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[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

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MEDICAL REFORM.

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WHAT DID HE LEAVE? A story.

THAT'S A LARGE FUNERAL I COUNTED THIRTY-CARRIAGES.

ERIN GO BRAGH. A song.

ANT RIDDANCE. A song.

TO MAKE SPRUCE BEER. A recipe.

AN OLD MAID, WHO HAS HER EYE A LITTLE SIDWAYS ON MATRIMONY.

WILLIAM, SAID A TEACHER TO ONE OF HIS PUPILS.

JOHN, I WISH IT WAS AS MUCH THE FASHION TO TRADE WIVES AS TO TRADE HORSES.

WHEN A MAN WANTS MONEY OR ASSISTANCE, THE WORLD, AS A RULE, IS VERY OBLIGING AND INDULGENT.

"No, indeed, sir! It is considered a public benefit."

"He has a couple of sons, and a couple of sons-in-law, who will scatter much faster than he saved."

"I thought," said I, from the lung array of carriages, that death had taken, in this instance, a valued and now lamented citizen."

"There are plenty of idle people who are pleased to ride in funeral carriages."

"It is my opinion, sir, that they are glad in their hearts, why not? He stood, hard and unyielding as iron, between them and the wealth they desired to possess."

"I remember that, very distinctly," I answered. "Yes, sir; his death is indeed a public calamity. It is no figure of speech, to say that 'his grave will be watered by tears.'"

"None, sir, none. He will be sorrowed for by hundreds, and his memory will be greener and more fragrant as the years pass by. He built his own monument before he left us—of good deeds."

"I parted from the stranger; and as I walked from the cemetery, I said to another man, who stood by my side while I looked at a fine piece of emblematic statuary: 'They have been burying a rich man.'"

"Yes," he coldly responded. "What did he leave?" "Nothing but money."

"Tom Peters." A light broke over the man's face. "But he had not even money to leave," said I.

"But something far better," answered the man, in a tone of rebuke. "What?"

"Good acts, which, like good seed, will reproduce themselves a thousand fold—Tom Peters, earned just nine dollars a week; and Edward Ellis, Esq., (there was cutting contempt in his tones), 'yet the humble ropemaker did, while living, a hundred times the most good with his money, and leaves an estate that shall go on increasing in value through countless years; but the estate of old Ellis will not pass to the third generation. Tom Peters had the true riches, sir—the riches that are imperishable. People ask, when a man like Ellis dies, 'What property has he left behind him?' But when one like our good ropemaker passes away, the angels ask, 'What good deeds has he sent before him?' That is the difference, sir—the immeasurable difference between the two men! One, in giving, made himself rich. The other, in withholding, became miserably poor; so poor that his memory is green in no man's heart."

"I turned from the cemetery with some new impressions stirring in my mind, and the question, 'What kind of a legacy will you leave?' pressing itself upon my mind. 'Let it be good deeds rather than money,' said I, half aloud, in the glow of earnest feeling, and went back again into the living, busy, stirring world, to take up the laboring oar which I had laid down, in weariness, for a brief season, and bend to my work with a serene spirit, and, I trust, a nobler life-purpose."

"ERIN GO BRAGH."—The following stirring "Appeal to Irishmen" appeared in posters over the city of New York, last week: "ERIN GO BRAGH.—Irishmen, Haggerty must be avenged. Our gallant countrymen of the 69th have covered themselves with imperishable glory. They proved themselves not only heroes but christian men—as generous to wounded foes and prisoners as they were invincible in battle. But how were they treated by the barbarous enemy? Let the fate of the gallant Capt. Haggerty, who, lying wounded on the field rendered immortal by the heroic deeds of the 69th, had his throat cut from ear to ear by a dastard rebel hand, attest. Irishmen, the heroic Corcoran is in the power of these cut-throats! Shall he meet with such a fate as that dealt out by the rebels on his brave comrade in arms? Forbid it generous Erin! The grass would wither on the tortured bosom of our green Mother Isle, should we permit it. Sons of Erin! countrymen of Corcoran, to arms! Let there be ten thousand Irishmen on the south bank of the Potomac in twenty days, their battle cry being—Corcoran Rescued if Living, Avenged if Dead!"

found another lad who was a good reader, and paid him half a dollar weekly to read aloud two hours each evening, for such of his fellow workmen as he could induce to assemble for the purpose. He began with three; soon increased to ten; and when I last heard of the matter, over twenty men met together, after each day's work, to hear the boy read."

"Admirable!" said I, with enthusiasm. "I never heard of a wiser investment. And he still had one dollar left."

"How was that disposed of?" "In ways innumerable. I cannot recollect them. The good which Tom Peters managed to do with that dollar is almost fabulous—not, of course, as to magnitude, but as to variety. It seemed to duplicate itself, like the widow's oil and meal, whenever drawn upon. You were always hearing of some good acts in which a dispensation of money was involved. Of a poor woman helped in making up her rent; of a dainty sent to a sick neighbor; of a pair of shoes to a barefoot boy in winter; or of a book to a child. Why, sir, Tom Peters has left behind him enough good deeds to endow a calendar of saints!"

"So I should think, after what you have said of him." "And yet, sir, remember, he only earned nine dollars a week!"

"I remember that, very distinctly," I answered. "Yes, sir; his death is indeed a public calamity. It is no figure of speech, to say that 'his grave will be watered by tears.'"

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CUNNING OF THE BLACK FOX. A correspondent of Wilkes's Spirit, at Augusta, Maine, gives a long account of his hunt of a black fox last winter, whose manoeuvres to escape the dogs were really wonderful. We quote from his letter:

The fox proceeded very leisurely, as if he knew that he could outwit "old Ben," (the dog.) He passed through a narrow strip of alders that fringed the pond, and went into a large, rough field upon the side-hill just opposite, and in full view of me. Here the wind had blown most of the light snow from the crust. The fox now commenced "setting a sun" for the dog. He would run in a circle two or three times, and then another on the edge of the first, and then in the old one again, and cross and complicate the track in every possible way; he then went up the hill and laid down under the shelter of a pine bush, where he could see the dog work out the puzzle. By the time old Ben was crossing the pond, Joe had joined me. I explained to him the state of the game, and, although it would have been an easy thing to have shot the fox, we agreed that we would remain quiet and see the thing out.

Soon old Ben was unraveling the track. He seemed to appreciate the state of things; he ran slower, with his nose nearer to the snow, and he gave tongue with a suppressed voice. He was not once baffled, and as he unraveled turn after turn and crossing after crossing, his voice became more and more assured. Soon the fox started for the other end of the field, and set him another puzzle, which he finished by running round a large stump many times, then jumping upon the stump, and then from that to the top rail of a fence, and running along that until he came to the road; he then jumped as far into the road as he could, and then disappeared. I looked at Joe; he was in a brown study; but in answer to my look, he said—"Folks say that animals haven't reason." I had no answer far him. Ben soon worked the trail up to the stump, seeming bewildered for a moment, gave one uncertain howl, and then commenced a set of circles of his own. As he came up to the leeward of the fence, his joyful cry gave notice that he had found the trail. When he came to where the fox left the fence, he soon picked up the track by his "system of circulation," as Joe calls it. "Say I—'What's the row with that flock of sheep?' pointing to a flock that was rushing out of a barn-yard in evident alarm. 'He is trying to mix his tracks up with theirs, so that Ben can't tell 'em from which.'" The yelping of a cur, as he chased the fox off into the field, showed that Joe was right. The sheep were hardly back into the yard before Ben was among them with his "Boo-oo" and another stampede took place. Ben held the track now easily. The dog was tried too late in the chase, for the scent was getting warm; the dog took it breast high.

Pretty soon the fox found a hole and disappeared under ground, much to the discomfiture of old Ben. I stopped up the hole with a rock, and started off for a shovel and pick. We stopped at a spring and took a lunch, and then discussed the possibility of the hole having another outlet. Says Joe—"Suppose you try the war-hoop." I immediately selected and climbed a tall tree, while Joe took his station on the top of a hill commanding a good view of the surrounding country. I then startled the whole country with a succession of infernal yells, which my sporting friends believe to be the Tuscarora war-whoop. Not two minutes had elapsed before the result of that music was visible. "What the devil is that?" exclaimed I, pointing to the crest of a hill in the distance, and at the same time sliding down the tree in double quick time. I had seen something black skirting along the top of the snow. I first thought it was a crow, but at the next instant we both exclaimed—"The black fox!" My yell had frightened him from his cover, and he had started out again at another hole. Old Ben was soon on the trail, apparently as fresh as if he was just from the kennel. Away he went—now in an old swamp, now in the open field, then among the pine trees. We stood still, with ears open, waiting to see what direction he would take. Ben opened as a dog only does when he has the game in view. He was evidently driving the fox directly down upon us. Says Joe—"What does that mean? That fox is not coming back here." Joe went over the hill, to command that part of the woods, while I held the upper edge. By the time I was fairly located, a red fox, with Ben in close chase, came rushing down for the woods. I never was so disgusted with the sight of any animal, and muttered between my teeth—"This is the devil's work." I saw that he was giving me a "wide berth," but it would not do to move—(a fox will not see you if you stand still)—I must take my chance and make the best of it. As he passed the nearest point that I should have him, (it was at least eighty yards,) I gave him the cartridge. I saw through the smoke, by the flick of his tail, that he was hit; he also disappeared around the hill towards Joe's station. In a moment I heard the report of his ar-

gillery and the whoop, which assured me that it had been successful. We wondered how the dog had lost the trail of the black fox and come upon the red one; but on following the back track we were enabled to find where he had started him up. He had been lying in a thick clump of bushes, through which the other fox had passed, undoubtedly for the purpose of getting the dog off the scent and putting him on the scent of the red one. We soon found the track beyond this clump, and Ben was again giving tongue on the trail of the black fox. The result of that chase convinced me that the black fox deliberately and willfully sacrificed the red one for his own safety. The dog had not followed more than half a mile before he found him encased in a hollow log. As soon as he found that the dog had left him for the red one, he went quietly to rest. In a few minutes what we had been hoping and hunting for, for years, lay at our feet—the most rare, beautiful and valuable animal of the American forest—the black fox.

ON OPINIONS.—For the most part, people are born to their opinions, and never question the truth of what their family, or their country, or their party profess. They clothe their minds as they do their bodies, after the fashion in vogue, not one in a hundred ever examines his principles. It is suspicion of lukewarmness to suppose examination necessary, and it will be charged as a tendency to apostasy if we go about to examine them. Persons are applauded for presuming they are right, and (as Locke says,) he that considers and inquires into the reason of things is counted a foe to Orthodoxy, because he may possibly deviate from some of the received doctrines. And thus men, without industry or acquisition of their own, (laziness as they are) inherit local truths—that is, the truths of that place where they live, and are inured to assent without evidence. This hath a long and unhappy influence; for if a man can bring his mind at once to be positive and fierce for propositions whose evidence he hath never examined, and that in matters of the greatest concernment, he will naturally follow this short and easy way of judging and believing in cases of less moment, and build his opinions upon insufficient grounds.—Watts.

IRISH HUMOR.—An Irishman called on a gentleman in thirtieth street, New York, and begged for a small sum, saying—"The fact is, yer owner, me wife's jist dead, and we want to have a bit of a wake over her. Now, I've got exactly a quarter of a dollar, that is all; and Docther Billing who lives round the corner, told me you were a pretty good fellow, and would no doubt help me to the wake." "O, you've mistaken the house," said the gentleman; "it's Mr. O'Connor, a rich countryman of yours who lives next door, that you want." "That don't make the last bit of difference, yer owner. I'd as soon have something from you as from him. I've no national prejudices. Sarc, isn't an American's money as good as an Irishman's?" The gentleman was so tickled with this reply, that he gave Pat a half dollar and told him he'd better try O'Connor.

TO MAKE SPRUCE BEER.—Allow an ounce of hops and a spoonful of ginger to a gallon of water. When well boiled, strain it, and put in a pint of molasses and half an ounce (or less) of the essence of spruce; when cool, add a teaspoon of yeast, and put into a clean, tight cask, and let it ferment for a day or two, then bottle it for use. You can boil the sprigs of spruce fir, in place of the essence.

ANT RIDDANCE.—The Bee Journal says that coppers will banish ants from beehives, by putting it around where they crawl up, and on the benches. It will also keep them away from cupboards.—Coppers will also kill roaches and bugs, if put in their way.

An old maid, who has her eye a little sideways on matrimony, says—"The curse of this war is, that it will make so many widows, who will be fereed to get married again, and who know how to do it, that modest girls will stand no chance at all.

William, said a teacher to one of his pupils, "can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know, sir, 'cept it be that the 'east makes everything rise."

John, I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as to trade horses." "Why so, Dick?" "I'd cheat somebody most shockingly before night!"

An ignorant man who "stands upon dignity," is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and—lets him want.