

cluded 'Tomah, "when you wish to get near black ducks, that you had better keep more out of their sight, *Potosuin!*" And, having delivered this sharp reproof, he stepped lightly into the canoe, seized the paddle, and in an instant we were skimming swiftly away.



COWARDICE IN THE SOLDIER.

It is perhaps needless to observe, that it is scarcely in the power of an individual foot soldier to perform any enterprising feat in the field of action, unless he be on some detached duty in front, such as is frequently the case with the skirmishers. If he is with the battalion, he must keep in his ranks; it is on the united movement of the whole body that general success depends; and he that rushes forward is equally blameable with him who lags behind, though certainly the former may do so with less chance of censure, and no dread of shame. A man may drop behind in the field, but this is a dreadful risk to his reputation, and even attended with immediate personal danger, while within the range of shot and shells: and wo to the man that does it, whether through fatigue, sudden sickness, or fear; let him seek death, and welcome it from the hand of a foe, rather than give room for any surmise respecting his courage: for when others are boasting of what they have seen, suffered, or performed, he must remain in silent mortification. If he chances to speak, some boaster cuts him short; and, even when he is not alluded to, he becomes so sensitively alive to these merited or unmerited insults, that he considers every word, sign, or gesture, pointed at him, and he is miserable among his comrades.



It is proper for all to remember, that they ought not to raise expectation which it is not in their power to satisfy, and that it is more pleasing to see smoke brightening into flame, than flame sinking into smoke.—*Johnson*.

THE two great movers of the human mind are, the desire for good, and the fear of evil.

Selected for The Amaranth.

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who in the morning air,
Was twisting flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair;
"My home," the happy heart replied,
Smiling in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side,
Where soft winds wander free."
O! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place;
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes in human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed brow and wan
Slow musing on his way;
He paused and with a solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!"
O! blest, thrice blest the heart must be,
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walk from worldly fetters free,
Its only home is heaven!



EVERY DAY HAPPINESS.—Occupation and a clear conscience, the very truant in the fields will tell you, are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are higher matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength; and, as they spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. Many have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature and the training of a vine may develop them as well as the curtaining of a king's chamber.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.