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Poetry.

JUNE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round;
And thought that when I came to lie
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant thus on flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make.
The rich green mountain turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
With icy flakes about it rolled,
While fierce the tempest beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green be beneath the feet,
And be the day warm and gently pass
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light shall lie,
And thick young herbs and grapes of flowers
Stand on the place of my lie;
The grass should whisper and I fell
His love take close beside my cell,
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The humming bee.

And when at cheerful shouts, at noon,
Come, from the village seat,
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what in me is dust and gloom,
Betrothed lovers walk in light
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sights nor sound
I know, I know I should not see
The fair, the glorious June;
It's brightness I would not have for me
Nor its wild music flow
But it around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not have to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom,
Should keep the place long by my tomb

There to their soft and holy charge I leave
The thought of what has been,
And speak to one who doubtless grieves
The gladness of the scene,
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is, that his grave is green;
And deeply would the thought rebuke
The murmur again his loving voice.

CARRY ME BACK.

Old Virginia seems destined to be not the less honored in song than story, and the song of sorrow balancing her memory, we thus gave the touching, *nay, sweet*.

Virginia's woods were clothed in green,
When from us we bore I turned,
With hope to see my old home time,
My path to see the dear
I'm dying now my old home to find,
Life's ebb is fast on me,
Oh carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore.

I'm dying, dear, I'll close,
And not at a distance more
No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,
Falls on my dying ear
Oh, for a breath of the balmy air now,
Ere life's wild dream is over,
To carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore

If I may be—in the Father's sky,
Oh let me gently sleep,
Where sparkling Ohio's silver wave
To see its bosom so calm
And the moonlight on Lake Erie,
And the sun to be warm,
That you carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia's shore

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how sweet it strikes
Its cadence on my list'ning ear!
Like holding soft music's voice of sleep
Or like upon the unconscious flowers
I might force the refreshing prayer.
While pleasure's pulse is mildly
But in the still midnight hour
How gently tones come stealing by—
And years of sorrow and unbroken
And leave me at my mother's knee

Gems of Poor Richard.

The New York *Evening Post* has seen a copy of Dr. Franklin's Almanac of unbroken files for twenty-five years, from which he makes the following selections:

If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

Keep the shop, and the shop will keep thee.

God heals and the doctor takes the fees.

Mary's mouth costs her nothing, for she never opens it at other's expense.

Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Beware of little expense; a small leak will sink a great ship.

A mob's a monster; heads enough, but no brains.

Nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.

When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.

Nothing dies sooner than a tear.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Love well, whip well.

Hunger never saw bad bread.

Great talkers, little doers.

The poor have little—beggars none—the rich too much—enough, not one.

Mankind are very odd creatures. One half censure what they practice, and the other half practice what they censure. The rest always say and do as they ought.

Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price.

The Mexican congress has passed a bill, authorizing the construction of a railroad from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico.

Trial and Triumph.

BY MITTAN FULLER.

The bright, cheerful parlor had but one occupant. The fire sparkled and glowed in the shining grate, and the lamp upon the centre table burst softly and rich. To and fro, to and fro, swayed the fairy form of a bright sweet child of ten. Her head was dropped musingly upon one dimpled hand, and the dark glossy hair fell in a wild profusion of curls around her beautiful, dreamy face and over her lovely shoulders. Every time the chair came forward in its swaying motion, the tiny pink slipper of one pretty foot went down into the heart of a crimson rose that glowed like life in the tufted carpet. The large, sweet, spiritual eyes of the child were fixed steadily upon the fire burning in the polished grate. Darting and quivering and changing ever, the fantastic flames rose and fell, and brightened and darkened before her gaze. But, in her absorbed reverie, in the shifting play of the beautiful lineaments, that the armed chair ceased to sway to and fro; and if, dreaming expressed not her eloquent young face one might read the wonderful fancies that were flitting through her brain.

"I will try and make the music sound the way the fire looks," she exclaimed at length, starting from the seat, and hurrying across the apartment.

The piano was open, and the youthful performer ran her small fingers over the keys with a touch so rapid, so delicate, so spirit-like, and withal, that the book-like being must have been inspired. Taking a strain like little Lady Di—sweeping upward in grand power—and ling down into wavy melody, then it stole out from beneath those tiny fingers, embodying her radiant fancies in bewildering beauty and grace and melody.

With her soul floating off on the music, she played on, heedless that the door was softly opened to admit a listener. The intruder was a boy of fifteen, dirty and ill-clothed. He paused to stand by the door listening, to the performance of his youthful mistress, but as she played on, with wilder eloquence, he crept cautiously close to the instrument, and crouched down on the floor where he could look into her beautiful face, and watch the motion of her fairy hand.

Despite his poverty and servitude, there was something very refined in the boy, as he sat with flushing cheek and quivering lip, intently absorbed in the music, and the expression of delight and of spiritual pain, which it became so admirably and beautifully expressive, evidently beyond his station.

Like a spell, the sweet music made his entire being thrill from side over the spirit of the servant boy; breathlessly he listened—intensely his eyes were fixed upon her face—tears swelled into those eyes and hung on their dark lashes.

A low, mournful wail—and the little girl ceased playing, and looked wonderingly at the boy. A sweet smile spread at the girl's lips, and her eyes beaming with faith and love.

The beautiful music had grown sad with complaining, and the little head with childish pride was upon his drooping head, she said softly:

"Will, Will! what ails you, Will? what makes you cry?"

"The music—the sweet music, Allie! You cannot tell how it makes me love you, when you play so beautifully. It makes me think of palaces, and flowers, and angels! it makes me love you! and I am a poor servant boy, darling Allie."

"Then you are just like me, if music makes you cry," was the artless response. "I didn't think you minded it or cared about it. You may come into the parlor every evening when pa and ma are away, and let me play for you."

"Dear Allie, you are so kind," said the boy, wiping away the tears from his pale, thin cheek, while a gleam of happiness brightened for a moment his large melancholy eyes.

"I wished I had a piano and could play as sweetly," he continued, gazing wistfully at the ivory keys, whose fairy-like intercourse with musical spirit was so strange, and bewildering and enthralling to his soul—the soul of the servant boy.

The little maiden glanced down at his dirt stained fingers, and her tiny lip curled scornfully, as she said in surprise; "*You?* why you scour the knives, Will!" and then laid her own white dimpled hand upon the keys.

It was her education, not her heart that spoke then—the sentiments instilled by a haughty mother, whose aristocratic eyes saw no beauty, no gentleness, no fine susceptibilities in the hearts of the lowly of the earth.

A painful color glowed through the thin cheek of the sensitive boy, and starting to his feet, he said proudly:

"I shall not always scour knives, Allie! I know what you think of me—I know you despise me—I know you are beautiful and rich and beloved, while I am a poor, lonely orphan boy whom no one cares for—but it shall not always be so—I will not stay here in this splendid house and look upon what my heart longs for, and be despised even by you, Allie. But you have been very kind to me sometimes, and I shall not forget you—never, never? Good by, Allie, good by forever!"

The proud boy turned away, and hurried across the apartment without another word: but just as he passed out of the door, little Allie laid her hand upon his arm, and he paused.

"Are you really going away, Will, and in the dark too? I did not mean to grieve you, indeed, I did not."

"I know it Allie—I know what I am and what you think of me, and I cannot stay here not if I starve—good bye."

He took her small hand and pressed it tightly in both his—turned away—paused—hesitated—and looking pleadingly at the dark curls flooding her snowy shoulders, said earnestly:

"Just one sweet curl, Allie, to look at when I think of you?"

"Don't tell mama, then," and taking a little gold-knife from her pocket, she severed a tress of hair from the rest, and placing it and the knife in his hand, said, "keep them both, Will; for Allie's sake, won't you?"

The hot tears fell fast from the eyes of the boy, and his utterance was so choked that he could not speak his gratitude.

What a scene between these two children!

That night Allie slept in a bed of down, with soft pillows and silken coverings and rosy curtains—and Will Bennet slept in the street with a stone step for a pillow, and the bright cold sky for a canopy.

Five years! and again Alice Landon sat dreaming before the pleasant fire in her father's parlor. Beautiful! the sweet young girl was beautiful exceedingly. The spiritual beauty of her gifted soul illuminated with a rare fascination of the outward form, which was itself grace and loveliness and eloquence, embodied. A wayward passionate, radiant creature—with the most ineffable sweetness and tenderness melting over her face like a shadow over a visible dream, and succeeded distantly by superb and matchless haughtiness—all pride, all eloquence, all irresistible eloquence! Love was her centre, and Pride was her crown, and a beautiful queen was she!

The sound of a step in the hall startled her from her musings, and Alice sprang to the door to meet her father as he came home to his evening fireside. He did not speak when he entered, nor return the embrace of the soft white arms that were entwined about his neck. The young girl looked up into her father's face, and a bright smile that dimpled her cheek vanished at his stern aspect, and her red glorious lip curled resentfully at the coldness with which he received her caresses. But he heeded not the smile nor the resentment, as he went forward to the fire, and sinking silently into his cushioned chair, pressed his hand upon his brow in painful thought.

Alice did not know what troubled her parent, but she thought that he might at least have been so cold to her—his pet, his darling—and her young heart swelled full of bitterness, as determined to be indifferent as he, she walked like a princess across the apartment, and opening the piano, commenced a lively air, as sparkling and soulless as possible. Gaily the notes sprang from her light touch, and laughed and chased each other through their fairy apartment; but the stern man spoke not nor stirred. Alice began to think that some great disappointment must have affected her usually kind papa, and sorry that she had been angry for a moment, she changed the careless air to his favorite strain—and expressively tender and sweet indeed.

As the familiar music crept into the ear of the musing man, he brushed a hot tear from his cheek.

"Come here, Alice," said her father.

The bright girl bounded to his side and sat down on a low ottoman close to him, smiling up into his face bewitchingly.

"Where is your mother, this evening darling?" he asked in a low, sad voice, smoothing his daughter's tresses.

"She has gone to the Fancy Ball, papa she was dressed for a Persian Princess—oh! she looked so proud and beautiful."

A heavy sigh struggled up from the bosom of Mr. Landon.

"Out every evening! her haughty heart is entirely absorbed in display and splendor—unhappy wife—my poor pet child!—I cannot! cannot make them so miserable!" he murmured to himself.

The small soft hand of Alice stole into her father's as she looked at him anxiously and wonderingly. He spread out those slender fingers in his palm, and putting one arm around her beautiful form he drew her closer to him, as he said:

"What would you think if I told you that those delicate fingers would have to grow hard and soiled with work, with no harp nor piano for them to call music from?"

"I could not live without my music papa," was the earnest reply; "what makes you ask me? what makes you sad and speak so mournful, dear papa?"

"Because my darling, they are no longer yours, nor mine. Everything is lost—I have failed—we are beggars!"

"*Beggars!* papa!" repeated the young girl, drawing in her breath with a gasp and turning very pale.

"My child!" moaned the strong man in anguish folding her slight form to his bosom convulsively.

There was a silence for several moments, and then Alice raised that tearful face which lay on his shoulder, and said with touching tenderness:

"Do not grieve so terribly, papa; not for me—I shall be happy wherever you are, even if we are poor."

"To think of sorrow and privation for such as you, my Alice," murmured the father, "you and your mother—is it not a dreadful thing to tell your mother? that gaiety and festivity and flattery can be hers no more, that even comfort is henceforth denied us; that poverty—poverty is all?"

"She will be resigned—she will love you all the more—as I do, my own dear papa," said the sweet girl, in the effort to encourage him; but her own heart failed when she remembered the golden idol where her mother worshipped.

With clasped hands and mournful bosoms, the parent and child sat together in silence, waiting the return of the absent one. Hours passed by; and they were at length startled by the sound of the carriage as it drew up at the door. The gay good night of the lady and her escort sounded like mockery to their hearts. Mr Landon turned pale as death, and Alice brushed away the tears from her cheek; as a light step approached the parlor, and the mother stood before them.

She was a magnificent woman, and her rich oriental attire, dark, flashing eyes, brilliant lip and queenly form, made her seem like the Princess she personated—Even more than usual admiration had been bestowed upon her that evening, and flushed with success and sparkling with triumphant pleasure, she stood before those who had awaited her.

"Why! what is this!" she asked, as her eye fell on the tear stained faces of her daughter and husband. "Why have you waited for me, any one dead?"

Mr. Landon arose, and meeting his beautiful wife, took both her hands in his; and looked earnestly into her face.

"Arabel" he said in a low voice, "be firm, be composed, be a true and noble woman. We have lost no friend—nothing so sorrowful as that—but I have failed in business—entirely. There is nothing now that we can call ours—nothing!"

"Mr. Landon!" exclaimed the haughty woman, starting back in cold surprise, "can this be possible, can you have the effrontery to tell your family you have ruined them—made them despised, dragged them from their present high station by some folly of yours? Do you expect *me* to descend to poverty and toil—to forego the luxury in which I was reared? Verily, this is a fine reward for wedding *you*, when a count laid a fortune at my feet! *Love*, love, forsooth, would I had never seen you—never listened to your voice!"

"Arabel! Arabel!" exclaimed the agitated husband sternly, "peace, do you dare to talk thus, and before my child?"

"I *dare* to speak as I choose, Mr. Landon."

"You are a heartless unprincipled woman, Arabel, or you would treat the husband of your bosom with more sympathy when you saw him depressed in spirits and ruined in fortune and all for you—you are the cause of it! I have loved you, Arabel, as man seldom loves woman—I have toiled for you willingly, that all your wishes might be gratified; I have wasted many precious years in heaping up gold to buy you flattery and splendor, and this is my reward! You know, too, that it was necessary for you to economize some, till my fortunes were again firm; more extravagant, if possible, than ever. Now, you see the results—I cannot longer avert them—I have no wish to; it is right that you should suffer."

"Suffer!" repeated the beautiful woman, with a full curve of her superb lip. "Do you think I have anticipated this, and not been prepared for it? There are those who are ready to bestow upon me what I will not live without, and to still retain me in the station to which I aspire."

"What do you mean, Arabel?" gasped the unhappy man.

"You will know within twenty-four hours," was the cool response, as the magnificent princess swept glittering from the room.

"Mr. Langdon sank into a chair and groaned in agony."

"Papa! papa—dear father?" whispered the soft voice of his daughter. Her warm lips were covering his pale face with kisses. Mechanically he opened his arms and the sweet young girl nestled to his heart, and sobbing upon his bosom murmured:

"She is unworthy, papa, unworthy!" with a full comprehension of the very great sin of her proud mother.

A very few days from then, Alice Landon, the fragile, beautiful, gifted, and delicately reared young being, was a penniless orphan. Her ambitious and unprincipled mother had collected her jewels and rich articles of dress, and eloped with a wealthy Parisian, a former suitor. Before her husband was aware of her perfidy, they were far away on the broad ocean, destined for the gay French metropolis. Then the fond, true, loving heart of the stricken man suddenly broke—he died.

His blessing—his dying look of love—was all that was left for poor Alice, upon whom he had of late years, lavished the overflowing affection of a strong nature, that sought love and sympathy from the partner of his life, but found not.

So Alice, with her pride and tenderness, her youth and inexperience, her loveliness and genius, was left suddenly alone and utterly destitute.

"I had rather die than stay here," murmured Alice Landon to herself, as she sat at midnight in her silent chamber.

It was a year since, a friendless orphan, she has been taken by a hard hearted, wealthy relative, as a teacher of music for several ill-tempered, overbearing little misses. Young as she was when she attempted the task, her rare musical abilities rendered her very competent; and had it not been that the family were so patronizing and haughty in their manner towards her, she might have been comparatively happy. She had even "scoured knives" more than once, for if a failure to obtain sufficient help upon any occasion chanced to occur, Alice was unhesitatingly sent into the kitchen to perform the duties of servant as well as teacher. There was music and mirth and splendor in the parlor below her, and as the unhappy girl listened a mild flush of fever gleamed through her cheeks, and brightened into her large, dark eyes.—She was thinking of the moments of suffering the many wrongs and insults, that she had endured within a year. She was thinking how she had that evening dressed and adorned with her own hands, the two young ladies who were to make their *debut* under the favorable auspices of wealth and friends. They were not so beautiful, so accomplished, so gifted as herself; but the voice of praise and flattery, and perhaps love, was melting into their hearts, while desolate and mournful, she was left to direct servants and soothe fretful children, and then steal away to her chamber to muse bitterly over her destiny.

As she sat in the darkness of despair, conning over wild plans of escape from her unhappy situation, one of her cousins hurried into the room in her glittering attire.

"Come, Alice, some of the guests wish to hear you sing,' she said, glancing at herself in the mirror and arranging a becoming tress upon her forehead.

"Excuse me, this evening, won't you.—Emma?" plead the young girl. "I am not very well, and have not had time to change my dress."

"Your dress is well enough," was the impatient reply, with a cold glance at the plain, dark dress of Alice. "Do not keep them waiting for you."

There was a deep color on the cheek of the proud girl, as rising, she followed her lady cousin from the apartment. One might have deemed her a peerless queen, instead of a crushed and slighted music-teacher, as she passed through the crowded rooms and took her place at the piano. It was one unfailing source of happiness to her—the enthusiastic love of her art: and when she sang or played she always forgot surrounding circumstances in the absorbing delight in which her whole soul melted and floated.

There was a sudden hush throughout all the apartments, when the sweet, clear, wild tones of the beautiful singer rose through the light and perfume, upon the enchanted ears of the brilliant assembly. All who could, pressed around the instrument to catch a glimpse of the fair performer.

Alice's heart was swelling with mournfulness and pride and bitterness, when she chose a theme for song; and if ever a high and glorious but agonized spirit expressed itself in music, the inspiration of an eloquent soul was breathed in that full, sweet, but intense melody.

Men murmured or drew in their breath with a sudden sigh, as they gazed on the radiant young musician. The thick, dark hair was folded in wavy and shining masses around her exquisitely proportioned head; her brow was matchless in starry purity and pride; her eyes were magnificently large and dark, and soft, with lovely lids, and long black, passionate lashes; her bright lips were curved into the very perfectness of love and eloquence and scorn; her form was grace ineffable; her hands were beautiful; her expression was inspiration.

The first, the second, the third songs were sung, and still the young musician was not allowed to depart—the brilliant *debut* of the Misses B——, was likely to prove the still more brilliant *debut* of this musical star—the charm was irresistable. The jewels were not jewels, and the belles were not belles, while that beautiful wonder in the plain attire, sat there in an atmosphere of melody.

Alice was to sing one more song, as she heard distinctly a low, earnest voice inquire—

"*Who* is that glorious being?"

"Only the music-teacher," was the half-vexed reply of her cousin, who was already jealous of the humble girl she had compelled to appear for the gratification of others.

There was some thing in the voice of the inquirer which caused Alice to raise her dark eyes to his. His own deep, thrilling glance was on her face with a strangely intense, yet softened look, and as the careless reply of the lady met her ear, she fancied that there was pity and exultation in that *gaze*—Pity!—Alice could not brook pity—and her soft eye flashed, and her lovely lip curled a very little.

The stranger smiled a rich crimson shot into the clear cheek of the young girl—she was wounded by that expression, or—she did not know herself, what made her heart throb so rapidly—she attempted to execute the requested song, but the touch of her trembling fingers was false—her lip quivered—she crushed back the tears 'neath those fringed lids, and hurried from the gazing throng out upon a deserted balcony, and burst into a passion of weeping.

It was a long time before Alice grew calm, and, wearied with the events and the emotions of the evening, she fell asleep upon the balcony, and dropped her head upon the balustrade. When she awoke it was nearly morning; the music was hushed, and the revellers departed. But in the hand that rested in her lap lay a little folded note. Wherefore? Alice's heart beat quickly, hurrying into the deserted parlor she stood before a dimly lighted chandalier, and unfolding it with trembling fingers, she read—

"There's a soft low voice in my bosom, Allie, and a bright slumbering trees on my heart. They have been there nearly seven years, Allie, ever since the night when the beautiful maiden gave them to the poor servant boy. They have been a blessing and a spell o'er my life dearest, those gentle words and beautiful tress that once kissed your cheek. They have inspired the humble boy with ambition; he has succeeded beyond his dreams; the power of the rich man and the fame of the poet are his Allie; he has met you again; your beauty and genius have thrilled him! *May* he love you? Oh, eloquent one! There is a scorn and bitterness in his heart for those who were unkind to thee; may he not take thee to his own lovely home, where tenderness and refinement may sooth the mournful spirit of the beautiful young being so created for sympathy and luxury?—Think of what I have said, Allie, and tell me, when I come, if you *can* make me blessed by loving and trusting me.

To morrow there will be a throng of visitors. I will not come; two evenings from this I shall see you, shall I not?"

Now, Alice knew who was the intense-eyed stranger who had thrilled her to tears, by his soft, deep glance. She pressed the little note close to her heart—she hardly dared think how happy she was—she passed to and fro in the silent apartment, with trembling step and tearful eyes, till the lamps paled away and the stars closed their eyes, and the grey morning sunlight crept in and kissed her feet.

As she stole back to her little chamber that had seemed so dreary and desolate when she sat there at midnight in the deep despair, the same beautiful sunlight lighted up with a pleasant glow and sparkled and quivered on the dewy spray that waved by the open window.

But the sunlight was not so glad or bright as was her young heart.

When Alice Landon told her fair cousin that she had an engagement for the evening they smiled disdainfully, and told her she could receive her company in the east parlor—they should have visitors in the other. But the sweet young girl was too full of pleasant dreams to heed their scorn, as she wove a few rosebuds in her hair, and arranging her neat black dress, descended to await the coming of the dark eyed stranger.

There was a ring at the door bell, and she heard the servant announce "Mr. William Bennet," and close the door. The fair girl knew it awkward to sit there blushing and never even look up, but how could she! were not those eyes fixed on her with that same deep, agitating look? She felt they were.

Doubtless the young man could read her heart in that sweet, eloquent face; for he came close to the sofa where she sat and smiling at her confusion, said in a low, soft voice—

"Allie—dear Allie—I have come."

His breath was on her forehead, and her small hand was already a prisoner in his—and raising her soft, moist eyes to his face, she smiled the welcome that her lips could not speak, eloquent though they were.

They neither of them regretted that the young lady cousins were entertaining company in the west parlor that evening.

These same cousins were very much surprised the next day, to learn that Alice had an *engagement* for life with the same gentleman to whom they had spoken of her as "only the music teacher;" and the indulgent aunt, like a sensible woman, when she found that her neice was really going to have a splendid home and distinguished husband notwithstanding her regret at losing so competent an instructor for her fine family, concluded to give a magnificent wedding and *trosseau* to the beautiful bride.

If you love music or beauty, or luxury, you should have been in their parlor the first evening that the groom and bride were established in their own sweet home. The blissful and beautiful face of Alice glowed with the radiant light of her spirit—and Will, handsome and noble Will, proud and earnest and tender,—watched every graceful movement with those deep soft eyes of his, and blessed her that she was so peerless and so bright. And when they sung together one little song of love, certainly no music was ever so fraught with eloquence and soul. And this was a marriage in the true HIGH LIFE! The servant boy had accomplished the high purpose of his destiny—the young music teacher had fulfilled hers! were they not blessed beyond the power of words to tell?

Newspapers.

What is a newspaper? It is a transcript of thoughts, and a record of what is passing in the world. But it is not as most books are, the transcript of the thoughts of a single man. It is an exhibition of the thoughts of hundreds and even thousands. It is the collected wisdom of the world, in some instance, perhaps, spiced with a little of the nonsense and folly of the same minds. It is an exhibit of man as he is—his vices and his virtues, his good deeds and his crimes. It is a bouquet of beautiful flowers, composed of all the varieties of nature. It is a casket of precious jewels of every hue, size and shape. It is a sweet repast a board spread before the hungry, comprising the choicest meats and richest deserts that earth can afford—a feast of fat things—a perfect Pie-nic of every dainty that the mind can desire.

Who would be without a newspaper?—No one but the veriest idiot; he does not know enough to feel the need of knowledge. The man who is without a newspaper is a hundred years behind the age in which he lives. The mere book student, who has spent his years within the walls of a college, pouring over musty volumes, knows but little of the world he lives in. Cast him among folks and it will be seen that he is as green as a cabbage leaf, and knowing no more of "human natur," as Sam Slick says, than an Egyptian mummy. The newspapers finish a man's education, and prepare him to "catch the manners living, as they rise." What can the man of business, or the professional man do without a newspaper? The whole reading world, not not excepting the common newsboys who read their own papers, would be so far in advance of them as to be entirely out of sight. And they must plod along as they can, and glean what is left should there be anything dropt by the way.

Who would undertake to bring up a family without a good newspaper in his house? The man who could not afford to his wife and children the aid and luxury of such a blessing, should be drummed out of the list of husbands and fathers. Such a man is either a perfect ignoramus himself, or he is willing to bring up his children in ignorance, rather than spend two or three dollars a year for their information and happiness.—Though there are some papers the world would be better without, the newspaper press as a general thing, is one of the greatest blessings of the land.

☞ Deacon Hunt was naturally a high tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend enquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, formerly, when my oxen were a little contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down and sing Old Hundred. I dont know how it is but that old psalm tune has surprising effect upon my oxen."

First Newspaper.

The first newspaper was issued, (in manuscript) at Venice, in 1688, and was called the "Gazette."

The first printed newspaper was published in England, in 1588, called 'The England Mercury, imprinted by Her Majesty's Printer.' This paper was not regularly published.

In 1624, the 'Public Intelligencer and London Gazette' was established.

Soon afterward various papers had 'their entrances and their exits' in London, among which were the Scots' Dove,' 'The Parliament Kite,' 'The Secret Owl,' &c.

'The Spectator,' was the first purely literary periodical. It appeared in 1711. This publication, as it is known owes its immortality to Addison. 'The Tutor,' conducted by Sir Richard Steele, tho' published a short time previous, was not exclusively literary.

The first French newspaper was established at Paris, 1631, by Ronandot, a physician.

The first 'Literary Journal and Review ever published was the Journal des Scevans,' commenced in 1665, in France.

The first American paper was the Boston News Letter; which appeared on the 24th of April, 1804. The Boston Gazette was soon started.

The third American newspaper was the American Weekly Mercury, which appeared in Philadelphia on the 22d of December 1719.

The fourth American newspaper was the 'New England Courant,' established at Boston, August 17, 1721, by James Franklin, elder brother to him who rendred the name illustrious.

The oldest living paper in America is the New Hampshire Gazette. It was the first paper printed in New Hampshire, and was established by Daniel Fowle, at Portsmouth, in August, 1756. It was originally printed on half a sheet of foolscap, quarto, as were all the papers of that day; but was soon enlarged to half a sheet crown, folio, and sometimes appeared on a whole sheet of crown. It is now in its 93d year, and is a well conducted paper of goodly dimensions.

The City of Rome.

Rome is still where it has been for more than 2,600 years; it is upon the Tiber, sixteen miles from its mouth, which runs South through the Western part of the city, and then turns West, and continues that course to its outlet, where it is some 300 feet wide. Much of what was formerly covered with buildings is now cultivated. This is particularly the case with much of the South-east part within the city walls and East and South-east of the Capitoline Hills. Bad air (malaria) is said to be the cause of the desertion of this part of the city. The ancient hills are still to be found, but are by no means so prominent as they once were, on account of constantly accumulating. In this way the place of the ancient forum has been filled up at least fifteen feet. The land at the base of the Torpeian Rock is so much filled up that the modern traveller is prone to think that it would be far from certain death to be thrown from its top. It is not, as formerly, 75 feet high, with heaps of rocks below. In the North east part are extensive garden, and on the West side of them are the residences of the English and American inhabitants.

The palace of the Pope is near the centre of the city. The Church of St. Peter is on the West side; it is 750 feet long, and 550 feet wide, and will hold 52,000 people. It cost $50,000,000. The statute of St. Peter stands not far distant. It was formerly a statute of Jupiter, and was changed by one of the early Popes into that of the apostle by some mysterious power, without changing its material substance in the least, which gave rise to the remark of the wag, that it was formerly the statute Jupiter, and it is that of Jew-Peter still.—The report that the great toe of this statute has been entirely worn away by the lips of the Catholics is not exactly true.—It is a Protestant slander. Yet it is true that the repeated kisses of the faithful for hundreds of years have worn it away considerably. No Catholic passes it without stopping to kiss it. To see poor ignorant people do so, that is bad enough; but to see men of learning and science, and of cultivated minds, like the Pope and Cardinals, constantly approaching this image with all reverence, and wiping this toe with their handkerchiefs, kiss it, wipe it again, and go on their way, is quite beyond endurance. One can have no patience with them.—*Dr. Baird.*

Gentle Woman.

The great traveller, John Ledyard, has paid to woman one of the most noble tributes ever uttered. "I have observed that, wherever found, women are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever, been friendly to me, and uniformly so, their actions have ever been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel with a double relish."

SUB-ROSA.—This compound word is often used in writing and conversation as significant of secrecy. It is said that its derivation is as follows:—Anciently, the Greeks consecrated the rose to Hippocrates, the genius of Silence. And either the rose or its representation was placed upon the ceiling of their dining-rooms, implying that whatever was done therein should be kept from public knowledge. It was done *sub-rosa*, or under the rose.