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Poetical.

Nothing Is Lost.

Nothing is lost! the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower:
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not!
So with our deeds; for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good.

November.

The still November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside—
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The Autumn's vacant throne;
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone!

A barren realm of withered fields;
Bleak woods and falling leaves;
The palest morn that ever dawned;
The dreariest of eves.

It is no wonder that she comes,
Poor month! with tears of pain;
For what can one so hopeless do,
But weep and weep again?

Miscellaneous.

THE BAG OF GOLD.

A TALE BY AN OLD CARDINAL.

There lived in the fourteenth century, near Bologna, a widow lady of the Lambertini family, called Madonna Lucrezia, who in a revolution of the State, has known the bitterness of poverty, and even begged her bread: kneeling day after day like a statue at the gate of the cathedral; her rosary in her left hand, and her right held out for charity; her long black veil concealed a face that had once adorned a court, and had received the homage of as many sonnets as Petrarch has written on Laura. But fortune had at last relented; a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief; and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Appenines, where she entertained as well as she could, and where those only stopped who were content with a little. The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the sign of the White Cross, the cross of the Hospitallers, was no longer to be seen over the door; a sign which she had taken, if we may believe tradition, there, in honor of a maternal uncle, a grand master of that order, whose achievements in Palestine she would sometimes relate. A mountain stream ran through the garden: and at no great distance, where the road turned, its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was always burning before a picture of the Virgin, a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist. Here she was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noon day in September that three foot travellers arrived, and seating themselves on a bench under her vinetrellis, were supplied with a flagon of Alcatico by a lovely girl, her only child, the image of her former self. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice.—In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes, and they were always turned from yours. His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues had many a soldier's oath. In their hats they wore a medal, such as in that age was often distributed in war; and they were evidently subalterns in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and, with their gloves tucked under their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation. At length they arose to go, and the Venetian thus addressed the hostess: 'Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?' 'You may,' she replied gaily, 'but remember we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?' 'In your word, lady.' 'But what if I die to-night? where would it be then?' said she, laughing.—'The money would go to the church, for none could claim it.' 'Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgement.' 'If you will write it.' An acknowledgement was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day; the gold to be delivered when applied for, but to be delivered (those were the words) not to one—nor to two—but to the three; words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia; and they were on a scent that promised more. They and their shadows were no sooner departed than the Venetian returned, saying, 'give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;' and she placed it on the floor before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse, and, when she came back, it was gone. The temptation proved irresistible, and the man and the money had vanished together. 'Wretched woman that I am!' she cried, as in agony of grief she fell on her daughter's neck, 'what will become of us? Are we again to be cast out into the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!' And all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due; there were no tidings of the thief; he had fled far away with his plunder. A process against her was instantly began, at Bologna; and what defence could she make—how release herself from the obligations of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence she had parted with the gold; she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; an inevitable ruin awaited her. 'Go, Ginnetta,' said she to her daughter, 'take this veil, which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Counsellor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door. Monaldi cannot refuse us.—Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass by it.' Alas! she went, but in vain. These were retained against them; these demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the cause to come on to-morrow! Now Ginnetta had a lover, and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenza Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under that learned lawyer, Givovanni Andreas, who, tho' little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries, was called the Arch doctor; the Rabbie of Doctors, the Light of the World. Under him he had studied sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged; placing herself behind a small curtain; least her beauty should divert their thoughts; a precaution in this instance at least unnecessary, Lorenza having lost his heart to another. To him she flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be?—He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how stand up alone unpracticed and unprepared as he is, against an army that would alarm the most experienced? 'Were I as mighty as I am weak,' said he, 'my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Ginnetta; and may the friend of the friendles give me strengh in that hour! Even now my heart fails me, but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg thro' the world for you.'

The day arrives, and the court assembles.—The claim is stated, and the evidence given.—and now the defence is called for—but none is made; not a syllable is uttered; and, after a pause and a consultation for some minutes the judges are proceeding to give judgement, silence having been proclaimed in the court, when Lorenza rises and thus addressed them: 'Reverend Signors, young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said—much on the sacred nature of the obligation—and we acknowledge it in its full force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit, what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—nor to two—but to three. Let the three stand forth and claim it.' From that day (for who can doubt the issue) none was employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenza. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage feast, or who sat beside him.

The Lost Tribes of Israel.

At the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Kennedy communicated the following as the results of his researches into the interesting and much controverted question of the lost tribes of Israel:

That the number of those taken away in the different captivities had been much over-estimated, only the principal people having been made captive as hostages, with the men of war, and others most available as slaves: that the main body of the ten tribes was not taken away by the Assyrians but were left in their ancient possessions, when they became again partially subjected to the kings of Judah: that the tribes that can be supposed to have been really removed were the Reubenites, the Gadites, with the half tribe of Manassah, and that of Naphthali, who, being placed on the east of Jordan and on the north, were most exposed to the attacks of the enemy: that the greatest part of those who had been taken away to Babylon, or their descendants and the descendants of those taken away by the Assyrians, returned to this ancient land; that while in Babylonia, Assyria, and other countries of their conquerors, they could not be supposed to have lived apart by their tribes, so that in the space of two hundred years and upwards those taken away must have lost almost every distinction of tribes, and thus have become prepared to form part of that restored nation which took the name of Jews from the principal tribe amongst them; that that the tribe of Judah having been the most numerous, and their city of Jerusalem the centre round which the Israelits congregated, it follows as a natural consequence that their name would become the prevailing one; that the amalgamation or union into one people of all the Israelites was in accordance with the predictions of the prophets; that the remnant of the Israelites left in Babylon and Assyria, though smaller in number than that portion which was restored to their ancient possessions, might yet have increased to an immense multitude in the six hundred years which elapsed between the restoration and the time of Josephus, but that the remnant left beyond the Euphrates cannot properly be considered to have been the representative of the ten tribes, much less the entire body of the ten tribes that in the time of Josephus all distinctions of the other tribes having become lost, except those of Judhah and Benjamin, he erroneously supposed they were the only tribes that had returned, and that the other ten tribes still remained beyond the Euphrates; that in any case the dream of Esdras respecting the ten tribes having taken counsel among themselves and gone into a further country where never mankind dwelt, was a mere dream or vision, as it in reality professes to have been.

The Grave of Franklin.

Great and wide spread as is the fame of the "Printer Philosopher," and proud as the people of Philadelphia are of their illustrious townsman, we doubt much if one in a hundred of the present generation of Philadelphians have ever seen his tomb. Thousands pass daily within a few feet of the spot where his ashes and those of his wife repose, without being conscious of the fact, or if aware of it, unable to obtain a glimpse of the grave. The bones of the lightning tamer lie within a very short distance of Arch street, in the North east corner of Christ Church grave-yard, at Fifth and Arch streets. As is generally known the spot is marked by a slab of marble, which is almost level with the earth, and which bears the simple inscription:

"Benjamin and Deborah Franklin."

If the wall at this point was removed, and a neat iron railing was erected in its stead, every passer-by would be afforded the gratification of seeing the grave: a gratification now very difficult to obtain.

☞ 'My dear,' said Mrs. Dogberry to her daughter, 'you should not hold your dress so very high in crossing the street.'

'Then, ma,' replied the maiden, 'how shall I ever show the beauty of my flounced pantalets that have almost ruined my eyesight to manufacture? I'm sure I don't care if the beaux do look at me.'

Mrs. Dogberry spoke of the sin of vanity, and the beauty of decorum, and walked off into the chamber.

Honoring Parents.

As a stranger walked into the church-yard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age, was busily engaged in placing plants of turf about it, while a girl who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their hats, and a few other signs of mourning such as are worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions. The little girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them.

'Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?'

'Mother's grave, sir,' said the boy.

'And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?'

'No sir, father lies here too, and little Willee and sister Jane.'

'When did they die?'

'Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here.'

'Then who told you to do this?'

'Nobody, sir,' replied the girl.

'Then why do you do it?'

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them, that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

'Oh, we do love them, sir.'

'Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid because you loved them.'

'Yes sir,' they eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days! Ever remember your parental kindness! Honor their memory, by doing those things which would please them were ther yet alive, by a particular regard to their bidding commmands and carrying out their plans of usefulness!—Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves!—How will a remembrance of kind affectionate conduct towards those departed friends help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart!—*Delaware Gazette.*

HIGHER.

Higher! is a word of noble meaning, the inspiration of all great deeds—the sympathetic chain that leads, link by link the impassioned soul to the zenith of glory, and still holds its mysterious object standing and glittering among the stars.

Higher! lisps the infant that clasps its parent's knees, and makes its feeble essays to rise from the floor—it is the first inspiration of childhood—to burst the narrow confines of the cradle, in which its sweet moments have been passed forever.

Higher! laughs the proud school boy at his swing, or as he climbs the tallest tree of the forest and that he may look down on his less adventurous companions with a flash of exultation, and abroad over the fields of his native village. He never saw so extended a prospect before.

Higher! earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature; he has a host of rivals but he must eclipse them all. The midnight oil in his lamp burns dim, but he finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never weary when the list of them is hid behind the curtains of morning.

And higher! his voice thunders forth, when the dignity of manhood has invested his form and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles burning with eloquence and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and right. And when the time has changed his locks to silver, and when the world-wide renown is his, when the maiden gathering flowers by the roadside, and boy in the field, bow in reverence as he passes; and the peasant looks to him with honor—can he breathe forth from his heart the fond wish of the past?

Higher yet! he has reached the apex of earthly honor, yet his spirit burns as warm as in youth, though with a steadier and a palmy light and it would borrow wings and soar up to high heaven, leaving its tenement to moulder among the laurels he has wound around it, for the never ending glory to be reached only in the presence of the Most High!—*Rural New Yorker.*

Ancient Indian Mortars.

The Placerville (Cal.) American says, that in almost every locality in the mining districts are found, at all depths from the surface, and generally upon the bedrock, these ancient mortars, relics of an ancient race. We say this because the present race do not use them of the form we find them. The only means used, by the present race for rendering their acorns and seeds to flour, is by the use of pestle shaped stones, in their primative unworked form upon the surface of rocks, or in circular cavities, worn sometimes to the depth of a foot by the repeated use of the pestle or pounder; while the mortar of olden time is a boulder, nearly round, and from six to seven inches in diameter, a little flattened at the bottom, with a cavity from half to three-fourths its depth from the top, and of a material entirely different from all adjacent rocks. The pestles, too, almost always found with these mortars, show much work to have been bestowed upon their formation. How came these ancient relics so deep beneath the present surface of the ground, sometimes fifty feet? Seldom if ever found in the bed of rivers, but often in tunneling the hills, where strata of lava and conglomerate rocks lie many feet thick above the earth in which they are embeded. California presents a wide and almost untrodden field, not only for the geologist, but the antiquarian because so new, and its physical formation so peculiar.

Prayer of Rev. John Chambers.

It is said by those who heard it, that the Prayer of the Rev. John Chambers, in Independence Square a few days ago, on the occasion of the Grand Masonic Celebration and procession in Philadelphia, for fervid patriotism and Christian sublimity has never been excelled. We copy the following extract for especial benefit of those Know-Nothing Priests who are urging on the dark, secret and proscriptive crusade against the stranger and the exile:

"We beseech thee Omnipotent Jehovah, thou great Architect of the Universe, to protect, guard and perpetuate the Temple of Liberty in this, our happy land. Continue to admit, within its portals the stranger and the exile, who approach it with garments dripping with chilly dew of other, and less favored climes,—Cause love and charity to glow and fructify in our hearts for suffering humanity throughout the world."

☞ The Persian philosopher gave as his reason how he acquired so much wisdom and knowledge, "Because I never was afraid or ashamed to take advice from the meanest beggar."

☞ A man said of a painter he knew, that he painted a shingle so exactly like marble, that when it fell into the river it sank.

NO ROOM HERE.

"No room here," cried a bevy of musical voices—"not an inch of room!"

The gaudy omnibus had stopped in the centre of Broadway. Upon the steps stood a pale girl, poorly attired; poverty spoke in the very lineaments of her careworn face. Within rustled the silk, lace, and finery of twelve children of fashion, fluttering with a mortal horror.

"I am very tired," she ventured to plead, seeing that there was room, and she looked eagerly in while a shade of dissappointment crossed the delicate features as the sneering cry again resounded, coupled with a light laugh, "no room here!" But the repeated exclamation discouraged her, and she turned to wade through the mud caused by a driving shower to the opposite sidewalk. Poor child! With a sigh she plodded on, a flush deepened the unhealthy color of her cheeks as she marked them gazing back, and laughing over their honorable exploit.

"No room here!" How that cry goes echoing up all over this boasted land of ours. "No room; keep out sorrowful and down-trodden ones; keep out homely want and patched garments; keep out mind and soul, unless you can deck yourself in silk and broadcloth; keep out, you have felt the keen pinching of hunger, and wept over ther scantily sodded graves of your humble dead—there's no room here."—Don't brush our braided garments; don't sit in our hallowed seats; don't touch our gilded books; walk reverently where our feet have trodden; look at our costly laces but not with profane glances. See our hands—they are white and daintily gloved; they have never been disgraced by work; look at your red fingers, marked with the stain of toil; are they fit to join with ours?

"No room here! Keep out of our palaces, our splendid stores, our carriages, even of the people's omnibus, when we are in, for there is no room there." Go into our kitchens, retire to the shades of dirty "lanes," smoky places, and dingy streets. Stick to the slop shops and wear out your strength on six cent shirts, unless you work for us, we give a trifle more.

What if our grandfathers did sell candles and retail snuff! What if they opened oysters and weighed off rags? What if they kept little groceries, with low, fly-stained ceilings, and rinsed tumblers for poor drunkards? What if they carried the hod and struck the pick? Nobody knows them, they died long ago; we, their descendants, have become great, and rich, and powerful.

"No room here!" Oh! away withering fashion and cruel gold, if thus thou canst corrupt thy votaries! Let our path be that of the humble and the lowly in the world; let bleeding spirits come to us, that their sorrows may be ministered unto, never let it be said of our heart, when suffering poverty pleads for consolation, "there's no room there."—*N. Y. Organ.*

A Mother's Duty.

Important as are schools, and invaluable as learning may be, they are nothing, nay, worse than nothing, unless right habits are formed at home. Without a proper training of the mind in early childhood, the learning of after life may only serve to direct bad habits to evil purposes, and lead the way to greater wickedness and crime.

All who have the care of children, or who feel an interest in their welfare, can do them no greater good, nor society a greater blessing, than by aiding in the correction of bad, and the formation of good habits.

Habits in youth are easily formed, and the hand that aids in forming them is doubly blessed. Let all those who love little children—let mothers especially, watch unceasingly, and carefully nip in the bud the slightest propensity in a child to exercise cruelty of any kind, or upon any object, and early create an habitual abhorrence of dram drinking, theft and hypocrisy. Assiduously cultivate a love of truth, of industry, frugality and order; observing that though children may be governed too little, or too much, they can never be governed too well.—*Elevator.*

Rather did Him.

A merchant in a town near Boston, had a customer, more dreaded than desired, who was always ready to taste early fruit without buying any, eat raisins by the handful, dip into the sugar barrel for big lumps, and fill his snuff box from the jar on the counter, under the pretence of taking a pinch. This game got to be insufferable. He had a barrel of choice apple sauce in his store, a fact which our sponge discovered, who seated himself upon it, and when the storekeeper's eyes were turned he would dip into the barrel and scoop out a handful at a time, and take it down at a gulp. The dealer had seen the whole by means of a looking-glass which reflected the store, and he resolved upon a plan to fix him.

'John,' said he to his young man, giving him a wink, 'why didn't you throw that apple sauce away?'

Without waiting for John's answer, the sponge broke in, with,

'Why, what's the matter with it? It's first rate, I think.'

'Yes,' said the store-keeper, 'it *was*, but a cat and four kittens were drowned in it last night!'

The victim looked pale and moved toward the door. He felt as if he was an injured man, and silently vowed not to patronize that store any more.

MEANNESS.—There was a man who came into a country store with an egg, which he wished to trade for a darning-needle. To oblige him, the store-keeper agreed to the trade. The bargain over, the egg-dealer asked, 'don't you always treat when you have driven a trade?'

'Not for so small a trade,' answered the merchant.

'A trade's a trade, whether it's for one egg or a thousand.'

Aghast at the man's meanness, the store-keeper complied, and asked 'What will you take?'

'I like a glass of wine, with an egg beat up in it,' answered the mean man.

The store-keeper said nothing, but took the egg which he had just received from the man and broke it. It happened to be a double yolked egg.

'There!' exclaimed the mean man. 'Now you must give me *two* needles, 'cause that's a double egg I gin you.'

☞ Two things to be kept.—Your word and your temper. The former when dealing with a printer; the latter when disputing with a woman. This may be difficult, but may be done by getting a couple of chapters of Job by heart.

☞ The Pope is suffering from an incurable disease, and it is said Louis Napoleon has an eye upon the Papal chair for his cousin, Lucien Boneparte, son of Charles Louis Boneparte, who is to be made a cardinal.

☞ Perhaps no man regrets any hardships he has endured, when he is once completely delivered from them.

Love and Love Letters.

Some of the sex don't believe they were made for the especial benefit of the race, and therefore direct their lives without any reference to anybody's likes or dislikes. To such the following piece of advice has no meaning; but to those women who think their life is to harmonize and blend with man's—whose ambition is to make loving wives, it has a suggestive word: Heaven knows how many simple letters, from simple-minded women, have been kissed cherished and wept over by men of far loftier intellect. So it will always be to the end of time. It is a lesson worth learning, by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or dazzle by their genius, that, though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Staels and Corines, to take into his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him except that she is—what so few of your "female celebrities" are—a true woman.

HEARING PRAYERS THROUGH A CRACK.—The following from the Bangor *Journal* well illustrates the quality of some people's piety:

"Recently a girl came from the country to this city to work in a family that worships in one of the tall steepled churches. At morning prayers the door of the room in which the family, reading of the Bible and prayers were had, communicating with the kitchen, was opened about two inches in order that she might have the *privilege* of hearing. She shut the door.—It was again opened in the same manner, when it was indignantly shut. The next morning the girl requested leave to return home, as she was not accustomed to hearing prayers through a crack, and she did not care to become so.—This little story has its moral.

GOOD.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied:—'My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work a day, I must do that the very first thing, in an hour. After it was done I was allowed to play with much more pleasure than if the thought of an unfinished task obtruded upon my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in turn, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

☞ Western newspapers are having a little fun at the expense of New Hampshire. A person travelling in the State thus writes to a Toledo print:

"All along the route I noticed great tracts of rocks carefully fenced in, for no other reason that I could imagine than to keep the cattle out, and thus prevent their starving to death."—Whereupon the St. Louis Democrat puts in its oar; "This is an improved and benevolent plan of the farmers of New Hampshire to preserve their stock. Formerly they plated the noses of their sheep to keep them from wearing their heads off against the granite soil with which that State abounds. We also learn that painting rocks green in spring time, by which cattle were decoyed, is now punished by fine and imprisonment."

A MEAT HASH.—A few weeks since, a family in this neighborhood, having hired a cook who had been highly recommended, she was ordered one day to prepare a hash for dinner. The hash was served, and it was excellent—all eagerly partaking of it until the dish was scraped out. So popular after this did the hashes of the new cook become, that it was nothing but hashes every day. At last the poor cook, bringing in a last dish of it, the prespiration pouring from her face, she set it down, and turning to her mistress, and drawing herself up, said:

'Madam, I must quit ye.'

'Why, what is the matter, Betsey?'

'Cause' ma'am, I can't give you hash every day, and forever—me jaws is all broke down and me teeth is all worn out, chawing for yo's!'

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor, being released from a troublesome world and scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been to purgatory.

'No,' replied the tailor, 'but I have been married.'

'Oh,' said Peter, 'that is all the same.'

The tailor had scarcely go in, before a fat, turtle eating alderman came along puffing and blowing.

'Halloo! you fellow,' said he, 'open that door.'

'Not so fast,' said Peter, 'have you ever been in purgatory?'

'No,' said the alderman, 'but what's that to the purpose? You let in that poor half starved tailor, and he has been no more to purgatory than myself.'

'Cut he has been married,' said Peter.

'Married!' exclaimed the alderman, 'why I was married twice.'

'Then please go back again,' said Peter; 'Paradise is no place for fools.'

THE TRAVELLER'S FRIEND.—In Madagascar grows a singular tree, which, from its property of yielding water, is called the 'Traveller's friend.' It differs from most other trees in having all its branches in one place, like the sticks of a fan, or the feathers of a peacock's tail. At the extremity of each branch grows a broad, double leaf, several feet in length, which spreads itself out very gracefully. The leaves radiate heat so rapidly after sunset, that a copious deposition of dew takes place upon them, which, soon collecting into drops, form little streams, which run down the branches to the trunk. Here it is received into hollow spaces of considerable magnitude, one of which is found at the root of every branch. The branches lie one over the other alternately, and when a knife, or, which is better, a flat piece of stick is inserted between the parts which overlap, and slightly drawn to one side, so as to cause an opening, a stream of water gushes out as if from a fountain. Hence the appropriate name of 'The Traveller's Friend.'

☞ A gentleman who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:

I've lost the Little one I had;
My heart is sad and sore;
So now I should be very glad
To have a little Moore.

To which the lady sent the following answer:

I pity much the loss you've had;
The grief you must endure—
A heart by Little made so sad,
A little Moore won't cure.

A QUIET HOME.—A bickering pair of Quakers were lately heard in high controversy, the husband exclaiming:

'I am determined to have one quiet week with thee!'

'But how wilt thou get it?' said the taunting spouse, in reiteration, which married ladies so provokingly indulge in.

'I will keep thee a week after thou art dead,' was the Quaker's rejoinder.

Rats and the Dead Horses of Paris.

Four hundred horses die or are killed in Paris in one week. There is a common pond, surrounded by a stone wall, covering some ten acres. According to some municipal regulations (there is an 'ordinance' for everything in France) all dead carcasses, except human ones, must be brought to this general receptacle. The carcass of a horse is valuable for the bone, the hide, and the hair, to say nothing of the flesh, much prized when fresh, in certain sausage manufactories. But should you wait until the horse has actually shuffled off his hairy coat, you might miss a bargain—another of the trade precedes and purchases. Hence it is important to buy the horse before he is dead. It is a regular business in Paris. You can tell these agents for the purchase of dead horses at a glance; the dress is that of an English groom, save the vignette on the visor of the cap, representing a dead horse's head and cross-bones; a memorandum book, a pencil, a stamp, and a piece of caustic complete his accoutrements.—With scrutinizing eye he travels the thoroughfares of Paris; should a horse go lame, break a leg or neck, should he show symptoms of distress—in a word, anywhere or in any way evince signs of the many ills to which horse-is heir, immediately is an offer made for the animal, deliverable when really dead. The bargain concluded, the 'signalement' of the horse and owner is carefully recorded, and a private mark stamped on the inside of the fore-leg with the caustic; the horse goes perhaps rejoicing on his way for weeks, perhaps months, only to be met with and identified after death, at the grave yard for horses. Now, except in cases of fresh specimens, as mentioned above, the first operation on a dead horse is to take off his skin; then the flesh, to get at the bones. The skinning portion is easy, and performed with a dexterity and rapidity truly astonishing. I have seen in the enclosure spoken of, at one time, over one hundred horses skinned, or being put through that process. The next point is to divest the bones of adhesive and often putrid flesh—bones are valued in proportion as they are clean, neat, and free from other matter. To take off the flesh by hand is a tedious and difficult operation. An ingenious Frenchman solved the difficulty. He noticed that rats are very fond of horse flesh; he advised the authorities to colonize the horse pond with these animals; the catacombs of Paris furnished them by thousands. It was done, and now-a-days a dead horse's carcass put in over night, is literally nothing but a neat and beautiful skeleton in the morning. The pecuniary saving to the bone dealers from the voracity and gnawing propensities of the rat family, is, I am told, very considerable.

Our Yankee Frenchman did not, however, stop there. It was natural to suppose that rats so well fed and provided for, would rapidly increase and multiply; hence the necessity of regulating the matter. Every three months a grand 'battue' is made upon the aforesaid colony of rats, and all caught above ground die the death of rats. The manner of doing this amused me. Horizontal and cylindrical holes are bored all around, in and at the foot of the inclosing walls—the depths and diameter being respectively the length and thickness of the rat's body. Upon the morning of the 'battue,' men armed with pans, kettles, drums, &c., rush in at the peep of day, and 'charivari' the poor rats, who, *frightened to death*, poke their heads into the first opening. Of cours, all those in the wall-holes have *tails sticking out*. The rat collector, with bag over his shoulder, now makes a tour of the premises, and the scientific and rapid manner with which the rats are seized by the tail and safely (to both rat and operator) transferred to the bag, challenges admiration. It even surpasses the Chiffoniers' rag picking. Perhaps you wish to know what becomes of the rats. These also are sold before they are caught or killed. The privilege of gathering rats on the 'battue' days is farmed out by the authorities, and a profitable business it is. These rats, sleek and fat as they necessarily are, fetch a high remunerative price—the fur, skin, and the flesh, meet with ready sales.

YANKEE DRINK.—A tall slab sided Yankee who was making his appearance, at Cape May last summer, strolled down to the beach, during bathing time. On seeing the bevy of beauties disporting in the waves he burst into a fit of enthusiasm:

'Je-ru-sa-lem! if that don't jest remind me of something good we have to drink to hum.'

'What is that?' remarked a friend who heard him.

'What is it?' said Jonathan, smacking his lips, 'why it's lasses and water!'

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from there serene and silent spaces, like eyes glistening with tears over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed by time, and there remains no record of them any more, yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiads are still shining in their courses clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them from the plain of Shinar! What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

PATRICK'S WARDROBE.—At a sale of furniture which took place in a country town, among the lookers on were a few Irish laborers, and upon a trunk being put up for sale, one of them said to his neighbor:

'Pat I think you should buy that trunk.'

'An' what would I do with it?' replied Pat with some degree of astonishment.

'Put your clothes in it,' was his advertiser's reply.

Pat gazed upon him with a look of surprise, and then with that laconic eloquence which is peculiar to a son of the Emerald Isle, exclaimed—'an' go naked.'

ANECDOTE OF JACKSON.—While he was connected with the army, an officer complained to him that some of the soldiers were making a great noise in the tent.

'What are they doing,' asked the General.

'They are praying now, but they have been singing,' was the reply.

'And is that a crime?' said Jackson, with emphasis.

'The articles of war,' said the officer, 'order punishment for any unusual noise.'

'God forbid!' replied Jackson, 'that singing and praying should be an unusual noise in my camp,' and advised the officer to join them.

☞ 'Fellow Citizens!' said a stump orator, 'we have the best country in the world, and the best government. What people on the face of the globe enjoy more privileges than we do? Here we have liberty to speak and liberty of the press, without onerous despotism!—What, fellow citizens, is more desirable than this? Do you want anything more, my countrymen?' 'Yes, sir-ree!' sung out a red faced loafer, "this is dry work; I want a suck out of that 'ere flask sticking out of your pocket."

☞ A celebrated toper intending to go to a masked ball, consulted an acquaintance as to what character he should disguise himself in. 'Go sober,' replied his friend, 'and your most intimate friend will not know you.'

Reason for Supplying Cattle with Water in their Yard.

If water cannot be obtained by cattle without going out of the yard, they will many times suffer exceedingly for the want of it, rather than go for it in very bad weather. If good fresh water can be had by them without going of the yard they will drink very much oftener than in the other case, especially in cold weather. The oldest and strongest cattle will go first to water; and when they have drank and are returning, they will meet the young cattle in the narrow snow path and of course will drive them back; in which case the youngest and feeblest of the herd will have much trouble and vexation in obtaining water at all. When the cattle go to a spring to drink especially if the snow is deep, there will generally be great difficulty in reaching the water on account of the bank of snow and ice, without stepping into it, which cattle are loth to do if they can help it; many watering places are so steep that cattle are compelled to go down on their knees before they can reach it, and even then, they obtain it with the greatest difficulty. The cattle on many farms are obliged to travel from one-fourth to half a mile for water, and when they arrive at the spot, it is often only to be obtained by them through a hole in the ice, perhaps from a foot to eighteen inches in thickness. The amount of manure which is dropped and lost on such occasions is very considerable, and much of it is washed down by the rains into the hole at which they are doomed to drink, where it forms a coffee-colored beverage, awful to behold. Every good farmer will esteem this as a matter of no light importance, considering that all the manure ought to be saved, and calculating that the food of *cattle* might as properly be wasted as the food of *plants*. It has been thought that the exercise of going to water a considerable distance, is advantageous in preventing the hoof-ail in cattle; but it is much more likely that this disorder often arises from the filth in wet weather, and freezing of the feet in severe weather to which they are exposed in their walks to the spring. If cattle are kept in well sheltered yards with shed for their protection, with uninterrupted access to good water, plenty of salt and warm beds of dry straw, it should not be too much to promise that they will remain from the foot-ail and every other "ail" of which we have so much complaint. There is a strong prejudice against wells for the supply of water in cattle yards, and there is a much stronger prejudice against the labor of pumping the water for them; but to an industrious man, the "prejudice" of a desire to furnish his cattle with a clean and wholesome beverage, cool in the summer and warm in winter, will be stronger than either.

FATTEN SWINE EARLY.

Many farmers defer fattening their swine until the winter season, so as to kill them the last of January or first of February, and sometimes later. The reasons given for this course are, that the late season affords more leisure for grinding corn and grain, and more time to attend to feeding. This is not, however, the best economy, as a general thing. The temperature of all warmblooded animals is, at most times, higher than that of the surrounding atmosphere, and a constant consumption of fat in the body is required to keep up this elevation of temperature. The amount of heat given off from the surface of the body depends upon the relative coldness of the air. In cold weather, then, more heat producing elements, that is, more fat—is required to sustain the animal than in warm weather; so that from the same amount of food there will be less surplus fat left to increase the size of the animal. To illustrate: Suppose that in September and October and animal eats 15 lbs. of corn per day, but requires only 10 lbs. per day to supply the loss of heat, there will then be left 5 lbs. of corn, or 33 per cent. to increase the bulk of the animal. But in January and February, owing to the increased coldness of the atmosphere, the animal will require at least one-fifth more food—that is 12 lbs. of corn—to keep up the natural warmth of the body.—This leaves but 3 lbs. out of 15, or 30 per cent., to increase the weight. On this account alone it is quite evident that early fattening is more profitable.

The same reason suggests the importance of keeping fattening animals, especially, in warm pens or stalls as little exposed to cold as can be.

SERIOUS OCCURRENCE AT WASHINGTON.—The National Intelligencer says:

"We learn that on Wednesday night Mr. James A. Lovelace, a respectable carpenter of this city, aged probably between thirty-five and forty years, was conveyed to the Infirmary severely injured by being shot on one side of the face with a gun in the hand of John Harmon, his brother-in-law. His jaw was broken and his cheek much torn, and a large number of shot, which had passed around under the integuments, were removed from the back of his neck. His face was greatly swollen last evening, and high fever had occurred. We fear his case is critical. Harmon was arrested by officer Boss and committed to prison by Justice Hollingshead, to be further examined after the result of this act shall be determined."

☞ 'I thought you was born on the first of April' said a Benedict to his lovely wife, who had mentioned the 21st as her birthday.

'Most people might think so, from the choice I made of a husband,' she replied.

☞ 'Alice,' said little Mary the other day, 'let us go to the boy's theatre to-morrow.'

'No,' said Alice, 'I can't go.'

'Why?' persisted Mary; why can't you?'

'Because,' said Alice, 'I can't go without having a *contest* with mother, and I don't want to do that.'

Remarkable juvenile precocity that.

☞ A love sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

☞ A cotemporary, speaking of the report on gentlemen's fashions says: 'There is not much *change* in gent's pants this month.'—Very likely.

☞ A printer, whose talents were but indifferent, turned physician. He was asked the reason of it.

'In printing,' he said, 'all the faults are exposed to the eye; but in physic they are buried with the patient, and one gets off more easily.'

☞ 'Ma, who made the plums on these trees?'

'God made them, my child.'

'Did he make them all, the *little green* ones too?'

'Yes, my dear, all of them.'

'I guess if he had to eat them, he wouldn't make them.'

☞ What is joy?—To count your money and find it over run a hundred dollars.

☞ The good heart, the tender feelings and pleasant disposition, makes smiles, love and sunshine everywhere.

☞ What is conscience?—Something that guilty men feel every time it thunders.

☞ Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character; and in doing this never reckon the cost.

☞ Choose the plan of the best conduct, and thy ways will be rendered more agreeable to thyself and mankind in general.

☞ He who combats his own evil passions and desires, enters into the severest battles of life; and he who combats successfully, obtains greatest victory.

☞ Without sorrow life would be no better than a dream; grief is a reality, and thought bitter as wormwood, mortals love it, for it makes them feel themselves, and know the value of each other.