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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.

### GIRLHOOD.

A sweetness in the morning air,
A witching laughter in the woods,
A group of maidens everywhere,
With glowing cheeks and flowing hair,
And not a sorrow or a care
Within their dainty hoods!

An agile fleetness in their limbs,
A flirt of morning on their brows,
Their postures full of girlish whims;
No dappled fawn so nimbly skims
Along the silver-lakelet brims,
Beneath the dripping boughs!

They are a ruthless, romping rout,
Marauders of each nook and glen;
They disappear with song and shout,
They heat the forests all about,
And feret timid flowers out,
Then come in glee again.

Such knots of flowers, and knots of girls,
With beauty in their bushy eyes!
One plaits a cluster with her curls,
Another in her finger twirls
A nosegay rich with liquid pearls,
A toll-tale in disguise.

Oh! girlhood is a gurdeon fair
That still is left a recreant race:
There's witchery in its wayward air,
Sprinkling the sunshine everywhere;
Alas! that latter years impair
Its simple, guileless grace!

### THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.

Smooth the hair and close the eyelids,
Let the window curtains fall;
With a smile upon her features,
She has answered to the call.

Let the children kiss her gently,
As she lies upon the bed—
God hath called her to His bosom,
And the little one is dead.

## Miscellaneous.

### ANOTHER YANKEE TRICK.

'The critter loves me! I know she loves me!' said Jonathan Dubikins, and as he sat upon the corn-field, meditating on the course of his true love, that was running as Shakespeare said it did—rather roughly. 'If Suke Peabody has taken a shine to that gawky, long snaked, stammerin' shy critter, Gusset, jest cause he's a city feller, she ain' the girl I took her for, that's sartain. No! its the old folks, darn their ugly pictures! Old Mrs Peabody was often a dreadful, highfalutin' critter, full of big notions; and the old man's a regular soft-head, driven about by his wife, just as our old one eyed rooster is drove about by our cantankerous five-toed Dolkin' hen.—But if I don't spile his fun, my name ain't Jonathan. I'm goin' down to the city by the railroad next week—and when I come back, wake snakes! that's all.'

The above soliloquy may serve to give the reader some slight idea of the land, in the rustic village where the speaker resided.

Mr. Jonathan Dubikins was a young farmer well to do in the world, and looking out for a wife, and had been paying his addresses to Miss Susan Peabody, the only child of Deacon Elderberry Peabody, of that ilk, with a fair prospect of success, when a city acquaintance of the Peabody's, one Mr Cornelius Gusset, who kept a retail dry goods shop in Hanover street, Boston, suddenly made his appearance in the field, and commenced the cutting out game.—Dazzled with the prospect of becoming a gentleman's wife, and pursued by the importunities of the aspiring mamma, the village beauty had begun to waver, when her old lover determined on a fast and bold stroke to foil his rival. He went to the city, and returned; of his business there he said nothing—not even to a pumping maiden aunt who kept house for him. He went not near the Peabody's, but labored in his corn field, patiently awaiting the result of his machinations.

The next day, Mr. Gusset was sitting with the old folks and their daughter, in the best room of the Peabody mansion, chatting as pleasantly as may be, when the door opened, and in rushed a very dirty and furious Irish woman.

'Is it there ye are, Mr. Cornelius Gusset? Come out of that, before I fetch ye, ye spalpeen! Is that what ye promised me afore the priest, ye haythan negar? Runnin away from me and the childer—forsakin' yer lawful wedded wife, and running after the young gals, ye infidential.'

'Woman, there must be some mistake here,' stammered Gusset, taken all aback by this charge.

'Deal a bit of a mistake, ye surpet! Oh, wirra!—wirra! was it for the likes of ye I sacked little Dinnes McCarthy—who loved the ground I trod on, and all bekase ye promised to make a lady of me—ye dirty thief of the wurruld? Will ye come along to the railroad station, where I left little Patrick, because he was too sick with the small pox to come any further—or will ye wait till I drag ye?'

'Go—go—along,' gasped Gusset. 'Go, and I'll follow you.'

He thought it best to temporize.

'I give you tin minutes said the virago. If ye ain't there, its me cousin, Mr. Thubby Mulgruddery, will be after ye, ye thief!'

And away went this unbidden guest.

Mr. Gusset was then engaged in stammering out a denial of all knowledge of the virago, when the parlor door again opened, and a little blackeyed, hatchet-faced woman, in a flashy silk gown and a cap with many ribbons, perched on the top of her head, invaded the sanctity of the parlor.

'Is he here?' she cried in a decided French accent. Then she added with a scream—'*Ah mon dieu, le voila!* Zere he is! Traitor! monster! Vat for you run away from me? Dis two, tree years I novair see you—novair—and my heart broke very bad entirely.

'Who are you?' cried Gusset, his eyes starting out of his head and shivering from head to foot.

'He asks me who I am. O, you var respectable old gentlehomme! hear vat he ask—who I am, *perside! ah!*—I am your wife!'

'I never see you 'fore—so help me Bob,' cried Gusset, energetically.

'Don't you swear!' said old Deacon Peabody, if you do I'll kick you into fits, I won't have no profane or vulgar language in my house.'

'O, bless you, bless you, respectable old man.—Tell him he must come vix me—tell him I have spake to ze consable—tell him.' Sobs interrupted her utterance.

'It's pesky bad business,' said the deacon, chafing with unwonted ire—'Gusset, you're a rascal.'

'Take care, Deacon Peabody! take care,' said the unfortunate shopkeeper.

'I remarked you were a rascal, Gusset, You've gone and married two wives, and that 'ere's flat burglary, of I know anything about the Revised Statoots.'

'Two wives!' shrieked the Frenchwoman.

'Half a dozen, for aught I know to the contrary,' said the deacon. 'Now you clear out of my house, go away to the station, and clear out into Boston—I wont have nothing more to do with you.'

'But, deacon, hear me.'

'I don't want to hear you, ye serpent;' cried the deacon, stopping his ears with his hands. 'Marryin' two wives, and comin' courtin' a third. Go long!—Clear out!'

Even Mrs. Peabody, who was inclined to put in a word for the culprit, was silenced. Susan turned from him in horror, and in despair he fled to the railway station, hotly pursued by the clamorous and indignant French woman.

That afternoon as Miss Susan Peabody was walking towards the village, she was overtaken by Jonathan Dubikins, dressed in his best, and driving his fast going horses before his Sunday go-to-meeting chaise. He reined up and accosted her.

'Hollo, Suke! get in and take a ride!'

'Don't keer if I do, Jonathan,' replied the young lady, accepting the proffered seat.

'I say, you,' said Jonathan grinning, 'that ere city feller's turned out a poorty pup, ain't he.'

'It's dreadful, if its true,' replied the young lady.

'You had a narrer escape, did'nt ye?' pursued the old lover. 'But he warn't never of no account, anyhow. What do the old folks think about it?'

'They hain't said a word since he cleared out.'

'Forgot that night I rode you home from singing school?' asked Jonathan, suddenly branching off.

'No, I hain't,' replied the young lady, blushing and smiling at the same time.

'Remember them apples I gin you?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Well they was good, wasn't they?'

'First rate, Jonathan.'

'Got a hull orchard full of them ere kind of fruit, Suke,' said Jonathan, suggestively.

Susan was silent.

'G'lang!' exclaimed Jonathan, putting the braid on the black horse. 'Have you any idea of where we're going, Suke?'

'I'm going to the village.'

'No you hain't—your going along with me.'

'Where to?'

'Providence, and you don't come back till you're Mrs. Dubikins—no how you can fix it.'

'How you talk, Jonathan.'

'Darn the old folks!' said Jonathan, putting on the string again, 'of I was to leave you with them much longer, they'd be traden you off on to some city feller with a half dozen wives already.'

The next day as Mr. and Mrs. Dubikens were returning home in their chaise, Jonathan said, confidentially.

'May as well tell you now Suke, for I hain't any secrets from you, that Gusset never see them women afore they came stoppin, into your house and blowed him. I had though. Cost me ten dollars by thunder!—I teached 'em what to say, and I expect they done it well!' Old Gusset may be a shopkeeper but if he expects to go ahead of Jonathan Dubikens he must get up a plaguey sight earlier mornings!'

### THE LOVER'S DUEL.

The Paris Correspondent of the "Courier Des Etats Unis" furnishes the following vivid picture of life in the gay French Capital:

A law student fell in love with a young lady, who was an artist of some description, and was affianced to her. He devoted himself with great assiduity to the completion of his studies, that he might obtain a diploma, which would make him honorable in the estimation of his betrothed. In one of their conversations, they got into an argument on some abstruse point of law, ethics, or science; and the discussion finally became so warm, that the high spirited lady, finding it impossible to conquer her antagonist by the force of reasoning, resorted to a more forcible argument, and actually boxed her lover's ears. Her hot temper soon cooled, and upon reflection, she was so shocked at the outrage she had committed, that she insisted upon making some suitable atonement for the unpardonable insult. The student, however, assured her that he was ready to overlook the incident, and proceeded to kiss the hand that had cuffed him. This only aggravated the difficulty in the estimation of the chivalrous young woman, and separated the lovers wider than ever.

She declared she would never consent to marry a man who could receive such an insult as she had been guilty of inflicting upon him, without resenting it or demanding reparation. Finally, however, the love which she still retained for her unfortunate friend suggested a mode of effecting an honorable healing of the breach. She proposed that the matter should be settled by a duel. This being her ultimatium, he reluctantly consented. The preliminaries were adjusted, seconds appointed, and the parties proceeded, in a carriage together, to a spot assigned for the combat. The lady loaded both pistols herself, the stand was taken, the word given, and the shots exchanged. Both were unharmed, the balls not having grazed either of their persons. Wounded honor, however, was duly healed, and the duelist's rushed into each other's arms, full of love which was just as good as new.

It appeared that by an artful deceit of somebody, the balls were made of something besides lead.

### The Young Man of a "Knowing Age."

There is a particular period of greenness in the life of a young man which may be called 'squirtdom.' It is when he is a little more than a boy, and a good deal less than a man; when the hand, stroked across the chin, detects a sort of a downy inequality, and visions of barbers and razors rise up constantly before him; when tailors suddenly become a persons of vast importance, and he begins to talk of the 'men of our set,' and the 'ladies of our acquaintance.'—Very natty fitting pantaloons displaying immense moral and physical courage in venturing into the world with such slender supports as they contain; a cravat of immense proportions: a knowing, half jockey, half gentleman hat; fancy vest, gold chain, and a quizzing glass, make up the external qualifications of this 'nice young man.' He sets his legs apart in addressing a man of middle age, and twirling his segar, he calls him 'my dear fellow,' or 'my boy;' and he looks upon his parental parent as a sort of crusty 'old fogy,' whose only use is to provide for his wants and extravagancies. He walks the streets as though he owned them; salutes the ladies with a fascinating smile, and takes off his hat to them when he has passed them, as though he did not wish the courtesy to be observed; but then he had observed older men do this, and he thinks it "demn'd gentlemanly" to do so likewise. His conversational powers are very limited, never having fathomed anything deeper than the bottom of champaigne bottle, or extended his inquiry beyond the bill of fare at his favorite restaurant. In his manner to the ladies he is rather patronizing, and at the same time very humane; for, in the first instance, he acts upon the conviction of the inferiority of the sex, and, in the next, with consideration with regard to the killing effects of his own beauty and manly accomplishments. He cannot possibly marry them all, and to show partiality would be unfair. His head is the only place where Nature acknowledges a perfect vacuum.

### The Old Bachelor.

Why don't they let him alone? The Bachelor's miseries are all positive enough without such reminders as the following: 'An old bachelor is a poor, forsaken, unprovided for creature. No young vines sprout at its roots, and no grapes are gathered at its branches. He tugs, toils, and sweats for himself alone, and nobody else. He returns at eve to his solitary abode, and no smiling angels say, 'my dear, where have you strayed so long?' No lisping children climbs upon his knee, and with cherub tones beseech for 'them thugar kithseth.' He sleeps cold in the winter for the want of a comforter, and his summers are ripe with his false blossoms of hope.—He is paying his addresses to solitary wo through life, finally to be wedded to the cold sods of the valley. Poor miserable Bachelor! Happy married man with an angel for a wife, and a dozen little cherubs."

☞ The Boston Herald gives a confession of a dealer in the ardent of that city, 'who has been sending off varieties down east since the renowned Maine law passed. He has packed kegs of liquor in molasses casks, headed in and filled up with molasses; he has packed them in sugar boxes, filled around with sugar; he has packed them in oil casks, filled around with water: he has placed a piece of sponge saturated with oil, over the bung and covered it with a piece of tin, so that when the cask is rolled over a little oil will be squeezed out, thus deceiving the most knowing; he has packed them in cheese casks, a hole in the head, through which a cheese—white oak—was visible.' Such is the ingenuity of trade, thus does necessity stimulate invention. The truth is, it is a very difficult thing to head the *critter*.'

Temperance.—Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. On the contrary, strong drink leads to poverty, loss of character, self-respect, ill health, and eventually to a drunkard's grave.

Nothing circulates so rapidly as a secret.

### WASHING SHEEP.

The following story, which has been told some time ago, though it has never appeared to any extent in print, is decidedly rich:

Once upon a time, when the subject of temperance was being freely discussed, the citizens of a little town in the western part of Massachusetts called a meeting to talk over the matter. There had never been a temperance society in the place, but after some little discussion it was voted to form one. They drew up a pledge of total abstinence, and agreed that if any member of the society broke it he should be turned out.

Before the pledge was accepted, Deacon D. rose and said he had one objection to it; he thought Thanksgiving Day ought to be free for the members to take something, as he could relish his dinner much better at this festival if he took his glass of wine.

Mr. L. thought the pledge was not perfect. He didn't care any thing about Thanksgiving, but his family always made a great account of Christmas, and he could'nt think of setting down to dinner then without something to drink. He was willing to give it up on all other days, and, in fact, that was the only time when he cared anything about it.

Mr. B. next rose, and said he agreed with the other speakers, except in the time. He did'nt think much of Thanksgiving or Christmas, though he liked a little at any time. There was one day, however, when he must have it, and that was on the 4th of July. He always calculated upon having a 'regular drink' on that occasion, and he wouldn't sign the pledge if it prevented him from celebrating Independence.

Squire S. an old farmer followed Mr. B. He was not in the habit of taking anything often, but must have some when he washed his sheep. He would sign the pledge if it would give him the privilege of imbibing when he washed sheep. Why, he considered it dangerous for him to keep his hands in cold water without something to keep him warm inside.

After some consideration, it was concluded that each member of the society should take his own occasion to drink—Deacon D. on Thanksgiving, Lon, Christmas, &c. The pledge was signed by a large number, and the society adjourned in a flourishing condition, after it should be the duty of the members to watch each other, to see that they did not break the pledge.

The next morning Deacon D. walked to his neighbor's yard, who, by the way, was Mr. S. the sheep man, wondering, as it was a bitter cold morning, whether S. was yet up. He met his neighbor coming out of the house, and to his surprise, gloriously drunk—or, to use a very modern phrase, 'burning a very beatiful kiln.'

'Why, S.,' exclaimed the astonished Deacon, 'what does this mean, sir? You have broken your pledge, and disgraced our society and the temperance cause.'

'Not—hic—as you know; no—hic—Deacon—, I haint—hic—broke the—hic—pledge, Deacon.'

'Certainly you have, sir, and I shall report you to the society. You agreed not to drink except when you wash sheep. You cannot make me think you are going to wash sheep such a cold day as this.'

'Follow me, Deacon.'

S., started for the barn, and the Deacon followed. On entering the door, the Deacon saw a large wash-tub standing on the floor, with an old ram tied to it the poor animal shaking dreadfully with cold, and bleating pitifully.

'Hic—there, d.deacon,' said S., pointing to the sheep with an air of triumph, 'that old—hic—ram has been washed six times this—hic—morning, and I—hic—ain't done with him—hic—yet!'

### "Owning the Coin."

Simpkins was a good hearted well meaning sort of a man, but somehow he had contracted a habit of listlessness and inattention to business, and although remarkably low in the pocket; and, as he must live, and in order to do that, must have money to live with, he had frequent resource to the pockets of his friends; and as a matter of course, never having much of the kind about him, he always forgot to repay the little favors he received from them. Being at one time particularly short, and hard pressed for the 'rhino,' the idea occurred to him to apply to Mr. Percent, a cashier in one of the banks, for the sum of twenty dollars, which he said he wanted for a few days only, and for which he should be under great obligations.

Mr. Percent, considering the loan perfectly safe, and that the chance of making 4 per cent. a month, should not be lost even on so small a sum of money, willing consented. Weeks passed, and nothing was seen of Mr. Simpkins; Mr. Percent began to feel anxious, and determined to call on him; Mr. Simpkins promised to pay in a few days; a week passed, and still nothing of Mr. Simpkins. Mr. Percent began to be alarmed; he called on Mr. Simpkins often urging him to pay and save his credit; every time he called Mr. Simpkins made new promises, as often, of course, to be broken.

Mr. Percent at last thought of giving up the debt, in despair, till just then a lucky idea shot through his brain. Simpkins is a cabinet maker; I want a good desk; Simpkins shall make it, and I shall get my pay.

Filled with this grand idea, he made for Mr. Simpkins' shop with rapid strides, and communicated his wishes: Simpkins was delighted to have the opportunity to serve him in that manner—was sorry he had not paid the bill before, but would try and make this desk so satisfactory as to obliterate the remembrance of former disappointment from his memory. Simpkins dilated so long upon the beauties of the forthcoming desk that Percent was in raptures, and wondered how he had been able to get along without it so long a time.

Every day would Percent call in to see how it was progressing; he soon saw it grow gradually from the rough mahogany to the almost finished desk. One day he called in and inspecting it as usual remarked, that it seemed quite done, and desired having it sent to his office. Simpkins assured him it wanted a few more finishing touches, but would be entirely finished by the next afternoon.

Full of hope and expectation, Percent rushed into the shop at the appointed time, there stood Simpkins, but no desk.

'Where's the desk?' were the first words of Percent.

'I sold it this morning!' replied the erratic Simpkins.

Now Mr. Percent was a member, in good standing, of the Orthodox Church, therefore it would not do for him to make any improper exclamations, under any circumstances; but had he not been so situated, there is no doubt but some horrid maledictions would have been showered upon the head of poor Simpkins: as it was, when the words 'sold this morning,' come out of the mouth of Simpkins, Percent shook with wrath, and with eyes darting vengeance, exclaimed, with the greatest vehemence,

'Now are you not a RASCAL, a VILLAIN, a pitiful SCOUNDREL?'

'Well,' replied poor Simpkins, 'I believe I am, that's a fact!'—*Waverly Magazine.*

### Spiritual Facts.

That Whisky is the key by which many gains an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That Brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That Wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That Punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That Ale causes many ailings, while Beer brings many to the bier.

That Champaigne is the source of many real pains.

That Gin slings have slewed more than the slings of old.

That the temptation of being fond of cock tails, is not a feather in any man's cap.

That the money spent for port supped by portly gents would support many a poor family.

Activity.—The more business a man has to do, the more he can accomplish. The sluggish, indolent man, with everything in his favor, can accomplish nothing.

### MRS. GRUMBLER'S SOLILOQUY.

"There's no calculating the difference between men and women boarders. Here's Mr. Jones, been in my house these six months, and no more trouble to me than my grey kitten. If his bed is shook up once a week, and his coats, cravats, love letters, cigars, and patent leather boots left undisturbed in the middle of the floor, he is as contented as as a pedagogue in vacation time.

"Take a woman to board, and (if it is perfectly convenient) she would like drapery instead of drop curtains; she would like the windows altered to open at the top, and a wardrobe for her flounced dresses, and a few more nails and another shelf in her closet, and a cricket to put her feet on, and a little rocking chair, and a big looking glass, and a pea green shade for her gas burner.

"She would like breakfast about ten minutes later than your usual hour; tea, ten minutes earlier, and the gong which shocks her nerves so, entirely dispensed with.

"She can't drink coffee because it is exhilerating; broma is too insipid and chocolate too heavy. She don't fancy cocoa. 'English breakfast tea' is the only beverage which agrees with her delicate spinster organization.

"She can't digest a roast or a fried dish; and might *possibly* peck at an egg, if it were boiled with one eye on the watch. Pastry she never eats, unless she knows from what dairy the butter came, which enters into its composition. Every article of food prepared with butter, salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar or oil; or bread that is made with yeast, soda, milk or saleratus, she decidedly rejects.

"She is constantly washing out little duds of laces, collars, handkerchiefs, chemisettes, and stockings, which she festoons up to the front windows to dry; giving passers by the impression that your house is occupied by a *blanchesseuse*; then jerks the bell wire for an hour or more for relays of hot smoothing irons to put the finishing stroke to her operations.

"She is often afflicted with interesting little colds and influenzas, requiring the immediate consolation of a dose of hot lemonade or ginger tea; choosing her time for these complaints when the kitchen fire has gone out and the servants are on a furlough.—Oh! nobody knows, but those who've tried, how immensely troublesome women are! I'd rather have a whole regiment of men boarders. All you have to do is to wind them up in the morning with a powerful cup of coffee, give them a *carte blanche* to smoke, and a night key, and your work is done.

Fanny Fern.

### If I were He.

If I were a farmer it appears to me I would devote my whole attention to the cultivation of my farm, clothe and feed my servants well, take care of my stock, mend the holes in my fences, take a fair price for my produce, and never indulge in idleness and dissipation.

If I were a lawyer, I would not charge a poor man 25 for a few words of advice.

If I were a physician, I could not have the conscience to charge a man as they do for feeling the pulse, extracting a tooth, taking a little blood, or administering a dose of calomel and jalap.

If I were a merchant, I would have an established price for my goods, and not undersell or injure my neighbors, I would sell at a moderate profit, and give good measure and deal as honestly as possible.

If I were a mechanic, I would apply myself industriously to my business, take care of my family, refrain from visiting taverns and grog shops; and when I promised a man to have his work done by a certain time, I would try and be punctual.

If I were a young man, I would not cut so many ridiculous capers as some of them do, playing with their watch chains, flourishing their canes, strutting about the streets, with a great noise with their high heeled boots, possibly not pitied or understanding remarks made by the pretty lasses, as whom he bowed in the most courteous style. The performance went on with much *eclat*, and at the end of the opera the Emperor and Empress retired amidst the cheers of the Bonapartists congregated in the passage."

### The Emperor Nicholas.

A foreign letter in the Baltimore *American* gives the following description of the Emperor of Russia:—

"The personal appearance of the Emperor, and his manners so dignified and yet so graceful, struck me at once, and in all my near approaches to his person and his society, these feelings acquired new force. I regard him as a most extraordinary personage. In stature six feet two inches, but with the symmetry of a man of five feet nine inches; with a face uniting, what is rarely found in the same person, remarkable personal beauty and marked indications of intellect. I cannot better describe his fascination of manner than to say that if he were to sink all recollection of his position, his destiny and associations, and enter one of our political assemblages, he could make as many friends in an hour as any stump orator in our country. He is distinguished for energy and a high order of talent. His plans for the amelioration of the condition of his subjects are worthy of his ancestors, Peter and Catharine. The measures adopted as to the serfs, as well as to the ancient nobility, and his vast designs as to railroads, will reign an era in the Empire. Besides the road to Moscow of 430 miles, he designs to make one to Columna on the Oka, 100 miles from Moscow, below which there is constant steam navigation to the Caspian Sea. Another is projected from this point to the head of steam navigation on the Don of the Black Sea, and from this point on the Don east to Saratot, near the mouth of the Volga, the Mississippi of Europe. The domestic relations of the Emperor are the subject of constant commendation by his subjects, exhibiting in this respect a favorable contrast to the days of Catharine.

The intrepid character of the Emperor is the theme of every observer. He walks the streets alone, or is met often in a single sled or drosky, superintending in person the condition of the city. He is the first at a fire, and I have been struck by the power and distinctness of his voice in giving orders to 30,000 men under arms. He exercises a supervision over vast details in the affairs of the Empire. He enjoys very able ministers, especially in the foreign and internal affairs of the Empire."

### THE PAUPER-DEAD OF NAPLES.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives the following account of a visit to the place where the pauper-dead of Naples are buried:

About two miles from the city, in a large square place, enclosed by a high wall, there are 365 cistern-shaped vaults, or pits, with an aperature on top, about three feet square. These cisterns are twenty or twenty-five feet deep by twelve or fifteen in diameter, with the opening covered by a heavy stone, tightly cemented. One of these are removed by a portable lever every day in the year, to receive the dead of that day, and then closed again for a year. They begin to deposit the bodies about six o'clock in the evening, and end at ten. When I got there, about ten or twelve people had already been thrown in; they were lying promiscuously as they chanced to fall, with head, body and limbs in every possible attitude, across, over, and under each other. An old priest, two or three attendants, and a few idle spectators of the common sort, were loitering about.

Shortly after my arrival a box was brought in, containing the body of a child, four or five years old; its hand held a bunch of flowers, and a rose was in its mouth. The priest mumbled a short prayer, sprinkled it with holy water, and turned away; a man then took the little fellow up by the neck and heels, and pitched him in as he would a stick of wood. Seeing the flowers that fell from its little hand, he picked them up and threw them after him. His head struck the curb as it went in, and it fell whirling to the bottom. In a few minutes more, a man was brought to the mouth of the pit. The priest again prayed and sprinkled; the attendants took him up by the head and legs, and down he went also.

Then followed another child like the first, and I was about leaving the ground, when a fourth subject entered. The lid was thrown back, and in it was the body of a young and rather handsome female. She was apparently about twenty, and had evidently died from some short illness. Her arms and face were round and full, and she appeared more asleep than dead. The prayers and holy water were again in requisition. The attendants took her roughly up, and tossed her in. I immediately stepped to the mouth of the vault and looked down; her limbs and those of the dead below she had disturbed by her fall, were still in motion. Her head was slowly turning, and her hair, which was long, black and luxuriant, was settling in thick clusters across a very white and naked body lying near her. For a moment, the whole horrid mass seemed instinct with life, and crawling on the bottom of its loathsome charnel-house. I had seen enough; sick and disgusted, I turned away, and moralizing on the difference between such an interment and a peaceful one in our own beautiful cemetery at Spring Grove, I mounted my volante and returned to Naples, meeting on my road some half a dozen boxes, great and small, containing more victims for that insatiable maw that opens its mouth but once a year to be gorged with its dreadful banquet.

The bodies thus interred are generally from the hospitals, and the sight can be witnessed by any one three hundred and sixty-five times a year.—Before the pit is closed, quicklime is thrown in, and nothing but bones are left when it is again opened.

### Highway of the Ocean.

An article in *Chambers' Journal*, entitled "Steam around the Cape," contains the following explanatory remarks:

"Persons who do not pay special attention to nautical matters, are likely enough to suppose, that considering the large number of vessels at sea, the surface of the great ocean must be dotted over, almost in every part, with the sails of the countless fleet. This, however, is not the case; the ocean, like the land, has its frequented highways and its wide regions of loneliness. If an observer, furnished with a forty-Herschell-telescope power of vision, could be elevated to a height great enough to give him a view of the whole Atlantic, he would be struck by beholding hundreds of vessels following one another upon certain lines along a very irregular course, while over a large portion of the surface not a sail would be visible. Thus he would see the ships which leave this country for the Cape or India, pursue at the first a south-westerly course until they reached the neighborhood of Madeira, then keep more directly to the south, at a safe distance from the African coast, until they crossed the line; then stretch away again to the southwest, in the direction of South America, till they gain the zone of westerly winds; and finally, making a rather sharp turn into these winds, go bowling along before them to the eastward till they arrive at the Cape, or else, if so directed, pass to the southward of it. On the return voyage, a similar circuitous route is pursued, although the courses are to some extent reversed, the widest circuit or deviation from the direct line being made in the northern, instead of the southern hemisphere. In the extensive spaces on either side of these frequented routes, few vessels will be seen. Here and there an African trader might occasionally be perceived, dodging from port to port, or a slaver scudding swiftly across the ocean—perhaps with a royal cruiser following steadily upon her track, like a fierce blood-hound in pursuit."

The Great Mogul.—A late number of the New York *Tribune* contains an interesting letter from its travelling correspondent, Mr. Bayard Taylor, descriptive of Delhi, the imperial city of India. Here the Mogul conquerors, once Lords of all India, dwelt in the plenitude of their power and glory, and here their degenerate successors still keep up the farce of a Court, by the permission of the British East India Company. The dominions of Akbar II., the present Emperor, the lineal descendent of the house of Tamerlane and his illustrious successors, are embraced within the walls of his palace, and comprises rather less than a square half mile. The Government allows fourteen lacs of rupees, ($700,000) annually for the maintenance of himself, his family, and the princes attached to his Court; a large and hungry retinue, many of whom cannot venture outside of the walls without running the risk of being seized for his debts. They are all in debt, from the Emperor to his lowest menials, and the Government allowance is always conveyed to the palace under a strong guard, to prevent its being forcibly carried off by the creditors. This pitiful farce of Royalty is all that remains of the Mogul Empire—once the most powerful and enlightened sovereignity in all Asia.

Butcher's Shops in Pekin.—I observed a great number of butcher's shops, whose mode of cutting up their meat resembles our own; nor can the markets of London boast a better supply of flesh than is to be found at Pekin. But they sell it cooked as well as raw; and, on my entering the shop, I saw on the stall before it an earthern stove, with a gridiron placed upon it; and on my employing a variety of signs, to obtain the information I wanted, the butcher instantly began to cut off small thin slices of meat, about the size of a crown-piece, which he broiled as fast as I could eat them. I took about a dozen of these slices, which might altogether weigh about seven or eight ounces; and when I paid him, which I did by giving him a string of small coin, he pulled off, as I suppose, the amount of his demand. I saw numbers of people in other butcher's shops, as I passed along, regaling themselves with beef and mutton in the same manner.—*The Englishman in China.*

Japanese Marriages.—A very singular custom at the marriage of the Japanese, is that the teeth of the bride are made black by some corrosive liquid. The teeth remain black ever after, and serve to show that the woman is married, or is a widow. Another circumstance is, at the birth of every child; to plant a tree in the garden or court yard, which attains its full growth in as many years as a man requires to be mature for the duties of marriage. When he marries, the tree is cut down, and the wood is made into chests and boxes to contain the clothes and other things which are made for the new married couple. The Japanese may marry as often as they please: marriages with sisters are prohibited; but they can marry any other relative.

Sisterly Affection.—At a "protracted meeting" held whilom, not a thousand miles from Ballston-Spa, an ancient sister in the church arose and relieved herself as follows:—"I see young ladies here that seem to love gew-gaws, furbelows, ribbons and laces more than their Creator. I loved them once, and adorned my hat with French artificial flowers, bright colored ribbons, and sky blue trimmings, but I found they were dragging me down to hell, *and I took them off and gave them to my sister!*"

Awful!—The editor of the Harrisburg *Daily Item*, recently, whilst engaged in watching the "signs of the times," was struck by "the *force* of circumstances," and "knocked into the middle of next week."

Kindness.—A kind word for a bad one is worth much, and costs little. Remember this, ye who wish to be on good terms with your neighbors.

Good Advice.—If you would be happy when old, be temperate when young.