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Poetical.

A HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I've lost my little May at last;
She perished in the Spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
And earliest birds to sing;
I laid her in a country grave,
A green and soft retreat;
A marble tablet o'er her head,
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom;
My joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in her tomb—
I know that she has gone away,
I know that she has fled,
I miss her everywhere, and yet
I cannot think her dead!

I sit within my quiet room
Alone, and write for hours,
And miss the little maid again
Among the window flowers;
And miss her with her toys beside
My desk in silent play;
And then I turn and look for her,
But she has flown away.

I drop my idle pen, and hand,
And catch the faintest sound;
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around;
She'll come and climb my chair again,
And peep my shoulders o'er;
I hear a stifled laugh—but no,
She cometh nevermore!

I waited only yesternight,
The evening service read,
And lingered for my idol's kiss
Before she went to bed;
Forgetting she had gone before,
In slumbers soft and sweet;
A marble tablet at her head,
And violets at her feet!

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
Go forth to work or play,
And when they visit poor men's homes,
The bless them by the way.
'Tis willing hand! 'tis cheerful heart?
The two best friends I know,
Around the heart come joy and mirth
Where'er their faces glow.
Come shine—'tis bright! come dark—'tis light!
Come cold—'tis warm are long!
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!.

Who falls may stand, if good right hand
Is first not second best;
Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
Has lodging in his breast.
The humblest board has dainties poured,
When they sit down to dine;
The bread they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.
They fill the purse with honest gold,
They lead no creature wrong;
So merrily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song.

Without these twain the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare!
Their looks are fire—their words inspire—
Their deeds give courage high;
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why,
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
No'er finds the journey long;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke!
Merrily sound the song!

Miscellaneous.

[*From the German.*]

THE LEFT EYE.

A rich old man, who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named Kookju, was as much distinguished for her beauty as for extraordinary wisdom.

One morning as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market-place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring them on his return. The two eldest asked him for trinkets, but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, but that she had a request to make, which it would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish though it was the price of his life.

"If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you to do as follows: sell your cattle except the short tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except the Chan's left eye." The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else than the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon reached the ear of the Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him not to use such an offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him as a madman, before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, whose motives he was perfectly ignorant of; and the Chan, suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, under the condition that he would bring him that daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked—

"Why dost thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me."

"And wherefore dost thou desire to see me?"

"I wish to tell the a truth important to thyself and thy people."

"Name it."

"Prince," replied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and the noble generally stand on thy right hand, while the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently favorest the noble and the rich. This is the reason why I pursuaded my father to ask for thy left eye; it being no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try whether her strange proceedings was the effect of malice or wisdom.

Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which was the top. Kookju threw it into the water and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, while the top rose to the surface.

After this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was a male and which was a female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton and seeing that one coiled herself up in a ring, while the other crept away she judged the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan: his vanity was hurt; and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He, therefore, ordered her before him, and asked:

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home most?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who, instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those which have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fence, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over; and Kookju said, "to cross it would be nearest, going round the farthest."

The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies; and having reflected for some time he again inquired:

"Which is the safest means of becoming known to many?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of leading a virtuous life?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with some good action."

"Who is truly wise?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites for a good wife?"

"She should be beautiful as a peahen, gentle as a lamb, prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scales of a fish; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she-camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju; yet, enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found the means of attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures; after which he promised to absolve her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she intended, as a wise woman, merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day she placed a dish of meat before him and said, "Confess, O Chan! that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat!" The Chan was so struck with the truth of her remark that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his *left eye*.

Hunting up a Soft Place.

I was down to see the widow yesterday said Tim's uncle, and she gave me dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chatted and run on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now I thought Tim was rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her, too. So after dinner, while sitting close beside the window, I fancied we both felt comfortable like—I know I did. I felt that I had fallen over head and ears in love with her, and I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me. She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was a coming—that I was a going to court her. Presently—I laid my hand softly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked when I placed it there in my blandest tones, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression, I remarked then, with my eyes pouring love, truth, and fidelity, right into hers:

"Widow, this is the nicest, softest place I ever had my hands on in all my life!"

Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones—

"Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place."

In a moment, in rapture, I consented and taking my hand, she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly, laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim, I haven't told this to a living soul but you, and by jinks! you musent; but I couldn't hold in any longer, so I tell you; but mind, it musn't go any further.

Failure of Muggins.

Muggins has failed. He got in a tight place, hypothecated everything in his possession down to his bootjack and umbrella, and finally retreating to the upper story of the tenement he occupied, took a stout rope, attached it to a strong rafter, and deliberately suspended payments and himself at the same time out of the window, by shinning rapidly down into the back yard; and made off at a round rate just as his landlady, two tailors, and his washerwoman came up stairs to break in the door of his apartment.

He retreated to the elevator of one of our warehouses, though he ultimately hopes to pay his creditors ten cents apiece as soon as he sells his "exchange" (he has an unpaid bill in New York city to which he fondly gives that title.) In the meantime he is writing a pamphlet, urging the formation of "a General Suspension and Anti-Paying Debts Union."

He has sent us his articles of agreement, one of which is that the fee of ten dollars be "charged to all new members," whose standing is to be forfeited if the fee is by any inadvertency paid.

Then there are several provisions, one of which squints toward a return to the Sabbatic year, upon which Muggins himself claims to have already experimentally entered. He tells us, in foot note, that a twelve month is intercalculated just now making all collections and business transactions illegal and void during three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, is just what the community need. Perhaps it is. We look upon Muggins as "eventually good."—*Chicago Press.*

A GOOD COMPARISON.—"If you have ever seen," wrote Willis to his daughter, "a field of broom-corn—the most careless branching and free swaying of all the products of a summer—and can fancy the contrast, in its destiny, between sweeping the pure air with the wind's handling, and sweeping what it more usefully may, when tied up for handling as brooms, you can understand the difference I feel, between using my thoughts at my pleasure, as in country life, and using them for subsistence as in my present profession."

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

The happiness of this world is not so unequally distributed as many imagine; the rich have not all the privileges, nor the poor all the privations. Thank God, the purest pleasures of life are those which money cannot buy. The artisan going from his wearisome labor to his humble house, as he meets the love-lit smile of his wife, and takes his fair and healthy child upon his knee, knows a thrill of sweeter joy than the most lavish expenditure of gold upon costly stimulants can bring the jaded mind of the epicurean in pleasure. The wildwood flowers and the dew-drops are not dought; the glory of sunset and the magnificence of the full moon are free to all. The blushing cheek and beaming eyes of the affection cannot be purchased; virtue and beauty receive not their glorious riches from the hand of Mammon; the intellectually wealthy may well hold in contempt the baser coin of the world.

It is true that the bridegroom workingman, as he bears his bride to their lowly home, longs, with the impulse of affection, to attire her graceful form in the same adornments which her prouder sisters use to heighten their charms; but it is foolish, though generous impulse. If he loves his bride, and she him, they need not covet the situation of those whose love of rivalship, display, and "pride of place" have most likely driven out simple, heartfelt happiness.—The radiant smile of affection, and the clear glance of unsullied virtue, are ornaments above price, and will make the face of a woman beautiful even in its old age.

So the working-man father, looking around upon his blooming children, is conscious that that their intellect is as keen, their perceptions as ready, as those of the nabob's upon the next street; and he determines they shall have similar advantages. This is a noble ambition. But in these days, it is no reason why a man should spend his years in grumbling discontent because he is not rich. Our system of common schools places education within reach of the humblest. With mind an Education, every son and daughter has a fair chance to achieve respectability in this country; and it is a false ambition which would seek the power and honor conferred only by money. Yet, that son or daughter may have yearnings after the developement of peculiar talents or genius; the son may thirst to drink deep of the Pierian spring of classical learning; may have a gift for a profession (without which especial calling he has no business to attempt competition in the overburdened ranks of the professions;) and the daughter may have visions of beauty, or have dreams of melody, which call for her fingers to accomplish themselves in painting or music.

With health a moderate industry will bring about all this, and still the soul not fall a victim to the prevailing fever—the terrible gold lever which scorches the sensibilities, and dries up the springs of humanity in so many hearts.

There is still another class who feel yet more keenly the want of wealth; not for the petty pleasures of sense, or the local influence it would give them, but because they worship the Beautiful, and money would give them the means of gratifying their exquisite tastes. With souls aspiring after grace, fitness, and beauty in all things, they have to struggle with the details of life and poverty. These are the people of genius—poets, artists—men of divine, unworldly gifts. They would convert the glorious Ideal into the Real, if they had the necessary means. They are treated by the coarseness and ugliness from which they cannot escape, yet they are self-deceived if they do not consider themselves among the most fortunate, as far even as happiness, commonly considered goes. We doubt not that the painter in his unfurnished garret, with his coffee-pot and loaf of bread, and his hard bed in the same room with him, is filled with a richer pleasure, as he sits, and dreams, and broods over the creation of his genius upon the canvass before him, than it is possible for the wealthy egotist, who buys it of him, to conceive. We doubt not that his Art—his beloved, worshiped Art—is more to him than pyramids of diamonds. Ask him if he would exchange himself, his hopes, his dreams, his ideals, his fine perceptions of beauty, his deep emotions, for the withered soul of yonder Croesus, who has spent his life in accumulating bonds and mortgages, rents, and interest upon interest.

And the poet—will he say that he has ever entered the portals of any Fifth Avenue palace, that could begin to equal the splendor of the unearthly palaces through which his imagination daily walks? Will he give up the materials from which he constructs these—gold of the sunset, marble of the clouds, silver of the Starlight, gems of the dew and waterfall, draperies of intangible mists and inexpressibly lovely shadows, spray and foliage, with all the delight which they give and the beauty which they suggest—for the brown stone mansion of the millionare? Will he not say that his day and his night dreaming, his fancies, his earnest aspirations after the pure and true, his deep sympathy with the heart of humanity, his mighty store of lore, his keen delight in all that is fair, his broad and boundless realm of feeling and imagination—where angels walk, and visitants more beautiful than flowers, linger to smile upon him—will he not say that *these* are beyond price—a wealth which he has inherited from the Father in Heaven?

The scholar and the scientific man; will they measure their pleasures along with those of the sensualist and the epicure? Yet, for what nobler purpose are the most of these fortunes acquired, than for indulgence in good eating, good drinking, rich cloth, and showy house, and for the means of rivalry, arrogance, and ostentation?

A good fortune, well spent upon objects of real merit, upon works of art, and cultivation of the mind and soul; upon the poor, the sick, and upon the struggling men of talent; upon the advancement of science and general intelligence, is a desirable thing. But how few acquire money for such purposes!

Take heart, you who belong not to throng of the vulgar "great!" Reconsider your fortunes, and see if you have not cause for true thankfulness. Press not on so madly for the glittering payment. Do you not see how you trample out the flowers by the wayside? Will you be so unmindful of their fragrance upon the air, and of the blue heaven over your heads?

WHY NOT SUCCESSFUL.—The young mechanic or clerk marries and takes a house which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of taking hold to help him to earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend her limited earnings.

Ten years afterwards, you will find him struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky.

The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is in their own extravagance and heedless ostenation.

☞ In treating diseases of the mind, music is not sufficiently valued. In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary stops.

☞ "You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?" "Why, they feed him more and kick him less," said the urchin.

COL. YELL'S FIRST COURT.

When Colonel Archibald Yell, afterwards killed at the battle of Buena Vista, had taken his seat for the first time upon the bench, in Arkansas, the bar was composed of a set of lawyers who had always brow-beaten his predecessors and had their own way. Judge Yell determined to put a stop to this. The first case on the docket was called, and the plaintiff stood ready. It was a case that had been in litigation for five years. General Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked, in an overbearing tone:

"Our witnesses are absent, and, therefore, I demand that the case be continued until next term, in course."

"Let the affidavit be filed, for not till then can I entertain a motion for continuance, was the reply of the Judge.

"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed sharply, and involuntarily raised his huge sword cane.

"Not at all," replied the Judge with his blandest smile; "but the law requires that the facts justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the court has no power to annul a law, nor any will to see it annulled."

The Judge's calm and business like tone and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted, shaking his sword cane in the direction of the bench. "Whatever may be the law, I, for one, will not learn it from the lips of an upstart demagogue and a coward!"

Judge Yell's temper was a little moved at this reply, but he only turned to the clerk, and said, "Clerk, you will enter a fine of fifty dollars against Gen. Smoot, as I see him named on my docket, for gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had hardly communicated the order, when Gen. Smoot was seen rushing towards him, brandishing his sword cane. Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the Judge, for all wished to know how he would bear the coming shock of the duelist's fierce assault. But none, however, could detect the slightest change in his appearance. He did not change color, nor did a nerve seem to tremble; his calm eye surveyed the advancing foe with little of perturbation. He sat perfectly still, with a little rod of painted iron in his hand. Smoot ascended the platform, and immediately aimed a tremendous blow at the head of his foe. At that blow all expected to see the victim's skull shivered to atoms. The general astonishment then may be conceived, when they beheld the little iron staff describe a quick curve, as the great sword-cane flew from Smoot's fingers, and fell with a loud clatter at the distance of twenty feet in the hall. The baffled bully uttered a yell, and snatched his bowie-knife from its sheath, but ere it was poised for the desperate plunge, the little iron staff cut another curve, and the big knife followed the sword cane. He then hastily drew a revolving pistol, but before he had time to touch the trigger his arm was struck powerless by his side. And then, for the first time, did Judge Yell betray perceptible emotion. He stamped his foot till the platform shook beneath him, and shouted in trumpet tones, "Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name from the roll of attorneys, as a foul disgrace to the bar. Mr. Sheriff, take the criminal to jail." The latter officer sprang to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued which no pen can describe. The bravos and myrmidon friends of Gen. Smoot gathered around to obstruct the sheriff, while many of the citizens lent their aid to sustain the authority of the court. Menaces, shouts, and curses were commingled. The new Judge used his little iron cane with terrible efficiency, crippling limbs, yet sparing life. The sheriff, imitating the clemency of his honored friend, disdaining the use of either knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed all opposition singing out at every blow, "This is the way to preserve order in court!"—a sentiment which he accompanied with a wild peal of laughter.—In less than two minutes the party of the Judge triumphed, the clique of Gen. Smoot suffered a disastrous defeat, and the bully himself was borne away to prison. Such was the debut of Archibald Yell in Arkansas; and from that his popularity as a man, as a Judge, as a hero and as a politician, went on rapidly increasing, till eclipsing the old and most powerful names, it set on the bloody eve of Buena Vista.

The Homestead.

How sacred the recollections that cluster around the spot where we were born—the spot where first we learned to look upon the beauties of nature—the green sward—the waving corn—the stately tree—and the little, clear bubbling spring at its root, from which, during the long, long days of summer school, we slaked our thirst, or sought a short relief from the tiresome, straight-backed school house bench; the rippling brook, with its grassy bank, and speckled trout, and little falls that turned the tiny wheel.

The place where we first chased the gay butterfly and timid "chipmunc;" where first we tangled the grass of the mower by searching for the delicious strawberry, and where first we plucked the bright tempting cherry, the lucious peach, the dainty pear, and the always enduring and ever grateful apple.

Where, with brothers and sisters, and little visiting friends, we had our playhouses—our ovens of sand—our acorn cups and saucers, and plates of broken china, and made the miniature stately calls and formal tea-parties; and with what stately stride we imitated the walk of our elders in doing it; where we played "keep school" and "preach," and anon with hard-back blossoms or cockerel's feather in our caps, we strutted forth, the embryo defenders of our country's rights, the gallant volunteers.

The place where first we learned to listen to the rapturous notes of the free, happy orchard melodist—the robin and her associates to the chattering swallow, and the plaintive whippoorwill.

The place where first we learned to lisp the names of father and mother; and to utter the first pure sentiments of fraternal love for brother, and for "sister dear."

But above all, and more than all, the spot where first the holy love of mother taught our infant thoughts to revere, and our infant lips to pray, "Our Father, who art in Heaven."

How intimately and indissolubly connected with, how wholly enshrined upon, the spot where we were born—the old homestead—are all recollections of the pure gushing joys of early years! And who, in after life, can see a stranger lord of that manor, without a pang of sorrow? Who would not their feel that such possession is sacrilegious?

"Give, Oh, give me back my home,
My own dear NATIVE home."

THE "BIBLE TWANG."—Once upon a time, an elderly Scotch woman gave her grand-son the newspaper, telling him to read aloud. The only reading the boy had been much in the way of hearing was at the parish kirk, and he beagn to read in the exact tone in which he had so often heard the minister read. The good lad was shocked at the boy's profanity, and, giving him a box on the ear, exclaimed, "What! dost thou read the newspaper with the Bible twang?" Many a minister has a twang or tone for the pulpit that he never uses in conversation. If a lawyer at the bar should address the jury in the preaching tone, he would make them laugh when he wished them to weep. Preaching should be in the ordinary tone, such as used between man and man; but many preachers pitch on a key so varient from their natural voice that they would not be recognised unless they could be seen.—*New York Observer.*

From the American Educator.

Conferring of Doctors' Degrees.

The prodigality of parchment indulged in by some of our universities about the commencement season is truly wonderful. Having it in their power to make Doctors an indefinite number of mankind, they seem disposed to exercise their prerogative to the utmost. Every trustee, of course, has a friend; and this friend he deems it a special duty to have dubbed a D. D. or L. L. D., without inquiring overcarefully into his qualifications for the title. Brains may be below par, education at a discount; but it matters not. Like charity, the Doctor's diploma covers a multitude of sins. It makes little difference what the deficiencies of the recipient may be; the mystical letters, backed up by a sheet of vellum fairly engrossed in Latin, excuse them all. They are necessary to cap the climax of scholastic dignity and ecclesiastical worth in the eyes of the ignoble crowd.

But we all know that "familiarity begets contempt;" and the lavish rate at which doctorates have been conferred of late years is certainly not calculated to enhance their value.—If this state of things continues, the question will soon be, not "Who is a doctor?" but "Who is *not* a doctor?" and the untitled man will be the more remarkable, and therefore in a measure, the more honorable of the two. This fact is already beginning to be felt; so much so that some of our clergy have even declined the proffered degree. The market has been glutted, and as a necessary consequence the demand has, in a measure ceased.

Moreover, it is not alone the number of those who have been made doctors, but in many cases their manifest unfitness, that has brought the degree into disrepute. It was recently stated in the *Congregationalist*, that a letter had been received from a gentleman created Doctor of Divinity this summer, which abounded in errors of spelling, grammar, and punctuation. Such cases are not rare; and even when there is no such gross ignorance of the rudimentary branches, there is too often a lack of that higher learning which distinguishes a man above his fellows. If the title of Doctor means anything, it means *learned men*, and should be bestowed only where there is learning to justify it.

It behooves our Colleges and Universities to see to this, and in conferring their honors to use more discrimination than they have done during the past three or four years. A degree is very properly bestowed upon such as are really eminent for scholarship or theological acumen. It is a token that the world appreciates their labors, and respects assiduity and talent. But the moment that such honors become insignificant by reason of their commonness, or being conferred through personal feelings cease to be the rewards of special merit, they are a mere nullity, and might better be entirely abrogated. It is the duty of every Trustee utterly to ignore friendship and favor in this matter, and to be governed exclusively by high and honorable principle. No matter how popular a man may be, no matter how prominent a position he may occupy, no matter how much he may have done for this denomination or that institution, he should not for any such reason merely be dignified with an honorary degree.—Proficiency in law, theology, science, language, or general learning, should be a *sine qua non*, a condition insisted upon with no variableness or shadow of turning.

The case with which our honorary degrees are obtained and the curious results to which their permiscuous bestoval leads, bring to our mind a good story which may be profitable as well as entertaining. Some years ago, the University of St. Andrews, one of the most famous in Scotland, having rather a lean treasury, determined to replenish it by a new branch of commerce, and announced that it would sell its Doctors' Degrees at £20 apiece. Many took advantage of this liberal offer; and among the rest, a certain minister, who thought his services would be more acceptable to his flock were he possessed of a handle to his name, put the required sum into his purse, and went up to Saint Andrews to purchase the coveted honor. A man servant accompanied him, and was present when his master, having previously footed the bill, was formally presented with the official parchment.

On his return home, the new Doctor sent for his servant and addressed him as follows:

"Noo, Sandy, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me *the Doctor*; and gin anybody spiers at ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say *The Doctor's in his study*, or, *The Doctor's engaged*, or, *The Doctor will see ye in a crack*, as the case may be."

"That a' depends," replied Sandy, "on whether ye ca' me *the Doctor* too." The revered Doctor stared. "Aye, its just so," continued the other; "for when I footed it cost sae little, I e'en got a diploma myself. Sae ye'll just be good enough to say, 'Doctor put on some coals;' or, Doctor bring me the whiskey. And gin anybody spiers at ye about me, ye'll aye be sure to say, *The Doctor's in the pantry*, or, *The Doctor's in the stable*, or, *The Doctor's digging potatoes*, as the case may be."

The Manufacture of Words.

The following sensible remarks are extracted from *Fraser's Magazine*:

No permission has been so much abused in our day as that of Horace for the manufacture of words. He allows men to mould one now and then, with a modest discretion and caution; but he is addressing poets, not venders of patent leather or dealers in marine stores. Would he not have stood aghast at the term "antipropylos." Would it not puzzle a Schaliger or Bently? It is time we protest to these vile coinages when every breeches maker of blacking manufacturer invents a compound word of six syllables as expressive of his wares. Ladies do not wear petticoats now-a-days, but crinolines.—What is their new name for garters? Men do not ride on horseback as aforetime—they take equestrian exercise; women are not married like their grandmothers—they are led to the hymenial altar. A bookseller, forsooth, becomes a biblopole; and a servant is converted into a manicple. Baubers do not sell tooth powder and shaving soap as their father's did, but odonto and dentifrice, and rypophagon; hairwash has passed away—it is capillary fluid. Can any one tell what is the meaning of "diagnosis" as applicable to disease? If it has any signification at all we will guarantee to find half a-dozen Saxon monosyllables expressive of the same idea.

Medical gentlemen, too, talk of phlebotomy; we know that it has some connection with bloodletting, and for our own part, we always associate the term with a night we once spent between the sheets, all alive O! in an Irish hotel. Who would believe that "epistaxis" means simply bleeding at the nose? Fancy one schoolboy doubling his fist, and telling another to look out for "epistaxis." We take up the first book within reach, and open it at random. It is William Wordsworth; a Biography by Edwin Paxton Wood. Well, what do you read? "By æsthetic biography," he says, "is simply intended a life in its ideal attitudes:" Simply intended! Did ever mortal man listen to such verbiage run mad? What, again, are we to understand by the words "objective" and "subjective," which every goose with his sham metaphysics has now-a-days on his lips?

☞ Men had much rather be censured for want of morals than for want of understanding.

BUNYAN'S TOMB.

A correspondent of "Moore's Rural New Yorker," thus speaks of the sepulchre of the "immortal dream dreamer":

In a quiet and secluded cemetery of the great metropolis of England, lie the precious ashes of one of the best and noblest of men, who as an author has immortalized himself by an imperishable allegory—charming and fascinating, both to youth and age—filled with striking illustrations of Christian character and experience, and showing the influence of reason and religion on the human mind. It seems somewhat natural to man to visit the sepulchres of those who have distinguished themselves in the pages of human history—by some thrilling act of patriotic heroism—some noble discovery in science or arts—or of one who has charmed us by the sweetness of his song or by the magic of his pen, or by the pure acts of self-denying and unusual philanthrophy, has endeared himself in the memories of his race.

Under the influence of this feeling—such a feeling as influenced the woman at the sepulcher of the Redeemer, where they went "to see the place where the Lord lay," and were shown the spot by the angel of the Lord—did we visit the city of the dead, and especially the tomb of a most distinguished, excellent and useful servant of our Divine Master, even the grave of John Bunyan! He is surrounded by the sacred dust of thousands of the noblest and best of men.—In the plain, neglected and disused burial ground of Bunghill Fields, City Road, London, are deposited his mortal remains. Close by are also those of the sweet singers of Israel—Dr. Isaac Watts and Dr. Ryland. In the yard of the City Road Chapel, opposite, rest the remains of the excellent, pious and exemplary John Wesley.

It is interesting to visit such a place of memorial, and refresh our minds with the history of early Non-conformity in England; and as we admire and praise those who in American History struggled hard and oft to obtain human liberty, we cannot but with equal pleasure and satisfaction remember those who entertained and advocated in old England, and at a later period, "Liberty of Conscience," and man's political rights, and who left, some of them, their fatherland and their homes to secure to themselves and others the sacred ark of liberty, and whose example and influence have contributed in the highest degree to the prosperity and progress of this mighty Republic.

The tomb of Bunyan lies crumbling to dust. It has been neat, plain and unassuming. Its inscription time has almost obliterated, and it can scarcely be read. Some kind and friendly hand has had re-cut on the side of the tomb the name of its illustrious tenant. What a spot! What remains! Here lies one whose "little book" held us spell-bound when our imagination loved to roam in the region of fancy, and who still edifies and instructs us in our riper years—a man whose eloquence of speech commanded immense assemblies at unusual hours, and whose inimitable genius and powerful and beautiful and pure Saxon writing has placed him in a statue in the magnificent assembly house of the Parliament of England.—What a change! Bunyan, the tinker, the schismatic, the dissenter, the imprisoned for conscience sake, occupying a place amongst statesman and poets, historians and heroes!—What a glorious greeting of emancipated spirits when the silver trumpet shall sound, when the sepulchres shall crumble to dust, and the graves shall be opened. Wesley, and Watts, and Bunyan, and Milton, and the great and good of all denominations, shall meet and join in the universal triumph to the Redeemer as the Lord of all.

A Jack at all Trades.

A druggist in New York advertised for a clerk, and, among other applicants, was a tall, awkward looking fellow, apparently twenty-five years of age, coarsely dressed without stockings, and with a skin as rough as a rhinoceros. After staring awhile at the splendid bottles and other things that attracted his notice he broke out:—"Are you the drugger of this 'ere establishment?" "I am the druggist, sir," replied the owner. "Well, I thought so as I came in," said the fellow. "I know a thing or two, for all I look so. I've been readin' in the news prints about how you are in want of a clerk, and thinks I, as soon as I cast my eyes on it, now that place will suit me to a hair; and so I have come right away up here to make a bargain." "Have you been bred to the business?" inquired the druggist. "I can't say I have, exactly," replied the lout, "but I have been bred to farmin', and I have a brother that can chop wood like a horse, which I s'pose will answer all the same."—But, said the druggist, "I should like to get a man that understands something of the business." "Why, for that matter," returned the fellow, "I could soon larn—I'm a purty ingenious fellow about anything I undertake.—Why, it's only last winter I mad a whole new pig trough out of my head." What do you think of that sir?" "I suppose you found the stuff already fitted to your hands. But I imagine it is easier for you to make a pig-trough than to be a druggist." "Try me, then, and see," said the persevering applicant; "you don't know till you try. Now what'll you wager I can't tell what's in that, ere round bottle there in the winder?" "I'm not in the habit of betting," said the druggist; but I doubt very much whether you can tell." "You won't bet, ha?" replied the fellow; then I'll tell you without. That stuff that looks so blue in that 'ere bottle is hydrostatic-muriatic problematic-generatic acid. I larnt that of the doctr in our town. Don't you think, now, sir, I'm a purty ingenus scholar?" "I must say you have given a very fair specimen," replied the owner of the shop; but as it takes some years to learn the druggist's business, I think you had better engage in something which you can understand more readily." "You think I had, ha?" said the fellow; with a mortified look. He then stood musing for a while, and drumming on the counter; when all of a sudden, seeming to have caught a new idea, he burst out, "By jingo, mister, I b'leve you're right, and now I think on't I'll go this minit and see if I can git a place in a *livery stable*."

THE BRAIN IN CHILDHOOD.—It is a fact well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed, and that, if forced into premature exercise, they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim indeed, of general import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty of body and mind; but singularly to the one we are now considering, which forms, in one sense, the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise short of fatigue, is improving to it, but we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands.—*Mental Physiology*

☞ "If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" was the caustic reply.

The Fading One.

Did you ever see some member of a family *fading away*—gradually, yet surely, beyond all human help, wasting under the power of disease? Around the house, perhaps—going out for the short walk or the gentle ride; able, it may be, to see friends, and pleasures of life; but growing weaker day by day—suffering, enduring, but slowly *fading*. Did you ever see a friend thus as piece by piece the clayey tabernacle was being taken down and the spirit pluming itself for its flight as soon as its prison chains fall off?

Such as one I saw recently—and who has now gone to her eternal home. It was very touching to watch the solicitude of all the family of their drooping flower. The arrangements for the visit had been made with reference to her wishes; the temperature of the room must be regulated for her comfort, the easiest chair had been for her her use. The mother's eye watched her as she passed around the room with a mother's anxiety; the sisters anticipated every wish of her heart; the little brothers hushed their noisy glee and stopped more gently in her presence.

I watched her weakness as she turned upon her loved ones for support, *apparently* unconscious of all their attentions—receiving them freely as they were given—and, thought what a beautiful provision of a merciful Providence is the family. It is indeed a relic of Eden left to us yet unbroken, primitive heaven-born, blessedness. If the world were one great commune of Socialism, as some would seem to desire in these days of wickedness, might do well enough in youth and health, and vigor, but what would become of the falling ones in this selfish world?

We may well be grateful for family comforts. We may well prize them if we have them unmarried by sickness or death, for but a few families escape a great while. And when they come what consideration should induce us to spare any attention which can be given to smooth the pathway to the tomb? No lapse of time can ever take away the bitterness of the recollection of unkindness at such a time, after the grave has closed over the lost one.

Speak gently to your fading ones. Bear patiently with all the humors and caprices of a mind weakened by disease. Consider no self-denial too great to be born. But especially point often to the necessity of being at any time prepared for death. If possible, disrobe death of its terrors by making it familiar and holding free intercouse upon the great themes of the soul's immortality and its eternal home. Such efforts will bring consolation in the hour of sorrow, when all the weary watchings and night vrgils and trials of patience shall be forgotten.

Medical Use of Salt.

In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed cholic, add a teaspoonful of salt to a pint of cold water—drink it and go to bed; it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a heavy fall.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing—if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will immediately restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added; and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail Dr. Rush found two teaspoonsful of salt completely stayed the blood.

In cases of bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar wash them twice a day with salt and water.

In swelled neck, wash the part with brine and drink it also twice a day until cured.

Salt will expel worms, if used in the food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious if used much.—*Scientific American.*

[*From the Baltimore Patriot.*]

Dreadful Tragedy in Geregia.

We have received, through a gentleman of this city, the following account of one of the most horrible butcheries we have heard of since the days of Adam Horn. The information is from one whose responsibility cannot be questioned. The account comes in a private letter, and is said to have occurred on the 17th ultimo:—

"It appears that a man named Adams was married a short time since to a Miss Jenkins, who had previously been engaged to another man named Harley. Harley, on the morning of the wedding day had threatened Miss Jenkins with revenge if she persisted in marrying his rival, but she laughed to scorn his threats, and was, as appointed, bound in