The Lancaster Intelligencer.

"THAT COUNTRY IS THE MOST PROSPEROUS WHERE LABOR COMMANDS THE GREATEST REWARD."—BUCHANAN.

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THE LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER

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TERMS.

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For The Intelligencer.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Unconscious of thy childhood's grace,
Oh! envy not our riper years.
Where storms and calms by turns find place,
Whose smiles are sadder than thy tears.

Enjoy thy morn—thy life's young Spring,
Thy childhood's sunny, fleeting hours:
Why wish them past? Cold Time will fling
Full soon his blight o'er Joy's fair flowers.

Swiftly enough the years will come,
Regrets—false friendships in their train,
Till bow'd 'neath thine unfailing doom
Thou'lt wish thyself a child again.

Smile on! Thou hast no griefs, no fears!
Smile on! Cloud not thy brow with care,
Nor dim thy deep blue eye with tears,
Pure mirror of thy spirit fair.

May 25th, 1863. S. P. R.

THE RAIN DROP.

The rain drop! the rain drop!
Its soft and tiny feet
Keep up a pleasant pattering
Along the dusty street.

The rain drop! the rain drop!
It falleth on the stream,
It floats in gladsomeness along,
Beneath the sunny beam.

The rain drop! the rain drop!
It whispers to mine ear,
I am but lent to earth, not given,
I must not tarry here.

Soon as the golden sun shall shine
In an unclouded sky,
Borne on the gentle breeze I'll haste
To my sweet home on high.

And when all nature seems athirst,
On mountain, hill and plain,
The bright and sparkling rain drop
Will visit thee again.

THE DOWNEASTER AND THE BULL.

A TRUE STORY.

There will be a 'smart chance' of 'bull' in this story. I cannot promise that it will be a good story or funny story; but I am keen to say that it is a true one.

What I am going to relate happened in Muscatine county, Iowa, midway between Iowa city, then the capital of State, and Muscatine city, a flourishing town on the Mississippi river, in a section of the country called the Wapsinocnoc Settlement, from a creek bearing that name which runs through the settlement.

It was in '52, (and that part of Iowa was then thinly settled,) that I found myself one night, at the 'Eagle Hotel,' in West Liberty, a village of some five houses, about one mile east of Wapsinocnoc Creek, (*Wapsi*—white, *noc*—earth, *noc*—creek; literally white earth creek,) and situated on a beautiful prairie below.

Some half dozen travelers and villagers were lounging in front of the ample fire place in the bar-room—for, though the settlers had only a few days since finished their harvest, the evenings were somewhat cool, and a small fire was necessary to perfect comfort—talking of their prospects, and whether there was likely to be a large emigration pass through to California in the Spring, to buy their surplus food and other produce, when a new character burst upon the stage. As the door was flung open, all eyes were fixed in a stare of astonishment and wonder on the new comer.

The stranger was a tall, raw boned, lantern-jawed individual, with flaxen locks straggling about his shoulders. His long spindle legs were encased in blue jeans, and he wore a coat of the 'steel pen cut,' and in color what he would have denominated 'butternut,' with an oil-cloth cap drawn so tightly down upon his head, that it had the appearance of having been pasted on.

Then what appeared most strange and unaccountable, was, that he was wringing, dripping wet. His whitish-yellow earlocks were pasted down to his cheeks, and streaks of dirt, marked the course of divers miniature water-courses across his forehead, and down his nose; water dripped from the clawhammer tails of his coat and from the wristbands of the same. On his back he carried an oil-cloth carpet-bag, securely fastened by stout leather straps, which crossed upon his back.

Marching into the middle of the room with an immense clatter of wet cow-hide boots, he halted and cast an inquiring glance around the circle occupying the benches in front of the fire. Bagley, the landlord of the 'Eagle' arose, nodded and said, 'Good eve'in', sur.'

'Heow d'ye dew? Be yeou the landlord of this house?'

'Yes-r.'

'Wan't t' know? Reckon ye couldn't keep a feller hur, nor give a bite o' suthin for supper, could yer?'

'Yes-r.'

'Ye mean to say yer ken—bed and breakfast?'

'Yes-r.'

'Darn glad t' hear on't; and ef you kin just mix a feller a little suthin hot and strong, with a good deal of rum in't an' but little water, it'll do me a mazin sight o' good.'

'Yes-r.'

'Strong, mind—a good deal o' licker. You've got rum?'

'Yes-r.'

'A good deal o' rum an' but little water —stiff, as the old man used to say—stiff, Mr. Landlord.'

'Yes-r.'

While the landlord was preparing his rum, the stranger stood in front of the bar, with the pack still on his back, evidently bent on seeing the correct thing was done in the rum and water mingling. Then having imbibed a 'regular snorter,' he asked the landlord to assist in removing his pack. This being done, he was about handing his carpet-bag over to the landlord, to put behind the bar, when he caught sight of an immense rent in it, and therefrom protruding the corners of articles of clothing within it. The instant he made the discovery, the carpet sack fell from his hands, his jaw dropped, and for a few seconds he stood the very image of despair. At length he roused himself, and striking his clenched fist against his forehead, he howled in a voice of heart-rending agony.

'Ruined, ruined, ruined! Tetotally busted to smash! One hundred and sixty acres of the best land that ever lay eout o' doors, ripped all to flinders! O, Sarer Ann! little knowest thou that we are a ruined, busted family! Little yeou thinkest that thou art a beggar! O, Jerewsalem! How shall I ever meet yeow, since this sin, this detruckshion have been rant? After all our skrimpin' and skrewin' and pinchin' and turnin' and twistin'; after selling old Barney and the steers; after selling the two year old heffer and the nine shoats; and after thou, O, Sarer Ann, goin' to church in a kalliker, we're a busted family! O, Jerewsalem! All, all lost, and gone in a minute! O, heow, little Jed and Sarer Ann, can I meet you?'

This outburst from the Yankee surprised us all. We could not imagine what had happened to cause him so much grief, for the poor man was actually beside himself, with terror and despair and tears were flowing plentifully down his weather-beaten cheeks.

'What on earth has happened to you to cause you so much distress? You are certainly not lamenting at this rate over that rent in your carpet-bag?' asked I advancing to where our Yankee was standing.

'Oh, no, no; holy Jerewsalem! ef 'twas nothin' else but that! Oh, murder, murder. I dasen't hardly think on't. There's poor, poor, SarerAnn, feelin's so proud, and talkin' to little Jed about our fine new home on the prairies, just like me and her uste often do, an' here O, Jewdas! is a hull quarter section of the neatest land in Iowa gone to everlasting smash!'

The poor fellow's feelings now completely mastered him, and he hid his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. His last words, however, gave me a clue to the mystery, and taking his carpet-bag, I commenced hauling out shirts, vests, and handkerchiefs, all thoroughly water soaked, till at the bottom I found a carefully rolled bundle.

Mr. Yankee had now controlled his grief, and stood near by, with his hands on his knees, bending over me in breathless suspense. Unrolling a hickory shirt, I found within a large brown paper parcel, and within that, a handkerchief carefully pinned, and within it a package done up in a newspaper. On opening the newspaper, I found what I had expected at first—a land warrant for 160 acres government land, all snug and dry.

It is almost useless to attempt to describe the extravagant joy of the Yankee. The moment that this land warrant was safe and sound, he gave a perfect howl of delight, and snatching it from my hand, he pressed it to his bosom, as he might have done Sarer Ann, had she been present, and with tremendous strides commenced pacing back and forth across the room.—It seemed impossible for him to be still an instant.

'Glory to God!' cried he—'glory to the most Highest! Sarer Ann, all our scrimpin' and savin' ain't in vain! Go on with yeour talk—plan and kalkerlate! Take little Jed on yeour knee and sing! In the evenin' when yeou go out to milk, look to'rd where the sun is, and think—there I've a happy home! Your Peleg's there; he'll hev the land and we'll be happy yit! The steers is saved! the shoats is all right! the heffer ain't gone in, and old Barney is bound to count! O fellers! yeou see in yeour midst the happy head of er family—you witness a joyful human——'

'If you will excuse my interrupting you, sir, and it is a fair question,' said I, 'how did you come to get into this sorry pickle?'

'Excuse the question? Sarting—sarting, sir! Tell yer all the partikelars—a full account! Jewdas! what a narrer escape that question did hev!'

'Well, but let's have the story.'

'Yaas, sarting, sarting. Wal, gents, my name is Peleg Snodgrass, son of Deacon Eleazer Snodgrass, from down in Maine, on—

'Never mind that. Tell us how you got so wet.'

'Yaas, sarting! Well you see back hur 'bout a mile beyant the Nockyernoseoff Creek. I was walkin' along as happy as a lark, lookin' abeout over the prairers thinkin' how beautiful the great All Bein' had made the world, and what awful taters this sile would raise, when I see a big drove o' cattle jist one side. I wur admirin' as heow fat and slick they wur, an' lookin' at their good pints, when an almighty great brindle bull jumped up out'n the tall grass and begin tew shake his allfired great curly head an' beller an' switch his tail an' paw the sile over his back. I concluded it wur best tew let on likes ef I want afeared and so I begin to whistle 'Rake er deown Sal,' and other good chunes, thinkin' as heow I'd slip past the blasted ole cuss; but jist as I got oppersite, he gin a snort, an' begin tew walk tor'd me, stoppin' onct in a while to fetch a rake in the sile with his fore feet. I put in a few quick steps 'beout then, but was afeared to run, cos I knowed ef I did he'd feel encouraged. Putty soon he begin to come on the trot, and then I let out in a kinder canter. Then he rise to lope, an' seein' it wur no use a waitin' for him to quit, I jist loosened these ere legs o' mine an' come down to my best time.

I looked abeout for suthin' to climb, but there I wur, in the cussed prairer an' not a pea-stick tew be seen nigher than a mile ahead, heow I did want to stop right there an' cuss the blasted prairers. I gin a glance over my shoulder end see the everlastin' cuss with his nose deown an' his tail up, comin' jist on the dead lay down, and I let my legs count another notch. The chase wur nip and tuck till I got near the creek, when I see that the bull wur makin' a little grain the best time—he wur only 'beout a hundred yards behind me. Lord, Jehossy fat! but I felt queerish when I wur starting he wur gaining, it giv me sich a skeer that my heart 'peared to dissolve in dishwater and my legs kinder lost their feelin' so I couldn't run. But I could see a lot of trees ahead a little ways, an' ef I could hold eout three minits longer I'd be in 'em. I looked back and, the sufferin Moses! ef the bull want in twenty feet o' me, his eyes all green and his nostrils looked like I mite a put my head in 'em—an' as red as a bolt of new flannin'. I got almost to the creek, when I found the timber wur all on the oppersite bank from me, an' the bull so close I could almost feel his breath on my back. I thought of my famerly in that offel time; ses I—'Farewell, little Jed and you Sarer Ann, my gentle companion!' Jist at that instant I see a stump rite on the bank of the creek and made a spring fur it, axpectin' to get on't, but it happened to be holler and I landed inside. I jist had room to squeeze deown in it an' get my head below the top knot, wen deown Mr. Bull's head came up—whack against the stump till everything jingled.

You better believe I felt thankful I wur housed at last; and the ole cuss of a bull wasn't he disappointed! Lord, how he did rave round that stump, switch his tail, paw the sile an' beller? I peeped up at him jist to see how he were gettin' on, but kalkerlate I peeped down again offel suddent! for I hadn't moren got my head up till his horns came a straddle of it, and his skull hit the stump like a maul. The little incerdent convinced me that the best thing I could do was in the langwidge of Squire Wheeler, 'to lay low, watch black ducks, and chaw pokeroot.' Jist as I'd made up my mind not to put up my head agin, I felt the offelest pain take me in the leg I ever see, an' at the same time sumthin' commenced to whiz, I tried to look down to see what on airth it could be, but the holler was so narrow I couldn't git a chance to look, and all at once it popped into my head that there was a rattlesnake in the stump.

When I thot o' that I made a offel plunge to git out of the confounded den; but the cussed bull warnt morn six feet off, an' the minit he seed my head he came at me full chisel. The first I knowed I had dodged back inter the stump agin and hadn't morn touched bottom 'fore I felt another offel keen bite in my leg. I made a rush to git out again, but the cussed, infernal bull drove at me, an' I was bleeged to pop back agin. As I squeezed down inter my stump agin, I would'er bet a gallon o' rum that Sarer Ann would be widow in less'n tew hours. I tried to cypher out which would be the most becomin' for a christian, to be pizened to death by an offel great snaik, or have my inards slung to the four winds by a cussed brindle bull. I thot of the martyrs—of Amos biled in ile, Elizer smeered with honey, and Joseph tempted by Pottifer's wife, and concluded that I ort to profit by their example, and grin and bear it, no matter how much it went agin the grain. But I got jist then a offel bite or tew, and to save my soul, couldn't help stickin' out my head and, and the bull bein' on hand, let drive and filled my eyes chuck full of bark and dirt; so down I hobbled again for snaiks. I now begin to get bites offel frequently, and in bad places; the whizzen got louder, I squirmed and twisted, and screechen at a fast rate, and in grabbin' round I ketched something and got a bite in the hand.

I held my holt on to it, and behold, it proved to be nothin' but a yaller-jacket! When I found I wasn't snaik bit, I felt suthin' lift off my stumick like a bag o' shot—'Glory to God!' ses I 'I may live to protect the widder and fatherless yit!' I felt for a minit as if I didn't keer fur all the yaller-jackets between Mississippi and Missouri—but the blessed Jerusha! I hadn't seen one then to where I see a thousand in another minit! The whole holler o' that stump got yaller with 'em. I couldn't stand it long that way. I tried to think of some kind o' prayer suitable to the 'casion, and commenced: "Now I lay me down to sleep,' but by Jewdas, I couldn't pray for cussin'. I jist swore, bull or no bull, I was gwine to emigrate from that particular spot; but every time I put my head above the stump, the bull pitched at me and hit the stump jist like a maul—he looked ferocious, with his eyes green and blazin' as fire, and the foam droppin' from his mouth. I was bobbin' up and down so continerally, that I was abeout half the time in the stump and half eout, and at last I felt the stump beginnin' to give way under the thumps the infernal old brindle was givin' it, and my hair riz straight on end. I made up my mind to git eout o' that, somehow, purty quick, but jist at the minit I raised up my head to jump out and run, the old cuss came at me, with his head deown and tail up, at locomotive speed, and as I dodged deown he struck the stump, tore it up at the roots and shot me eout like I was a bumshell, clean over the bank into the creek, and arter me come the stump, bull and all. The fore feet, or one on 'em of the bull, truck me rite on the back—and I reckon that's what tore the carpet-bag—knockin' me clean down to the muddy bottom of the creek. When I riz, the first thing I seed was the old feller's tail, and as I couldn't swim a lick, I made a grab for it and made him tow me ashore. When we got there, I let go and run one way, while the bull run the other, and that is the hull long and short on't.

The Dead of Pompeii Exhumed.

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* gives some interesting particulars concerning the exhuming the dead of Pompeii. He says:

Further researches led to the discovery of a male body, another woman, and that of a young girl; but that which first awakened the interest of the excavators, was the finding of ninety-one of pieces silver money, four ear-rings, a finger-ring, all of gold; together with two iron keys and evident remains of a linen bag. These interesting relics have been now successfully removed, and are lying in a house not far distant.—They are to be preserved in Pompeii, and four bronze tables, of an antique fashion, are preparing for their reception.

The first body discovered was that of a woman, who lay on her right side, and from the twisted position of her body, had been much convulsed. Her left hand and arm were raised and contorted, and the knuckles were bent in tightly; the right arm was broken and at each end of the fragments the cellular character of bones was seen. The form of the head-dress and the hair were distinctly visible. On the bone of the little finger of the left hand were two silver rings, one of which was a guard. The sandals remain, or the soles at least, and iron or nails are unmistakably to be seen. Though the body was much bent, the legs were extended as if under the influence of extreme pain.

In an inner chamber was found the figure of the young girl lying on its face, resting on its clasped hands and arms; the legs drawn up, the left lying over the right—the body thinly covered over in some parts by the scoriæ or the plaster, whilst the skull was visible, highly polished. One hand was partilaly closed, as if it had grasping something, probably her dress, with which it had covered the head. The finger-bones protruded through the incrusted ashes, and on the surface of the body in various parts was distinctly visible the web of linen with which it had been covered.—There was lying by the side of the child a full-grown woman, the left leg slightly elevated, whilst the right arm is broken; but the left, which is bent is perfect, and the hand is closed. The little finger has an iron ring; the left ear, which is uppermost, is very conspicuous and standsoff from the head. The folds of the drapery, the very web, remain, and a nice observer might detect the quality of the dress.

The body of the man lay upon its back, with the legs streched out to their full length. There was an iron ring on the little finger of the left hand, which together with the arm, was supported by the elbow. The folds of the dress on the arm and over the whole upper part of the body were visible; the sandals were there, and the bones of the foot protruded through what might have been a broken sandal. The traces of the hair of the head and beard were there; and the breath of life, adds the writer, had only to be inspired into this and the other three figures to restore to the world of the nineteenth century the Romans of the first century. They might have fallen but yesterday, for were there not still remaining their sandals, their dress, the very tracery of their hair? They were trying to escape from destruction, for the bodies were found at a short distance one from the other, as if in the act of running. What could have induced them to remain so long it is only permitted to imagine. They were three women who, terror struck, had been unable, perhaps, to act, until aided and urged forward by the man. It may be that with that attachment which binds us all so closely to our native homes with the hope that the storm would soon pass away.

How a Roman Emperor Lived.

Bruce, in his 'Classic and Historic Portraits,' gives the following sketch of that effeminate creature, the Emperor Heliogabalus:

In his magnificence, Heliogabalus was truly Oriental. He had beds and couches of solid silver. He adorned others of his beds with gold. His chariots glittered with gems. They were drawn sometimes by elephants, sometimes by stags, and sometimes by beautiful naked women.—His drinking and cooking vessels were of silver. He was also guilty of the luxury which at a later period, St. Chrysostom charges as a sin against the Christian ladies of Constantinople—of using vessels of the most precious material for the most ignoble purposes.

He had cups artificially perfumed for drinking, and others on which lascivious designs were sculptured; an iniquity not confined to ancient and heathen times. At table he reclined on couches stuffed with the fur of hares or the down of partridges. He wore cloaks heavy with gems, and used to say that he was burdened with a load of pleasure. He had gems in his shoes, sculptured with designs by the finest artists. He wore a diadem of precious stones that he might resemble a woman. He is said to have been the first Roman who wore robes of entire silk. He never, it is said, wore a ring for more than one day, or twice put on the same shoes.

In his more refined and elegant luxuries he was the rival of the ancient Demetrius Poliorcetes. He had beds and couches of roses, and walked amongst lilies, violets, hyacinths and narcissus.

When he wished to add the piquant flavor of cruelty to his enjoyments, he would stifle a courtier to death in a bed of flowers. He swam in water perfumed with saffron and precious unguents; and wine and aromatics were poured into his fishponds and his baths.

In eating and drinking he appears not so much as a glutton, but as the chief of all royal epicures—the equal in gastronomic science of the renowned Apicus. He joined with all who studied the pleasure of the palate in admiration of the dish which the Romans made of the teats of a newly farrowed pig—the most celebrated of ancient luxuries. After the example of Apicus he indulged in dishes made of the tender parts of the heel of the camel, and of combs torn from the heads of living cooks. This latter delicacy, Cassaubon, in his commentary on the passage in the Augustan historian in which it is referred to, tells us, is at this day—that is in his day, two hundred years ago—passionately sought after by men of learned palates. Like Vitellus, he seems to have had his appetite whetted by the expensiveness of the dishes which he procured; and in sacrificing the rarest and most beautiful birds for the sake of eating their heads, their brains or their tongues.

At one entertainment he displayed on his table the heads of six hundred ostriches, whose brains, as well as those of the flamingo and thrush, were amongst his favorite repasts. He also indulged in the tongues of peacocks and nightingales, believing that they had a medical virtue in averting epilepsy. He also made dishes of the entrails and sometimes of the beards of the mullet, of the eggs of partridges, and the heads of pheasants, peacocks and parrots. We wonder at the destruction of creatures so lovely to the sight as the peacock, the flamingo and the pheasant, for the particle of delicate eating to be got from them, but epicurism and gluttony consume and destroy all other tastes.

The genius of Heliogabalus shone particularly bright in the cooking of fish. In this department he is said to have invented new modes unknown to Apicus; but with a refined hatred of things common and cheap, he would never taste fish at all when he was near the sea, but always took delight in them when far removed from water, just as he took a fancy for having snow brought to him in midsummer. He offered rewards for the discovery of new dishes of exquisite flavor, and he had a humorous way of stimulating the invention of those around him in this science. When a courtier, after exerting his best skill to please him, produced a dish which he did not relish, he made the ingenious artist himself continue to eat of that dish and of nothing else, till his faculties, sharpened by disgust, enabled him to find out something superior for his master.

Like Nero and Caligula, Heliogabalus had his jocularities—generally practical ones—sometimes merely absurd, sometimes characteristically cruel. His most harmless entertainments in this way consisted of the suppers which he would give one night to eight men, all of them blind of one eye, sometimes to eight afflicted with gout, then to eight deaf men, eight black men, eight tall and eight fat men.

He kept lions and leopards, which lay at table with him, in order to frighten his friends. He would get a company filled with drink, and after locking them up for the night would let loose amongst them lions, leopards and bears, with their claws pared, to terrify them; and many, it is said, died of fright.

At other times, when daylight would break in on the company who had been drinking the night before, they would find themselves in the arms of ugly old black women. At other times he made sham entertainments, like the Barmicide's feast in the Eastern tale, setting his guests down to dishes made of wax, ivory or stone, painted after nature. He collected serpents together and let them loose to bite his visitors. He would tie his courtiers to a wheel and have them whirled round in water, calling them, in allusion to the mythological fable, his 'Ixiohite friends.'

Fearing a violent death from the vengeance of the people, Heliogabalus had made preparations, which turned out to be all in vain, for terminating his existence in an elegant manner. He had poison mixed up with the most precious articles, he had ropes of crimson and purple silk ready to strangle himself with, and golden swords to stab himself with. He had also a high tower built with rich adornings, where he might breathe out his last in royal state.

The manner of his death was just the reverse of all that he desired. After being slain, his body was first thrown into the common sewer, then dragged through the streets and cast into the Tiber. According to Herodian and Dion, the same indignities were inflicted on the body of his mother, who was killed at the same time. Dion represents Heliogabalas as having been slain in her arms, and states that both their heads were cut off, and their bodies stripped naked, and that the one was thrown into one place of the river and the other into another.

BETTER THAN THAT.—The Emperor Joseph of Austria, was one day taking a ride in his carriage, and a sharp shower of rain came on, whem an old *invalide*, hobbled to the door, and asked him if he would allow him to get in, as he had his new uniform on for the first time, and he did not wish to get it spoiled. The Emperor acquiesced, and they soon got into conversation. Amonst other things, the old soldiers mentioned that he had had a capital breakfast that morning. 'What was it?' said the Emperor. 'Well, 'said the *I*nvalide, 'guess.' The Emperor goodhumoredly complied, and went over all the dishes in vogue amongst the military, to all of which he got the answer 'Better than that.' At last finding that the stranger could not guess it, the old soldier acknowledged with great glee, that he had taken a pheasant out of the *I*mperial preserves. The Emperor seemed to think it a good joke, and the subject was dropped. When they had nearly reached the town, the old *I*nvalide, who had been recounting some of his experience on the battle field, said to the stranger: 'You look like a military man yourself, sir; what position might you hold?' 'Well' said the Emperor much amused, 'guess!' After having repeated all the grades in the army, from sergeant up to field-marshal, to all of which he got the answer. 'Better than that,' the truth of who the stranger was seemed to flash upon his mind, and his confusion can be better imagined than described. His poaching expedition was however pardoned by the Emperor, and the story of their meeting was ever after a faverite joke at court.

WIVES AND CARPETS.—The Chicago Journal thus learnedly philosophizes on these themes. There is a large streak of sense in the reflection:

In the selection of a carpet you should always prefer one with small figuaes, for the two webs of which the fabric consists are always more closely interwoven than in carpetings where large figures are wrought.

There is a good deal of true philosophy in tnis that will apply to matters widely different from the selection of carpets. A man commits a sad mistake when he selects a wife that cuts too large a figure on the carpet of life—in other words, make much display. The attractions fade—the web of life becomes worn and weak, and all the gay figures that seemed so charming at first, disappear like summer flowers in autumn. Many a man has made flimsy linseywoolsey of himself by striving to weave too large a figure, and is worn out, used up, like old carpets hanging on the fence, before he has lived out half of his allotted days of usefulness. Many a man wears out like a carpet that is never swept, by the dust of indolence; like that carpet he needs shaking or whipping; he needs activity—something to think of —something to do.

Look out, then for the large figures, and there are those now stowed away in the garret of the world, awaiting their final consignment to the cellar, who had they practiced this bit of carpet philosophy, would to-day be firm and bright as Brussels fresh from the loom and everybody exclaiming, '*It* is wonderful how they do wear.'

THE DEVIL'S CHOICEST SERVANTS.—A paper was picked up in the streets last night by a person returning from hearing the 'three eminent divines' spout in Library Hall. It is supposed to be a free translation from Luther, and reads as follows:

The Devil, as is his custom once a year, held an examination to see which of his imps had labored most faithfully in his service. Calling them together, he questioned them as to what they had performed. I said one, 'raised a mighty whirlwind, which blew the sand of the desert upon a caravan of Christian pilgrims, and they all perished.'

Pooh! said the Devil, 'what of that, if their souls were all saved.'

'I,' said another, 'sunk a ship load of Christians, and they were all lost.'

'But their souls were all saved, so that did me no good,' replied the Devil, contemptuously.

'And *I*,' said another, 'have not been idle in that part of America from which your majesty has often regretted receiving so few subjects. *I* have cultivated the most intimate acquaintance with many of their divines, and have persuaded them to drop the Bible and take up war politics, and they are having a vast influence among the circles which have been wont to look to them for advice.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the Devil, 'you are the smartest imp of them all, and shall have the highest place in my favor. *I* see *I* shall have no cause to complain of that country being unproductive to my kingdom hereafter.'—*Newark Journal.*

☞ The heart that soars upward escapes little cares and vexations; the birds that fly high have not the dust of the road upon their wings.

TRAINING THE CHILD'S BODY.—Whatever you wish your child to be, be it yourself. *If* you wish it to be happy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest and godly, be all these yourself. *If* you wish it to be lazy and sulky and a liar and a thief, and a drunkard and a swearer, be yourself all these. As the old cock crows the young one learns. You remember who said, 'train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' And you may as well expect to gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, as good, healthy, happy children, from diseased, and lazy, and wicked parents. Be always frank and open to your children. Make them feel at ease with you, and make with them. There is no such good plaything for grown up children, like you and me, as weans —wee ones. *It* is wonderful what you can get them to do, with a little fun and coaxing. You all know this as well as *I* do, and you will practice it every day in your own families. Here is a pleasant story out of an old book:—A gentleman having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to be weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back; but because of their multitude he could not do, that, 'But 'said he, *I*'ll get horses for us all;' then cutting little wands out of the hedges as ponies for them; and a great stake, as a charger for himself, thus put mettle into their little legs, and all then rode cheerfuly home. So much for a bit of ingenious fun.

A SINGULAR CONTEST—Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian 11 many services, they each for recompense, demanded his natural daughter Helena in marriage. The prince, who entertained an equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference; and after, much delay, told them that from claims they both had to his attention and regard he could not give his consent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must peide it by their own prowess and address, but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both; by suffering them to fight with offeusive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival into it should obtain his daughter. This strange combat between two gentlemen was in the presence of the whole imperial court and lasted half an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded to the German, and Andre Elhard, Baron of Tetherd, who, when he got him into the bag, took him on his back and placed him at the Emperor's feet, and on the following day married the beautiful Helena.

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