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THE ROBBER.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Beside a lonely mountain path,
Within a mossy wood,
That crowned the wild wind beaten cliffs,
A lurking robber stood.
His foreign garb, his gloomy eye,
His cheek of swarthy stain,
Bespoke him one who might have been
A pirate on the main,
Or bandit on the far-off hills
Of Cuba or of Spain.

His ready pistol is in his hand,
A shadowing bough he raised,
Glared forth, as crouching tiger glares,
And muttered as he gazed—
"Sure he must sleep upon his steed—
I deemed the laggard near;
I'll give him, for the gold he wears,
A sounder slumber here;
His charger, when I press his flank,
Shall leap like mountain deer."

Long, long he watched, and listened long—
There came no traveler by,
The ruffian growled a harsher curse,
And gloomier grew his eye.
While o'er the sultry heaven, began
A leaden haze to spread,
And past his noon, the summer sun
A dimmer beam to shed;
And on that mountain summit fell
A silence deep and dread.

Then ceased the bristling pine to sigh,
Still hung the birchen spray;
The air that wrapped those massy cliffs
Was motionless as they.
Mute was the cricket in his cleft—
But mountain torrents round
Sent hollow murmurs from their glens,
Like voices under ground.
A change came o'er the robber's cheek,
He shuddered at the sound.
"Twas vain to ask what fearful thought
Convulsed his brow with pain:
"The dead talk not," he said at length,
And turned to watch again.
Skyward he looked—a lurid cloud
Hung low and blackening there;
And through its skirts the sunshine came,
A strange malignant glare,
His ample chest drew in, with toil,
The hot and stifling air.

His ear caught a distant sound—
But not the tramp of steed—
A roar as of a torrent stream
Swoln into sudden speed.
The gathered vapors in the west,
Before a rushing blast,
Like living monsters of the air,
Black, serpent-like and vast
Writhe, roll—and sweeping o'er the sun,
A frightful shadow cast.

Hark to that nearer, mightier crash!
As if a giant crowd,
Trampling the oaks with iron feet,
Had issued from the cloud;
White fragments of dissevered rock
Go thundering from on high,
And eastward, from their eyrie-cliffs,
The shrieking eagles fly;
And lo! the expected traveler comes,
Spurring his charger by.

To that wild warning of the air
The assassin lends no heed;
He lifts the pistol to his eye,
He notes the horseman's speed,
Firm is his hand and sure his aim—
But ere the flash is given,
Its eddies filled with woods upturn,
And spray from torrents driven;
The whirl wind sweeps the crashing wood,
The giant furs are riven.

Riven and wrenched up from splintering cliffs,
They rise like down in air;
At once the forest's rocky floor
Lies to the tempest bare.
Rider, and steed, and robber, whirled
O'er precipices vast,
'Mong trunks and boughs and shattered crags,
Mangled and crushed, are cast,
The catamount and eagle made,
At morn, a grim repast.

Pretty Thoughts.

What is crime? A wretched vagabond traveling from place to place in fruitless endeavor to escape justice, who is engaged in hot pursuit; a foe to poor innocence, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.

What is thought? A fountain from which flow all good and evil intentions—a mental flood electrical in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its avenues—yet it is the controlling power of all animated nature, and the chief mainspring of all our actions.

What is happiness? A butterfly that roves from flower to flower in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the vain multitude, in hope of obtaining the prize; yet continually evades their grasp.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelope for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

What is wit? A sparkling beverage that is highly exhilerating and agreeable when partaken at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is knowledge? A key that unravels all mystery, which unlocks the entrance, and discovers new, and unseen, and untrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored field of science and literature.

What is fear? A frightful substance to the really guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientious, honest and upright.

What is joy? The honey of existence, really beneficial and agreeable when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used to excess.

HEAVEN HELPS SUCH AS HELP THEMSELVES.—Some talk about difficulties without making an effort to overcome them! Certainly such talk is unseemly for a listless man. Reader, fix it into your mind that it is irrational to complain about difficulties while as yet you are not in earnest about overcoming them. If you would conquer obstacles and gain the victory over self, you must make some serious effort to do it. You must address yourself to the business and duties of religion with earnest effort, trusting in the Lord with all your heart, and help will come. God is your strength. In his almighty arm there is help for the weak. He offers freely his Holy Spirit. We must bear in mind that the Spirit never works without our willing and doing. When we are in earnest to do God's will, then he will be glorified in making strength perfect in the weakness.

Faith has a quiet breast.

[From the Albion.

THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

When Martin Luther, conversing with a friend, walked in the field at Eiselben, and suddenly beheld the partner of his thoughts struck to the earth by lightning—a livid corpse, what were his feelings!

Or, how excited was the mind of Michael Angelo, when, in his silent chamber of the Medici mansion, he pursued his immortal labors at midnight, with opened coffins and ghastly mortal remains around him to assist the workings of his genius!

You have read, moreover, of the Hebridean fisher who descended a horrible precipice in search of eaglo's eggs; and, swinging in mid air, was attacked by the enraged birds—a thrilling circumstance which blanched his dark locks, and deprived him, for a time, of reason.

But you have never heard the story of *that night*; and none save I can tell it.—Give me, then, your best attention, and do not doubt me, for I do not doubt myself.

I had taken supper, and found pleasure in it. Amiable with the finely flavored coffee; and fresh Finnon haddocks, I rang my bell. "Now, landlady," I said, "suppose I turn in. And by the way, I was rather cold last night. If you would give me another blanket I'd thank you."

"Eh! yes, sir; ye'll no' fash me!"

And good Mistress Wilson departed.—She was a kind Scotch soul, and therefore I had not hesitated to prefer my request. Presently she told me all was ready. I took my candlestick, bade her good night, and in a second was in my chamber.

Before jumping into bed, I studiously arranged several little articles which I had collected in my rambles. I had lately arrived at Leith from Rotterdam, and being fresh from Waterloo, I naturally wished to "straighten" the various relics, etc., which I had brought in my *coffre*. Mrs. Wilson had loaned me a drawer, and business began. The chesnuts from Hougomont, the French eagles, the views of La Haye Sainte, Mont St. Jean, La Montagne du Lion, etc., were severally placed in my drawer, together with guide books, pocket compass, and other *et cetera*.

"*Now* I'll to bed!" With that thought my outer shell was speedily cast off. I did my devotions, and turned off the gas. The next moment, I leapt into bed.

Come gentle sleep! etherial mildness, come.

Exquisite warm sheets! I plunged my feet down into their recesses. How delicious! how———Heavens! what was it? What could it be my right foot encountered? Frozen with vague horror, I sprung from the bed. My brain positively whirled; my teeth chattered—but not with *cold*. *Cold!* O, I would rather step upon an iceberg, than again experience the thrill which I then endured. There was some object in the bed. A rude grasp, a secret robber, would have chilled me less. Its mysterious feel was not of aught human.

Momentary relapse into a desperate mood, and my spirit said within me, "Get in again and kick it out!"

Kick out—what?

Searching in the dark, I at last found a chair. My next thought was to examine my foot. No! it was not lacerated—not even scratched. True, I had not at the moment experienced a sense of pain; but so horrible a surprise would not allow of it. Mental excitement often deadens physical suffering. Yet, as I believed, there was no laceration. I could not detect the flow of blood; and, though in the dark, I could have felt this.

With hands clasped on my forehead, I strove *to think*. What were my best recollections of the contact? I remembered that the left foot had touched nothing, but as the leg went down it received a gentle rub. I recollect also that the sole of my right foot had been visited with the feeling of hot breath, as though it were the breath of an animal. But then it had not touched any rough or furry creature. At this point, impressed with a dread of the supernatural, I removed my chair to the most remote corner of the room, and there pursued my train of reflection.

Was it a sleeping cat? Entangled in one of the sheets, its fur might have been covered. I called to mind many instances of cats which, for the warmth, had crept into beds. Still, one so rudely aroused would have extended its claws; and I—had I been wounded? Not to the best of my belief.

In the first place, I was confident that the plunge of my feet would have awakened such an animal. Its impulse then would be to bound away. But no movement apparent to the ear had taken place!

On the other hand—

There were two married ladies staying at the house. One of them had a small baby. Her servant-maid had been enjoined to put that precious infant to bed.—I had heard this through my opened door at the moment when supper was served.

Before taking supper, I had accidently caught a glimpse of the servant girl *en route* to her mistress' apartment, and her physiognomy caused me to think her a stupid blundering lass. Now, how easily might a mistake have occurred! The stupidity or forgetfulness of the moment might have led her to place the little baby in the wrong bed. Its mamma slept in the chamber next to mine; how facile, then, to open the wrong door!

Certainly I had not felt anything of the shape or substance of a baby. But, in that horrible moment my mind had been completely unhinged; and could I now say what I had felt?

Thought beats the electric telegraph.—These reflections occurred in less time than I take to narrate them.

My first vague horror had given way to a feeling of calm fright. By this time my body was benumbed, for in one's shirt the cold strikes in with effect.

Huddling myself together—and still impressed by the supernatural—I resumed my chain of analysis. Thus, for some moments—but you shall not be troubled with more detail. After turning over every horrible probability, and glancing in the dark towards the bed (as I believed,) I went into the committee (all alone) on ways and means—what to do!

Should I awaken the landlady? By no means; even though the circumstances warranted it, I would not. After the first horror, as I have told you, a calm fright succeeded; and I felt that—fearful as was the position—I would have to brave it alone.

No! I would light the gas, and—look!

Slowly I quitted my chair—but at this moment a strange, unearthly, hissing sound came from the bed. It might be the hissing of a serpent, (and Mr. Wilson was, I had heard, an amateur collector of such creatures) or the suppressed breathing of a dog. It was a sound as though blood were letting! Saint Bartholomew, flayed to death as thou wast! how my hair stood up as I thought of sickening passages in *Frankestein!* Shaking with the palsy, as it seemed, I tottered to my chair.

But something must be done! Screwing up my courage to the sticking point, and murmuring a prayer, I again rose—found my trousers, and searched for my box of congreves, (which, as a smoker, I invariably carry.) It was barren! not a single match remained! What should I do? To cross the spacious landing, and reach the kitchen was an early thought.—The fire would perhaps be smouldering; I might perchance obtain what I required. Mrs. Wilson's matches I could not hope to find; I knew not their locality. But an old newspaper (which I had put into the drawer loaned me, as mentioned,) would do. Could not I carry it, blazing, from the kitchen embers? Yes, I *could*, but what then? The glare of the light would arouse the sleepers; and then—the second married lady was, I had heard Mrs. Wilson say, fearful of fire; and I felt persuaded that, after the manner of others whom I know, she slept with her door ujar!

I felt for my cane,—the one which I brought from Hougoumont. Desperate, I thought of striking the coverlet until *that object* moved. But suppose it were an infant! Ah! I could pass my cane gently over the surface, and do no harm.

I approached the bed and did so. Then, starting back, my summoned resolution left me; I know, I *felt*, that the object was still there! With a beating heart I dressed myself as I could; and cautiously feeling my way to the sitting-room, lay down on the sofa, and drew my coat over me.

For a time I was unable to sleep; my nerves were too much strained; at length I dropped off into an uneasy slumber.

The clock of an adjacent church struck four. I awoke. Morning had come; golden and silver rays were flashing through the crevices of the shutters. I arose—with a perfect memory of last night's occurrences—shook myself, and (reassured by the day) proceeded to my chamber.

I was not at ease when I entered. I stopped on the threshold—but at last I slowly went in. With bated breath I approached the bed. Oh! shall I ever erase from memory that revelation?

Ghoul! vampire! monsters misshapen, and creatures charged to freeze the blood! No marvel that I had thought of ye!

My terror had been acutely excited; my nerves awfully startled; and I discovered the cause at the bottom of the bed, in the shape of a "foot bottle!" Mrs. Wilson, pray for the future inform your guests when you give them a bedfellow, which a bad conscience or an active imagination can conjure into a frightful and mysterious monster.

Deaths by Scalding and Burning.

We still see reported, almost daily, an appalling numbers of deaths by burns and scalds, not one of which we take it upon ourselves to say, need prove fatal, or would do so, if a few pounds of wheat flour could be promptly applied to the wound made by fire; and repeated until the inflammatory stage has passed. We have never known a fatal case of scalding or burning, in which this pratice has been pursued, during more than thirty years experience, and having treated hundreds in both public and private practice. We have known the most extensive burns, by falling into caldrons of boiling oil, and even molten copper, and yet the patients were rescued by this simple and cheap remedy, which from its infallible success, should supplant all the fashionable nostrums, whether oil, cotton lead-water, ice, turpentine or pain extractors, every one of which has been tried a thousand times with fatal results, and the victims have died in excruciating agony, while a few handfulls of flour would have calmed them to sleep, and rescued them from pain and death. Humanity should prompt this profession to publish and re-publish the facts on this subject which are established by the authority of standard medical works on both sides of the Atlantic. Flour is the remedy, and the only one, in several cases of scalding and burning, casualties which else so often destroys life. Let us keep it before the people, while the explosion of steam-boilers, and burning fluid lamps are so rife all over the country.—*Reese's Medical Gazette.*

A little incident occurred in one of the schools in Massachusetts, a few days since, which is, perhaps, worth relating. One of the classes was reciting, and the teacher asked a little American girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next scholar, an Irish child, who answered—"Adam sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it, *he wasn't an Irishman!*"

CLASSICAL ANECDOTE.—A certain pedantic gentleman once presented himself at Cambridge for a doctor's degree; and, as is usual on such occasions, the questioning was commenced in Latin, when the following classical wit was exhibited:—

Questioner.—*Quid est creare?* (What is it to create?)

Podant.—*Ex nihil facere?* (To make out of nothing.)

Questioner.—*Ergo, te doctorem creamus!* (Therefore we make you a doctor!)

Under the Patent Office.

Everybody knows that there are accumulated in the Patent Office, several thousand miniature models of all sorts of patented machines. But everybody does not know that in the vaults underneath, there are nearly double the number of models of *rejected* inventions. It is a huge mausoleum of departed ingenuity. Here lie the mortal remains of such machines as perished in their early infancy. There are little locks and pully-blocks, silk reels and water-wheels, power looms and mill flumes, wind-mills and Jones' pills, sewing machines and mowing machines, fanning machines and tanning machines, shingle-splitters and stock-knitters, rocking chairs and winding-stairs, cultivators, dumb-waiters and refrigerators, mouse-traps and razor-strops, life-preserving boats and India-rubber overcoats, iron doors and grain sowers, latches and lucifer matches, gas burners and bedstead turners, spark arresters and whiskey testers, blacksmith's vices and moulds for water ices, ladles, cradles, lamps, clamps, nails, pails, scales, rails, and all sorts of apparatus for cotton winding, book binding, [illegible] casting, rock blasting, clothe stitch[illegible] hitching, flax breaking, grain r[illegible] making and portrait taking, & [illegible] are over fifteen thousa[illegible] Odd enough they look—[illegible] rusty little wheels and ge[illegible] machinery, and all silent, mot[illegible] forgotten. There is something [illegible] hop about it, and something [illegible] yard.—But each one was [illegible] by some exulting inventor, [illegible] it a "manifest destiny, [illegible] glorious future. Wha[illegible] have been passed over so [illegible] a story of disappoint[illegible] nected with every one [illegible] many wasted days and unfu[illegible] buried in these vaults u[illegible] inscription, "Rejected." [illegible] in a dream a library compo[illegible] the great books that never had been written, but that was nothing compared to this grand repository of machines that never were invented.

What's the use of keeping them? It is intended when "Uncle Sam" gets rich, to bring them all up stairs, build cases and shelves for them, and arrange them systematically. Then when a man comes to the office with the reputation of some old invention, they will say to him, "Sir, your model is not patentable. It is not new. You will find one on exactly the same principle in case B, on the sixth shelf, deposited by Peter Stokes, in 1843." The disappointed applicant goes to case B, reconoitres shelf No. 6, beholds the Stokesian failure—and departs, feeling with Solomon, that there is indeed "nothing new under the sun."

Your inventor is a man of high hopes and unbounded expectations. It is doubtful whether anything was ever patented yet, that the owner did not believe to be worth a quarter of a million. Offer him a thousand dollars to stay at home, when he is about starting for Washington, and see if he will take it. Not he. He looks further. The gift of second sight is upon him. Visions of bank notes, contracts and licenses, float before his mental eye—visions of a stately mansion and equipage, with a whole street of busy, rattling, smoking factories, employing hundreds of hands, and turning out, annually, dozens and scores of the great Patent Self-Acting Compound Steam Washing Machines.—So sure is he of his nov[illegible] makes no scruple of explaining [illegible] he meets. So generous is [illegible] of triumph, that he is read[illegible] into partnership, this minute.

It is not easy for [illegible] dreams. It is hard for h[illegible] that the work he has been [illegible] years elaborating, has been done [illegible] done better by somebody [illegible] examiners tell him s[illegible] believe them. When they argue [illegible] gets them down as prejudice[illegible] The Commissioner him[illegible] him:

Or, if convinced ag[illegible]
He's of the same op[illegible]

Nothing but occular d[illegible] will satisfy him of the fact, and it is to supply that demonstration that those models are treasured up against his coming. No man knows, unless he has tried it, what "ill-omened shapes" lurk privily in wait for him, in those vaults.

Discoveries, like misfortunes, seldom come single. They are in pairs, or threes, or dozens. It is true of great ones especially. Half-a-dozen nations have disputed for centuries who worked the first printing press, and the dispute is not settled yet. Half-a-dozen claim the honor of having ushered into the world the first electrical machine. The origin of the steam engine is still shrouded in mist. Who can say with certainty which of the rival claimants first put a railroad car on wheels? What man can affirm at this day, without fear of contradiction, that so and so discovered the magnetic telegraph. We even remember to have once heard a lecture to prove, that if Columbus had not found America when he did, somebody else would have discovered it in a year or two.

When Commerce or Art meets an obstacle, various parts of the world set about studying how to get over it. It is not surprising, perhaps, that two or more of them so often hit upon the same process, about the same time. But they need not. If every man who thinks he is producing what has not been invented, should first visit the Patent hall to see what has been invented, in two cases out of three he would save himself time, money, and unprofitable labor, and have no cause to grudge his journey.

The following description of a confirmed toper is worthy of being plagiarized by all the would-be poets within the "bounds and metes" of uncle Samuel's farm, and inserted in every young lady's rose-colored album:

His name was a terrible name indeed,
'Twas Timothy Thady Mulrain,
And whenever he emptied a tumbler of punch,
He always wanted it *full* a gain.

True nobility is exempt from fear.

A Paradise for a Lazy Man.

Lieutenant Gibbon, in his account of his recent exploration of the Valley of the Amazon, gives the following account of the daily life of a Creole family, in the town of Santa Cruz, the Capital of the Bolivian department of the same name:

"Very early in the morning, the Creole, getting out of bed, throws himself into a hammock; his wife stretches herself upon a bench near by, while the children seat themselves with their legs under them, on the chairs, all in their night dresses. The Indian servant girl enters with a cup of chocolate for each member of the family; after which she brings some coals of fire in a silver dish. The wife lights her husband a segar, then one for herself. Some time is spent reclining, chatting and regaling. The man slowly puts on his cotton trowsers, woolen coat, leather shoes and vicuna hat, with his neck exposed to the fresh air—silk-handkerchiefs are scarce—and walks to some neighbor's, with whom he again drinks some chocolate and smokes another segar.

At mid day, a small low table is set in the middle of the room, and the family go to breakfast. The wife sits next to her husband; the women are very pretty, and affectionate to their husbands. He chooses her from among five, there being about that number of women to one man in the town. The children seat themselves, and the dogs form a ring behind. The first dish is a chupe of potatoes, with large pieces of meat. The man helps himself first, and throws his bones straight across the table; a child dodges his head to give a free passage, and the dogs rush behind her. The second dish holds small pieces of beef without bone. Next comes a dish of finely chopped beef, then beef soup, vegetables and fruits; finally, coffee or chocolate. After breakfast, the man pulls off his trowsers and coat and lies down in the hammock. His wife lights him a segar. She finds her way back to bed with her segar. The dogs jump up and lie on the chairs—the fleas bite them on the ground! The Indian girl closes both doors and windows, taking the children out to play, while the rest of the family sleep.

At two, P. M., the church bells ring, to let the people know the priest is saying a prayer for them, which rouses them. The man raises, stretches his hands above his head and gaps; the dogs get down and whinningly stretch themselves; while the wife sits up in the bed and loudly calls out for fire; the Indian girl re-appears with a "chunk" for her mistress to light her master another segar, and she smiles again herself. The dinner, which takes place between three and five, is nearly the same as breakfast, except when a beef is recently killed by the Indians, when they have a boil. The ribs and other long bones of the animal are trimmed of flesh, leaving the bones only coated with meat; these are laid across a fire and roasted; the members of the family while employed with them, look as if all were practicing music.

A horse is brought into the house by an Indian man, who holds him while "the patron" saddles and bridles him; he then puts on a large pair of silver spurs, which costs forty dollars, and, mounting, he rides out the front door to the opposite house; halting, he takes off his hat and cries out, "Buenas tardes, senoritas"—good evening ladies. The ladies make their appearance at the door; one lights him a segar, another mixes him a glass of lemonade to refresh himself after the ride. He remains in the saddle talking, while they lean gracefully against the door post, smiling with their bewitching eyes. He touches his hat and rides off to another neighbor. After spending the afternoon in this way, he rides into the house again. The Indian holds the horse by the bridle, while the master dismounts. Taking off the saddle, he throws it into one chair, the bridle into another, his spurs on a third, and himself into the hammock; the Indian leads out the horse, the dogs pull down the riding gear to the floor, and lay themselves on their usual bedsteads. Chocolate and segars are repeated.

A FAITHFUL GIRL.—A case of woman's devotion has recently been brought to our knowledge, which certainly equals anything that we have ever met with in the realms of romance. The circumstances occurred in this city, and are perfectly well authenticated. While the small pox was raging here a few weeks ago, a young man employed in a store on Lake street was seized with the disease. It was of course, improper for him to remain there; and the people with whom he lived, who where distant relatives of his, refused to permit him to stay in their house. The result was, that he was taken to the best house. It so happened that he was engaged to be married to a most estimable and amiable young lady. No sooner did she hear of his condition than she determined at once that she would nurse him. She underwent vaccination, and then went where they had taken her betrothed, to the pest house. Here she found him, alone, sick, wretched, deserted by all the world. And here she remained like a ministering angel, waiting beside his bed of pain, soothing his distresses and attending to his wants. He died. But how consoling must have been his last moments.

Though all the world had forsaken him, she, whom he loved better than all the world, remained faithful to the last. Her hand it was that soothed his pillow; her eyes still beamed upon him with mournful but unabated affections; into her ear he poured his last words of love, of sorrow, and hopes that in this world might never be fulfilled.

It recalled to our mind, when we heard it, the words that Bulwer puts in the mouth of one of his characters:—"To be watched and tended by the one we love, who would not walk blind and barefooted over the world?"—*Chicago Tribune, March 6th.*

The rich fool is like a pig that is choked with its own fat—fit only for the shambles.—*Chinese Saying.*

Profit is the crown of labor.

To a young Lady on her Marriage.

BY G. M. FITZGERALD.

They tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy side;
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful, their own,

I never saw a bride but my eyelids have been wet;
And it always seemed to me as if a joyous crowd had met
To see the saddest sight of all—a gay and girlish thing
Lay aside her maiden gladness for a name and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love,
And gayer friends may be around and bluer skies above,
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy brow,
Perchance a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild
And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,
Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er my brain,
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and gulish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such may be my lay,
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the May;
But it may not be! within thy breast all frozen are the springs;
The murmur dies upon thy lips—the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me—and it tells me in my rest,
That sunshine may illume my path, that joy shall be thy guest,
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose evening shall go down
Like the evening in the eastern clime—that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring has pressed thy hand,
When those thou lovest, and those that love thee, weeping round the stand,
Oh! may the verse that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,
Be o'er thee at the moment, for a blessing and a prayer.

Wonderful Freak of a Snake—Extraordinary Circumstance.

The Albany Evening Transcript of Monday says, most of all our readers have heard of the celebrated "Killkenny Cats," who fought with such desperation that both were eaten up by the other! Granting that they have, and the story to be true, we have to chronicle a story equally as wonderful, and which in consideration of our granting the cat story to be a fact, we wish believed as implicitly true.

Mr. John Gebhard, Curator of the Geological Rooms, well known for his penchant in the study of Natural History, recently made an experiment with a snake and mouse with the most wonderful results. His snakeship was some eight feet long and proportionately large; but swallowed his food whole, be the article of provender large or small. Mr. Gebhard being of an inquisitive turn of mind, determined to test the fact whether in the process of deglution the snake managed, by some unknown process, to masticate its food or whether it was bolted whole.

Accordingly a mouse was procured and placed in the cage with the snake, which at first did not appear to notice it, allowing the animal to run about, leap over its body and cut up other antics in its haste to get away. In a few hours, however, the snake apparently "smelled a rat," and felicitating itself upon its good fortune in thus being furnished with a delectable morsel for its supper, began to move about with great gratification, eyeing the infinitesimal lump of life with inward delight. Soon, by the use of most potent charming powers, the mouse sat upright, gazing at its "lord and master" with irresistible and evident delight. This, however, was dangerous pastime, for suddenly the snake, making a dart at the mouse, took it in its extended jaws, and merely winking its glaring eyes, swallowed the animal as easily as would a child a sugar plum, and then curled itself up into its listless, indolent way. Mr. G. believing that the mouse was forever "gone from his gaze," paid no more attention to the snake until the next morning, when going to look at it he was surprised to find a mouse running about the cage, having the appearance of being saturated with blood.

Upon looking at the snake, a hole was found in its body near its tail sufficiently large to allow of the egress of the mouse, and from the freshness of the wound it was evident that the mouse swallowed alive had eaten its way out! This being the only hypothesis upon which to base a conclusion, and not being certain, Mr. G. determined to watch and see if the snake would again attack its diminutive though life loving prisoner. With patience did Mr. G. keep a vigil over the box until his suppositions were verified, the snake again swallowed the mouse, which eat its way out of the body a few inches from the place where it had before regained daylight! Sixteen times was the experiment repeated, but the seventeenth time the snake was so completely perforated that in the attempt to again swallow the mouse, giving a sudden twitch of the body, it was snapped in twain. The mouse died the next day, but the snake lived a week after.

MORE SUCH BIRDS NEEDED.—A Buffalo paper relates an extraordinary anecdote, as follows:

"A friend of ours has had for a long time a very superior canary bird, which has been celebrated for its excellence as a songster, and for which he has been offered large sums of money. About three weeks ago, our friend being awakened from a "nap" by its voice, rose and hastily exclaimed, "D—n that bird!" The bird, then at the height of its song, suddenly ceased its note, and from that time to the present has never warbled or even chirped, but has maintained an unbroken silence. What philosophy of instinct, or of mutual affection between man and his pets, can account for this!"

☞ The choicest pleasures of life lie within the range of moderation.

Casting a "Devil" out of a Church—A Methodist Minister Arrested for Assaulting a Distiller.

We are indebted to our friend, J. M. Eells, of Marietta, Ohio, for the following graphic sketch. We are assured that the facts transpired substantially as narrated:

"A Methodist clergyman, who has been laboring in this vicinity, was not long since, preaching to his people on the miraculous power of the Apostles over the demoniac spirits of their day. As he was pursuing his theme, the audience were suddenly startled by a voice from some one in the congregation, demanding, in a half querulous, half authoritive tone: "Why don't preachers do such things now a days?" In an instant every eye in the house was turned upon the individual who had the effrontery thus to invade the sacredness of the sanctuary.

The speaker paused for a moment, and fixed his penetrating gaze full upon the face of the questioner. There was an interval of intense silence, broken at last by the speaker in resuming his subject. He had not proceeded far with his remarks, before he was again interrupted by the same impertinent inquiry. Again he paused for a time, again resumed his subject. Not content with a silent rebuke, our redoubtable questioner demanded again: "Why don't the preachers do such things now a days?" and curling his lips with a sneer of self complacency, drew himself up pompously in his seat. "Our reverend friend, (who, by the way, is a man of great muscular power,) camly left the desk and walked deliberately to the pew, where the interrogator sat, and fastening one hand firmly upon the collar of his coat, and the other on the waistband of his "unmentionables," lifted him square out of his seat and bore him down the aisle to the entrance.

Pausing for a moment there, he then turned his eyes upon his audience and in a clear, full voice, said, "and they cast out the devil in the form of a *distiller*," and suiting the action to the word, out went knight of the mash-tub, *a la* leap frog fashion, into the street.

The good pastor quietly returned to his desk and completed his discourse. After closing the services, as he was passing out of the church, the out cast distiller with an officer of the law, escorted our clerical friend to the office of a magistrate, to answer for an assault upon the person of said distiller.—After hearing the case the magistrate dismissed the clergyman, and after roundly reprimanding the complainant, fined him for molesting the services of the sanctuary.

Since that day we believe he has never for a moment doubted the power of the Methodist preachers to cast out devils, at least within the limits of the Ohio Conference."

AN ADVOCATE OF PIERCE ON THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE.—The editor of the N. Y. *Democrat*, after quoting the Louisville Journal and the Richmond Enquirer upon the indebtedness of politicians to the press, makes its own remorseful confession as follows:—

"It is not unfrequent that the friendship of an editor is the political stock in trade upon which he draws for every step he takes in the way of fame. * * * Witness, for instance, the tremendous man the press made of Mr. Pierce during the campaign of his election. We confess that we look back with shame upon the part we bore in that business during the four months of that canvass. We wrote for a campaign paper which circulated more than sixty thousand copies a week, what would make a book of not less than three hundred folio pages, all proving most clearly, that he was in intellect, genious of principles and firmness of character, a second Jackson. Our head almost aches now when we remember the weary days and nights of editorial labor in which we toiled him through the battle smoke, over the plains of Mexico, and erected him into a tremendous and most frightfully brave general, who never did faint from fear under the blaze and whiz of the salt-petre and bullets of the enemy. And now to see that bulrush thing he has turned out to be, bows our own spirit with shame and regret.

GRAFTING.—Grafting is performed in the spring. The last of March is the proper time for plums and cherries, and April for all others. In grafting, thrifty young stalks should be proferred. The operation is simple, and consists in cutting off the stack at the point where we wish to insert the scion, and splitting the stalk down the centre; the scion is cut at the lower end, in the form of a wedge, and inserted in a split in the stalk; the outside bark of the scion should fit nicely in the bark on the stalk. A salve made of one pound of beeswax, six of rosin, melted with one pint of linseed oil, is then used to cover the seams made in the operation, so as to render the whole air-tight; the salve should be looked to occasionaly, and kept smooth and tight on the seams, for it sometimes gets open and lets in the air, which will destroy the scion. Scions should be of the last year's groth, and upon each two or thee buds.

ICE AS AN ANAESTHESIA.—Thomas Wakely, editor, we believe, of the London Lancet, writes to the London Illustrated News, "The experiment of the past few weeks proves to my complete conviction that local anæsthesia can be obtained by the benumbing influence of ice, without resorting to the administration of chloroform; which by its subtle power, renders insensible the system generally; and occasionally produces those fatal effects to which almost every surgeon can bear testimony. I have tried the ice in several case, in both hospital and private practice, and in almost every instance the success was evident, the patient, when blindfolded, being ignorant of the use of the knife."

A beautiful and chaste woman is the perfect workmanship of God, the true glory of angels, the rare miracle of the earth and wonder of the world.

Guilt is best discovered by its own fear.