THE INFANT'S DREAM.

[The following poem, full of beauty and tenderness, appeared many years ago in an Irish newspaper. We never learned who wrote it, but should like to know.]—Ed.

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the holy strain
That sooth'd me last, as you fondly prest
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast,
For I saw a scene when I slumber'd last
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glist'ning eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry,
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee;
And I liv'd in a land where form divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roam'd in a wood, mamma,
And we rested, as under a bough;
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chas'd it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white rob'd maiden appear'd in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kiss'd me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she guil'd, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We enter'd the door of the dark, dark tomb;
We pass'd through a long, long vault of gloom;
Then open'd our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smil'd when they saw me, but I was amaz'd,
And wondering, around me I gaz'd and gaz'd;
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blaz'd—
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-wing'd babes to me;
Their eyes look'd love, and their sweet lips smil'd,
And they marvel'd to meet with an earth-born child;
And they gloried that I from the earth was exil'd,
Saying—"Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I mix'd with the heavenly throng, mamma—
With cherub and seraphim fair;
And, as I round the throne did pace,
The spirits which came from this world of distress,
As I there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead a short time ago?
Oh! you gazed on the sad, but lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not shock;
And your heart was so sore, you wish'd it would break,
But it lov'd and you, aye, sobb'd on!

But, oh! had you been with me, mamma,
In the palace of unchanging care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when she died;
For shining with the blest, and adorn'd like a bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there!

Do you mind of that silly old man, mamma,
Who came late to our door,
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle serv'd for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good old man sat on papa's old chair,
While the rain drip'd down from his thin grey hair,
And fast as the big tear of speechless care
Ran down from his glazing eye—

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flash'd through each trembling eye,
As he told how he went to the baron's stronghold,
Saying, "Oh! let me in, for the night is so cold;"
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the wold,
For we shield no beggars here."

Well! he was in glory too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be;
He needed no alms in the mansions of light,
For he sat with the patriarchs, cloth'd in white—
And there was not a seraph had a crown more bright,
Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dream'd before;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of bliss was a guest,
And the heart that has throb'd in the climes of the blest
Can love this world no more.

THE SELFISH BOY.

BY MRS. HALL.

There was not a lad in the school where my early days were spent, who had a better allowance than Gilbert Lane; he was the only son of wealthy and respectable parents. They were possessed of at least three thousand a year, as Gilbert well knew, and certainly were most generous to their petted son, who had never been contradicted in his life, before he came to school.

At Raby House school, we had only twelve boys; our master was an honest, upright man, a friend of discipline as your friend the village schoolmaster, and, like him, not at all disposed "to spare the rod, and spoil the child."

Gilbert was not only a very handsome, but a very clever boy; he would hit off in ten minutes what would take any other lad twenty; and his long curling hair, of a bright gold color, flowing over his shoulders, his large grey eyes and brilliant complexion, gained him the name of "The Beauty," a distinction lads in my time were not ambitious to obtain. He certainly was handsome; and would have been *very* handsome, but for an expression of cunning which lurked in the more hidden corners of his face; and though his brow was fair, it was not open. Such was the first impression he made on me; but my father had always said, "My dear son, if you conceive a prejudice *against* a person at first sight, always be ready to lay it down; if in his favor, cling to it as long as you can, for it is our duty to avoid impressions against our fellow-creatures."

No boy in the school brought so many boxes with him to Raby House as Gilbert Lane; and two of the little lads discovered that one of the chests contained apples, oranges, and, it was to be supposed, cakes. Gilbert, at his father's request, had a small room appropriated to his own use; and we boys were not sorry for it, for we were very happy in our chamber, and disliked the idea of a stranger much. Our master gave us a holiday in honor of the new pupil's arrival, and little Henry and Caleb were full of expectation of a feast, which they hoped would make its appearance from Gilbert's chest. Such, however, was not the case; but when we retired to bed, Caleb's quick ear caught the sound of munch, munch, munch, from Gilbert's room. After the lights had been extinguished, he applied his little eye to the key-hole—a proceeding which I highly disapproved of—and saw this selfish boy sitting in the bright moonlight, surrounded by oranges, cakes, and confectionery of all kinds, and eating, first of one, then of another, in a manner which filled the little observer with shame.

"I never thought any one *could* be so greedy," he exclaimed. "What signifies his new clothes, and fine silver buckles and large bows, and beautiful curly hair, which we all admired so much, if he has a narrow heart—a heart" added the little fellow, "no bigger than my little finger. I suppose he will not let me fly his kite, or play with his playthings!" All this was said in a whisper, for we ought to have been asleep. The next morning we wondered if Gilbert would eat his breakfast; that kind Mrs. Moreton, the doctor's wife, pressed him frequently to take his bread and butter, but without effect.

"Poor fellow, he is fretting for his parents," said the good lady; but we boys knew he had already breakfasted.

The very first day placed Gilbert Lane at the top of his class, and we saw that the new comer was a lad of no mean ability; but we also perceived that his selfishness was not confined to eating—he never then, or at any other time, gave a schoolmate the slightest assistance. If a word was missed, he never was the one to whisper it to the defaulter; he would never endeavor to screen a fault, or assist either a big or little boy out of a dilemma. He would stand by, and hear a fellow-pupil severely reprimanded for an occurrence which his kindness might have prevented, and he would even hear the reprimand with satisfaction.

"Gilbert," I said to him one day—I was three years older than he—"Gilbert, you will never gain the hearts of boys or men, if you pursue this selfish course." "I don't care," was his answer, "for either the one or the other; I shall have lots of money, and my own way."

It would take hours to describe to you the various ramifications of his selfishness; but it frequently brought its own punishment, to the destruction of the ease and enjoyment he so dearly loved. Once, I remember, he ate as usual by himself, so large a quantity of plum-cake, that he was confined to his room for more than a week; no one pitied him but little Caleb. The child would steal in during play-hours, read to Gilbert, or sit silently watching, while he slept—drawing or withdrawing the curtains so as to shade his eyes from the light, and tending him as if he had been a brother; indeed, to this day, I can never think of Caleb without a thrill of happiness, for what he was in childhood so was he in manhood—a noble, disinterested fellow; still living respected and beloved by all to whom he is known. When Gilbert grew better, he treated his little friend with rather more consideration, but still nothing could tempt him to forego his own comfort. "I will not lend you my pencil, Caleb," I heard him say, "because I may want it before you have done with it; and I must not be inconvenienced." It was painful to see any boy so heartless.

One day a letter was given to the good doctor while we were at dinner, and I heard him say to his wife, "I must not tell him suddenly."

"There is no danger of wounding his feelings," she replied; "don't you see he is eating his dinner?" "Master Gilbert Lane," said the doctor aloud, "I am sorry to tell you that your mother is not well." "She has often colds at this season of the year, sir," was the reply, and Gilbert went on finishing his roast beef. "But she is seriously ill," continued the doctor. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for it," and he laid down his knife and fork, after having delicately salted and eaten the last morsel. "She is so ill, so *very ill*," the master went on, evidently provoked at his coolness on such an occasion, "that your father has sent the carriage for you; it is waiting at the entrance." Gilbert turned a little pale, and half rose from his seat, as if to prepare for his departure; but the sight of his favorite pie, which was at that moment placed upon the table, made him waver in his determination—he stood uncertain how to act—the pie was cut—*he resumed his seat*—the boys murmured their disapprobation, and the master, fixing his eyes steadily upon him, said, "Sir, your mother is dying, and the carriage is waiting."

"Yes, sir; but *if you are good enough to help me first, I shall be done in a minute!*"

I shall never forget the groan of anger at this selfish heartlessness, which they had never imagined could be carried to such an extreme. Doctor Moreton's appreciation of the youth's talents had made him overlook several traits which unfortunately he considered of minor importance; for Gilbert had hardly taken the trouble to conceal his selfishness even from the doctor. If he had been placed with a master who considered greatness as *second* to goodness, I think the fault, instead of growing into a crime, might have been considerably decreased. The master was painfully shocked by this public display of wickedness, for such I must call it; and with tears in his eyes, gave a reproof to him, and a lesson to us, which I never forgot: he said that the talent possessed by Master Lane made him the greater sinner, for that he was perfectly aware of the difference between good and evil. He drew tears even from the boy himself, who departed from the house with the dislike of all whose esteem, respect, and affection he must have commanded but for the ascendancy his besetting sin had obtained over him in every respect.

His mother, his too affectionate, too indulgent mother, died before his arrival. She had heard the sound of the carriage wheels in the court-yard; had extended her hand to meet his grasp; had turned the last light of her dying eyes towards the door; but the hand was stayed—the sight departed before he entered the room; two minutes sooner, he would have had her blessing!—that blessing he had lost in his anxiety—for what? a piece of pie!

Now, you must remember that this youth, this Gilbert Lane, possessed abilities of no common order; that he was intelligent, well-informed, and of graceful manners and address. But both his tutor and his father, and, above all, the servants, felt they were *only* company manners; and those immediately around him were perpetually subjected to annoyances which the residence of an intensely selfish person in a house is sure to create; his equals, where they became *inmates*, avoided him, and even his inferiors, if they obeyed his commands, spread the fame of his evil disposition over the country. Some tolerated him out of respect to his father, who, though a weak, was a kindly man; others because of his wealth, which is sure to command the outward attention of mean and groveling minds; a few admired his abilities, but none loved Gilbert Lane for his own sake—*for his own sake* none loved him; and the experience of a long life has convinced me that it is necessary to the happiness of every living thing to be beloved: the meanest reptile that crawls the earth, however obnoxious it is to us, has something that loves it, a partner, or its own offspring, who see no deformity in the parent that cherishes their helplessness. Nothing, however, loved Gilbert Lane; the dogs that crouched round his feet, were so accustomed to feel his foot or the lash of his whip, when they inconvenienced him in the slightest degree, that they peered from fear. He had his own particular chairs, his favorite dishes, his own this, that, and the other, which no one was to interfere with; to his own father—his own kind, weak father, his once loving father—he had become a positive nuisance: what, then, must *he have been to others?* But Mr. Lane could not continue in the state of discomfort to which his son had reduced him; he resolved to marry again; and when he communicated his determination to Gilbert, who was then about sixteen, his observation was "Marry again, sir! you are not serious. Why, father, if you marry again, what is to become of *me?*"

It was my fate again to meet this selfish youth at Oxford. His beauty, and his great attainments, his anticipated wealth, won him distinction even there. But after a little time, that distinction was far more painful than pleasing.

"Lane could do this, and Lane could do that." "True—but he is so selfish!" was the invariable answer. Then, if a party was forming, "Shall we ask Lane?" "Oh, no, he spoils every thing, he is *so selfish*."

In process of time his father had other children, and then came the rumor that Gilbert Lane's fortune would not be as large as was originally supposed. He knew this; and always alive to his own interests, obtained the hand of a very wealthy young lady, who, captivated by his beauty, and unacquainted with his previous character, consented, on a very short intimacy, to become his wife. She soon found that she was his victim; she became mother to five children, and died, I believe—I ever woman did—of a broken heart. Still he had plenty of riches; his children were *admired*—he *liked* whatever he had to be admired—but as they grew up, their feelings, their education, their advancement in life, were sacrificed to the selfishness of their father, and one by one they deserted him, all but one pale, patient girl, whom perhaps he had regarded the least of those whom God had given him.

Accustomed as he had been to indulge in what, I dare say, boys, you have heard called the "pleasures of the table"—which are sure to bring *pains*—at an early age Gilbert Lane felt the tortures of the gout, and the agonies of continued headaches; neither his wealth nor his talents could remove these, which he had brought upon himself. His father was still a robust old man, while he was a decrepit young one; and he had the additional mortification of knowing that his step-brothers and sisters would inherit whatever portion of his father's property he could leave them; not that he wanted, for, as I have told you before, his wife's fortune had been ample.

Hearing of his extreme suffering, I called to see him. The servant, of whom I inquired particularly the state of his health, did not show any sympathy about it; "Master was as usual." When I entered his room, it was crowded with all the luxuries, which in themselves are harmless and elegant, but, when unaccompanied by cheerfulness and content, show, like flowers in a sepulchre. He was seated in an easy chair, his feet encased in flannels, and resting on a sofa; his features were bloated. At a little distance sat his pale, fair daughter, the youngest of his family; she was about fourteen, and had evidently been reading to him, though her eyes were red from weeping. Almost under her dress crouched a little spaniel; and a basket of grapes was upon a stand by his side. He seemed glad to see me, and I believe he was, for selfishness such as his has few visiters; but our conversation soon flagged; he knew I could not have forgotten his unpopularity at school, his unpopularity at college, and he seemed as one prepared to receive reproof, and extenuate his conduct.

He began by finding fault with his father, who still lived—told me long stories of his sons' ingratitude, which brought tears into the eyes of his patient child, and then he fell to reproaching her: "She never loved him," he said. "He was sure she wished for other company; he hated tears, she knew he did, and yet she was always weeping."

Twenty times in half an hour did he make the poor girl adjust his pillows, and arrange his foot-stool, talking all the time of the ingratitude of a world upon which he had never bestowed a single blessing; upbraiding his daughter, more than once, with performing those offices coldly, which at all events she performed with a sweet willingness that won my heart. Then he would call the little dog to him; and the creature, though it would fawn and crouch, would not go near him, at which he complained most bitterly. He had commenced life in the expectation that all should bow down to his will; and disappointed in this, his selfishness deepened into a rooted hatred of that world which he believed at war with him. He said he was sure he should not live to be old. I knew that death would ere long be busy in his dwelling, *but not with him.*

The selfishness that could keep a son from the bedside of a dying mother, and make him think only of himself when a daughter was about to be taken for ever from the domestic hearth, needs no comment of mine.

My next visit was to his dying daughter. She was indeed a sweet, unselfish child. "Do come and see poor papa, when I am gone," she said, "and teach him to look to heaven, as you have now taught me; *for in this world there will be no one to love him.*"

"How very shocking," observed Mark, "it must be, to have no *one* to love one—no friend, no one at all to love one," repeated the boy more than once. "How very desolate, how very miserable it must be; no one to love one! Oh, sir, when that dear young lady died, how wretched that bad gentleman must have been!" "He was certainly," answered the clergyman, "very wretched; and died about five years ago, more neglected than you can imagine; he sent for me a few hours before his death, but I was too fearful an end to describe to you. My dear boys, the outline I have given is sufficient to show you the blackness, worthlessness, and misery of a SELFISH SPIRIT.

"There is no true happiness in this world," observed the good clergyman, "except in the discharge of our duties, be they what they may. We can only live with advantage to ourselves, in proportion as we perform our duty to others. And the peasant who brings up his family by hard but most honorable industry, deserves as much praise, and as much respect, too, in his sphere, as the prince who rules a province with wisdom and goodness."

Three Curious Epitaphs.

THE GREAT EARL OF ESSEX.

England's sun, Belgia's light, France's star, Spain's thunder,
Lisbon's lightning, Ireland's cloud, the whole world's wonder.

IN OXFORDSHIRE.

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead;
But now at this time he is alive,
The 14th of August sixty-five.

TWO INFANTS.

Two sweetest babes you here did see
Than God smitly good too yee
But they war taken wee sgut litte
And hear they lys hee dead as litte.

Chronicles of The tombs

COL. T. B. THORPE, ON WHEAT.

[Abridged from Harper's Magazine.]

Of all the plants cultivated, wheat is the most important to the welfare of man; for pure wheat is the standard of food, and, more than the precious metals, the standard of all values. It is chiefly the product of temperate climes, but it is successfully cultivated within seven or eight degrees of the polar circle, and flourishes with considerable vigor on the verge of the tropics. The highest condition of man—the perfection, indeed, of the race—has always been associated with wheat-producing and wheat-consuming countries; and this is true from the days of the Pharaohs downward to the enlightenment of the present times. The rice-eating nations are inferior to the consumers of wheat. In the Arctics, where fish is the chief food, and in the Tropics, where acid fruits predominate, man approximates the inferior animals, and his cultivation is of a physical character. As we descend in the scale of human degradation, we find the root-eating Indians of America, at the lowest extremity of the scale. We are, therefore, justified in looking upon a grain of wheat with an interest bordering on veneration, and everything connected with its history assumes positive importance.

No record remains of its first cultivation, and the best-informed differ as to its origin. It is maintained by some, that wheat, as at present known, is an artificial product. In confirmation of this hypothesis is adduced the fact, that wherever the early history of the cultivation of any species is known, it is found that the husbandman first applied to his use, the imperfect plant growing wild about him. He finds some berry, the taste of which is agreeable, and in order to have it more plentiful, he begins its improvement; the desired object is accomplished, and, finally, a fruit is produced, so superior to the one found growing wild, that it is impossible to trace any necessary resemblance. Analogous to this example, it is thought, is the origin of wheat; and botanists distinguished for their acquirements, profess to have found the important progenitor, in a grass growing wild on the shores of the Mediterranean, known to scientific men by the name of *egilops*.

The wonderful vitality of all seeds is proverbial. That of wheat is more remarkable than any other kind, for its grains are susceptible of being preserved to an indefinite period of time, for it seems that age neither injures their vitality nor their value for bread. Wheat has been known to be covered with water of floods, so long, that every trace of vegetation was utterly destroyed, and yet, on the subsidence of the waters, it has sprung up from the root, and come to perfection. Quite recently a scientific gentleman, making archæological researches in the south of France, in some of the ancient tombs, fourteen centuries old, found imbedded with some preserved bodies a species of wheat, it being the habit, in the days of the first Gallic kings, to place in the coffins of embalmed persons, a few of these almost indestructible seeds. Some of this wheat was sown, and the gentleman was surprised to see it sprout forth from sixteen to twenty stalks from each grain. As they grew they became angular, and much stronger and more vigorous than the common wheat.

The family of Sir William Symonds, of Hampshire, England, brought into that country some wheat from Thebes. The mummy from which it was taken must have been embalmed more than three thousand five hundred years ago. This wheat was planted and thrived, and produced over one thousand six hundred grains from fifteen stems which *sprung from a single seed.*

There is still another inherent virtue about wheat over every other seed. This is its power to thrive at a temperature destructive to ordinary vegetable life. While the farmer sits cozily by his winter fire, and looks out upon the frozen landscape, he cannot help thinking of the delicate young wheat plants, of which he knows there are twenty-one thousand one hundred and nine each, producing forty-seven pounds and a half of grain, or four million seven hundred and sixty-eight thousand and forty seeds.

Hardy as wheat is, it is subject to many diseases, and also suffers from insects. The weevil is quite familiar. Its young is supposed to be deposited in the ear of wheat, which they leave about August, and go into the ground, where it is probable they remain during the winter in the pupa state, and become flies the next season, when the wheat is in bloom. "Pop goes the weasel," is an expression on every one's tongue, yet few understand the origin of the saying. By giving its history, we may also learn something of the habits of the weevil. According to "reliable tradition," a famous Methodist preacher, by the name of Craven, was once preaching in the heart of Virginia, when he spoke as follows: "Here are present a great many professors of religion, who are sleek, fat, and good-looking, yet something is the matter with you. Now you have seen wheat which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it, you found it was only forty-five or perhaps forty-eight pounds to the bushel, when it should be, if a prime article, sixty or sixty-three pounds. Take a kernel of this wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up to the light and squeeze it, and 'pop goes the weevil.' Now, you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only forty-five or forty-six pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? Ah, when you are taken between the thumb of the law and the fore-finger of the Gospel, 'Pop goes *your* weevil.'"

In rainy seasons, wheat is subject to a disease known as the blight. On examining a grain thus affected, with a powerful microscope, it is found to consist of hard shell filled with white powder, the dust containing no trace of starch; it consists entirely of microscopic threads which are dry, stiff, worms. When placed in water, these worms exhibit hygroscopic motion for a few moments. When the wheat is new, they soon make other manifold movements which are unmistakable signs of life. When the grain is old, it requires several hours, or sometimes even days, before they resume motion and life. In a single grain of affected wheat, there are generally several thousands of these worms. They have no sexual distinctions; they are the offspring of other forms. Before a blight comes on, there are found from ten to twelve larger worms in each kernel which is about to be affected, and the females of these larger worms have been observed to lay eggs. If blighted wheat is sown with sound, the worms, after a few weeks, and when the sound wheat has germinated, are awakened into life by the moisture of the earth, break through the thin shell which has confined them, and follow the dictates of individual enterprise. The great mass of them die, but a few reach the germinated wheat, and effect a lodgment in the stalk under the forming leaves. They are carried up in dry weather by the growth of the plant, and in wet by their own exertions. As they are dried up most of the time, they suffer no considerable change until they enter into the forming kernels and lay their eggs. By the time the wheat is ripe the parent insect is dead. Those remaining are dried into almost nothing, the egg-shells are absorbed, and the grain is apparently filled with nothing but white powder.

A Norse Zealand chief, when on a visit to the English settlement in New Holland, on leaving to return home, was observed to take with him a quantity of wheat. On reaching his friends he greatly surprised them with the information that it was the grain from which the English made the biscuit which they ate on board the ship. He divided his precious store among those present, recommending them to plant what they received in the ground. A few following his directions, the wheat sprang up and grew well; but the barbarians, impatient for the product, and expecting to find it, like the potatoe, gathered round the roots, dug it up, and finding no bulbous formation, burned up the crop is disgust.

The highest price that flour has reached during a period of sixty years, was in 1796, when it sold at sixteen dollars a barrel. In 1817, it was quoted at fourteen dollars. In 1847, the period of the Irish famine, flour never exceeded ten dollars. The prices of breadstuffs were higher in 1855, than for sixty years, if we except the seasons of 1796 and 1817. From the minutes kept at the office of the Van Rensselaer Mansion at Albany for sixty-one years, where large amounts of rents are payable in wheat or cash equivalent, on the 1st of January of each year, we learn that wheat has only five times been two dollars or upward a bushel, while it was seventeen times at one dollar, and twice at seventy-five cents. The average price for the whole period was one dollar and thirty-eight cents, and for the last thirty years one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Fluctuations in the price of flour are ascribed to speculations by capitalists. That moneyed men may affect a locality for a few days is possible, but no combination of all the bankers in existence can command the price of breadstuffs. The world consumes eight thousand millions of bushels of grain of some kind every year, and the cost is about four thousand millions of dollars. What we shall give for this important necessity for the preservation of our race, is hidden among the mysteries of nature, depends upon the machinery of the seasons, upon the will of God. In the deep caverns of the north He prepares the hoar frosts which kill the roots; from the evanescent clouds come the rains and the dews which rust the stalks; the rays of His sun wilt up the germinating flower; and from Him come also those secret influences which ripen the crops and spread them upon the ground, in every quality of real wealth more valuable than gold.

The progress of the cultivation of wheat in our own country, presents not only a subject of intense interest, but also one of great national congratulation. Prior to the year 1800, agriculture was confined to the Atlantic States. Preceding that time, the revolutionary condition of France, and the war which involved the whole of Europe, taken in connection with the limited space devoted to wheat culture, enabled our farmers to realize such high prices, that, as a class, they revelled in unbounded prosperity.

An Englishman purchased a small demi-john of whiskey. Being a member of the "fourteen years standing" society, he undertook to disguise the disguiser in a bag. But the bag not being long enough to cover the neck of the bottle, an Irishman, who happened to be present, suggested, as a means of reducing the size of the package, "to take a few drinks out of it."

[For The Press.]

Reply to Where Shall the Post Office be Located?

Among the numerous articles of interest which grace the first number of your valuable journal, I observed one which, at the present moment, attracts the attention of the citizens of Philadelphia. I allude to the location of the various government offices; and, as you have, in a more liberal spirit than your older cotemporary, opened your columns for the free and fair discussion of subjects of public interest, I would ask the liberty of reply, entertaining, as I do, opposite views to your correspondent upon that subject. To his first proposition, I would remark that, as but one side of the question has been presented to the public, and no opportunity has been afforded for a like presentation of adverse opinions upon it, as a reasoning and thinking community, I would suggest they are, perhaps, not prepared to render their verdict. I believe that the citizens of Philadelphia wish the Post Office to be located in the centre of the business community, and where it is the most accessible and convenient to the greatest number, and where the greatest facilities to reach it are provided, and that is the Merchants' Exchange, where every line of omnibuses in the city terminates, and opposite to which is the Pennsylvania Bank, where the Post Office is to be located, which, when altered, as designed by the Government, will make a far more convenient, accessible and better Post-office than can be made in the present Custom-house building. Your correspondent's economical ideas of both space and outlay, would, if they were possible, practical or attainable, be certainly praiseworthy; but I think upon an investigation of the premises assumed, they will be found to possess neither of these pre-requisites. He first proposes to build a one-story wing upon each side of the Custom-house building; these two wings and the *cellar* of the Custom-house are to constitute the Post-office; one wing or avenue to be used for the reception and delivery to individuals, and of course the cellar for the distribution and various departments of the office, except the Postmaster's private office, which is *to be up stairs in the story over head*, where the Custom-house is also to remain; but as these two wings are to be one-story avenues from Chestnut to Library street, with *flat stone or iron* roofs, it is unexplained mystery how it is to be lighted from above, unless the Gas Works is to be placed upon the roof; and then to constitute it the best lighted and *ventilated* Post-office in the world, it would require some subterranean air ducts, or a steam engine, to blow enough air into the Post Office department to supply the demands of a healthy mouse; and I would suggest that the steam engine would be better employed to elevate the people (as well as the mail bags) who wish to gain a safe entrance to what would, if ever the Post Office should be placed in that building, be virtually the second story, which would probably *be a better method of avoiding those ancient conveniences*, the twenty steps. I must, therefore, beg to say, that I do not think your correspondent correctly understood Major Bowman, the Architect of the U. S. Treasury Department, to make such recommendations. Your correspondent also remarks that there will be abundant room, by this beautiful arrangement, to accommodate, in addition to the Post Office, and all the requirements of the Custom Houses, the Assistant Treasurer's office as well, and all can be done by the appropriated expenditure of $50,000. It was estimated by two of the first architects in our city last week to cost $125,000 to remove the partition walls and adapt the internal arrangements of that building to the necessities of a Post-office alone, and in that expense it is not contemplated to do away with the beautiful *convenient stops, which adorn and endanger* its entrance. In the second division of the subject, it is proposed to buy the City Tobacco Warehouses for the Custom-house, which, if it were done, would be an excellent idea, and will no doubt be accomplished eventually, but not just now.) in which event the present Custom-house building would be occupied by the Assistant Treasurer, the U. S Marshal, the U. S. Courts, Juries, Postmaster's private office, &c. All these conveniences are to be attained by the sale of the Pennsylvania Bank property, for the sum that was paid for it, $25,000, and the appropriation already made to alter the present Bank into a Post-office.

But if that property could be sold for a far less sum than was paid for it, or the proposed alterations *can be effected by* an outlay of two or three times the sum named, I leave to those more practically conversant with such matters than your correspondent appears to be, to determine.

A. CITIZEN.

GENERAL NEWS.

MURDER AT NEVERSINK.—A regular inquest has been held in the case of Morse, at the Sea View House, the jury finding that the deed was committed by Donnelly, and he was accordingly committed to the jail at Freehold to await his trial, which will come off during the ensuing month.

The grain harvest has begun in the South of France, with favorable weather, and yields, as the fields in the north promise to yield, abundantly In the wine district, although not so important, exceptions in some vine-growing regions, the prospects of a good yield for quantity, and, if the present warm, dry weather continues, for quality are better than anything that has been seen these four years; the price of old stocks, except for extra fine qualities, is declining.

A London detective arrested an escaped railroad swindler at Toronto, on the 30th ult. He came out by the Canadian, and two detectives have since been on his track.

THE BURGLARY BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.—One may form an idea of the extent of the burglary business from the following list of goods claimed of the police during the last four days: Silk dresses, 57; silk basques, 50; other dresses and basques, 13; cloth capes, 5; silk capes, 4; silver spoons, (large and small,) 74; gold breastpins, (plain,) 37; gold chains, (all kinds,) 32; silk velvet cloaks, 5; shawls, all kinds,) 27; brodelein coats, 11; silk vests, 32; other vests, 9; pants, (all kinds,) 7; remnants of cloths of all kinds, 27; silk pocket-handkerchiefs, 13; mantillas, 9; set furs, 2; portmonnaies, 11; sleeve-buttons, 7 pairs; silver cake baskets, 6; diamond pins, (all kinds,) 12; diamond rings, (all kinds,) 39; gold watches, (all kinds,)27; gold pencils, 13; pairs gold ear-rings, 15; gold bracelets, 14; cuff pins, 9 pairs; gold finger rings, 22; cameo breastpins, 7; silver forks, 39; diamond crosses, 2; diamond ear-rings, 2 pairs; pearls, 2; gold lockets, 37; hair necklaces, 3; accordeons, 2; pairs of gloves, (all kinds,) 33; reticules, 4; silver watches, 5; one case surgical instruments; opera glasses, 5; silver napkin rings, 10; gold thimbles, 5; silver bouquet holders, 7; clocks, 3; silver snuff boxes, 2; gold watch-seals, 11; gold watch keys, 5; rifle pistols, 3 pairs; silver chains, 3; silver sugar-tongs, 3 pairs; silver soup-ladles, 2; silver cake baskets, 3; ivory checks, 2,000; silver butter-knives, 3.—*Harper's Weekly.*

VARIETIES.

IN Goshen, Orange County, N. Y., an uncle and nephew, both named Shaw, residing near Howell's Depot, had a bitter feud. About a year ago the uncle gave the nephew a severe "lamming." At the first favorable opportunity the nephew squared up the account in the same coin. Both are aged men, the uncle being about 70. The affair was settled by a Justice of the Peace, and a Board of Arbitrators was appointed, consisting of Judge M'Kissock, G. W. Tuthill, and William Murray. The Board met last week, and after taking evidence two days and a half, give this decision: that each pay the other $75, and that the costs be equally divided between them.

"May it please the court," said a Yankee lawer, before a British justice the other day, "this is a case of great importance; while the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty Republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the Rocky chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place—"—"Shtop dare!" I say, vat has dis suit to do wid eagles? Dis has nothin to do mit the wild bird. It is von sheep," exclaimed the justice.—"True, your honor, but my client has rights."—"Yer glient has no right to de eagle."—"Of course not; but the laws of language"—"What cares I for de laws of de language, eh? I understand de laws of de State, and dat ish enough for me. Confine your talk to de case."—"Well, then, my client, the defendant in this case, is charged with stealing a sheep, and"—"Dat vill do! that vill do! Your glient, charged mit stealing a sheep, ies nine shillin. The court vill odjourn."

The manner in which they weigh a hog out West, it is said, is to put the hog in one scale and some stones in the other, and then guess at the weight of the stones.

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said: "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, Peter is beaten. Now what is Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the greatest countenance imaginable, replied, "well, I don't know, without he hollered."

It was Napoleon who says. "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done I choose a man—provided his education has been suitable—with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head together."

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the Prodigal Son—I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father," and accordingly off she went.

How may a man be known from a fatigued dog? One wears a shirt, the other *pants*.

Miscellaneous.

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