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SPRING FLOWERS.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
They are springing forth again;
Are opening their gentle eyes
In forest and in plain!
They cluster round the ancient stems,
And ivied roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully,
About a father's knees.

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
Their pure and radiant eyes
Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies!
They say that nought exists on earth,
However poor and small,
Unseen by God; the meanest things,
He careth for them all!

The flowers! the lovely flowers!
The fairest type are they
Of the soil springing from its night
To sunshine and to-day;
For though they be all dead and cold,
With winter's snow above,
The glorious spring doth call them forth
To happiness and love!

Ye flowers! ye lovely flowers!
We greet ye well and long!
With light, and warmth, and sunny smile,
And harmony, and song!
All dull and sad would be our earth,
Were your bright beauties not;
And thus, without Life's Flowers of Love,
Oh, what would be our lot!

[From the American Metropolitan Magazine]

THE JURYMAN.

A SKETCH.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Peter Barker belonged to that numerous class, who are neither better nor worse than other men. Left an orphan in his infancy, the paths of life were rough and lonely at the outset. He had a violent temper and a good heart. The first was roused into activity, and punished with energy kindred to its own: the last remained almost undeveloped, for want of genial circumstances and reciprocated affection. One softening gleam fell across his early path, and he loved it like the sunshine, without comprehending the great law of attraction that made it so very pleasant. When he attended school in the winter months, he always walked home with a little girl named Mary Williams. On the playground he was with her, always ready to do battle with anybody who disobliged her. Their comrades laughed, and called him Mary's beau; and they blushed and felt awkward, though they had no idea what courting meant. Things had arrived at this state of half-revealed consciousness, he being fourteen years old and Mary twelve, when her friends removed to the West, and the warm, bright influence passed out of his life. He never rightly knew whether he was in love with Mary, but years afterwards, when people talked to him about marrying, he thought of her, wondering where she was, and whether she remembered him. When he drove his cows home from pasture, the blackberry bushes on the way brought up visions of his favorite school-mate, with her clean cape-bonnet thrown back, her glossy brown hair playing with the winds, and her innocent face smiling upon him with friendly greeting. "She was the best and prettiest child I ever saw," he often said to himself. "I wonder whether she would be as pleasant now?" Sometimes he thought of going to the West and seeking her out. But he knew not where to find her; his funds were small, and his courage fell at the thought, "Oh, it is many years ago since we were children together. Perhaps I should find her married" Gradually this one ray of poetry faded out of his soul, and all his thoughts fell into the common prosaic mould. His lot was cast with rough people, who required much work, and gave little sympathy. The image of his little mate floated farther away, and more and more seldom her clear blue eyes smiled upon him through the rainbow mists of the past, or the air-castles of the future. In process of time he married, after the same fashion that a large proportion of men do; because it was convenient to have a wife, and there was a woman of good character in the neighborhood willing to marry whoever first offered her a respectable home. Her character bore the stamp of harmless mediocrity. She was industrious and patient, but ignorant, dull, and quietly obstinate. The neighbors said she was well suited to him, he was so rough and passionate; and in the main he thought so himself; though her imperturable calmness sometimes fretted him as a rock chafes the lashing foam. The child that was born to them they both loved better than they had ever loved; and accordingly to their light, they sincerely strove to do their duty. His bodily wants were well supplied, often at the cost of great weariness and self-sacrifice; but their own rude training had given them few good ideas concerning the training of an immortal soul. The infant did more for them than they for him. Angelic influence, unseen and unheard amid the hard struggle of their outward life, became visibly audible through the unconscious innocence of their little one. For the second time in his life, a vision of beauty and love gleamed across the rugged path of that honest, laborious man. Vague impressions of beauty he had constantly received from the panorama of the universe. His heart sometimes welcomed a bright flower in the sunshine, or a cluster of lilies on the stream; he marvelled at the splendour of the rainbow, and sometimes gazed reverentially on the sun sinking to rest in his rich drapery of purple and gold. But these were climaxes of the Infinite; their beauty did not seem to appertain to him. It did not enter like a single charm into the sphere of his own existence, as did the vision of Mary Williams and his own little Joe. The dormant tenderness there was in him leaped up at the smile of the babe, and every pressure of the little fingers made a dimple in the father's heart. Like the outburst of spring, after a long cold winter, was the revelation of infinite love in his home. When he entered home, after a hard day's work, it rested him body and soul to have the little one spring into his arms for a kiss, or come toddling along, lifting his little porringer of milk, in eagerness to eat his supper on father's knee.

But though this influence seemed to have an almost miraculous power over his nature, it could not quite subdue the power of temperament and habit. As the darling babe grew into boyhood, he was sometimes cherished with injudicious fondness, and sometimes repelled by bursts of passion, that made him run and hide himself from the ever indulgent father. Mr. Baker had himself been educated under the dispensation of punishment, rather than attraction, and he believed in it most firmly. If his son committed a fault, he thought of no other punishment than severity. If a neighbor did him an ill-turn, he would observe in presence of the boy, "I will watch my chance to pay him for it." If the dog stole their dinner, when they were at work in the woods, he would say, "Run after him, Jop, and give the rascal a sound beating." When he saw the child fighting with some large lad, who had offended him, he would praise his strength and courage, and tell him never to put up with an insult. He was not aware that all these things were education, and doing far more to form his son's character than anything he learned at school. He did not know it, because his thoughts had never been directed towards it. The only moral instruction he received was from the minister of the parish; and he usually preached about the hard-heartedness of Jews two thousand years ago, rather than the errors and temptations of men and boys, who sat before him.

Once he received an admonition from his neighbor Goodwin, which, being novel and unexpected, offended him as an impertinent interference with his rights. He was riding home with Joe, then a lad of thirteen, when the horse took fright at a piece of white paper, that the wind blew across the road. Mr. Barker was previously in ill-humor, because a sudden squall of rain had wet some fine hay, all ready for the barn. Pursuing the system on which he had himself been educated, he sprang to the ground and cudgelled the poor beast unmercifully. Mr. Goodwin who was passing by, inquired the cause of so much severity, and remonstrated against it; assuring him that a horse was never cured of habits by violence. He spoke mildly; but Mr. Barker was irritated, and having told him to mind his own business, he continued to whip the poor frightened animal. The humane neighbor turned away, saying, "that is a bad lesson for your son, Mr. Barker."

"If you say much more, I will flog you instead of the horse," muttered the angry man. "It isn't *his* horse. What business is it to *him?*"

He did not reflect in what a narrow circuit he was mailing up the sympathies of his child, by such words as those. But when he was rescated in the wagon, he did not feel altogether pleased with himself, and his inward uneasiness was expended on the horse. The poor bewildered animal, covered with foam, and breathing short and hard, tried his utmost to do his master's will, as far as he could understand it. But nervous and terrified constantly in expectation of the whip, he started at every sound. If he went too fast he was reined in with a sudden jerk, that tore the corners of his mouth; if he went too slow, the crack of the whip made him tear over the ground to be again restrained by the violent jerk.

The sun was setting, and shed a radiant glow on every tree and little shrub, jewelled by the recent shower. Cows grazed peacefully in verdant hollows, birds sang, a little brook rippled coolly by the wayside, winds played gently with the flowers, and kissed the rain-drops from their faces. But all this loveliness passed unheeded by human hearts because they had at the moment no inward beauty to harmonize with nature. Perhaps the familiar landscape seemed quite otherwise to the poor horse, than it would had done, had he traveled along those pleasant paths guided by a wise and gentle hand.

Had Joseph continued to be little Joe, his eager welcome and loving prattle might soon have tamed the evil spirit in his father's soul that night.

But he was a tall lad, who had learned to double up his fists, and tell other boys they had better let him alone, if they knew what was good for themselves. He still loved his father better than anything else in the world, but the charm and power of infancy was gone. He reflected back the vexed spirit like a too faithful mirror. He was no longer a transparent, unconscious medium for the influence of angels.

Indeed, parental affection, gradually became a hardening, rather than a softening influence. Ambition for his son increased the love of accumulation; and the gratification of this propensity narrowed his sympathies more and more. Joseph had within him the unexpanded germs of some noble qualities; but he inherited his father's passionate temperament with his mother's obstinacy; and the education of such circumstances as I have described, turned his energies and feelings into wrong channels. The remark, "It isn't *his* horse, what business is it to *him?*" heard in his boyhood, expressed the views and habits of his later years. But his mental growth, such as it was, pleased his father who often said exultingly, "There is no danger of Joe. He knows how to fight his own way through the world."

Such was the mutual product of character, when Mr. Barker was summoned to a jury involving life or death. He was vexed to be called away from his employments, and had never reflected at all upon the fearful responsibility of a juryman. James Lloyd, the prisoner, was very young man, and his open, honest countenance, gave no indication of capacity for crime; but he was accused of murder, and circumstantial evidence was strong against him. It was proved that a previous quarrel had existed between him and the murdered man, and that they had been seen to take the same road, the prisoner in a state of intoxication, the night the violent deed was committed. Most people thought the case was as good as proved against him; but the jury were not so sure of it. Two of the jury were reluctant to convict him and wished to find the evidence insufficient; the penalty was so dreadful, and their feelings were so much touched by the manifest misery of his youthful countenance. Others talked sternly of justice, and urged that the scripture demanded blood for blood. Of this number was Peter Barker. From the beginning, he was against the prisoner. The lawyer who plead for him had once been employed in a lawsuit against Mr. Barker, and had gained the cause for his client. The juryman cherished a grudge against him for his sarcastic influence on that occasion. Moreover, it so happened that neighbor Goodwin, who years ago had reproved his severity to the horse, took compassionate interest in the accused. He often consulted with his lawyer, and seemed to watch the countenance of the jury anxiously. It was a busy season of the year, and the jury were impatient to be at their work, shops and farms. Mr. Barker would not have admitted it, even to himself, but all these circumstances helped to increase his hardness against the prisoner. By such inconceivably slight motives is the conduct of men often swayed on most important occasions.

"If the poor young fellow really did commit the act," said one of the jury, "it seems likely that he did it in a state of intoxication. I was once drunk myself, and they told me afterward that I quarrelled with a man, and knocked him down a high flight of steps, but I had no recollection of it. If I had killed him and they had hung me for it, what an awful thing it would have been for my poor father and mother. It taught me a good lesson, for I was never again intoxicated. Perhaps this poor youth might profit by his dreadful experience, if a chance were allowed him. He is so young; and there is nothing bad in his countenance."

"As for his womanly face," replied Mr. Barker, "there is no trusting to that. The worst villains are not always the worst looking. As for his being intoxicated there is no telling whether it is true or not. That cunning lawyer may have made up the story for the sake of exciting compassion, and the witnesses may be more than willing enough to believe everything strange in the prisoner's conduct was the result of intoxication. Moreover, it won't do to admit that plea in extenuation; for then don't you see a man who wants to kill his enemy has only to get drunk in the place? If anybody killed my Joe, drunk or not drunk, I should want him to swing for it."

By such remarks urged in his vehement way, he without being fully aware of what he was doing.—He was foreman of the jury; and when the awful moment arrived on which depended the life of a fellow-being, he pronounced the word "Guilty," in a strong firm voice. The next instant his eye fell on the prisoner, standing there so pale, and still looking at him with such fixed despair. There was something in the face that moved him strongly. There was something in the face that moved him strongly. He turned quickly away, but the vision was before him. "This is weakness," he said to himself. "I have merely done my duty." But still the pale young face looked at him; always and everywhere it looked at him.

He feared to touch a newspaper for he wished not to know when the day of execution would arrive. But officious neighbors, ignorant of his state of mind, were eager to talk upon the subject, and when drawn into such discourse, he strove to justify his own feelings by dwelling on the worst circumstances of the case. Notwithstanding all his efforts the night preceding the execution he had troubled dreams, in which that ghastly young face was always conspicuous. When he awoke he saw it in air. It walked beside him as he ploughed the fields it stood before him on the threshold of his own door. All that the merciful jurisman had suggested, came before him with painful distinctness. Could there be doubt that the condemned had really committed the murder? Was he intoxicated? Might he have happened to be intoxicated for the first time in his life? And he so young! But he drove these thoughts away, saying ever to himself, The law required it. I merely did my duty. Still everything looked gloomy to him. The evening clouds seemed like funeral palls, and a pale, despairing face gazed at him forever.

For the first time, in his manhood, he craved a companion in the darkness. Neighbors came in, and described the execution; and while they talked, the agitated juryman beat the fire-brands into a thousand pieces and spoke never a word. They told how the youth had written a long letter to his mother and had died calm and resigned. "By the way perhaps you knew his mother, Mr. Barker," said one, "they tell me she used to live in this neighborhood. Do you remember a girl by the name of Mary Williams?"

The tongs dropped from Mr. Barker's hand; as he gasped out "Mary Williams. Was he her son? God forgive me! Was he her son?" And the strong man laid his head upon the table and wept.

There was a silence in the room. At last the loquacious neighbor said in a sudden tone, "I am sorry I hurt your feelings. I didn't know she was a friend of yours."

The troubled juryman rose hastily, walked to the window, looked at the stars and clearing his choked voice, said, "It is many years since I knew her. But she was a good tempered, pretty girl; and it seems but yesterday that we used to go together to pick out baskets full of berries. And so she was his mother! I remember now there was something in his eye that seemed familiar to me."

Perhaps the mention of Mary's beauty in the melting mood so unusual with her husband, might have excited a vague feeling of jealousy in Mrs. Barker. Whatever might have been the motive said, in her demure way, "Well it was natural enough to suppose the young man had other friends and other mothers, as well as this Mary Williams."

He not only heard what he had done, but he saw it done. Joseph came in, and the details of the dreadful scene was repeated and dwelt upon, as human beings are prone to dwell on all that excites strong emotion. To him the name of Mary Williams conjured up no smiling visions of juvenile love; and he strove to justify his father's relenting feelings by placing in a strong light all the arguments in favor of the prisoner's guilt. The juryman was glad to be thus fortified, and replied in a firm, reassured voice, "At all events, I did my duty." Yet for months after, the pale young face looked at him despairingly from the evening air, and came between him and the sunshine. But time, which softens all things, drifted the dreary spectre into dim distance; and Mr. Barker's faculties were again completely absorbed in making money for his son.

Joseph was called a fine, promising young man; but his conduct was not altogether satisfactorily to his parents. He was fond of dress and company; and his impetuous temperament not unfrequently involved him in quarrels. On two or three of these occasions, they feared he had been a little excited by drink. But he was, in reality, a good hearted fellow, and like his rough father, had undeveloped germs of deep tenderness within him. His father's life was bound up within his; his mother loved him with all the energy of which her slight nature was capable, and notwithstanding the inequality or his violent and capricious temper, the neighbors loved him also.

What then, was their consternation, when it was rumored that on the twenty-fourth birth-day he had been arrested for murder! And alas! it was too true that his passions had thus far overmastered his reason. He wished to please a young girl in the vicinity, and she treated him coolly, because a rival had informed her that he was intoxicated, and in that state spoke over-boldly of being sure of her love. He drank again, to drown his vexation, and while the excitement of the draught was on him, he met the man that informed against him. Unfortunately, an axe was at hand, and in the double fury of drink and rage, he struck with it again and again. One hour after, he would have given all he ever hoped to possess, nay, would gladly have died, could he have restored the life he had so wantonly destroyed.

Thus, Mr. Barker was again brought into a court of justice on an affair of life and death. How differently all questions connected with the subject presented themselves now! As he sat beside that darling son, the pride of his life, his only hope on earth, oh how he longed for words of fire to plead that this young existence might be spared for repentance and amendment! How well he remembered the juryman's plea for youth and intoxication! and with what an agony of self-reproach he recalled his own hard answer! With intense anxiety he watched the countenances of the jury for some gleams of compassion. But ever and anon, a pale young faced loomed up between him and them, gazed at him with fixed despair. The vision of other years returned to haunt him; and Joseph, his best beloved his only one, stood beside it, pale and hand cuffed, as he had been. The voice that pronounced his son guilty sounded like awful echo of his own; and he seemed to hear Mary Williams whisper, "And my son also was very young."

That vigorous off shoot from his own existence, so full of life and feeling, and alas, of passion, which mingled in all—he must die! No earthly power can save him! May the ALL MERCIFUL sustain that poor father, as he watches the heavy slumber of his only son in that dark prison, and while he clasps the cold hand, remembers so well the dimpled fingers he used to hold in his, when little Joe sat upon his knee and prattled childish love.

And the ALL MERCIFUL did with him, and sent influences to sustain him through that terrible agony. It did not break his heart; it melted and subdued him. The congealed sympathies of his nature flowed under his ordeal of fire; and for the first time, he had a realizing sense that every human being is, or has been, somebody's little Joe.

"How kind you are to me, father," said the prisoner, in answer to his soothing words and affectionate attentions.

He replied meekly, "Would I had always been so!" Then turning his face away, and earnestly pressing Joseph's hand, he said in an agitated voice, "Tell me truly, my son, does it ever occur to you, that I have been to blame for this great misfortune that has befallen you?"

"You, dear father?" he exclaimed, "I do not understand what you mean."

Still keeping his face turned away, and speaking with effort, Mr. Baker said, "Do you remember once, when I was beating my horse cruelly (you were a boy of twelve then,) neighbor Goodwin remarked to me, that I was giving a bad lesson to my son? I was angry with him at the time; and perhaps that resentment helped to make me hard toward a poor young fellow who is dead and gone; but his words keep ringing in my ears. May God, in his mercy, forgive me if I have ever done or said anything to lead you into this great sin. Tell me, Joseph, do you ever think it might have happened otherwise, if you had a less violent father?"

"My poor father!" exclaimed the prisoner, pressing his hand convulsively, "It almost breaks my heart to hear you thus humble yourself before me, who so little deserves it at your hands. Only forgive me my violent outbreaks, dear father! for in the midst of them all, I always loved you. You have always sought to do me good, and would rather have died than led me into any harm. Ever since I have been here in prison, I thought of many things that never occurred to me before—The world and all thing in it are placed before me in a different light. It seem to me grex are all wrong in their habits and teachings. I see now that retaliation and hatred are murder. I have read often, of late the exhortation of Jesus to forgive our brother his offences, not only seven times, but seventy times seven, and I tell you, we ought to be with human beings in all their relations with each other. What I have done cannot be undone; but if it will be any satisfaction to you, rest assured that I did not intend to kill him. I was wretched, and was fool enough to drink; and then I knew not what I did. Violent as my temper has been, I never conceived the thought of taking his life."

"I know it, my son, I know it," he said; "and the reflection consoles me in some degree. While I have a loaf of bread I will share it with the mother and sister of him you——" he hesitated, shuddered, and sobbed in a low deep tone, "you murdered."

"I was going to ask that of you," replied the prisoner; "and one thing more dear father, try to bear up bravely under this terrible blow, for the sake of my poor patient mother."

"I will, I will," he answered; "and now, my dear misguided boy, say you forgive your poor father for teachings of his violent words and actions. I did not foresee the consequences, my child, I did it in my ignorance. But it was wrong, all wrong."

The young man threw himself on his father's bosom, and they had no other utterance but tears.

After this only strong link to life was broken by the violent arm of the law, Mr. Barker was a changed man; silent and melancholy, patient, gentle and forgiving to all. He never complained of the great sorrow that wasted away his life, but the neighbors saw how thin and sad he looked, and the coarsest natures felt compassion for him.

Every year, she who had been Mary Williams received a hundred dollar note. He never whispered to any mortal that it was sent by the juryman who had helped to condemn her son to death; but when he died, a legacy of a thousand dollars to her showed that he never forgot the pale despairing face, that for years had haunted his dreams.

PERSONS IN THE OLDEN TIME.—Macaulay in his recently published History of England, refers to the condition of the clergy during the reign of James the Second. Their condition was truly deplorable in comparison with their present elevation and influence. The young Levite as the priest was called, could be had in those times for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and not only performed his own professional functions, but was the patient butt and listened to others' jokes. He was required in fine weather to be ready for bowls and in rainy weather for shuffleboard. He was also to act as gardener, to nail up apricots and frequently to curry the horses. He also settled the bills for shoeing the horses, and walked ten miles to carry a package. He might fill himself with corned beef and carrots; but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for a repast from the most part of which he had been excluded. Our ministers should return thanks that they live in a more liberal age than the reign of James the Second.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A man who had struggled with a malignant disease, approached that crisis in its stage on which his life seemed to depend. Sleep, uninterrupted sleep might, ensure his recovery. His anxious wife scarcely daring to breathe was sitting by his bed; her servants exhausted by constant watching, had all left her. It was past midnight—a door was open for air; she heard in the stillness of night a window open below stairs, and soon after approaching footsteps. A moment more and a man with his face disguised, entered the room. She instantly saw her husband's danger, and anticipating the design of the unwelcome intruder, she pointed to her husband and pressing her finger upon her lip to implore silence, held out to the robber her purse and keys. To her surprise he took neither. Whether he was terrified or charmed by the courage of her affection, cannot be known. He left the room and not robbing a house sanctified by strength of affection, he departed.

INFIRMITY.—Nine tenths of the miseries and vices of manhood proceed from idleness; with men of quick minds to whom it is especially pernicious the habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and shames, and men fail in their schemes not so much for the want of strength as from the ill direction of it. The greatest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish any thing. The drop by continued falling bores its passage through the hardest rock—the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A PASSAGE FROM BUNYAN.—They that will have heaven must run for it, because the devil, the law, sin, death and hell, make after that soul. And I will assure you, the devil is nimble; he can run apace, he is light of foot; he hath overtaken many; he hath turned up their heels; and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the law, that can shoot a great way; have a care that thou keep out of the reach of those great guns, the Ten Commandments. Hell also has a wide mouth, and can stretch itself farther than we are aware of. If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, would say, they that will have heaven must run for it.

BURN RIGHT.—Are you just stepping on the threshold of life? Secure a good moral character. Without virtue you cannot be respected, without integrity you can never rise to distinction and honor. You are poor perhaps. No matter; poverty is oftener a blessing than a curse. Look at the young man who is heir to half a million. What is his building? Of what use is he in the world? You must make yourself.

BORROWING THOUGHTS.—One of the best things in Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy, is the following:

"Thou has been many troubled, travel-stained pilgrim of the world. But thy worst trouble, travel-stained traveller, hath been looking for evil. And though calamities have crossed thee, and misery been heaped upon thy head, yet all this cannot happened have entirely made thee wretched.

"It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no faults committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

The Bull and the Anaconda.

We find in one of the English magazines an account by a British officer, of an encounter between a wild bull and the immense serpent called the Anaconda of which the writer says he was an eye witness, in the island of Ceylon. After a long detail of the first interview between the two animals, the writer informs us that the bull thinking the snake an ugly customer, sauntered off and left him—trampling down the scattered fallen branches with a tremendous crash. But on a sudden a still louder and rushing rush was heard among the palms, and with a single spring the snake darted down like a thunder clap and twisted herself with her whole body round the devoted bull. Before the animal was yet aware of his danger he already felt his dewlap inclosed between the wide expanded jaws of the monster and her teeth struck into it deeply. Roaring aloud he endeavored to flee and succeeded in dragging his tormentor a few yards with him; but instantly she coiled herself round him in three or four wide folds and drew these knots so close together, that the entangled beast was incapable of moving, and remained as if rooted to the place, already struggling with the throes and pangs of death. The noise of this extraordinary conflict had been sufficient to put the remaining wild cattle to flight.

Unequal was the strife, still it was not over instantly. The noble beast wanted not spirit to defend himself nor was his strength easily exhausted. Now he rolled himself on the ground and endeavored to crush the enemy with his weight; now he swelled every nerve and exerted the power of every muscle to burst the fetters in which his limbs were enveloped; he shook himself violently, he stamped, he bellowed, he pawed up the earth, he foamed at the mouth, and then dashed himself on the ground again with convulsive struggles. But every moment the Anaconda's teeth imprinted on his flesh new wounds; with every moment she drew her folds tighter and tighter, till after struggling for a full quarter of an hour, I at length saw the poor animal stretched out at full length and breathless, totally deprived of motion and of life.

Now then I expected to see the Anaconda gratify the hunger by which she had been so long tormented; but I was ignorant that it is not the custom of this animal to divide its prey, but to swallow it in one enormous morsel. The size of the mangled bulk made this impossible without much preparation; and I now learned from the snake's proceedings the necessity which there was for always remaining in the neighborhood of some large tree.

She again seized the bull with her teeth and dragged it to the foot of the palm. Here she endeavored to place it upright leaning against the trunk. Having effected this she enveloped the tree and the carcass together in one great fold, and continued to draw this closer till she had broken every individual bone in her victim's body into a thousand pieces and had actually reduced it into a shapeless mass of flesh.

In due time the Anaconda had fully prepared her victim for gorging, by covering the entire carcass with her slime. The act of swallowing, however, was not accomplished without violent efforts; a full hour elapsed, before she had quite finished her dreadful meal; at length the carcass was entirely swallowed, and she stretched herself out at full length in the grass, with her stomach distended to the most astonishing dimensions. Every trace of her former liveliness and activity had disappeared. Her immoderate appetite had now yielded her up, impotent and defenceless, a prey, even to the least formidable foe. I did not hesitate therefore, to discharge my musket at the monster at a distance. The ball struck her close by her eye.—She felt herself wounded; her body swelled with spite and venom, and every stripe of her variegated skin shown with more brilliant and vivid colors.—But as to avenging herself upon her assailant at that she was now totally incapable. She made one vain attempt to regain her old retreat among the boughs of the palm trees, but sunk down again upon the grass motionless, and helpless. The report of my musket was the signal agreed upon to give notice to the expectant crowd, that they might approach without danger. Every one now rushed towards the snake with loud shouting and clamors of joy. We all at once attacked her, and she soon expired under a thousand blows. The carcass of the snake was then cut up and divided among the natives who had assisted in the slaughter, as the flesh of this enormous snake is there looked upon as most delicious food.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.—I met on the seashore, said the eastern poet Sadi, a pious man who had been attacked by a tiger, and was horribly mutilated. He was dying, and suffering dreadful agonies. Nevertheless, his features were calm and serene, and his physical pain seemed to be vanquished by the purity of his soul. "Great God!" said he, "I thank thee that I am only suffering the fangs of this tiger, and not of remorse."

TIME.—Every day is a year to a silk worm, and has in it the four seasons. The morning is the spring, the middle of the day summer, the evening autumn, and the night winter. To man life is a year, and a year is a day—past scenes are generally recollected with a solemn sadness, caused by the thought that time is gone, which will never return. Our days must be well and profitably spent, if we would remember them with pleasure.

SELF GOVERNMENT.—No man whose appetite are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

UNIVERSAL GOOD.—All skill ought to be exerted for universal good. Every man has a debt to pay to others, and ought to pay the kindness he has received.

Pugnacity, to remunerate, Leonard Kooker, search his pockets.