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Poetry.

The Last Rose of Summer.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"'Tis the last rose of summer—left blooming alone,
All its lovely companions are faded and gone,
No flower of its kindred, no rose-bud is nigh
To reflect back its blushes, or give sigh for sigh."
Moore.

'Tis the last rose of summer—Oh! let it remain,
Oh! still let its sweetness enliven the plain,
Oh! rob it not yet of its beauty and bloom,
Full soon it will wither and sink to the tomb.

I will wreathe round it kindly the leaves of the stem,
That the winds may not visit too roughly the gem;
I will watch its bright leaves 'till they wither and droop,
And when they are fallen I will gather them up.

And Oh! should my fate, lovely rose, be like thine,
Should the storms of affliction that around me now twine,
The bright links of kindred be broke one by one,
'Till the last of the loved ones is severed and gone:

Oh! then may the world view with pity my fate,
Nor add to the sorrow it cannot abate,
But may kindness and feeling assuage all my woes,
'Till I calmly and quietly fall like the rose.

COME, LOVE, COME!

BY MARY ...

Come, love, come!
Roses are bright;
The lily-bud opens its lilac eye;
And the star flower glows
In the soft purple light,
Reflecting from you sunset sky.

Come, love, come!
Dew-drops quiver
Like emeralds amid the low leaves;
And pine branches wave in
The shadowy river
That rolls by the still velvet lea.

Come, love, come!
Fire-flies gleam
As stars in a green, pearly sea;
And the nightingale sends
To my heart, love, a dream
Of music, sweet music, and thee.

TRIBUTE TO FIREMEN.

[The firemen of Wenham, Mass., were recently presented with a banner and silver trumpet by the ladies of that place. Mrs Hannah D. King made the presentation on behalf of the ladies, and in the course of her speech paid the firemen the following handsome compliment.]

The soldier battles 'neath his smoky shroud,
For glory's bow is painted on the cloud;
The Firemen dare each shape of death—
But not for fortune's gold, nor glory's wreath.
No selfish throbs within their breasts are known,
No hope of praise or profit cheer them on.
They ask no meed, no fame—and only seek
To shield the suffering and protect the weak.
For this, ... [illegible]
For this, ... [illegible]
Mount the ... [illegible]
Or toil, ... [illegible]
Nobler ... [illegible]

[illegible]

A FLOWER IN SUMMER.

A flower in winter ... a flower in summer!—If you can have ... all the year round, so much the better; you will thus always have a bit of sunshine in your room, whether the sky be clear or not. But, above all, a flower in summer!

Most people have yet to learn the true enjoyment of life; it is not fine dresses, or large houses, or elegant furniture, or rich wines, or gay parties, that make homes happy. Really, wealth cannot purchase pleasures of a higher sort; these depend not on money, or money's worth; it is the heart, and taste, and intellect, which determine the happiness of men; which give the seeing eye and the sentient nature, and without which man is but a little better than a kind of walking clothes-horse.

A snug and a clean home, no matter how tiny it be, so that it be wholesome; windows, into which the sun can shine cheerily—a few good books, (and who need be without a few good books in these days of universal cheapness?)—no duns at the door, and the cupboard well supplied, and with a flower in your room!—and there is none so poor as not to have about him the elements of pleasure.

Hark! there is a child passing our window calling 'wallflowers!' We must have a bunch forthwith; it is only a penny! A shower has just fallen, the pearly drops are still hanging upon the petals, and they sparkle in the sun which has again come out in his beauty. How deliciously the flower smells of country and nature! It is like summer coming into our room to greet us. The wallflowers are from Kent, and only last night were looking up to the stars from their native stems; they are full of buds yet, with their promise of fresh beauty. 'Betty! bring a glass of clear water to put these flowers in!' and so we set to, arranging and displaying our pennyworth to the best advantage.

But what do you say to a nosegay of roses? Here you have a specimen of the most beautiful of the smiles of Nature?—Who, that looks on one of these bright full-blown beauties, will say that she is sad, or sour, or puritanical? Nature tells us to be happy, to be glad, for she decks herself with roses, and the fields, the skies, the hedge-rows, the thickets, the green lanes, the dells, the mountains, the morning and evening sky, are robed in loveliness. The 'laughing flowers,' exclaims the poet! but there is more than gayety in the blooming flower, though it takes a wise man to see its full significance—there is the beauty, the love, and the adaptation, of which it is full. Few of us, however, see any more deeply in this respect than did Peter Bell:

> "A primrose by a river's brim,
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

What would we think or say of one who had invented flowers—supposing that, before him, flowers were things unknown? would it not be the paradise of a new delight? should we not hail the inventor as a genius, as a god? And yet these lovely offsprings of the earth have been speaking to man from the first dawn of his existence until now, telling him of the goodness and wisdom of the Creating Power, which bade the earth bring forth, not only that which was useful as food but also flowers, the bright consummate flowers, to clothe it in beauty and joy!

See that graceful fuchsia, its blood-red petals, and calyx of bluish-purple, more exquisite in color and form than any hand or eyes, no matter how well skilled and trained, can imitate! We can manufacture no colors to equal those of our flowers in their bright brilliancy ..., for instance, as the Scarlet Lychnis, the Browallia, or even the common Poppy. Then see the exquisite blue of the humble Speedwell, and the dazzling white of the Star of Bethlehem, that shines even in the dark. Bring one of even our common field-flowers into a room, place it on your table or chimney-piece, and you seem to have brought a ray of sunshine into the place. There is ever cheerfulness about flowers; what a delight are they to the drooping invalid! the very sight of them is cheering; they are like a sweet draught of fresh bliss, coming as messengers from the country without, and seeming to say:—'Come and see the place where we grow, and let thy heart be glad in our presence.'

What can be more innocent than flowers? Are they not like children undimmed by sin? They are emblems of purity and truth, always a new source of delight to the pure and the innocent. The heart that does not love flowers, or the voice of a playful child, is one that we should not like to consort with. It was a beautiful conceit that invented a language of flowers, by which lovers were enabled to express the feelings that they dared not openly speak. But flowers have a voice to all—to old and young, to rich and poor, if they won't but listen and try to interpret their meaning. 'To me,' says Wordsworth,

> "The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Have a flower in your room, then, by all means! It will cost you only a penny if your ambition is moderate; and the gratification it will give you will be beyond all price. If you can have a flower for your window so much the better. What can be more delicious than the sun's light streaming through ... [illegible] ... crimson to ... [illegible] ... And to break ... [illegible] ... If you ... [illegible] ... the window, or ... [illegible] ... the most ... [illegible]

[illegible] ... flowers ... and song. And what a pure taste and refinement does it ... part of the cultivator!

A flower in your window sweetens the air, makes your room look graceful, gives the sun's light a new charm, rejoices your eye, and links you to nature and beauty.—You really cannot be altogether alone, if you have a sweet flower to look upon, and it is a companion which will never utter a cross thing to any body, but always look beautiful and smiling. Do not despise it because it is cheap, and every body may have the luxury as well as you. Common things are cheap, and common things are invariably the most valuable. Could we only have a fresh air or sunshine by purchase, what luxuries these would be; but they are free to all, and we think not of their blessings.

There is, indeed, much in nature that we do not yet half enjoy, because we shut our avenues of sensation and of feeling. We are satisfied with the matter of fact, and look not for the spirit of fact, which is above all. If we would open our minds to enjoyment, we should find tranquil pleasures spread about us on every side. We might live with the angels that visit us on every sunbeam, and sit with the fairies who wait on every flower. We want some loving knowledge to enable us truly to enjoy life, and we require to cultivate a little more than we do the art of making the most of the common means and appliances for enjoyment, which lie about us on every side. There are, we doubt not, many who may read these pages, who can enter into and appreciate the spirit of all that we have now said; and, to those who may still hesitate, we would say—begin and experiment forthwith; and first of all, when the next flower-girl comes along your street, at once hail her, and 'Have a flower for your room!'—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

CAUTION TO GIRLS.—The young men fall on their knees before you; but remember it is but as infantry before cavalry, that they may conquer and kill, or as the hunter who only on bended knee takes aim at his victim.—*Jean Paul.*

HUNGARY AND KOSSUTH.

BY HENRY GILES.

"And Hungary, too, is laid low; glorious and valiant Hungary, after her superhuman courage, after the prodigies of manliness that broke the Austrian to pieces, and scattered to the winds her savage Croats, has sunk under the brute force of Russia, only to burst out again with new splendor, with that irresistable soul that never dies, where the blood of heroes runs. If any struggle in the history of men has been since the Greek battled with the Persian, to which we can give admiration unfeigned and unqualified, it is that of Hungary against Austria. Right, and law, and character were on her side. Her oppressors were in the wrong; and last and least in the esteem of nations. Napoleon could pardon his captains anything but being beaten by Austrians. The Hungarians could not be beaten by them; and in the course of the contest displayed that gallantry and prowess, which, even in a worse cause, forces admiration. Yet this Austria, which from the days of the crusades to the campaigns of Haynau, has been again and again marked for meanness, treachery and cruelty, has found some to cover her with defence and praise; and from the same perversity of temper, they have poured on Hungary censures and abuse. But still, the heart of humanity is true, and the burning throb which their heroic story awakens in it avers the sanctity of their cause, and gives the lie to their maligners. And never had a nobler cause a nobler leader. All that goes to make up our ideal, not of the patriot alone, but of the highest order of man, we find in Kossuth. No popular revolt in modern times ever called up a character of bolder or loftier spirit than that of Hungary, and though such men as Bem and Guyon stand out from others, it is because that, from this distance, we discern only the most conspicuous. To be in the midst of such a cluster, and yet to appear in it almost as a star, alone and apart,—for such is the relation that Kossuth bears to it at present to our vision—shows us a character of genius and purity. And undisputed supremacy was awarded him by that instinctive consent with which men unite in homage to the evident aristocracy of nature: and as their instinctive consent did honor to his genius, their devoted trust was given to his virtue. This was entirely a spontaneous homage; for let it be considered that there was nothing in the condition of Kossuth that gave him extrinsic advantage.—A gentleman he certainly was, and a man of education, but he was obliged to labor as a journalist. Talent, with the zeal of a patriot, and the honor of imprisonment, was all the title he possessed, and a love of Hungarian Independence, and a hater of Austrian usurpation, was all the magic that he used. And those who call him an unprincipled adventurer, however they may detract from his honesty, do unconsciously testify to his transcendant abilities. It is not without most admirable qualities and resources, that a young man, without fortune, and without rank, kept almost by his single will and word, a nation in revolt under law, prevented anarchy in the midst of tumult, provided means and ... [illegible] ... hope and inspiration ... [illegible] ... A tribune, without violence, a patriot without guile or selfishness; a statesman ready, versatile, and all ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... equally commanding with power to rouse ... to fire up men's hearts and to fit to the light of brave and daring deeds; full of passion and persuasion; so enriched as writer or speaker with gifts and graces of feeling and expression that the ardor of eloquence rise to the glow of poetry, until it seems to burst into a prophet's song; a man withal so gentle that we know not how so great strength became allied to so much meekness; a man so blameless, that in his clemency we find his greatest fault. We are not of those who are swift to shed blood; but almost the only grudge we owe to Kossuth is that he did not in time shoot the rascal Gorgey! Kossuth is so far fortunate, that he is almost the only revolutionist patriot on record who has preserved admiration with defeat, and who has gained renown and been allowed to live. A few indeed carp at him: but when they are not to be despised they are not to be pitied. The great body of mankind do him justice; and his, among living names, is the one that causes the hearts of multitudes to swell. Away in his captivity he is a king among the spirit of the brave and free in soul; the admiration of true men is with him; the sympathies of true women, too, are with him; coming from his bonds, the civilized world will bid him welcome; or going in them to his grave, it will hand his memory down as the memory of one whom his kind will honor.

MAY BE SO.

'Next time we go out, you'll buy me a wagon, won't you mother?' said my little boy to me one day.

I didn't want to say 'no,' and destroy his happy feelings; and I was not prepared to say 'yes;' and so I gave the evasive reply so often used under such circumstances, 'May be so,' and which was meant rather as a negative than an affirmative.—The child was satisfied; for he gave my words the meaning he wished them to have. In a little while after, I had forgotten all about it. Not so my boy. To him the 'May be so' was 'yes,' and he set his heart, confidently, on receiving the wagon the next time I should go out. This happened on the afternoon of that very day. It was towards evening when I returned. The moment I rung the bell at my own door, I heard his pattering feet and gleeful voice in the entry.

'Where's my wagon?' said he, as I entered, a shade of disappointment falling suddenly upon his excited, happy face.

'What wagon, dear? I asked.

'My wagon. The wagon you promised to buy me.'

'I didn't promise to buy a wagon, my son.'

'Oh, yes you did mother! You promised me this morning.'

Tears were already in his eyes, and his face wore a look of distressing disappointment.

'I promised to buy you a wagon? I am sure I remember nothing about it,' I replied confidently. 'What in the world put that into your head?'

'Didn't I ask you?' said the child, the tears now overflowing his cheeks.

'Yes, I believe you did ask me something about a wagon; but I didn't promise to buy you one.'

'Oh, yes you did, mother. You said May be so.'

'But may be so doesn't mean yes.'

At this the little fellow uttered a distressing cry. His heart was almost broken by disappointment. He had interpreted my words according to his own wishes, and not according to their real meaning.

Unprepared for an occurrence of this kind, I was not in the mood to sympathise with my child fully. To be met thus, at the moment of my return home, disturbed me.

'I didn't promise to buy you a wagon; and you must stop crying about it,' said I, seeing that he had given way to his feelings and was crying in a loud voice.

But he cried on. I went up stairs to lay off my things, and he followed, still crying.

'You must hush now,' said I, most positively.

'May be so, and yes, are two different things. If I had said that I would buy you a wagon, then there would have been some reason in your disappointment; but I said no such thing.'

He had paused to listen; but, as I ceased speaking, his crying commenced.

'You must stop this now. There is no use in it, and I will not have it,' said I resolutely.

My boy choked down for a few moments at this, and half stifled his grief; but ... [illegible] ... as ever. I felt impatient.

'Stop this moment I say!' And I took hold of his arm firmly. My will is strong and when a little excited, it often leads me beyond where I would go in moments of reflection. My boy knew this by experience. By my manner of speaking he saw that I was in earnest, and that, if he did not obey me, punishment would follow.—So, with what must have been a powerful effort for one so young, he stifled utterance of his grief. But, the storm within raged none the less violently, and I could see his little frame quiver as he strove to repress the rising sobs.

Turning away from me he went and sat down on a low seat ... [illegible] ... I saw his ... [illegible] ... time my feelings ... [illegible] ... There was no ... [illegible] ... in his words attitude; no air of ... about him that all ... me with pity ... tenderness.

'... child!' ... [illegible]

'Come,' said I, ... reaching my hand towards the child— let us go down and look out for father. He will be home soon.'

I spoke kindly and cheerfully. But he neither moved, looked up, nor gave the smallest sign that he heard me.

'... well,' said I, with some impatience in my voice—'it doesn't matter at all. If you'd rather sit there than come down into the parlor and look out for dear father, you can please yourself.'

And turning away as I spoke, I left the chamber, and went down stairs. Seating myself at a window, I looked forth and endeavored to feel unconcerned and cheerful. But, this was beyond my power. I saw nothing but the form of my grieving child, and could think of nothing but his sorrow and disappointment.

'Nancy,' said I to one of my domestics, who happened to come into the parlor to ask me some question, 'I wish you would run down to the toy shop in the next block and buy Neddy a wagon. His heart is almost broke about one.'

The girl, always willing, when kindly spoken to, ran off to obey my wishes, and in a little while came back with the article wanted.

'Now, said I, 'go up into my room and tell Neddy that I've got something for him. Don't mention the wagon; I want to take him by surprise.'

Nancy went bounding up the stairs, and I placed the wagon in the centre of the room, where it would meet the child's eyes on the moment of his entrance, and then sat down to await his coming and enjoy his surprise and delight.

After the lapse of about a minute, I heard Nancy coming down slowly.

'Neddy's asleep,' said she, looking in at the door.

'Asleep!' I felt greatly disappointed.

'Yes, ma'am. He was on the floor asleep. I took him up, and laid him in your bed.'

'Then he's over his troubles,' said I, attempting to find a relief for my feelings in this utterance. But no such relief came.

Taking the wagon in my hand, I went up to the chamber where he lay, and bent over him. The signs of grief were still upon his innocent face, and every now and then a faint sigh or sob gave evidence that even sleep had not yet hushed, entirely, the storm which had swept over him.

'Neddy!' I spoke to him in a voice of tenderness, hoping that my words might reach his ear.

'Neddy, dear, I've bought you a wagon.'

But his senses were locked. Taking him up, I undressed him, and then, after kissing his lips brow and cheeks laid him in his little bed, and placed the wagon on the pillow beside him.

Even until the late hour which I retired on that evening, were my feelings oppressed by the incident I have described. My 'May be so,' uttered in order to avoid giving the direct answer my child wanted, had occasioned him far more pain than a positive refusal of his request could have done.

'I will be more careful in future,' said I, as I lay thinking about the occurrence, 'how I create false hopes. My yea shall be yea, and my nay, nay. Of these, cometh not evil.'

In the morning when I awoke I found Neddy in possession of his wagon. He was running with it around the room, as happy as if a tear had never been upon his cheek. I looked at him for some minutes without speaking. At last, seeing that I was awake, he ... up to the bedside, and, kissing me, said:

'Thank, you dear mother, for buying me this wagon! You are a good mother!'

I must own to having felt some doubts on the subject of Neddy's compliment, at the time. Since this little experience, I have been more careful how I answer the petitions of my children, and avoid the 'May be so,' 'I'll see about it,' and other such evasive answers that come so readily to the lips. The good result I have experienced in many instances.—*Ladies' Wreath.*

AN EXPLANATION OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF STORMS.

By B. L. ..., M. D. Professor of Chemistry, Pennsylvania Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Although I have spoken of the cloud descending to the surface of the earth, I have merely described the circumstance as it appears to the eye. The cloud does not sink as it appears to do, and as it is stated in works on Meteorology. From what has been said, the explanation of the formation of this inverted cone or funnel projecting from the original base of the cloud, may be anticipated. As the barometer continues to sink under the base of the cloud, the temperature of the air diminishes until it is reduced down to the dew point in the whole extent of the column from the base of the cloud down to the surface of the earth. At the same time the temperature of the air all around on the outside of the column, is, according to what I have assumed, ten degrees higher than the dew point, and consequently as soon as the air outside is driven within the column it is instantly cooled ten degrees, and its excess of gaseous vapor is condensed into cloud at the moment it gets in ... That instead of the base of the cloud sinking down and forming the ... the latter is caused by the accumulation of ... vapor under the base, brought in by the surrounding air and ... the ... power of the column.

The levity of these ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... gravity; ... [illegible] ... Besides, ... very ... [illegible] ... hats, leaves, &c., would be ... its immense weight, and their fragments would be left upon the ground where they before stood. But every fact connected with the phenomena of such storms not only disproves such a result, but also, the idea of *mere horizontal centrifugal force*, as advocated by a certain celebrated Meteorologist. At the very moment the cloud *appears* to be sinking lower and lower, the up moving current is becoming stronger and stronger, and its velocity and force are soon exhibited by the rapidity with which heavy bodies ascend.

If the cloud passed downwards, and there were no other force except the centrifugal, why do the leaves and trees *fly up?* Why do the roofs fly up, and the walls of buildings *fly apart as if by explosion?* Why are shingles and other light bodies carried twenty, and thirty miles off, and then descend in a hail storm? And why are hailstones frequently picked up, containing particles of sand and other matter imbedded within them?

These things are all satisfactorily explained by Professor Espy's theory. Indeed the great beauty of this theory is that it is a philosophical deduction from existing facts, and is based upon well-established principles of science. He has nothing to do with conjecture; he assumes no hypothesis; he begins, goes on and ends in facts, demonstrating their truth as he proceeds, and explaining the laws which govern them. A theory thus founded, must be correct in all its essential features, even should some of the minor phenomena be misinterpreted.

A little boy, seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a grog shop, opened the door, and putting in his head, said to the proprietor, 'See here, neighbor, your sign has fallen down.'

The best cure for hard times is to cheat the doctor, by being temperate; the lawyer by keeping out of debt; the demagogue by voting for honest men; and poverty by being industrious.

A Honey Moon Scene.

A correspondent thus describes a scene that took place at Saratoga, a short time since, between a newly married couple who were spending the honey moon.

"Did you speak, dearest?"

"No, pet, I did not—I was thinking," replied the bride, looking as angelic as possible.

"Of what were you thinking, my love?"

"I hardly dare tell you, my pet."

"What, loveliest of your sex, distrust your adorer so soon."

"Pardon, a thousand pardons dear Edgar, if I have ever seemed to wrong so noble a being."

"Spoken like your own true self—like a fond and truly loved wife."

"Oh, Edgar! Edgar! you are a flatterer; I know you are. Oh, you naughty, man! You know what ... are to me."

"You will tell me the ... of angel that you are—you will tell me."

"I will—but first give me assurance that you will not ... on your ... Rebecca. A frown Edgar ... , ever a reproving look from your sweet eyes, would break my now too happy heart. Say, then, you will not frown."

"Foolish child! Do the stars frown when poets look up to them for inspiration?"

"Does the mother frown when her first born looks up to her eyes as she nestles still closer to her bosom? Does love, fond, true love ever frown?"

"Oh, say no more dear, dear Edgar; I feel, I know ... the kindest the most devoted of men."

"Tell me ... of what you were thinking."

"Of you only of you, Edgar, on my truth."

"And what of me, my own Rebecca?"

"Alas! What shall I say. How shall I extricate myself from this perilous dilemma."

"Speak, loved one I charge you."

"Dear Edgar, you know—"

"Yes, sweet Rebecca—"

"That—oh, how shall I say it"

"Any how—go on—dear Rebec—"

"That if you continue—"

"Yes continue—"

"To eat cabbage"

"Cabbage?"

"Cabbage—what then?"

"You may catch the cholera (sobbing) and (sob) and (sob) I may (sob) be left (sob) a widow (sob) before (sob) the season (hysterical sob) is over."

... [illegible] ... of the conversation. I do wonder if all "just married" folks go on after this fashion.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

In the natural life we are not better prepared, but worse for the coming stage, by propelling the mind too eagerly into it.—The child hopes to be a boy, but does not torment himself in the interval with cares that have not come; and the more he is really a child, the more he is unconscious joyful, gleeful, happy—the more vicious and perplexed will be his boyhood, but by meeting fully the conditions of his boyhood, by being all that he should be, he will be the ... man. ... growth ... [illegible] ... We ... with all our hearts to be true to it, then let us patiently wait, gratefully accept and faithfully submit according to whatever Providence may ... What to be ... is honestly to ... let us honestly be, and the next hour which comes will not find us unprepared. Always in harmony with the occasion be it work or play, be it study or play, be it study or devotion we may be at ease about the future, and go tranquilly along, in the safety of a righteous conscience. Bearing bravely the evils that beset us, ... cheerfully the duties that are near, trusting in God, guided by Christ our shall not ... in the way, and Death shall find us ready; then as children following the Messenger of a Parent, we shall pass into that unseen world to which Death is the solemn and mysterious herald.

> "Know ... the *yesterday*, ... and reason?
> Work ... well ... for worthy things?
> Then calmly wait the ... hidden season,
> And calmly fear not then what hap soe'er it brings."

ANECDOTE OF JOHN FLETCHER.—A young minister of the Wesleyan Church, in England, received his first appointment to the circuit including the town of Madeley, at that time favored with the ministerial labors of Rev. John Fletcher. He was directed on reaching Madeley to inquire for Mr. F.'s residence, where he would meet with a welcome reception. On riding up to the house he called or knocked, when an elderly servant as he supposed, in ordinary clothing, met the summons. "Is this Mr. Fletcher's residence?" "It is, sir." "My name is ——, the junior preacher for this circuit." "Yes, sir, the family have been expecting you; dismount and walk in."—"No: my man; I make it an invariable rule to see my horse attended to first: take him to the stable; get your curry-comb and brush, and curry him down!" The old man, in compliance with his directions, performed the duties of hostler. "Now give him his provender, and I'll go into the house." "Walk in, sir; take a seat."—Looking round, and seeing no one but the old hostler, he inquired, "Where is Mr. Fletcher?" "I am MR. FLETCHER!"—His surprise and mortification can be better imagined than described, but the excellent Fletcher told him not to distress himself, but let it be a lesson for the future, not to infer that because a man wears rusty clothes at home, he must be a hostler.

KEEP FROM TEMPTATION.—The only safe course for a young man who would retain his virtue and his correct principles, is to keep away from temptation. How many have fallen who merely ventured to look at vice in her gaudy colors! The temptation was too strong for them to resist.

They partook of the fatal glass, ... ed the gilded treasure, or gave themselves up to uncleanness.

None are secure who run in the way of sin; we see how near they can venture on the threshold of vice, without entangling their feet in the net of the adversary.

In regard to vice, he only is safe who keeps away from temptation. Those who venture near are often upset and destroyed. We can point to individuals lost in virtue; who, when they took the first wrong step, resolved never to take another. It was the voice of a pretended friend, it may be, which urged them on, only for once; but it proved fatal in the end.

Ye who are now safe, whose hearts are unpolluted, listen to the voice of wisdom ... where there are strong allurements to vice. Keep away from the gaming table, the grog shops, and the midnight revel. Keep as far off as possible, and a life of integrity and virtue will assuredly be yours.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.—A Boston paper says there is in that city an old man of 60, who graduated at the University of Dublin, Ireland; at the age of 22 was admitted as a surgeon in the British army, and in that capacity visited this country with the English; was present at the destruction of the public buildings, stores, &c., at Washington city; has been present during his service as a surgeon, at over 4000 amputations, and 15 severe battles; was shot twice, performed surgical operations on 300 wounded Generals, 7 Colonels, 20 Captains, and over 11,000 officers of smaller grade, &c.; has dined with two kings, one empress, one emperor, the sultan, a pope, innumerable great generals, &c; has held the largest diamond in his hand known in the world, except one; has had the British crown on his head; has been married three times; father to 17 children, all of whom he survived. Broken down by disease, he could no longer practice his profession; too poor to live without employment, and too proud to become a pauper, he sailed in an emigrant ship to this country three years ago; and this man of remarkable adventure, classic education, master of four languages, 60 years of age poor, old, and decaying, is now *pedling apples in the streets of Boston!* "We know what we ARE—verily we know not what we MAY be!" Such is life.

EDUCATE YOURSELF.—Knowledge is its own exceeding great reward. It is not the gift of a college, particularly. It is what the mind produces whenever it acts. Great schools are chiefly appliances for the lazy, to furnish substitutes for knowledge by which to make their way in the world. A youth who has a noble thirst for science, is not so much benefitted by a 'liberal education,' as he is apt to imagine that he will be, before trying it. If your parents are rich, and have nothing better to do with their money, let them board you at Cambridge or Yale for four years. But if they are poor, laboring people, stay with them and labor. But don't the less strive for a liberal education. Be liberal in supplying yourself with books and time. Journey on foot and study nature and men. Ask questions of every body and everything.

Thus doing you will probably acquire more satisfactory and useful knowledge, and what is more, sounder character and firmer health,—you will be more of a man than if you distress your parents to have knowledge put into your mouth with a pap-spoon. It is thus that the greatest and best men are made in every country.

NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF IRON.—The Pittsburg *Post* has a letter giving an acount of a discovery made by a young man by the name of Adams, the Assistant Manager of Brady's Bend Iron Works, in Clarion county, in the manufacture of railroad and merchant bars from Coke metal. By the old method the rails were made with charcoal pig, and would crack very much and break with one or two blows. By Adams' process Iron can be made from *eight to ten dollars per ton* lower, and of a superior quality.—The process is not mentioned, but the quality of the iron produced is spoken of. The writer of the letter was shown a rail that had been put to the test, by cutting it, while hot, into cold water; after which they tried to break it with a sledge hammer weighing 80 pounds. Forty blows were given by six men alternately, and they could not even *crack* it. The Charcoal iron of the company costs from 18 to 22 dollars per ton, their "Coke Metal" costs only from 9 to 11 dollars per ton. The discovery had caused quite an excitement among the workmen, for they were under the impression that the works would have to suspend on account of the low price of iron.

EVAPORATION.—About 6000 tons of water evaporate from a square mile of the sea daily, or 1,827,000 tons from the Mediterranean sea on a summer day. About 45½ inches of water fall yearly. The evaporation is so great, therefore, after supplying rivers, &c., that on a moderate estimate, 95,000 cubic miles must evaporate yearly on the globe. Without this evaporation, and fall of water in dews, rains, snow, hail, &c., there would be no harvests, no refreshing breezes, no blooming gardens and no animal life. Change but the constituents of the air (21 of oxygen to 79 of nitrogen) the least, and the evaporation of water ceases: now change the constituents of water, oxygen and hydrogen, but in the smallest degree, and there would be no fluids on the globe nor in the air. If the air did not press on every square inch about 14 or 15 pounds weight, owing to the height of the atmosphere, (45 m.) wa-