

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME XLV.

REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER.

NUMBER 60.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, February 5, 1853.

Selected Poetry.

LOVE AND LUCRE.

BY JOHN BAXE.

Love and Lucre met one day,
In chill November weather,
And so, while the time away,
They held discourse together:

Love at first was rather shy,
As thinking there was danger
In venturing so very high,
The highly looking stranger;

But Lucre managed to employ
Behavior so prential,
That in a trice the bashful boy
Grew bold and confidential.

"I hear," quoth Lucre, bowing low,
"With all your heart and honey,
You sometimes suffer—is it so—
For lack of moral money."

Love owned that he was poor in sight
Except in Golden fancies,
And for, as yet, had given a thought
To mending his finances.

"Besides, I've heard"—thus Love went on,
"The gold's a hint improving—
That old, however sought or won,
Is not a friend to loving."

"An earnest one—you shall see—
Full long I've meant,
(Be knows who know not you or me)
To tackle the demerit."

And Lucre wished his wand—and lo!
By magic exposition,
I've seen his little hovel grow
Into a stately mansion!

And when before he used to eep
Entreated in his cottage,
And grumble o'er the earthen pot,
That held his meagre potage.

Now, smoking wand, crowned his board,
And many a dicing chair;
His ladder was with plenty stored,
And Beauty filled the palace!

And Lucre, though rather plain at first,
And tinged with melancholy,
Now generous wine and puddings burst,
Grew very stout and jolly!

Yet mindful of his truest friend,
He never turns detractor,
But prays that blessings may attend
His worthy benefactor.

And when his friends are far above
Their evening visit or cure,
And drink a brimming "health to love,"
He drinks "success to lucre!"

Miscellaneous.

COL. BENTON'S HISTORY.

(FROM 1820—JAMES MONROE, PRESIDENT.)

Admission of the State of Missouri.

This was the exciting and agitating question of 1820-21. The question of restriction of the admission of slavery into the new territory had been "compromised" the session before, by agreeing to admit the state without restriction, and abolishing it in all the remainder of the territory of Louisiana, north and west of the parallel of 36° 30' north, and north of the parallel of 36° 30' north, and south of the parallel of 36° 30' north. The compromise was the result of the cabinet, the united voice of the southern members, and a majority of the southern representatives. The unanimity of the cabinet has been repeatedly, by a letter of Mr. Monroe, and stated by the diary of Mr. John Quincy Adams, to be the measure originated, is shown by its being the motion to insert the section constituting the compromise, (for on that motion the yeas were not taken,) but on the motion to amend it when they were taken, and showed 30 yeas for the compromise, and 15 against it—every of the latter from non-slaveholding states—the compromise ending every slave state vote pro and a few from the North. As the constitutionality of this compromise, and its binding force, in those later times, began to be disputed, as well to give the list of the senators' names voted for it, that it may be seen that they were men of weight and able to know what the constitution was, and not apt to violate it. They were Governor Barbour and Governor Pleasant of Virginia; Mr. James Brown and Governor Henry of Louisiana; Governor Edwards and Governor B. Thomas of Illinois; Mr. Elliot and Walker of Georgia; Mr. Gaillard, President of the Senate, and Judge William Smith of South Carolina; Messrs. Hensley and Van Dyke of Delaware; Colonel Richard M. Johnson of Judge Logan of Kentucky; Mr. William R. King of Vice President of the United States; and Sage John W. Walker of Alabama; Messrs. A. S. Calhoun and Thomas H. Williams of Mississippi; Governor Edward Lloyd, and the great jurist, Mr. William Pickney, from Maryland; Mr. Mason and Governor Stokes, from North Carolina; Messrs. Walter Lewis and Jonathan Roberts, from Pennsylvania; Mr. Noble and Judge Taylor, from Iowa; Mr. Palmer, from Vermont; Mr. Parrott, from New Hampshire. This was the vote of the House for the compromise. In the House there was some division among southern members; but a whole vote in favor of it was 134, to 42 in the Senate—the latter comprising some northern members, as the former did a majority of the southern—among them one whose opinion had a weight exceeded by that of any other American politician, William Lowndes, of South Carolina. A stray name shows the Missouri compromise to have been a southern measure, and the

ent put the seal upon that character by showing it to be acceptable to the South. But it had not allayed the northern feeling against an increase of slave states, then openly avowed to be a question of political power between the two sections of the Union. The state of Missouri made her constitution, sanctioning slavery, and forbidding the legislature to interfere with it. This prohibition, not usual in state constitutions, was the effect of the Missouri controversy and of foreign interference, and was adopted for the sake of peace—for the sake of internal tranquility—and to prevent the agitation of the slave question, which could only be accomplished by extending it wholly from the forum of elections and legislation. I was myself the instigator of that prohibition, and the cause of its being put into the constitution—though not a member of the convention—being equally opposed to slavery agitation and to slavery extension. There was also a clause in it, authorizing the legislature to prohibit the emigration of free people of color into the state; and this clause was laid hold of in Congress to resist the admission of the state. It was treated as a breach of that clause in the federal constitution, which guarantees equal privileges in all the states to the citizens of every state, of which privileges the right of emigration was one; and free people of color being admitted to citizenship in some of the states, this prohibition of emigration was held to be a violation of that privilege in their persons. But the real point of objection was the slavery clause, and the existence of slavery in the state, which it sanctioned, and seemed to perpetuate. The constitution of the state, and her application for admission, was presented by her late delegate and representative elect, Mr. John Scott; and on his motion, was referred to a select committee. Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina, Mr. John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania, and General Samuel Smith, of Maryland, were appointed the committee; and the majority being from slave states, a resolution was quickly reported in favor of the admission of the state. But the majority of the House being the other way, the resolution was rejected, 79 to 83—and by a clear slavery and anti-slavery vote, the exceptions being but three, and they on the side of admission, and contrary to the sentiment of their own state.—They were Mr. Shaw, of Massachusetts, and General Bloomfield and Mr. Bernard Smith, of New Jersey. In the Senate, the application of the state shewed a similar fate. The constitution was referred to a committee of three, Messrs. Judge William Smith, of South Carolina, James Barrill, of Rhode Island, and Macou, of North Carolina, a majority of whom being from slave states, a resolution of admission was reported, and passed the Senate—Messrs. Chandler and Holmes, of Maine, voting with the friends of admission; but was rejected in the House of Representatives. A second resolution to the same effect passed the Senate, and was again rejected in the House. A motion was then made in the House by Mr. Clay to raise a committee to act jointly, with any committee which might be appointed by the Senate, to consider and report to the Senate and the House respectively, whether it be expedient or not, to make provision for the admission of Missouri into the Union, on the same footing as the original states, and for the due execution of the laws of the United States within Missouri, and if not, whether any other, and what provision adapted to her actual condition ought to be made by law. This motion was adopted by a majority of nearly two to one—101 to 55—which shows a large vote in its favor from the non-slaveholding states. Twenty-three, being a number equal to the number of the states, were then appointed on the House, and were: Messrs. Clay, Thomas W. Cobb, of Georgia; Mark Langdon H. of Massachusetts; Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia; Henry R. Saxon, of New-York; John Coker, of Tennessee; Christopher Rankin, of Mississippi; William S. Archer, of Virginia; William Brown, of Kentucky; Samuel Eddy, of Rhode Island; William D. Ford, of New-York; William Cuthbert, Aaron Hackley, of New-York; Samuel Moore, of Pennsylvania; James S. Stevens, of Connecticut; Thomas J. Rogers of Pennsylvania; Henry Southard, of New-Jersey; John Randolph, James S. Smith, of North Carolina; William Dargatzis, of Pennsylvania; Nathaniel Pucher, of New-York; John Sloan, of Ohio; and Henry Baldwin, of Pennsylvania. The Senate, by a vote almost unanimous—29 to 7—agreed to the joint committee proposed by the House of Representatives; and Messrs. John Holmes, of Maine; James Barbour, of Virginia; Jonathan Roberts, of Pennsylvania; David C. Morritt, of New Hampshire; Samuel L. Southard, of New-Jersey; Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky; and Rufus King, of New-York, to be a committee on its part. The joint committee acted, and soon reported a resolution in favor of the admission of the state, on the condition that her legislature should first declare that the clause in her constitution relative to the free colored emigration into the state, should never be construed to authorize the passage of any act by which any citizen of either of the states of the Union should be excluded from the enjoyment of any privilege to which he may be entitled under the constitution of the United States; and the President of the United States, being furnished with a copy of said act, should, by proclamation, declare the state to be admitted. This resolution was passed in the House by a close vote—86 to 82—several members from non-slaveholding states voting for it. In the Senate it was passed two to one—28 to 14; and the required declaration having been soon made by the General Assembly of Missouri, and communicated to the President, his proclamation was issued accordingly, and the state admitted.—And thus ended the "Missouri controversy," of that period of the slavery question which undertook to restrict a state from the privilege of having slaves if she chose. The question itself, under other forms, has survived, and still survives, but not under the formidable aspect which it wore during that controversy, when it divided Congress geographically and upon the slave line.

The real struggle was political, and for the balance of power, as frankly declared by Mr. Rufus King, who obtained dissimulation, and in that struggle the non-slaveholding states, though defeated in the state of Missouri, were successful in producing the "compromise," conceived and passed as a southern measure. The resistance made to the admission of the state on account of the clause in relation to free people of color, was only a mask to be so by the facility with which many states, then voting in a body against the admission of Missouri on that account, now exclude the whole class of the free colored emigrant population from their borders, and without question, by statute, or by constitutional amendment. For a while this formidable Missouri question threatened the total overthrow of all political parties upon principle, and the substitution of geographical parties, discriminated by the slave line, and of course destroying the just and proper action of the federal government, and leading eventually to a separation of the states. It was a federal movement, accruing to the benefit of that party, and at first was overwhelming, sweeping all the northern democracy into its current, and giving the supremacy to their adversaries. When this effect was perceived, the northern democracy became alarmed, and only wanted a turn or abatement in the popular feeling at home, to take the first opportunity to get rid of the question, by admitting the state, and re-establishing party lines upon the basis of political principle. This was the decided feeling when I arrived at Washington, and many of the old northern democracy took early opportunities to declare themselves to that effect, and showed that they were ready to vote the admission of the state in any form which would answer the purpose, and save themselves from going so far as to lose their own states, and give the ascendancy to their political adversaries. In the Senate, Messrs. Lowrie and Roberts, from Pennsylvania; Messrs. Morrill and Parrott, from New Hampshire; Messrs. Chandler and Holmes, from Maine; Mr. W. Hunter, from Rhode Island; and Mr. Southard, from New Jersey, were of that class; and I cannot refrain from classing with Messrs. Horsey and Van Dyke, from Delaware, which, though counted as a slave state, yet, from its isolated and salient position, and small number of slaves, seemed more justly to belong to the other side. In the House the vote of nearly two to one in favor of Mr. Clay's resolution for a joint committee, and his being allowed to make out his own list of the House committees, (for it was well known that he drew up the list of names himself, and distributed it through the House to be voted,) sufficiently attest the temper of that body, and showed the determination of the great majority to have the question settled.—Mr. Clay has been often complimented as the author of the "compromise" of 1820, in spite of his repeated declaration to the contrary, that measure coming from the Senate; but he is the undisputed author of the final settlement of the Missouri controversy, in the actual admission of the state. He had many valuable coadjutors from the North—Baldwin, of Pennsylvania; Saxon and Meigs, of New-York; Shaw, of Massachusetts; and he had also some opponents from the South—members refusing to vote for the "conditional" admission of the state, holding her to be entitled to absolute admission—among them Mr. Randolph I have been minute in stating this controversy and its settlement, deeming it advantageous to the public interest that history and posterity should see it in the proper point of view; and that it was a political movement for the balance of power, balked by the northern democracy, who saw their own overthrow, and the eventual separation of the states, if the establishment of geographical parties divided by a slavery and anti-slavery line.

A CURIOUS STRUCTURE.—The nest of a tarantula (spider) has been found in California of a most singular construction. It is about three inches in length by two in diameter, built of adobe, the wall being nearly half an inch thick. Inside is a projection, which nearly divides into two apartments, about an inch in diameter. The inside is lined with a white downy substance, not unlike velvet, and presents one of the cleanest and neatest little householdly imaginable. But the most curious part of it is a door, which fits into an aperture and closes it hermetically. The door is secured by a hinge, formed of the same fibrous substance as the lining of the house, and upon which it swings with freedom. The nest is occupied by a dozen little tarantulas, which seem to subsist upon a yellow secreted substance that appears upon the walls of the front apartment. The arrangement of the door for the protection of the little inmates indicates great instinctive architectural knowledge. It is the intention of the finder to forward this curiosity to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON THE TURKISH WAR.—"Dear me!" said Mrs. Partington, and so she is, "dear, not that she meant so; because under that black bonnet is humility, and self-praise forms no part of her reflection. It was a simple ejaculation, that was all, our word for it.

"Dear me! hear they are going to have war again over the sea, and only for a Turkey, and it don't say how much it weighed either, nor whether it was tender; and Prince Koopkemistiff has gone off in a mill, and the Russian bears and Antestres are to be let loose to devour the people, and heaven knows where the end of it will leave off.—War is a dreadful thing, so destroying to temper and good clothes; and men shoot at each other just as though they were gutter purchase and cheap that."

How sorrowful the cover of the snuff box shot, as she ceased speaking, and the spectacles looked dewy, like a tumbler, in summer heat, filled with ice-water, as she looked at the profile of the corporal with the sprig of sweet fern above it, and the old sword behind the door.

It requires much greater talent to write a short newspaper article than it does a long one; and ten persons will read the former patiently and understandingly, and only one will the latter.

The Romance of Making Wills.

Some time ago I had occasion to go to Doctor's Commons to look at the will of a dead man. The hand that signed it was in the grave long before—dust, perhaps; but the record of the will which animated that hand was there among those dusty files, engrossed in an almost undecipherable hand, which tell how all the real property in the county has been disposed of over and over again. I had no difficulty in finding it, for I had a note of the precise day the deceased died on. It is unnecessary to say anything about the contents of that will, however, for they had no relation to what I am writing. It is only the date which I have any business with. The will was dated the day before the man died. I, of course, had often heard of men making their wills when they were just at death's door, without any particular thought being excited; but this time I was surprised, as a single fact very often does surprise us, when we have passed by a host of similar ones unnoticed. I knew the man who had made that will. He was a shrewd, prudent, sharp lawyer, who had risen from nothing to be a man of immense wealth. If he was distinguished for any qualities in particular, it was for punctuality and promptitude. None of the clerks of his office were ever five minutes too late. There was an offence not to be forgiven. No one ever knew him to be behind at an appointment, or to let business go undone. His housekeeper, who managed his bachelor home for many years, only kept her place by being exact to time. Yet this man had not made his will till a few hours before his death; and, therefore, the possession of his property formed the subject of a very flourishing lawsuit.

When I went out of that dark, dismal, catacomb of dead men's wills, I went on thinking of all the similar cases of procrastination which I knew by heart, and—were they not a few—for this is a piece of experience of one who was a clerk before he quitted his red tape. What a curious catalogue they were! There was an old lady, a toothless old dowager, who had a reprobate and discarded son, and a pretty, gentle niece, who lived with her. We used to manage all her affairs, and it was pretty well known in the office that the "nice girl with the long curls" was to be the old lady's heir. Our head clerk, a red whiskered dandy, who had no mean opinion of himself, but, I could see, certain speculations on that basis. The old lady never came without Eliza; and when a visit was expected, Mr. Catchpole brushed his fiery hair into the most killing curl, and changed the out-at-the-elbow coat for the smart one he wore out of doors, and beautified himself as far as that was practicable. Well, a message came one day that the old lady was ill—was very ill—with an urgent request that some one should go at once and make her will. Off went our Adonis as fast as a promise of something liberal over the fare could urge the cabman.

When he arrived, the old lady was alive—just alive enough to tell him that all her property was to be left to Eliza. She told him that in her hissing whisper which supplied the place of the cracked voice; but when she came to the word "all," so full was the poor old creature of love for the niece, or, perhaps, of determination—let us hope not hate against her son—that she half rose up in her bed and clenched her withered hand, and shrieked out that word again. It must have been a terrible sight—that of life struggling with death for a will! It was a short matter to write that all down; and Catchpole's pen flew over the paper, and the old eyes that were glazing so fast stared anxiously the while, and the thin fingers actually held the pen she had asked for beforehand ready to sign the paper. In a few minutes all was ready; but what a difference that few minutes made! The clerk had risen from his seat and approached the couch, when the surgeon, who stood on the other side, said, with that coolness which medical practice brings, "It is too late," and it was too late. The dead fingers clenched the unused pen so tightly that they had to be unclasped from it. The son was left heir to all, and Eliza a beggar! Death had translated that scream of "all" into none. The gavel is soon told. The property was wasted by the reprobate son, and has long since passed into other hands, and Eliza, instead of possessing some thousands a year and being wooed by Mr. Catchpole, is a faded daily governess.

Every lawyer's office has plenty of such stories as this. One I remember of a miser who had not inherited more than one family, and in his last moments wished to make such reparation as he regarded gold could compass. Poor wretch, when the will was brought, cataplexy had seized him, and he lay there a living corpse—dead in all but mind. He could not move his hand; his tongue refused its office; only his eyes were free to move; and of those eyes I have been told a terrible tale. He was, as misanthrope often are, a man of strong mind and iron nerve. Passive as he was in every other part, the eyes told all that was passing within. You could have seen in them intelligence when the will was read to him; the powerful volition brought to bear, and persevered in, when the written word which was to make it a testament was required, the terror and the horror which came over him when he found the right hand which had so often aided him for evil, would not help him for good, the despair which burst the unseen bonds around him, and, with a convulsive motion, let out the last of life. It must have been a spectacle of horror, when punishment came in the shape of a prohibition of the one act of mercy, which might have made some amends for a whole lifetime of wrong.

There was another legend of a man whose daughter married against his will. He lived somewhere in a retired country house, far off from any town. This man was subject to a disease of the heart, and one night, feeling the symptoms of an approaching attack, and that strange presentiment which so often comes before death, he roused his household and sent off a messenger on horseback, not for a surgeon, but for a lawyer. He wanted his will made instantly. The messenger could not

be expected back for at least two hours, and long before the spasmodic attack had come on, but still in the intervals of his paroxysms, that determined man wrote as though against time. When the lawyer did arrive, all that was left of the living will which had been so active and energetic a few hours before, was that last piece of writing. It expressed the deceased's intention, in the strongest terms, utterly to disinherit his rebellious child, and to give his property to some charitable institution. It was complete, even to the signature; only the flourish usually added to the name was wanting, as though there the hand had failed. But that writing was not a will; it was not in proper form, nor attested. In the eye of the law it was but an invalid piece of paper, and the daughter took that which her birthright entitled her to.

Wills generally afford a frightful temptation to the worst part of our nature. I really believe that more cunning, more falsehood, more worldly anxiety, and more moral wrong are blended with the subject of "wills" than with the whole mass of law parchment extant. A will should not only be properly made, but properly placed, and more than one should be engraven of its whereabouts. I have known many cases of gross turpitude in the shape of destroying wills, and can recite one rather curious anecdote, affording a vivid illustration of unprincipled greed debasing itself. Two gentlemen in the city, close friends from their school-days; were in the decline of life. Mr. Edmonds had a large family, with comparatively small means; while Mr. Raymond was worth two hundred thousand pounds, with no living relative but a nephew of the most profligate and hopeless character. This nephew had been expensively educated, and had spent unlimited money for the worst purposes, and the uncle at length became weary and disgusted with the young man's depravity. "Edmonds," said Raymond, one day to his friend, as he handed him a roll of paper, "here is my will. I have left my nephew ten thousand pounds, and the rest of my property to you, who, I know, will make good use of it." Edmonds remonstrated, and implored, but was eventually compelled to take the will, and lock it up in his private desk. Within a few months, however, by dint of constant entreaty, Mr. Edmonds prevailed upon his friend to make another will, and just reverse the bequest, leaving the nephew the bulk of the property, and Edmonds the ten thousand pounds. This will Edmonds read and saw safely deposited in Raymond's iron chest at his private residence. Within the following year Raymond died. The nephew found the will, and, as it afterwards appeared, such was his baseness, that, to secure, in addition to the rest, the ten thousand pounds left to Edmonds, he immediately burned the document, knowing that if his uncle died intestate, he himself was heir-at-law. On this villainous transaction, Edmonds, sinking his conscientious scruples, produced the first will made by Raymond, and claimed the chief of the property; and the unprincipled nephew, after making full confession during a fit of delirium tremens, killed himself.

WAR'S SHE SPUNNY?—A couple who had lived together for some years in seeming contentment, one day went fishing, and tied their boat to a post in the water. All of a sudden the boat went floating down the stream, and a contest of words immediately arose as to the real cause of the parting of the rope. The wife said it must have been put by a scissor, but the husband, an unfeeling old fogey, stoutly maintained that it was a knife that did the business. Scissors! said the wife. Knife! said the husband. Scissors!—Knife! Scissors! Knife! said both; but at last the husband losing his ill temper, cried out—

"If you say scissors again I will duck you."

"Scissors!" said the wife, determined to hold out to the last.

Away went the old woman into the water and as she came up the first time, she followed scissors to the top of her voice. The old man pushed her down again. Scissors! spluttered she, in gutter tones, as she arose again; but the old fellow had by the head, and plumb she went down for the third time. Now she arose more slowly, and as her water-logged form neared the surface, having lost the power of articulation yet determined to never give in, she thrust her hand out of the water, and imitated with the first and second fingers, the opening and shutting of the scissors!

The old man was then convinced that it was nearly useless to try to fetter a woman's speech.

WOMEN AND LIES.—In the days of our fathers there were such to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more refined a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up.—Women and girls are among the things that we reprobate ladies are found everywhere. Mrs. Mariner was willing to see the woman wards, in a prison in Tennessee, was answered by the warden, "we have no ladies here at present, ma'am. Now so far as the ladies were concerned it was very well that none of them were in prison; but then it would be a little odd—ladies in prison. It would seem bad enough for 'women' to be in such a place. A lecturer discoursing upon the characteristics of women, illustrated thus: Who were the last of the cross?—Ladies. Who were the first at the republic?—Ladies. On the modern improvement we have heard but one that beats the above. It was the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony, performed by an exquisite divine, up to all modern refinements. When he had thrown the chain of Hymen around the happy couple, he concluded by saying: "I now pronounce you husband and lady." The audience guffawed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, and got out of the room as quickly as possible, to take breath.

Let some of our young men who occasionally indulge in a "repeal," and at times make night hideous, remember that there are but the beginnings of a course of life which makes a wreck of the future.

The Snake Nut.

Among the many novelties in the vegetable kingdom which Southern and Central America have of late years revealed, the snake nut is certainly the most extraordinary. This is a production not unlike the English walnut externally, but smaller and smoother, although of nearly the same color. On opening it, we find however, not a kernel in the usual sense of the term, but a small serpent, or at least in the specimen now before us, an object so identically resembling one, the closest examination fails to present any direct affinity between it and the vegetable kingdom, unless the skin or husk which surrounds it, like the kernel of any other nut, may be termed such. The serpent is not, that we are aware of, found actually alive in the shell, but exists in a hardened state. It is of a dark brown color, smooth and bound up in a distinctly traceable coil, having throughout in every respect, the exact dimensions and proportions of an ordinary snake even the head being actually formed.—From the gentlemen from whom this nut was obtained, and who has many more in his possession, all of which on being opened, have invariably been found to contain snakes. We learn that it grows on trees found two or three hundred miles from Bogota, and that he was informed by the Indians that at certain seasons of the year these snakes, issuing from the shell, increased in size, and were seen to be hanging alive and in numbers from the branches. We pretend to offer no solution of this extraordinary enigma. It is well known that many insects deposit their larvae in fruits and nuts, but we hardly see how the explanation is applicable to a serpent which fills the entire interior of a shell, and is at the same time so curiously identified with the inner bark or coating as to favor the supposition that it has grown with it, and strengthened with its strength. Should this kernel prove to be simply a vegetable product like the well known snake cucumber, which on a large scale, so much resembles us of it, we can only regard it as a most extraordinary addition to that class of vegetable wonders. We are happy to learn that the contents of this snake nut will shortly be submitted to close analysis by an eminent physician of this city, the result of which, we trust, are long to lay before our readers.—N. K. (Illustrated News)

COURAGE AND FEAR.—It had been often observed that a man will readily face danger and death in one form, and be afraid of it in another; and this remark was strikingly exemplified in Junot, one of Bonaparte's Generals, who raised himself by coolness when Bonaparte was besieging Toulon. He was writing something by order of the latter, when a bombshell burst near him; he promptly observed that he wanted sand, and it had come in the time. But I remember to have heard Sir Sidney Smith, speaking of Junot in the captain's room at the admiralty, say, that when he was going on board the Tiger, Sir Sidney's ship, he was so frightened in mounting the ladder that it was necessary to take him on board through one of the port holes.

EATING ARSENIC.—The Syrian peasants, says Professor Johnson, eat arsenic as the Chinese eat opium. They eat it for two specific purposes—to acquire plumpness and freshness of complexion and to improve their "wind," so as to enable them to climb long and steep mountains without difficulty of breathing. And, strange to hear, these specific purposes are attained. The young poison eaters are remarkable for blooming complexion, and full, rounded, healthy appearances.

STREET COLLOQUY.—"Good morning, Mr. Smith, on the sick list to-day?"

"Yes, sir; got the ague."

"Do you ever shake?"

"Yes, shake like thunder."

"When do you shake again?"

"Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing in particular; only I thought if you shook bad, I'd like to stand by and see if you wouldn't shake the fifteen dollars out of your pocket which you have owed me so long."

A FAMILIAR ANSWER.—Eddy was up for exhibition one afternoon, and was being criticised before his admiring friends: "Who was put into the fiery furnace?" asked his father. "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego," was the answer, after some assistance. "Who put them in?" Eddy's face brightened at this time, and with all the boldness of one who was sure that he was right, he cried out—"Little Johnny Green!"

"I am rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not exert upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of that give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die," he added, "I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a wanting friend above ground."

Love—What is so earthly, so beautiful, as the first birth of a woman's love? The air of heaven is not purer in its wandering—its sometime not more holy in its warmth. Oh! why should it deteriorate in its nature, even when it increases in its degree? Why should the step which prints, sully the snow?

"Jemmy, my boy, did you see the flight of bats the other evening?"

"Niver the one my honey; what kind of bats were they?"

"Brick-bats, ye spalpeen!"

One friend asked another, why he married so little a wife.

"Why," said he, "I thought that you knew that of all evils we should choose the least."

The genius who delivered himself of a fine idea, has turned his attention to obsequies.