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John B. Bratton.

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BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY." AT $2,00 PER ANNUM.

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Poetical.

From the Dollar Times.

FAREWELL TO YOUTH.

BY JAMES STEPHENSON.

The days of my dream-life are past,
And I am resolved to be sage,
I have lived, as some others, too fast,
But had to keep up with the age.

How many maturity see,
Whether life has been joyours or sad,
Who would not again like to be,
A rosy cheeked lassie or lad?

As the records of youth we unfold,
Perchance we see many a blot,
But its pages have pictures of gold,
Which those of the present have not.

Our loves and our friendships are there,
Uncertain, alas! as the tide:
They formed the sweet license of prayer,
Yet the flame on their altar has died.

What I cannot with pleasure recall,
I fain would forever forget;
Better have no remembrance at all
Than remember with tears of regret.

Time changes the head and the heart,
Experience teaches us truth;
But we oft from its precepts depart,
And have visions in age as in youth.

The world has enough that is *real*,
With tangible beauties it teems;
Then, why should we court the *ideal*,
And feed the poor soul upon dreams.

My manhood! I welcome its reign,
Be its years unto wisdom resigned,
The lost may it fully regain,
And yet leave a foot-print behind.

"DOES HE LOVE ME?"

I wonder if he loves me,
When he says my face is fair,
And his dear hand softly lingers,
'Mid the ringlets of my hair!

I wonder if he loves me—
Oh, whisper very low,
Bright, starry orbs of evening,
The secret if you know!

Clear streams that ripple softly,
And birds that sweetly sing,
If he ever said he loved me,
The joyous tidings bring!

Blue violets that he gave me,
To the roseleafs in my hair,
In pretty perfumed whispers
My happiness declare!

Oh, azure eyes, and tearful,
Bright flowerets of the dell—
My timid heart was fearful
You'd nothing "sweet to tell!"

Then close your petals softly,
Oh, blue eyes sink to sleep,
For violets that he gave me,
Ye must not see me weep!

* * * * * *

A dear arm stole around her,
And on the loved one's breast,
Young Kittie ceased to wonder—
She *knew* that she was blest.

Miscellaneous.

From Dr. Livingstone's "Adventures and Discoveries in South Africa." Just published by HARPERS & Bro's., New York.

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

We were on the side of a fine green valley, studded here and there with trees, and cut by numerous rivulets. I had retired from the noise, to take an observation among some rocks of laminated grit, when I beheld an elephant and her calf at the end of the valley about two miles distant. The calf was rolling in the mud, and the dam was standing fanning herself with her great ears. As I looked at them through my glass, I saw a long string of my own men appearing on the other side of them, and Sekwebu came and told me that these had gone off saying, "Our father will see to-day what sort of men he has got." Then went higher up the side of the valley, in order to have a distinct view of their mode of hunting. The goodly beast, totally unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old; they then went into a pit containing mud, and smeared themselves all over with it, the little one frisking about his dam, flapping his ears and tossing his trunk incessantly, in elephantine fashion. She kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail, as if in the height of enjoyment. Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or the hands closed together, as boys do into a key. They call out to attract the animal's attention,

"O chief! chief! we have come to kill you,
O chief! chief! many more will die besides you, etc.
The gods have said it," etc., etc.

Both animals expanded their ears and listened, then left their bath as the crowd rushed toward them. The little one ran forward toward the end of the valley, but, seeing the men there, returned to his dam. She placed herself on the danger side of her calf, and passed her proboscis over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety. She frequently looked back to the men, who kept up an incessant shouting, singing, and piping; then looked at her young one and ran after it, sometimes sideways, as if her feelings were divided between anxiety to protect her offspring and desire to revenge the temerity of her persecutors. The men kept about one hundred yards in her rear, and some that distance from her flanks, and continued thus until she was obliged to cross a rivulet. The time spent in descending and getting up the opposite bank allowed their coming up to the edge, and discharging their spears at about twenty yards distance. After the first discharge she appeared with her sides red with blood, and, beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her young. I had previously sent off Sekwebu with orders to spare the calf. It went very fast, but neither young nor old ever enter into a gallop; their quickest pace is only a sharp walk. Before Sekwebu could reach them, the calf sought refuge in the water, and was killed. The pace of the dam gradually became slower. She turned with a shriek of rage, and made a furious charge back among the men. They vanished at right angles to her course, or sideways, and, as she ran straight on, she went through the whole party, but came near no one except one man who wore a piece of cloth on his shoulders. Bright clothing is always dangerous in these cases. She charged three or four times, and, except in the first instance, never went further than one hundred yards. She often stood after she had crossed a rivulet, and faced the men, though she received fresh spears. It was by this process of spearing and loss of blood that she was killed; for at last, making a short charge, she staggered round and sank down dead in a kneeling posture. I did not see the whole hunt, having been tempted away by both sun and moon appearing unclouded. I turned from the spectacle of the destruction of noble animals, which might be made so useful in Africa, with a feeling of sickness, and it was not relieved by the recollection that the ivory was mine, tho' that was the case. I regretted to see them killed, and more especially the young one, the meat not being necessary at the time; but it is right to add that I did not feel sick when my own blood was up the day before. We ought, perhaps, to judge those deeds more leniently in which ourselves have no temptation to engage. Had I not been previously guilty of doing the very same thing, I might have prided myself on superior humanity when I experienced the nausea in viewing my men kill these two.

SOLDIER ANTS.

I observed several regiments of black soldiers ants returning from the marauding expeditions. They are black with a slight tinge of gray, about half an inch in length, and on the time of march appear three or four abreast; when disturbed, they utter a distant hissing or chirping sound. They follow a few leaders who never carry anything, and they seem to be guided by a scent left on the path by the leaders; for, happening once to throw the water from my basin behind a bush where I was dressing, it lighted on the path by which a regiment had passed before I began my toilette, and when they returned they were totally at loss to find the way home, though they continued searching for it nearly half an hour. It was found only by one making a long circuit round the wetted spot. The scent may have indicated also the propriety of their going in one direction only. If a handful of earth is thrown on the path at the middle of the regiment, either on its way home or abroad, those behind it are completely at loss as to their farther progress. What it may be that guides them, they seem only to know that they are not to return, for they come up to the handful of earth, but they will not cross it, though not a quarter of an inch high. They wheel round and regain their path again, but never think of retreating to their nest, or the place where they have been scaling. After a quarter of an hour's confusion and hissing, one may make a circuit of a foot round the earth, and soon all follow in that roundabout way. When on their way to attack the abode of the white ants, the latter may be observed rushing about in a state of great perturbation. The black leaders, distinguished from the rest by their great size, especially in the region of the sting, then seize the white ants one by one, and inflict a sting, which seems to inject a poison of fluid similar in effect to chloroform, as it renders them insensible, but not dead, and only able to move on two front legs As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them and carry them off.

Without these black soldier-ants the country would be overrun by the white ants; they are extremely prolific, and nothing can exceed the energy with which they work. They perform an important part in the economy of nature by burying vegetable matter as quickly beneath the soil as the ferocious red ant does animal substances. The white ant keeps generally out of sight, and works under galleries constructed by night to screen them from the observation of birds. At some given signal, however, I never could ascertain what, they rush out by hundreds, and the sound of their mandibles cutting grass into lengths may be heard like a gentle wind murmuring through the leaves of the trees. They drag these pieces to the doors of their abodes, and after some hours toil leave off work, and many of the bits of grass may be seen collected around the orrifice. They continue out of sight for perhaps a month, but they are never idle. On one occasion, a good bundle of grass was laid down for my bed on a spot which was quite smooth and destitute of plants. The ants at once sounded the call to a good supply of grass. I heard them incessantly nibbling and carrying away all that night; and they continued all next day (Sunday) and all that night too, with unabated energy. They had thus been thirty-six hours at it, and seemed as fresh as ever. In some situations, if we remained a day, they devoured the grass beneath my mat, and would have eaten that too had we not laid down more grass. At some of their operations they beat time in a curious manner. Hundreds of them are engaged in building a large turbe, and they wish to beat it smooth. At a signal, they all give three or four energetic beats on the plaster in unison.—It produces a sound like the dropping of rain off a bush when touched. These insects are the chief agents employed in forming a fertile soil. But for their labors, the tropical forests, bad as they are now with fallen trees, would be a thousand times worse. They would be impassible on account of the heaps of dead vegetation lying on the surface, and emitting worse effluvia than the comparatively small unburied collections do now.

EDUCATIONAL HIGH PRESSURE.—In condemning the unrelaxing discipline to which our boys and girls are now subjected, the Medical Circular says, the mind as well as the body is sure to suffer from it. Instead of forcing as much instruction in a given time into the human brain as its capacity and powers of apprehension will receive, the tutor should consider that childhood is the appropriate time for the discipline of the body, for the consolidation of the bony fabric, for the invigoration of the muscles, and the healthful developement of the glandular or nutritive system. Pure air, exercise, liberty and a sufficiency of good food are absolutely accessory to physical development; to which we would add, moderate study, and a watchful encouragement of gay and joyous emotions. To enable us, however, to carry out such a system as this, we must keep our children longer at school than is the present custom, so that we shall not be under the need of requiring one age to do the work of another. Time is an important element in training; and if we work against it, we put the faculties to an unnatural strain, which must be productive of much unconsidered evil.

DRUMMED OUT OF THE SERVICE.—An incorrigible thievish marine was drummed out of the service at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on Wednesday last. He was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be kept in irons for one week, and fed on bread and water. The week expired on Wednesday. Just at evening, as the workmen were leaving the yard, he was brought out accompanied by a file of marines, a card with 'thief' written upon it was pinned to his breast, and the tune of the 'Rogue's March,' executed in fine style, by a detachment from the North Carolina Band, he was drummed out of the yard and service, amid the hootings of hundreds, who had assembled to witness the proceedings.

☞ A wicked wag of a lawyer, in a country court, recently scandalized the bench by putting the following to his professional brethren:—"Why is Judge—like necessity?" The members of the bar quickly answered, 'Because he knows no law.'

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson was one of the brightest literary ornaments of the eighteenth century. He was born at Litchfield, in Staffordshire, in September, 1709, and died in December, 1784, at the advanced age of nearly seventy-six years. His father was a bookseller, and from him he inherited political prejudices and a morbid melancholy, which had a baneful influence on his life. He was troubled with scrofula, which disfigured his face, and deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes. Notwithstanding these natural and constitutional defects, he rose to the highest eminence in the world of literature, by that patient and dogged industry, which, if not in reality genius, is one of the best substitutes for it that can be found. He was a commoner at Oxford for three years, and was driven from his studies there through extreme poverty. His first literary attempt was a translation, for which he received five guineas. In his twenty-sixth year he married a widow nearly double his age, whose fortune was less than eight hundred pounds sterling. He was a schoolmaster for a year and a half, and during this period wrote the most of his tragedy called *Irene*.

In 1737, he came to London, with one of his pupils, the celebrated David Garrick. His tragedy was refused by the managers of the theatres in London, and for some years he was wholly dependent for support on his employment as a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine. The most remarkable part of Dr. Johnson's career was certainly that of his contributions to this magazine, consisting of the fabrication of the speeches of the most eminent members of both Houses of Parliament. These imaginary orations induced Voltaire to compare the British eloquence of the senate with the eloquence of the ancient orators of Greece and Rome; but they were the creations of Dr. Johnson's mind. They were hastily sketched by him at a period when he was barely thirty-two years of age, but little acquainted with the world, and struggling not for distinction or literary fame, but for existence. These speeches, which he put into the mouths of both Houses, were composed from scanty notes taken by illiterate reporters; and sometimes he had nothing given him but the names of the speakers and the part they took in the debate.

About this period several publications of Dr. Johnson attracted the notice of the public; particularly a poem entitled "London," in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, which received the approbation of Pope. His friendship with the poet Savage was a curious part of his literary history, and his life of that unfortunate man had been both admired and condemned.—As a literary production, it ranks very high.—In 1749, he wrote his celebrated prologue for his pupil Garrick, who had undertaken the management of Drury Lane Theatre; and he commenced his immortal work, "The Dictionary of the English Language." His conduct towards his pretended patron, Lord Chesterfield, on the completion of this great work, is worthy of admiration, notwithstanding the polished asperity with which it was accompanied. He rejected his lordship's advances after the work had received the approbation of the public, letting him know, in very polite terms, that he was unwilling that the public should consider him to be owing to a patron that which providence had enabled him to do for himself.

His wife, whom, notwithstanding the disparity of years, he appears to have sincerely loved, died in 1752, and he lamented her loss as long as he lived. While the dictionary was advancing to completion, he had published "The Rambler," a periodical of wonderful merit, and the "Adventurer," a similar work; the latter with the assistance of friends. In 1758, he published "The Idler," another periodical, but of inferior merit to the former. In the following year he wrote his celebrated novel, entitled—"Rasselas; or, the Prince of Abyssinia," in order to defray, by its sale, the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to liquidate some debts she had left unpaid—an example to thousands who pretend to greater charity than the doctor.

In 1762, he obtained from Government a pension of three hundred pounds per annum for his past labors. In 1764, he instituted "The Literary Club," which met at the Turk's Head, in Gerard street, Soho; and, in 1765, gave to the world his edition of Shakspeare. In 1773, he visited the western island of Scotland, and published an amusing account of his journey, which provoked the ire of the Scots, who could not withstand the jocular sarcasms of the witty author. In 1781, he finished his celebrated work, "The Lives of the Poets," a work which has provoked much criticism, and which certainly is not without its faults, notwithstanding the great abilities of the author.

Dr. Johnson was a man of great strength of body, and great powers of mind, although he was the subject of painful hereditary disease and an unconquering constitutional melancholy.

He had a strong sense of the importance of religion, tinctured with gloom and superstition. He had a roughness in his manner which concealed his good qualities; but those who knew him best loved him most. He was both generous and grateful, and susceptible of the kindest impressions. His writings breathe a pure morality, and are dignified by an elegance and magnificence of style which has often been imitated, but rarely or never surpassed. His works will long stand as a monument of the learning, ingenuity, and classic erudition of the century which he adorned.—*London Journal.*

I WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

We talk of Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very happy condition, but one thing they missed, they were never children:—*Correspondent Albany Register.*

True. We never thought of that. Adam never played marbles. He never played "hockey." He never skated on a pond, or played "ball," or rode down hill on a hand sleigh.—And Eve, she never made a play-house, she never took tea tables set out with tea things, she never rolled a hoop or jumped a rope, or pieced a baby quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played "blind man's buff," or "puss wants a corner," or "hurly burly," or any of the games with which childhood sports itself. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came swelling up in their hearts; no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of infancy in the still hours of night; no father's voice of kindness speaking from the church yard he sleeps in. Adam and Eve, and they alone of all the countless millions of men and women that ever lived, were never children.

RE-MARRYING BY WIDOWS.—The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph thus refers to a decision made by the Supreme Court, now in session in that city: "A case of some interest to the ladies was decided on Friday morning last. Savage, of Dougherty county, died, leaving a will, which devised his property to his wife, but in the event of her marriage, to go to her children, thus cutting off the wife without a shilling.—The Court held that a man had a right to leave his property to his wife during her widowhood, and cut her off if she married—and that the Savage will was legal."

Random Reflections.

Next to that of umbrellas, the ownership of books is perhaps the least respected. Hence the philosophical though rude remark, that fools lend books, and wise men borrow them. The value of a 'good thing' depends on him who utters it. The joke of the host is certain to be laughed at; that of a poor relation is scarcely even listened to. My son, if thou wilt wear tight boots, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer; namely, a bad corn, a bad gait, and a bad temper. When a man is so reduced that he has to pawn his ring, it may be safely inferred that he is hardly worth a rap. It is the last air on the hurdy-gurdy that gets the player's head broken. How fleeting in the holydays is a leg of mutton! Still, a prelude of hard dumpling is an antidote to appetite. It is said that necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity. My son, when hackmen take the pledge, and the police will not take supper when on culinary duty; when 'genuine Havanas' are no longer grown in Connecticut, nor "real Suffolk Sausages" chopped and stuffed in Dogtown; when an omnibus half empty goes the same pace as a full one; when 'original' American farces are no longer to be traced as adaptations from the French, and "Shaksperian" circus clowns make jokes that one can laugh at; when the law of private property extends to umbrellas, and a case of confiscation may be dealt with as a theft; when a laundress gives up taking snuff, and abstains for four and twenty hours from touching anybody's gin-bottle; when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off, and has his shaving water brought without singing more than twice for it; when the beef-eaters are all of them confirmed vegetarians, and no alderman will take a second plate of turtle. Then, O my son, thou may'st chance find a wife who will not object to travel without eight and twenty packages, and who will show herself posessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thy offer of a dress because she finds and confesses that she doesn't want it. All is vanity! I saw an ashman stop the other day to have his coat brushed!

The Horses of Arabia.

The great excellence of the Arab horse owing partly to the extreme and undeviating care of the Bedouins to keep up the purity of the blood, and partly to the friendly and familiar treatment the animal receives in its master's tent, where it is the pet of his children, and a watchful observer of all his domestic concerns. The Bedouin's mare (they never ride horses) displays all the sagacity and fidelity of the dog. She will never suffer her sleeping master to be surprised by his foes without warning. It is, therefore, no wonder that to obtain Arab mares by purchase is a matter of extreme difficulty. The people of the desert themselves often give as much as $1,000 for a celebrated mare, not to be sold to strangers. The sum of $2,500 has often been given, which, considering the value of money in Arabia and Syria, is enormous.

Burkhardt mentions a sheikh, who had a mare of great celebrity, for the half-share in the ownership of which he paid $2000. This subdivision of ownership is very curious. Sir John Malcomb was informed that a property in a brood mare was sometimes divided amongst ten or twelve Arabs. In the desert, a mare of high breed is seldom sold without the seller reserving the half or two thirds of her. If he sells half, the buyer takes the mare, and is obliged to let the seller take the mare's first filly, or the buyer must keep the filly and return the mare. If the Arab has sold but one third of the mare, the purchaser takes her home, but must give the seller the fillies of two yrs., or else one of them and the mare.

The fillies of all subsequent years belong to the buyer, as well as all the male colts produced on the first of any following year. It thus happens the most of the Arab mares are the joint property of two or three persons, or even a half dozen, if the price of the mare be very high. A mare is sometimes sold on the remarkable condition, that all the booty obtained by the man who rides her, shall be shared between him and the seller.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Excellent Brandy.

The following, from a correspondent in a late number of Harper, tells where the best brandy comes from:

A few of us were invited by the proprietor of one of our village stores to sample his brandy—a small but choice supply of which our merchants keep, for medical purposes only——*of course!* It was a prime article, and each one of us gave his word of recommendation, with an emphatic smack of the lips as we tasted—and then tasted yet again. Jones, on hiding about four fingers of it, quietly remarked,

"Well, this is decidedly better brandy than Lawrence keeps over the way, and yet he says his is twenty-five years old. Only half that age is claimed for this—how is that to be accounted for?"

"Why, you see," said the innocent clerk who had waited on us, "Lawrence's brandy was made before they exactly knew how!"

Of course we smiled again, for the secret was out, and we all knew how prime brandy could be made, and get to be old in less than no time!

A Thoughtless Mother.

A poor wretched female, religiously educated, but afterwards abandoned to sin, misery and want, was struck with horror on hearing her own child repeat, as soon as she could well speak, some of the profane language which she had learned herself. She trembled at the thought that she was not only going to hell herself, but leading her child thither. She instantly resolved that with the first sixpence she could procure, she would purchase Dr. Watts' Divine songs, of which she had some recollection, to teach her infant daughter. She did so, and on opening the book her eye caught the following striking verse:

"Just as the tree cut down that fell
To north or southward, there it lies:
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fixed in the state wherein he dies."

upon which she became so much affected, that she changed her whole course of conduct, and gave a living example of good to her child.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.—There is in Affghanistan, a country abounding in legends, one to the effect that Satan entered into a compact with the people, to teach them to cultivate the earth and bring forth its fruits, the produce to be divided between them. The proposition being acceded to, the soil was prepared by the labor of the people. Satan then produced the seed, which in due course of time, came up as carrots, turnips, and other vegetables, the value of which lies in the ground. When the time of division arrived, the ignorant people took that which was above the surface. Discovering their mistake, they complained loudly. Satan heard their lamentings with calm composure, and then to soothe them, blandly promised that it should be different the next year. Of a truth it was. The people were to take all the produce beneath the soil, and as Satan had this time sowed wheat, barley, and such like grains, he obtained all the profit, and they were tricked again, having nothing for their share but useless roots.

This legend has a moral. Satan never sows any seed in the human heart that brings forth any fruit, by the growth of which any but himself is the gainer.

A Lightning Rod Man in a Fix.

At Cincinnati, the other day, Mr. T. Kingston, who puts up lightning rods, climbed to the top of the spire of St. Paul's Cathedral, two hundred and thirty-five feet, where, having left his ladder below he clung by his arms and legs, fastened the foot of the rod and attached its point—quite a heavy piece of metal—securely as he supposed, to the cross surmounting the steeple. He had just completed this difficult and dangerous task, watched by a number of persons in the street below, and while looking at the work and experiencencing that satisfaction which results from hazard passed and labor accomplished, of a sudden, something heavy struck him and made his brain reel until he could hardly see. Instead of losing his hold at once, as would seem to have been the natural and inevitable result, he clung with a power beyond himself and a will superior to his own, closer and instinctively to the spire. He knew not what had occurred, and to his confused senses it appeared that the steeple was tumbling; or that some strange cause was about to bring the vast structure to the ground.

Some forty seconds—an age to him—must have elapsed before he sufficiently collected his scattered thoughts and subverted consciousness to know that the entire upper part of the rod had fallen upon his head, causing the blood to trickle over his forehead, and nearly blind him. He was in a dreadful perplexity and most dangerous position. He feared, if he moved, he would go cleaving the air to a terrible death upon the stony street below—and at the same time he knew he could not, in the disordered state of his nerves, and his increasing weakness, retain his grasp, more the result of fate than feeling, much longer. If he stirred he might fall; if he remained he certainly would; and so, determined to make at least an effort for his life, he put one foot very cautiously, then his arms, and then moved the other foot; and after half a minute of exertion, and the greatest danger, he touched the topmost round of the ladder, and in a few seconds more was inside of the steeple and safe.

Then it was Mr. K's great courage and strength forsook him: his nerves and muscles relaxed; he grew sick unto death; his knees gave way; his vision swam, and he sank upon the platform motionless and insensible. He must have lain there half an hour before he could rise and walk, and he did not recover from the shock for more than a fortnight afterward.

The people gazing up at him from the street describe the scene as painful and exciting in the extreme. When they observed the rod fall, a thrill of horror ran through their hearts, and two women swooned away; for they expected to behold him the next moment dashed to pieces at their feet.

Never say Fail.

The great secret of success in life is never to give up. If we were to leave a legacy to our children, and had nothing better, we should bequeath to them as their motto, "Persevere."—More is lost than people suppose by want of well directed energy—we do not mean that energy which comes by fits and starts, but a ceaseless, untiring tenacity of purpose, assisted by sound common sense in the affairs of life.—Your weak-minded men, who give up at the last rebuff, are good for nothing. Great souls only achieve immortality by dint of untiring perseverance. Look at Columbus: he was seventeen years in procuring the fleet which discovered a world. See how Washington toiled, year after year, amidst constantly recurring disappointment, laboring, too, under the want of money and the suspicions of Congress; but he persevered, and our independence was achieved.—John J. Astor says it was more difficult to earn his first thousand dollars than to amass all the rest of his twenty-four millions. He means, really, that habits of enterprise, activity, and perseverance which he found necessary to earn his first thousand dollars, remained afterwards with him as a habit, and, assisted by capital, easily achieved his enormous fortune. Most of our rich men have once been poor like him.—Do not despair, therefore. Let your watchword be, "Never Fail!" Rise superior to your fortunes, and you will yet get rich.

CHARACTER OF THE AGE.—Were we required to characterize this age of ours by any single epithet, we should be tempted to call it, not an heroical, devotional, philosophical, or moral age, but above all others, the mechanical age. It is the age of machinery, in every outward and inward sense of that word; the age, which, with its whole undivided might, forward, reaches and practises the great art of adapting means to ends. Nothing is now done directly, or by hand; all is by rule and calculated contrivance. For the simplest operation some helps and accompaniments, some cunning abbreviating process is in readiness. Our old modes of exertion are all discredited and thrown aside. On every hand the living artizan is driven from his workshop to make room for a speedier inanimate one. The shuttle drops from the fingers of the weaver, and falls into iron fingers that ply it faster. The sailor furls his sail and lays down his oar, and bids a strong unwearied servant, on various wings, bear him through the waters. Men have crossed oceans by steam; the fire king has visited the fabulous east, and the genius of the Cape, were there any Camoens now to sing it, has again been alarmed, and with far stranger thunders than Gama's. There is no end to machinery. Even the horse is stripped of his harness and finds a fleet firehorse yoked in his stead. We have an artist that hatches chickens by steam, the very brood-hen is to be superseded! For all earthly and for some unearthly purpose, we have machines and mechanic furtherances: for mincing our cabbages—for casting us into magnetic sleep. We remove mountains and make seas our smooth highway; nothing can resist us. We war with rude nature; and by our resistless engines come off always victorious and loaded with spoils.

What wonderful accessions have thus been made, and are still making, to the physical power of mankind; how much better fed, clothed, lodged, and in all outward respects accommodated, men now are, or might be, by a given quantity of labor, is a grateful reflection which forces itself on every one. What changes, too, this addition of power is introducing into the social system, how wealth has more and more increased, and at the same time gathered itself more and more into masses, strangely altering the old relations and increasing the distance between the rich and the poor, will be a question for political economists, and a much more complex and important one than any they have yet engaged with. Our true deity is mechanism. It has subdued external nature for us, and we think it will do all other things.—We are giants in physical power; we are Titans, that strive, by heaping mountain on mountain, to conquer heaven also.

A "ROYAL" TYPO.—According to an ancient usage in Prussia, all the princes of the royal family must learn a trade. It is stated that Prince Frederick William, just married to the Princess Royal of England, learned the trade of acompositor in the printing office of Mr. Hauel, at Berlin.

The Ruling Propensity.

Success in the allotted or chosen walk of life is the passion, the ruling propensity, in every condition of society. And it is as potent in the cottage as in the mansion—the studio of the author and artist as the office of the merchant—the theatre of pleasure as the sanctuary of prayer. It is, in short, the motive power that creates and holds together nations, strengthens the bonds that maintain communities in subjection to law and order, gives a stimulus to the function of the brain, and imparts consistency and usefulness to the natural selfishness of every human creature. It is the presiding genius of labor in all its branches, and in both its aggregate and individual efforts tenaciously strives to compel the phantoms that dazzle the imagination to give place to those realities which tempt both body and soul to take some path or another that will ultimately lead to the promised land—the glittering, fruitful, and luscious Canaan of our respective every day longings.—This, in general terms, is the condition symbolised as prosperity; and to the acquisition of which, in all its varied forms, mankind apply themselves with marvelous devotion.

Prudence.

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and exclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of unbended amusement in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition—the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

Wild Grapes of Canada.

Wm. H. Read, in the Country Gentleman, describes the fruit of a wild grape vine which he found on the banks of Chippewa creek, Canada, in 1855. The vine runs through and covers the entire tops of two medium sized elms, about a century old. The seed from which the vine was produced, may have found its way hither by birds, from some Frenchman's garden.

"Bunches very handsome, symmetrical, good size, compact, heavily shouldered; berries medium size: skin thin, black, covered with a bloom; flesh tender, melting, without pulpiness, foxiness or musty flavor, sweet and excellent.

Wood is strong, short-jointed, of a reddish iron color; foliage very large and thin, green on both sides, having no hair or cotton, and unmistakably showing no kin to the fox.

Higher Life.

Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest; the spirit and the sense so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and the perfect—that every one should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they are new. For this reason, one ought, every day at least, to read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words.—*Goethe.*

Money will not do all.

The making of a fortune enables a man to cross the chasm which separate too widely the gentle from the handicraft classes. His money just does this, and no more. But the newly enriched man stores the future with mortifications for himself, who fancies his mere wealth will gain him distinction in the circles of gentleman. The tone of good society is equality. Birth, wealth, beauty, talents, may constitute eligibility for society; but to be distinguished in it, persons must be admired for admirable, and liked for agreeable qualities.

Tait's Magazine.

RESTING ONE'S BONES.—"Well, missus, I's agoin' to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had loved and grown fat with for a good many years.

"Going to leave me, Molly! why, where are you going?"

"Oh, I's going to get married; I've worked long enough, and I's going to rest my bones."

Of course Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of ills human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said—

"Well, Molly, have you rested your bones?"

"Golly, missus—I's rested my jaw-bones, and dem's all the bones I've rested."

ELEGANT LIVING.—An Irishman who lives with a vegetarian, writes to a friend, that if he wants to know what illigant living is, he must come to his house, where the breakfast consists of nothing, and the supper of what was left at breakfast.

RICHES.—There is, too often, a burden of care in getting them, a burden of anxiety in keeping them, a burden of temptation in using them, a burden of guilt in abusing them, a burden of sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be given up for possessing and either improving or misimproving them.

☞ Shakespeare has written that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Many a poor fellow, that has survived a scalping by the savages, has no doubt thought that uneasier lies the head that *doesn't* wear a crown.

☞ A dull and voluminous European author has published what he calls "a tale of the Great Plague." To our mind all the tales of that author are tales of a great plague.

☞ A cotemporary wants to know whether fat men are not more kind and compassionate than lean ones. Perhaps they are as a general rule, but all bowels are not bowels of compassion.

☞ "How much did your pig weigh?" said a man to his neighbor. "Oh, he didn't weigh so much as I expected, and I never thought he would."

☞ A country cotemporary boasts of having received a cap as a present. He omits to say whether the bells were attached to it.

☞ The young lady who was "lost in thought" has been found. She was "hugging an idea," looking very much like a man.

Odds and Ends.

☞ Cato said, "He had rather people should inquire why he had not a statue erected to his memory than why he had."

☞ "I'm glad you admire my dress," said a young lady to a gentleman at a late Washington party; "it just cost seven dollars, and I made every stitch of it myself." Upon which Mrs. Brown, of the Agitator, remarks,—"When young ladies pride themselves upon the cheapness of their attire, instead of its expensiveness we shall have fewer broken fathers and husbands."

☞ The most solemn duties are generally the most readily undertaken. How many a man would with pleasure be your second in a duel, or stand godfather to your child, yet would strongly object to the loan of a five dollar bill.

☞ Why is a tight boot like a windmill? Because it grind the corn.

☞ To make writing impervious to criticism—write on bank notes.

☞ When is a wall like a fish?—When it is scaled.

☞ What kind of bands do young ladies like best?—Ahem! Why hus-bands, to be sure.

☞ Serve every one as much as you can, and compete with no one more than you must.

☞ If a small boy is called a lad, is it proper to call a big boy a ladder?

☞ "You are a little bear, madam." "Sir!" "Beg pardon, madam—about the shoulders, I mean."

☞ What gentleman can, with any sense of propriety, ask a fai woman to lean on his arm?

☞ It is upwards of eighteen centuries since Christian charity was first preached, and it is by no means as yet understood—at all events it is not practised. Singular, ain't it? Showing that people do not believe one iota of what they profess!

☞ "If a man love not his brother man, whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" That's a poser!

☞ Long words, like long dresses, frequently hide something wrong about the understanding.

☞ The lady who burst her sides laughing, had them mended by her husband coming into the parlor with muddy boots.

☞ Punch says that the wheel of fortune must have belonged originally to an omnibus; for it is continually "taking up" and "putting down" people.

☞ "We should each of us," said Orville Dewy in a late lecture, 'cultivate inward character for ourselves, and say—I must be true to myself."

☞ In no sense should we consent to be a mere echo of another, but keep in mind what self-respect and the numerous responsibilities of life demand of us. One of our own essayists says—"Hold on to thyself!"

☞ All the grandeur of life is out of sight—all that appears is but the effect.

☞ Honesty ought to shine through and illustrate the whole sphere of our action.

☞ It is nothing in our favor if we are honest because it is the "best policy," or because it is respectable.

☞ We should be honest, because we are directed to be so by the most lofty and undying principles.

☞ Good boys, (says Dowey,) are plenty enough, and wretched little specimens some of them are, too; but downright manly and honest boys,—they are as scarce as men of the same desirable qualifications.

☞ Hearts—little red things that men and women play with for money and lust,—the latter falsely called love.

☞ It has been discovered that bread can be manufactured out of wood. Long before this discovery was made, all wood was known to have grain in it.

☞ What is contentment?—To sit in the house and see other people stick in the mud.

☞ On hearing Ike read that eighteen rams were to be used in launching the Leviathan, Mrs. Partington remarked that she believed a few yolks of oxen would do a great deal better than rams.

☞ The mode of measuring live elephants is to calculate that twice the circumference of the print of the fore-foot is equal to the height of the beast. In some parts of Africa they attain the enormous height of twelve feet. The ear of the African elephant is nearly three times the size of his Asiatic brother.

☞ Mr. Shipwin put us into a corner a few evenings ago by asking what animal would make the best wine. We gave it up, and he immediately said, gr-a-a-pes (gray-apes.)

☞ He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.

☞ Every man ought to have a wife. If a man is happily married, his 'rib' is worth all the other bones in his body.

☞ Bancroft says—"When men are greatly in the wrong, and especially when they have embarked their fortunes in their error, they wilfully resist light."

☞ If the world seems not the better for us, guess it might seem as well to quit.

☞ Love is fed upon the lightest pastry—friendship upon solid beef.

☞ It is suggested that the question, "May a man marry his wife's sister?" is one which may be effectually answered by the sister herself, when it is popped by the widower.

☞ A weak mind sinks alike under prosperity and under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides; when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

☞ A dandyism—A slice of ham is now understood as "an elegant extract from Bacon!" Only used in polite circles.

☞ Swift declared that he was too proud to be vain. The distinction is a nice one.

☞ Beauty is only skin deep. Vel, it looks first-rate as far as it goes.

☞ A simple reason as Punch hath it "The fastest ship ever built is the Leviathan. And why? Becanes, inasmuch as they could not move her, she must necessarily be the fastest."

☞ When does mortification ensue? When you pop the question and are answered 'No.'

☞ Kansas is now a prominent missionary field, and it is said that the Methodists have succeeded in erecting the first church in Lecompton.

☞ Ought a new watch with a second hands to be called a second hand watch?

☞ He is properly a 'good' man who speaks well of his neighbors, loves his wife, and pays for his newspaper; particularly the latter—the two preceding being only secondary virtues.

☞ A celestial conundrum goeth it thus,—"Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity is the sole of it."

☞ The more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour-glass, the more it shows us that her sands of life are running out.

☞ Dr. Johnston wisely said—"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do anything." This is only true, however, where useless procrastination is the order of the day.

☞ It is said that there are 4,000 just-asses of the peace in Massachusetts. What lots of thistle-pickings it must take to feed them all!

☞ If you wish your enemy never to know your secret, never divulge it to your fri