honor and his home are under her keeping; his well-being is in her hand. Think of this!—And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives esteem and love you.—*Frederica Bremer.*

A TRAGIC TALE.

The following tragic story of the Savelli family, is from Mr. Hilliard's "Six Months in Italy," just published:—

"About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Duke of Savelli had an only son who, from his mental and personal graces, was the object of great admiration to his friends and relatives, and of a dotting affection to his parents. A marriage was negotiated for him with the daughter of a noble Neapolitan house, who was to bring him a dowry of eight hundred thousand scudi;—but on account of the tender age of the bride, the nuptial ceremony was to be delayed for some time. Under these circumstances, the young man, while passing the summer at the family castle in Africa, saw and fell desperately in love with a beautiful young woman, of a decent family, who was betrothed to a young man of her own rank in life, named Christoforo, a vassal of the princely house of Savelli. The young woman was possessed of firmness and principle, as were her parents. She was kept concealed in the house so that the young nobleman could neither speak to nor communicate with her; his presents were returned, and the marriage with Christoforo hastened as fast as possible. After the marriage, the infatuated lover still continued his persecuting attentions; wrote letter after letter, and even hired a house next to that in which the married pair lived, in order that he might see and speak with the wife from the window—a step which compelled them to change their abode. Although the young wife behaved with great propriety, and revealed to her husband all the annoyances to which she was exposed—giving him her whole heart and her whole confidence—his mind was tortured with jealousy, suspicion, and fear; the more so as the passion of his liege lord was now matter of common notoriety all over the village. He grew at last into such a state of desperation that he resolved to bring things to an end, no matter at what cost. As his wife showed him all the letters she received from Savelli—and as these grew more and more passionate and importunate, and began to assume a threatening tone—he at last compelled her to write to her persecutor at his dictation, telling him that her husband would soon leave home on business, and that she would then see him at her house. The young prince was overjoyed at the receipt of this missive. Soon after he received another, saying that her husband had left home, and desiring the prince to visit her at midnight, and to come disguised so that he might not be detected if he should chance to be seen by any one else. Christoforo persuaded her to write these letters by telling her that his purpose was only to play the young prince a trick which should cure him of his passion and enable him to live in peace.

When the appointed hour had arrived, the young prince appeared in disguise at the house of Christoforo, which stood apart from any other in the village. He was cautiously admitted, and conducted into an inner apartment where Christoforo was seated, dressed in female attire. As soon as the unhappy youth had entered the room, Christoforo rose and shot him with a pistol loaded with five balls; and after he had fallen, stabbed him to the heart with a dagger.—Then, with the assistance of a peasant whom he had taken into his confidence and kept concealed in his house, he carried the bleeding body and deposited it at the gate of the Savelli palace. The murderer and his accomplice then withdrew to the mountains in the neighborhood, and finally escaping into the Neapolitan territory, took shipping for Turkey, and never appeared again in any Christian land. The poor wife, wholly unprepared for such a tragedy, had fled in dismay to her mother's house on hearing the report of the pistol.

When the next morning revealed the bloody work of the night, the whole village, as well may be supposed, was thrown into the greatest agitation and alarm. Messengers were immediately despatched to Rome, to inform the wretched father of his irreparable loss. The Pope, Paul III., sent the proper officers of justice to Aricia, investigations were made, and a large number of persons arrested. The wife was carried to the prison of Borgo Castello, and there examined on the rack; but she always persisted in the statement she at first made—

that she knew and suspected nothing of the murderous designs of her husband, but supposed that he intended to play some trick upon the young prince, and that she had fled upon hearing the pistol shot, and knew nothing further. After some months' examination, all the persons who had been arrested were discharged, except the wife. She, in spite of her constant protestations of innocence, was condemned to death, and the Savelli family were resolved that the sentence should be executed. But their cruel purpose was not destined to be carried into effect. Margaret, of Austria, the natural daughter of Charles V. and wife of Octavio Farnese, the grandson of the Pope (who had been married before entering the ecclesiastical state) was at that time residing in Rome.—Hearing of the beauty of the unfortunate prisoner, she went to visit her in her place of confinement, and on seeing her, felt so lively an interest in her behalf, that she resolved to use all her influence to procure a pardon. She first applied to the Pope, who told her that he would readily grant her request, if she could obtain the consent of the Duke of Savelli, with whom the decision of the woman's fate rested. The broken-hearted old man could not resist the personal solicitations of so powerful a person as the daughter of Charles V. The young woman was set at liberty and entered into the service of her benefactor. Great efforts were made to find the fugitive Christoforo. A price of thirty thousand scudi was set upon his head, and negotiations were even entered into with some noted leaders of banditti, to whom large promises were made in case they would deliver him up to justice; but all in vain. Many years after, there came a rumor to Rome that he had been seen in Aleppo; but nothing was ever known with certainty of his subsequent fate.—The Duke of Savelli was soon after seized with a violent fever which terminated in madness, and he ended his days in a lunatic asylum.—With him the family became extinct."

ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.

It isn't every day that we encounter a sketch so amusing as the one subjoined, and where all parties seemed to enjoy the joke with so good a relish. Let the reader peruse it for himself!

"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget. All that morning, Bridget, between each whisk of her dish cloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the fat man now, thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to spake to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl," replied the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, wants to spake to you, and says, would you be good enough to walk in, sir." This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the mistress's door, put her head in and exclaimed—

"Fat gentleman's in the parlor, mum." So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

"In the parlor," thought the lady. "What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered," but down in the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me madam, that, you would like to speak to me—at your service madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself as she said—

"Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl my dear sir? I told her to call the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a heavy ha! ha! ha! as never comes from any of your lean gentry.—

"No apologies needed madam," said he.

"It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!"

And all up the street and around the corner as he brought down his cane, every now and then, exclaimed, "such a joke."

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

If you doubt whether you should kiss a girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and "go in."

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

Men rarely seek to square their opinions by facts; their general effort is to adjust facts to their opinions.

There's a secret drawer in every heart, as there is in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the spring of it.

The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude.

A Boston paper thinks, that stealing a minister's coat while preaching, and the sexton's hat while waiting upon a stranger into church, is running rascality into the ground.

"I could write down twenty cases," says a pious man, "when I wished God had done otherwise than He did; but which, I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief.

The contributions to the World's Fair from the State of Florida, it is said, will consist of two powerful alligators. Their arrival has not yet been officially announced.

To ascertain whether a woman is passionate or not, take a muddy dog into her parlor.

YOUNG LADIES.—Young ladies are like jellies—as they are moulded so they will turn out.

COMPLIMENTS.—Compliments are the sugar and sweet stuff which ornament the head of a cake in society.

A long face is plaguy apt to cover a long conscience.

The woman who was "filled with rapture" has been relieved by the use of a stomach pump.

It is rumored that a celebrated phrenologist has been invited to examine the "head of navigation."

A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations in Cincinnati, "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

Mrs. Partington would like to know if Mrs. Harriet Beecher is going to *Stow* away all them British presents in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The attention of transgressors is invited to the following little piece of psalmody:—

We had a dream the other night,  
When all around was still—  
We dreamed we saw a host of folks  
Pay up their Printer's bills.

A newly married lady in Pennsylvania is about applying for a divorce, on the ground that her husband persists in washing his feet in the frying-pan.

FRIENDSHIP.—If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep friendship in constant repair.

The difference between those whom the world esteems as good, and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases that the former has been better sheltered from temptation.

There is a town in Arkansas containing but six inhabitants, viz: a crippled negro, a jack-ass, a quack doctor, a buzzard, a polecat, and an alligator. There was a population of seven, until the postmaster absquatulated.

To cure poverty—sit down and growl about it. By so doing, you'll be sure to get rich, and make yourself particularly agreeable to every body.

The "imp" of the New York Mercury woke up the other morning, and was astonished to see a bed-bug sitting on the back of a chair near his bed, pulling pins from his jacket, and innocently picking his teeth.

An American paper says that "Mother Eve married a gardener." A contemporary replies: "It might have been added that the said gardener, in consequence of his imprudent match, lost his situation."

WEALTH.—The greatest pleasure connected with wealth consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as prosy and fretful as he did when he worked for "four-and-six" a day.