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Poet's Corner.

Good Temper.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dulness gay—
Spreads gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lilly's breast;
A talisman for love as true,
As ever man possess'd.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity!
Good temper,—nothing more.
Good temper,—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

Would You?

Baby crowing on your knee,
While you sing some little ditty,
Pulls your hair or thumbs your "ee,"
Would you think it wasn't pretty?
Tell me, could you?
If you owned "the baby," would you?

Wife, with arm about your neck,
Says you look just like the baby;
Wants some cash to make a "spec."
And you would refuse her, may-be—
Could you? should you?
If you owned "the woman," would you?

Little labor, little strife,
Little care, and little cot;
Would you sigh for single life?
Would you murmur at your lot?
Tell me, should you?
If you owned "the cottage," would you?

Health and comforts, children fair,
Wife to meet you at the door,
Fond hearts throbbing for you there,
Tell me, would you ask for more?
Should you? could you?
If you owned "the ready," would you?

Miscellaneous.

I Have Seen!

I have seen the most worthless and lazy fellows, dress most fashionably.

I have seen the most talented young men turn tipplers and die drunkards.

I have seen men who boasted much of their wealth, who were not able to pay their tavern bill.

I have seen men who made much noise about their bravery, and daring exploits; and,

I have seen the same men run away from a goose.

I have seen men run in debt without any visible means of ever being able to make payment.

I have seen a man who requested another to solicit him to become a candidate for an office.

I have seen a man urging another to become a candidate; and,

I have seen the same fellow vote against him at the election.

I have seen parents urging their children to marry against their inclination; and,

I have seen a lovely young girl marry a rich old widower merely for his wealth; and,

I have seen the same girl die broken-hearted within a year.

I have seen the young and beautiful, the talented, marry a dashing, brainless fop, because he too was rich; and,

I have seen her ever after, drag out a wretched, miserable existence.

AN OLD MAN.

☞ A western farmer found a very fine hog dead in the field, after a heavy thunder storm; but, to his astonishment, he could discover no signs to indicate where he had been struck. The animal was dead, though; so the owner brought in a verdict 'struck by lightning.' 'If,' said he, 'it had been thunder, it would have knocked him all to smash.'

A country chap came to the city to see his intended wife, and after a long time could think of nothing to say. At last a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would be undone. 'Well,' said she kindly, taking him by the hand, 'I'll keep one of them.'

A country editor informs his readers that there are a number of boarding houses in N. York, in which there is not a single bed bug. They are all married, and have got large families.

☞ 'Mother, I should'nt be surprised if our Caty got choked some day.' 'Why? my son.' 'Because her beau twisted his arms around her neck, the other night, and if she had not kissed him to let her go, he would have strangled her.'

No patience, no true wisdom.

Antæus and the Pilgrims.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

[*From the Tanglewood Papers, in the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston.*]

A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth born giant, named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth born people, who were called Pygmies. This giant and these pygmies being children of the same mother, (that is to say, our good old Grandmother Earth,) were all brethren, and dwelt together in a very friendly and affectionate manner, far, far off in the middle of hot Africa. The Pygmies were so small, and there were so many sandy deserts and such high mountains between them and the rest of mankind, that nobody could get a peep at them oftener than once in a hundred years. As for the giant, being of a very lofty stature, it was easy enough to see him, but safer to keep out of his sight.

Among the Pygmies, I suppose, if one of them grew to the height of six or eight inches he was reckoned a prodigiously tall man. It must have been very pretty to behold their little cities, with streets two or three feet wide paved with the smallest pebbles, and bordered by habitations about as big as a squirrel's cage. The king's palace attained to the stupendous magnitude of Periwinkle's baby-house, and stood in the centre of a spacious square which could hardly have been covered by our hearth-rug. Their principal temple, or cathedral, was as lofty as yonder bureau, and was looked upon as a wonderful sublime and magnificent edifice. All these structures were built neither of stone nor wood. They were neatly plastered together by the Pygmy workmen, pretty much like birds' nests, out of straw, feathers, egg-shells and other small bits of stuff, with stiff clay instead of mortar; and when the hot sun had dried them, they were just as snug and comfortable as a Pygmy could desire.

The country round about, was conveniently laid out in fields, the largest of which was nearly of the same extent as one of the sweet Fern flower beds. Here the Pygmies used to plant wheat and other kind of grain, which, when it grew up and ripened, overshadowed these tiny people, as the pines, and the oaks, and the walnut and chestnut trees overshadow you and me, when we walk in our own tracts of woodland. At the harvest time they were forced to go with their little axes and cut down the grain, exactly as a wood-cutter makes a clearing in the forest; and when a stalk of wheat, with its overburdened top, chanced to come crashing down upon an unfortunate Pygmy, it was apt to be a very sad affair. If it did not smash him all to pieces, at least, I am sure, it must have made the poor little fellow's head ache.

And O, my stars! if the fathers and mothers were so small, what must the children and babies have been? A whole family of them might have been put in a shoe, or have crept into an old glove and played at hide and seek in its thumb and fingers. You might have hidden a year-old baby under a thimble.

Now these funny Pygmies, as I told you before, had a giant for their neighbor and brother, who was bigger, if possible, than they were little. He was so very tall that he carried a pine-tree, which was eight feet through the butt, for a walking stick. It took a far sighted Pygmy, I can assure you, to discern his summit without the help of a telescope; and sometimes, in misty weather, they could not see his upper half, but only his long legs, which seemed to be striding about by themselves. But at noonday, in a clear atmosphere, when the sun shone brightly over him, the giant presented a very fair spectacle. There he used to stand, a perfect mountain of a man with his great countenance smiling down upon his little brothers, and his one vast eye (which was as big as a cart-wheel, and placed right in the centre of his forehead,) giving a friendly wink to the whole nation at once.

The Pygmies loved to talk with Antæus; and fifty times a day, one or another would turn up his head, and shout through the hollow of his fists, 'Hallo, brother Antæus!—How are you, my good fellow?' And when the small, distant squeak of their voices reached his ear, the giant would make an answer, 'Pretty well, brother Pygmy, I thank you,' in a thunderous roar that would have shaken down the walls of their strongest temple, only that it came from so far aloft.

It was a happy circumstance that Antæus was the Pygmy people's friend; for there was more strength in his little finger than in ten millions of such bodies as theirs. If he had been as ill-natured to them as he was to every body else, he might have beaten down their biggest city at one kick, and hardly have known that he did it.

With the tornado of his breath, he could have stripped the roofs from a hundred dwellings, and sent thousands of the inhabitants whirling through the air. He might have set his immense foot upon a multitude, and when he took it up again there would have been a pitiful sight, to be sure. But, being the son of Mother Earth, as they likewise were, the giant gave them his brotherly kindness, and loved them with as big a love as it was possible to feel for creatures so very small. And, on their parts, the Pygmies loved Antæus with as much affection as their tiny hearts could hold. He was always ready to do them any good offices that lay in his power; as, for example, when they wanted a breeze to turn their windmills, and gristmills, the giant would set all the sails a-going, with the mere natural respiration of his lungs. When the sun was too hot, he often sat himself down, and let his shadow fall over the kingdom, from one frontier to the other; and as for matters in general, he was wise enough to let them alone, and leave the Pygmies to manage their own affairs—which, after all is about the best thing that great people can do for such little ones.

In short, as I said before, Antæus loved the Pygmies, and the Pygmies loved Antæus.—The giant's life being as long as his body was large, while the lifetime of a Pygmy was but a span, this friendly intercourse had been going on for innumerable generations and ages. It was written about in the Pygmy histories, and talked about in their ancient traditions. The most venerable and white-bearded Pygmy had never heard of a time, even in his grandfather's days, when the giant was not their enormous friend. Once, to be sure, (as was recorded on an obelisk three feet high, erected on the place of the catastrophe,) Antæus sat down upon about five thousand Pygmies, who were assembled at a military review. But this was one of those unlucky accidents for which nobody is to blame, so that the small folks never took it to heart, and only requested the giant to be careful forever afterwards to examine the acre of ground where he intended to squat himself.

It is a very pleasant picture to imagine Antæus standing among the Pygmies, like the spire of the tallest cathedral that ever was built, while they ran about like pismires at his feet; and to think that, in spite of their difference in size, there was affection and sympathy between them and him! Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the giant needed the little people more than the Pygmies needed the giant. For, unless they had been his neighbors and well wishers, and as we may say, his play-fellows, Antæus would not have had a single friend in the world. No other being like himself had ever been created. No creature of his own size had ever talked with him, in thunder-like accents, face to face.—When he stood with his head among the clouds, he was quite alone and had been so for hundreds of years, and would be so forever.—Even if he had met another giant, Antæus would have fancied the world not big enough for two such vast personages, and, instead of being friends with him, would have fought him till one of the two was killed. But with the Pygmies he was the most sportive and humorous and merry-hearted, and sweet tempered old giant that ever washed his face in a wet cloud.

His little friends, like all other small people, had a great opinion of their own importance, and used to assume quite a patronizing air towards the giant.

'Poor creature!' they said to one another, 'he has a very dull time of it, all by himself, and we ought not to grudge wasting a little of our precious time to amuse him. He is not half so bright as we are, to be sure; and for that reason, he needs us to look after his comfort and happiness. Let us be kind to the old fellow. Why, if Mother Earth had not been very kind to ourselves, we might all have been giants too.'

On all their holidays, the Pygmies had excellent sport with Antæus. He often stretched himself out at full length on the ground, where he looked like the long ridge of a hill, and it was a good hour's walk, do doubt, for a short-legged Pygmy to journey from head to foot of the giant. He would lay down his great hand flat on the grass, and challenge the tallest of them to clamber upon it, and straddle from finger to finger. So fearless were they, that they made nothing of creeping in among the folds of his garments. When his head laid sidewise on the earth, they would march boldly up, and peep into the great cavern of his mouth, and take it all as a joke, (as indeed it was meant,) when Antæus gave a sudden snap with his jaws, as though he were going to swallow fifty of them at once. You would have laughed to see the children dodging in and out among his hair, or swinging from his beard. It is impossible to tell half of the funny tricks that they played with their huge comrade; but I do not know that anything was more curious than when a party of boys were seen running races on his forehead, to try which of them could get first around the circle of his one great eye. It was another favorite feat with them to march along the bridge of his nose, and jump down upon his upper lip.

If the truth must be told, they were sometimes as troublesome to the giant as a swarm of ants or mosquitoes, especially if they had a fondness for mischief, and liked to prick his skin with their little swords and lances, to see how thick and tough it was. Antæus took it all kindly enough; although, once in a while, when he happened to be sleepy, he would grumble out a peevish word or two like the muttering of a tempest, and ask them to have done with their nonsense. A great deal oftener, however, he watched their merriment and gambols until his huge, heavy, clumsy wits were completely stirred up by them; and then would he roar out such a tremendous volume of immeasurable laughter, that the whole nation of Pygmies had to put their hands to their ears, else certainly it would have deafened them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" quoth the giant, shaking his mountainous sides, "What a funny thing it is to be little! If I were not Antæus, I should like to be a Pygmy, just for the joke's sake."

The Pygmies had but one thing to trouble them in the world. They were constantly at war with the Cranes, and had always been so, ever since the long-lived giant could remember. From time to time very terrible battles had been fought, in which sometimes the little men would gain the victory, and sometimes the Cranes. According to some historians, the Pygmies used to go to the battle, mounted on the backs of goats and rams; but such animals as these must have been far too big for Pygmies to ride upon; so that, I suppose, they rode on squirrel-back, or rabbit back, or rat-back, or perhaps, got upon hedge-hogs, whose prickly quills would be very terrible to the enemy. However this might be, and whatever creatures the Pygmies rode upon, I do not doubt that they made a formidable appearance, armed with sword and spear, and bow and arrow, blowing their tiny trumpet, and shouting their little war-cry. They never failed to exhort one another to fight bravely, and to recollect that the world had its eyes upon them; although, in simple truth, the only spectator was the giant, Antæus, with his one great stupid eye, in the middle of his forehead.

When the two armies joined battle the Cranes would rush forward, flapping their wings and stretching out their necks, and would, perhaps, snatch up some of the Pygmies crosswise in their beaks. Whenever this happened, it was truly an awful spectacle to see those little men of might kicking and sprawling in the air, and at last disappearing down the crane's long, crooked throat, swallowed up alive. A hero, you know, must hold himself in readiness for any kind of fate; and doubtless the glory of the thing was a consolation to him, even in the crane's gizzard. If Antæus observed that the battle was going hard against his little allies, he generally stopped laughing, and ran, with mile-long strides, to their assistance, flourishing his club aloft and shouting at the cranes, who quacked and croaked, and retreated as fast as they could. Then the Pygmy army would march homeward in triumph, attributing the victory entirely to their own valor, and to the warlike skill and strategy of whomsoever happened to be captain-general; and for a tedious while afterwards, nothing would be heard of but grand processions, and public banquets, and brilliant illuminations, and shows of wax-work with likenesses of the distinguished officers, as small as life.

In the above-described warfare, if a Pygmy chanced to pluck out a Crane's tail feather, it proved a very great feather in his cap. Once or twice, if you will believe me, a little man was made chief-ruler of the nation for no other merit in the world than bringing home such a feather.

The Outcast.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

A few days ago, as I was taking my accustomed morning's walk, in a mild October morning in the suburbs of the city whereof I am a denizen, I found myself, on a sudden, in the open country. The melancholy landscape of Autumn stretched around; and the bright hues which had characterized the season were beginning to disappear. Nothing disturbed my meditations, except the passage of some early market man or woman hieing with their little world of cares and hens to the mart of the town. I wandered unconsciously onward, until I discovered that I was, as it were, in the midst of a crowd, fronting a low, time-worn tenement. A few vehicles were drawn up around it, and seeing a medical friend whom I knew, I enquired the cause of the assembly. He informed me that a young girl had committed suicide, and was then lying dead in the upper apartment. Moved with sorrowful curiosity, I complied with his request to enter. In one apartment were several females, in tears and distress; in another, the witnesses, and members of the coroner's jury. Ascending the stair-case, I found myself in the presence of the dead; of one, who, before the first dark day of nothingness had swept the lines of beauty from her features, was lying on a pallet of straw, pale in dissolution. The sight was mournful and solemn. Her face had lingering about it all the features of beauty; its ensign was still floating above the voiceless lip, and the deep sealed eye. Heavy masses of rich auburn hair lay on each side of her snowy temples; a faint hue lingered about the cheeks; but the foamy and purple lips indicated how violent was the death she had died. By the bed-side lay a half eaten apple, and a large rhomboid of corrosive sublimate. Particles of this deadly poison were still upon the fruit. Thus the life-weary-taker had ended her days. I looked out upon the gloomy waste of country over which she had gazed her last, at twilight the evening before, and tried to realize what must have been the depth of agony which possessed her spirit then. How must her bruised heart have throbbed with misery!—how dark must have been her soul!—like that of the Medea of Euripides, when she prepared the deadly garment for her rival, and dedicated to death the children of her womb. Thoughts of the cause now agitated my mind. She had confided, and been betrayed. Cruelty and abuse had been her lot; but amidst all she had been constant and devoted. Her hands were clasped as if in prayer; and the potent poison had overcome her system ere she could disunite them.

There are moments when the mysteries of eternity throng so rapidly upon our imagination, that we live years of contemplation in their little round. This was the case with me. There lay the prostrate form of one whose only crime had been, that she had loved, not wisely, but too well; one who stung to the heart by the destroyer of her peace, had determined to lay down her aching head and sorrowful bosom in the rest of the grave.

As I stood gazing at the lifeless object before me—interrupted only by the pitying ejaculations of the few who were present, or the sobs of those who were below—I was requested by the surgeon in attendance, as a personal favor, to go in his private carriage to the residence of the father of the deceased and apprise him of the fatal occurrence, of which he was still ignorant. Receiving my directions, I went. I drove up to a handsome dwelling in a distant street, and was ushered by a servant into a beautiful drawing room, where a glowing fire was burning in the grate. Everything around betokened ease and plenty, if not opulence. The folding doors of the parlor soon opened, and the warm air from an adjoining elegant apartment came in from another fire.

The father stood before me. He was a respectable looking person, but bore about him the marks of violent passions, and an indomitable will.

It was by slow degrees that I communicated to him the horrid death of his child. When I had unburthened my mind and heart he seemed like a statue of marble for a moment; then, sinking upon an ottoman, he gave way to the agony of his soul. His chest heaved with his deep drawn sighs, his lips trembled, and tears, stern tears, "like the first drops of a thunder-shower," came into his eyes.

The history of her sorrows and fate may be briefly told. Her father had emigrated with a lovely and engaging wife, from a foreign country. She was their first born; beloved—idolized. When brothers and sisters were growing up with and around her, she was the favored of them all.

At last her mother died. She was just budding into womanhood, when this sad event took place. After the funeral rites, she found that she was destined to fill her mother's place so far as the guardianship and care of her younger brothers and sisters were concerned. She knew the stern disposition and headstrong passions of her parent, and she strove to the utmost to meet his wishes and oblige his will. Soon, however, his demeanor began to change. He insisted that she was unable to perform the duties required, and a house-keeper was procured, one, it seems, not dissimilar to the celebrated original mentioned by Byron. She was overbearing and vulgar. By degrees, the daughter perceived too surely, that her mother's place was filled to the utmost, in all its relations, by a dishonest and unholy woman. She suffered in silence; she blushed at her own degradation, through the recklessness of her parent, but she breathed not a word. At last her silence was imputed to insubordinate anger; she was pronounced incorrigible, and driven from her father's house—an outcast.

Hitherto she had been worthy and innocent. But evil examples, and a just filial anger, fired her soul. She sought the house of a friend, a close intimate of her mother's where she lived as an assistant in the lighter and more elegant duties of a household. By degrees, her beauty attracted the attention of a youth, the son of her protectress. She loved; she was beset with solemn vows, and an unbroken train of temptations; until finally she was betrayed; and unable to battle against her own remorse, and the thousand shames that rained on her defenceless head she sought the drug and the grave.

Now that for which I somewhat abate my admiration of women, is this. They condemn all derilictions of duty without discrimination. In a case like the present, they make no distinction; they see the bruised heart sink into the dust, with scarce an expression of regret, and hear the report that a sister spirit had rushed unanointed and unanealed, into the presence of its God, without one throb of pity. Why this inexorable judgment? Why this absence of extenuating reasons? Why is it with them that

"Every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister's shame!"

I pretend not to tell; but if their opinions are severe, *what* shall be said of those fiends in human form, who poison the fountains of virtue in the innocent bosom; whose lips breathe the black lie, and the broken vow?—Is there a punishment too great to be inflicted on the villain who approaches the fair fabric of virtue only to leave it in ruin and desolation! Is hell too much? No! To repay the love which one has himself awakened with disgrace and scorn, to drive the spirit one has polluted, into the presence of that Creator from whom it came bright and unsullied; what guilt can be greater, in all the annals of crime?

My heart burns with indignation, as I dwell on the theme. How many a very wretch among the youths of our cities, is dashing in the *beau monde* whose true place is the penitentiary; whose relief from its walls, is the prodigal love of some violated virgin who has suffered long and is kind! These are solemn, but almost interdicted truths. There are some whom I know, of this detestable class; men who will bow and sentimentalize, and flourish at soirees and assemblies, at operas and theatres, who have valiantly spent years of their worthless and spendthrift lives, in daily and nightly endeavors to compass the dishonor of some lowly and lovely one, whom "nature made weak, trusting her defence to man's generosity; whose happiness was the end and aim of loving parents, and whose brow her dishonor has laid in the tomb!

Let me not be understood as the apologist of guilt. I reverence the sweetness and majesty of virtue, but I love the sway of justice. I would warn the tender sex against the easy prejudice which lends them to visit the sins of the voluptuous offender of the moral law upon the victim whom only years of systematic villainy could bring within his toils; who makes the holiest passion subservient to the establishment of the unholiest; until at the last, honor, conscience, hope, all that is worth possessing, is banished from that breast which he found pure, and left corrupted and in shame.

Religion in California.

The following is an extract from a California letter considerably Bunyanish:

The time has been when religion was a scarce article in this country. It is better now, and the moral and religious sense of the people is improving every day. The Methodists have their conferences, their circuits, their stations, their preachers and exhorters all over the country. The Presbyterians, ever vigilant and industrious, are in all the cities and towns, acquiring an influence and swaying the popular feeling to a great extent; and the Baptists are equally industrious; if not so numerous or influential. The Episcopalians flourish in the cities, where they have able ministers and the handsomest churches; and the Catholics are prosperous at the old missions, in San Francisco and some other places. The American population complain of lack of talent in this church among the "fathers." The emigrant need not fear being without his accustomed church privileges in this country. The greater danger is that he will leave his religion behind him. There are several ways leading out of California to the "Great Highway," of which we read in the good book.

The Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Catholics all have their lines, which they say connects with the "highway of holiness;" and each line is furnishing suitable cars to accommodate the "travellers to eternity" who start from California.

Do you see those plain looking cars yonder? That is the Methodist train? The little, noisy, strong-looking locomotive you see there is the "John Wesley." It always starts with a tremendous load. The road runs meandering up and down the rivers, across the prairies, through the woods, by all the towns, along all the settlements, past every hut, and to the very tops of the mountains, and the train stops at every place for passengers. The conductors are plain, practical, and energetic men.—The passengers are zealous and enthusiastic. When they start they give a loud, long shout, and you would think "the kingdom of heaven suffered violence and the violent (were about to) take it by storm." On their banner is inscribed 'religion in earnest,' and as they pass through the woods they make the welkin ring with the song—

"Bright Canaan, bright Canaan,
We are bound for the land of Canaan."

Yonder is the Baptist Depot. Their cars are stout, the seats uncushioned, the conductors exacting and circumspect and the passengers numerous and pious. The train is drawn by the "Baptitso," (a Greek word to *immerse.*) It is surprising how so small a locomotive can take so heavy a train over so rough a road.—They have tunneled the "mountains of sin" and bridged the hollows of "iniquity," but water has no terrors for them, and hence they go plumb through the "river Jordan."

"To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie."

But see here; do you notice that beautiful train of cars yonder, with handsome gothic windows and velvet cushioned seats? Do you see the surplice, the silk gown, and the golden cross? That is the Episcopal train.—That gorgeously mounted and smoothly running locomotive is "Henry the Eighth." It sweeps over the solid Trail as if propelled by Ericsson's new "Motor." There is a large sprinkling of lawyers in that train. It is the most fashionable and genteel train that runs out of California. (The Unitarians are not fairly under way yet.) They take towards heaven a vast amount of worldly wisdom, theological learning and pious gentility. It is supposed that St. Peter, who has the keys, is of opinion that the passengers who come in these cars are his relatives and descendants; albeit he does'nt like the name of the locomotive, "Henry the Eighth," in his opinion having been a great scamp.

The Presbyterians, however, are doing the best business in California. They train the mind, inculcate inflexible morals, have skilled engineers, intelligent conductors and well arranged cars. They run through a hostile country—they come in contact with sabbath breakers, gamblers and drunkards, and pounce on the hosts of sin everywhere. They are skillful in maneuvre, and display superior generalship in a fight. Their roads runs through all the towns; they have missionaries in all important places; they have colporteurs or runners on the steamboats, beating for passengers, and Satan himself cannot get up an enterprise without danger of having a Presbyan after him to spy out his plans and borrow his thunder.

But listen to those chimes; the Catholic train is about to start. These old cars look as though they were made a thousand years ago, antiquated, dark, gloomy, rusty, but very stout old cars. They run full, however. See the cross, and Latin inscriptions, and see those "Sisters," bonnets. The more one looks around here, the more he sees to interest him. The road from California connects with the old line from Rome, which was started eighteen hundred years ago, and is supposed to be the most direct way to heaven. It enters at the front door, while all the other lines "climb up some other way." So they say.

The Mahomedans have no line from California. The Mormons are building a Mahomedan *corderoy* from Salt Lake City—the cars are to be drawn by asses.

Let no one think that I am treating this subject lightly. It is in most humble imitation of the great Bunyan. Sinner, get you a sent and ticket as soon as possible, lest it become "eternally too late."

A Deed of Noble Daring.

The following deed of noble daring is recorded as one of the events attendant on the late destruction by fire of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow.

From the suddenness of this melancholy occurrence, and from the number of employees permantly living with their families in the house, many lives were lost. Three skeletons were found in the ashes. Just at the commencement of the fire, three workmen, who had been engaged in the upper stories, finding no means to descend by the staircase, so rapid was the progress of the flames, jumped out of the windows to the lower roof, which, being of iron, soon became so intensely hot that two of the unfortunate beings, not capable of enduring the heat, threw themselves to the ground, and were killed by the fall. The third with more presence of mind, made his way over protruding broad cornices to the front roof, and there remained for some minutes, till the greedy element, not content with the number of its victims, made its appearance close by him.

The poor man cried loudly for help. Ladders were procured, but they did not reach the height at which he stood. He saw it, and raising his arms toward Heaven, he made a sign of the cross and began to approach the edge of the precipice before him. In an instant more he would have been a corpse. Thousands of people stood all around, gazing with horror at the immense pile, upon which this poor man remained helpless and hopeless.—Silence like that of the grave reigned among the multitude. His fate seemed inevitable.—Suddenly was heard a voice, "Stay a moment, my good fellow! Pray to God Almighty, and I'll endeavor to save you!" All eyes were turned to the spot from which those sentences were uttered. A group of three men were observed, common peasants; two of them holding by the arms and shoulders a third, who was struggling hard to break from the hold of his friends. "Let me go, my lads," said he, "my heart is burning within me; I cannot bear the sight of a christian soul thus perishing!" And with a powerful effort he broke loose, and darted forward.

The dense crowd gave way as he ran to the burning building, pulling from himself and at the same time throwing away his shoot (sheep skin) and his hat. In an instant he was at the foot of the ladder; here he took off his boots, attached a rope round his waist, and seizing an oven-fork, which happened to lie close by, he began to ascend the ladder, which did not reach at the utmost to two-thirds of the height at which stood the victim. Having attained the upper footstep, the generous man took hold of the rain-gutter. Apparently it was not a very safe means of ascent, as it bent and rattled under his weight. But the man was resolved; he made the sign of the cross, and began to climb up. A cloud of suffocating smoke whirled around him; the flames were fast approaching; burning timber, red-hot sheets of roof iron were falling down from every side, but what to him was all this? His heart was burning within his breast; he could not bear the sight of a christian soul thus perishing.

It was a frosty day; the rain-gutter was as cold as ice; his warm, sweaty palms and fingers stick and freeze to the iron tube; he tears them off, leaving bloody marks at every hole. From thence by means of the oven-fork, he handed the rope to the poor man above him. "Tie it fast to the hook which supports the gutter. That's right. Now descend!" And he held the other end of the rope, and preceding the man, still supporting him down the gutter, placed him on the ladder. The man was saved.

During all this time the multitude stood breathless; but when they saw them both out of danger, all hats were taken off, and the sign of the cross at every breast testified a general thanksgiving, and a loud shout approved the act of generosity. Every one pressed forward to see the hero of this scene. The first who approached him, an officer in the army, gave him twenty-five roubles of silver. The example was followed; noblemen, merchants, peasants took out their purse—some gave golden, some silver coin; some threw into his hat a few copper copecks; all gave what they could. "God bless you, noble friend!" was heard from every side.

The name of this generous man is Bizil Marrine, a native of the government of Tarosslaff. Being a roofer by trade, he for many years lived at St. Petersburgh, pursuing his vocation; but, afterwards engaged himself as a boiler-maker at the Government foundery of Kolpine. Last year he took leave of absence and visited his native village. Having spent a few months with his friends, he was returning to St. Petersburgh by way of Moscow, to avail himself of the railways. He came to the ancient capital the day before the fire; and not having caught the train, was obliged to remain till the next day. As this was his first arrival in Moscow, he took the opportunity of seeing the Kremlin, the old fortress, and to visit its venerable cathedrals. There, from some passers-by, he heard of the fire, and hastened to the spot, where he so nobly distinguished himself.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day he took his seat in a railway carriage. On the 13th of the same month he reached St. Petersburgh, and again enlisted himself in the number of workmen at Kolpine. In two days after he was summoned to the office of the general police-master of the capital, where he was told that the Emperor desired to see him. He was accordingly taken to the palace. His Imperial Majesty received Marrine in his cabinet, and was pleased to say to him when he entered, "I thank you for a good action. Embrace me, and relate how you did it." In simple words Marrine told his story; and, when he finished, the Emperor dismissed him, saying, "Now you may go, but in case of need come to me at any time." Soon afterwards Marrine was rewarded with a medal and a sum of one hundred and fifty roubles silver.

Maxims worth Reading.

The generations of men follow each other, as the waves in a swolen river.

He who can suppress a moment's anger will prevent lasting sorrow.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days shows a man's heart.

Do not anxiously hope for what has not yet come. Do not vainly regret what has already past.

As the scream of an eagle is heard when she passes over, so a man's name remains after his death.

If there be want of concord among members of the same family, other men will take advantage of it to injure them.

Do not love idleness and hate labor! do not be diligent in the beginning, and at last end lazy.

The spontaneous gifts of heaven are of high value; but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

Accustom yourself to have some employment from every hour you can prudently snatch from business.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

Earnest Words.

We find them recorded in books, [illegible] and are impressed by them—we mentally ejaculate, "Blessings on those who write earnest words, and breathe deep thoughts into the hearts of the young and undecided, at the beginning of their pilgrimage!"

We hear them from the lips of parents and teachers. We wonder if they will be heeded by those to whom they are addressed, or whether they are mere sounds, destined to die upon the ear and be forgotten in an hour. These earnest words are the fruits of experience and affection. Will the young believe this? Will they heed the voice of warning, the yearnings of affectionate hearts?

Earnest words are heard from the pulpit—words fraught with the stupendous truths of morality, and pardon for guilty men. Are these words heeded? Men spend their lives in speaking them. They go about from house to house breathing them.

Earnest words are sent forth through the periodical and newspaper presses of our country. Words of warning—words of admonition—words of encouragement—words of love.

Let them still go on their mission. Like seed thrown from the hand of the husbandman, some doubtless "fall upon stony ground"—some will first spring up, but wither when the noonday sun shine, "because they have no depth of earth; while others, falling upon good ground, shall bring forth, some thirty, and some an hundred fold."—*Madison (Ga.) Visitor.*

Facts in Natural History.

The rattle snake finds a superior foe in the deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattle snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, he leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp and bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is commonly successful, but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial till he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful manœuvre leaves but a single chance for its victim either to escape or to inject into his more alert antagonist. The rattle snake also finds a dreaded opponent in the black snake. Such is the celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself around its victim, that the rattle snake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace. When the black and rattle snake are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him with five or six folds, and then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face to ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied, and the screw tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the hopeless victim. Thus the two remain 30 or 40 minutes, the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any sign of life appear; if so, the coil is resumed and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely lifeless. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

MOTTO ON THE BRIDAL RING.—A young gentleman, of fine intellect and noble heart, was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all the endearments of life. Surrounded by everything that could make existence pleasant and happy—a wife that idolized him—children that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him, the summons came, and he lay upon the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded placed a bridal ring upon his finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engraved. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her the day would come when her wish should be gratified and she should know the secret.—Seven years glided away, and a day or two since, when conscious that he must leave his wife forever, he called her to his bedside, and with his dying accents told her that the hour had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger and, though heart-stricken with grief, eagerly read the words, "I have loved thee on earth—I will meet thee in heaven."

NOCTURNAL CONVERSATION.—*Wife,* (complainingly.) I have'nt more than a third of the bed.

Husband, (triumphantly.)—Well, that's all the law allows you.

This, which is *bona fide,* is one of the best curtain talks we ever heard of. Another good one is told of Dibdin, the poet. "Charles, my dear," said she, "the wind is dreadful." "Put a peppermint lozenge out of the window, my dear," said he, "it's a capital thing for wind."

True modesty blushes for everything that is criminal. False modesty blushes for everything that is unfashionable.