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No God.

The following verses by that sweetest of poets, Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney, suggested by the words in the 14th Psalm of David, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," is one of the finest things in the language:

"*No God!*" "*No God!*" the simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks it cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God"—astonished echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim,
The brooklet on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave his name.
How swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his billowy track,
The red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm tree with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shades,
The bread-fruit bending to its lord,
In yon far-island glades;
The winged seeds that borne by winds,
The roving sparrows feed,
The melon on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal majesty.

A Sketch of Joseph Smith.

BY WM. H. PAYNE.

Thirty years ago there lived near Palmyra, Wayne county, New York, an obscure individual, whose name has since become familiar to the world. That individual was Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. A sketch of this person's life is interesting, not because we find anything in his character to admire, but because it presents to our view the origin of Mormonism, one of the most extravagant humbugs that the world has ever witnessed. The idea of a new religion originating in a person possessing less than ordinary abilities, and rapidly increasing in number till both the Old and the New World contain multitudes of proselytes, is a subject of much interest. To give the reader an idea of the origin of this singular sect is the object of the present essay.

The family of which Joseph was a member was large, remarkable neither for intelligence nor industry. His father possessed a visionary mind, and cherished the notion that a prophet would arise out of his family. It is hard to say why he should arrive at this conclusion, yet the means of accomplishing his wishes were evidently in his own power, for it was soon announced to the world that a brother of Joseph was the expected prophet. It is evident that this appointment was not made by Divine authority, else so serious a mistake could not have occurred, for the prophet suddenly died—died of surfeit—of eating too much raw turnip! The hopes of the ambitious father were not to be blasted by this unfortunate occurrence; for it was soon known to the people of Stafford street, where they resided, that Joseph was the successor of his brother.

In order to obtain a clear idea of the prophet's career, it will be necessary to refer to his early years. The boyhood of Joseph was passed on the farm with his father. During the winter months he attended the district school, where he acquired the little knowledge which he possessed. He is remembered by his school-mates as being idle, and somewhat vicious, and was regarded by all as a very dull scholar. As a young man, his prospects were anything but cheering. He was engaged in no steady employment, and might often be found lounging around the bar-rooms of Palmyra, in company with persons as worthless and idle as himself. This was the general character of Joseph Smith up to the time of his prophetic career, and no one would have surmised that he was to become the founder of a new religion, or an inglorious martyr at Nauvoo.

Joseph's prophetic powers were first directed to the acquisition of wealth, and money digging soon engaged the attention of the family, and part of the neighborhood. Night after night these fanatics labored, urged on by visions of untold wealth. Excavations were made in hillside and valley, but Fortune, the fickle goddess, refused to smile upon them. Their golden visions were fruitless; the prophecy was false.

At this state of affairs a circumstance occurred which revived the waning hopes of the prophet, and gave a new direction to his genius. This was the discovery of the Book of Mormon, or Mormon Bible.—This event proved to be the original of Mormonism—the feeble germ which produced the tree of giant proportions, whose branches have extended over a large part of the known world. It was pretended by the prophet that this record was found on a hill, below the surface of the ground, written on plates of gold. This being translated by a mysterious process, became the work now known as the Mormon Bible. This the fabulous account of its origin. Its authentic history is as follows:—

It was written by a Vermont clergyman named Spalding. It was intended merely as a work of fiction, and was entitled "The Manuscript Found." The author died before its circulation, and after various changes, it fell into the hands of Joseph Smith who at once made it necessary to his ambitious schemes.

It is probable that this book owes its origin to the sentiment which prompts us to venerate old manuscripts which contain an account of men and times long since passed away. It professed to be the history of a people which had its origin at the time of the confusion of tongues, and whose prophet's name was Mormon. The style of the book is in imitation of the Holy Bible, but in point of beauty, of diction, sublimity of character, and the divinity of its Author, it holds no comparison. The only work with which the Mormon Bible can be compared is the Koran. Each is the oracle of a false religion, and the author of each of the books was an imposter.

Well may Mormonism blush at his parentage. The life of its founder exhibits no feature worthy of imitation, and his character is associated with all that is vicious and immoral. Mormonism itself is a specious humbug, whose vital principle is poligamy. Such is the man—such the religion of which he was the founder.

The Little Outcast.

"May'n't I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me; cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who stil seemed to doubt the reality of his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the latter part November, and a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the two naked trees near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow flake touched, with its soft chill, the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently unwilling to grant the child's request; and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her woman's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large gray eyes, or apparently heartfelt distress his words suggested.

"Come in at any rate until the good man comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perished with the cold," and she drew up a rude chair into the warmest corner; and then suspiciously glancing at the child every little while she continued setting the table for supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the kind couple concluded, after due consideration, that so long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would take care of him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a pedlar, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and readily disposed of his goods, as if he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out here splitting wood, I see," he said pointing to the yard significantly.

"Yes—you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedlar evasively.

"And where—who is he?"

"A jail bird;" and the pedlar swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy young as he looks I saw in court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months.—He's a hard one. You'd do well to look keerfully after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word jail. The poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchase; nor could she rest until she had called the boy in and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed the boy hung down his head, his cheeks burning with the hot blood; his lip quivered, and anguish was painted as vividly upon his forehead as if the word was branded in the whole frame—relaxing, as if a burden of concealed guilt had rolled off:

"I may as well go to ruin at once; there is no use trying to do better—everybody hates me—despises me; nobody cares about me—I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman who had been gradually lessening the distance between them, "how came you to go so young to such a terrible place? Where was your mother? Where was—"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "oh! I hain't got no mother—oh! I had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing more vehement, and the tears gushing out from his strong eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and then kicked and cuffed, and laid on with whips. I wouldn't a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and then stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother since I was a baby."

With strength all exhausted the poor boy sank upon his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the tears away with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pick up and be off? No, no!—She had been a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church yard, she was a mother still.

She went up to the boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly upon his head—to tell him to look up, and from henceforth to find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arms about the neck of that neglected, forsaken one; she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words—words of good counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how calm was her sleep that night!—how soft her pillow! Visions ethereal filled up her dreams. Her angel children came to her with smiles, and pressed their little palms with hers. She had linked a poor suffering heart to her own by the most silken—the strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a sinning but repentant mortal.—None but angels could witness her holy joy without envy.

Did the boy leave her?

No—he is with her still; a vigorous manly youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open pleasing expression, depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his good foster mother is aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly he repays the trust. Truly, "he that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."

The Peasant's Feast.

An article in the *Courier des Etat Unis*, giving an account of the festivities which took place in Moscow, in honor of the coronation of the late Emperor Nicholas, describes in the following manner a feast given by Emperor Nicholas, to a great number of peasants.

The Champ des Demoiselles, is at Moscow what the Champ de Mars is at Paris. The Emperor Nicholas had caused to be spread on this immense field a gigantic table where 4,000 covers brought together 4,000 peasants, from thirty to forty leagues around. Seats rising all about the Champ des Demoiselles received the spectators of this feast, the Roman proportions of which and it prodigious abundance, reminded the spectators of those repasts which are stilled called, even at this day, feasts of Lucullus.

The Emperor enjoyed the formidable appetite of his unaccoustomed guests, and when dinner was over, he cried out:

"My children, take everything away, it is all your own."

And the Czar pointed to the remains of the feast, the plate, and the silver covers.

At first there was among the peasants a moment of stupor, caused by the intoxication of the good cheer, and the sudden joy they felt. But this moment lasted no longer than a flash of lightning, and they all fell upon the table, tumbling over each other, with cries and gestures, impossible to deseribe. No spectacle could equal the savage originality of this authorized pillage, and when not a vestige of the repast was left the peasants rushed toward the seats covered with red cloth: "Everything is ours," they cried, as they desired the spectators to rise that they might take the cloth on which they were served. It was an odd mixture of respect for the elevated classes, and an eagerness to take away everything they could. There was in their unheard of scenes order and disorder, almost modesty, even in the brutal vapidity with which each one attempted to increase his booty. In a very few minutes the seats offered nothing more than the pine boards of which they were made, deprived of all ornament, and the air resounded with joy and triumph.

In the cottages of many of the Russian peasants at this day may be seen a silver cover, a cup, a piece of red cloth, &c., carefully treasured like holy relics. These objects are the pride of their owners, who never fail to say to the strangers who visit them:

"We took part in that feast that the great Emperor Nicholas gave to his children, as he calls us," and these guests, more grateful than partakers of common feasts, would die with hunger before they would sell them.

The writer in the *Courier* adds: "The reign of the Emperor Nicholas lasted thirty years, and his union with the mother of the august Alexander Second, forty years. This union passed without a shadow, and the Emperor Nicholas, on his death bed, replied to the Empress, who asked as she embraced him, "Do you love mens of old?"

"Do I love you? When we met for the first time, my heart said to me "Here is the guardian angel of your life," and the prophecy of my heart has been fulfilled."

Never was there seen a more united family, and the Emperor Alexander Second inherits this family affection.

The Emperor Alexander Second is thirty-eight years old. He is nearly as large as his father, his carriage noble, his hair chesnut, his countenance soft and agreeable.

The graceful companion he has chosen, is endowed with a firm and enlightened mind. Both of them love France and the French. Our fashions, our customs reign at Moscow as they do at St. Petersburg.

The following lines, by Dr. Watts, to a lady to whom he wished to pay his adresses, upon her saying she would have no such ill-shaped fellow as him:

'Tis true my shape is somewhat odd,
But blaming me, is blaming God;
For, had I spoke myself to birth,
I'd please the prettiest lass on earth;
And, could I form myself anew,
I would not fail of pleasing you.
Thy charms have long been dear to fame,
And half the country boasts your name;
But who that dimpling chin supplied,
And lent thy cheeks their rosy pride,
With hair of jet thy temples graced,
And with a slender shape thy waist?
Thyself hadst thou thus beauteous made,
To thee the praise were duly paid;
But since the power that fashioned thee,
With the same hand created me,
Who might have touch'd my frame like thine,
And left thee one deformed as mine,—
For what thou art that power adore,
And sneer at my odd shape no more!
Those eyes that dart destructive rays
E'en let them sparkle to His praise;
Thy breast, the seat of love and snow,
Teach it his praise to pant and glow!
Thus Heaven inspire thy yielding voice,
To one that's better worth thy choice;
And if the rest my suit disdain,
The thought shall never give me pain,
But that I tempt no greater curse,
Heaven I'll adore I'm made no worse.

The Red Owl is a most effective ally of the farmer. The number of mice which one of these birds destroy, is immense.—Near a nest of owls, nearly a bushel of the offal was gathered. It was found on examination, to consist almost exclusively of the skeletons of mice. While the young are in the nest, the parents bring a mouse to it every fifteen minutes. They are most dilligent and persevering hunters. This owl does not attack pigeons. But the sparrow hawk, or hobby does. The assistance which the Red owl, or Barn Owl, may render the farmer in the destruction of the little pests, the mice, may be very great.

In 1846 the population of Iowa was 78,988. The estimate of the present year is 600,000. The increase last year was 274,000.

A Visit to the Sister of Robert Burns.

A European correspondent of the Central Presbyterian furnishes that paper with an account of a visit to the sister of Robert Burns, in Scotland. The writer says:

We visted an eminence which commanded a view of "the Castle of Montgomerie," where Highland Mary lived, and then we went to the spot where she and Burns had their last meeting. A little brook separated them, across which they extended their hands, holding between them a Bible, over which they made their vows of unchanging constancy. Shortly after, Highland Mary died. I saw that Bible in a collection of relics of the kind, and read on the fly leafs verse taken from Leviticus, I think, about fidelity in keeping vows, written by Burns for Mary.—Fastened to the same leaf was a yellow ringlet. To me it was something to see a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

Returning to Ayr, we passed a pretty little residence, half hidden by shrubbery, in which Mrs. Begg, the only surviving sister of the poet, resides. Arresting our carriage at the door, I rang the bell. A pleasant looking young woman answered it. Said I "Would it be agreeable to Mrs. Begg to receive a call from some travellers from the United States, who wish to pay her their respects?" "O, yes," the prompt answer was, "my aunt is always delighted to see visitors from America." She ushered us into the parlor, and after waiting a few moments, a little bright-eyed, quick moving old lady came rustling in. I excused our visit, on the ground of a natural desire to see a realative of one whose writings were known and admired in every part of the United States. She was evidently pleased with the compliment, and answered, "I'm thinkin ye ken a great deal about Robert o' America;" and added, that she received more calls from gentlemen from "the States" than from any other part of the world. She showed us some letters of her brother, written in a bold round hand; also an original portrait, which she declared was a correct likeness.—Mrs. Begg is the Jenny of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

But hark! raps come gently to the door;
Jenny, who kens the meaning of the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came over the moor,
To do some errands, and convey her hame.

One of my friends made an allusion to the fact that she was the original of this picture. She only laughed, and answered "perhaps the less that is said about that the better."

Little Graves.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light is fled;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

A Tournament in Virginia.

Monday was quite a gala day in Richmond, Va.

In accordance with the arrangements previously announced, the Volunteer Regiment of the city paraded in the forenoon and marched to the Fair Grounds, where a large concourse of citizens—ladies and gentlemen—had assembled to witness the interesting ceremonies and proceedings set forth in the programme. Shortly after 11 o'clock, the tilting commenced, and occupied several hours. There were seventeen competitors for the honor of selecting the Queen, all of whom displayed more or less equestrian skill, but only two of the number succeeded in taking the ring three times successively. The contest was thus narrowed down between the "Knight of the Forest" and the "Knight of the Black Steed," who again blanced their lances, and strove galantly to achieve the success so eagerly coveted. Fortune however favored the "Knight of the Black Steed," and he had the proud satisfaction of carrying off the ring, and subsequently of crowning the Queen of Love and Beauty. Before the tournament was commenced, the military were reviewed by the Governor and his aids, and at the close of the ceremonies the Regiment marched back to the city, and were dismissed. They made a fine display.

CHILD CARRIED OF BY A BEAR.—One of those fearful incients occurred near the village of Neshett on Saturday week, which go so far to create the thrilling interest in written romance of pioneer life.—Just before sunset a child five years old was seized in the presence of its mother by a full grown bear, and in spite of its screams and the frantic efforts of its mother, was borne into the thicket. The alarm was given, and the men, with clubs and firearms, commenced searching the woods, but up to tuesday nothing had been found of it upon which to place a conjecture with reference to its fate. Bears are quite plenty in this neighborhood, but this is the first instance where human life has been sacrificed by them, though they have frequently cried of stock from the farmers, coming so near in this case, to the door of the house.—*Monitowoc (Wis.) Tribune.*

PREPARING FOR HER BRIDAL.—A London paper says—The bridal arrangements, the magnicent trousseau of the bride, &c., in w of the approaching marriage of the piecss royal of England, at Berlin, attracts much attention, that hundreds are actlly going from London to witness them. There are six rooms filled with silks, satins, ribbons, velvets, costly lace, artifial flowers, exquisite embroideries in gold and silver, bonnets, caps, gowns, glas, body and table linen, diamonds and welry, shawls, mantles, and toilet requisits of every description, color and aterial. Thirty persons have been engid during several months on the embroidry, and 120 needle-women have worken the different articles.

Chinese Potato.

This vegetable, so much discussed, and which was announced to the world by the French Institute at Paris under the name of *Dioscorea batatas*, is on exhibition from various contributors, at the Fair of the American Institute at the Crystal Palace. The roots are long and of a pure russet color; the flesh being the purest white.—They are very large, and weigh from 17 to 28 ounces; the growth of a single season. As a number of persons have been cultivating this plant during the past summer, we shall soon be able to decide whether it is as valuable as has been represented. A cultivator writes to us that "this root is destined to revolutionize the alimentary basis of our country." William R. Prince, of Flushing, N. Y., has 35,000 plants of this esculent under cultivation, and entertains very sanguine views respecting its prospective importance in the United States. He asserts: 1. That the *Dioscorea batatas* of *Decaisne* is perfectly hardy during our severest winters; 2. That it is more nutricious than any other esculent we cultivate; 3. That its culture is so easy and simple, and its product so great that it can be afforded incomparably cheaper than any other nutricious vegetable, it having produced in France at the rate of above 800 bushels per acre; 4. That the combination of every useful property renders it the greatest vegetable boon ever granted by God to man, and that its introduction to our country is even more important than that of cotton, and that in twenty years our national statistics will report the value of the annual crop as *greater than the cotton crop.*

Such reliance is placed upon this root in the Chinese empire, that according to Mr. Prince, one half of the population would perish from famine if suddenly deprived of it. According to the same authority, it will supersede every other potato and in a measure be substituted for Indian corn and wheat. It is said to make good bread, and the roots propagate easily and rapidly. The "Revue Horticole," published under the direction of the French Institute, devoted twenty pages to this subject, concluding as follows;—"This esculent has now been tested in every Department of France, even to its more northern limits—the shores of the Rhine, and it is to be deemed henceforth incorporated into the agriculture of France."

Persecution in France.

A correspondent of the Record publishes another case of religious persecution in France. At St. Bel, a large village about four leagues from Lyons, the Protestants have been forbidden the exercise of their religious worship, and forcibly turned out of the church by the gendarmes, with the Mayor at their head. On the 4th of last month, the prefect of the Department sent an order to the evangelist, M. Louis Charpiot, to desist from holding any further religious meetings at St. Bel. M. Louis Charpiot felt satisfied that there was some misunderstanding; but on arriving with several members of his congregation in front of their house of prayer, he found the door closed and guarded by six gendarmes and the Mayor, who explained that he was acting upon the orders he had received from the Prefect. Thereupon M. Charpiot requested his friends to retire, declaring that he yielded to necessity in the face of an armed force. Notwithstanding what had occurred, the brethren, as was their duty and their right, assembled in their church on the 24th, to celebrate divine worship, which was nearly concluded when the door opened, and the Mayor entered followed by several gendarmes. A report was immediately drawn up, and the persons present, upwards of forty, were called upon to give their names, and then requested to retire. M. Charpiot again declared that he only acquiesced because in presence of a military force. In the afternoon the congregation were obliged to meet in another place to worship God, and it is believed this meeting will be the pretext for an action against those who were present.

A FRIEND has favored us with the following excellent *jeu d'esprit* upon Dr. Kane. It was sent to our correspondent in a private letter from Brantz Mayer, Esq., of Baltimore, who wrote it upon finishing the perusal of the Doctor's new and thrilling book.—*Washington Intelligence.*

EPIGRAM UPON OUR ARCTIC EXPLORER, DR. KANE.

From the dawn of creation the name of old *Cain*,
Has been cursed as the author of *slaying;*
But glory awaits in our age on the KANE,
Who SLAYS not, though famous for SLEIGHING.

So fill up the cup to the *Kane* of the *Pole*,
Whose marvellous tale, though no fable,
Attests that for generous deeds of renown
Our KANE in reality's ABLE, (Abel.)

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.—Some experiments have recently been made at Chicago to test the truth of an alleged discovery of an English physician, who asserts that the last scene viewed by a dying man will remain impressed upon the retina as does the impression upon a daguerreotype plate. The experiment at Chicago, it is said, confirms this statement, and it is suggested that murders may be detected by this means, as the figure of the murderer would be impressed upon the retina. How if the person was assassinated from behind by a third person, while looking in the face of his friend? Might not the innocent man be liable to be hung upon such evidence?—*Phil. Ledger.*

A GEM.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says:

"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness, is confidence in the integrity of man; and the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, —reliance on the goodness of God."

All Hollow E'en.

Last evening many old country people—English, Irish and Scotch—celebrated the time-honored festival known as All Hollow E'en, or Nut Crack Night, it always being observed on the evening preceding the 1st of November, which is All Saints' Day. The observances of this season are curious, and can be traced back many hundreds of years. They consist principally of charms and rites by the young people of both sexes, to discover who will be their partners for life. Burns in one of his poems describes these with great minuteness and humor.

In all nations the approach of winter is hailed with appropriate festivities, it being regarded as the season of in-door enjoyment, and the cultivation of kindlier feelings in social life; thus the holidays—the time for gifts between friends and relatives—always transpire during the first months of winter, and have their appropriate expression among the people of every clime.

Among the most usual observances of Hallow E'en is the burning of nuts by the young people. The damsel will place three nuts upon the fire, giving each of them the name of one of her admirers—If the nut cracks or jumps the lover will prove unfaithful, but if it burns brightly he will prove kind. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together they will be married.

The following, from an old poem, tells the story very nicely:

These glowing nuts are emblems true
Of what in human life we view.
The ill matched couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume:
Or from each other wildly start,
And with a noise forever part,
But see the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere:
With mutual fondness, while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn;
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together gently sink away,
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

Another custom is to place apples in a pail of water, and whoever can catch them in their teeth they are entitled to the apple. Of course the head and face of the apple-seeker often go under water.

Still another custom is—

To catch th' elusive apple with a bound,
As with its taper it flows whizzing round.

National Traits.

It is said that a dispute once arose between three noblemen—one Irish, one Scotch, and the other English—as to the respective traits of their countrymen. It was respectfully claimed that the Irish were the most witty, the Scotch the most cunning, and the English the most frank. The three agreed to decide the matter by walking out into the streets of London and ask the first one they met, of each nation, what he would take to stand watch all night in the tower of St. Paul's Church. The first one who came along was Johnny Bull, and he was accosted thus:

"What will you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?"

"I should not want to do it short of a guinea," was his frank reply.

The next one thus accosted was a Scotchman. He replied with his native cunning—"And what will you give?"

Lastly came along Patrick, and when asked what he would take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's, he wittily answered:

"An, shure, an' I think I should take a cowld."

A Sunnit to the Big Ox.

Composed while standing within two feet of him and a touchin' of him now and then.

All hale! thou mighty animal—all hale!
You art 4 thousand pounds, and am purty well
Perportshund, thou tremenjos boreen nugget!
I wonder how big you was wen you
Wos little, and if yur mather wud no you now!
That you've grone so long, and thick and phat;
Or if yure father would recognize his offspring
And his kaff, thou elefantoen quodrupid!
I wonder if it hurts you much to be so big,
And if you grode it in a month or so.

I suppose wen you wos young tha didn't gin
You skim milk but all the kreme you kud staff
Into your little stummick, jist to see
How big youde gro; and afterward tha no doubt
Fed you on otes and ha and sich like,
With perhaps an occasional punkin or squosh:
In all probability you don't no yure euny
Bigger than a small kaff; for if you did,
Yude brake down fences and switch yure tail,
And rush around, and hook, and beller,
And run over folkses, thou orful beast

O, what a lot of mince pize yude maik,
And sassengers, and yure tale,
Whitch kan't wa far from phorty pounds,
Wud maik nigh unto a barrel of ox-tail soop,
And cudn't a heap of stakes be cut off yu.
Whitch, with salt and pepper, and tarmater
Ketchup, wouldn't be bad to taik,
Thou grate and glorious insekt!
But I must klose, O most prodijus reptile!
And fur mi, admirashun of yu, when you di,
I'le rite a node unto yure boddy and remanes,
Pernouncin yu the largest of yure race;
And as I don't expect to have a half a dollar
Agin to spare for to pa to look at yu, and as
I ain't a ded hed, I will sa farewell.

POTRAIT OF GOV. GEARY.—A Kansas correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette describes Governor Geary, of Kansas, thus:

"Governor Geary is about six feet two inches in height, broad shouldered and bony, but not fleshy, and having a slight stoop. His forehead is not good; his eyes are deep sunken in his head, resembling port holes in a fort. His nose is thin, long, and inclining to 'pug,' the lower extremity showing an inclination to turn upwards, as though he would draw his inspirations from a stratum above that breathed by common mortals. His color is swallow and bad, and the face almost expressionless. He wears his beard long, but the hair of his head cropped short.—A few grey hairs appear in his beard.—He wore a simple citizen's dress—a long skirted blue frock coat, a bell crowned, chimney pot hat, long out of fashion, but well preserved, but his manner for a civilian was wonderfully dignified."

How an Astrologer Missed His Figure.

An old French gentleman, named or nicknamed Monsieur Fricandeau, was arrested for an assault and battery on Herr Jacob Mitnacht, a German gentleman, lately arrived in this city, who condescends to tell fortunes by astrological observations. The cause of their quarrel is thus related by Mons. Fricandeau:

"I've loose my leetle female dog Heloise; I hear Monsieur Mitnacht know something about everything, and I goes to him and say—

"'Sare, I will give you vou dollar if you will tell me my Heliso's fortune, and vare I find her.'

"He say—'Vat is dat Heloise? is she your vife?'

"I say—'No; but I lofs her much better dan six, seven vifes, or I would not give you von dollare for to bring her back to me.'

"Den he say—'You must tell me ven Heloise was born, and I kalkalate her nativitee.'

"So I tell him all dat, and pay him ze dollare, and he make figure on ze papier, and tell me that Heloise vas gone of wid an autre man, and would come nevare no more. And I ask him vat dat toder man would do wid Heloise, would he make sausage? He say no, he would marry her ven he got toder side of ze water.

"Den I laugh, he! haw! and tell him Heloise was one dog female. So he got mad, and call me von French homebug, and say I vant to cheat him, and vy I not tell him sooner dat Heloise was not von voman.

"I say—'Vy ze star no tell you dat? You 've got my dollare on ze false pretence, and I will give you ze law tout suite.'

"Den we make ze fight, and he 'ave call ze watch, and zey put me in ze dark cellare; and I 'ave done nothing for to break ze law—only broke ze head of ze rascal star man vot sheat me."

It appears that Monsieur Fricandeau had been sharply dealt with, and had suffered enough by the loss of his dollar and his night's imprisonment. So the astrologer's complaint was dismissed, and Mons. F. was set at liberty.—*Philadelphia Mercury.*

The Soundings for the Atlantic Telegraph.

The following account, written by an officer of the United States steamer Artic, in relation to the sounding for the Atlantic telegraph, addressed to the editor of the illustrated London News, will be read with interest.

"Not a single rock has been met with, not a particle of gravel or sand has been brought up, but it appears as if Nature had provided a bed 'soft as a snow bank,' to use Maury's own words, for the express purpose of receiving a telegraph cable.

"Lieut. Berryman says that he is satisfied that the lead, with the sounding apparatus, has frequently buried itself ten to twelve feet deep in this material, and he doubts not that the cable will sink and imbed itself in a similar manner. The greatest depth attained has been about two thousand and seventy fathoms, (about two and third miles;) but perhaps the most remarkable and at the same time the most satisfactory result is the perfect confirmation which these soundings give of the opinion of Lt. Maury as to the existence of a great flat or level at the bottom of the ocean, unparticled by any thing on the surface of the earth, and which he proposes to name "The Telegraph Plateau.—For more than thirteen hundred miles the bottom of the Atlantic, in the direct line of our track, is found by these soundings to present an almost unbroken level plain. Nature has thus placed no obstacle in the way of this great undertaking which may not by cautious perseverance be overcome; nay, rather (if we expect the enormous length of the cable which will be required) it would seem that the line to be followed by the Atlantic presents absolutely fewer engineering difficulties than the shorter route (though more complex from nature of the bottom) on which the Mediterranean cable must be laid.

A Singular Affair—A Woman Burning Herself to Death.

The Bath, Me., Sentinel of Saturday, contains the following account of an insane woman in that city burning herself to death:

We learn that Mrs. Susan Tarbox, wife of James Tarbox, of Topsham, who for a long time had been subject to hopeless insanity, put an end to her existence the latter part of last week, by means of fire.—As we hear the facts, on Friday about ten o'clock, she made an attempt to burn herself by means of friction matches, but was detected by means of the smoke issuing from the room in which she was confined. The room was then thoroughly searched, and it was supposed impossible that she could have matches in it. It appears, as we subsequently ascertained, that she had them concealed in her shoes, and early in the afternoon, smoke was again discovered about the house, and the females about rushed to her room and found the smoke so dense they could not enter. Mr. Tarbox, who was near the house, was immediately alarmed, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The unfortunate woman had evidently fired her clothes about the waist, as her breast and shoulders were burned in the most shocking manner, although life was not extinct. She made no outcry whatever, and though she lingered until the next day, and was able to converse a little, she manifested little or no symptom of pain or distress.

She was not without method in her madness, for it was found that she had torn up the carpet and packed it around the doors, to prevent the escape of smoke, which would again lead to detection.