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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2 00 PER ANNUM

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Poetical.

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and O how soon,
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, earnest, fervent light,
Be shaded in the solemn night!
Till, like story well nigh told,
Will seem my life—when I am old.

When I am old, this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an under tone
Of sadness, not by right their own;
And Spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms—when I am old.

When I am old, I shall not care
To deck with flowers my fading hair;
'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bought jewels and the brightest gold,
Will charm me nought—when I am old.

When I am old, my friends will be
Old, and infirm, and bowed, like me;
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God.
The old church bell will long have tolled
Above the rest—when I am old.

When I am old, I'd rather bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose their earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth.
'Twill be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me—when I am old!

When I am old—how strange it seems
Like the wild lunacy of dreams,
To picture in prophetic rhyme
That dim, far-distant, shadowy time;
So distant, that it seems o'er bold
Even to say—"when I am old."

When I am old—perhaps are then
I shall be missed from haunts of men;
Perhaps my dwelling will be found
Beneath the green and silent mound;
My name by stranger hands enrolled
Among the dead—ere I am old.

Ere I am old—O let me give
My life to learning how to live;
Then shall I meet with willing heart
An early summons to depart;
Or find my lengthened days consoled
By God's sweet peace—when I am old.

Miscellaneous.

A BROKEN HEART.

The interesting case of a literally *broken heart*, which we subjoin, was related by Mr. K. J. Mitchell, of Jefferson College, Philadelphia, while lecturing on diseases of the heart. It will be seen that the expression 'broken hearted' is not merely figurative.

In the early part of his medical career, Dr. M. accompanied, as surgeon, a packet that sailed between Liverpool and one of our southern ports. On the return voyage, soon after leaving Liverpool, while the Doctor and the Captain of the vessel, a weather beaten son of Neptune, but possessed of uncommonly fine feelings and strong impulses, were conversing in the latters state room, the Captain opened a large chest and carefully took out a large number of articles of various descriptions, which he arranged upon the table. Dr. M. surprised at the display of costly jewels, ornaments, dresses, and all the varied paraphernalia of which ladies are naturally fond, inquired of the Captain his object in having made so many valuable purchases. The sailor, in reply, said that for seven or eight years he had been devotedly attached to a lady, to whom he had several times made proposals of marriage, but was as often rejected; that her refusal to wed him, however, had only stimulated his love to a greater exertion; and finally, upon renewing his offer, declaring in the ardency of his passion, that without her society life was not worth living for, she consented to become his bride upon his return from his next voyage. He was so overjoyed at the prospect of a marriage, from which, in the warmth of his feeling, he probably anticipated more happiness than is usually a mortal's lot, that he spent all his ready money, while in London for bridal gifts. After gazing on them for some time, and remarking on them in turn, 'I think this will please Annie,' and 'I am sure she will like that,' he replaced them with the utmost care. This ceremony he repeated every day during the voyage, and the Doctor often observed a tear glistening in his eye as he spoke of the pleasure he would have in presenting them to his affianced bride. On reaching his destination, the Captain arrayed himself with more than usual precision, and disembarked as soon as possible, to hasten to his love. As soon as he was about to step into the carriage awaiting him, he was called aside by two gentlemen, who desired to make a communication, the purport of which was that the lady had proved unfaithful to the trust reposed in her, and had married another, with whom she had decamped shortly before. Instantly the Captain was observed to clap his hands to his breast, and fall heavily to the ground. He was taken up and conveyed to his room on the vessel. Dr. M. was immediately summoned; but before he reached the poor Captain he was dead. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of his unfortunate disease. His heart was found literally torn in twain! The tremendous pulsation of the blood, consequent upon such a violent nervous shock, forced the powerful muscular tissue asunder, and life was at an end.—The heart was broken.

Rather Eloquent.

Recently Paul Denton, of Texas, a Methodist preacher, advertised a barbecue, with the condition that he would furnish better liquors than are generally to be found on such occasions. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, 'Mr. Paul Denton your reverence has lied. You promised not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?'

'There!' answered the missionary, in a tone of thunder, and, pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth; 'there!' he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; 'there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, chocked with poisonous gases, surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life—the pure cold water; but in the green blade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing, and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods and the thunder storm crashes, and away far out in the wild wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roll, the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of life and beauty, gleaming in the dew drop, singing in the summer rain: shining in the ice gem till the trees seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract, dancing in the hail shower; sleeping in the glacier; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintery world, and weaving the many colored sky, that syren, whose wrap is the rain drop of the earth, whose woof is the sun beam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refaction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness and murder, no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave, curses it in words of eternal dispair! Speak out my friends?—would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?' A shout, like the roar of a tempest, answered, "NO!"—*Mobile Tribune.*

There is a young lady up town who is so polite in speech that she will not say gymnastics; she says James Natics.

There are three Theatres at San Francisco. One of them, the Jenny Lind, cost $175,000,

☞ We publish the following lines at the request of several subscribers residing in the lower end of this county.—*Ed. Vol.*

SPIRITUAL RAILWAY.

The line to heaven by Christ was made,
Will you go, will you go?
With heavenly truth the rails are laid,
Will you go, will you go?
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal where it ends,
Accept the call that Jesus sends.
Will you go, will you go?

Repentance is the depot there,
Hasten on, hasten on!
Where passengers are taken in,
Come along, come along!
No fee for them is there paid,
For Jesus is himself the way,
His loving voice you must obey,
If you go, if you go.

God's word is the first engineer,
Will you go, will you go?
It points the way to heaven so clear,
Come along, come along.
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer;
Then trust the Lord you'll come out clear,
If you go, if you go.

God's love the fire, his grace the steam,
As we go, as we go;
Which drives the engine and the train,
While we go, while we go;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ once crucified,
And then in Him you may abide,
Evermore up on high.

In first or second, or third class,
You may go, you may go;
By loving faith and holiness,
You must go, you must go;
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign,
The bible makes it sure and plain.
Will you go, will you?

Then come, poor sinner, now is the time,
Will you go, will you go?
At any station on the line,
You may go, you may go;
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in,
The heavenly prize you then may win.
Will you go, will you go?

SELF-MADE MEN.

Columbus, the discoverer of America, in 1492, was a weaver. Franklin, the illustrious philosopher, was a journeyman printer. The eloquent Massilon, as well as the brilliant Flechier, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, was a peasant. Sixtus V. was the son of a gardener, and in his youth was employed in keeping swine. The great Rollin, the historian, was the son of a cutler, and Burns, the celebrated Scottish poet, was a ploughman. Æsop, the author of the fables which have so often delighted us in days gone by, was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinso Crusoe, was apprenticed to a shoe maker and was afterwards a cabin boy. Demosthenes, the great orator, was the son of a cutler. Hogarth, the painter, was an apprentice to an engraver of arms on silver plate. Virgil, the great Roman poet, was the son of a baker. Mallet, a good writer, rose from extreme poverty to say, the poet, was an apprentice to a silk weavre. Ben Johnson, was a bricklayer. Parson, the renowned professor, was the son of a parish clerk. Bishop Prideaux, was at one time employed to sweep Exeter College, in England. Akenside, the poet, was the son of a butcher. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes, a well known Spanish writer, was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield, both excellent poets, were shoemakers. Howard, the philanthropist, was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley, the well known astronomer, was the son of a soapboiler. The parents of Sir Richard Arkwright were very poor, and he was a barber for a number of years. Belzonia, the celebrated Egyptian traveller, was the son of a barber. Barry, an eminent painter, was originally a mason. Blackstone, the celebrated lawyer, was the son of a linen draper. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, blind from his infancy, was in a distressful state of poverty. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, was a private soldier. The witty Butler was the son of a farmer. Canova, the celebrated sculptor, was the son of a stone-cutter. The Empress Catharine of Russia was born a peasant, and lived in the state of a servant for many years.—The intrepid navigator, Captain Cook, began his career in the merchant service as cabin boy. Curran, the orator of the Green Isle, was the son of poor parents, and had to contend with many hardships. The celebrated Umphry Davy, was the son of a carver, and was apprenticed to an apothecary. Dodsley, the author of several works, was at one time a stocking weaver, and afterwards a footman. Drake, the great navigator, was the son of a shepherd. Hunter, the anatomist, was apprenticed to a carpenter. Fleconier, the poet, was the son of a barber. The ingenious Ferguson, was the son of a shepherd. Lord Harwicke was the son of a peasant, and he became Lord Justice of England purely from his abilities.—Haydn, the celebrated music composer, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herschell, the astronomer, was the son of a musician. The great Dr. Johnson was the son of a bookseller. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an inkeeper. La Fontaine, the unequalled fabulist, was the son of an overseer of woods and forests in France. Milton, the poet, was the son of a scrivener. Parkes, the eminent chemists was the son of a small grocer. Pizarro was never taught to read when young, but employed to keep hogs. Pollock, the poet, was the son of a carpenter, and worked some time at that business. Allan Ramsay was bred a barber. Raffaello, the eminent Italian painter, was the son of a peasant. Richardson, a well known writer, was the son of a joiner, and he worked as a printer. Shakspeare, the great dramatic writer, commenced his career poor, and as a menial. Stone, the celebrated mathematician, worked as a gardener, and taught himself to read. Kirk White, a young poet, who died at the age of twenty, was the son of a butcher.

☞ A sailor being about to sail for India, a citizen asked him where his father died?

'In shipwreck.'

'And where did your grandfather die?'

'As he was fishing, a storm arose and he with his companions perished.'

'And your great grandfather?'

'He also perished from shipwreck.'

'Then if I were you I would never go to sea.'

'Pray Mr. Philosopher, where did your father die?'

'My father, grandfather and great grandfather died in bed.'

'Then, if I were you, I would never go to bed,' replied the son of Neptune.

A notion seller was offering a Yankee clock, finely varnished and colored, with a looking glass in front, to a certain lady not remarkable for personal beauty.

'Why, its beautiful,' said the vender.

'Beautiful indeed! a look at it almost frightens me,' said the lady.

'Then, marm,' replied Jonathan, 'I guess you'd better take one that aint got no looking glass.'

An old bachelor, on seeing the words 'Families supplied,' over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

An old soldier, who had served in the Florida war, came into our office a few days ago. He had served under Scott. We asked him "how he liked Gen. Scott?" "What on earth do I know about the man," said he, "I was nothing but a poor private, and SCOTT NEVER SPEAKS TO A PRIVATE!"—*Ontario Dem.*

A Visit to Laura Bridgman.

A few days since I paid a visit, by invitation, with a friend, to the "Blind Institution," at South Boston, where I had an opportunity to see Laura Bridgman. Although much has been written about this interesting young lady, yet I am inclined to believe that her actual condition is not generally understood. The Blind Institution has long been established, and is now under the superintendence of Dr. Howe, a man whose intelligence and humanity admirably fit him for the situation. As we rang the bell, a little blind boy opened the door. In answer to the inquiry if Dr. Howe was in, the little fellow replied, "I will go and *see*." There was a cheerfulness and alacrity about his movements that interested us. It was singular to hear the boy say he would *see* if Dr. Howe was in when he knew he could not see at all. While we were standing on the steps, we saw several small boys by the entrance walk, picking up the smooth stones, handing them to each other, each earnestly describing the beauties of his own. Although they appeared cheerful and happy, yet they awakened in us feelings of sadness and sympathy.—How strange that those whose eyes are closed upon all the beautiful objects of earth, and who have the least reason to rejoice, should exhibit a cheerfulness and contentment which we look in vain for in the "wide awake" world! How little do we who enjoy the blessings of *sight* value it; and how inadequately do we realize the deprivation of it in others.

Dr. Howe was not at home, but we were kindly waited upon by the principal female teacher. It was 12 o'clock, and the children were assembling in the chapel for their daily exercises in music. We were allowed to be present. Several of the pupils played the organ and piano in turn, while the others joined in singing. The music altogether was performed with wonderful precision and skill. It was marvelous to see the blind display such powers upon the organ and piano. It seemed as though a kind Providence had compensated in part the loss of sight, by a more nice appreciation of sound.

But by far the greatest object of interest to us, was Laura Bridgman. She was not with the other children, is she could not hear nor take part in the music. Your readers may not all be aware that Laura is blind, deaf and dumb. She can neither *hear*, *see*, nor *speak*. I had somewhat formed an opinion that she was a little girl. But I learned that she was 22 years of age, although she appeared not over 16 or 18. Her features are regular, oval face, with a very pleasing expression of countenance. Her head is what phrenologists would call finely balanced—the moral and intellectual predominating. Her demeanor was ladylike and attractive. One would not suppose she ever entertained a thought of sadness from her appearance.

The mode of communicating intelligence to her is entirely different from that of any other human being—she being the only person living who is at once blind, deaf and dumb. The deaf and dumb can learn by seeing, and the blind by hearing—but Laura can learn in no such way. She can only learn by the sense of the touch! Strange as it may appear, she has been taught not only to converse freely, but to write. This has been accomplished by the sense of touch alone. How did she learn her letters? How was the first idea communicated to her. As we entered the room she was in earnest conversation with her blind companion. The blind girl could hear our approach, but Laura literally "turned a deaf ear" to us. While viewing the two we almost envied the condition of the blind girl, in contrast with the night of night in which poor Laura was encompassed. Laura could speak to others by the motion of her fingers, like the deaf and dumb, spelling out every word. But while she could speak to others in this way, no one by similar motions of their hands. In speaking to her the motion of the fingers had to be made inside of her hand. She could then understand their meaning. Laura and the blind girl both conversed in this way. On the desk before Laura lay a piece of grooved tin, with a slip of paper. I asked if she would write her name for me; as I should prize it and preserve it as a choice memento. She complied cheerfully, after learning the request through her teacher. She placed the paper on the grooved tin, measuring the distance from the side, and wrote in plain round letters—"LAURA BRIDGMAN TO DR. C——." She guided her pencil with the left hand on the grooves of the tin.

Poor Laura! Heaven grant the darkness which now surrounds you may end in this life, There is a kind Providence, whose care is over even the most obscure creature, and in time will compensate and rectify all wrongs. There is no blindness or deafness in Heaven. "There the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf unstopped." On leaving the Blind Institution I trust I had a more truthful sense of the blessings of sight and hearing, and of the corresponding obligations they impose.—Laura Bridgman is considered by those who know her condition and her attainments, as the highest object of interest in the world. When she is taken away by death, thousands will regret that they neglected the opportunity of seeing her. Let those who indulge in complaints at the disappointments and disadvantages they suffer in life only think of Laura Bridgman.—*Boston Transcript.*

Gethsemane.

Lieut. Lynch, of the U. S. Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Red Sea, in 1848, visited the garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May. He says:

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether the garden, in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, insulated from the smaller and less imposing ones which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a very lofty mountain, with the deep yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city, on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetry, a city of the dead.

Each tree in this grove, cankered and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence. These are accounted one thousand years old. Under those of the preceeding growth, therefore, the Saviour was wont to rest; and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt and prayed and wept. No cavilling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christain, forgetful of the present and absorbed in the past can resign himself to sad yet soothing meditation.—The few purple and crimson flowers, growing about the roots of the tree, will give ample food for contemplation—for they tell of the suffering and ensanguined death of the Redeemer."

WOMAN.—Here is a 'Tribute to Woman' from a note to the editor, the justice of which there are few will dispute:

'There is *something* about woman that is curious, isn't there? This morning I swept out the school house. I thought it was done nicely. I felt proud. Presently some girls came in; and one, true to the sex, took the broom. She swept after me—and, good gracious, what a change! It seems as if—well I can't tell; but when she had done, I had a very poor opinion of my house keeping powers, I assure you. The stove hearth, the wood by the stove, all, everything, put on that look which only woman can give. What in creation is it makes them give such an air to things.

Common sense and good substantial home-spun garments are not used much in these days.

RESIGNATION.—A very worthy and respectable gentleman from Portland, who occasionally takes a "smile," was asked by a friend how he managed to get along where the Maine liquor law was so rigidly enforced. "Ah, sir," he replied, "like a good christian I go to my closet."

A TRUE STORY.

The following remarkable story has all the interest of romance; yet, it is true, and the parties are still living:

It was in the memorable year of 1814 when the allied armies were concentrated about Paris.

A young lieutenant of dragoons was engaged with three or four Hungarians, who, after having received several smart strokes from his sabre, managed to send a ball into his shoulder, to pierce his chest with a thrust from a lance, and to leave him for dead on the bank of the river.

On the opposite side of the stream, a boatman and his daughter had been watching the unequal fight with tears of desperation. But what could an old unarmed man do, or a pretty child of sixteen? However, the old soldier—for such the boatman was—had no sooner seen the officer fall from his horse than he and his daughter rowed most vigorously for the other side.

Then, when they had deposited the wounded man in their boat, these worthy people crossed the river again, but with faint hopes of reaching the military hospital in time.

"You have been very badly treated, my boy," said the old gentleman to him; "but here am I, who have gone further and come home."

The silence and the fixed attitude of Lieutenant S———, showed the extreme agony of his pains, and the hardy boatman soon discovered that the blood which was gathering about the wound on his left side would shortly terminate his existence. He turned to his youthful daughter:

"Mary," he said, "you have heard me tell of my brother; he died of just such a wound as this here. Well, now had there only been somebody to suck the hurt, his life would have been saved."

The boatman then landed and went to look for two or three soldiers to help him to carry the officer, leaving his daughter in charge of him. The girl looked at the sufferer for a moment or two.—What was her emotion when she heard him sigh so deeply, not that he was resigning life in the first flower of his age, but that he should die without a mother's kiss.

"My mother! my dear mother!" said he, "I die without—"

Her woman's heart told her what he would have said. Her bosom heaved with sympathy and her eyes ran over.

Then she remembered what her father said; she thought how her uncle's life might have been saved. In an instant, quicker than thought, she tore open the officer's coat, and the generous girl recalled him to life with her lips.

Amid this holy occupation the sound of footsteps was heard, and the blushing heroine fled to the other end of the boat. Judge of her father's surprise as he came up with two soldiers, when he saw Lieut. ———, whom he expected to find dead, open his eyes, and ask for his deliverer.

The boatman looked at his child and saw it all. The poor girl came to him with her head bent down. She was about to excuse herself, when her father, embracing her with enthusiam, raised her spirits, and the officer thanked her in these prophetic words:

"You have saved my life, it belongs to you."

After this she tended him and became his nurse. Nothing would he take but from her hand. No wonder that with such a nurse he at length recovered, Mary was as pretty as she was good.

Meanwhile, master Cupid, who is very busy in war, only one way to cure it, so very deep it was.

The boatman's daughter became Madame S———. Her husband is not now a simple lieutenant, but a Lieutenant General, and the boatman's daughter is as elegant and graceful lady as any you see at court.

Two Kinds of Riches.

A little boy sat by his mother. He looked long in the fire, and was silent. Then as the deep thought began to pass away, his eyes grew bright and he spoke:

'Mother, I wish to be rich.'

'Why do you wish to be rich my son?'

And the child said, 'Because every one praises the rich. Every one enquires after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday asked who was the richest man in the village. At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He takes no pains to say well his lessons. Sometimes he says evil words.—But the children blame him not, for they say he is a wealthy boy.'

The mother saw that her child was in danger of believing wealth might take the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor who led unworthy lives.

So she asked him, 'What is it to be rich.' And he answered, 'I do not know.' Yet tell me how I may become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me!'

The mother replied.

'To become rich is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man.'

Then the boy looked sorrowful, and said:

'Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?'

She answered, 'The gain of money is not the only nor true wealth. Fires may burn it down, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away, moth and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey. Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the way side beggar, without a garment. There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but have the praise of God.'

Then said the boy, 'May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?'

The mother laid her hand upon his little head and said:

'To day, if ye will hear His voice; for He hath promised that those who seek early shall find.'

And the child said, 'Teach me how I may become rich before God.'

Then she looked tenderly on him, and said—'Kneel down every night and morning, and ask that in your heart you may love the dear Saviour and trust in him. Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all.—So, though you may be poor in this world, you shall be rich in faith and an heir of the kingdom of Heaven.'

An English and a Frenchman were travelling by railroad. They were alone in the same car.—The Frenchman always polite, asks permission to smoke; his companion made no reply, drew a cigar from his pocket and smoked also. At the first station:

"Sir," said the Frenchman, "your cravat is awry."

The Englishman very silently arranges his cravat.

A little farther: "Sir," said the Frenchman, your cap is falling off.

The Englishman, without even saying "thank you," secured his cap.

A few moments after: "Ah, sir," cried the Frenchman, "take care; the hot ashes have fallen on your collar, they may burn your coat."

"Well sir, let me alone," replied the Englishman, "you have been burning this half hour and I didn't bother you about it."

'I have turned many a woman's head,' boasted a young nobleman of France.

'Yes,' replied Talleyrand, 'away from you.'

To support shirt collars during the present run of hot weather, a genius down East has invented a set of pulleys which pass over the ears.

How Coal was Made.

It is stated in Chambers' Miscellany, that Geology has proved that, at one period, there existed an enormously abundant land vegetation, the ruins of which, carried into seas, and there sunk to the bottom, and afterward covered by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal, both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character, and become black. But this can be explained by chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay thrown closely into a heap, gives out heat, and becomes of a dark color. When a vegetable mass is excluded from the air, and subjected to a great pressure, a bituminous fermentation is produced, and the result is mineral coal, which is of various characters, according as the mass has been originally intermingled with sand, clay, or other earthly impurities.

On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the trace of a vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous cooking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly.

From distant isolated specimens found in the sandstone amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms—horse tails, club mosses and ferns—but avanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters on tropical islands; but it must have been the result of a high temperature, obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coal strata are found in the temperate, and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, to which most geologists have arrived is, that the earth originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down until in the carboniferous period it fostered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison.—This high and uniform temperature, combined with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, would not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but would also create denser vapors, showers and rains; and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations, and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise from this high temperature; and every circumstance connected with the coal measure, points to such conditions.

☞ 'Joseph, we'll hear your recitation in geography. What are the productions of Africa?'

'Crocodiles, wooly heads, bulrushes, storks.'

'How is Africa bounded?'

'Bounded by Elephants, hedge fences and growlin' tigers.'

'Good boy! What kind of a climate is found there?'

'There never was but one feller ever found it, and when he got it, it turned into a fever'n ager, and he ran like mad out of it.'

'No; they did have some, but they traded it off for missionary tracks.'

'Ahem! yes. Well, what about the slave trade? Do the inhabitants still sanction that inhuman traffick?'

'Certainly. Cos why! all they has that's wuth ennythin' is niggers, and them they trade off for Peter Funk's jewelry and cotton blankets. Father has been in that business for seven years—he makes it pay fust rate.'

'Why, you young scoundrel, what do you mean?'

'Well, of slaves is down, he shaves their heads and goes into the the sofas business; and by time he sells the sofas, the wool has growed out again for a fresh crop?'

[Exit Joseph, followed be the rule.]

☞ A thrush, not aware of the expansive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on the ridge of a quarry, in the very centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first, she was very much discomposed, by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality; she soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train was about to be fired, and that at the notice the workmen retired to safe positions.—In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and fled down to where the workmen sheltered themselves, dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place and then return to her nest. The workmen observed this, narrated it to their employers, and it was also told to visitors who came to view the quarry. The visitors naturally expressed a wish to witness so curious a specimen of intellect; but as the rock could not always be blasted when visitors came, the bell was rung instead, and for a few times answered the same purpose. The thrush flew down close to where they stood, but she perceived that she was trifled with, and it interfered with the process of incubation; the consequence was, that afterwards, she would peep over the ledge to ascertain if the workmen did retreat, and if they did not she would remain where she was, probably saying to herself: "No, no, gentlemen, I'm not to be roused off my eggs merely for your amusement."

ANECDOTE.—A friend tells the following anecdote, which we pronounce decidedly good:

One of our storekeepers of this place, a few days since, purchased of an Irish woman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, "he weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"Sure, an' it's all yer own fault, sir—for wasn't it a pound o' soap that I bought here meself, that I had in the other side o' the scales when I weighed 'em?"

The storekeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some tea and tobacco.

'I had a drame last night, your honor,' said he to the gentleman.

'What was it, Pat?'

'Why, I dramed that yer honor made me a present of a plug of tobacoy, and her ladyship there—heaven bless her!—gave me some tay for the good wife.'

'Ah, Pat, dreams go by contraries, you know.'

'Faith, and they may be that,' said Pat, without the least hesitation, 'so her ladyship is to give the tobaccy and lordship the tay!'

☞ A city miss newly installed as the wife of a farmer, was one day called upon by a neighbor of the same profession, who in the absence of her husband, asked her for the loan of his plow a short time. 'I am sure you would be accommodated,' was the reply, 'if Mr. Stone was only at home—I do not know though where he keeps his plow, but,' she added, evidently zealous to serve, 'there is the cart in the yard—couldn't you plow with that till Mr. Stone gets back?'

What kind of Whigs are those who believe that Scott will be elected?

Soup-erstitious ones, of course.

VERY HEROIC.—Like the generality of kags and conquerers, Frederick the Great had a most philosophic indifference to death—in others. In one of his battles, a battalion of veterans having taken to their heels, he galloped after them, bawling out.—'Why do you run away, you old blackguards?—'Do you want to live forever?'

Odds and Ends.

Phonography.

The following is a very good thing in its way, which we find floating in the papers, and it is not every one who runs that can read it at the first effort. Come, coats off and at it.

Somebody has fonetized our old Blue Hen, after this fashion:

"Huever stole our olbluhen
Tha'd betr letor B;
She allwz lad 2egszoda,
& Sundiz she lad 3.

Our *Diabolus* perpetrates the following. As he only attended school one night, this style of speaking is suited to his acquirements.

"A squirel is a prete burd,
It's got a kurle tale,
He stol awlmi daddiz korn,
Ar at it on a mile."

People who do a stagnated business never advertise.

Soft hands and soft brains generally go together.

Dangerous counterfeits—Girls with breeches.

How many hats cover worthless heads.

Paper manufactured of iron is among the latest foreign novelties.

Always do as the sun does—look at the bright side of everything.

The agricultural wealth of the United States is supposed to be about $1,281,819,919.

The cholera has appeared at Salt River. This is distressing news for the Souplites.

Large fish live by eating small ones, and great men live on common men's earnings.

A pork dealer in Cincinnati has forwarded to Queen Victoria a cask of his best sugar cured hams.

There is an old lady named M'Elvoy, residing in Philadelphia, who is 108 years old.

The standing army of the United States at the present time numbers 10,019 men.

Horace Greely advises his friends not to bet on Scott's election.

Gen. Scott hung twenty Irishmen in Mexico for desertion.

Plenty—Fresh potatoes, pickles, politicians and pretty girls.

"As a man soweth, so shall he rip," as the fellow said to his tailor.

The Whigs are issuing Scott picture books for children.

An old hat, formerly worn by the Emperor Napoleon was lately sold for $1800.

Sweet—To kiss a pretty girl on a moonlight night behind a clump of lilacs.

Young men troubled with dyspepsia can be cured by a strong preparation of wood-saw.

The tax on four wheel pleasure carriages in Paris is to be $42 per annum.

There cannot be a greater treachery than first to raise a confidence and then betray it.—As the fox robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

Why is a cat running after her tail, like a Millerite? Because he has his latter end in view.

In 1814 the watchword was, "No peace without the fisheries." In 1852 it is—"Fish or fight."

Red paint does well enough to improve the looks of old houses, but we don't like it so well on ladies' faces.

The Whigs have adopted the soup bowl as an emblem. The Democrats will cool their broth for them this fall.

It is generally considered that a man has a perfect right to steal a kiss or an umbrella, whenever he has a chance.

Young men who are surrounded by tumblers all evening, stand a good chance of becoming tumblers themselves.

The executor and attorney fees for taking care of the Mollonough estates, have already amounted to $100,000.

"Onions and hominy, now and forever, one and inseparable—that's my platform," as the boy said while eating his dinner.

The Cumberland Unionist says there is a man in Allegheny county, who has been married 17 years and has 21 children.

There is a man in town so witty that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the "cream of his jokes."

A young lady up town is so very modest and polite in her speech, that she will not say gymnastic; she says James Nastic.

A New York paper says everything in this country is free, except niggers and editors. The remark, though colored, is true in the main.

We believe we are growing old—a circumstance unaccountable to us, unless it be from the fact that we were born at a very early age.

A western paper says that a horse and wagon were drowned in the Ohio. They had a hard time of it, especially the wagon.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

"Live and learn" is a very good proverb, but would it not be equally as well if it were reversed—"learn and live?"

The Savannah Republican, a whig paper, says: "Hop Scott" and "Third man" are the games most in vogue in Georgia, just at this time.

The Boston Post says that two kinds of eggs are used in making the beverage called "Tom and Jerry," namely, hen's eggs and nutm-eggs.

According to the French census, one Frenchman in seventy dies by his own hands; and one woman in a hundred and twenty-five.

The Whigs have a great deal of trouble to get a word to rhyme with Graham. The most appropriate and significant of the fate that awaits the whig nominees, is "slay 'em."

At Haverhill, Mass., last week, Mr. Timothy George, a bachelor of the mature age of 74, espoused Miss Anna Ordway, who had lived in a state of single blessedness for 81 years.

That wretch deserved to be bowstrung, who being pressed to stay a little longer, replied: "I will. Fifteen minutes will make no difference; my wife is now as mad as she can be!"

A wag says it is folly to expect a girl to love a man whom every body speaks well of. Get up a persecution, and her affections will cling so fast that a dozen guardians can't remove them.

"La me," exclaimed an old lady, "was there ever such a strong lye as this, before? I allers heerd tell, when lye would bear up an egg, 'twas strong enough to make soap; but mine here bears up six at once—what shall I do with it?"