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The Dying Girl.

BY CHENEVIX

They say I'm failing fast, mother;
Indeed, I felt it so;
For all seems overcast, mother,
And my cheeks have ceased to glow.
Just place your hand upon my heart,
How wild its pulses beat!
They'll soon be still—I know they will,
And then my sleep—how sweet!

O raise me on your arm, mother,
That I may catch the breeze,
And feel its breath of balm mother,
Fresh from the leafy trees.
The flowers are full of joy,
How rich the lilacs bloom!
And see my rose—how sweet it blows—
You'll bear it to my tomb!

'Tis merry May for some, mother,
Their joyous laugh I hear;
With happy songs they come, mother,
Whose song to me how dear!
O, let them sing them by my bed,
I'm sure 'twill soothe my pain;
'Twill hover round me when I'm dead,
That wild yet pleasant strain.

The light becomes more dim, mother,
I cannot see your face—
My brain begins to swim, mother,
My limbs grow cold apace;
An angel's bending from the skies,
He says that I must come;
O, mother! dry your tearful eyes,
I'm going to my home!

To Maude.

The grace of childhood clings to thee
In thy maturing youth;
Thy woman-looks are eloquent
With purity and truth;
And in thy gentle mien there is
The steadfastness of Ruth.

There have been locks as richly brown,
And eyes as softly bright,
And cheeks that blushed a rosier hue,
And brows as marble-white:
But never one whose beauty stirred
The heart to more delight.

Expression such as thine it was,
As beautiful and mild,
That, in the watches of the night,
Upon the painter smiled;
Beside his canvass dreaming of
Madonna and her child.

Thy mind is like a placid lake,
Wide open to the sky,
That mirrors in its waters all
The changing world on high;
The sun, the stars, the wandering bird,
That slowly saileth by.

We are not wholly left of heaven,
While such remain on earth,
Who from no living copies take
The image of their worth;
But are created perfect by
The hand which gave them birth.

[*Knickerbocker.*

THE SUICIDE.

Years ago, out in the central part of the State of New York, in a district but sparsely settled at that time, through which passed a great high-road leading "to the westward," an emigrant fixed upon a local habitation.

The dwellers in that humble tenement built of unhewn logs, were two; and they were young in life and hope, and young in that blessed relation which made them one in flesh and heart.

There were many broad acres within the enclosure around that unpretending dwelling, and they were of good soil, and the hardy husbandman reaped his reward from them, from year to year.

The winter fire blazed briskly on the ample hearth, the moon ran high, and the night air was keen and brisk without, as the two sat side by side talking of their future plans, as it was ever their wont to do. The wife drew nearer to her husband's chair, as though the bond between them was growing stronger. Her words were uttered in a lower tone, as though the night might hold mysterious strangers who would catch the sound of her voice, as she revealed to him the pent-up thoughts which had of late occupied her mind and grown daily to be regarded more and more in the light of a certainty that her fondest hopes would ere long be realized.

"We have lived," she said, "and striven together, and we have prospered, and how happy shall we be when Providence has given us a richer reward in one to grow up and share these blessings with us!"

Oh! the delight that was kindled upon that coyish woman's radiant face, as she talked to him beside her, in whispers, of being a mother. True wort thou a woman to thy nature, to thy husband, and to thy country; and for this thou wert above all price—priceless.

Seed-time and harvest came and went for sixteen years, and the husbandman's store-houses grew more and more corpulent with the product of each season's labors, and he was forehanded. The humble tenement of unhewn logs had passed away, and on its site a more stately mansion had been erected.

The wife who had helped to plan that household, had also ceased to be; and in her stead there was one far more stately, more youthful, more beautiful, but more in all else unlike the mother. The happiness of that husbandman had also passed away. With no one now to talk and plan with him at eventide, he was alone. He had a daughter, a full grown woman, it is true—the one that he and the wife had built their hopes upon—but she was a gay and thoughtless girl, and could in no wise fill the place of her who had left him upon life's journey alone.

A few more years had passed away in the course of time, and the home that had been built up in the hopes and energy of young life had passed from his hands, and the father and the daughter were in the city. The one was sadder and more lonely still; the other was gayer and more thoughtless than ever before. The passion of avarice, which grows with age, seized upon the one, in the absence of any stimulus to a better feeling; while the excitement of glittering pomp and show fed the impulse of the unreflecting heart that knew little of the world and life.

The father and the daughter grew more and more unloving, for there was little sympathy between them, and they were separated. Far hence, upon the golden shore, he sought to drown his sorrows in feeding the only remaining impulse to action.

A few more years had passed onward, and the daughter had become a wife.

Twilight came of a summer evening, and the husband had returned from the business cares of the day to his household and his wife. The night grew dark upon them as they sat apart, for the bond between them was breaking fast. The night was fair, and the soft moonlame floating in the lattice as gently as the breathing of a sleeping bade; but not so the hearts of that husband and wife, for they beat coldly, and their breathing broke upon their lips in bitter words.

In extenuation, let it be said, the wife was beautiful even in anger, and the flashing lightning from her eye was from a wildness that was all unnatural. The husband was the milder of the two. It is not strange that woman should look forward with dread upon the days of her travail and the hour of her peril; but it is all unnatural that she should make this the occasion to break the bond between her and the husband.

The season had changed from summer to winter, and, late at night, the doctor sat alone, all unconscious of what he has here written; for this tale was untold then. The sound of a gun fell upon his ear, from which he knew that a steamer from some distant [illegible] was coming up the harbor. His thoughts turned naturally upon the joyous hearts of those upon that steamer, who were returning home. Little did he think that upon that good ship's deck there stood a man, past middle life, returning laden with the product of the golden land, and in whose heart was kindled afresh the joyous hope of soon seeing again his only child; little did he think that within one hour he would meet that man more sorrowful than ever before.

"Doctor, come quickly!" I knew the voice, and started upon the instant, drawing my overcoat on as I emerged into the street. The night was dark and cold, and the rumbling omnibuses were well-nigh stifled, for the hand of that steady old monitor of fleeting time upon the City Hall, was just turning the point between to-day and to-morrow. My companion was as cold and cheerless, and silent as the night. Not a word was spoken by either of us as we passed along the street. There are times when words are out of place—meaningless, empty sounds. Their actions speak with a terrible force, and silence sends a thrill through the heart that has no language to give it utterance. I knew that something had occurred, and could only conjecture that life was at stake; but who, and where, I did not know. I thought of those who encircled the hearthstone with him who was urging me onward, faster and faster by rapid strides; but of them I knew none ill. I was about breaking this silence by an inquiry as to the nature of the case upon which I was called, in order to be prepared, when he mounted the steps, and turning the night-latch, we were immediately within the dwelling that encompassed the mystery. Tarrying not even to throw off an outer garment, I followed his hasty footsteps up a flight of stairs, and as he put one hand upon the door knob, the other was raised as a token for silence, and his eye for the first time was turned directly upon mine. Not a whisper broke the stillness of that moment, but his frame quivered under the effect of some terrible emotion. Loosening his hand from the door knob, he stepped back, and motioned me to precede him. I entered the apartment, and stepping to the bedside, looked upon the wife. She lay with her head upon the pillow, where it had often lain before, but pale, and fair, and beautiful—she had turned the point between time and eternity.—The bell rung from the street door, and its sound was a relief in breaking the stillness of that death silence which no one seemed inclined to break by parting lips, or moving tongue. Soon the sound of hasty footsteps was heard upon the staircase, and the door opened, and in a moment more, the father and husband stood looking upon her who had been a child to the one, and a wife to the other, but who, by her own hand, in a moment of phrensy, had left them in sorrow, rather than be a mother.—*Home Journal.*

GOMORRAH.—A French traveler, Mons De Souley, professes to have discovered the ruins of this ancient city, now bearing the name of Charbet-Goumran, or Goumran, on the borders of the Dead Sea. They extend over a space of more than six thousand yards, and their very name, given by the Arabs, indicates their identity with the ancient city destroyed by fire from heaven. Neither sacred nor profane history gives any hint of the existence of any other city on this site; and the ruins are very abundant—mounds covered with rubbish—avenues of upright stones, in good preservation, &c., covering a space of about four English miles, and located at the northern part of the Dead Sea, they seem to the traveler to be beyond question the remains of that exceedingly wicked city. Further explorations may be necessary to the establishment of the fact in minds less sanguine.

MOTHER'S ADVICE.—If I were talking to my own daughter, I would entreat her never to allow herself to dwell upon marriage as an object for life. Dignity and delicacy sink, I cannot say how rapidly, when once that idea takes possession of the mind; and as for happiness there is not a more miserable being in existence than a woman past the excitement of youth, aiming at being married. She becomes more and more dissatisfied and envious, and neglectful of present duties.—May you never become what I have seen many others, solely from the indulgence of this one, false degrading principle.

A man much addicted to snoring, remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning, that he had "slept like a top." "I know you have," said the other tartly, "like a *humming* top."

An editor out west says that ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love of being *squeezed.*—We won't give the fellow's name.

The Jungle Boy.

The following beautiful story was related by Mrs. E. C. Judson, the wife of the Missionary in India, now deceased:

Many years ago, a lady sat in the verandah of her Burmese house, endeavoring to decipher the scarcely legible characters of a palm-leaf book, which lay in all its awkwardness, upon the table before her. A beautiful beetle, with just gold enough on its bright green wings to distinguish him from the glossy leaves of the Cape jasmine, which grew close by the balustrade, was balancing himself upon one of the rich white blossoms that filled the whole air with fragrance; while a gay plumed bird, with a strange sort of a feathery coronal upon his head, was making himself busy among the rank grass beyond. It is in vain to try to enumerate the lady's strange visitors, but they were such as any of you might see of a bright morn in Burmah, and very attractive you would find them—much more attractive, I have no doubt, than the long palm-leaf books, all smeared with oil to make their circular scratches legible.

From a little bamboo shelter, a curious thatched roof set upon poles, just beyond the high, uncropped hedge, and dignified by the name of school-house—came a sound of mingled voices, very cheerful, very earnest, and to strangers' ears about as intelligible as the cawing of the crows. But the lady understood it all; and it told her that her native school-master was doing his duty, and his tawny pupils making some proficiency in the *them-bong gyee* or talk.

As the lady bent over her book, a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes upon the dizzy circles, a strange-looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge, which served as gateway, and rushing toward her, with great eargerness inquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair unconfined by the usual turban matted with filth, and bristling in every direction, like the quills of a porcupine, and a very dirty cloth of plaid cotton disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here? "he inquired, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little, as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" inquired the lady.

"I want to see him: I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"*Does he live here?*"—with great emphasis; "I want to know *that.* Doing! Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad—I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ: for I heard one of the Loo-gyees say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ."

"But he does not save people from hell, if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly; but I can't stop—I don't know how to stop—the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing, but come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured; but she spoke the last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant "B'ha-lai?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now"—

She was interrupted by a sharp cry of despair.

"But I am his humble friend and follower—"

The face of the listener brightened a little.

"And he has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the poor boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me—oh tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave for life—Do not be angry!—Do not send me away!—I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

The lady, you will readily believe, was not likely to be angry. The next day a new pupil was welcomed to the little bamboo school house, in the person of the wild Karen boy.

Years passed away. Death had laid his hand on the gentle lady. On earth, another death was enacting. A strong, dark-browed man tossed wildly on his fevered couch, in agony. Suddenly his countenance was lighted with a heavenly radiance, his lips parted with a smile, his eye beamed with a single joyful flash, and then his waiting angel guide conducted him to the presence of the Saviour. It was the JUNGLE BOY.

THE origin of the $ for dollars is as follows: The Spanish word for dollars is "*peso*;" in the plural "*pesos*". In old Spanish accounts the word is written in full and placed before the numerals.—Then we find it abreviated into P. S.—Afterwards we find the small *p* used, the letter *s* placed on the lower part of the *p.* Next the curved part of the *p* is omitted, which gives the present dollar sign $. The use of two long strokes in the sign is a modern practice. Thus the sign $ is equivalent to the word "Peso."

A GOOD REASON.—A few days since, a Grand Jury out South ignored a bill against a huge negroe, for stealing chickens, and before discharging him from custody, the Judge gave him a reprimanding, concluding as follows:

"You may go now, John; but (shaking his finger at him;) let me warn you never to appear here again."

John, with delight beaming from his big white eyes, and with a broad grin, displaying a new row of beautiful ivory, replied:

"I wouldn't bin dis time, Judge, only the constable fotch me!"

Six sisters were married the same night at their home in Somerset county, Pa.

Is there any Forgetting?

Dr. Rush tells us that when he was called upon to attend, on their death-beds, aged Swedes, who for forty, fifty or sixty years had lost the use of their native tongue, the long suspended faculty would be recalled in approaching death, and they would talk, pray, and sing in Swedish.—Dr. Johnston, also, when it came to his turn to die, spoke not in the march of his own majestic rhetoric—passed by even the cadences of those Latin hymns on which he once had so much loved to dwell—but was heard with his sinking voice muttering a child's prayer, which he had learned on his mother's knee. Strange, indeed, is the providence, and yet so wisely illustrative of the absence of time as an element in the divine economy, which thus brings together in mystical association the two extreme points of human history—birth and death! This same remarkable quality is thus touched upon by Coleridge.

"In a Roman Catholic town in Germany, a young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which she incessantly continued talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist in sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been a resident for many years as a servant, in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; traveled thither; found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken in by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even to the old man's death. With great difficulty he discovered a niece of the pastor, of whom anxious inquiries were made concerning his habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession, and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bed-side, that no doubt could remain, in any rational mind, concerning the true origin of the impression made on her nervous system.

"This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as, we cannot rationly suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that if the intelligible faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization—*the body celestial*, instead of the *body terrestrial*—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost.

HOW THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND LIVED TILL 1750.—The Scientific American, in its last issue, says:

"In the days of Queen Elizabeth, substantial diet was confined chiefly to persons of rank and wealth. A ploughman was often compelled to dine on water gruel. The food of the laborers was coarse and deficient; their clothing was incomparably more so, and their lodgings rude, dirty and uncomfortable. The houses even of the wealthy were mostly destitute of glass windows and chimneys. The floors of the peasants' houses were of clay and filled with the accumulated filth of many years. The luxury of linen was confined to rich and high born. Their woollen cloth was all of domestic manufacture. Tea and coffee, and, to a great extent sugar, were unknown. Beer was the universal beverage. The higher classes of society lived chiefly on salt meats. The common people seldom ate meat of any form. The ordinary fare of the working-men then, would produce a riot in a work house now. Potatoes and turnips appeared about this time. In earlier ages, the people fed entirely on bread and meat.—As late as 1750, out of a population of six millions, in England and Wales, one-half were sustained by rye, barley and oats. Now, the same class of persons are consumers of wheat. The use of the potato, as the principal article of food, has been confined to a few districts.

ELOQUENCE.—"Och, Jamie, an did ye niver hear uv my great spache afore the Hibernian society?"

"No Pat, how should I, for sure I was not on the ground."

"Well, Jamie, ye see I was called upon by the the Hibernian Society for a speech. I rose with the enthusiastic cheers of thousands and tine of thousands, with me heart overflowing with gratitude and me eyes filled with tears, and *not the word could I spake.*"

The Emperor of France was fifty-one years old on the 21st of April.

Uncle William's Advice.

If you wish to be healthy, be clean, be clean;
If you wish to be healthy, be clean;
And so long as you may, don't slacken your play,
Nor forget to run off on the green.
But, remember, fresh air will make you look fair,
And will add to your healthfulness too;
But a dirty-faced child, in a dress that is soil'd,
Is a sight most distressing to view.

If you wish to be aged, be calm, be calm.
If you wish to be aged, be calm,
For passion and rage never lead to old age,
And bad tempers are fruitful of harm;
But, if gentle and mild, while yet but a child,
Amidst meekness and peace you will grow:
Keeping under control every power of your soul,
Until age shall encircle your brow.

If you wish to be happy, be good, be good,
If you wish to be happy, be good;
For a mind at ease, and a smiling face
Are better than clothing or food:
But a naughty temper and angry looks
Mark a spirit that is wicked within;
On which God looks down with his awful frown,
For he can never smile upon sin.

If you wish to be god-like, be kind, be kind;
If you wish to be god-like, be kind;
And whatever you store, forget not the poor,
Nor be vain of the deed in your mind:
For the Father of love pours down from above
His sunshine and showers upon all;
And to imitate this will bring you to bliss;
For his blessing upon you will fall.

If you wish to reach heaven, strive hard, strive hard;
If you wish to reach heaven, strive hard;
Nor the conflict shun, till the victory's won,
And you gain the eternal reward.
Be holy within, and keep spotless from sin,
Through the grace which in Jesus is given;
Then near to the throne, you shall claim as your own
A crown and a palace in heaven!

From the Montgomery Mail.

"Joe Ridicus?"

Current among the gossip of the Supreme Court Library and Lounging Room, was a little story told on a distinguished member of the bar from one of the central counties of the State; and as it tickled all who heard it, from the Chief Justice down to the "latest admission," we comprehend that we cannot absolutely spoil it, with our *currente calamo*:

Some months ago, the gentleman to whom special reference is made above, and who may be called Col. Dash, was retained to defend a most terrible "assault with intent to murder," in a county north of his own, which may be designated as the county of Blank. As it was a very bad case Col. Dash advised his client, who had entered into bond with good security, in $3,000, that it was well enough to forfeit the recognizance by failing to appear and to take the chance of quashing it *because it was executed on Sunday*—as happened to have been the fact.

This course was taken, and at the proper time, Col. Dash, whose mouth is one of real oratorical extension, moved to quash the bond, because it appeared to the court, here, to have been entered into and signed, on Sunday—*dies non juridicus.* In the course of the argument which he made for the motion, the phrase came out several times—*dies non juridicus*—so often indeed, that even the unlearned and altogether unchanical came to know, by the context, that *dies non juridicus* meant Sunday, or Sunday meant *dies non juridictis*, which was not very essential different; and that the law did not recognize the social apothegm, "the better the day, the better the deed."

"All!" did we say! Not exactly! There was one person present—a country justice of the peace—who did not understand what *dies non juridicus* meant, or rather he got a peculiar view of its force and effect. He marked the phrase, however, and invested it, in his own mind, with a monstrous potency, as the sequel shows.

Some weeks after the motion to quash—which was entirely successful, thanks to *dies non juridicus!*—Squire Hobbs, the justice aforesaid, had, in his own seat, a case before him, in which a citizen was charged with stealing a pig, or some other chattel under the value of twenty dollars. The examination, if it did not establish the guilt of the accused "beyond a reasonable doubt," raised some ugly presumptions, and his lawyer, aware of the fact, remarked to the "court," Squire Hobbs, aforesaid, that in view of the rigidity of the statute regulating preliminary criminal trials, he would not interpose any defence at that time, but his client was ready to make a bond, to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court, when he would satisfactorily establish his innocence.

"*Bond!*" exclaimed Squire Hobbs—"*Bond!*—Yes, I say Bond! And at the next term of the Circuit Court, have that big-mouthed lawyer from S——, come thar, and holler JOE RIDICUS! JOE RIDICUS!! two or three times, and away goes your Bond! Constable! tie the defendant to that tree, out thar, and give him thirty-nine lashes, and see what Joe Ridicus can do with that!"

And they say that the thing was so well done, that even "Joe," himself, would never have had the face to plead *nul tiel record* to *that* recognizance!

☞As the King of Sardinia still assumes the title of King of Jerusalem, a solemn service was celebrated on the 13th ult., in the Church of the Tomb of the Saviour, for the repose of the souls of the two Queens of Sardinia and of the Duke of Genoa. The Latin Patriarch officiated, and the French Consul General was present. Three years ago, the Greek Patriarch objected to the Latin Patriarch celebrating the rite of confirmation in that Church, even at an hour when the Greeks had no service to perform. On the present occasion, the French Consul General merely gave notice that on such a day and at such an hour the service would take place, and the Greek Patriarch made no objection.

Look out for counterfeit 10's on the Western Reserve (O) Bank. They are altered from 1's.

Young America.

"A very uncertain, mysterious, inexplicable creation is a boy—who can define him?"

——I will try. A boy is the spirit of mischief embodied. A perfect teetotum, spinning round like a jenny, or tumbling heels over head. He invariably goes through the process of leaping over every chair in his reach; makes drum-heads of the doors; turns the tin pans into cymbals; takes the best knives out to dig worms for baits, and loses them; hunts up the molasses cask, and leaves the molasses running; is boon companion to the sugar barrel; searches up all the pie and preserves left from supper, and eats them; goes to the apples every ten minutes; hides his old cap in order to wear his best one; cuts his boots accidentally, if he wants a new pair; tears his clothes for fun; jumps into the puddles for sport, and for dirty tracks your carpets, marks your furniture, pinches the baby, worries the nurse, ties fire-crackers to the kitten's tail, drops his school-books in the gutter while he fishes with a pin, pockets his schoolmaster's "specs," and, finally, turns a sober household upside down if he cuts his finger. He is a provoking and unprovokable torment, especially to his sisters.—He don't pretend to much until he is twelve. Then begins the rage for frock-coats, blue eyes, curly hair, white dresses, imperfect rhymes and dickies. At fourteen he is "too big" to split wood or go for water; and at the time these interesting offices ought to be performed, contrives to be invisible—whether concealed in the garret, with some old worm-eaten novel for company, ensconced on the wood-pile learning legerdemain, or bound off on some expedition that turns out to be more deplorable than explorable. At fifteen he has *tolerable* experience of the world; *but*, from sixteen to twenty, may we clear the track when he's in sight. He knows more than Washington; expresses his opinion with the decision of Ben Franklin; makes up his mind that he was born to rule the wild, and now lays the track of creation; thinks Providence is near-sighted; understands theology and the science of the pronouns; informs his father that General Jackson fought the memorable battle of New Orleans; asks his minister if he don't consider the Bible *a little too orthodox.* In other words, he knows more then, than he will know again. Just hail one of these young specimens "boy" at sixteen, how wrathy he gets! If he does not answer you precisely as the little urchin did, who angrily exclaimed, "Don't call me 'boy,' I've smoked these two years," he will give you a withering look that is meant to annihilate you, turn on his heel, and with a curl of the lip, mutter disdainfully, "Who do you call boy?" and oh! the emphasis! But, jest aside, an honest, blunt, merry, mischievous boy is something to be proud of, whether as brother or son; for, in all his scrapes, his good heart gets the better of him and leads him soon to repentance; and be sure he will remember his fault—at least five minutes.—"*What Not,*" *by Mrs. Mary A. Denison.*

A SPECULATOR QUERED.—Once on a time a country Dutchman early one morning went to town, where by chance he overheard some traders telling each other how much money they had made that morning, by speculation; one of them had made $100, $200, $300, &c. Han's bump of acquisitiveness was so excited that he, without any reflection, forthwith concluded to leave his former business, which was labor, and try his hand at speculation, and on his return home made his intentions known to his faithful vrow. Early next morning he gathered his wallet containing his funds, amounting to five dollars, and off he goes post haste, and half bent, to look up a speculation. He had not proceeded far when he met a wagoner, and accosted him thus:

"Good morning, Mr. Wagoner, I wants to speculate a leetle dish morning wid you." "Well, say," said the wagoner, "how do you want to speculate." "Vell" says the Dutchman, "I will bet you fife dollars you can't guess what my dog's name is." "Call him up till I look at him," rejoined the wagoner. Dutchman: "Here Va-teh, he-re Va-teh, here Va-teh," the dog trots up, the wagoner eyes him for a moment and said, "I guess his name is Watch."—Dutchman: "O besure, Mr. wagoner, you has won him, de monish is yours," and Hans returned to his old occupation perfectly satisfied.

Among other interesting anecdotes of the Choctaws, the New Orleans Republican gives the following sketch of their manner of love making:

Courtship is invariable begun by the female. If she fancies a young man, she makes what is technically called the first banter. This is done by slyly squeezing the hand, or gently touching his foot at the camp-fire. If a man should venture upon any of these little preliminaries, without being sure of a reciprocal partiality, the indignant maid would immediately assail him with a stick, and this would be the signal for a general assault by all the squaws around on the presuming lover, who, unless he fled, would be beaten without mercy. Thus, even in this rude shape, does woman play the coquette. The young squaw who screams the loudest and shows the most resentment at these unwarrantable liberties of an ardent lover, is set down as the Diana of her tribe.

Velocity.

The velocity of a ship is from 8 to 12 miles an hour; of a race horse from 29 to 30 miles; of a bird from 50 to 60 miles; of the clouds in a violent hurricane, 80 to 100 miles; of sound 822 miles; of a cannon ball, as found by experiment, from 600 to 1,000 miles; of the earth around the sun, 98,000 miles, more than a hundred times quicker than a cannon ball; of mercury, 104,000; of light about 600,000,000 miles, passing from the sun to the earth, 95,000,000 in about 7 minutes, or about a million times swifter than a cannon ball; and the exceeding velocity of the human mind is beyond all possible estimate.

SOUNDING THE NIAGARA.—The engineer of the suspension bridge, near the falls of Niagara, Mr. JOHN A. ROEBLING, writes to the Buffalo "*Democrat*" that he has made a second attempt to sound the Niagara, at and from the bridge, without success. The last attempt was made with an iron of about forty pounds weight attached to a No. 11 wire, which was let fall from the bridge, a distance of 225 feet, striking the surface perpendicularly, but it was not out of sight *more than one second*, appearing again on the surface, about one hundred feet down stream, skipping upon the water like a chip. While hauling it up it bounced about like a ball, till struck by a cake of ice, it was severed from the wire. Mr. ROEBLING adds that he is satisfied that *no metal* has sufficient specific gravity to pierce that current, even with the momentum acquired by a fall of 222 feet! The velocity of the iron when striking, must have been about equal to 124 feet per second, and consequently its momentum near 5000 pounds. Its surface opposed to the current was about fifty superficial inches. This will give an idea of the strength of that current, and at the same time hint at the Titan forces that have been at work to scoop out the bed of the Ningara River.

THE PARKVILLE (Mo.) MOB VICTIM.—Mr. P. Park, the editor of the "Parkville Luminary," whose office was destroyed by a mob, was from Grafton, Vermont. He left for the College at Springfield, Ill., and while there pursuing his studies, the war broke out between Mexico and Texas in which he enlisted and served under Gen. Houston. He was at the massacre of San Jacinto, and barely escaped with his life. At the close of the war he returned to Illinois, and received a lieutenant's commission; but left again to take part in the border war with the Camanches.—Mr. Park built a warehouse at the place which bears his name. He has resided there for many years, and always defended Southern men against Northern fanaticism. Since the destruction of his office he has published an address, in which he declines to comply with the order of the mob to leave the place. He says it would be a degradation to the American press for one of its conductors to fly from home, family and friends, at the threat of a licentious mob. He would rather prefer death, he further says, at his own home, amid the flowers and trees planted, and consecrated by affection, and upon the soil of the country he has toiled to build up."

MENTAL AND CORPOREAL SUFFERING.—There is a very pretty Persian apologue on the difference betwen mental and corporeal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be more severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it.—He took another, shut it up with a tiger which was bound with a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near, but not seize the lamb, and also put food before him. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten all the food placed before him—the other was found dead from fright.

BABIES.—The local editor of the Buffalo *Republic* has made himself one of the immortals by the publication of a discovery which he has recently made, of great importance to mothers. It is an infallible means of keeping babies, from two to ten months old, perfectly quiet for hours.—The *modus operandi* is as follows:

As soon as the squaller awakes set the child up, propped by a pillow if it can not sit alone, and smear its fingers with thick molasses. Then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the young one will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it awakes, more molasses and more feathers, and in the place of nerve-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

FALLING OFF IN OUR SHIPMENTS OF BREADSTUFFS TO EUROPE.—Hunt's Commercial Chronicle and Review gives the following comparison of the amount of Breadstuffs exported from New York to foreign ports between January 1st and April 14th this year and last:

	1854.	1855.
Wheat flour, barrels,	441,568	141,714
Rye flour, "	4,605	9,517
Corn meal, "	26,699	15,958
Wheat, bushels,	1,013,893	28,893
Rye, "	304,062	5,139
Oats, "	5,753	12,111
Corn, "	1,569,001	1,254,658

☞MATT. J. WARD, who shot the schoolmaster, Butler, at Louisville, Ky., is the lion of the streets of New Orleans.—He sports a span of bay horses, beautifully caparisoned, and a splendid carriage, and upon the box sit two colored gentlemen, with blue suits, white gloves, black hats, a green band around, and a small feather upon the upper edge. A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune adds:—"To-day I saw in the carriage the once gay and fascinating belle of Kentucky, Miss Sallie Ward, and afterwards Mrs. Lawrence, of Boston—now Mrs. Dr. Hunt. She is still beautiful, and looks as lovely as a fairy queen."

"Mike," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick, tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him."

"Shure and I will," replied Mike; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

BOLD GROUND.—Dr. O. O. Brownson recently lectured in New Orleans, and the *Creole* reports him as follows, on the destiny of the Romish Church:—

"It must become the arbiter between the State and the subject. It must guard the man by interposing its flaming sword as a defence. It must construe Constitutions and expound laws, deciding where is the limit of centralized power, and what is its absolute duty to perform."