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Poetical.

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.

BY ALICE CARY.

Painter, paint me a sycamore,
A spreading and snowy-limbed tree,
Making cool shelter for three,
And like a green quilt at the door
Of the cabin near the tree,
Picture the grass for me,
With a winding and dusty road before.
Not far from the group of three,
And the silver sycamore tree.

'Twill take your finest skill to draw
From that happy group of three,
Under the sycamore tree,
The little girl in the hat of straw
And the faded frock, for she
Is is as fair as fair can be.
You have painted frock and hat complete!
Now the color of snow you must paint her feet
Her cheeks and lips from a strawberry bed;
From sunflower fringes her shining head.

Now, painter, paint the hop-vine swing
Close to the group of three,
And a bird with bright brown eyes and wing,
Chirping merrily,
"Twit twit, twit twit twee!" "
That is all the song he makes,
And the child to mocking laughter breaks
Answering "here are we,
Father and mother and me!"
Pretty darling, her world is small,
Father and mother and she are all.

Ah, painter, your hand is still!
You have made the group of three
Under the sycamore tree,
But you cannot make all the skill
Of your colors say, "twit twit twee!"
Nor the answering, "here are we,"
I'll be a poet, and paint with words
Talking children, and chirping birds.

THE TWO BRIDES.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet;
One was in her bridal robe,
One in her winding-sheet.

The choristers sang the hymns,
The sacred rites were read—
And one for life to Life,
And one to Death, was wed!

They went to their bridal beds
In loveliness and bloom:
One in a merry castle,
One in a silent tomb.

One to the world of sleep,
Lock'd in the arms of Love;
And one to the arms of Death,
Passed to the heavens above.

One to the morrow woke,
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again!

Miscellaneous.

The Tell-Tale Heart.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

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.—*Longfellow.*

True!—nervous—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been, and am; but why will you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses: not destroyed, not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how heal hily, how calmly, I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but, once conceived it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye—yes, it was this! He had the eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me my blood ran cold; and so, by degrees, very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen me. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded! with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him.—And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening, sufficient for my head, I first put in a dark lantern, all closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in. I moved it slowly—so that I might not disturb the old man's sleep.

It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see the old man as he lay upon his bed. Ha! would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously!—for the hinges creaked. I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did, for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into his chamber and courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at 12, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eight night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch's minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never, before that night, had I felt the extent of my powers—of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door little by little, and the old man not to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea. And perhaps the old man heard me for he moved in the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was black as pitch with the thick darkness, (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers,) and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept on pushing it steadily, steadily.

I got my head in and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in bed crying out "who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing; for an hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear the old man lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening, just as I have done night af er night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or grief. Oh, no! it was the low, stifled sound that rises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has swelled up from my own bosom, deepening with its dreadful echo the terrors that distracted me.—I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself, "It is nothing but the wind in the chimney; it is only a mouse crossing the floor;" or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp."

Yes, he had been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions, but he had found all in vain. All in vain, because death, in approaching the old man had stalked with his black shadow before him and the shadow had now reached and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard me—to feel the pressure of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing the old man lie down, I resolved to open a little, a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until at length a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out of the crevice and fell upon the vulture eye.

It was open, wide, wide open, and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with hideous, veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person, for I had directed the ray as if, by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now—have I not told you that what you mistaken for madness is but over acuteness of the senses?—now, say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew that sound well, too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still; I scarcely breathed, I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and louder every instant. The old man's terror must have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment! Do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous—so I am. And now, at the dead hour of the night, and amid the dreadful silence of that house, so strange a noise that this excited me to uncontrollable wrath. Yet for some minutes longer, I refrained and kept still. But the beating grew louder, louder. I thought the heart must burst!

Add now a new anxiety siezed me, that the sound would be heard by a neighbor. His last hour had come! With a loud yell I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked—only once. In an instant I dragged him to the floor and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then sat upon the bed and smiled gaily to find the deed so far done. But for many minutes the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard thro' the walls. At length it ceased.—The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. The old man was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If you still think me mad you will think so no longer when I described the precautions I took for the concealment of the body.

The night waned, but I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head, arms and legs.—I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even his—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood spots whatever. I had been too weary for that. A tub had caught all—ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors it was four o'clock, still dark as midnight. As the bell sound the hour there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart: for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves with perfect suavity as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night: suspicion of foul play had been aroused: information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled, for what had I to fear. I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own, in a dream. The old man I mentioned was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search, search well. At length I led them to his chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence I brought chairs into the room and desired them here to rest from their fatigues: while I, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My manner has convinced them. I was singularly at ease.—They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale, and wished them gone.—My head ached and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definiteness, until at length I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale, but I talked more fluently, and with a brightened voice.—Yet the sound increased and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound—much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath, and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently, but the noise steadily increased.—I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key, and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observations of the men; but the noise steadily increased.—O God! what could I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had sat, and granted it upon the boards, but the noise arose above all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—louder!—And still the men chatted pleasantly and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no! no! They heard—they suspected—they knew. They were making a mockery of my horror. This I thought, and this I think. But anything better than this agony. Anything was more tolerable than this derision. I could dear those hypocritical smiles no longer. I felt that I must scream or die.—And now—again—hark! louder! louder! louder! "Villains." I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed; tear up the planks; here! here!—it is the beating of his hidious heart!"

Another Romeo and Juliet Affair, Almost.

We have the particulars of a late love affair, says the New Orleans Crescent, somewhat resembling, in the outset, the Romeo and Juliet business mentioned by Billy Shakspeare. Two families in the Fourth District, it appears, had been luxuriating in a feud for the last twelve years. But the juveniles, it further appears, had refused to hold bitter blood with each other on account of the old folks, and associated on the best of terms, often at the expense of severe lectures and severe punishments by their hard-hearted parents."

Latterly, a son of one family and a daughter of the other—he, quite young, but "gallant and and bold,' and she 'sweet sixteen'—came to the conclusion that fate intended them to be one, and, strange as it may seem, they respected fate more than they did their parents. The result was the old fashioned one—an elopement. The lovers went to Natchez, and put up at the house of a friend of the young man. They had not been there long when, almost at the same moment, their two fathers presented themselves, each in pursuit of his child. They had come up on the same boat, but being ancient enemies, had observed dignified distances, and did not seem to observe each other or come in collision, till they met in the presence of their whilom happy, but now terribly frightened children. The young people were dumb with fright, and the fathers being in an explosive condition, got to abusing each other, and finally engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight. The lovers instantly fled, leaving their daddies to fight it out; but before any serious damage had been done, other parties rushed in and effected a separation. This singular situation of things brought some cool reflection to the aid of the parents, and, after receiving some advice and counsel from other parties, they suspended hostilities—talked the matter over in a business way—and finally agreed to let the children get married, each settling $8,000 upon his child. The thing being thus happily fixed, the whole crowd returned to the city together, and the lovers are now of course ineffably happy and all that. The singularity of this affair, in its beginning and ending leads us to believe that if old Montague and Capulet had settled their row with their fists just about the time things were coming to a crisis between their children, the present generation would have been spared the horror of seeing Romeo and Juliet so repeatedly and unfeelingly murdered on the stage.

The Seckel Pear.

The Seckel is the best native pear known; it has a high, spicy honored flavor. It bears its fruit in clusters at the ends of the branches; it ripens from the first of September to the last of October. It was sent to Europe by Dr. Hossack, in 1819, and the fruit was pronounced by the London Horticultural Society exceedidg in flavor the richest and best of their autumn pears. The fruit is very small, except on rich land. The following account is given of the origin of this pear: "About eighty years ago, there was a well-known sportsman and cattle dealer in Philadelphia who wrs familiarly known as 'Dutch Jacob.' Every season, early in the autumn, on returning from his shooting excursions, Dutch Jacob regaled his neighbors with pears of an unusually delicious flavor, the secret of whose place of growth, however, he would never satisfy their curiosity by divulging. At length the Holland Land Co., owning a considerable tract south of the city, disposed of it in parcels, and Dutch Jacob then secured the ground on which his favorite pear tree stood, a fine tract of land near the Delaware. Not long afterwards it became the farm of Mr. Seckel, who introduced this remarkable fruit to public notice, and it received his name. Afterwards the property was added to the vast estate of the late Stephen Girard. The original tree still exists (or did a few years ago) vigorous and fruitful. Specimens of its pears were quite lately exhibited at the annual show of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ Here we have a letter from Missouri, portraying the astonishment of the writer when he asked a lady to dance:

"There was a grand frolic at old Squire Horn's, to which all the beauty and chivalry for miles around had been invited. I was among the happy number, and when the auspicious day arrived, arrayed in my long tailed blue coat, and spotless pants, I made my way to the festive scene Dancing had begun when I arrived. Accoured as I was, I plunged in, and soon was lost in the thickest of the fight As I extricated myself from the mazes of the dance, and began to survey the scene, I was suddenly smitten to the heart by the sight of a lovely creature sitting alone, neglected and forgotten. Her eye was full of life and love, for beauty beamed upon her brow so radiantly that I was ready to worship her as a star whose purity and distance make it fair. But I was drawn unresistingly to her side. I did not wait to be introduced. With the license of the evening, I made my best bow, and half fearing that so splendid and intellectual a creature would not deign to accept my proposal I ventured to say that it would make me very happy, if she would give me the honor of dancing the next set with her. Instantly those lustrous eyes shone sweetly on me, and her ruby lips opened to say. 'Yes, sir-ee, and thank you too: for I've sot and sot here till I've about took root!"

☞ Who can account for the strange ideas and still stranger expressions of little children? One day a little blue eyed girl of about six summers, a daughter of one of our worthy citizens, weary of play, came running into the house, and throwing herself into the arms of her mother, exclaimed:

"Hold me, ma, I feel so bad."

"What's the matter, Pussey?" tenderly inquired the alarmed and anxious parent.

"I don't know, only I feel very bad," replied the little cherub.

"Does your head ache?"

"Oh, no, I feel just like a *Black Republican!*"

"And how does a Black Republican feel, my child?"

"Just like he wanted to steal something.

The man who thinks his wife, his baby, house his horse, his dog and himself, severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.

A young lady, fond of dancing, travels in the course of a single season, about four hundred miles. Yet no lady would think of walking that distance in six months.

"Married Again."

"You don't mean so—you don't really mean that Dora West is married again?" cried Mrs. Mills, as she came down to the front gate, both hands uplifted in surprise and dismay at the fact which I had just communicated to her.—"I must say that I really had too good an opinion of that woman; but there's no knowing what folks will do in this world. And it's only two years since her husband met with that awful death. How I pitied her, and what a fuss she made at the time, I really thought she never would get over it; but she's done herself up for me, now."

I opened my lips to speak, and then, on second thought, I closed them again. There would be no use in defending my dear friend, Dora West, to such a person, and yet, do not misunderstand me, reader; Mrs. Mills was a kind-hearted sort of woman, and would have made almost any sacrifice for a friend or neighbor who was in trouble; but she was *narrow-minded*, and, of course, she was guilty of all that vast burden of petty sins, and little uncharitablenesses, which are the indigenous fruit of this quality.

So I only replied, "Oh, Mrs. Mills, you don't understand Dora as I do; but I haven't time to discuss the matter now. Good morning." And walking slowly down that little grassy road, my thoughts went back to a night two years ago, that had burned itself into my memory.

It was evening, in the early October, and the rain was falling slow and languidly outside.—The day had been a languid one, too, with a kind of wistful, blue-gray sky, and a slight chill in the still air which was a far off whisper of the winter.

Dora and I sat sewing in the little back parlor that evening, by the round mahogany table, and there was a sort of rivalry kept up between our tongues and our fingers—I cannot tell which was the nimbler.

How pretty she looked that night; she, the well beloved wife of five years, with the smiles darting among the dimples of her sweet lips, and the light of a glad heart beaming out from her blue eyes.

"To think, Alice," she murmured, "Harry's been gone a week, and I thought it would seem an age, that morning he kissed me good-by.—It would, too, if you hadn't been with me.—But he'll be home to-morrow. Oh, how glad I shall be to see him."

At that moment the bell rang, loud and sudden.

"Oh, dear! I hope nobody's come to bore us to-night. We're so cozy and happy together."

"Here's a dispatch for you, Mrs. West,"—said a small boy, whom the servant girl ushered into the room.

Dora sprang up quickly.

"It's from Harry, I know!"

She brought it to the light and opened it with her eager fingers. Her eyes—those blue, beautiful eyes ran across the page.—"My God! my God!" And then Dora West clasped her hands, and laughed loud and wild. Oh, how that laugh rings down now, through those two years, and curdles the blood in my veins, and fairly stops the beating of my heart.

"What does it mean, Alice?" she whispered. "I can't read it; but it struck my head just now, something did, and froze it. Nothing has happened to Harry, has there? He'll come home home to morrow and put his arms around me, and call me his dear little wife, won't he, Alice?"

"Yes, yes, he will," I tried to say: but I hardly think I succeeded, for my lips had grown dry and parched, and my voice died away in my heart, where a terrible fear had come down.

But I drew Dora into my lap, laid her head on my shoulder, and then, bending down, I read the paper which she held tight in her hands.

There were but a few words; the great crises of life are generally acted and told briefly. There had been a fearful collision on the railway, somewhere between New York and Boston. Several passengers were killed. Among them was—yes, I looked twice, bending down my eyes close to the paper; it was *his* name!

I hugged Dora tight to my heart, I do not remember anything that happened for the next five minutes.

"He will come back, Alice! Harry will come back?"

These were the first words that aroused me: Dora was smiling and playing with my hair.

Then the truth rushed over me, and I could neither move nor speak.

At that moment Mr. Lee, a neighbor and friend of Harry's, burst into the room.

"Has she heard it?" he cried, and our faces answered him.

Dora sprang toward the gentleman. "Oh, Mr. Lee!" she cried, "nothing has happened to Harry, has there? You know he always tho't so much of you. Do tell me he's coming back to-morrow!" and she staggered against him, and he caught her in his arms, and the tears ran down the strong man's face, fast as they ran down the face of a tired little child.

He laid her on the sofa, and slowly broke the truth over the darkened mind of Dora West.—What a night that was. God in His great mercy save me from such another!

After this, I thought for many weeks that Dora would soon walk with her husband thro' the fine rooms of the mansion preserved for them on high, but God spared her, and at last her life began to take up some of its old symptoms and interests.

I remember the first time she rode out. It was a bright day in the early spring, and Mr. Lee and I accompanied her. He and Harry had always loved each other as brothers do, and it was not strange the young man was moved with much pity for the widow of his friend.

In the course of our ride, we came across a patch of early violets on the sunny side of a bank, near a small stream.

"Oh, how beautiful they are!" cried Dora, clapping her hands, with something of her old animation; and then a change came over her face. "Harry loved violets, and don't you remember, Alice, he used to twine them in my hair. Oh, to think now, he will never see them any more!" and amid her quick sobs, her head sank down on my shoulder.

And I could only tell her there were fairer violets in the land to which Harry had gone.

Mr. Lee did not speak, but I saw the glance he bent down on her a moment, and I knew that his heart was stirred with something more than pity for Dora West.

She did not, I know, suspect this for some time, and thought it was only for Harry's sake that he called so often, showed her a thousand little nameless attentions, and was so thoughtful of her happiness.

Well, the truth came out at last: Dora was still in her youth, and she had one of those clinging, vine like natures that need something to lean upon: in short, love was, with her, a great necessity; she could not walk thro' life alone.

"He says he will take Harry's place to me. Shall I give it to him, Alice?" whispered Dora.

And I lifted up her face and looked at it.

"Yes, darling, this new love is sent of the God that called Harry to himself, and left you only his memory."

So they were married; and the uncharitable, the narrow-minded, and the envious talked as God help them, they always have and will talk until Death comes and lays its cold hand on their lips, and hushes them with its solemn "be still" forever, and forever!

Remarkable Marriages.

Of the many Chinamen in New-York, not a few keep cigar stands upon the sidewalks.—Their neighbors in trade are the Milesian apple-women. Twenty-eight of these apple-women have gone the way of matrimony with their elephant eyed, olive-skinned cotemporaries, and most of them are now mothers in consequence. The physiologists aver that the human being is improved as is the domestic branch of the quadrupedal animals by "crossing." If this be true—and we suspect it is—the natives of this country ought to be remarkable for physical strength and beauty—for surely there never was such a mixture of races in any part of the world. Representatives of nations have located and married here. A New-York paper tells of two Bedouin Arabs, part of an exhibiting troupe, that came to this country several ago, who married wives and are rearing up offspring in one of the Hudson River counties. Siam has its representatives here in the famous twins, and in one of the up-town streets a wealthy native of Morocco domiciliates with a Westchester county spouse.—The mixture of Dutch, Italian, French, Spanish, English, Irish, Danish, Swedish, &c., is perfectly bewildering; but the amalgation of the Irish and Chinese is more than bewildering, it begets a chaos of ideas from which no ray of intelligibility can be safely eliminated. Imagine a scion of this stock chatting gaily about "Josh" in one moment, and speaking of his father Ping Sing-Chi, and in the next whirling a shillelah at a primary election, and swearing that he goes in, tooth and nail, or rather body and breeches, for the nomination of his mother's brother, Patrich O'Dowd. Oh, what a country this is!

Caught the Panic.

A tall, lank, Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swinging to a lamp-post on Fifth st last night. He was talking quite loudly to the aforesaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.

"Come, sir, you are making too much noise," said the watchman.

"Noise? whose that said noise?" asked the post holder, as he skewed his head and endeavored in vain to give the intruder a sober look.

"It was me," replied the watchman, as he exposed his silvered numbers to full view.

"You? and who in the d——l are you? It 'aint me that's making all the noise. No sir. It's the Banks that's making all the noise. They are a breakin' a crushin' and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount. Noise? It's the Bankers that are making all the noise.—They are a cussin', a rippin', and a stavin', all 'round. It's the brokers that are making all the noise. They are a hollerin', an' a yelpin', and a screechin' like wild injuns, over the times, that worsers everybody but themselves. No, sir, it ain't me that's a makin' the noise."

"You are as tight as a brick in a new wall," said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.

"Me tight? Who said I am tight? No, sir, you are mistaken. It's not me that's tight. It is money that's tight. Go down on Third st., an' they'll tell you there that money is tight. Read the newspapers, and you'll find out that it's money that's tight. *Me* tight? I have got nary a red, but Kanawha, and the d——l could not get tight on that. No, sir, I'm not tight."

"Then you are drunk."

"Drunk? Stranger yer out of it again. The world's drunk. The hull community is a staggerin' round, buttin, their heads agin stone walls and a skinnin' of their noses on the curbstone of adversity. Yes, sir, we're all drunk—that is everybody's drunk but me. I'm sober—sober as a police judge on a rainy day. I *ain't* drunk; no, sir, stranger, I ain't drunk."

"What are you making such a fool of yourself for then?"

"Fool? Sir, I'm no fool. I'm distressed, I have cotched the contagion. I'm afflicted."

"Are you sick?"

"Exactly."

"What's the matter with you?"

"*I've got the panics.*"

"The what?"

"The panics, sir; it's a going to carry off this town, I tried to escape by hard drink, but it's no use, The panics have got me sure."

The watchman, more amused than ever, tendered his sympathy, and, what was better, his aid, to the panic stricken individual. In the course of half an hour he had the pleasure of putting him into the door of his boarding house and pointing out to the best remedy—a soft bed and long slumber.—*Cin. Times.*

How the Ladies Dress in Kansas.

A Kansas letter-writer, who recently came down the Missouri on the steamer Omahia, says:

"At Atchison, we took on a young belle, whose only attendant was a young Missouri blood. The young lady was apparently dressed in the latest agony and style of fashion; the chaste straw hat, the innumbrable flounces and wide-spreading hoops of her gay striped silk dress, set of her commanding figure very gracefully. Her stature tall—as Byron says, I hate a dumpy woman. But the richest scene in relation to this young belle was behind the curtain, and is to come yet. At Leavenworth our fair one left us, and as she was standing on the bank, casting a last, long, lingering look back, we were tempted to admire her delicately turned ankles—who can resist a nicely laced gaiter or a peeping ancle?—when, behold! she hadn't any stockings on! I am unable to say what the fashion is in Kansas—whether it is fashionable for ladies to go without hose or not, but certain I am that the finest dressed one whom I saw in the Territory didn't use the article.

HORRID HERESY.—The editor of the *Sioux Eagle* pronounces the following about the aboriginal belles: Those who have read the Indian tales of Cooper, Simms, Bennet, &c., and have never seen an Indian squaw, doubtless imagine that among the dusky tribes there are hundreds of tall, graceful maidens, with regular features and pretty forms. We have recently visited different tribes of Indians, and seen many hundreds of their females, and as yet we have not found one which approaches to grace or beauty. As a general thing they are slovenly and lousy—fit subjects for a soap factory. We venture the assertion that the author of the "Last of the Mohicans" or "Hiawatha" never saw an Indian girl. If there is such a thing as Minne-ha-ha, we should be pleased to see her; she would be a fortune for a showman.

☞ I lay it down as a fact, that if all men knew what they say one of another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet report.—*Pascal.*

☞ The triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband; and that is gained by constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

How to tell the age of Ladies.

Of course all our readers are aware to ask a lady her age is equivalent to a direct declaration of war. We have always looked upon it as such, still we have felt an irresistable desire to know the ages of some young ladies; but bless their dear souls, we would not ask them for the world. We have at length come across a method by which the sweet ones may be made to divulge the great secret, without knowing what they are about; and thus young gentlemen can at once learn whether they are paying their devoirs to seventeen or thirty. The following table will do it. Just hand this table to the lady and request her to tell you in which columns her age is contained. Add together the figures at the top of the columns in which the age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus suppose her age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in two columns, viz., the first and fifth, and the first figures at the head of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:

1	2	4	8	16	32
2	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	84	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	54
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	50	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

Coolness.

Sam Slick tells a story about an overgrown bulk of a Yankee boy who was sent to the wood pile by his father one cold winter evening, for a "back log" for the kitchen fire. The youth went out, but instead of bringing in a good substantial log, only brought a thin little stick—or "brail" as the Pennsylvania Germans say. His father immediately gave him a good whipping, and sent him after another log. But the youth having his dander roused, left the house, went to Boston and shipped on a vessel which made a voyage of several years.

In the course of time the youth came back and started home on foot. It was winter and just such an evening as the one on which he left home. So, remembering his father's order, the young man picked up a huge log, and staggering into the house, threw it down on the hearth before his astonished father and mother and quietly said:

"Father, here's that back-log you sent me for."

"Well! you've been a darned long time about it!"

We were reminded of this story by the following, which we find floateng about uncredited:

A certain distinguished citizen of Milwaukie, Wisconsin, who has filled the highest office in the State, was once in the employ of a farmer in Western N. Y. Among other things it was his duty to "bring the cows." One evening he cows and boy "came up missing." Some yrs. after, the farmer was passing down East Water Street, Milwaukie, and saw the name of his cow-boy over the door of one of the largest hardware houses in the West. He walked in and found his boy in the counting-room. He stared a moment at the truant, and then broke out with, "Hallo, Hen, have you found them cows yet?" One can imagine what followed—a mutual recognition. It is said the old farmer was pacified without a breach of peace.

History of a Murderer.

We are informed of some particulars of the previous life of George Stoval, who, yesterday morning murdered Mary Durand, under such circumstances of dreadful brutality. Some years since Stovall figured in Mississippi as a Baptist preacher and, while in that garb addressed and married a widow of some property, who had two sons grown, and a daughter just budding into womanhood. Soon after his marriage with the mother he seduced the daughter! When this horrid fact became known, the young girls' brother, unable to support the degredation of her disgrace, blew his brains out. He committed suicide in a field near the house, having first hung his hat upon a cornstalk, that attention might be attracted to the place where his body laid. The mother and daughter fled to Texas, where the other son lived, and after some time Stovall followed them; but his bad fame had preceded him, and the friends of his victims threatened him with the terrors of Judge Lynch. A man, too kind, loaned him a horse that he might save himself by flight. He did so, came to New Orleans, and here sold the horse and saddle which was lent him.—Some time after arriving in New Orleans, Stovall married a Mrs. Myers (we believe that was the name,) at whom he one night discharged a gun, it was alledged with intent to kill. A divorce was obtained in consequence. His horrid act of yesterday will probably close the black record of his crimes, for we believe that there is even yet enough of law and justice in New Orleans to make it certain that such a tremendous villian shall not escape unhung.—*N. O. True Delta.*

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—Ten thousand human beings set forth together on their journey. After ten years, one third, at least have disappeared. At the middle point of the common measure of life, but half are still upon the road.—Faster and faster, as the ranks grow thinner, they that remained till now become weary, and go down and rise no more. At three score and ten, a band of some four hundred yet struggle on. At ninety these have been reduced to a handful of thirty trembling patriarchs. Year after year they fall in diminishing number. One lingers perhaps, a lonely marvel, till the century is over. We look again, and the work of death is finished.

☞ Pedagogue—"Well, sir, what does h-a-i-r spell?"

Boy—"Don't know."

Pedagogue—"What have you got on your head?"

Boy—"I guess its a 'skeeter bite, it itches like thunder."

☞ Tell me with whom thou goest and I will tell thee what thou doest.

The Reindeer of the Polar Regions.

How far the migratory habits of this animal may be established in a more southern latitude on the coast of America, in their instinctive resort to localities where pasturage may be more abundant, I shall not attempt to decide; but this I will say, that from the more distant lands of the Polar-Sea, they do not migrate on the approach of winter, but remain their constant inhabitants. I have remarked, however, that the season of thaw sets in (May and June) coeval with the calving of the does, these generally resort to the ravines and valleys bordering on the coast, where the pasturage is so much more abundant.

The requirements of the animal for the support of its young become urgent, obliging it to desert the higher, but more barren and stoney lands, for a locality where nature's wants are more plentifully supplied. From period of entering this bay, until the abandonment of the ship in the summer of 1853, we killed one hundred and twelve.

A few skins were preserved, and several of viscera, together with various sectional preparations of the antlers in various stages of growth, as illustrative of its rapidity, in the hope of elucidating one of the most surprising processes of animal growth which bounteous nature enables us to contemplate, as evincing her wonderful reproductive powers. These animals vary in size according to age and to age and other circumstances. The largest got gave a nett weight of two hundred and forty pounds, which yielded one hundred and sixty-four pounds of meat, and the smallest shot, only thirty-two pounds; the average weight, however, of the entire number, was seventy pounds and three-quarters. The flesh when procured in the Autumn, is of the most delicious flavor and quality, tender, juicy, light, and easy of digestion—far surpassing the venison of this country—and covered with a good coating of fat.

It undergoes a marked change, however, as the Winter advances, and in the following Spring and Summer the animal becomes lean and poor, and the flesh dry and insipid, until the more abundant pasturage of the Summer again brings it into good condition, which is always best in October. They are generally shy and timid, and very difficult to approach, and it is only when all means of escape are cut off, and the animal wounded, that the buck will evince signs of hostility to the hunter, or their great enemy, the wolf, by attempting to use their antlers in their defence. The calving season, as far as my observation enabres me to judge, is in June; prior to and coeval with which the bucks shed their antlers, which appear to be again entirely reproduced in the latter end of August and early in September.

The color of the animal is, in Winter, pure white, with a patch of light brown on the back, but in the summer it is extended, covering both back and sides partially; the remainder retaining the pure white of the Winter. When much hunted they become exceedingly shy, and it is only by the exercise of the utmost strategic skill that the hunter can hope to get within range. In first meeting, an instinctive curiosity leads them unwarily to approach the wily hunter, and thus become his prey. They are, as it were, fascinated by the novel appearance of man in the dreary wilds, where his form has never before been seen. From this circumstance I infer that the success of a party is likely to be greater by changing their hunting ground from time to time, rather than by remaining stationary among animals rendered wild by his presence, as they do not not appear to make extensive wanderings from certain circumscribed localities. They generally graze with their heads to the wind, and so habitual is their instinct that, after the prevalence of strong winds, we generally hunted in the direction whence they had blown, with the greater certainty of meeting them. On the approach of Winter the fur of the Reindeer becomes very dense. Sir John Richardson informs us "that the skin when dressed with the hair on it, is so impervious to the cold, that, if clothed in a suit of this material, and wrapped in a mantel of the same, a person may bivouac all night in the snow with safety during the intensity of an Arctic Winter." Such admirable covering for the inhabitants of the Arctic regions is, therefore, inestimable; and these skins are universally used for that purpose. In hunting, we met with the greatest degree of success in the first four months of the year, when the animal, tamed by cold and hunger, could be more easily approached.—*Dr. Armstrong's Personal Narrative of the Discovery of the N. W. Passage.*

A Candid Deacon.

DEACON M. was an honest old codger, a kind, obliging neighbor, and a good church-going Christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but alackaday! this pillar of the church was, at times, a little "shaky"—in fact, the deacon would, occasionally, get exceedingly mellow, and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider-brandy to such an extent that it was with some little difficulty he reached his pew, which was in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister's and the village 'squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon to them in the afternoon; touching many glaring sins that he grieved to see so conspicuous among them; and that he hoped that they would listen attentively, and