THE STAR AND BANNER.

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Keats' Dying Poem.

The following lines were written by John Keats on his death bed, and are the last verses ever penned by that gifted young poet. The youthful poet was removed to Italy, where he expired; the last words he whispered were, "I die of a broken heart." Many pieces have appeared purporting to be his last production, but these now transcribed are the last that ever emanated from his pen:

My spirit's lamp is faint and weak,
My feeble senses bow;
Death's finger pales my fading cheek,
His seal is on my brow.

My heart is as a withered leaf,
Each fibre dead and sear;
And near me sits the spectre, Grief,
To drain each burning tear.

The earth is bright with buds and bees,
The air with purple beams—
The winds are swimming in the trees,
Or sporting on the streams.

But not for me the blossom's breath,
Nor wind nor sunny skies—
I languish in the arms of Death,
And feed my soul with sighs,

I sigh to Hope—"Come back again,
My heart is weak for thee!"
But woe for me! my sighs are vain—
She flies from misery.

It is not that I fear to die,
That burns my withered breast—
But thus to waste in agony,
And sigh in vain for rest.

To count the minutes one by one,
And long for coming light,
And ere the lingering day is done,
To languish for the night.

To feel the sinking of the mind,
That nothingness of soul,
Where all is dead, and dark, and blind,
And drops of Lethe's bowl!

And yet, O sunny Italy!
'Twere sweet to find a tomb,
Where wild flowers ever strewn by thee,
Above my couch shall bloom.

Farewell my harp!—I kiss thy strings
Go hang thee in the bowers,
Where oft thy dreamy whisperings
Have charmed the buried hours.

And if some finger fain would make
Thine unremembered lay,
And bid thy sleeping silence break,
Then, haply wilt thou say:—

"Oh! stranger, scatter roses,
And slips of cypress burn—
A broken heart reposes
Within this silent urn."

[*From Godey's Book for May.*

BLESSINGTON'S CHOICE.

BY FITZ MORNER.

"Be kind to thy mother, for lo, on her brow,
May traces of sorrow be seen."

"Well, Blessington, so you've come back to locate with us, have you? Got enough of travelling and all its vexations, I presume."

"Enough? As you please about that, George; but I find no vexations so weighty as to overcome the pleasures to be enjoyed in travel, by any manner of means. Still I have returned to settle down in my native land, and my good genius seems to have thrown Dallydale in my way; so here I remain, and have commenced practice, as you see—or, rather, *intend* to commence when any business presents itself."

"Excuse impertinence, Harry," said the first speaker with a roguish look, "but—you'll get a wife, I suppose? You know that's absolutely necessary in these days, to say nothing about performing an act of kindness to the scores who are waiting but to be asked."

"Well, I am not so certain as to the truth of that last remark; nevertheless I *have* some intentions of that kind. By the way, George, can't you introduce me to some of the Dallydale ladies that I may find a maiden to my liking. You know I am a perfect stranger in these parts."

"Good!" said George, springing from his chair and thrusting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. "'Pon honor, I should be delighted to introduce you to some of my lady acquaintances. Ahem! 'Miss Jones, my friend, Mr. Blessington, of—of'—where shall it be, Harry? Paris, or London, or New York, or where? By my troth, Harry, you're the only mortal that I'd give a fig to exchange situations with; but you, with your fortune, your magnificent figure, your'—

"There! there, George; I declare I was in hopes you had discarded those old ways of yours. It is exceedingly disagreeable, if you knew it, to be descanted upon in this manner to one's face. But come, when for these introductions?"

"This very night, Harry, if you please. I'll go with you and call on some of my host of familiar acquaintances. By the way, there's one young lady, Miss Somers, a cousin of mine, who saw you at Church last Sabbath, and who wishes to make your acquaintance. And—would you believe it?—she even told me so slily. Yet there's no great wonder; for a man of your magnificent build"—

"But Blessington closed his lips by placing his finger upon them, and together they left the office and disappeared up the street. These two young men were old schoolmates, and were quite familiar in their manner with each other. Blessington had been travelling in different lands for a couple of years previous, and on his return to the United States, had fallen in with his friend, George Hart, some years his junior, and with all a pretty wild, though whole-hearted fellow. Both were wealthy, both of very prepossessing appearance and manner; but Blessington, if either, the more so.

On the evening of the same day in which we introduce them to you, kind reader, they sallied out as they had had agreed.—We cannot detail their pleasant evening's ramble; suffice it to say that Blessington was convinced that Dallydale was possessed of as charming ladies and as kind and hospitable souls as many other places of greater note. The Miss Somers, of whom Hart had spoken, Blessington found to be a lady possessed of dazzling beauty, and a power of conversation he had seldom seen excelled. Accomplished, elegant and lovely, it may appear strange to you, reader, when we tell you that our hero was not at all prepossessed by her appearance. He saw, or thought he saw, a species of contemptuous pride, a sort of glorying in her own attractions, and a scorning of all lesser lights,' that, to a man of his generous disposition, was any thing but pleasing.

At another place, however, he saw a lady who was introduced to him as Miss Ella Cole, who appeared possessed of all those good qualities of the heart for which he sought. And, indeed, what beauty there was in her expressive features owed its existence to the genuine artlessness, affection and sincerity shadowed forth in each particular lineament. Hart was not slow to observe that Blessington appeared inclined more strongly to 'tarry yet a little' at this place than at any other during the entire evening.

That night Blessington had a dream, in which a certain pair of mild blue eyes, light sunny ringlets, and *petite* figure bore no insignificant part. There was another, too, whose ruby lips seemed to curl so contemptuously toward the meek one, and whose piercing black eyes seemed to flash upon her the fires of hatred.

Some days after Blessington met Miss Somers at the mansion of of Col. Auberly, and she appeared delighted to see him.—Blessington, in the noble of his heart, was equally pleased at meeting her; and thus was the finishing stroke put to the work that rent from Miss Somers her proud heart and placed it in Blessington's possession, he all unconscious of the precious treasure he had obtained, and with his own safe in the place that God had ordained for it.

Oh, ye that speak of the folly of prating of woman's wiles, know ye that when she determines with her whole soul to win a man's heart, it is twenty to one that, in spite of all human obstacles, she will accomplish her purpose? This was the spirit now awakened in Miss Somers' proud bosom. She saw, with her apt intelligence, the state of Blessington's feelings with regard to her, and she resolved that, come what would, she would obtain from our hero that which alone could content her ambitious soul—his unbounded affections. Did she succeed? you shall see.

From that hour forth a change was noticed in the entire deportment of Flora Somers, and many were the conjectures as to what might be the cause thereof; but all were equally distant from the truth.—Her haughty bearing in society had yielded to one of apparent humility, kindness and a desire to gratify those around her. Blessington noticed it, and, far from supposing the real truth, he concluded that such was her natural disposition, and that his first impressions were the result of some unaccountable state of his mind at the time of his introduction to her.

However this might be, it was observed that his visits to Dr. Somers' were of frequent occurrence, and soon every gossip of Dallydale had another match in her eye. Few doubted that Flora Somers would eventually become Mrs. Blessington. And if our hero had been interrogated upon the subject, his replies, if he gave any, would not have been greatly at variance with this belief.

Might a peep have been taken behind the parlor curtain of Dr. Somers' mansion, on the occasion of some of these calls, one might have seen how—

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again."

Thus matters stood. You who have passed the ordeal of love, and are now roaming in the fair fields of Hymen, can imagine what were Blessington's intentions and Flora Somers' expectations; while you who, like myself, have only read of such things, must content yourselves with the testimony of the initiated. Thus matters stood.

One evening Blessington had sallied out for the evening rather earlier than was his wont, and was on his way to Dr. Somers', intending at once to make known his intentions to "the most adorable of her sex," and be consigned to "everlasting misery or the supremacy of bliss," as she should decide.

He reached the door and had laid his hand on the bell-knob, when he heard a voice sharply enunciating words which struck a chill to his heart's core, but whose pronouncer's voice sounded terribly like that of Miss Somers. He paused and listened.

"Well, mind your own business!" was the sound that greeted his ear from within, in a voice which there was no mistaking.

"Flora!" reproachfully murmured the gentle voice of Mr. Somers. And then followed the doctor with—

"My daughter, are you never to desist from your unfeeling disregard of a mother's love? Are you never to repay, even by respect and kindness, that anxiety and devotion with which she watched over your earlier years? It wounds me deeply that a daughter of mine should persist in thus treating one who loves her as no other being on earth ever can. Go to your room, Flora, and there remain until you will ask your mother's forgiveness."

The hall door was then closed with a bang, and Blessington heard the light foot of his heart's beloved ascending the stairway. He tarried no longer, but turned away and retraced his steps to his office.—Looking the door behind him, he threw himself into a chair, and, from the bitter emotions of his soul, exclaimed:

"My God, what have I heard! Can it be that my own dear Flora is possessed with a heart like this? Though it tear the cords of my soul in shreds, I never will take to my bosom one who can thus treat her mother. Spirit of my sainted mother, idol of my early dreams, never will I forsake the vow I plighted o'er thy corpse!"

Bowing his head upon his hands, Blessington became lost in the memories of the past. Hallowed associations arose to his view, and passed in solemn retrospect over his mind. He thought of his boyhood days, of the old stone mansion that stood in the leafy grove, of the happy hours he had spent in those ancient halls, and he murmured a prayer to heaven, thanking his Maker for thus revealing to him the yawning abyss of misery into which he had been about to plunge headlong.

After this came a calmness and capacity for deliberation that ere long recalled to his mind the recollection of of Ella Cole—she that months since appeared so attractive to him. As it was yet early, he sallied out, and a few minute's walk found him at the door of the humble brick dwelling at the foot of the Main street in the village, where Mr. Cole had long lived and pursued his honest calling. As he was about to ring, his hand was again arrested by the sound of a female voice; not in a loud tone, but softly, lowly, like the murmuring of distant music. It was Ella Cole reading from the "Lady's Book," a tale to her mother, who was listening with earnest attention.

"Ella, my dear girl," called a manly voice from an adjoining room, "will you please to bring me the last number of the "Living Age?" It lies on the parlor table."

"Yes, father," said Ella, springing up. "Excuse me a moment, mother."

"Be quick, dear," was the mother's reply.

Light footsteps were heard tripping over the floor, and soon again was heard the voice of the sweet girl reading to her mother. Blessington could not resist comparing this scene with that of an hour previous. Being reluctant to intrude upon so happy a scene, he again retired and sought his office, but with far different feelings from those of a short time before.

He called next evening, and was more than ever convinced of the good qualities of Ella Cole's heart. She remained Ella Cole not long thereafter. She now rejoices in the name of Blessington, and proves a source of unceasing happiness to her worthy husband. Many wondered at this marriage—none more so than the two ladies most intimately concerned.

You have perused the simple truth, reader, related to the writer by him, we have called George Hart. Blessington is not the only one in the human family who regards a mother in the light nearest approaching that of an angel of any other mortal, nor the only one that knows that in the degree which a girl is a good *daughter*, in the same degree will she be a good *wife*.

Here is another of Tennyson's exquisite little lyrics. It is worthy of his pen, and only Tennyson could have written it:—

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing.
How many smiles!—a score!
Then laugh and count no more,
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream—do thou the same;
We love forever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle, never;
Stay, then, till sorrow dies—
Then hope and happy skies
Are thine forever!

Southey says, in one of his letters—

"I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

Philosophical happiness is to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

Always be respectful to the aged.

[From the work of Louis Blanc.

ROBESPIERRE.

Frequently, when standing in his olive-colored coat, with fixed eye, contracted brow, and shrill voice, accompanied by hard gestures, Robespeirre was pleading at the tribune for the people's cause, Mirabeau, in the midst of whisperings and mockeries, had been seen to contemplate in pensive curiosity that man—pale-visaged and strangely smiling, whose physiognomy breathed forth, as it were, a dreamy gentleness, in whom all things spoke of a passion for order, and who appeared full of respect for himself—so careful was he of his attire, so grave in his attitude, so studied in his speech.—Who might this new comer be, on whom thus lingered the presentiments of genius, and what part was he to play in the revolution? He was to demand justice for all men—for all without exception; he was to be the preacher of right. With him there was to be no compromise; for is not truth *one*? Let no party claim him; he is of the party of his own convictions: that suffices. At his first step in the career where he was to leave the trace of his blood and a name accursed, he earned the surname of *The Incorruptible*. As a simple advocate, honest people quoted his integrity; as a legislator, the wicked feared him. Always ready to defend the people, he knew not how to flatter them; he had at once too much pride and too much virtue. In the midst of a society in disorder, he worshipped regulation. Anarchy he abhorred. Popularity, to be earned by cynical habits and language, he despised. He never concealed his disdain for extravagancies in theory of action. Yet Freron admired him, Hebert respected him, and he forced Marat to praise him. His life was laborious and austere: his manner did honor to his principles. Others, among known tribunes, might display a suspicious opulence, sup by the light of golden chandeliers, and intoxicate themselves with wine and luxury. He occupied in the Rue Saintonge, a wretched apartment, shared and half paid for by a companion of his youth. He spent scarcely thirty *sous* for his meal, went on foot where duty called him, and out of his salary as deputy, piously diminished by an annuity paid to his sister, could not always set aside sufficient to buy him a coat.

But if there are imperfections which an imperfect nature willingly covers with its sympathy, there are weaknesses which we adore, and these Robespierre had not. Something impenetrable enveloped his mind. His virtue, like a sickly star, shone without beaming. Even on the lips which commonly open only to exalt him, it seemed as if his presence checked light praises and familiar smiles. When he spoke of mercy, he awakened fear. Yet, at Arras, where he was born, his childhood, we are assured, had given evidence of frankness and of charming tastes.—Although already inclined to serious meditations, laughter, even to tears, came easily to him: an aviary in those times formed his republic. Early an orphan, he tenderly loved his brothers, and idolized his sisters; next to them came his dear birds.—Later, when he left the College of Louis le Grand, the doors of which had been opened for him by the affection of the Abbe de Waast, and where he had Camille Desmoulins for fellow-pupil, his thoughts began to turn towards love, and took form in gallant verses. He entered the society of the Rosatis, celebrated the light songster of Vert-Vert, in a tone worthy of his hero, and earned the academical crowns of his province. What shall we add? The oath which M'lle Deshorlis swore to him, that she would never be another's but only his—that oath of love broken in silence—plunged him into prodigious and unaffected grief.

Indian Theology.

The precise idea which the Western Indians entertain of a future existence is this: As soon as the Indian threw off the flesh, he would find himself standing on the bank of the river, the current running with great rapidity. Across this river was a slender pole stripped of its bark, and lying close down to the water. The Indian who had lived a good life, then sees a bright object on the other side; that was "Right." He would then, desirous of embracing the object he loved so well in the world, walk across the pole, unmindful of the raging torrent beneath his feet, arriving in safety on the opposite shore; and Right would then lead him amongst mountains covered with gold and silver, into noble hunting grounds, where he would hunt for eternity. But, on the other hand, the man who followed "Wrong" all his life, when attempting to cross the pole, after death, would fall into the foaming stream, and be swept down into a whirlpool surrounded by rocks; there he would be carried round for many centuries, until, at last, he would be gradually sucked in towards the centre of the vortex, and finally engulphed in an immense bottomless hole. What became of the unfortunate sinner, the Indians could not surmise, further than he lived forever.

Definition of a Gentleman.

The late and lamented Judge Talfourd, in the case of Wag vs. Kelson, tried at the Bristol (England) Assizes, shortly before his sudden death, thus defined the character of a gentleman:

"The evidence proved that the defendant, while in the theatre, had said to the plaintiff, 'Do not speak to me; I am a gentleman and you are a tradesman.'—Gentleman, said the learned Judge, is a term which does not apply to any station, but to the mind and feelings in every station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, and the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it; nay, the humblest artizan, who fulfills the obligations cast upon him with virtue and with honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remarks, however big his station.

The Fighting Preacher.

The Western itinerants (who were the *legis fulminea* of the American ministry of their day) were usually brawny, athletic men, physically, if not mentally, educated almost to perfection. They had occasion sometimes to preach to their rude hearers with their stout fists, as well as their stentorian lungs. "At a camp-meeting," says Mr. Finley, "a row was raised, on Saturday, by about twenty lewd fellows of the baser sort, who came upon the ground intoxicated, and had vowed they would break up the meeting. One of the preachers went to the leader for the purpose of getting him to leave; but this only enraged him, and he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face and knocked him down. Here the conflict began.—The members saw that they must either defend themselves or allow the ruffians to beat them, and insult their wives and daughters. It did not take them long to decide. They very soon placed themselves in attitude of defence. Brother Birkammer, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader who had struck the preacher, and, with one thrust of his brawny arm, crushed him down between two benches. The aid-de-camp of the bully ran to his relief, but it was to meet the same; for no sooner did he come within reach of the Methodist, than with crushing force he felt himself ground on the back of his comrade in distress.—Here they were held in durance vile, till the sheriff and his posse came and took possession, and binding them with ten others, they were carried before a justice, who fined them heavily for the misdemeanor. As soon as quiet was restored, Bishop Ashbury occupied the pulpit.—After singing and prayer, he rose and said he would give the rowdies some advice:

"You must remember that all our brothers in the church are not yet sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them, they are the strongest men to fight and conquer in the world. I advise you, if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone."

In speaking of one his brother itinerants—one to whom it was owing "that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois," he says:

At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the command of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant bully of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand—outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader—Fink—inspired, that no one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess. At last, one day, when Mr. —— ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. Mr. M——'s dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked a loud:

"Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray."

He then proceeded, with a smile on his lip, to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully thus:

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

The desperado rolled back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied:

"By golly! I'd like to see you do it, old snorter."

"Very well," said M——, "will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"In course they will; they're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked M——.

"Ready as a race horse with a light rider," squaring his ponderous person for the coming combat.

But the bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips, when M—— made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculeum fist, which fell crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead.—Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming:

"That wasn't fair, so it wasn't.

He aimed a ferocious stroke, which M—— parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant.—Fink struggled, squirmed and writhed in the dust, but all to no purpose; for the strong muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face and ceased to resist, M——slackened his hold, and inquired:

"Will you pray, now?"

"I doesn't know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded M——, "Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you're the devil himself."

The preacher then said over the Lord's Prayer, line by line; and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation, the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers. Fink shook M——'s hand, declaring:

"By golly, you're some beans in a bar fight; I'd rather set-to with an old he bar in dog days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose smashers, with your pictur."

Afterwards, Fink's party behaved with the utmost decorum; and M—— resumed his seat in the pulpit.

A dandy appeared in Iowa, with legs so attenuated, that the authorities had him arrested because he had "no visible means of support."

A superb Bouquet.

Dick Tinto, the sprightly Paris correspondent of the *New-York Times*, gives this account of a bouquet lately presented to the Empress:

"It was composed of ten thousand violets, arranged in the form of a dome, surrounded by three hundred camellias; the violets were varied by streaks of orange flowers, starting from the point and coming down to the circumference. The diameter of the bouquet was two feet and a half, and the artificial stem upon which it was built, a yard high. The stock was enwrapped in blue silk, and beautifully ornamented with the initials of their Majesties in gold. This huge nosegay was two days on the way from Toulouse here, packed in an octagonal box, and smelling delightfully, all alone by itself, and wasting its sweetness in a railroad van. It was exhibited at Toulouse, and twenty thousand visiters went to see it.—It amused the Empress for just five minutes, when she was called to some other equally arduous duty."

HEAVEN.—Whittier, speaking of Heaven, says:—

"We naturally enough transfer to our idea of heaven whatever we like and reverence on earth. Thither the Catholic carries on, in his fancy, the imposing rites and time honored solemnities of his worship. There the Methodist sees his love-feasts and camp-meetings, in the groves and by the still waters and green pastures of the Blessed Abodes. The Quaker in the stillness of his self-communion remembers that there was "silence in heaven." The Churchman listening to the solemn chant of vocal music, or the deep tones of the organ, thinks of the song of the Elders, and the golden harps of the New Jerusalem.

The Heaven in the northern nations of Europe, was a gross and sensual reflection of the earthly life of a barbarous and brutal people.

The Indians of North America had a vague notion of a Sunset Land—a beautiful Paradise far in the West—mountains and forests filled with deer and buffalo—lakes and streams swarming with fishes—the happy hunting grounds of Souls.

A venerable and worthy New England clergyman on his death-bed, just before the close of his life, declared he was only conscious of an awfully solemn and intense curiosity to know the great secret of Death and Eternity.

Yet we should not forget that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within;" that it is the state of the affections of the soul; the sense of a good conscience; the sense of harmony with God; a condition of Time and Eternity.

HOW TO ENJOY A KISS.—Some chap who thinks he knows a thing or two, thus discourses about the delicate subject of kissing:—

"Of course you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss. Take her right hand in your's and draw her gently towards you. Pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back under her left arm, and press her to your bosom. At the same time she will throw her head back and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing percussion caps, or trying the water guages of a steam engine, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of her tippet or ruffles, and by a pressure on the mouth revel in the sweet blissfulness of your situation without smacking your lips on it as you would over a roast duck."

"It was on the morning of the 'Twenty-Second,' at Buena Vista," writes a Kentucky friend, who cannot write too often, "that our regiment was lying upon a little hill that the men subsequently christened 'Mount Dodge,' waiting for the ball to open. Santa Anna's morning compliments soon came in the form of a thirteen-inch shell, which passed a few yards over our heads and buried itself in the earth behind us. 'Howly Mother!' exclaimed old Mike S——, 'if the born divil isn't *shootin' his dinner pots at us!*' On the twenty-fifth, after the battle was over, and Santa Anna was still lingering at Agua Nueva, twelve miles distant, with his shattered forces, divers were the rumors of another battle, and many were the discussions of its probability among the men. I happened to overhear one of these debates in which this same Mike S—— had, as lawyers say, 'the conclusion.' Some half-dozen of the men had expressed their 'views' and wishes; some were very anxious for another fight; others, and they, too, the men who had behaved best under fire, expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with such glimpses of the 'elephant' as they had been able to obtain on the twenty-second and twenty-third. At last Mike spoke:—"Well sure, boys," said he, "I'll tell you *my* sintiminte about the ould wooden-legged divil; if I had but a quart of whiskey in the wurruld, and no money to buy more, and no more in the counthry to sell, sure I'd *give half of it, if he'd stay away!*"

Rather Obtuse.

Travelling alone in a buggy, I overtook an elderly, honest looking German, a member, as he afterwards told me, of the Lutheran Church. I invited him to take a seat with me, and after a little hesitation he did so. On my asking where he was from, he said he was just from Arkansas, that it was a sickly country; he had taken a great deal of calomel and quinine, and had suffered a great deal. Thinking it a favorable time to spiritualize a little, I told him these things must be expected more or less in this world. But, said I, there is a land where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." After thinking a little, he looked up and said,

"I tink dat mush be Wisheonsin."

A New View of Niagara.

The Ohio State Journal tells a story of an Irishman of the better class who thought he must conform to the fashionable mania in paying a visit to the falls of Niagara. Paddy arrived at the falls, and taking a look at the surrounding wonders, addressed himself to a gentleman:

"And is this Niagara Falls?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And what's there here to make such a bother about?"

"Why," said the gentleman, "do you not see the mighty river, the deep abyss, the great sheet of water pouring down?"

Pat looking at the water, replies hesitatingly, "and what's to hinder it?"

Ignorance in Louisana.

According to the report of the Superintendent of Public Education, the directors of schools in some districts do not know how to read or write. In signing the warrants of teachers in some of the districts, there were two thirds of the directors who signed with a mark. These things are a reproach to the State.

A NOVELTY.—Among the new ideas just brought out at Paris is a self-expanding petticoat. It is filled with air, and is becoming immensely fashionable. According to the inventor, one of these petticoats will stand out and occupy the room of half a dozen got up on the old fashioned principle. It is true, that when a lady desires to get into a carriage the hoop will be likely to stick to the door. To obviate this, she must, at the moment of embarking, turn a little screw hidden in some fold of her dress, and let out the air. The swollen folds soon collapse, and shrink into an extremely small compass.

Moore, in his *Diary*, mentions an anecdote told by Croker, as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fenelon, who had often teased Richelieu (and affectionately it seems) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture.—"And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other; "it was so much like you."

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—It is a fact perhaps not generally known to farmers, and which at this season, it is important, that there are two parts in the potato, which if separated and planted at the same time, one will produce potatoes fit for the table eight or ten days sooner than the other. The small end of the potato; which is generally full of eyes, is the part which produces the earliest, the middle or the body the late, and always large ones. This we learn from an exchange.

"A BROTH OF A BOY.—The Dublin (Ireland) *Freeman* states that Owen Duffie, of Monaghan county, is 122 years old. When 116 he lost his second wife, and subsequently married a third, by whom he had a son and daughter. His youngest son is two years old, his eldest ninety. He still retains in much vigor his mental and corporeal faculties, and frequently walks to the county town, a distance of eight miles.

HIGH HEELS.—The *Home Journal*—to a certain extent a text book of fashion and health—regards the high heels which ladies are beginning to wear in New York, as one round, at least, in the ladder of health. It also suggests the insertion of an India rubber sole—no matter how thin—between the out and inner soul.

A GEOLOGIST NONPLUSSED.—An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady, who was present, declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, madam!" cried Cœlebs, in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, sir," replied the lady. Cœlebs evaporated.

AN INGENIOUS RIDDLE.—It was done when it was begun, it was done when it was half done, and yet it wasn't done when it was finished. Now what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will this do:

Timothy Johnson courted Susannah Dunn. It was Dunn when it was begun, it was Dunn when it was half done, and wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnson.

THE RIGHT OF MINISTERS.—The Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, passing up Broadway, stopped to read a theatrical placard, which attracted his attention.—Cooper, the tragedian, coming along, said to him:—

"Good morning, sir, do ministers of the gospel read such things?"

"Why not, sir?" said the Doctor, "ministers of the Gospel have a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks."

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; though the worst of the matter is, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody.

Home! there is music in the word!—It falls on the weary heart like a breath from the Eden-land, and as our hearts feel a thrill of its voiceless melody, the future's sky before us seems lit by an angel smile.

The Milwaukie Sentinel suggests that three cent pieces be called "thrips," for shortness.

During the month of April, 34,876 emigrants arrived in New York.

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

Life is a dream, and death an awakening.

The face of nature is the footprint of God.

People can be nipple and not finish.