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Contentment.

AY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Think'st thou the steed that restless roves
O'er rocks and mountains, fields and groves,
With wild, unbridled bound,
Finds fresher pasture than the bee,
On thy my bank or vernal tree,
Intent to store her industry
Within her waxen round?

Think'st thou the fountain forced to turn
Through marble vase or sculptured urn,
Affords a sweeter draught
Than that which in its native sphere,
Perennial, undisturb'd and clear,
Flows, the lone traveller's thirst to cheer,
And wake his grateful thought?

Think'st thou the man whose mansions hold
The worldling's pomp and miser's gold,
Obtains a richer prize
Than he who, in his cot at rest,
Finds heavenly peace, a willing guest,
And bears the promise in his breast
Of treasure in the skies?

[illegible]

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

[*Gems from Wordsworth.*

Triumph of Piety.

Lord ——— was a man of the world. His pleasures were drawn from his riches, his honors, and his friends. His daughter was the idle of his heart. Much had been expended for her education, and well did she repay, in her intellectual endowments, the solicitude of her parents. She was highly accomplished, amiable in her disposition, winning in her manners.—They were all strangers to God.

At length Miss ——— attended a Methodist meeting in London; was deeply awakened, and soon happily converted. Now she was delighted in the service of the sanctuary and social meetings. To her the charms of Christianity were overflowing. She frequented those places where she met with congenial minds animated with similar hopes. She was often found in the house of God.

The change was marked by her fond father with painful solicitude. To see his lovely daughter thus infatuated was an occasion of deep grief, and he resolved to correct her erroneous notions on the subject of the real pleasures and business of life. He placed at her disposal large sums of money, hoping that she would be induced to go into the extravagances of others of her birth, and leave the meetings. But she maintained her integrity. He took her on long journeys conducted in the most engaging manner, in order to divert her mind from religion, but she still delighted in the Saviour.

After failing in many precepts which he anticipated would be effectual in subduing the religious feelings of his daughter, he introduced her into company under circumstances in which she must either join in the recreation of the party or give offence. Hope lighted upon the countenance of this affectionate but misguided father, as he saw his snare about to entangle the object of his solicitude! It had been arranged among his friends that several young ladies, on the approaching festive occasion, should give a song accompanied by the pianoforte.

The hour arrived, the party assembled. Several had performed their parts to the delight of the party, which was in great spirits. Miss ——— was now called on for a song, and many hearts now beat high in hopes of victory. Should she decline, she was disgraced; should she comply their triumph was complete. This was a moment to seal her fate. With perfect self-possession she took her seat at the pianoforte, ran her fingers over the keys, and commenced playing and singing, in a sweet air, the following words:

"No room for mirth and trifling here,
For worldly hopes or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne!

No matter what my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?"

She arose from her seat. The whole party was subdued. Not a word was spoken. Her father wept aloud! One by one they left the house.

Lord ——— never rested until he became a Christian. He lived an example of Christian benevolence, having given to benevolent Christian enterprises, at the time of his death, nearly a hundred thousand pounds.

Henry Ward Beecher recently preached a sermon against old school Calvanism, in which he said he wished it fully understood by his people, that he served them not as the minister of a sect, but of the truth. "I am not," he declared, "a Calvinist, an Arminian, a Universalist, a Unitarian, a Palagian, nor a Swedenborgian; but I am simply Henry Ward Beecher, a preacher of the Gospel, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and trying to make other people believe in him—that is all."

Few things are impossible to industry and skill.

A Tale of a Tea-Kettle.

On a winter's evening, nearly one hundred years ago, the tea-board was laid out, and the window-curtains closely drawn, in the humble parlor of a small house in the town of Greenock, in the west of Scotland. A tidy, active matron was bustling about, slicing the bread and butter; a blazing fire gleamed and roared in the grate, and curled around the black sides of the kettle which reposed in the midst of it; and the fire crackled and the water boiled with a faintly popling sound, and a stream of white vapor came wizzing out of the spout of the vessel with a cheery hiss.—Now the matron aforsaid saw nothing extraordinary in all this; kettles had boiled and fires had burned, from the beginning, and probably would do so to the end of the chapter.

As the matron stooped to pour the boiling liquid into the tea-pot, her son James, a boy of twelve summers, sat on a low bench in front of the fire, his elbows resting on his knees, whilst his hands, placed under his chin, supported his head. The boy was intently gazing at the fire, the kettle, and the steam; swallowing them with his eyes, absorbed in deep thoughts, and lost in contemplation. The boy looked at the fire, and the mother looked at the boy: "Was there ever 'sic' an idle ne'er-d'-weel in this warl', as our Jamie?" was the question which almost unconsciously she proposed to herself.

A Mrs. B ——— stepped in at this moment, when, turning to her visitor, Jamie's mother said, "Mrs. B ———, did you ever see the likes o' our Jamie? Look at him! he'll sit there for hours, staring at the kettle and the steam, till you wad think his eed would come o't o' his heed!"

And, the truth to tell, there was something peculiar in the glance of the boy's eye; there was mind—active, speaking mind—looking through it. He seemed as one who gazed on a wondrous vision, and whose every sense was bound up in the display of gorgous pageantry floating before him. He sat watching the escaping steam until the thin vaporous column had appeared to cast itself upward in fantastic, changing shapes; sometimes the subtle fluid, gathering in force and quantity, would gently raise one side of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There was power and strength in that watery cloud; as the dreaming boy saw this, and unbidden thought came into his mind, and he knew the fierce struggle was symbolical of intellect warring with the elements of Providence.

And still he gazed, and saw in his day-dreams ships sailing without wind or sails, wagons propelled o'er deserts wild by some power unseen, to mortal eye.—"Jamie, Jamie," exclaimed his mother, "sit by to your tea. If I find ye staring at the fire again, ye'll feel the wicht o' my hand."

The boy rose meekly, and did as he was told. His name was James Watt, afterwards Sir James. He was honored by the title of Knighthood, being the first who applied the power of steam to any useful purpose.

The above anecdote is literally true.—Watt was born in 1736. This incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He was the son of a poor tradesman in Greenock, and probably never had read a book—the spelling book and the Bible excepted.—*Home Journal.*

Never cross a Bridge till you come to it.

Under the above heading we find a sensible and well written paragraph from the Maine Farmer. The editor says:

"Are you troubled about the future? Do you see difficulties rising in Alpine range along your path? Are you alarmed at the state of your business—at the uncertainties hanging over your life—at the dubious prospects in reserve for your children—at the gloomy contingencies your fancy sketches and invests with a sort of life-like reality—at the woes which hang over the cause of the Redeemer, or at any other earthly evil? Do not cross that bridge until you come to it. Perhaps you will never have occasion to do so, and if you do, you may find that a timid imagination has overrated greatly the toil to be undergone, or has underrated the power of that grace which can lighten the Christian's every labor.

In approaching the notch of the White Mountains from one direction, the traveller finds himself in the midst of conical hills, which seem to surround him as he advances, and forbid further progress.—He can see but a short distance along the winding road; it seems as if his journey must stop abruptly at the base of these barriers. But let him advance, and he finds that the road curves around the frowning hill before him, and leads him into other and still other straits, from which he finds escape simply by advancing. Every new discovery of a passage around the obstructions of his path, teaches him to hope in the practicability of his road.—He cannot see far ahead at any time; but a passage discovers itself as he advances. He is neither required to turn back, nor to scale the steep sides of towering hills. His road winds along, preserving for miles almost an exact level. He finds that nothing is gained by crossing a bridge before he comes to it. Such is often the journey of life."

An Excellent Rule.—"In a mixed conversation," says the pious John Newton, "it is a good rule to say nothing without a just call, to the disadvantage of others." The same writer says, "I was once in a large company where very severe things were spoken of Mr. W., when one person seasonably observed, that though the Lord was pleased to effect conversion and edification by a variety of means, he had never known any body convinced of error by what was said of him behind his back. This was about thirteen years ago, and it has been on my mind as an useful hint ever since.

An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfullness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's mourning.

The Spirit of Kindness.

As we cast our eyes over our fair domain, earth, how much do we see of the goodness and love of our Creator. The whispering of the breeze, the sighing of the zephyr, the murmuring of the gentle stream as it runs along its quiet bed, all conspire to show how much the goodness of God is shown in every moving thing; the sun as he sits in all his splendor, and covers the heavens with his golden beams, the breeze, as it plays among the trees, all whisper the same answer—"Love." But how sad it is to look abroad among the human creatures that God has made, and see how little of the *true* spirit of kindness is shown to each other. How much of human woe and suffering there is the world, and how much of it might be aleviated if man would but sympathize in his fellow-man's woes.

Go to the criminal in his darkened cell; reproach him for his crimes; show him the long train of evil consequences which must enevitably follow his ruinous course, and he will answer you in sullen looks, with no feelings of remorse whatever; but speak in gentleness, and what a change! The hardened criminal who has not wept for years, would bow his head and weep. Speak to him of his now sainted mother, gone to share the portion of the redeemed in Heaven; carry him in the arms of remembrance back to the days of his childhood, when she knelt beside his little bed and poured out her prayer for the salvation of her darling boy to him to whom she had dedicated him while yet a child, and the penitential tear will steal down the cheek of one who, perhaps, had not wept for years.

Gentle words will soften the hearts of those whose consciences have long been seared by crime or deep affliction. It was not the "whirlwind" that moved the hardened criminal to tears, but the "still small voice" of affection. Thus we see how much of the happiness of earth's millions is derived from the true spirit of kindness, a spirit which we all may exercise. May we in future try to exercise this lovely spirit, and thus make the society in which we live happier and better.

An Incident.—A correspondent informs us of an incident which occurred at the Congregational church in Westminster in this State last Sabbath. The clergyman, an aged minister, was preaching from the text:—"I speak unto wise men; understand yo what I say." He had advanced as far as "thirdly," when he observed that many of his hearers overcome by the heat of the day, had fallen asleep. Stopping in his discourse, and wiping the perspiration from his furrowed brow he exclaimed:

"My friends, as the day is sultry and oppressive, I will stop a while, and request the choir, in the meantime, to sing the tune of 'Coronation,' commencing, 'My drowsy powers why sleep ye so?'"

The effect was electrical, bringing the audience to their feet. They remained standing; while the sublime chorus, from the combined voices of the choir and congregation, filled the house, and effectually destroyed the disposition to sleep. The preacher resumed his discourse at "thirdly".—*Lynn News.*

Beware of the man who never laughs.—In a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, before the Western Unitarian Conference, is the following paragraph:

"For my own part, I say it in all solemnity, I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man that never laughs; that is alway sedate; that has no apparent outlets for those natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are parennial in the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of confined air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them.—Anything is better than that dark, dead, unhappy social life—a prey to ennui and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."

The New York Mirror speaking of the room appropriated to the mothers at Barnum's Baby Show, calls it a most udderiferous place. The Mirror's jokes are always full of puns, but that is Fuller.—Query—Why were those same matrons like stars in the galaxy?

N. B. No answer permitted in the Post.

Boston Post.

The above reminds us of a piece of poetry with which we once met. A sentimental young gentleman, learning that one of his female acquaintances was about to ascend in a balloon with an æronaut, addressed her as follows:

Forbear dear girl, the task forego,
And thus our anxious troubles end;
That you will mount full well we know,
But greatly fear you'll ne'er descend.

When angels see a mortal rise,
So mild, so beautiful and fair,
They'd woo her spirit to the skies,
And keep their angel sister there.

These lines fell under the eye of another gentleman friend of the young lady, who at once put the finishing touch on them thus:

That graceless chap with whom you fly,
Despite of all you do or say,
When sailing in the upper sky,
Will get you in the "milky way."

Exchange.

A workman who was employed in blasting at Halifax, while being wound up out of the hole, after he had lit the fuse, was suffered to slip back again. The man fell close upon the impending danger, and in the sudden view of almost certain death, fell upon his knees in prayer. While praying, a thought struck him; he drew out the fuse, and commenced swearing at the workmen at the top.

Mike Finck and the Bull.

The story of Mike Finck and the bull would make a cynic laugh. Mike took a notion to go in a swimming, and he had just got his clothes off when he saw Deacon Smith's bull making at him—the bull was a vicious animal, and had come near killing two or three persons—consequently Mike felt rather "jubus." He didn't want to call for help for he was naked, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive was the meeting-house, which was at that *time* filled with worshippers, among whom *was* the "gal that Mike war paying his devours to." So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged round till nearly dead, and when he thought he could hold on no longer, he made up his mind he had better "holler." And now we will let him tell his own story:

So looking at the matter in all its bearing, I cum to the conclusion that I'd better let some one know thar I war. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seed the deacon's two dogs a comin' down like as if they war seeing which could get thar fust. I know'd who they were arter—they'd jine the bull again me, I was sartain for they were orful wenomous, and had a spite agin me. So says I, old brindle, as ridin' is as cheap as walkin' on this route, if you've no objections, I'll jist take a deck passage on that ar' back o'yourn.—So I wasn't very long in getting astride of him; then, if you'd bin thar, you'd have swore thar warn't nothin' in that 'ar *mix* the sile flew so orfully as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one the other, tryin' to clinch my feet. I prayed and cursed and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did at last—and neither warren't of no use they were so orfully mixed up.

Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it were time to stop and take in a supply of wind and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted. So sez I, old boy, you'll loose one passenger sirtain. So I jist clum up a branch, kakerlatin' to roost thar till I starved afore I'd be rid round that ar way any longer. I war makin' tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard suthin' makin' an orful buzzin' overhead. I kinder looked up, and if thar wan't—well, thar's no use swearin'—but it war the biggest hornet'snest ever bilt. You'll "gin in" now, I reckon, Mike, 'cause there's no help fo you. But an idea struck me then that I stood a heap better chance a ridin' the bull than war I was. Sez I old fellow, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station any how, let that be what it will.

So I just dropt aboard him agen, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changin' quarters, and, gentlemen, I'm a liar if thar wan't nigh half a bushel of the stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me when the word "go" was gin. Well, I reckon they got it, for "all hands" started for our company. Some of 'em hit the dogs—about a quart truck me, and the rest charged on brindle.

This time the dogs led off fust, dead bent for the old deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way we followed, and as I was only a deck passenger, and had nothin' to do with the steerin' the craft, I aware, if I had, we shouldn't have run that channel anyhow. But, as I said before the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornets dre'kly arter. The dogs yellin'—brindle bellerin—'the hornits buzzin' and stingin.

Well, we had got about two hundred yards from the house, and the deacon heard us and come out. I seed him hold up his hand and turn white. I reckoned he was prayin' then for he did'nt expect to be called for so soon, and it warn't long afore the whole congregation—men, women and children—come out, and then all hands went to yellin. None of 'em had the first notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head and passed the hull congregation. I see the run would be up soon for brindle could'nt turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore over the whole critter's head, landin' on t'other side, and lay there stunned.

It warn't long afore some of 'em as was not scarred, cum runnin' to see whar I war; for all hands kalkelated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle walked off by himself, they seed how it war, and one of 'em said "Mike Finck has got the wust of a scrummage once in his life." Gentlemen, from that day I dropt the courtin' business, and never spoke to a gal since, and when my hunt is up on this earth, there won't be any more Fincks, and its all owin' to Deacon Smith's Brindle Bull.

Another of Washington's Slaves Discovered.—A writer in the Rochester American says that a former slave of Gen. Washington, named Richard Stanhup or Stanhope, lives at Urbana, Ohio, at the age of 108 years. He has in his possession the original papers giving his freedom, in Washington's own hand writing, for which he has refused quite a sum of money.—He had rather part with his farm than his papers. He owns about 100 acres some ten miles south of the village of Urbana, bought with money given him by his illustrious master. He is now living with his sixth wife, and, to all appearances, enjoying life as well as the youngest.

But Little Difference.—Miss M'Dowell, in the last number of the "Woman's Advocate," utters the following bold but significant truth:

"As women are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than men, it is really strange that they do not frown down those vices of men which are so frequently fatal to their own tranquility. Many a female who would not refuse to dine with a profligate, would think herself foully insulted, were she invited to take tea with a courtesan; but the only difference between the two is, one wears pantaloons, and the other pantaletts—the *moral* is the same."

[*From the New York Tribune.*

Police Court.

SHAKSPEARE RUN MAD—IMPROVEMENTS ON THE IMMORTAL BARD—COLLIER BEHIND THE AGE.

Peter Knight was found wandering in the Fourteenth Ward. The officer could not determine whether he was intoxicated or crazy, but, as he said he had no home, he was taken in charge as a vagrant. He had been traversing the streets, with folded arms, talking to himself in odd bits of plays and poems. He possessed a facility of quotation equal to Richard Swiveller, Esq.'s but he was as reckless about the exactitude of his extracts, and jumbled up his authorities with as much confusion as Captain Cuttle himself. He seldom gave a quotation right, but would break off in the middle and substitute some words of his own or dovetail in an irrelevant piece from some strange author, or mix up half-a-dozen authors with interpolations of his own, in an inextricable verbal jumble.

Clerk—What's your name?

Prisoner—"Peter Knight; hm a native to the "mar-row-bone"—that's Shakspeare.

Clerk—was you intoxicated yesterday?

Prisoner—"'Tis true, tis pity; pity tis there isn't the "devil a doubt of it"—that's Scott.

Clerk—Where did you get your liquor?

Prisoner—"Where the bee sucks, there sucks Peter Knight all day, Thou base inglorious slave, thinks't thou I will reveal the noble name of him who gave me wine? No Sir-ee, Bob"—that's Beaumont and Fletcher.

Officer in a whisper—If you don't tell you'll have to go to jail.

Prisoner—I do remember an apothecary and hereabouts he dwells—no he don't, he lives over in the Bowery—but in his shop a cod fish hangs, and on his shelves a beggarly account of empty bottles; noting this penury to myself, I said, if any man did need a brandy punch, whose sale is fifty dollars fine in Gotham, here lives a caitiff wretch who has probably got plenty of it under the counter. Why should I here conceal my fault? Wine ho! I cried. The call was answered. I have no wine, said he, but plenty of whis—. Silence! thou pernicious caitiff, quoth I; thou invisible spirit of wine, since we can get thee by no other name, why let us call thee gin and sugar. He brought, the juice of cursed juniper in a phial, and in the porches of my throat did pour Udolpho Wolfe's distillment. Thus was I by a Dutchman's hand at once dispatched—not drunk nor sober, sent into this dirty Station-House three-quarters tight, with all my imperfections on my head. The fellow's name? My very soul rebels.—But whether is it nobler in the mind to suffer the cuffs and bruises of this bloody Dutchman or to take arms against his red-haired highness, and by informing end him? His name, your honor, is Bobblesnoffkin in the Bowery. That's Shakspeare mixed.

Clerk—Have you got a home?

Prisoner—My home is on the deep, deep sea—that's Plutarch's Lives.

Clerk—How do you get your living?

Prisoner—Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt that I'll get a living while the oyster sloops don't have but one watchman—that's Billy S. again.

Clerk—Do you pay for your oysters?

Prisoner—Base is the slave that pays; the speed of thought is in my limbs—that's Byron.

Clerk—Do you steal them and then run away?

Prisoner—I've told thee all, I'll tell no more, though short the story be; let me go back where I was before and I'll get my living without troubling the Corporation—That's Tom Moore, altered to suit circumstances.

Justice (evidently at a loss, in a whisper to mystified clerk)—I think he is crazy; what do you think it's best do with to do with him?

Prisoner (overhearing)—"Off with his head; so much"—that's Shakespeare curtailed.

Justice—Will you promise to dispense with the brandy and gin if you are discharged?

Prisoner—O, I could be happy with either were 'tother dear charmer bottled up and the cork put in—that's Dibdin, with a vengeance.

Judge—What do you suppose will become of you if you go on in this way, living as you have done?

Prisoner—Alas poor Yorick!—Peter, I mean. Who knows were he will lay his bones? Few and short will the prayers he said, and nobody'll feel any sorrow, but they'll cram him into his clay cold bed, and bury somebody else on top of him tomorrow; the minister will come, put on his robe and read the service; the choir'll sing a hymn; earth to earth and dust to gravel, and that'll be the last of Peter Knight.

Clerk—Peter, we'll have to send you up for ten days.

Prisoner—Fare thee well, and if for ever all the better. That's Byron revised and corrected.

Grattan's Veneration for Old Trees.—He loved old trees, and use to say, "Never cut down a tree for fashion's sake. The tree has its roots in the earth, which fashion has not." A favorite old tree stood near the house at Tinnehinch. A friend of Grattan's thinking it obstructed the view recommended him to cut it down. "Why so?" said Grattan. "Because it stands in the way of the house."—Grattan—"You mistake; it is the house that stands in the way of it, and if either comes down, let it be the house."

It is doubtless hard to die; but it is agreeable to hope we shall not live here forever, and that a better life will put an end to the troubles of this. If we were offered immortality on earth, who is there would accept so melancholy a gift? What resource, what hope, what consolation would then be left us against the rigor of fortune, and the injustice of man?

A solemn and beautiful thought is expressed in the following:

It is related of a well-known divine, who, when living, was called the "Prince of Divines," that, when on his death bed, he was dictating words to an amanuensis, who had written:

"I am still in the land of the living."

"Stop," said the dying man, "correct that. Say, I am still in the land of the dying, but hope soon to be in the land of the living!"

Beautiful thought!—and it is so. In his dying scene the christian is enabled to contrast this passing, dying world with the one "which is to come."

One way to Cook Chickens.—The following is highly recommended. "Cut the chicken up, put in a pan and cover it over with water; let it stew as usual, and when done make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter and pepper and salt; have made and baked a pair of short cakes, made as if for pie crust, but rolled thin and cut in small squares. This is much better than chicken pie, and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish, and the chicken gravy put over it while both are hot."

Tomato Preserves.—Take the round yellow variety, as soon as ripe; scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar and boil the syrup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes, removing the fruit again, and boil until the syrup thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to pleas the most fastidious.

To Keep Milk Sweet.—Mr. Boyd, a correspondent of the Scientific American, states that he has practiced a peculiar method, with much success, of preserving milk sweet in the pans. It simply consists in placing a piece of new hammered iron, or three twelve-penny nails, in each tin pan, then pouring the warm milk over them. He believes that electricity has something to do with producing the result. He had tried many experiments before he he hit upon this one, which he found to preserve the milk sweet for a longer period than any other plan tried by him.

A Monument to Gerrit Smith.—We are happy to learn that Gerrit Smith contemplates a disposition of his great property that regards the good of the living, and is local, practicable and full of promise. The Oswego Palladium says that it is his purpose to found and endow a great educational institution somewhere in Central New York, to which he will dedicate the bulk of his property. His plans are nearly matured. The institution is to be a University of the highest class, and established on the most liberal principles. It is to be surrounded by an ample farm, to give the opportunity of tillage to such students as desire to strengthen and invigorate themselves by labor, and it is to make suitable provisions for cases of struggling merit.

Hunting a Murderer.—The Danville (Va.) Register gives an account of the capture of a negro who murdered a colored girl recently, belonging to Capt. Nunnally, of Caswell county, N. C. Two negro dogs were used. On Monday morning last about five o'clock, the dogs were taken to the place where the negro was last seen, the elder one *belled* and put on the trail. He appeared to be perfectly at home, and took up the trail with ease, and the whole party followed in pursuit. After winding in various directions, through plantations and woods, over hills and dales, they finally came to a halt at a thicket. Here they found the brutal and inhuman monster snugly stowed away under cover. He made a faint effort to escape, but was brought to a stand by the dogs, after running some fifty yards.

Washing Silver Ware.—It seems that housekeepers who wash their silver with soap and water, as the common practice is, do not know what they are about. The proprietor of one of the largest and oldest silver establishments in the city of Philadelphia, says that housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in soap suds; it makes it look like powter. Never put a particle of soap about your silver, then it will retain its original lustre. When it wants polish, take a piece of soft leather and whiting, and rub it hard.

Emigrant Wealth.—At Castle Garden, an account is kept of the money each emigrant brings—all specie, of course.—Since August 1st, 1655 emigrants have arrived and confessed to a total specie means of $72,095 being $44.56 for every man, woman and child. The Germans bring most—their average is $60 for every soul landed.

The Texas Baptist states that Gen. Sam Houston has deposited as a donation in the Treasury of Baylor University, in that State, between $450 and $500 as the avails in part of lectures delivered by him last winter while visiting the Nortern cities. The remaning proceeds of the lectures, when received, will probably make the whole amount about $700.

A Negro Female Preacher.—Mrs. Zelpha Shum, a lady of color, has been preaching in the pulpits of various primitive Methodist chapels in England.—Her discourses are said to be much admired.

About twelve hundred gallons of liquor were poured into the gutter at Bangor, Me., on the 26th ult., by order of Judge Lyon, of the Municipal Court. Nearly or quite two-thirds of it was seized on board a schooner.

An excellent old lady says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bile their water on shore." In her opinon, all the bustin' is by "cooking' the steam" on board.

Cost of War.

The *expense* of the Eastern War begins to command attention in England. It is, indeed, beginning to grow alarming:—and Earl Grey, in the House of Lords, expresses apprehensions which cannot fail ere long to become general throughout England. The cost of the war this year, in the three departments of the army, navy and ordnance, exceeds $230,000,000, and this is to be still further and very largely increased by votes of credit, guarantee of the Turkish loan and other expedients. All this involves a corresponding increase of taxation,—not for a year or two, but permanently,—as these expenses go to swell the enormous aggregate of the National debt, the annual interest of which is becoming a most oppressive burden on the industry of the British people.

Earl Grey foresees the embarrassments and evils to which this state of things must in time give rise. He declares, with a frank boldness not often witnessed, that no man in his senses believes that the Turkish Empire, for the integrity of which this war is waged, can last forty years;—predicts that England will be compelled to pay the interest on the loan which she guarantees, and that changes may occur which will release France from all obligation to pay her share;—and that the whole burden of this extravagant and ill-judged expenditure will then fall upon the English people. The inevitable result, in his opinion, will be such an increase of taxation as will prove exceedingly oppressive to the English people, and increase the tide of emigration, which is already bearing so many thousands of them, with large aggregates of wealth, across the Atlantic to the United States.

The Earl's words of warning commanded little attention in the House of Lords, but the day will come when they will be remembered and heeded.

Eminent Jews.

The London correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial *Advertiser*, in his recent letter by the Pacific, states that the brave and skilful defender of Sebastopol, General Totleben, is a Lithuanian Jew, who at the commencement of the siege was but a simple lieutenant, and has now achieved a world-wide reputation for skill and valor. Achille Fould, late Minister of Finance of Louis Napoleon, and yet one of his ablest counsellors, is a Jew, and is one of the house of Fould, Oppenheim & Co., bankers in Paris. It was through Mr. Fould's sagacious suggestions that the reduction in the French 5 per cents to 4½ per cents was so succesfully effected, and it is more than probable he has advised the submission of the late various war loans to the people, instead of appealing to the Stock Exchange for support.

Mr. B. D'Israeli, as an author and politician, is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. As leader in the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he has occupied positions only granted to the first minds in the British Empire. He is also a Jew and of pure blood. In the United States, the Senate has two of the children of Jacob, viz: Senators Yulee and Benjamin. The latter, though but a short time in the Senate, has already much influence in that august body. Senator Yulee's father was a Jew from the coast of Barbary, and we believe from Morocco.

Earthquake in California.

The Los Angelos Star of the 14th July says:

"On last Tuesday evening our city was thrown into commotion by the most violent shock of an earthquake ever before experienced in this country. The walls of some of our most substantial buildings were riven from top to bottom. Nearly every house was deserted by the terrified occupants. Some of our merchants have suffered severely from the damage they sustained in having their goods thrown from the shelves, and some of our brick buildings have been materially injured, although no walls have yet fallen down. The shock occurred at precisely a quarter before 8 o'clock in the evening, as some pendulum clocks indicated that were stopped by oscillation, and lasted probably not to exceed five seconds. We learn that a shock occurred here in 1847, but was not so violent as this.

The shock was felt at the Mission of San Gabriel, at the Monte and at Coco-mungo, some forty miles from this city. We are informed that the shock was so violent at the Mission, that the bells of the church were thrown down and the ground cracked open.

It is impossible to calculate the damage done to buildings in this city, as all are more or less injured. The presumption is that had a second shock occurred of the same violence our city would have been a mass of ruins."

Liberia.

Augustus Washington, a well educated colored man, who emigrated to Liberia, and wrote a series of depreciatory letters respecting the condition of that colony to the New York Tribune, writes from Monrovia, under date of June 19th, in a more hopeful tone. He expects to visit the United States in about a year and carry out with him a colony of friends and acquaintances. He is a teacher of the senior class of the Alexander High School, in Greek and Latin, and has been at it for about fifteen months. Besides this, he has built two houses in the heart of the city of Monrovia, cleared and planted a farm twenty miles distant, on the St Paul river, made $4,800 by taking daguerreotypes, and supported his family by keeping a store, &c.

Balloon Ascension on Horseback.—On the 20th ult. Mr. Elliott made a balloon ascension from the city of St. Louis on horseback. The horse was harnessed to the aerial car, and at a given signal, with Mr. Elliott on his back, they ascended into the regions of the air. The horse's hoofs never for a moment "clawed the air," but he contented himself by gazing at the peculiar situation of things. As far as the eye could reach both horse and rider seemed to be getting along quietly but safely. It is said that they landed safely near the mouth of the Mississippi river.