The Democratic Watchman.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

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Original Poetry.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

The Old Year.

BY DEBBIE MAY WILLIAMS.

I have passed away on the wings of time,
To dwell with the dead in oblivion's clime,
And the long sounding echo is thrilling me yet,
Bidding the nations my hours forget.

I have pillowed the head of olden Time,
Till the last sullen note hath lent its chime
That bids me depart, my brother is here,
Claiming the title of the gay "New Year."

I have borne on my bosom, and surging wave,
The noble and great to a dormant grave,
And dashed in the sea in the midnight storm,
To a watery grave, bright beauties form

Many grief swollen eyes and throbbing hearts,
Have trembled with sighs, as they saw depart,
Cherished and loved ones from Life to Death,
Consigned to the tomb by his icy breath.

To many a circle I brought in my flight,
Bright pleasures, and sweet but transient delight,
That have passed away from time's varied shore,
To return to Earth, in their beauty no more.

MILESBURG, PENN'A.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]

The New Year.

BY MARY Y. WILLIAMS.

I have come, like a cloud on the summer sky
In a trackless path, and am borne to die,
The past's dying echo Old Time hath caught,
And the mystical future the present hath brought

I have come, and bear on my glowing wing,
A shadow o'er many a heart to fling,
The face wreathed with smiles may be gemmed with a tear,
E're I shall lie cold in my time measured bier.

Could I raise the veil from my sable page,
And present to view my varied stage,
Many hearts would recoil at the wave drear and dark,
Which must dash o'er their present love lit barque.

But still the murmuring stream of life,
With the waters of pleasure will often be rife
And each golden moment, each precious hour,
Bear Sorrows scar leaf or joys blooming flower

FLEMING, PENN'A.

Miscellaneous.

Love in a Steel-Trap.

BY THE COLONEL.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," we are told, but rat-traps are no subject of laughter, even to the blind god himself, as I shall show you in the sequel of this brief story.

"But will you go to-night?"

"Yes, I will."

"And if I have old Bob behind the barn, at twelve, you'll be waiting inside, and we'll drive to New York and get married right straight off the reel?"

"Yes. When all the folks are in bed and asleep, I'll steal out of the wash-house door, go to the barn, get in, and disguise myself. When you come, put in your finger, lift the latch, open the barn door, and I'll drop into your arms like a ripe apple. Oh, I do so love to run away! Won't it be delightful?"

The speakers were Joe Clavers and Mary Miller. I need not mention that they were lovers. Mary's father was a prosperous farmer in Connecticut, and Mary herself one of the wildest, most light-headed, romantic, innocent and affectionate creatures ever made after the "almost divine" model of mother Eve. Joe was a generous, impulsive youth, whose parents had once seen flattering days, but had of late been unfortunate, and fallen into comparative poverty.

Farmer Miller, as he grew rich, grew ambitious. Mary was his only child. He looked to her settlement in the world as a means of his own social advancement, and had already selected, in his mind's eye, a suitable match for her. Of course, Joe's attention, therefore, did not meet with his approval; and while he was unwilling to be thought sordid enough to reject him openly, for his lack of means, he had suggested to that young adventurer the propriety of absenting himself altogether from Mary's attractive presence. This done, he had assured Mary of his resolution to dispose of her hand according to his own notions of feminine happiness.

I need not say that these facts, operating upon the mind of a thoughtless, loving, eccentric, and spirited child like Mary, had a peculiar effect. That very moment she determined to marry Joe Clevers. He was evidently persecuted! Persecution only made him the dearer to her. She liked him before, but now she loved him. In fact, the more she thought of it, the more she was convinced that he was an angel, and that perfect idolatry on her part would only be an act of noble devotion.

If Farmer Miller had been a sensible man, and at all disposed to study human nature, he would have adopted perhaps a very different course towards his wayward daughter. He would have introduced his proposed son-in-law and forbidden her, the same time, to indulge in the slightest regard for him. The probability is that she would have fallen desperately in love with him at first sight, and given Joe his *congé* without further ceremony; but Farmer Miller had a way of his own in all things, and he was satisfied that, should Mary feel disposed to play him a trick, he was quite able to manage a Roland for her Oliver.

The very next morning after he had, in this manner "opened his mind," as he called it, to his daughter, he luckily happened to see Joe Clavers make his furtive entrance into the kitchen where Mary was busily at work, but not singing as usual, for she was brooding over the parental cruelty.

Farmer Miller did not permit many minutes to elapse before he had placed himself in the wash-house, which adjoined the kitchen, so that he might hear all that passed between the discomfited lovers. He did hear the dialogue with which I have commenced this *histoirite*. He possessed himself of the plan of the contemplated elopement, and he was satisfied.

"She is going to run away, is she?" he said to himself. "I'll teach *him* a lesson, I warrant me; and as for the little Gipsy, I'll settle her business very specedily."

After tea that evening, Mary retired to her little room her heart beating with anxiety for the approach of midnight. Her surprise may be imagined when, half an hour afterwards, she found herself a prisoner.—She tried the handle of the lock. It would not move! What was to be done? Could it have been fastened on her by accident?—She called for her father, and he came.

"What's the matter, Mary?" was his exclamation, without, however, opening the chamber door.

"My door is fast and I can't get out!"

"Very well, dear, then my supper must go to bed, like a good girl, and I'll open it in the morning."

She knew it was not of the slightest use to remonstrate. He must, by some means, have discovered her design. She could do nothing but weep and bite her lips with vexation.

The next thing the farmer did was to visit the barn. As usual, it had a large wagon-door, in which was cut for common use a smaller entrance. The latter was only secured by the ordinary latch inside which was lifted, in the customary way, by thrusting a finger through a small hole made in the door, beneath the latch, for the purpose.

Farmer Miller remained in the barn long enough to arrange matters to suit his private purpose, and then coming out through the stable that adjoined, or rather lay partly beneath it, he walked quietly home, laughing heartily to himself. He first listened at his daughter's door, and finding all quiet, retired to his own room and went to sleep.

Just about midnight, a horse and wagon drew silently up, on the road, behind Farmer Miller's barn. Joe Clavers got stealthily out of the vehicle, jumped the fence and crept cautiously around to the door of the building in question. How happy he felt! In another moment, Mary would be his own! In the morning, she would be his darling little wife. Farmer Miller would storm, of course; but the farmer loved his daughter dearly. He was proud of her. He would therefore, relent, forgive, and bless them. Full of these delightful anticipations, Joe thrust his finger in the hole of the barn-door to reach the latch, but ——, Ah! how he yelled with pain. A steel-trap, adroitly placed on the inside, so as to catch any obstructing article, had snapped, and his bleeding finger was held fast with its iron teeth!

It was a cold night, and Joe's feelings may be conjectured as he stood there, shivering and shaking, hour after hour, unable to move from the spot, held a prisoner by the savage instrument, his lacerated finger occasioning him exquisite agony, and his heart fairly sinking into his boots with the conviction that daybreak would only expose him to the farmer's indignation and the village ridicule.

Just at dawn, Farmer Miller chuckling over the success of his ruse, went down to the barn. There still stood Joe, and not far off the horse and wagon. I need not say how Joe implored pardon, and promised everything that could be desired to purchase it and silence. Farmer Miller and he finally closed a bargain. Joe was released. Nay, more, Farmer Miller gave him one hundred dollars, and Joe was in New York, before noon, *en route* for Iowa.

As for Mary—this incident occurred two years ago, and I have just kissed her first baby. She pleased her father, and seems to have pleased herself in consequence, quite as much.—*Sunday Times.*

UNFIT TO LIVE.—Patrick Slavin who was recently hung at St. John, N. J., for the murder of the McKenzie family, confessed that, after the old members of that family had been butchered, a little girl, about three years old, innocently held up her doll, and offered it to him if he would not kill her.—The inhuman monster murdered her! Such an incarnate demon was unfit to taint the atmosphere.

Hoffman and Dunn, whose arrest in Philadelphia we noticed a couple weeks ago, for selling sausages made of horse meat, were tried last week, found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months confinement in the county prison. They are 'cute making sausages for a while, at least. Shouldn't wonder if they'd get a little huffy about it, too.

"My dear Colonel, I perceived you slept during sermon time last Sunday; it is a very bad habit," said a worthy divine to one of his parishioners. "Ah, Doctor, I could not possibly keep awake, I was so drowsy."—"Would it not be well, Colonel, to take a little *snuff*, to keep you awake?" "Doctor," was the reply, "would it not be well to put a little *snuff in the sermon!*"

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor, the other day. "Right over there!" said the boy; "tain't nowhere else."

A Bachelor's Life.

Bachelors are styled by married men who have put their foot into it, as only half-perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other titles are given them; while on the other hand they extol their state as one of such perfect bliss, that a change from earth to heaven would be somewhat of a doubtful good. If they are so happy, why don't they enjoy their happiness and hold their tongues about it? What do half the men get married for?—Simply that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, to pull off their boots when they are a little balmy." These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness, indeed! Who's petted to death with marriageable daughters?—Invited to tea and to evening parties, and told to drop in just when it is convenient?—The bachelor. Who lives in clover all his days, and when he dies has flowers strewn on his grave by the girls who couldn't entrap him?—The bachelor. Who strews flowers on the married man's grave?—his widow? Not a bit of it; she pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again, she does. Who goes to bed early because time hangs heavily on his hands?—The married man. Who sits up to nurse the baby, split, house hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the lazy servants to look after?—The married man.—Who is taken up for whipping his wife?—The married man. Who gets divorced?—The married man. Finally, who has got the Scripture on his side?—The bachelor! St. Paul know what he was talking about—"He that marries does well; but he that marries not, does better."

Freemasonry and the Prince of Prussia.

Last night the usual quarterly communication of the United Grand Lodge of the free and Accepted Masons of England was held in the Masonic Hall, under the presidency of the Most Worshipful the Earl of Zetland, Grand Master. It being known that his Royal Highness the Prince of Prusia had expressed his intention of being present as a visitor, there was a larger than ordinary attendance of the representatives of the subordinate lodges, properly clothed and jewelled, so that the appearance of the lodge was peculiarly impressive. The chamber known as the Temple was fitted up in a splendid magnificent style as a reception room, with magnificent mirrors and cabinet work, while the face of the organ was completely concealed by a tastefully arranged group of flags of various nations, those of England and Prussia being the most conspicuous. This was surmounted by the Prussian eagle. The reception given to his Royal Highness in Grand Lodge was most enthusiastic, and his Royal Highness, in acknowledging it, said that although this was the first occasion of his appearing in that hall among the freemasons of England, his heart had always been among them from the first day he had the honor and happiness of being a freemason. The Grand Master, in the name of the Grand Lodge, presented his Royal Highness with a copy of the Book of Constitutions. His Royal Highness, when retiring, expressed the great pleasure he had derived from his visit, and promised to honor the brethren by repeating it.

Our Thoughts.

On the whole, it is of as great importance for a man to take heed what thoughts he entertains, as what company he keeps; for they have the same effect on his mind. Bad thoughts are as infectious as bad company; and good thoughts solace, instruct and entertain the mind, like good company. And this is one great advantage of retirement, that a man may choose what company he pleases from within himself. As in the world we oftener light in bad company than in good, so in solitude we are troubled with impertinent and unprofitable thoughts, than enter tained with agreeable and useful ones; and a man that hath so far lost the command of himself, as to lie at the mercy of every foolish and vexing thought, is much in the same situation as a host whose door is open to all comers; whom, though ever so noisy, rude, or troublesome, he cannot get rid of; but with this difference, that the latter hath some recompense for his trouble, the former none at all, but is robbed of his peace and quiet for *nothing*.—*J. Mason.*

A Regular Blue Law in Virginia.

The editor of the Norfolk Argus, in looking over some musty records of Virginia, came across the following:

"At a grand assemblage held at James Cittie in the year of our Lord 1016, were passed many ackts to the glorie of Almightie God and publique goode of this Majestie's Colonie; among which is act V. (with amended orthography:) "Women causing scandalous suits to be ducked." Whereas often times many babbling women often slander and scandalize their neighbors, for which their poor husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suits, and cast in great damages—Be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in actions of slander occasioned by the wife, as aforesaid, after judgement found for the damages, the women shall be punished by ducking! And if the slander be so enormous to be adjudged at a greater damage than five hundred pounds of tobacco, then the women shall be ducked head and heels once for each five hundred pounds of tobacco so adjudged against her husband, if he refuse to pay the fine imposed."

Nelly's Advice to Girls.

Girls, you want to get married, don't you? Ah, what a natural thing it is for young ladies to have such a hankering for the sterner sex. Well, if you want to get married, don't for conscience sake, act like fools about it. Don't get into a fit of nips every time you see a hat or a pair of whiskers. Don't get the idea into your heads that you must put yourself into the way of every young man in the neighborhood in order to attract notice, for if you don't run after the men, they will run after you. Mark that.

A husband hunter is the most detestable of all young ladies. She is full of starch puckers; she puts on many false airs, and she is so nice that it appears ridiculous in the eyes of every decent person. She may generally be found at the meeting, coming in, of course, about the last one, always at social parties, and invariably takes a front seat at concerts. She tries to be the belle of the place, and she thinks she is. Poor girl! You are fitting yourself for an old maid, just as sure as the Sabbath comes on Sunday. Men will flirt with you, and flatter you simply because they have no more idea of making a wife of you than committing suicide. If I was a young man I would have no more to do with such a fancy than I would with a rattlesnake.

Now, girls, let Nelly give a piece of her advice, and she knows from experience if you practice it you will gain a reputation of being worthy girls, and stands a fair chance of getting respectable husbands. It is well enough for you to learn to finger the piano, work embroidery, study grammar, etc., but don't neglect poor grandma or your dear mother; teach yourself to make bread and get a meal of victuals good enough for a king; no part of a housekeeper's duties should be neglected; if you do not get a wealthy husband, you will need to know how to do these things, as you would have them done. In the next place, don't pretend to be what you are not. Affection is the most despicable of accomplishments, and will only cause sensible people to laugh at you. No one but a fool will be caught by affection. It has a very transparent skin, easily to be seen through.

Dress plain, but neatly. Remember that nothing gives a girl so modest, becoming, and lovely appearance as a neat dress. All the flummery and finest work of the dressmaker and milliner are unnecessary.

If you are really handsome, they do not add to your beauty one practice: if you are homely, they only make you look worse.—Gentlemen don't court your face and jewelry but your own dear selves.

Finger rings and folderols may do to look at, but they add nothing to the value of a wife—all young men know that. If you know how to talk, do it naturally, and do not be so distressingly nice as to spoil all you say. If your neck is black, wear a lace collar, but don't be foolish enough to daub on paints, thinking that people are so blind as not to see it; and if your cheeks are rosy, don't apply pink saucers, for the deception will be detected, and become the gossip of the neighborhood.

How to Tell a Good Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville, State of N. Y., was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" inquired a bystander.

"Wal, I did'nt teach long, that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I did'nt hire out, I only went to hire out."

"Did you succeed?"

"Wal, I give it up for some reason or another. You see I traveled into a district and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my object—introduced myself—and asked him what he thought about letting me try my luck with the big unruly gals and boys of the district."

"He wanted to know if I really considered myself capable, and I told him I would'nt mind his asking me a few questions in rithmetic or geography, or showin' my hand writing. He said no never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait.

"Let me see you walk off a little ways," said he. "I can tell jist as well as if I had heard you examined," says he.

"He sat in the door as he spoke, and I tho't he looked a little skittish, but I was considerably frustrated, and did'nt mind it much, so I turned and walked on as smart as I knowed how. He said he would tell me when to stop, so I walked till I thought I had gone far enough—then I 'spected suthin was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shut, and Mr. Snickles had gone."

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no, I did'nt go back.

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no, I did'nt apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville, "I rather think my appearance was agginst me."

MARRIAGE VALID BY MERE AGREEMENT.—A case has just been decided in Indianapolis, by which it is declared that marriage in Indiana requires no formalities to make it legal except the mere agreement of the parties; that it is a civil contract only, and differs from other civil contracts merely in this—that it cannot be dissolved, even by mutual consent.

Passing Away.

BY GRACE GWALD.

Look from the casement—look, and tell
What's passing, mother, dear;
Since dawn, I've heard a funeral bell,
Slow pealing on my ear,
And now there comes the solemn fall
Of footsteps sweeping nigh
Look down the street, I hear their feet,
Some funeral's passing by.

The mother gazed with anxious face,
But nothing there was seen,
Except each old accustomed place,
And what had always been.

A moment yet, dear mother, stay!
Strange sounds are on the air,
Like angels singing on their way,
Or voices deep in prayer!
Oh, lift my pillow high—more high—
For I am faint and low!
Help me to look upon the sky,
And bless them as they go!

The mother raised her daughter's head,
But no word could she speak,
The hope that from her bosom fled,
Left tears upon her cheek

The night looked through the casement old,
And saw a cheek so pale—
A form so wasted, thin, and cold—
No skill might there prevail,
But that which conquers Death yet beamed
Upon her wasted brow;
And sweet, as though an angel dreamed
The sufferer rested now!

Ah, who the mother's grief may tell?
Or who may comfort bring?
Yet, high above the funeral bell,
She heard the angels sing!

A Shipload of Corpses.

We take the following paragraph from the *Berlin correspondence of the New York Times*, Nov. 28th:

The line-of-battle ship Lefort, which lately capsized in broad noonday in the Bay of Finland, when closely surrounded by numerous vessels of the fleet on their way from Revel to Cronstadt, has since been examined by English divers, at the order of the Russian Government. It will probably be still in the recollection of your readers that the vessel had, in addition to about 800 troops and crew, full 400 passengers on board, chiefly women and children, who with the quantities of bulky house furniture, occupied the whole 'tween decks. Out of consideration for these unfronted passengers the port holes of the man-of-war had been left open, and when a sudden squall came on could not be closed in time: and so, when the wind took her the vessel keeled over, filled, and capsized. Such persons as were on the deck at the time, were, at once washed away, but the divers found not less than 1,100 corpses in the cabins, 'tween decks, and in the hold, all clinging to some portion of the timbers of the ship, or to each other. The horror of this fearful sight appears to have been aggravated by the circumstances that the bodies were already far gone in decomposition, and with few exceptions, the eyes of all the corpses wide open and glaring. The effect of this dreadful spectacle on the divers was such that one of them was totally unable for many days to recount the ghastly scenes he had witnessed down in that hive of purifying corpses, and on his persistent refused to repeat his visit there was sent home.

A NEW STORY OF SPURGEON.—A friend tells us a story of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the English sensation preacher, which has never been in print. Recently, during one of his discourses, a respectable gentleman was so carried away by the eloquence with which he invested the subject, that at the close of a brilliant sentence he could not avoid exclaiming "Good!" All eyes were of course fixed upon him for the moment, and his embarrassment can be imagined. At the close of the services the gentleman went up to Spurgeon, and asked his pardon for an interruption which, he said, the excited state of his feelings must excuse.

"Say no more, my dear sir, say no more," was the minister's answer. "Do it again whenever the spirit moves you. If you hear a preacher say anything that stirs the blood within you, don't fail to shout out "Good!" If every one were to do so, we should have better preachers and better men."

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG AND HANDSOME.—Don't use cosmetics or quack medicines, but turn Mormon. Brigham Young says:

"Mormonism" keeps men and women young and handsome; and when they are full of the spirit of God there are none of them but what will have a glow upon their countenances, and that is what makes you and me young, for the spirit of God is with us and within us.

A HOLY LIFE has a voice. In a more impressive and convincing tone it echoes the instructions of the lips which have already been as a fountain of wisdom. Its eloquence never ceases. It speaks when the tongue is silent; and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof. It speaks on all subjects, and shows the nature and excellence of religion, both in duty and trial, both in sorrows and in joys.

The following, on boops, is an extract from Isaiah iii., 18: "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet and their cauls, their round tires like the moon.

Carlyle says—make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.

The Strangeness of Truth.

BY ADRIAN RINGLETON, M. D.

Some fifty-five years ago, there dwelt an honest couple, on the classic banks of the Tweed, in auld Scotia. Many years had rolled by: the locks of sturdy John Stuart and his gude wife had become thickly silvered, yet no child had been born to them. Many a prayer had been offered to the Virgin (they were devout Catholics,) yet the sweet prattle of a babe in the house—that well spring of pleasure—was not vouchsafed to them. At last their prayer was answered, and one cold Christmas morn, a wee immortal was ushered into this world of care and travail: great was the wonderment, and far and wide, rejoicings poured in, in the good old Scotch style. Many a beaker of mountain dew was quaffed, and many a hearty prayer was wafted to the Giver of all good, for blessings to descend on the head of the little Effie.

Years passed away: the blue-eyed beauty grew up a fair and comely maiden, and many a youth's heart beat the quicker did she bestow on them but a passing glance. The young girl seemed ever to dwell on the traditions of her house, who boasted of their descent from that unfortunate Charles, whose execution by Cromwell was the turning point in England's history. She leant a deaf ear to the many whispers of love and fealty freely offered, so that in time the young men shunned her, and the old dames predicted that her haughty pride would have a sad downfall.

At the close of the war of 1812, honest John Stuart and his wife emigrated to America. In New York he prospered for a while, but unfortunate speculations absorbed his little property. Disease weakened his stalwart frame, and, in two years after his arrival here, he died penniless. His wife did not long survive him, and Effie was left alone to buffet the world as best she might. Young, and well educated, she attracted the attention of Chancellor Livingston, and he offered her a situation as governess, at his palatial home on the banks of our beautiful Hudson. The descendent of a King of England was glad to accept that which, a few years before, she would have scorned. At the Chancellor's home, her beauty and accomplishments were the talk of the neighborhood: while the fact of her high descent but added to the interest felt in her. Many a statesman and warrior was proud of her smile, and a distinguished lawyer, who was afterwards President of the United States, actually proffered his hand, heart and fortune. Still she remained single. Attached to the domestic troupe of the house was a light mulatto coachman, who bore a very striking resemblance to the portraits of Charles, by Vandyke. His handsome form and flashing black eyes won for him easy conquests, among even the white maidens of the neighborhood. Possessing that grace natural to the pure mulatto, gifted with quick powers of assimilation, dressing well, will it be believed that he won the heart of the young governess, in whose veins flowed the blood of the royal house of Stuart?

One morning they disappeared: it was not known whether they were married or not, although Mr. Livingston traced them to this city. Her Othello wearied her after a while—proved to be a drunken wretch, beat her, robbed her of her jewels—left her. She died, a few days since. We were present at her death-bed, and such a death-bed we pray Heaven we may never again witness.

Young girls, in all the flush of your beauty, intoxicated with the rich incense of flattery, beware of the voice of the tempter, whether he exists in your own bosom, or among your companions. Effie Stuart once as pure as the due of morn, at whose birth hundreds of earnest lips wispered prayers for her happiness through life, died, a common and loathsome thing, in one of the lowest dens of the *Five Points*.

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SIR DAVID BREWSTER argues that the making of a world is waste labor unless the surface is afterwards stocked with inhabitants, and with a very strict appeal to the analogies furnished by science, he counts much on what Infinite powers may do in adapting rational creatures to conditions of all possible kinds. The sun, the lava covered moon, and even Neptune, which rolls through space in perpetual artic night, are supposed, by Sir David, to have their inhabitants. It is well known that, the majority of our men of science are opposed to this line of reasoning, taking the ground, that with regard to the planets of our system, the evidence is nearly conclusive that the earth is nearly or quite alone in being tenanted by man. Jupiter, as its density is but 1.4, or little above that of water, is regarded as mostly liquid; Saturn, which is not heavier than cork, as made up mainly of liquid and vapor—and thus all the outer planets are regarded as unfitted from their nature as well as the absence of light and heat, for the higher orders of life. The earth on the other hand, which is the largest of the solid planets, is in the temperate zone of the planetary system; and air, earth and water have here their most equitable relations, thus adapting it, especially and exclusively, as the abode of rational creatures.

The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the sufferer, in a few hours.