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Poetical.

GENTLENESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy heart or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee;
Still, still, he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that the wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow
Thro' the leaves their bloom revealing,
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh, never
Shall the earth give back that lavished wealth,
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like the string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh, gently touch the chords,
So soon forever shattered!

Miscellaneous.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

FIRST LESSONS IN HOUSEKEEPING.

BY NELLIE.

Well do I remember a morning in the pleasant month of June! Never was there a lovlier morning! The balmy air was redolent with fragrance; Flora was dressed in all her queenly attire. There was an universal contest of nature midst the roses, as bud after bud strove to burst its petals and show itself in all its glory. On that lovely morning I left my happy childhood's home.

Was I not happy? Oh yes! happy although I was leaving so much that was loved and cherished. One bouquet given me at parting I kept fresh and green as long as possible whilst crossing the mountains; another I threw in my carpet bag, and loved it yet more after a week saw me in my new home. Yes; it is still cherished, that withered bouquet; the gift of a dearly loved friend.

It was a constant April with me for several months; sunshine and showers; smiles and tears. I was boarding a week or two previous to my entering as dignified matron in my own house—those two weeks appeared ages; how I longed to be over my own threshold—to cry as much as I pleased and to laugh as loud as I wished. I did not dream of any trouble. No, not I? Nor even thought I should have shed a tear (at least so many) when I was leaving my happy home. I could moralize somewhat now, but refrain, and proceed to inform you of my first attempt at housekeeping.

I was quite happy when I found myself comfortably settled in my new home. I walked from one room to another with my husband, taking a satisfied look at my own handiwork, feeling myself very important, repeating I am mistress of all I survey, my rights there is none to dispute, (in a whisper) except my liege lord. You must know that I prided myself in having been initiated in all the mysteries and minutiæ of housekeeping by one of the best mothers. The contents of Mrs. Child's "Frugal Housewife," with at least half a dozen others, had, I expected, made an indelible impression on my poor brain; I even thought I would not have fallen far below Miss Leslie. Vain presumption! but pride will have a fall!

The lady with whom we had been boarding had very kindly conveyed into my pantry some bread, cream, &c., for the first day of my being seated at my own table. What married lady cannot but recall those pleasurable feelings which pervaded her breast, when for the first time she seated herself as mistress at her own table, and her husband, with a smile, waiting to receive his cup from her hands. That very important air and turn of the head could not be avoided, you will candidly admit.

The second morning, having completed my toilet, with shawl and bonnet in hand, was about starting to walk before breakfast, when Betty came to my door—"Mrs. Hubbs! there is no bread for the breakfast this morning?" "Well Betty go to the office and the Doctor will tell you where the baker lives—and remember, so you will know where to go again." Betty, I must inform you, was a servant girl who had lived in my mother's family, and I thought nearly equalled her young mistress. Betty came running up stairs as if alarmed, exclaiming, "La! Mrs. Hubbs! Doctor says there is no baker in the place—everybody bakes their own bread!" "What! no baker in the town! and folks must bake their own bread!" I was perfectly amazed; there was breakfast ready but no bread—what was to be done? I almost felt vexed that my husband should be sitting so coolly and deliberately reading in his office; and there was I, poor soul, not knowing what to do for bread: disappointed in my walk, and making myself feel as happy as possible, I went down to the breakfast room. Betty came in from the kitchen with quite a cheerful countenance to what she had when she left me up stairs, saying, "she had went to our landlady" to enquire who baked for her, when she received the same information, that we would have to do our own baking, and gave her what supplied our breakfast.

Husband came in to breakfast, and with a mischievous smile, as I thought, said, "Why, my dear, you did get bread for breakfast? I suppose my little housekeeper knows the necessary ingredients for compounding a loaf of bread?" "Oh to be sure," I replied, somewhat drily. It was now I began to feel my deficiency; it was impossible for me to talk, or appear cheerful. I did nothing but think, think.—What was I to do? I who had boasted so often of knowing how to do everything, did not really know how to commence mixing a loaf of bread.

After breakfast I retired to my room and gave vent to my feeling in tears. I was completely mortified, and summing up my pride I was determined to try; so tripping off to the kitchen I said, "Betty, don't you think you could make the bread?" "Bless me, Mrs. Hubbs, no; you know we never had to bake bread at home, and I should be afraid to try; if you would please show me how this time I can try afterwards." I now found that my best plan would be to take my first lesson in bread baking—and to make a beginning, I soon was emersed to my elbows in the snowy flour. I put in salt, had it well saturated with water, and was proceeding to form it into dough when I made a sudden pause, "Why, Betty, certainly there is something else to put into bread?" "Oh, sure enough," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "we must have yeast. I wonder where the brewhouse is in this queer place?" When I looked at what I was doing, making bread without yeast, I dreaded my ignorance, being exposed. Very unexpectedly my landlady made her appearance with a bowl of the desideratum; she took a hearty laugh at my expense, said she supposed we would bake today, and she knew we had no raising—then under her kind tuition I had to learn—yes absolutely had to learn to make yeast. After giving me some necessary directions, I made up my bread, and never did fond mother watch her sick babe with greater anxiety than I did that important lump of dough.

"Well, my bread *was baked*, and it *really was done*. What did husband say at tea when he tasted some of my first baking?—of course, it was the very finest he had ever eaten. This was not the only kind of bread baking I had to learn, nevertheless it was my first lesson, since that I have been progressing in the art, making varieties of yeast, corn bread, biscuit baking, &c., for which I have exchanged to some of my good friends the knowledge of compounding sponge, jelly, fruit cake, and so on.

The next morning we had bread for breakfast, but no cream for our coffee; there was no milkman to serve us with a tea cup of chalky-looking cream, or a pint of ethereal tinted milk; my neighbors were too kind to sell, and I was too proud to beg, we thought it then best to procure a cow. I liked the idea much of having a goodly quantity of nice cream, and urged Dr. Hubbs to purchase one immediately, and agreeably to my request he started in search of one.

And now to milk, or not to milk, was the question; whether it was nobler to borrow from my neighbors or to bear the slings and switches of some outrageous cow's tail, and to take up pail, in spite of heartaches which fear in anticipation had already created.

Before night I was mistress of a very fine brindle. You may imagine, if you please, Betty and myself walking down a garden to the barn, to make the first trial in milking. Betty seated herself very carefully on the wrong side of the animal, trembling with fear. At the first grasp she made the cow merely raise her foot, which Betty mistook for a kick, and in fright went sprawling in the hay; after scrambling out as quickly as fear permitted her, she said, "I never will be able to milk such a beast, only look at her eyes, she looks as if she would kill some one now?" "Oh no, Betty," I replied, I think you have frightened her more by your starting; but do you stand at the side, and let me try. I seated myself, and was making an attempt, when switch went her flowing tail around my ears—"Oh, goodness me, I can never milk with the tail waving around me in such a manner. Betty, do you hold it, and I shall succeed better." I made the second attempt but with as little success, and have never tried again; my milking was altogether out of the question.

Very fortunately, our Cato, a colored boy, was an adept in the art, and we had milk and cream in delicious profusion. Next came the butter making, but I must confess I did not know the cream should be soured previous to its producing the butter; much more had I to learn concerning milk and its constituents. Next came the washing day—that terrible day to the lords of creation, but the housekeeper's gala day of soapsuds. Betty commenced operations early in the morning, long before breakfast. Whilst we were breakfasting she came in with a doleful face, saying she had used a whole bar of soap to the first tub of clothes, and could not make a *lather*, "indeed, indeed, I think the water is bewitched." At these words Cato poked his head into the door, the white of his eyes and his ivory appeared rivals, whilst listening to Betty. She continued, "I never washed in my life before but what I could make suds; and oh, Mrs. Hubbs, if you would only see the clothes boiling in the kettle, there's a great scum boils on that I don't know what to make of it, and the water feels so strange, I do think there's a spell on it?"

The Doctor asked Betty if it was the pump water she was using. "Why, la! to be sure, sir, I wouldn't take any thing else than clean water." "Well, well, Betty, but that is *hard* water, it must be *broke* before it can be used for washing." At this Betty opened her eyes in wild amazement, saying, as she retired to her department, "I thought as much, there was a spell on it and it would have to be broke."

After dispatching a good hot muffin, my husband said, "Why, my dear, did you not know it was impossible to use the well water for washing without its being softened? It was only a few evenings since I heard you conversing, quite scientifically, with Prof. Quiz, on the properties of limestone water, chemics, and so on." "Oh yes!" I replied, "but that was all talk. Do you know the first thing which occurred to my mind when you spoke of *breaking* the water, was Xerxes chastising the sea for breaking his bridge of boats." The thought was so ludicrous that we joined in a hearty laugh. And once again I had to take another lesson by putting my chemical theories into practice. Ah me! how frequently have I wished for some of the good Schuylkill water, which is so profusely lavished on the clean, bright, rosy pavements of the dear Quaker city.

After this Betty was always in her glory and *suds* on washing day, as she had learned to break the spell of limestone water.

One word to the young ladies who expect to go to housekeeping, if you have not been so unfortunate as I, not to have compounded a loaf of bread, do venture to learn, it will not infringe the least upon your dignity. Why I really thought I was more dignified after I baked my first loaf than at any period of my life.

There is much more to learn than ladies anticipate in going to housekeeping. Those in particular who expect to go west would do well to try. Some western villages even in our own State make a pretty fair specimen of the Far West.

Be Contented with your Business.

From a recent number of that most excellent periodical, *Chambers' Edinburg Journal*, we quote the following concluding paragraph of an Essay on the duty of being contented with the business with which we are engaged, and never to regard it with shame or dissatisfaction:

"The supposed capabilities of a man for another employment should never have the effect of making him despise or neglect his present one, however humble it may be. If it is worth our while to do anything at all, it is surely with our while to do it well. If there be any false shame on the subject, it ought to be banished by the reflection, that there are a vast number of men of worth and talent superior to ours, laboring, and laboring cheerfully, at still meaner employments. Beside, it should be borne in mind that even in comparatively obscure situations in life, there may be, and is the greatest earthly happiness. By a due culture of the faculties, by refining the sentiments, a common blacksmith may enjoy a satisfaction of mind equal to that of the greatest man in the parish. One who values genius merely as a means of advancement in the world, cannot know or feel what genius is. Yet on this false estimate are based a great proportion of the dreams which disturb the existence and fritter away the energies of youth. It is not spiritual, but temporal glory for which the common visionary pants. It is not the souls of men he desires to captivate, but merely their pockets; the paradise which opens to his mind's eye beyond the counter, is composed of fine houses, gay dresses, and luxurious meals. The meanness of such aspirations, enable us to say without compunction, that he who indulges them, no more possess the intellectual capabilities he fancies, than he is likely to enjoy the substantial rewards of industry and perseverance."

"What a beautiful place heaven is!" exclaimed a little boy. "Why do you think so?" asked his father. "Because" said he, alluding to the stars, "*the nails in the floor* are so beautiful."

LADIES AT CHURCH.—Somebody says that females go to meeting to look at each others bonnets. That's downright scandal! They go to show their own.

☞ An Irishman on being told to grease the wagon, returned in about an hour afterwards and said, "I've greased every part of the wagon but them sticks where the wheels hang on."

MISS SPRING IS COMING!

BY THEODORE A. GOULD.

Miss Spring is a coming
Again! again!
With her cheering smiles of mirth:
With her warming sun,
And her genial rain,
With her flowers to strew
In the garden and plain;
And her warbling birds,
Whose joyous strain
Shall gladden the grateful earth.

Mr. Winter is going,
Hurra! hurra!
What a hateful old fellow is he!
There'll be many dry eyes
When he sees his last day;
Why, he hasn't a friend
That would like him to stay!
Ha! ha! we'll be glad
When he totters away—
Good riddance, old Winter, say we.

Miss Spring is a coming,
And well we know
She's a bright and a laughing thing!
And her balmy breath
Will melt the snow;
And the ice bound stream
In her glance will flow:
And the birds will sing,
And the bright flowers grow—
Then a welcome to beautiful Spring!

From the Public Ledger.

EMIGRANTESSES TO CALIFORNIA.

The ladies are going to California. We are glad of it, for nothing less than feminine influence will prevent the men who go there, however respectable they have been here, from degenerating into a lawless, savage, brutal mob. Without woman, man cannot be anything higher than a quadruped on two legs, like any other monkey or dancing bear. Adam, till he was introduced to Eve, was not fit for any other society than lions and tigers, bears and wolves, hogs and woodchucks, and other horned cattle.—And one of Eve's very first efforts was to wean him from such society. We admit that she did it at some sacrifice. But anything was better than such company to a refined, elegant, affectionate young creature, the very incarnation of domestic felicity; and *she did it*. Let a woman alone to accomplish anything where skill, tact, address are necessary.—And even if the devil's help be necessary, she is sure to get it.

Mrs. Farnham, formerly matron of the New York State Prison at Sing Sing, who goes to California to settle the affairs of her husband, who lately died there, has advertised for one hundred and fifty young women, not under twenty-five years of age, each of whom can furnish a certificate of character from her clergyman, and a capital of two hundred and fifty dollars, to accompany her to the new El Dorado.—We hope that she will receive five hundred applications for the first voyage. But what sort of woman is Mrs. Farnham? We are told that she succeeded in humbugging and twisting round her finger, every one of the directors at Sing Sing, all very intelligent men, so far as to govern absolutely in her department of matron. That is enough. Mrs. Farnham is the woman for the Ledger! Ordinary men, vulgar thinkers, who are mortally afraid of petticoat government, because it impeaches their dignity in *their own* estimation, say that these directors were humbugged. Now they were the very men to comprehend and appreciate such a woman as Mrs. Farnham, and therefore exhibited their good sense in yielding to her suggestions for the government of the female prisoners. She humbugged them precisely as Columbus humbugged *his* disciples. He found disciples only in those who had brains enough to comprehend him. Only blockheads revolt from petticoat government. Josephine exerted a powerful influence over Napoleon. And she would have done it over Alexander, and Cæsar, and Alfred, and Edward I, and Henry IV of France, and Cromwell. But all her talents, her aspiration, her refinement, her expansive benevolence, her faith in God's justice and man's perfectibility, would have been thrown away upon an ass.

Such is Mrs. Farnham, the very woman to conceive and execute such a project; the very woman with sufficient intelligence, courage, benevolence, aspiration, to understand that, where the sexes are separated, women is sent to the desert of Sahara, and man to hell; that, while thousands of men are going to California, to plunge into that gulf of perdition that always awaits every community of men exempt from feminine restraint, hundreds of women are left behind, to a life of cheerless, hopeless toil; that, sending women to California will rescue them from a life of both positive and negative gloom here, and the men from a life of disorder and crime there. The women for whom she advertises may be found in large numbers in the sewing garrets of New York. Most of them are from the country, and have been educated in country schools, and to a much higher point of intellectual and moral developement, than is reached by very many children of fashion, bred in those seminaries of *humbug* that may be found in some of the great cities. They are not only well qualified for woman's appropriate province, the domestic fireside, but many of them might outshine the most fortunate in any department of American society. Here their chances of marriage, or of anything more than excessive toil for a subsistence in poverty, are few. Here they must "stitch, stitch, stitch" for the grovelling sharks who rapidly make fortunes out of bank credits and their miserably paid labor. In California, where men are numerous and women few, they will be well paid in every department of feminine labor, and will be eagerly sought in marriage, by men who must marry them or none, and would be very fortunate in marrying them anywhere. We are told that 100,000 active and energetic men will reach California from the States, within the ensuing year. If so, nothing can save that region from becoming Pandemonium, but a large emigration of women. Therefore we hope that Mrs. Farnham's *invoice* is only the beginning, and that not less than 20,000 young women will leave the States for California in the ensuing year.

Some of the newspapers are indulging in ribald ridicule of Mrs. Farnham's project. Of course she must expect this from all vulgar minds in and out of the press; for no woman ever yet attempted anything beyond the *drudgery* of the household, without incuring the taunts, the jibes, the sneers of all those coarsely selfish animals who regard her merely as their own domestic convenience, and with no higher sentiment than those of a quadruped. But where is the ground for ridicule? "O they are going in pursuit of husbands!". Indeed! For the sake of argument we admit it, and then ask if the relation of marriage is so disgraceful, that woman cannot seek it without deserving ridicule and contempt? The Bible, as well as nature, tell us otherwise. Low-minded men ridicule women for being "old maids," a term and a taunt never yet uttered by a gentleman. Then truly their lot is hard, if they are to be ridiculed for celibacy, and also for decent and proper efforts to avoid it. But we will admit that these poor working women, with their ample store of personal, intellectual and moral attractions, go all the way to California in pursuit of marriage. Is "husband hunting" unknown among their more fortunate sisters? Do we never witness or hear of manœuvres among mothers and misses in what is called "fashionable life," to catch desirable matches? Let a young candidate for matrimony show his head in the pulpit of a fashionable church, and we are greatly mistaken if he have not his hands full of bible classes from daughters, and civilities from mothers. And if a rich broker from London, or Paris, or Vienna, or Frankfort, should come over and appear at an opera house or theatre, and another broker, perhaps one of the firm, should load scores of ladies out of their boxes into the new lion's box for an introduction, and the ladies should absolutely struggle for the first chance, would they exhibit any "husband hunting?" O no! They are too "respectable" for such imputation. And if all these civilities should suddenly die away upon a report; that, the lion was not rich, would the "husband hunting" seem to flow from any mercenary motive? Would it show that the candidates for a "splendid alliance" were willing to sell themselves, if the bid were high enough? Certainly not. But if the poor sewing girl, perhaps with beauty, intellect and cultivation in that even the majority of wealth's favorites might envy, should leave her severe toil and scanty bread at home, and seek better wages and a better prospect of marriage in California, O the indelicacy! O the outrage! O the enormity! And who make the outcry? Among men, those whose estimate of woman is the Turk's of the old school. Among women, the fashionable wives and daughters of the very men who have made fortunes rapidly, by employing large numbers of women at starving prices.

ENVY.

BY THE MILFORD BARD.

They tell me that an Egypt's shore,
There lives an Asp, whose bite is more
Destructive, than the life-pulse gore,
When gushing from the chastened pore.
But Envy's eyes more deadly roll:
It bites the body and the soul.

They tell me of the Siroc air,
That sweeps the desert lone and bare,
Of every living form, tho' fair,
To breath it none will ever dare;
But Envy is a deadlier breath:
It withers life and preys on death.

They tell me of the Upas' wave,
That he who drinks will find a grave:
Ere he can utter, "Save, O save,"
The spirit leaves its earthly cave:
But ah! the drop that souls hath wrung,
Flows from the scorpion Envy's tongue.

They tell me that Hyenas howl
And in the silent grave-yard prowl,
And o'er the human carcase growl,
When night puts on her sable cowl:
But Envy o'er the soul doth rave,
And dances on its victim's grave.

A Funny Law.

Virginia is famous for many things, but in nothing more than in her laws, if the following be a specimen. A Washington correspondent of the Columbus Standard, deserves credit for bringing it to the light of day, which he copies from "Hemming's Statues at large." He prefaces it thus:

At a Grand Assembly, held at James' Cittie, in the year 1661, were passed many acts 'to the glorie of Almightie God, and publique good of this his Majestie's colony of Virginia;" among which is.

"Women causing scandalous suits, to be ducked.

"WHEREAS, oftentimes many babbling women often slander and scandalize their neighbors, for which their poore husbands are often brought into chargeable and vexatious suites, and cast in greate damages:

"Be it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, That in actions of slander occasioned by the wife, as aforesaid, after judgment passed for the damages, the woman shall be punished by ducking; and if the slander be so enormous as to be adjudged at a greater damage than five hundred pounds of tobacco, then the woman to suffer a ducking for every five hundred pounds of tobacco, so ajudged against the husband, if he refuses to pay the tobacco."

Origin of the old Oaken Bucket.

We came in possession, last week, of an anecdote respecting the origin of Samuel Woodworth's famous ballad of that name, which appears to us to possess so much interest, that we cannot withhold it from our readers—especially as it has not before been in print. Some years ago, when Woodworth, the printer, and several other 'Old N. Yorkers,' were brother types in a printing office, which was situated at the corner of Catharine street and Chambers, there were very few places in this city where one could enjoy the luxury of a 'good drink.' Among the low places most worthy of patronage, was an establishment kept by Mallory, in Frankfort street, on or about the same spot where Saint John's Hall recently stood. Woodworth, in company with several particular friends, had 'dropped in' at this place one afternoon, for the purpose of taking 'brandy and water,' which Mallory was famous for keeping. The liquor was super excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he laid his glass upon the table, (remember dear reader, if you please, that in these 'rare old times,' a man rarely met a friend without inviting him to imbibe,) and, smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to anything he had ever tasted! 'No,' said Mallory 'you are mistaken; there was one thing which in both our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth, dubiously. 'The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from *the old oaken bucket* that hung in the well, after our return from labors of the field on a sultry day in summer.' The tear drop glistened for a moment, in Woodworth's eye. 'True—true!' he replied, and soon after quitted the place. He immediately returned to the office, threw down his stick, grasped the pen, and, in half an hour, "The Old Oaken Bucket," one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready, in manuscript to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations. There, reader! do you say there is nothing new under the sun!—*Home Journal.*

Advice of Counsel.

There is a well known custom prevailing in our criminal courts, of assigning counsel to such prisoners as have no one to defend them. On one occasion, the Court finding a man accused of theft, and without counsel, said to the lawyer who was present, "Mr. ——, please to withdraw with the prisoner, confer with him, and then give him such counsel as may be best for his interest."

The lawyer and his client then withdrew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the lawyer returned into Court.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the Court.

"He is gone, your honor," said the hopeful legal imb. "Your honor told me to give him the best advice for his interest, and as he said he was guilty, I thought the best counsel I could offer him was to 'out and run,' which he took at once."

NIGHT.

Night is beautiful itself, but still more beautiful in its associations; it is not linked, as day is, with our cares and our toils—the business and littleness of life. The sunshine brings with it action; we rise in the morning, and our task is before us—and night comes, and with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask not of dreams forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought. Imagination has thrown her glories around the midnight—the orbs of heaven, the silence, the shadows are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight falls but upon pavement and roof, the heart would be softened and mind elevated amid the loveliness of Night's deepest and stillest hour.

TWO IMPEDIMENTS.—A handsome young Yankee pedlar made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with two impediments to their union.

"Name them," said the widow.

"The want of means to set up a retail store is the first," replied the pedlar.

They parted, and she sent the pedlar a check for ample means. When they met again, the pedlar had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment.

"I have another wife!" cried the notion dealer.

☞ A robustious countryman meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied,

"It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

REMARKABLE CASE OF RECOVERY FROM INSANITY.—We learn, says the *Boston Traveller*, that a man who has for the last forty years been confined as a raving maniac, in the Poor House at Newton, has been suddenly restored to his reason. He has been regarded as incurable, and for a great part of the time during his confinement, he has been so violent as to render it necessary to chain him. Now he is clothed and in his right mind—appearing like one awakened from a long sleep, and remembering distinctly events which occurred previous to the loss of his reason, but nothing that has transpired during the long years of his confinement.

Mechanics! Read.

Extract from a late Address of the Hon. Zadock Pratt, delivered before the Mechanic's Institute, N. York.

In the circle of false refinement, or where *true* refinement perhaps never dwells, you may hear the expression sometimes used, as if in derision, or commiseration, "Oh, he is only a mechanic!" It may seem strange, but there are men and women too; who can boast no other lineage themselves, and who, when told of this poor man's misfortune, or that man's sudden fall, pass over the matter with the remark of "He is only a mechanic." God does help him, my friends—God helps those who help themselves; and I say it boldly here this day, that there are more happy, prosperous, aye, noble men among the mechanics of this our land, than in any other class of equal numbers. "Only a mechanic!" Why, I remember there was a certain man called Felix, in the Scriptures. What his pedigree was, I do not know; but his countrymen were a proud race, and hated the mechanics, a tent-maker, made this same Felix tremble. "Only a mechanic!" Why, Noah was a shipwright—Solomon an architect. And who built the Pyramids—who the ancient cities, whose ruins all the historians, philosophers and learned men of modern times are unable to explain? The great temples of the Holy city—Tyre, and Sidon, Balbec, Persepolis, Babylon, Palmyra, and other wondrous monuments of the East, whose magnificence no modern art can excel!—who built them? "Oh, it was only a mechanic!"

In another place on a different occasion, I alluded to the impulse given to the modern improvement, and the change wrought upon the face of the whole world, by the invention of Faust, who gave light and knowledge to all mankind; the discoveries of Columbus, the science of Franklin, the ingenuity of Arkright, the geniuses of Fulton and Whitney—mechanics all ye! "nothing but mechanics." I need not attempt to say what we owe—what this nation owes—what the civilized world owes to these great men. All the Kings and Emperors that ever lived, all the artists, poets, philosophers, all the statesmen, you may pile up in one scale, and they are weighed down by the discoveries of Faust, Fulton, and Whitney. And yet these men were "only mechanics!"

You have a right to be proud, my friends, and I certainly feel proud that Franklin, and Fulton, and Whitney, all were countrymen of yours and of mine, though they were "only mechanics." I feel as if I could hold up my head proudly, when I can say, that young as we are as a nation, such is the free scope and tendency of our institutions, and our glorious climate, to foster the full energies of the mind, and to grow the *whole man*, that in all the useful mechanic arts we are outstripping the nations of the old world. In arts and in arms, and in every worldly pursuit of man, our advancement stands unequalled since the world began.

The Lungs and the Food.

Liebig says an adult man receives into his system from the atmosphere by respiration daily, thirty two and a half ounces of oxygen. The weight of the whole mass of the blood is twenty four pounds.—Respiration in four days and a half will convert the whole of the carbon and hydrogen of the blood into carbonic acid and water, and it is necessary that these elements should be restored again in the form of food. If the respirations are increased by exercise or work, a greater quantity of oxygen is inhaled and a greater supply of food is needed. In winter more oxygen is received by respiration than in summer, because the air is denser, and more at the foot of a mountain than at its top, for the same reason. The mutual action between the elements of the food and the oxygen conveyed by the circulation of the blood to all parts of the body, is the source of animal heat. The food is the fuel, and with the proper supply of oxygen we obtain the heat given out during its oxidation or combustion. The cooling of the body increases the amount of food necessary. A starving man is soon frozen to death. The first effect of starvation is the disappearance of fat, given off through the skin and lungs as oxidized products; afterwards such solids as are capable of being dissolved. Death is produced by the chemical action of the atmosphere.

Facts about Digestion.

Wheat is most nutritious of all substances except oil; containing ninety five parts of nutriment to five of waste matter. Dry peas, nuts, and barley are nearly as nutritious as wheat. Garden vegetables stand lowest on the list, inasmuch as they contain when fresh a large portion of water. The quantity of waste matter is more than eight-tenths of the whole. Veal is the most nutritious, then fowls, then beef, last pork. The most nutritious fruits are plums, grapes, apricots, gooseberries and melons. Of all the articles of food, boiled rice is digested in the shortest time—one hour. As it also contains eight tenths of nutritious matter, it is a valuable substance of diet. Tripe and pig's feet are digested almost as rapidly. Apples if sweet and ripe, are next in order. Venison is digested almost as soon as apples.—Roasted potatoes are digested in half of the time required by the same vegetable boiled, which occupy three hours and a half—more than beef or mutton. Bread occupies three hours and a half—an hour more than is required by the same article raw.—Turkey and goose are converted in two hours and a half—an hour and a half sooner than chicken. Roasted veal and roast pork, and salt beef occupy five hours and a half—the longest of all articles of food.

PICK-POCKET TRAPPED.—Mr. Simon Price, an elderly and very respectable gentleman from one of the interior counties of this State, arrived in town on Monday, and had his pocket picked at the Post Office door on Tuesday. His loss was not very great,—for the wallet purloined contained nothing but a ragged shin plaster representative of $2;—but Mr. Price being an ingenious man and somewhat fond of a practical joke, resolved to have satisfaction for the impudent invasion of his coat-tail pocket.—In pursuance of his plan, he went to a hardware store and purchased a spring rat trap, with a good sharp double row of teeth;—this instrument being properly arranged for active service, was placed in the capacious rear pocket of his brown coat—and then with much artlessness of manner, Mr. P. took his position at the Post Office window—among the crowd which is almost constantly assembled on that spot. Mr. Price is an old sportsman and has a keen relish for all sorts of hunting and trapping. He had caught many a fox, rabbit, squirrel, weazel, skunk, &c., in his time—but the game now in prospect had something of novelty which tickled his fancy exceedingly. After he had waited, with that keen expectation which sportsmen only can appreciate, for about ten minutes, a snap was heard, as a sailor might say, "under his quarter,"—and the exclamation "Ouch!" in a tone expressive of surprise and distress, immediately followed. On turning round, Mr. Price observed a well dressed young gentleman, with fine auburn whiskers, holding up his hand, on two fingers of which the rat trap maintained an uneasy grip. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Price;—"my rat trap, I believe." At the same time, he disengaged the machine and replaced it in his pocket. As soon as the spectators understood the joke, a loud laugh was raised at the expense of the gentlemanly operator, whose nimble fingers were rather badly lacerated and bled profusely. Mr. Price was quite well satisfied with the result, but a police officer, who happened to be close by, arrested the knight of the bloody hand, and produced him at the customary hour of audience. Mr. Price not appearing to prosecute, the transgressor, with his offending digits still muffled up, was discharged. After this affair, we guess, elderly gentlemen with remarkably big pockets, may visit the Post Office and other public places with more security, especially if they placard their coat tails with, "beware of rat traps."—*Pennsylvanian.*

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—It is said that there are people in the "Mountain Districts" of Kentucky so green that they followed a wagon which happened to pass that way, twenty miles, "just to see whether the hind wheels would overtake the fore ones."

There are oaks in California which are ever green. The Indians thrive on the acorns.

A Singular Letter.

General Shields, who has just been elected United States Senator from Illinois in place of Hon. Sidney Breese, has written an extraordinary letter to the latter gentleman. Gen. S. was a law student with Judge Breese, it appears, and their rivalry, during the late election, occasioned the bitterest enmity.—Here is the letter as we find it in the New York Tribune. Perhaps it is a forgery:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1849.

HON. SIDNEY BREESE:

Sir.—On my return to this country from Mexico—broken in constitution, feeble in health, and still suffering under the effect of wounds, you were the only man in the City of Washington who received me with coldness and unkindness. When the City honored me with a public dinner, which was generously intended not only as a compliment to me but to my State, you were the only man who declined to attend that dinner. You went farther; you propagated a report here in Washington, and circulated it afterward in Illinois, that I was ineligible to the office of Senator, and this too after I had poured out my blood like water on the battle fields of my country. You published an article in the St. Louis Republican charging me with ineligibility—doing that which I thought no man in the United States would have been mean enough to do in my case, even if it had been true. You, however, did this, knowing it to be untrue. On this subject I have simply to say, that had I been defeated by you on that ground, I had sworn in my heart that you never should have profited by your success, and depend upon it, I would have kept that vow regardless of consequences.—That, however, is now passed, and the vow is cancelled by your defeat. Why I address you now is simply this: In 1840 you gave me something in the shape of a final Certificate of Naturalization in Effingham Court. You knew at the time that I was naturalized by law, and by the naturalization of my father while I was a minor. I told you the circumstances, and, as I then talked of going to Canada in case of war, you offered to give me a certificate which would simplify the proof in case of difficulty. Now I wish you to give me a letter acknowledging these facts. I write you a private letter for that purpose. I would have sent a friend at once and imperatively demanded such a letter, but I felt that in disgracing you I should disgrace the State that had made you and myself Senators, and I also wished to give you an opportunity to make this acknowledgement quietly. If, however, you persist in your course of injustice toward me and refuse this request, I here give you fair warning. Let the consequences fall on your own head. I shall hold myself acquitted, both before God and man, for the *course* I shall feel bound to pursue toward you.

Your obedient servant,
(Copy.) JAS. SHIELDS.

How to Raise Good Potatoes.

My object in writing at this time is to give to you my method of growing potatoes free from rot. I have practiced it two seasons with entire success, and have now 600 bushels of fine Mercer potatoes in my cellar, and all free from the disease.

My method is to plough the ground late in the fall or early in the spring, harrow it smoothly before planting time, then haul out say 15 tons rotted manure, spread it broad-cast, then take two horses and a plough, and back up two full furrows, the furrows just meeting in the backing; leave a strip one foot wide, and back up two more—and so continue till you have completed the lot. Then turn about and split these double furrows open with a single furrow, then commence dropping your potatoes, (pieces of cut potatoes, containing at least four eyes,) in the furrow six inches apart. After the lot is dropped, take your horses and plough and throw two good furrows—(one round of the team to a row,) just meeting on the top; dress off the top, clearing the row of stones, clods, &c.; then sow broad-cast five bushels common salt over the ground immediately after planting; cultivate well till the plants are in blossom and you will have a good crop; never cultivate potatoes when in blossom.

When the crop is ready to gather, clear the ground, take your two horses and plough, turn a furrow from each side of the row; let a boy pick up the scattering potatoes, then turn out the row, pick up the potatoes; then hoe down the ridge—lastly, harrow over the ground, pick up the remaining potatoes, and the work is finished. The agriculturalist must at once observe that by this process, he gets a broad loose bed for the potatoes to grow in, also double depth of soil; then you are certain of good dry potatoes. I would here observe that potatoe ground is the very best for producing a good crop of wheat; and I would advise farmers to grow a greater surplus of this most valuable root. If there is no market, store them, and feed them to your horses, cattle and hogs; feed them in your stable through winter; give your stock good bedding; clean out your stables once a week; make as large a manure heap as possible; and you will not be troubled with the potatoe disease, nor that worse malady, arising from always taking out of the meal tub and never returning any; you will thus come to the bottom.

Respectfully, T. A. DENORMANDIE.
Columbia co., Ohio. [*Ohio Cultivator.*

CUTTING IT SHORT.—A certain barber, who was possessed of great powers of 'gab' used to amuse his customers with his long yarns while he manipulated their heads and faces. One day an old codger came in, took his seat, and orders a shave and hair cut.—The barber went to work and began, at the same time one of his long stories, to the, no little dissatisfaction of the old gentleman, who, becoming irritated at the barber, said—

"Cut it short."

"Yes sir," said the barber, continuing the yarn, until the old gentleman again sung out—"Cut it short, I say, cut it short!"

"Yes sir,"—clipping away, and gabbling the faster.

"Cut it short, cut it short, I say," says the old gent.

"Yes sir," says the barber, going on with his story.

"Will you cut it short, blast you!" bawls the old gent, in a rage.

"Can't sir," said the barber, "for if you look in the glass, you'll see that I've *cut it all off!*"

And to his horror, upon looking in the glass, the old gentleman found his hair all cut from his head!

'INFORMATION OF THE BRAIN.'—'So old Dr. Quill is dead,' said Mrs. Partington, as she put an extra piece of butter to her bread, 'they do say that he died of information of the brain; but they mustn't try to make me believe sich a story as that! Information on the brain, truly! why he was the biggest fool I know on; I can't help laughing at his presumptuous ignorance. Why didn't he at one of his lectures one cold night last winter, try to make me believe, with a 'spectable ordinance, that the sun was then nearer the earth than it would be in the hottest days in the summer? and didn't he try to suppress on my mind, when he called on me, that time is money? Oh, the dult! Why, there's cousin Slow—he has his whole time—he was never known to do anything but loaf—and the world knows how poor he is. Oh you can't make me believe sich stuff. I wonder what will carry me off, if he died of information!' and she rose from the table flushed with excitement.

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