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Poet's Corner.

From Putnam's Magazine.

PHANTOMS.

All houses wherein men have lived and died,
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at the table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The strangers at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear,
He but perceives what is; while unto me
All that he has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of mere etheral air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

The purtubations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star—
That undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd,
Into the realms of mystery and night.

So far from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

NAPOLEON'S PRAYER.

Yes! bury me deep in the infinite sea;
Let me have a limitless grave:
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest wave.
Oh, bury me
Far yon
As far as the reach of all earthly control
Were the fathomless depths of my mind,
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were as the tides to the rest of mankind.

Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow that's sky-ward curled
Shall seem to re-echo my name.

That name shall be storied in annals of crime
In the uttermost corners of earth;
Now breathed as a curse, now a spell-word sublime,
In the glorified land of my birth.

Ay! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea;
It would burst from a narrower tomb;
Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be
Whose mandate to millions was doom?

Miscellaneous.

Rules for Home Education.

The following are worthy of being printed in letters of gold, and being placed in a conspicuous place in every household:

1. From your children's earliest infancy you must inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them anything unless you are sure that you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your child for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you or make you lose your self command,

7. If they give way to petulence and temper, wait until they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under like circumstances at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale bearing.

A story is going the rounds, of a party of young ledies who were caught in a shower, having the color washed from their cheeks.—A lady at our elbow thinks the color of some gentlemen's noses will not wash out at present!

Justice is the great but simple principle, and the whole secret of success in all government; as absolutely essential to the training of an infant as to the control of a mighty nation.

A quack doctor in one of his bills, said he could bring *living* witnesses to prove the efficacy of his nostrums, "which is more," says he; than others in my line can do.'

From Putnam's Magazine.

American Ladies.

There is no complaint more common than that of the intense dulness of our ordinary society. This is so well understood, that no one is surprised at hearing an invitation spoken of as an infliction, and the acceptance of it as a thing to be eluded by any and every social art and fiction. We venture to say that *ours is the only country under the sun where this is the case.* And the reason is but too obvious; it is, that as a general thing, unless there are people hired to amuse in some way, there is absolutely nothing expected at a social gathering but dress and display, for which not every one has means or inclination. Nobody goes into company intending to contribute in the smallest degree to the pleasure of others, and so the whole thing is vitiated and hollow.

There will be many Mrs. Potiphar's balls this winter! Would we might live to see the end of them.

Do we mean, then, to say that American women, as they are, are not accomplished? Let us summon all our courage—nay, all our benevolence, and confess that that is just what we do mean. (We have thrust sticks into a hornet's nest before now, on purpose to pull it down and get at some lovely pears that were growing above.) We do say—and let our unhappy bachelorhood take the blame if we are wrong—that American ladies, spite of thousand dollar boarding-schools and immensely mustached teachers of everything, are *not* practically furnished forth with the knowledge and skill for which their parents have paid so much; do not carry with them into their married homes, habits which demand the exercise of talent, taste and perseverance, with the single object of pleasing those with whom they live, and making home the centre and natural theatre of their best graces. We do say, and with a deeper sorrow than the subject may seem to some to warrant, that Music, dancing and French are the only accomplishments technically so called, cultivated to any considerable extent and that the first of these is so entirely perverted from its divine uses, that no young lady plays in company for the sole purpose of giving pleasure, or without an idea of competion or display. 'No young lady!' we hear some indignant voice exclaim; alas! dear reader, have patience—if there be exceptions, they are to few too be considered. Ask any splendid singer of your acquaintance to sing an old-fashioned song, one popular twenty or thirty years ago, and not yet 'revived' by some musical prodigy in public, and you will be convinced. Ask your daughter to play for your country cousin, and see if she will play any but the most difficult music, such as is mere confusion to uninstructed ears. Request the young lady who sang very sweetly last evening in a company where there were only ordinary performers, to oblige you again to night, when her rival at Madame ——'s has astonished the room. But this is a little aside from our theme. What we ought rather to say is, see how large a proportion of the fifty *married* ladies of your acquaintance who have had a musical education, play and sing at all, after two or three years' housekeeping. Music is no longer a home accomplishment, a family treasure, a life long joy. There is a great delusion about it, which an ideal woman will see through and live down. But enough.

Dancing is not worth many words. It is properly, the joyous expression of hilarity and strength, and dies a natural death as soberer hours creep on, and the muscles have enough to do otherwise. Let it take care of itself, under the sweet guidance of delicacy and grace. We have no quarrel with it, so long as it keeps its place.

The study of the French language is, in most cases, a mere mania of the day, in many a spending of time and money without intelligent end or aim, since it finishes with the school days and never had any intended use as a key to French literature. If here we seem to make a rash assertion again, we desire to be put to a test similar to the one proposed just now. Ask the six most intelligent married ladies of your friends how many French authors they have read in the original since they left school. Would we then discourage the study? Far from it; we would only continue it through life; we would never undertake it without meaning to do so. The only other feasible object of so much toil would be the chance of marrying one of our numerous foreign ambassadors or *charges*, who we'ld certainly be made much more respectable in the eyes of people abroad if even their wives had this indispensable competency for the position.

As to drawing, that lovely home talent, in the exercise of which British ladies so generally excel, how small a proportion of ours who know anything about it. A lady artist is almost a *lusus naturae* among us, and even a tolerable skill in sketching from nature is extremely rare. Of all the educated American women we know, and that includes a goodly number, encountered in the course of our wanderings, there are not six who can make a drawing they are willing or ought to be willing to show. Why is this? Let us not enter on the ungracious exposition. Let the ladies answer for themselves.

We have said enough about what are popularly called accomplishments, and shall pursue the topic no further at present. But our ideal American woman is but half indicated as yet. We have implied her outline by contrast and comparison; let us now be a little more direct. Having confessed that neither the grub nor the butterfly is to our taste, we we would farther that an enlightened and elegant woman gives her own character to her occupations.—As she feels, believes and is, so will her work be, in kitchen or parlour. That shrewd beauty, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a duke's daughter, saw this and said it, a hundred years ago. '*Meubler une chambre*,' she says (we quote from memory) '*ce n'est pas meubler une chambre; c'est orner un endroit ou j'attends mon ami. Ordonner un souper*,' etc. The thing is what we make it.

One of the great Dutch painters represents the Holy Family after a courageous fashion; Joseph plane ing at a carpenter's bench, with shavings falling about him; Mary with a family mending, plying the needle industriously; and the Saviour, a youth of fourteen, meekly sweeping the floor with a broom. More could hardly have been done for the dignity of household labour.

We shall, therefore, as we hope, not shock anybody by saying that, to our thinking, our ladies of fortune show bad taste by their studious avoidance of those household occupations which their sisters without fortune are in duty bound to practise daily. This brings these occupations—necessary for the comfort and happiness of every human family, from the palace to the hut, and therefore proper objects to every one having a human heart and sympathies—into disrepute and contempt.—We contend that domesticity is the honour and glory of a woman, whatever her fortune and abilities; and that when she performs all its duties by means of hirelings, she is untrue to herself and her birthright. Nature's revenge is severe enough, for, the loss of real pleasure and interest is incalculable, and there is no computing the *ennui*, inanity and ill health that come of the error. But the punishment is seldom recognized as such, certain as it is. The lady becomes 'nervous,' and accuses her cruel stars; or 'dyspeptic,' and talks of her stomach till she turns every one's else; or consumptive, and goes down to the grave in the prime of life by what is called a 'mysterious dispen sation.' But she never believes, nor can you persuade her, that the dulness and monotony of an objectless wasted life has anything to do with these and results. She would laugh at you, if she could yet laugh, should you tell her that the woman who, with no choice in the matter, flies from the needle to the churn, from the broom to the pie-board, and from putting the children to bed to knitting stockings for them, is far happier and better off, and would be still more blessed if, in addition, she had the cultivation, the taste, and the abundant means thrown away upon her idle sisters, without losing her own activity and the habit of various employment.

'Want of time' is much talked of as if from the shortness of life we could wisely attempt but little. But this is a great error. The complaint is oftenest made by the idle and inefficient. It has been proved a thousand times that those who have the most to do have the most effective leisure—i. e., that they are the people to apply to if you need aid unexpectedly. Our working hours are carefully reckoned by the clock; those that slip by unprofitably, do so unrecorded. There is time for the highest cultivation and the highest usefulness; those who doubt it, accuse Providence, as if powers were meant to run to waste. The languor of too much rest is not repose, but imbecility; the intervals of intense action are sweet, and full of life and promise. The excitements of a true woman's life, under favorable circum stances, are gentle, but they are incessant. She has no occasion for severe labour, she has no excuse for wilful idleness.—Our ideal woman will not think idleness lady like.

The ideal American woman—would that her time were come!—will govern her children, which certainly the American woman of to-doy does not. We will venture to say that so many utterly uncurbed children are not to be found anywhere as in the United States; perfect nuisances to everybody who is unhappy enough to come in contact with them.—an expression perhaps suggested by the fact that we are still black and blue from the kicks of a little boy whom his mamma very complacently allowed to assault us repeatedly during a long stage-ride this last summer. We sho'ld perhaps have been more indignant if the good lady had not been kept in countenance by all the American mothers we encountered during a pretty long tour. It is hardly possible to exaggerate in describing the behavior of American chileren to their parents, their nurses, their unhappy teachers—and why is this so little noticed? In conversation it is a never-failing topic, especially among travellers, who experience its effects in every steamer car and carriage. Ask our teachers to what extent parents aid them in the government of children. If they dare they will tell you sad stories.

Now, begging pardon of all the dear good women of our acquaintance who allow their children to treat them with disrespect, there is pitiable weakness in this, and our ideal woman will put it to shame by the firmness with which she will grant her children theirs. She will not, *for the sake of seeming amiable*, let them grow up in unchecked insolence, which, in the end, she is as unwilling to bear as other people. She will neither be the tyrant of her children, nor allow them to lord it over her; she will not harrass them by incessant governing, nor permit them to despise proper restraints.

☞ If all the babies in the world were seated together, and spanked at the same time, how many sugar plums would it take to quiet them?

The Great American Desert.

There is a great desert in the interior of North America. It is almost as large as the famous Saharra of Africa. It is fifteen hundred miles long, and a thousand wide. Now, if it were a regular shape—that is to say, a parallelogram—you could at once compute its area, by multiplying its length upon the breadth; and you would obtain one million and a half of square miles for the result. But its outlines are as yet very imperfectly known, and although it is fully fifteen hundred miles long and in some places a thousand in breadth its surface extent is not over one million of square miles, or twenty-five times the size of England. Fancy a desert twenty five times as big as all England! Do you not think that it has received a most appropriate name, when it is called the Great American Desert!

Now, my young friend, what do you understand by a desert? I think I can guess.—When you read or hear of a desert, you think of a vast level plain, covered with sand, and without trees, or grass, or any kind of vegetation. You think, also, of this sand being blown about in thick, yellow clouds, and no water to be seen in any direction. This is your idea of a desert, is it not? Well, it is not altogether the correct one. It is true that in almost every desert there are these sandy plains, yet there are other parts of a far different character, equally deserving the name of *desert*. Although the interior of the great Sahara has not yet been fully explored, enough is known of it to prove that it contains large tracts of mountains and hilly country, with rocks and valleys, lakes, rivers and springs.—There are also fertile spots, at wide distances from each other, covered with trees, and shrubs and beautiful vegetation. Some of these spots are small, while others are of large extent, and inhabited by independent tribes, and even whole kingdoms of people. A fertile tract of this kind is called an *oasis*.

Of a similar character is the Great American Desert; but its surface is still more varied with what may be termed "geographical features." There are plains—some of them more than a hundred miles wide—where you can see nothing but white sand, often drifting about on the wind, and here and there thrown into long ridges such as those made by a snow storm. There are other plains, equally large, where no sand appears, but brown barren earth, utterly destitute of vegetation. There are others again, [illegible] shrub, with leaves of a pale, silvery color. In some places it grows so thickly, interlocking its twisted and knotted branches, that a horseman can hardly ride through them. This shrub is the *artemisia*—a species of wild sage or wormwood—and the plains upon which it grows are called by the hunters who cross them the sage prairies. Other plains are met with that present a black aspect to the traveller. These are covered with lava, that at some distant period of time has been vomited forth from volcanic mountains, and now lies frozen up, and broken into small fragments like the stones upon a new made road. Still other plains present themselves in the American Desert. Some are white, as if snow had fallen freshly upon them and yet it is not snow but salt. Yes; pure white salt—covering the ground six inches deep, and for fifty miles, in every direction. Others, again, have a similar appearance; but instead of salt you find the substance which covers them to be soda.

There are mountains, too—indeed one half of the desert is very mountainous—and the great chain of the Rocky Mountains—of which you have no doubt heard—runs sheer through it from north to south. But there are other mountains besides these; mountains of every height, and sometimes in their shape and color presenting very striking and singula appearances. Some of them run for miles in horizontal ridges like the roofs of houses, and seemingly so narrow at their tops that one might sit astride of them. Others, again, of a conical form stand out in the plain apart from the rest.

There are mountins where no trees are seen, nor any signs of vegetation along their sides. Huge naked rocks of granite appear piled upon each othei. There are peaks perfectly white, because they are always covered with a thick mantle of snow. There are other peaks almost as white, and yet it is not with snow. These are mountains of pure limestone, or the white quartz rock. There are mountains again upon which neither [illegible] leaf is to be seen. And there are still other mountains in the great American Desert, to startle the traueller with their strange appearance. They are those that glitter with the mica and selenite. These, when seen from a distance flashing under the sun, look as tho' they were mountains of silver and gold.

The rivers, too; strange rivers are they.—Some run over broad shallow beds of bright sand. Large rivers—hundreds of yards in width, with sparkling waters. Follow them down their course. What do you find? Instead of growing larger, like the rivers of your own land, they become less and less, until at length their waters sink into the sands and you see nothing but the dry channel for miles upon miles. Go still farther, and again the water appears, and onward increases in volume, until, thousands of miles from the sea, large ships can float upon their bosom.—Such are the Arkansas and the Platte.

There are other rivers that run between bleak, rocky banks—banks a thousand feet high, whose bald, naked 'bluffs' frown at each other across the deep chasm, in the bottom of which roars the troubled water. Often these banks extend for hundreds of miles, so steep at all points that one cannot go down to the bed of their stream; and often the traveler has perished with thirst, while the roar of their water was sounding in his ears. Such are th Colorado and the Snake.

Still others go sweeping through the broad plains, tearing up the clay with their mighty floods, and year after year changing their channels, until they are sometimes a hundred miles from their ancient beds. Here they are found gurgling for many leagues under ground—under vast rafts formed by the trees which they have borne downwards in their currents.—There you find them winding by a thousand loops, like the sinuosities of a great serpent, rolling sluggishly along, with waters red and turbid as though they were rivers of blood.—Such are the Brazos and the Red.

Strange rivers are they that struggle through the mountains, and valleys, and plateau lands of the Great American Desert.

Not less strange are its lakes. Some lie in the deep recesses of hills that dip down so steeply you cannot reach their shores; while the mountains around them are so bleak and naked, that not even a bird ever wings its flight across their silent waters. Other lakes are seen in the broad, barren plains; and yet, a few years after, the traveller finds them not—they have dried up and disappeared. Some are fresh, with waters like crystal; others brackish and muddy; while many of them are more salt than the ocean itself.

In this desert there are springs—springs of soda and sulphur, and salt waters; and others so hot that they boil up as in a great caldron, and you could not dip your finger into them without scalding it.

There are vast caves piercing the sides of the mountains, and deep chasms opening into the plains—some of them so deep that you might fancy mountains had been scooped out to form them. They are called 'barrancas.'—There are precipices rising straight up from the plains, thousands of feet in height, and steep as a wall; and through the mountains themselves you may see great clefts cut by the rivers, as though they had been tunneled and their tops had fallen in. They are called 'canons.' All these singular formations mark the wild region of the Great American Desert.

It has its denizens. These are oases in it some of them large, and settled by civilized men. One of these is the country of New [illegible] and 30,000 inhabitants. These are of the Spanish and mixed Indian races. Another oasis is the country around the Great Salt and Utah Lakes Here is also a settlement established in 1846. Its people are Americans and Englishmen.—They are the Mormons; and, though they dwell hundreds of miles from any sea, they will in time become a large and powerful nation of themselves.

Besides these two great oases, there are thousands of others of all sizes—from fifty miles in breadth, to the little spot of a few acres, formed by the fertilizing waters of some gurgling spring. Many of these are without inhabitants. In others, again, dwell tribes of Indians, some of them numerous and powerful, possessing horses and cattle; while o thers are found in small groups of three or four families each, subsisting miserably upon roots, seeds, grass, reptiles, and insects. In addition to the two great settlements we have mentioned, and the Indians, there is another class of men scattered over this region. These are white men—hunters and trappers. They subsist by trapping the beaver, and hunting the buffalo and other annimals. Their life is one continued scene of peril, both from the wild animals which they encounter in their lonely excusions, and the hostile Indians with whom they come in contact. These men procure the furs of the beaver, the otter, the muskrat, the marten, the ermine, the lynx, the fox, and the skins of many other animals. This is their business, and by this they live. There are forts, or trading posts, established by adventurous merchants, at long distances from each other, and at these forts the trappers exchange their furs for the necessary implements of their calling.

There is another class of men who traverse the great desert. For many years there has been a commerce carried on between the oasis of New Mexico and the United States. This commerce employs a considerable amount of capital, and a great number of men, principally Americans. The goods are transported in large wagons [illegible] mules or oxen; and a train of these wagons is called a 'caravan.'—Other caravans—Spanish ones—cross the western wing of the desert from Sonora to California, and thence to New Mexico. Thus you see the American Desert has its caravans as well as the Saara.

These Caravans travel for hundreds of miles through countries in which there are no inhabitants, except the scattered and roving bands of Indians; and there are many parts so sterile, that not even these can exist in them.

The caravans, however, usually follow a track which is known, and where grass and water may be found at certain seasons of the year. There are several of these tracks, or, as they are called, 'trails,' that cross from the frontier settlements of the United States to those of New Mexico. Between one and another of them, however, stretch vast regions of desert country,—entirely unexplored and unknown,—and many fertile spots exist, that have never been trodden by the foot of man.

Such, then, my young friend, is a rough sketch of some of the more prominent features of the Great American Desert.—*Reid's English Family Robinson.*

How the Green Branch Withered.

Robin May, when I first knew him, was as industrious a fellow as you would wish to see, working at his trade of shoemaking, with that sort of spirit which seems to grow brighter and brisker the more it is occupied. He had gone creditably through his apprenticeship on the whole, seldom giving cause for a complaint except now and then, when his master said, a little angrily, that Robin was too apt at times to forget how many minutes went to the dinner hour. However, the apprenticeship came to an end, and Robin became a journeyman, and being a quick and painstaking hand, he had a run of the best work, and he took a pride in turning it off the last in the first style of finish, and as a consequence he got first rate wages. Some of his shop mates would grumble occasionally at this, fancying themselves treated unfairly by their master; but it is as natural for the best work to get into the best hands, as it is for the sun to shine brightest where there are fewest clouds, whatevever the grumblers may say or think to the contrary. If at this time Robin had a fault, it was self-conceit; he thought more highly of himself than a man ought to think, from which we may guess that he wanted balance. Judgment is to a man's mind what the 'governor' is to a steam engine; and Robin, with all his cleverness, would have been the better for a little more of the 'governor' in his constitution. Besides, he could, as is said, 'sing a good song,' and was very fond of hearing himself praised for his vocal efforts, so that had it not been that he now and then got a snubbing from his fellow-workmen, Robin's conceit would altogether have run away with him.

Still, with all this, Robin worked hard, and saved money, and after a few years of journey-work, he took advantage of a favorable opportunity of going into business on his own account; and such was his reputation for neatness of fit and excellence of workmanship, that he soon gained a connexion, gave satisfaction to his customers, and became a flourishing tradesman.

This success, as may be supposed, gladdened Robin's heart, and visions of distinction began to float across his imagination, he felt sure he should rise in the world. Some day, perhaps, he might be church-warden, or common-councilman, or mayor—who could tell! These offices are legitimate objects of ambition, and why should not Robin rise into them as well as another, especially as he attended to the main chance, and was seldom away from his cutting-board at the counter. The hare escapes while the sportsman winks; and a business runs away if the master's eye is not pretty constantly upon it.

Robins master had been a teetotaler, from which cause it happened that although Robin liked a glass of ale now and then, he was in the main a water drinker, which was all in his favor, for his business grew like a green branch and while it was watered with water only, it continued to flourish and put forth green leaves in abundance. But as time went on, and Robin's savings increased, and his account at the bank grew larger and larger, the clever shoemaker began to think that he need not stick to work quite so closely, at all events he was entitled to a good share of repose and relaxation in the after part of the day.

A man, however, must, do something; it is only disgracefully lazy people who can bear to live in perfect inaction, and as Robin had lived long enough in the town to form acquaintances, he would go occasionally and call on a neighbor came to their house, and a very snug and sociable party they were.—Robin had not forgotten how to sing, and so much pleasure did he give by his music, that his neighbor said, more than once, 'How I should like to hear you sing that song at our club.'

Robin's love of praise had not diminished as he grew older, and he had not much difficulty in persuading himself that he had a right to indulge himself a little, now that pounds were more plentiful with him than pence used to be formerly. So he went to the club, which was called the 'Convival Club,' and met every Wednesday evening. His neighbor introduced him, and all the company seemed so cordial, and made so much of him after he had sung a song, and were so loud in their applause, that Robin felt himself [illegible] at ease, and thought it was something to be looked up to at a club. One song of course [illegible] the singer was invited to 'wet his whistle' with a glass of gin and water, and so he kept it up, and went home a little before midnight in right good humor, pleased with himself and all around him.

Having gone once to the club, it was not difficult to go again. 'Business is good,' said Robin to himself, and if any misgivings rose in his mind, he kept them down with the tho't that there could not possibly be any harm in taking a friendly glass in such respectable company.

For a little while the green branch seemed to flourish more than ever under the stimulus of the strong fluid with which Robin now watered it. But, as gardeners know well, it is of no use trying to go against nature; and if plants and vegetables cannot have proper nourishment, they die. They must have the right thing, or none at all.

However, after the first burst, the green branch began to shew symptoms of being out of order; something was not right; either a blight had fallen on it, or a worm had got to its heart. Some of the leaves turned yellow, a few became black, and those that remained green had a sort of doubtful look, as though their turn would soon come. After watering it for a time with gin, Robin tried rum and brandy, for from singing at the club he got to sing at election meetings, and instead of some thirty or forty there were four or five hundred to clap their hands, and cry, 'a capital song!' Still the branch did not recover its greenness, but withered visibly in the sight of all beholders.

Some things, it is said, die very hard; and so it was with Robin May's green branch; even after all the leaves fell off, the hard wood struggled to push forth new ones, and although a few sickly buds made their appearance, they never came to any thing, and at last the branch died outright, and seemed to have been scorched by a thunderbolt.

Many years afterwards, when Robin was a lone, tottering, trembling pauper in the workhouse, he might at times be heard murmuring to himself, 'It wanted only water, and I killed it with strong liquor!'

The Dead Sea and the Cities of the Plain.

In the Old Testament scriptures, there is an account of the overthrow and destruction of certain cities, inhabitants of which aroused the Divine vengeance. It has always been a favorite theory with many moderns, that the Dead Sea covered the site of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and unless we err in our recollections, Lieut. Lynch gave that opinion an emphatic endorsation. Indeed, our gallant officer had no doubt that he found Mrs. Lot who we are told, was transformed into a pillar of salt, for looking back as she ran.

A book has just been published in England, and we presume will soon appear in this country which will give the quietus to the popular ideas on this subject. It seems that Monsieur de Sauley, a member of the French Institute could not coincide in opinion with the popular notions of the overthrow of the cities of the plain; regarding them as unauthorized by the scriptural history of that event. His desire to vindicate the correctness of his views induced him to visit the Holy Land. Accordingly, he left for the scene of his labors in 1850, being accompanied by his son, by the Abbe de St. Micheu, and several intelligent friends. In that and the following year, he pursued his archæological explorations with the happiest results.

He was abundantly supplied with means, and having secured a strong body of infantry and cavalry, he was enabled to proceed with his mission without danger, from the nomadic tribes of Arabs. He directed his attention, first, to a careful examination of the Dead Sea. Beneath the stinking waters of this remarkable sea, popular tradition had located Sodom and Gomorrah; but he was soon convinced, that, like the apples which were once believed to grow upon its borders, the popular idea had no foundation in fact.

But he found the cities of the plain, and rode among their ruins. His eyes looked upon their widely extended remains, bearing even now, the marks of that terrible visitation 'fire from Heaven'—which consumed and destroyed them. Upon the shores, and in the vallies where they originally stood, this French savant discovered their blackened ruins.

It is surprising that they have not been sooner discovered. The Holy Land has been a point of interest with all travellers and explorers in all times. From the crusades until the present hour, men have flocked thither and trodden the land more full of sublime memories than any other portion of this babbling earth.

But we easily account for the failure to discover these relics of olden times. Men have always visited the Dead Sea, and as they looked upon its sluggish, salt waters, have regarded them as shutting up in darkness the cities accursed of Heaven. Hence no traveller has sought after the cities of the plain, and it has been reserved for the French savant of the present day to bring to light this strong confirmation of the Old Testament records.

We trust that our American booksellers will soon give to the American public, the results of Monsieur de Sauley's researches.

'Mr. Smith you said you boarded at the Columbia Hotel six months; did you pay your bill?'

'I—' to the same tune—the landlord footed me.'

Verdict for defendant. Call the next case.

'I have very little respect for the [illegible] this world, as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

A Pointed Sermon.—Many a discourse of an hour's length is not half so impressive as the following from an eccentric English divine:

'Be sober, grave, temperate.'—Titus ii. 19.

There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:

1. Your wife.
2. Your stomach.
3. Your conscience.

If you wish to enjoy peace, long life and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

1. Domestic misery.
2. Premature death.
3. Inidelity.

To make these points clear, I refer you,

1. To the Newgate Calendar.
2. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums and work-houses.
3. To the past experience of what you have seen, read and suffered, in mind, body and estate.