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Selected Poetry.

A SABBATH NIGHT.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I love this holy time. The forest-leaves
Beneath the noiseless dews are bending low
And faintly glowing in the starlight pale,
As if the vision that came o'er their sleep
Were of the Spirit land. The mountain pine
Has hushed its melancholy music now,
The weary winds are slumbering in the heavens,
The keeping sacred vigils on the cloud,
For glimmering in the sunset all is still,
Save that the distant waves are murmuring low,
Like a lost spirit whispering his sad lot
Of exile from the blessed.

It is sweet,
At such an hour to wander out beneath
The eternal sky, to gaze into its depths,
To picture angel shapes on every star,
To listen to the mystic songs that seem
To Fancy's ear to wander down to earth
From the far gates of Eden, and to feel
The deep and gentle spirit that pervades
The blessed air, sink like a holy spell
Upon life's troubled waters.

Hark! the bell
Tolls out the midnight! How glorious
And yet how lonely is the face of things
At this still hour of musings! Vale and hill,
And plain and stream, and lake and ancient wood
Upon them like a mantle. O, I love,
On eves like this to kneel in solitude
At nature's shrine. The gentle dews that bathe
The brow, seem God's own Baptism; and each voice
That speaks in mystic eloquence from sky,
And air, and earth, and ocean, calls the soul
To mingle with the holiness of heaven.

THE MILL.

I love the brimming wave that swam
Through quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty by the floating meal. [Tennyson.

Miscellaneous.

BURNING AND BURYING.

In the report of the medical officers of health for London, we read that in the Victoria Park Cemetery, last year every Sunday, one hundred and thirty bodies were interred; which fact one of the medical journals expressed by saying that there were sixteen thousand pounds of mortal matter added on that day alone to the already decomposing mass. At the time when we were reading about such things, "A Member of the Royal College of Surgeons," issued a pamphlet upon an old subject of ours, "Burning the Dead, or Urn Sepulture." Our own arguments upon that subject, we have used already; but the surgeon proves to be a most intelligent ally; and a brief statement of his views may be of some service in these columns.

The soul of man is indestructible, and at death parts from the body. Of matter, only the elements are, humanly speaking, indestructible. The body of a man is made up of oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, with small quantities of phosphorus, sulphur, calcium, iron and some other metals. By the law to which all matter is subject, man's body, when done with, decomposes into these elements, that they may be used for other purposes in nature. Can it matter to him whether the process be effected rapidly or slowly?

Upon the doubt as to the possibility of resurrection, when our bodies have been burnt or otherwise rotted, the surgeon lays the balm of texts: "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be," and, "we shall be changed." But he adds: those who claim to have hereafter the whole identical body back again, must remember that in life it wastes and is renewed, so that if every particle that ever belonged to an old man were returned to him, he would get matter enough to make twelve or twenty bodies. It is just possible that somebody may be comforted with a theory which the surgeon quotes in a note, that a soul carries away with it out of the world, one atom of matter which is the seed of the future body, and these seminal atoms not being here, need not be included in our calculations about earthly material.

If we could, by embalming, keep the form of the departed upon earth, that would be much; but, for any such purpose, embalming fails.—Decay will use its effacing fingers. "In the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London, may be seen the first wife of one Martin Van Butchell, who, at her husband's request, was embalmed by Dr. William Hunter and Mrs. Carpenter, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five. No doubt extraordinary pains were taken to preserve both form and feature; and yet, what a wretched mockery of a once blooming woman it now appears, with its shrunken and rotten-looking bust, its hideous, mahogany-colored face, and its remarkably fine set of teeth! Between the feet are the remains of a green parrot—whether immolated or not at the death of its mistress is uncertain; but, as it still retains its plumage, it is far a less repulsive object than the larger biped." There was a lawsuit once, to try the right of a dead man to an iron coffin, when Lord Stowell decided that, whether intended or not, to prolong the time of dissolution beyond which the common local understanding would have fixed it, form an act of injustice, unless compensated in some way or other." And when an iron coffin has been opened after a lapse of years, what has been found? Chiefly dry grubs of worms and other insects that have fed upon the flesh. Socrates told his friends, "Let it not be said that Socrates is carried to the grave and buried; for such an expression were an injury done to my soul." Not very long ago a hardened murderer, being told by the judge that his body, after hanging, would be given for dissection, said: "Thank you, my lord; it is well you cannot dissect my soul." We look upward, when we stand beside the grave.

The surgeon replies to those who regard cremation as a heathen custom, it is not more heathen than burying in holes. Sprinkling earth on the coffin is a heathen custom, based upon a heathen superstition, but converted to a Christian use. He gives interesting illustrations of the use of urn-burial by many nations, but reminds us that the cost of fuel was one obstacle to its general adoption in old time.—Ground was to be had more cheaply than the materials necessary for the humblest burning, when it was requisite to burn on large piles in the open air. "The Christians, however," says Sir Thomas Browne, "abhorred this way of obsequies; and, though they hesitated not to give their bodies to be burnt in their lives, detested that mode after death." But whatever reasons Christians had in the first days of Christianity against the burning of their bodies, they have left behind them no objection founded on permanent religious principles. We now bury in graves, and build funeral urns in stone as emblems.

The report of the French Academy of Medicine, upon the effect of cemeteries on the health of Paris, has led France to the bestowing of much serious attention on the subject of cremation; and there is sober discussion of the plan of M. Bonneau, who proposes to replace all cemeteries near great cities, by a building called a Sarcophagus. "Thither the corpse of both rich and poor should be conveyed, and laid on a metallic tablet, which, sliding by an instantaneous movement into a concealed furnace, would cause the body to be consumed in the space of a few moments."—Like a true Frenchman, he urges the bearing of his plan on the interests of art, "for who would wish to preserve the ashes of ancestors?" The funeral urn would soon replace on our consols and mantlepieces, the ornaments of bronze clocks and china vases found there. "This may seem a misplaced pleasantry to English minds," says the Edinburg *Medical Journal*, "but we cannot help being startled at reading the sanitary report leading to it."

The surgeon then dwells briefly upon the valid objection to the burning of the dead. It destroys evidence in case of secret murder.—Now, the dead speak under the spells of the chemist. If cremation be adopted, greater accuracy in the registration and closer scrutiny into each doubtful case of death will be imperatively called for. While we write this, a man lies sentenced to death against whom the condemning witness was the disinterred corpse of his mother.

The surgeon in his next chapter shows what the pollution of a graveyard is. Over this familiar ground we do not follow him, except to take up the testimony of the French Academy of Medicine, that no matter from what quarter the wind blows, it must bring over Paris putrid emanations of Pere la Chaise, Montmartre, or Montparnasse, and the very water which we drink, being impregnated with the same poisonous matter, we become the prey of new and frightful diseases of the throat and lungs, to which thousands of both sexes fall victims every year. Thus, a dreadful throat disease, which baffles the skill of our most experienced medical men, and which carries off its victims in a few hours, is traced to the absorption of vitiated air into the windpipe, and has been observed to rage with the greatest violence in those quarters situated nearest to cemeteries." There need not be foul smell in poisoned air. The deadly malaria of the Pontine marshes, we are reminded blows soft and balmy as the air of a Devonshire summer. In his last chapter, the surgeon shows how cremation of the dead might give even increased solemnity to the funeral service, and increased truth to the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," in the centre of the chapel used for burial, he would erect a shrine of marble, at the door of which the coffin should be laid—so constructed and arranged that at the proper time, by unseen agency, the body should be drawn from it unseen, into an inner shrine, where it crosses a sheet of furnace flame, by which it would be instantly reduced to ashes. Within the chapel, nothing would be seen; outside, there would be seen only a quivering transparent ether, floating away from the chapel spire. At the conclusion of the service, the ashes of the dead would be reverently brought, inclosed in a glass vase, which might be again enclosed in a more costly urn for burial, for deposit in a vault, or in a consecrated niche prepared for it after a manner of those niches for the urns of the departed, which were called from their appearance, columbria—dove-cotes—by the Romans. The Ashes of those who loved each other tenderly, might mingle in one urn, if we would say:

"Let not their dust be parted,
For their two hearts in life were single hearted."

There is nothing irreverent to the dead in cremation. Southey expressed very emphatically, why a man might desire it for his friends: "The nasty custom of interment," he says, "makes the idea of a dead friend more unpleasant. We think of the grave, corruption and worms. Burning would be much better." The true feeling is that with which the surgeon ends his pamphlet, using the words of Sir Thomas Browne. "Tis all one where we lye, or what becomes of our bodies after we are dead, ready to be anything in the extasie of being ever."—*Household Words.*

YOUNG MEN PAY ATTENTION.—Don't be a loafer, don't call yourself a loafer, don't keep loafer's company, and don't hang about loafing places. Better work hard for nothing and board yourself than sit around day after day or stand at corners with your hands in your pockets. Better for your own prospects. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle for. Many a physician has obtained a real patient by riding hard to attend an imaginary one. A quire of blank paper tied up with red tape and carried under a lawyer's arm may procure him his first case and make his fortune. Such is the world—the more one has the more he is given. Quit droning and complaining, keep busy and mind your chances.

Wonders of the Human System.

Paley applauds the contrivance by which everything we eat and drink is made to glide on its road to the gullet, over the entrance of the wind-pipe without falling into it. A little movable lid, the epiglottis, which is lifted up when we breathe, is pressed down upon the chinck of the air-passage by the weight of the food and the action of the muscles in swallowing it. Neither solids nor liquids, in short, can pass without shutting down the trap door as they proceed. But this is only a part of the safeguard. The slit at the top of the windpipe, which never closes entirely while we breathe, is endued with a keen sensibility to the slightest particle of matter. The least thing which touches the margin of the aperture causes its slides to come together and the intruding body is stopped at the inlet. It is stopped, but unless removed, must drop at the next inspiration into the lungs. To effect its expulsion the sensibility of the rim at the top of the wind-pipe actually puts into vehement action a whole class of muscles placed lower than its bottom, and which, compressing the chest, over which they are distributed, drives out the air with a force that sweeps the offending substance before it. The convulsive coughing which arises when we are choked is the energetic effort of nature for our relief when anything chances to have evaded the protective epiglottis. Yet this property, to which we are constantly owing our lives, is confined to a single spot in the throat. It does not, as Sir Charles Bell affirms, belong to the rest of the wind-pipe, but is limited to the orifice, where alone it is needed. Admirable, too, it is to observe, that while thus sensitive to the most insignificant atom, it bears without resentment the atmospheric currents which are incessantly passing to and fro over its irritable lips. "It rejects," says Paley, "the touch of a crumb of bread or a drop of water, with a spasm which convulses the whole frame; yet, left to itself and its proper orifice, the intromission of air alone, nothing can be so quiet. It does not even make itself felt; a man does not know that he has a trachea. This capacity of perceiving with such acuteness, this impatience of offence, yet perfect rest and ease when let alone, are properties one would have thought, not likely to reside in the same subject. It is so to the junction, however, of these almost inconsistent qualities in this as well as in some other delicate parts of the body, that we owe our safety and our comfort—our safety to their sensibility, our comfort to their repose.

Another of the examples adduced by Bell is that of the heart. The famous Dr. Harvey examined, at the request of Charles I., a nobleman of the Montgomery family, who in consequence of an abscess, had a fistulous opening into the chest, through which the heart could be seen and handled. The great physiologist was astonished to find it insensible. "I then brought him," he says, "to the King, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched his heart." Yet, it is to the heart that we refer our joys, our sorrows, and our affections; we speak of a good-hearted, a hard-hearted, a true-hearted and a heartless man. Shielded from physical violence by a outwork of bones, it is not invested with sensations which could have contributed anything to its preservation, but while it can be grasped with the fingers, and give no intimation of the fact to its possessor, it unmistakably responds to the varied motions of the mind, and by the general consent of mankind is pronounced the seat of our pleasures, gifts, sympathies, hatreds, and love. Persons have frequently dropped down dead from the vehemence with which it contacts or expands upon the sudden announcement of good or bad news—its muscular walls being strained too far in the upward or downward direction to enable them to return—and one of the purposes which this property of the heart is probably designed to subserve is to put a check upon the passions through the alarming physical sensations they excite.

The brain, again, is enclosed in a bony case. All our bodily sensations are dependent upon the nerves, but even the nerves do not give rise to feeling unless they are in connection with the brain. The nervous chord which, in familiar language, is called the spinal marrow, is the channel by which this communication is kept up as the major part of them, and when the section of what may be termed the great trunk road for the conveyance of our sensations is diseased, and by the breach in its continuity the nerves below the disordered part can no longer send its accustomed intelligence to the brain, the portion of the body which thus becomes isolated may be burned or hacked, and no more pain will result than if it belonged to a dead carcass instead of a living man. The brain, therefore, in subordination to the mind, is the physical centre of all sensation. Yet, strange to say, it is itself insensible to the wounds which are torture to the skin, and which wounds the brain alone enables us to feel. "It is as insensible," says Sir Charles Bell, "as the leather of our shoe, and a piece may be cut off without interrupting the patient of the sentence that he is uttering. Because the bone which envelopes it is its protection against injuries from without, it has no perception of them when directed against its own fabric, though it is at the same time the sole source of the pain which those injuries inflict upon the other portions of the system. But the skull is no defence against the effects of intemperance, or a vitiated atmosphere, or too great mental toil. To these consequently the same brain which has been created insensible to the cut of the knife, is rendered fully alive, and giddiness, headaches, and apoplectic oppression give simple notice to us to stop the evil, unless we are prepared to pay the penalty.—*London Quarterly.*

☞ We once looked with awe upon the Kentucky giantess, eight feet high, lacking two inches. She was about the only woman we ever saw that wasn't in danger of marrying beneath her.

How Victoria's Daughter manages her Household

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes as follows:

The reserve maintained at the royal palace has given rise to various rumors, which have caused much delight to the good people here. The heroine of the incidents I refer to is Princess Victoria. You must know that on state occasions there is comparatively little ceremony observed here, while the everyday life of the royal family seems to be regulated more strictly on the principle of etiquette than that of Queen Victoria. A Prussian Princess, for instance, is not allowed by her mistress of the robes to take up a chair, and, after having carried it though the the whole breadth of the room, to put it down in another corner. It was while committing such an act that Princess Victoria was lately caught by Countess Perponcher. The venerable lady remonstrated, with considerable degree of official earnestness "I'll tell you what," replied, nothing daunted, the royal heroine of his story—"I'll tell you what, my dear Countess, you are probably aware of the fact of my mother being the Queen of England?" The Countess bowed in assent. "Well," resumed the bold Princess, "then I must reveal to you another fact.—Her majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland has not once, but very often, so far forgotten herself as to take up a chair. I speak from personal observation I can assure you. Nay, if I am not greatly deceived, I noticed one day my mother carrying a chair in each hand, in order to set them for her children. Dou you really think that my dignity forbids anything which is frequently done by the Queen of England!" The Countess bowed again and retired, perhaps not without a little astonishment at the biographical information she had heard. However she knew her office and resolved to prove not less staunch to her duties than the Princess to her principles. A scene similar to the one narrated recently happened, when Countess Perpoucher, on entering one of the remote chambers, took the Princess by surprise, while busily engaged in the homely occupation of arranging and stowing away a quantity of linen But all objections the Countess could urge were again beaten back by another equally unanswerable argument taken from the everyday life of the minister of Windsor Castle. After having gained those two important victories, Pricess Victoria, true to the auspicious omen of her name, carried the war into the enemy's camp. The chamber maids, whose proper business it is to clean the rooms, discharge the duties of their position in silk dresses. The daughter of the richest sovereign in the world decided to put a stop to this extravagance. One fine morning she had all the female servants summoned to her presence, and delivered what may be considered a highly successful maiden speech. She began by telling them the expense of their dresses must evidently exceed the rate of their wages. She added that as their wages were not to be raised, it would be very fortunate for them if they were allowed to assume cotton articles of clothing. "In order to prevent every misunderstanding," the Pricess continued, "I shall not only permit, but order you to do so. You must know that there ought always to be a difference in the dress of mistress and servant. Don't think that I want to hurt your feelings; you will understand my intention at once, if I tell you that——" and now came the same unanswerable argument from the Court of St. James. She told them briefly that Court people in their position performed their duties in cotton and that she liked to be ruled by her mother's practice.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady. Her locks were strained over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head and plastered over with a shower of white powder. The height of this tower was somewhat over a foot. One single white rosebud lay on its top like an eagle on a hay stack. Over her neck and bosom was folded a lace handkerchief fastened in front by a bosom pin rather larger than a dollar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in a satin dress the sleeves as tight as the natural skin of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, worn outside, from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distented at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two or three inches elevation, inclosed her feet and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members peeped curiously out.

Now for the swain. His hair was sleeked back and plentifully beflourred, while his cue projected like the handle of a skillet. His coat was a sky blue silk, lined with yellow; his long vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knees with pink ribbons. White silk stockings, and pumps with laces and ties of the same hue completed the habiliments of his neither linen. Lace ruffles clustered around his waist, and a portentous frill worked in correspondence, and bearing the miniature of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.—Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which never has been in print, and which is to good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning in the autumn, Father Searl brought his down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession during the Summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort, he got out the intruders, or thought he had expelled them, and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scripture to the congregation, he felt a sting from one of the enraged, small-waisted fellows, & jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought him crazy, and were in commotion as to what to do; but he explained the matter by saying: "Brethren, don't be alarmed; *the Word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the Devil is in my breeches!*"

The Cupola of St. Peters.

We resolved to-day to take another view of St Peter's. The ascent to the cupola is, as we have already observed, of the easiest description, being nearly an inclined plane. From the cupola alone we can have a true idea of the immense extent of St. Peter's. The fourteen figures of the Apostles, our Saviour, and St. John the Baptist, which, from the piazza, appear to be of the ordinary height, are in reality nearly 20 feet high. On the roof live those workmen who are employed in the repairs of the buildings, for a large sum of money is spent every year to keep the Basilica in its 'present state.' From the interior of the cupola the view of the church is really deceptive. What appeared to you so large and so wondrous is now dwindled away to almost nothing. You seem to be in the church triumphant, raised above the things of the earth, where those things that have once appeared to you so wondrous and so great will be then brought down to mere nothing. Beneath you is the tomb of the Apostles, and its wondrous canopy, which now appears to you quite small. The altar of St. Procesus and Martinianus the jailers of St. Peter and St. Paul in the Mamertine prison, appear to you still smaller; but you recognize the power of religion which has effaced the sins of those who were once the persecutors of its apostles, and now reunites them in the same glorious temple, and pays the same exalted honors to them as it does to those whom they persecuted As we proceed still higher up, we come to the exterior, on the top of the cupola, before entering the stairs which lead to the ball. How noble the prospect which is presented to you from this! What a panorama of the Eternal City and of the distant mountains on one side, and of the blue Mediterranean on the other, is now before you!—All seem, as it were by the hand of the magician to be reduced to a diminished scale. The Vatican palace and its gardens, the piazza and its fountains, present an appearance of being brought to their present size by some invisible power. The view of everything is so deceptive that you seem almost to be laboring under some delusion, and you cannot trust your eyesight; but to ascend the ball, this is the work. We enter a room, after a short ascent, from which a ladder, made of iron, placed almost perpendicularly, leads to the ball. For those who are of large dimensions the ascent is rather difficult. One of our companions, of rather beyond the average dimensions, took off his coat and waistcoat to try and enter into the ball. In the midst of his aerial course he sticks fast, and he can neither come down nor go up. Some drag him by the hands, others push him by the feet, but to no purpose, and he at last has to descend without being able to enter into the ball, an honor he wished to accomplish. The ball is eight feet and one inch in diameter, and can contain sixteen persons. The cross above the ball is fourteen feet high. The effect produced by the lighting of 4,000 lamps, and afterwards of 800 flambeaux, is truly astonishing, and presents this glorious structure, on the nights of its illumination, in its full glory.

ABOUT COLD.—For every mile that we leave the surface of the earth, the temperature falls five degrees. At forty miles distance from globe we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking into the regions of space, whose temperature is 225 degrees below zero; and here cold reigns in all its power.—Some idea of this intense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed in the Arctic Circle is from 40 degrees to 60 degrees below zero; and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about 150 degrees below zero. At this temperature carbonic gas becomes a solid substance, like snow. If touched, it produces just the same effect on the skin as a red-hot cinder; it blisters the finger like a burn. Quick silver, or mercury, freezes at 40 degrees below zero—that is, 72 degrees below the temperature at which water freezes. The solid mercury may then be hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons would melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with would become solid if exposed to the cold of the regions of space. The gas we light would appear like wax; oil would be in reality, "as hard as a rock;" pure spirit, which we never yet solidified, would appear like a transparent crystal; hydrogen gas would become quite solid and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter into a lathe like a piece of ivory; and the fragrant odor of flowers would have to be made hot before they would yield perfume. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold.

☞ Earl Chatham was a martyr to gout in his feet. To protect them they were swathed in flannel, and socks made expressly to cover the flannel. He wore shoes large enough to cover the mass of wrapping. One night his residence at Hayes was broken into, and among the things stolen was these shoes. In the morning, his valet in announcing the robbery, said: "He has taken your shoes, my lord." "What! my gouty shoes?" "Yes, my lord." "D——n the rascal, I hope they will fit him."

NOT VERY PUNCTUAL.—A Kinderhook shoemaker once promised to have a pair of boots finished on a specified day, for ex-President Van Buren, but failed to have them done when called for. Meanwhile the ex-President started for Europe, and was away for three years.—Upon his return he called for his boots, and was told they were finished, "*with the exception of treeing out.*"

☞ An editor of a country paper thus humorously bids farewell to his readers: "The sheriff is waiting for us in the next room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic. Major Nab.'em says we are wanted and must go.—Delinquent subscribers, you have much to answer for. Heaven may forgive you but I never can."

A KISS THAT DID'NT PAY.—The Toledo Record gets off a good one in regard to a citizen of Iowa, whose wife, in his absence, had been kissed by a drover, while giving a glass of water. When he had heard of the outrage he started at once in pursuit, found the drover after a hard day's ride, and accused him of the theft.

The drover admitted the truth of the soft impeachement—said he had been a long time from home, was sorely tempted, and in an unguarded moment of frenzy purloined the kiss, but that he had not damaged the woman in the smallest particular—was very sorry—thought it was no matter to make a great ado about, and therefore begged to be excused.

The husband finally concluded that this was the right view of the matter, and agreed to settle it upon the receipt of $5 for his day's ride. This being satisfactory the drover handed over a $10 bill and received $5 in change. But when the aggrieved benedict returned home and consulted his detector, he found the bill a counterfeit. He found he had suffered the indignity of having his wife kissed by a "nasty drover," passed one day in the saddle, and lost five dollars, and concluded that it didn't pay.

AN ATLANTA BREAKFAST.—Sut Lovengood jots down the following:

You have often heard, but perhaps never ventured to publish, a good yarn on Dr. Thompson, of Atlanta, Ga., a generous good man, and a tiptop landlord and wit. A traveler called very late for breakfast. The meal was hurriedly prepared. Thompson, feeling that the "feed" was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies all around the "eater," who worked on in silence.

This sulky demeanor rather annoyed the Doctor, who, changing the range of his battery struck his thumbs in his vest armholes, expanded his chest, by robbing the room of half its air, and said; "now, mister, dod durn me, if I haint't made all the apology necessary an' more too, considerin' the breakfast, and who gets it; and now, I tell you, I have seen dirtier, worse cooked, worse tasted, worse looking, and a h—l of a sight smaller breakfasts than this is, several times."

The weary hungry one meekly laid down his tools, swallowed the bite in transitu, placed the palms of his hands together, and modestly looking up at the vexed and fuming landlord, shot him dead with the words following, viz:

"Is—what—you—say—true?"

"Yes, sir," came with a vindictive promptness.

"Well, then, I'll be choked old hoss, if you hain't *out traveled me.*"

CORRECT SPEAKING.—We advise all our young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words or phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be: and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life.

Money is not necessary to procure this education. He has merely to use the language he reads, instead of the slang which he hears, to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

☞ A schoolmaster, wishing his pupils to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated it thus: "Here is an apple: you see it and therefore you know it is there; but when I place it under this tea-cup, you have faith that it is there though you no longer see it." The lads seemed to understand perfectly, and the next time the master asked:—"What is faith? they replied with one accord, "*An apple under a tea-cup.*"

THE RIGHT USE OF THE EYES.—An Italian Bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven as the place whither I am going to live forever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I can occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

FIRE AT THE ILLINOIS STATE PRISON.—ALTON, Ill., Friday, August 14.—At about 8 o'clock last evening a fire broke out in the workshops of the State Prison, two of which, with the dining hall of the Prison Chapel, Hospital, and three other buildings, were consumed. A large amount of finished work was also destroyed. Three firemen were injured, but not dangerously. Several attempts to escape were made by the prisoners; none, however, succeeded. The loss is estimated at $30,000, and is fully covered by insurance in Eastern offices. The origin of the fire is unknown.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVE PEOPLE.—Dr. Hall of the Journal of Health, says to his consumptive friends:—"You want air, not physic; you want pure air not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you, and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well go in for *beef and out door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and bulliarene certificates."

☞ Naomi, daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and eighty years of age when she married. Take courage ladies!

☞ The generations of men follow each other like the waves of a swollen river.