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John B. Bratton.

TERMS.

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Poetical.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal,
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow,
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'er head.

Lives of all great men remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate:
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

MARY.

She blossomed in the country,
Where sunny summer flings
Her rosy arms about the earth,
And brightest blessings brings.
Health was her sole inheritance,
And grace her only dower;
I never dreamed the wildwood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Far distant from the city,
And inland from the sea,
My Mary bloomed in goodness,
As pure as pure could be.
She caught her dewy freshness
From hill and mountain bower,
I never dreamed the wildwood
Contained so sweet a flower.

The rainbow must have lent her
Some of its airy grace;
The wild rose parted with a blush
That nestled on her face.
The sunbeam got entangled in
The long waves of her hair,
Or she had never grown to be
So modest and so fair.

The early birds have taught her
Their joyous matin song,
And some of their soft innocence,
She's been with them so long.
And for her now, if need be,
I'd part with wealth and power;
I never dreamed the wildwood
Contained so sweet a flower.

Miscellaneous.

SHE IS DYING.

The following is sublimely beautiful and pathetic, and could only have been dictated by a heart that has experienced all the bitterness that is therein expressed. Who is the author, we know not, but suspect it is an extract from some book. If anybody can read it without moisture in the eye, and stones in the throat, they are worthy of marble:

SHE IS DYING—Hush! she is dying. The sunlight streams through the plate glass windows, the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the Southern flowers—large, milk-white African lillies—roses a nightengale would stoop to worship—Cape jessamines, and camelias, with their large glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the faint musical tinkles of playing fountains; and the light tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous paintings with a halo as bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty.

The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary—and the mocking-bird raises her clear note higher and higher on the perfumed air.

Why do you clench your hands till the nails draw the rich, rosy blood through the thin, quivering skin? Why do you grind your teeth together and hiss between them that one word, hush? It's a beautiful name, I'm sure; and that lady, with her head upon her bosom, is as fair as any dream vision of the painter.

Surely, nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah, yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar, and placed her hand in yours. For twelve long, golden, sunny months, an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom.

You know it! no mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine!

No earthly embrace ever so filled your soul with the glory from beyond the stars; no earthly smile ever shown so unchangingly above all such noisome things as your earth worms call care and trouble. She is an angel, and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of this pleasant June time.

'Hush,' you say, 'but you can't shut out the anthem-notes of Heaven from those unsealed ears! Louder, higher, swell the hymns of the seraphs: brighter grows the smile on your young wife's lips.

She whispers, 'Dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by and by, and I'm going to ask God to bless you!' But you cannot hear it—you turn away, and big tears gather in your eyes.

You had held her on your bosom all day—all night—are you tired? But you cannot answer. Closer, closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow—Carrie is dead.

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright—what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad land? What is it—now that she can look on them no more? And what is death—her death?

Few people knew her, no vice-president must be chosen to fill her place: no nation will raise a monument to her memory!

No, your's and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on His bosom now in Heaven.

The have dug a grave for her. Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with dasies and violets. You go there, and sigh, and pray, and ask God if you too may come home! and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, with the bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause, for your guardian angel looks down from Heaven, and whispers—'Hush.'

The "Man of Pleasure."

The following graphic portrait of the "Man of Pleasure," is taken from a sermon on "Christian Manhood," delivered in New York, by Rev. Mr. Cuyler. We commend it to the attention of the would-be-men of pleasure in this city:

"I trust that no young man here will need to be warned against that wretchedly false idea of 'manhood' which is so rife in certain circles of this million peopled city. The counterfeit 'manhood' of an oath and a cigar—a bottle of brandy and a deck of cards—a box in the theatre, and a bet on the race course. Hundreds of young men are constantly aspiring to such badges of social *nobiliey* as these! You may see these ambitious youths ordering, with a consequential swagger, their wine-suppers at the fashionable hells. You may detect them at the midnight hour pulling the door-bells of haunts of infamy, and whispering false names through the iron lattice: you may discover an infidel book in their trunks, locked up with an obscene picture, a revolver, a sporting calandar, a dictionary to brothels, a few French novels, and—*no Bible*.

Young woman! beware of such social serpents as these. They will enter your houses as their 'father' entered Eden, only to seduce and to destroy. New York has her full share of these characters: they pass for 'men of gallantry,' 'men of spirit,' 'men of pleasure.'

Every now and then there is a tremendous explosion in our community, which blows off the covering, and lets us all look into the rotten heart of a certain style of city life. During the last week we have all been looking in with loathing and consternation. We have stood in the chamber whose walls were bespattered with blood, and have seen the bitter end of a career which cast off the sweet restraints of domestic purity for the polluting caress of the 'strange woman.' We have seen a remarkable cluster gathered around that corpse, amid hysterical tears and ill timed merriment.

We have seen the unblushing courtezan testifying against the 'man of pleasure' who had flung her aside for other spoil: the officer of justice swearing to scenes of broil and bitterness in a house where God's law of marriage had been trampled under foot; and amid such surroundings we can descry some ye fresh from the family altar of a rural home. *Who did that deed of darkness* is yet a painful mystery; but it is quite too certain that there had been foul murder done to conscience and to character within those walls long before the garroter's noose was slipped and the assassin's pomard driven to the heart. Heaven save you, my young friend, from the 'manhood' of libertinism! And Heaven save our great metropolis, when its Brussels carpets come to be stained with blood, and the quiet of its stateliest streets is broken by the midnight shriek of murder!"

An Affecting Story.

Thrilling accounts are given in the Marysville papers of the chase of two *forgers* by an enraged third party (the *patient*,) who, as we take up the story, was following them across the Yuba river:

'Augustus saw the fury depicted in the old man's face, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, made a dead halt in the road and concluded to surrender. Maria was frantic.—Leaping suddenly from her horse, and walking through mud three feet deep, she gathered her husband by the legs and dragged him to the ground. Then grasping him tightly around the neck, she shouted to her father, who was now in speaking distance:

'You shan't part us. Right here up to our knees in mud, we will love and die together!'

The old man started back in amazement.

'Yes, mattered the half used up Augustus, 'we'll die right here in the mud'

'But, Maria, my child,' groaned the old man, 'are you my daughter still?'

'Yes,' was the reply, 'and I'm his wife, too.'

'And are you married?'

'We are,' exclaimed both.

The old man looked daggers for a moment, closely scrutinized the couple as they clung to each other in the mud, and turning his horse's head toward the city, he started off saying:

'That's all I wanted to know. You can get out of the mud and come home.'

Philosophy of Rain.

To understand the Philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2 The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above: or rushing from a higher to a cooler latitude, its capacity to remoisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an arrangement for watering the earth?—*N. Y. Observer.*

☞ A colored preacher gave his appointment: 'I shall speak in dis place a fortnigh from to-day, de Lord willing; free weeks, whudder or no.'

☞ Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action at law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain longest under water.

Humors of Law.

Sterne insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do no deal in *scruples!*

One day at the table of the late Dr. Pease, (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among lawyers. 'We have lost,' said a gentleman, 'not less than six eminent barristers in as many months.' The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace:

'For *this* and every other *mercy*, the Lord's name be praised!' The effect was irresistible.

About a hundred years ago, a Scotch gentleman bequeathed to his poor relations of whatever degree, the sum of £20 000. In effect he left them a Chancery suit, which has remained in the family ever since. In the first place, the next of kin disputed the validity of the bequest, but it was established by Lord Chancellor Camden, and four hundred and sixty-three persons made out their relationship. Thereupon in the year 1776 a bill was filed for the distribution of the money amongst them, which has never been effected to this day.

A yet stranger case was that of the 'Berkeley suit,' which lasted upwards of one hundred and ninety years! It was commenced shortly after the death of the fourth Lord Berkeley, in 1416, and terminated in 1609. It arose out of the marriage of Elizabeth only daughter and heiress of the above Baron with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; their descendants having sought continually to get possession of the Castle and Lordship of Berkeley, which not only occasioned the famous law-suit in question, but was often attended by the most violent quarrels on both sides, at least during the first fifty years or more.

A lawyer, retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross examining a witness in relation to the force of a blow struck.

'What kind of a blow was given?'

'A blow of the common kind'

'Describe the blow.'

'I am not good at description.'

'Show me what kind of a blow it was.'

'I cannot.'

'You must.'

'I won't.'

The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon showing what kind of a blow it was he must do so.

'Do you insist upon it?' asked the witness.

'I do.'

'Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow,' at the same time suiting the action to the word and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke and Littleton.

TWILIGHT.—What a beautiful aspect does all nature wear, when the sun has just entered the gates of the East, or is sinking below the horizon in the West. The heathen personified the morning twilight as a goddess, and assigned to her the office of opening the gates of the East to introduce the chariot of Appollo Phœbus. In the evening, after sunset, the rays of the sun still continue to illumine the atmosphere, till he sinks below the horizon, when the twilight becomes darker, till it is lost in dark night. Our hearts should expand in love to the great Being, who is the author of 'every good and perfect gift,' and from whom all blessings flow, when we look upon the great canopy, spangled with brilliant stars, which are placed there, not only for our admiration and delight, but supposed to be inhabited by immortal beings, whose organs are adapted to their peculiar circumstances. And while receiving so many bounties from the hand of our Heavenly Father we should love, and never cease to thank Him, for all His kindness towards us.

THE 'OLD GAL'S' STORY.—I was once Captain of a packet schooner plying between Boston and Baltimore, and was blessed with a first mate of the rale old Yankee kind.' Going up the Chesapeake one dark and stormy night, the wind blowing a steady gale, my mate being a little nervous, and not being acquainted with the ground, supposed the old girl was going in a few knots too strong. I had turned in, but had not gone to sleep. Tramp—tramp—tramp—on deck—it was my mate.

'Captain, hadn't we better shorten sail? It's blowing like thunder.'

'No—keep her going.'

A few minutes after, tramp—tramp—tramp—on deck.

'Captain,' said my mate again, 'it freshens, and already blows big guns. Hadn't we better shorten sail?'

'No! a shorten,' I replied, confident in my craft and knowledge of my whereabouts; 'not a shorten, keep her to it.'

'Well,' said the mate, closing the door of the companion way with an amiable slam, 'so be it!—let her rip!—we'er all bound to go to h—ll before morning, and I've got as many friends there as you have.'

I took a glass of grog, and concluded to lower the foresail, take a reef in maiusail, and ask the mate if he had a desire to become acquainted with one Bourbon, whose surname is Whiskey.

DARK HOURS.—There are dark hours, that mark the history of the brightest year. For not a whole month in many of the millions of the past perhaps, has the sun shone so brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year: and yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hour were dissipated and flitted heedlessly away. The cruelest of the ice-fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm.

And what a parable is this of the human life—of our inside world, where the heart works at its destined labors. Here, too, we have at the overshadowing of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only by darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustration—then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory, and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not then. Neither give up, while one good power is yours, use it. Disappointment will not then be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but only be honest and struggle on, and it will work well.

'I'LL CALL AROUND AND PAY.'—What a world of woe is contained in these few words to the poor artizan and mechanic! 'I'll call around and pay,' says the rich man, to avoid the trouble of going to his desk to get the necessary funds, and the poor mechanic is obliged to go home to disappoint his workmen, and all who depend on him for their due. It is an easy matter to work; the only real glory in this life is an independent idea of being able to sustain yourself by the labor of your own hands, and it may be easily imagined what crushing force there is in 'I'll call round and pay,' to the laboring man, who depends upon that pay for subsistence. If those who could pay would only pay at once, it would place hundreds and thousands in a condition to do likewise, and would prevent much misery and distress.

The Printer's Devil and his Love.

A printer's devil was pierced in the heart
With charms of a little miss;
Quoth he to the lass, "My dear, ere we part,
Let us seal our love with a kiss."
The maiden replied as the imp she eyed,
"Dost thou think I'll let you rivel,
Where others before you have vainly tried—
No, no, I'll not kiss the devil!"
Years rolled along, and the sweet little lass
Became an old sorrowful maid;
She lived like a queen—was rich—but, alas!
Her beauty had all decayed,
Once again they met, and the old maid tried
To recall her former issue;
But she gaily smiled, and only replied,
"The devil now wouldn't kiss you.

The Charleston Duel.

A contributor of T. F. Meagher's paper, the News, under the head of Glimpses of the South, gives a description of some of his recent experiences in South Carolina on professional duty (as a reporter) when the unfortunate duel between Taber and Magrath took place, and as he gives a more detailed account of the proceedings than any we have met with, we publish his notes:

Mr. Taber, was a young man, influentially connected, though personally, I believe, rather unpopular. His antecedents were of the first order, and his prospects of attaining future distinction as a public man brilliant in the extreme. He was (as was almost to audacity, and enjoy considerable reputation as a duelist. Magrath, though a young man of family remarkable, for talent, was regarded as one of those quiet, easy, happy, good natured fellow who never bother themselves about anything, and glide so smoothly down the stream of life that not a ripple is left to mark their track. And yet people were aroused. Step the man when his hitherto quiet champion of the good name of his brother, he dictated a sort of a wholesale challenge, peremptorily demanding of both editors of the Mercury an immediate satisfaction. Taber [illegible] as haughtily and accepted the challenge. They met at the race course on Monday afternoon. A large number of people having heard of the projected duel, assembled on the grounds. The principals were arranged by their seconds at the stakes which had been sunk by the friends of Hatch and Cunningham, when those gentlemen fought their bloodless battle at the same place a few months before.

On that very occasion Taber acted as Cunningham's second. A singular incident occurred at the close of the affair which it may not be out of place here to relate. When all was settled and the parties were about to leave the field some one suggested the advisability of pulling up the stakes.

"Oh, no," said Taber, with a laugh, "never mind, let them remain for the next comers.

He little thought that he himself would be one of the next comers, doomed never to return alive.

Magrath knew little or nothing of the management of a pistol and nothing whatever of duelling. Both he and his opponent exhibited the utmost *sang froid*. The distance between them was ten paces. It was arranged that they should fire "on the rise," that is, when in the act of raising, instead of, while lowering their weapons. Just imagine the scence. The seconds take their places. The trembling spectators retired still further from the neighborhood of the duelists.

"Gentlemen," say the seconds, "are you ready?"

"Yes," is the reply.

"Prepare to fire."

"Fire!—One—two—three!"

The reports are heard almost simultaneously, a sligh smoke enveloped the combatants and their friends ran up to them. Neither is found to be hurt an effort is made at reconciliation, but without effect. The pistols are loaded again, the principals take their places and again the words—"Fire!—one—two—three!" are heard. This time Magrath's bullet raised the dust near Taber's foot, possibly striking him on his boot, but no further injury is done. A second and more prolonged effort at an amicable adjustment follows.

"What do you require?" is asked of Magrath.

"I shall be satisfied," says he, "with a withdrawal of the objectionable articles and the expression on the part of the editors of the Mercury, of regret at their appearance."

"No, no," Taber replies in a quick, nervous manner—"no regret—never, sir!" I shall disclaim them but never express any regrets for their publication!"

All peaceful interference is now seen to be futile.

Again the pistols are loaded, and the principals walked up to their posts. The crowd recedes—the seconds take their stand—the pistols are presented—in order—"Fire—one—two—three!" is given. The quick rat tat is heard before the last word is uttered, and Taber is seen to stagger backward, reel and fall. The people rush up and see the blood oozing out of his forehead.

"Back gentleman!" shouted the surgeon: clear off that we may have room to aid the wounded man."

Alas, poor fellow! he is now beyond aid from human agency. A spasm or two, and all is over with him—here.

HOW LAGER BEER ORIGINATED.—Many years ago a shoemaker, in a small town near Bamberg, Germany, sent his apprentice to get a bottle of Bamberg beer, (small beer,) which was sold in that place: but the boy, not knowing this, went to the city itself, in returning he met an acquaintance of his, who told him, that when he would come his "boss" would whip him for staying so long. The poor boy, who was frightened at this, thought it better not to go home at all but took his bottle buried it under a tree, and ran away. He then went among the soldiers where he distinguished himself so that in a short time he became an officer. When one day his regiment was quartered in this small town, the officer thought it proper to pay a visit to his old boss, but not before he had got the bottle of beer which he had buried some years ago under the tree. When he entered, he said; well sir, here I bring your bottle of Bamberg beer that you sent me for. The shoemaker not knowing what this meant, was told all about it. The bottle was then opened and the beer found to be of a superior quality.—When this fact was known some of the brewers built deep vaults where they put their beer in and called this, after it had lain there for some time, lager, which means nothing more than lying. The officer afterwards married the daughter of the shoemaker, and drank a good deal of lager beer receiving in that occupation the assistance of his father in-law!

DURABLE.—An Irish friend of ours, hearing of a gentleman having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed:

"Be my sowl, an' that's a good idee!—Shure, an' a stone coffin wud last a man his life time!"

Breaking a Baulky Horse.

If there is any time when a man needs the 'patience of Job,' it is when his horse baulks. The horse that cannot be coaxed or tricked into labor, had far better be left alone. Many a noble animal has been ruined by violence, and many a desperate baulker has been made valuable by kind and gentle management. There are many methods by which a horse may be cured of baulking, but the following, narrated by a correspondent of the *Rural American*, published at Utica, possesses some novel features. The writer says he had a valuable horse, who could go fleetly when in the humor, and would not go at all when so disposed. One day, losing his temper of course he whipped the horse until exhausted and then hired a neighbor to continue the operation, and after two carriages were broken the victorious horse was put in the barn. How the gentleman rendered his horse kind and tractable, we will let him narrate in his own language.

'The next day, after my anger had settled, I thought the matter carefully over, and concluded that, as I could not myself be driven where I did not want to go, but could be coaxed, the horse might be influenced by the same feelings. An entire change of tactics was determined upon. For the three next days the animal was well fed much fondled, and not used except a little under the sadule, where she always did well enough. Then she repaired gig was brought in front of the house, the beast harnessed, led out and hitched to the gig carefully tied to the post, and left there for an hour to her own reflections. It was a most sultry day in July, and I concluded a little exposure to the sun would incline her to go rather than stand still. It was a mistaken opinion, for when I got into the gig at the end of the hour, she stood as still as the post she had been tied to.

'New efforts were made to urge her forward, but on the contrary she was well patted the bridle taken off a couple of sprigs of green lobelia wrapped around the bit, and then the piece returned to her mouth, and left to chew upon it at her leisure. At the end of another hour it was evident that the lobelia had begun to make her feel nauseous, and again she was tried, but would not move any more than before. Fresh sprigs of lobelia were then tied upon the bit, a cloth dipped in cold water and placed upon the top of her head and changed every eight or ten minutes for another hour. By this time she began to froth at the mouth, and look sleepy out of the eyes good evidence that the medicine had made her decidedly sick. I then got into the gig and chirrupped, and away went the animal at a startling pace. I drove her for four or five hours, she went every way I wanted her and returned home with a good relish for supper.

In this way I managed the animal every time she got sulky, and always with success In a few weeks she became so well acquainted with the mode as to give demonstrations of a desire to go when the bridle was being removed with the intention of using lobelia. In two months she was thoroughly broken in, and never troubled me afterwards.

'There is a philosophy in this mode of management. In the first place, the animal was wholly nonplussed by being treated with the utmost kindness and gentleness for she was not used to such management on such occasions.—Then, the relaxant influence of lobelia made her feel nauseous, and nausea is a suitable antidote to ugliness—softening down the passions in a most surprising manner. The addition of water was a decided 'cooler' upon the temper, as well as upon the skin and was an argument against which stubbornness could not thrive. The treatment was so effectual that we are induced to give it a warm recommendation. There are some farmers who do no have baulky horses, that can yet try it upon themselves, and thus test its potency to great advantage.'

A Huckster Outdone.

Away down in the smart village of Cincinnati, there vegetates a certain hotel keeper who for cuteness is some. You may depend Having been frequently imposed upon while supplying his bountiful larder with the article of geese, by the wide awake Buckeye' hucksters, he deemed it high time to try if cheeing wasn't a game that two could play at. So one morning bright and early, he presented himself before one of the numerous farmers' wagons surrounding the market squares with: 'I s-s-say, friend g g got any g-geese?' (The poor fellow has got Charles Lamb's defect of speech).

'Yes, a fine lot.'

'W w well, I've g-g-got up to my h house the all fir-edest set of boys for g g-geese you ever d did see, and I want to h head 'em off a few with some tough ones—c cant you p-pick me out a few old h he fellers?'

'Well I don't know but I might find one or two,' and so turning over his pile of poultry, he collects on one side of his wagon some eight or ten geese whose claim to the title of 'old he fellers' might justly be pronounced clear and unquestionable.

'Mine host' eyed the process of separation with evident satisfaction.

'Are those all the t tough ones you've g-got?'

'Yes, sir, and I vow I didn't know I had so many'

'Well,' was the reply, 'g-guess I'll take the other lot!'—*Buffalo Courier.*

JUDICIOUS READING.—A man may cram his mind with reading, and yet he may be very ignorant and ill informed. What is knowledge but truth? The man, therefore, who desires to be well informed (and who does not?) should make truth the sole object and aim of his reading. Every young man, especially, should endeavor to cultivate habits of judicious reading. He must pursue truth with assiduity, if he would store his mind with knowledge he must endeavor to derive solid pleasure from the study of true and useful works, if he would rise to eminence in literature, in politis, in law, in engineering, in chemistry, in any of the sciences or pursuits of life, to be distinguished in which implies a cultivated mind.

The character of a man is as much indicated by the books and papers which he reads as by the company with which h associates. We have but to know what books and papers a young, mechanic, engineer or artist reads, to form a very sound opinion of his qualifications and his abilities. If he takes no paper or periodical, containing useful information relating to science, art and improvements, he cannot be intelligent, he cannot be expected to attain to distinction in his profession, for he denies his mind that food which is necessary for its proper growth and sustenance.

GENUINE FOOLS.—He who wipes his nose with a nutmeg grater, and picks his teeth with a razor.

She who says "no" to the proposals of a gentleman whom she has reached the age of thirty years.

He who gets so drunk every night that he puts his clothes to bed and hangs himself on the back of a chair.

She who rubs her cheeks with brickbats in order to give them color.

He who puts on his hat and takes his cane and starts out in pursuit of an honest and disinterested politician.

She who pinches and slaps a child to make it quit bawling.

California Incidents.

The Marysville (Cala.) *Herald*, of a recent date, describes a duel and a bar room fight in California, as follows:

'About two years ago, a fight took place in a neighboring mountain town, which for desperation and reckless bravery is worthy of record. A miner and a gambler had quarreled about some trivial affair and both having become the worse for liquor, a challange passed and a meeting was arranged to take place within ten minutes, on the floor of the gambling saloon, without seconds, and each one to choose his own weapon.

'The gambler produced a Colt's revolver, and stepping to the place marked with a cross chalk, declared himself ready. The other took his position, offering the other end of a silk handkerchief, and at the same time drawing from his belt a bowie-knife, declared himself ready, and requested a bystander to give the word.—The spectators panic-struck at the desperation of the men, crowded back to the wall without offering the least opposition to the murderous fight, and scarcely a whisper was heard in the house. The combatants stood waiting for the word, looking steadily in each other's eyes, and apparently without the quivering of a nerve.—The word was given, and the gambler's pistol snapped! At the same time his antagonist struck a fearful blow at his neck, which would have severed his head from his shoulders had not some one touched his elbow and diverted the knife, which passed over the gambler's shoulder, and cut a dreadful gash in his back. At this moment the lookers on having recovered from their surprise, sprang forward and separated the men, and ended the fight.

'Think for a moment, of the courage required for an individual armed with a knife only, to stand during the dreadful moments after taking his position, looking into the barrel of a cocked pistol.

'Another scene happened in an adjoining village. A drunken Irishman attempted to force a thin, pale-looking fellow to drink. Seizing him by the arm, he dragged the boy up to the counter, had the liquor poured out, and swore he should drink it. The boy replied calmly, 'I will not' and at the same time not a trace of color could be seen in his face. 'Then, d—n you, you shall clear out,' said the Irishman and dragging him to the door, he kicked him into the street. The boy threw one arm round an awning post, put the other hand behind him, speaking in the same low, calm voice 'you dare not follow me out!' The man sprang toward him, and the boy, swinging himself round the post, to gather force, drove a long sharp two-edged knife through the breast of his assailant, who fell dead at his feet. The boy was tried before a justice and afterwards the case was presented to a Grand Jury who, after hearing the facts, refused to find a bill. The young man is still at work in the mines there, and we have often looked at his thin, pale face, where firmness and courage are as plainly indicated as though the lines had been dug out with an iron graver.'

Amusements in New Orleans.

The following is the particulars of the late shooting affray in the above city, of which we made mention a day or two ago:

Lucien Adams was riding a horse on the railroad track when the three o'clock car was coming in, and did not get out of the way for the horses attached to the car, and, indeed, struck one of the horses and turned him off the track. This led to the exchange of angry words between Wm. Tenbrink, who had charge of the cars, as collector, and Adams, and at length, it is said, Tenbrink drew a revolver and fired at Adams. The latter then got off from his horse and also drew a revolver, when the two commenced to fire at each other, and in all seven or eight shots were exchanged, one of them taking effect in the left arm of adams, and passing in an upward direction through the thick muscle between his elbow and his shoulder.

After Tenbrink's shots were all exhausted—one of them by the way, lodged in a post between him and Adams—he left, and was not after cards seen in that neighborhood Then Adams, after getting his wound dressed, went and took his stand on the car, and swore that it should not be moved from that position. The Chief of the Police and others forced him to resign his seat, and succeeded in getting the cars again started. It is indeed strange that the bystanders, who were present in great numbers, escaped with the casual receipt of a stray shot, but there seems to be a special providence for the protection of the public under such circumstances.

The Dullness of Great Men.

Descates, the famous mathematician and philosopher; La Fontaine, celebrated for his witty fables; Buffon, the great naturalist, were all singularly deficient in the powers of conversation. Marmontel, the novelist, was so dull in society that his friend said of him, after an interview, "I must go and read his tales; to recompense myself for the weariness of hearing him." As to Corneille, the greatest dramatist in France, he was completely lost in society—so absent and embarrassed, that he wrote of himself a witty couplet, importing that he never was intelligible but through the mouth of another. Wit on paper seems to be something widely different from that of words in conversation, which while it sparkles, dies: for Charles II., the wittiest monarch that ever sat on the English throne was so charmed with the humor of "Hudibras," that he caused himself to be introduced, to the character of a private gentleman, to Butler, its The witty king found the author a very dull companion, and was of opinion, with many others, that so stupid a fellow could never have written so clever a book. Addison, whose classic elegance has long been considered the model of style, was shy and absent in society, preserving, even before a single stranger, stiff and dignified silence. In conversation, Dante was taciturn and satirical. Gray or Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation; not a word of fancy or eloquence warned him.

DIGNITY.—Marcel was a dancing-master, the first posture master of his day. He used to say that none but the English possessed dignity enough to dance well. He was so wrapped up in the sublimity of his art, that he would not pardon the least inelegance of posture. In his latter days he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with the gout.—A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said: 'Go and take it up, Miss, and present it to me as I taught you.' She burst into tears, and obeyed. 'I consent to take it now, and thank you but your elbow is not quite round enough.'—*London News.*

☞ A lady told her husband she read the "Art of Love" on purpose to be agreeable to him "I had rather have love without art," replied he.

☞ Seek for friendship among the pure and good if you would yourself occupy an exalted position.

From the Farm Journal.

SELECTION OF SEED CORN.—MESSRS. EDITORS:—We all remember to our sorrow, the difficulties we were called upon to encounter at our last corn planting. Almost every farmer was compelled to replant, not once only, but frequently two or three times, and in some instances failed to secure a start, even with all this trouble. Various causes were assigned for this failure of the seed to germinate. By some it was attributed to the intense cold; by others, to the unusual moistness of the sob &c. But whatever the cause of the failure, it ought to prove a warning to every farmer, to make an effort to prevent repetition of it next season.—There is but one way to do this, and that is, first, select a sufficient number of the finest ears, taking care that they are not merely the largest in size, but the most perfectly filled, from the heel of the ear to the point. Take no ears the grains on which are loose or imperfect. Having selected a sufficient quantity, next place it where the air can have free access to it. A dry, moderately warm, well ventilated loft is in my opinion the most suitable place. If the selection is made in the field during husking, a small portion of the husk should be allowed to remain on each ear, in order that two or more ears can be tied together, and hung up to the rafters.

If this course is pursued, I have but little fear of failure to germinate.

Yours, C. R. B.

OUR PRESENT FASHIONS.—The other day we read in a letter from Paris, an announcement that the Empress Eugenie had thrown off her hooped skirts, and thought that it would have the effect of diminishing ours. Not so, however, as ours appear to be extending, instead of diminishing. On passing up Chestnut street yesterday, we noticed several of an unusual size. Indeed, on one occasion, we were obliged to take the curbstone for the purpose of getting past an immense mass of floating silk, through which we thought we recognized the form of a female. Numerous incidents and anecdotes are recorded, in which gentlemen have been made lame in consequence of coming in contact with the whalebone skirts of ladies, to all of which we gave but little credit. A few days ago a case of the above kind actually came under our notice. In passing down Ninth street, from the Germantown Railroad depot, we observed *three* ladies walking abreast of each other, which is a rare thing to see. Behind them were two young gentlemen walking very leisurely along. This continued for some time, when one of the young men thought it was "rather slow work," and endeavored to pass the ladies, which he finally succeeded in doing after several efforts. However, before he succeeded in his efforts he got a good rub on one of his "understandings" which caused him to limp for nearly a square. The ladies instead of pitying the poor fellow only laughed at him and said that he would soon get over it. The other gen leman, after several vain attempts to follow his friend gave up in despair. His friend was in front cheering him on, but received in reply "that it was no use trying to get by there!" which caused a giggle among the aforesaid ladies. When they reached Race street, our friend finally succeeded in passing the "barrel," and left its vicinity as soon as possible. Several instances of the same kind have recently came under our notice. Indeed, if our ladies extend their skirts much larger we will be obliged to make a new regulation—use the sidewalks for vehicles, and the middle of the street for pedestrians.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE MAMMOTH STEAM FRIGATE NIAGARA.—The Niagara is thus described by a New York paper:

'The cabins and officers' quarters of the steam frigate Niagara, on which a force of sixty men are constantly engaged, will be finished together with the rest of the joiner's work, in the course of a month, and in a style that will surpass anything of the kind now in the navy. Her twelve 11-inch swivel guns, weighing nearly 16,000 pounds each, are now in the blacksmith's shop, receiving tangent sights and other fixtures. Each gun carriage and slide weigh together about 5,000 pounds, and the shells, when empty from 130 to 140 pounds. Her engines give entire satisfaction. She will be provided with ten boats, two launches, four cutters, one whale-boat, one barge, and one gig.—It is expected that she will be entirely finished in two month's time. The machinery of the Mississippi is undergoing repairs; but the work has been partially suspended to hurry forward the Niagara.

A COOL VILLAIN.—The Boston *Traveler* states that during a visit of the committee of the legislature on prisions to the State Prison, on Wednesday, Cater, the murderer of the late warden, was taken out of his cell into the passage way, for the purpose of giving the committee a better opportunity of judging of his mental and physical condition. Cater was handcuffed at the time, and while in the presence of the committee, he took a piece of spoon-handle from under his sleeve, and with it managed to unlock his hand cuffs and free his hands nearly as quickly as it could have been done with the proper key. The committee manifested their astonishment at the act, and Cater observing it coolly remarked, with an oath, 'You don't suppose I'm fool enough to sleep with them things on, do you?'

TRAGEDY.—A letter from Vienna, dated the 16th January, says: "Two suicides have taken place here within the last week. A similar event has occurred at Pesth, under tragic circumstances. A Hungarian lawyer and his wife had arrived in the city with their young daughter, aged twelve years, for the purpose of soliciting an appointment as Judge. Their general appearance was elegant, and the lady had been much remarked at the theatres on account of the dazzling brilliancy of her complexion. One evening the entire family, dressed as for a *fete*, went to the banks of the Danube, and, tied together by a cord, the child in the middle, leaped into the river, in the midst of the pieces of ice which were drifting by. A piercing shriek escaped the mother, and with assistance the parents were dragged out, but the child had sunk. The father was dead! and the mother, on regaining the shore, was found to be mad.

RAVENOUS WOLVES.—We find the following in the Keokuk (Iowa) *Post* of the 25th ult.:

We learn from a gentleman who arrived in our city yesterday, from Sioux City, that the wolves in the river counties have been driven to such straits by the snow and cold weather, that they have become so ravenous as to destroy horses and cattle to a considerable extent, and that they have often attacked persons.—On the evening of the 5th inst., a son and daughter of Mr. Stockdale, left their residence, on a fork of the Little Sioux River, in Woodbury, to a tend a party at a neighbor's about 2 miles distant, and have not since been heard of. On the morning of the 4th, the bereaved parents sent to Southon for assistance, and searched the neighborhood around them, and as no traces of the lost ones had been found, the conclusion is that they had been attacked by the wolves, and devoured. A gentleman from Wisconsin, who visited Iowa lately, states in a private letter, received in this city, that he was chased for miles by these ravenous creatures, and barely escaped from him with his life. He described them as fr