## For the "Raftsman's Journal."

LINES, TO LOGAN.

Dear friend, permit my muse to bring.

Her lowly off 'ring to thy feet;
Thy worth in humble strains to sing,—
Thy muse in admiration greet.

Within thy soul forever dwells The spirit of true Poesy;
Thy heart, responsive, ever swells
With songs of sweetest melody.

Oh. could my muse, like thine, portray
Each thought, and feeling of the soul,
'Twould rise above this humble lay
High as the lightning's voices roll.

Thy muse, in lofty strain, can soar to the realms of joy above, And to the great Creator pour Its song of gratitude and love.

Sometimes, the voice of friendship lends Its gentle softness to thy lyre.— Anon, the wrong of injured friends Arouses thy indignant fire.

Now, fond affection strikes the strings, And breathes a soft and dulcet strain,-Then, bitter disappointment wings Each burning line with grief and pain.

Thou canst, as with the painter's art. Depict each scene of care and strife-Each passion of the human heart— Each joy and woe of human life.

My feeble muse would fain be just, But abler bards shall praise thee when, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," We've mingled with the earth again ;-

To them I leave the pleasing task. And now may good thy life attend, Then fare thee well! One boon I ask, Accept this tribute from a friend.

## BARKNESS AND DAWN. A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

Some years ago, while making a brief sojourn in the city of Bristol, I set out one evening with a friend for a stroll through the city. We had visited several places of interest, and we were on our return to our hotel, when in passing through a dark and narrow street, a female, closely muffled in a coarse shawl-which, thrown over her head, was drawn around her face, so as to conceal all but her eyes-hurriedly crossed over from the opposite side of the way, and accosted us in accents of despair.

"Gentlemen, for the love of Heaven, give me money! My mother is dying of hunger, and I have not wherewith to purchase a mor-

We were both struck with the tone of her voice, for, though agitated by a feeling of desperation, it had a peculiar sweetness, and her anguage was that of one both educated and

.. Do not think me inquisitive," said my friend, in a kindly tone, as he drew forth his purse, "if I ask what misfortune has brought you to this? for it is evident you are no common applicant for charity ?"

"Oh! no sir-no!" she said, shrinking back into hesself, as it were; "I never asked for charity before; and though I have not tasted food for two long days, I would sooner perish

than ask for it myself now; but I could not see her die, my only friend-oh, I could not see her die !" "Here," said my companion, placing a sum in her hand which I immediately doubled. She clutched the money like a miser, and

powered by her emotions. Then, with a choking effort, she gasped forth--"Thanks gentlemen! may Heaven bless

for a moment or two was completely over-

She turned away, and took two or three hasty steps, and then, stopping suddenly, she looked around, and added-"You asked what misfortune brought me to

this. I shall seem ungrateful it I refuse to "Never mind," said my friend; "the recital will give you pain, and therefore I pray

you, consider the question unasked." "Your noble generosity overpowers me, sir,' she rejoined, in a tremulous voice, "and my pride shall give way. If you have a few min-

utes to spare, come with me, and you shall know all." "Nay," said 1, "do not let us intrude upon your sorrows, unless you think we can be of further assistance. You are welcome to the little we have given, which should be doubled

if we had more to spare, but we have no right to claim your secret in return." She buried her face in her shawl, and burst into tears.

"Alas!" she sobbed, "if all mankind were thus generous, how many a miserable being might now be happy! Come with me, and hear my story! I know I can trust you, and I shall rest easier by knowing I have convinced you I am no impostor."

We assured her that we did not for a moment doubt of her being the victim of some terrible misfortune; but as we might be of further service to her we would see her safely home, and she might then relate her story or not, as she should think proper.

"Follow me," she said, and set off at a quick walk down the street, we keeping at a respectful distance behind, and I for one, feeling an unusual curiosity to know something more of her.

At the next corner of the street was an oil lamp, which threw out a dim light; and standing near it, in a listless attitude, we observed a man in the garb of a sailor, and evidently just from sea. As our unknown guide drew near him, I noticed that she seemed much agitated; and on coming up to him, to our surprise, and apparently his, she stopped and with a wild cry, she suddenly threw out her arms, clasped him around the neck, and appeared to swoon upon his breast.

"See !" said my friend, making an abrupt halt; "we are duped; this is some trick; that girl is an imposter!"

"Impossible!" returned I, unwilling to beleive that such grief and misery as she represented could be a base counterfeit. "Ha!

As I spoke, the sailor, as it in great surprise, partly unwound the arms of the unknown from his neck, raised her head, and looked first curiously and then wildly into her face, which we could see, even from where we stood, was pale and beautiful. The next moment he uttered a wild cry; and quickly throwing his arms around her now lifeless from, he exclaimed :-

"Mary! my Mary!" a few moments we stood dumb with amazement. they need not belong to a particular church. familiarly known: that was his secret.

"What's this? what's the meaning of this?" he now demanded, looking flercely at us. "Well, if that is acting, it is the best I ever saw," muttered my companion, as we hastened

we knew of the matter. "Merciful Providence! is it possible?" said the man, looking alternately at us and at the fair creature in his arms, and clasping his forghead as if to collect his scattered senses. "Mary!" he continued, at short intervals; "my wife! my dear wife! And my mother too!

forward and gave a hurried account of all that

Starving !" He continued to repeat these expressions like one overpowered by some terrible shock, and who knew not what he was saying; while we stood looking on, too much astonished to think of offering him any assistance.

At length, with a sort of gurgling gasp, the poor creature opened her eyes; and looking wildly and fondly into the manly face of him who supported her, she murmured : "Charles! Charles! is this you! in life-in

death-or in a dream ?" I pass over the wild, frantic, passionate exclamations on both sides, as each began to realise the truth-the one that he had found a loving wife in the depths of misery-the other that she had regained a fond husband at the moment of all others when she most needed his aid, counsel, love, and support.

"Come," whispered my friend, touching my arm, "let us withdraw; their meeting should be sacred from the intrusion of strangers."

Though deeply curious to know something of their history, I silently acquiesced in his proposal; and quietly departing, we returned to our hotel, musing upon the uncertainties, vicissitudes and romance of life.

Two days after, as I was sitting on the piazza of the hotel, I saw the sailor passing along the street, and curiosity prompted me to address him. The moment he saw me, he came bounding up, grasped my hand, and burst into tears.

"Heaven bless you!" he exclaimed, in a choking voice; "Heaven bless you and your friend! and so says Mary. I've been hunting for you all over the city, sir, but feared I'd never see you again. Here! let me pay you back your money; and will you be so kind, sir, as to accept these two rings for yourself and friend?"

I took the money-for I saw if I did not he would feel very much hurt; but fearing his circumstances might not justify him in making a present of so much value, I attempted to decline the rings. It was of no use-he would take no denial-and so I reluctantly accepted them, thanking him in behalf of my friend, who was absent. I then drew from him his story, which I will give in a few words.

He and his wife were both natives of a small village on the Avon, and had often played together as children. His own father was then in good circumstances, but subsequently lost his property and died soon after, leaving himself and mother to struggle along as best they might.

Among those believed to be friends in prosperity, but who forsook them in adversity, was the father of his present wife; but though change of fortune separated the youth and maiden, it only increased an attachment which had begun in childhood. For years, however, they did not meet; and

during that time the narrator became a sailor, and acquired sufficient means to purchase a cottage for his mother, leaving a small balance on mortgage, which his next voyage was to clear off. While at home, he and his Mary again met; and conscious of a mutual passion, and knowing her parents would not consent to the union, but were most anxious to ally her to a wealthy suitor, they took advantage of an opportunity, and were privately married.

Charles Delaine, for such was his name, then took leave of his wife, and shipped for a whaling voyage, intending it should be his last cruise. While absent, his wife's parents, discovering the secret of her marriage, disowned and drove her forth, and she took refuge with his mother.

Together the widowed mother and wife struggled along, anxiously looking for the return of their only friend; but he came not at the time expected, the mortgage was foreclosed, the property sold; and almost penniless, they repaired to Bristol, hoping to be able to maintain themselves by the needle.

I need not prolong the story-it is an old tale. Sickness and misfortune followed them. they failed to procure sufficient work for their necessities, and on the night when the wife appealed to us they were in a starving condition. Charles had just returned from his cruise, and at the very moment when his Mary so unexpectedly met him, he was thinking of home, which he expected to reach the next day. He had been prudent, the voyage had been more than usually profitable, and his share, he said, would enable him to start in business.

"Come what will," he concluded,"I'll never leave my dear mother and Mary again, while we live. They're happy now, thank God! and it shall be the aim of my life to keep them so.' He urged me to come and see him and his now happy family, and bring my triend; and then invoking upon us the blessing of Heaven he wrung my hand, and turned quickly away, to conceal the emotions he cared not to dis-

"Ah! such is life, in this world of selfish and unselfish humanity," mused I, as I watched his retreating footsteps, till a turn in the street concealed him from my view. We never met again.

How Spirits Get Their Liquor .- Judge Ed-

munds, in a recent lecture, disclosed the singular means by which rowdy spirits get their rum and tobacco in the other world. He said : "I once had a spirit come to me who had the invention of cast steel, to which the readbeen addicted to the use of tobacco, and the er's attention is presently to be directed, first want he experienced on entering into a watch-springs had to be made of it. spiritual existence was a desire for that. I had an interview with a spirit who was a drunkard while living here, and he asked me for a drink. I asked, What good would ardent spirits do you now?' and he said : "I can drink it thro' you." That is to say, the ghost made of the erudite Judge a species of worldly "straw," through | its inferiority. Mr. Huntsman correctly inferwhich to suck his ghostly cobler !

Full religious liberty in Denmark has been granted dissenters. They can form associations, choose their pastors, open chapels and schools, hold periodical meetings, make proselytes, with no restraint, no hindrance, no interference by Government. The character of citizen is wholly distinct from that of believer. Huntsman's steel became widely spread; but The members of the Diet and the public offi- the discoverer took care not to designate it and imposing circumference of from nineteen he fairly tottered with his fair burden, and for cers are not subjected to any test whatever; by the name cast steel, under which it is now to twenty-one feet. Ladies moving in the first

STOLEN SECRETS.

are very few secret manufactures now, in the the term "secret." There is no longer a desecration of the name of God by putting artisans on their oath not to reveal what they know-a practice common enough even as late as the end of the last and the beginning of the present century.

The reader must not imagine that desire of gain was the sole object, on all occasions, of opened. A workman presented himself, whom carrying on a manufactory in secrecy. On the wayfarer addressing, humbly begged adthe contrary, the royal manufactories of por- mission. celain in Europe, were long carried on in a spirit of exclusiveness to which the annals of manufacturing industry amongst private individuals can hardly furnish a counterpart. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with imposing an oath of secrecy on all employed in his workshops, he would not even abate an iota of his kiudly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter within the tabooed walls of Meissen, the seat of the Saxon pottery manufacture, and where the beautiful specimens of true porcelain, known by the misnomer of "Dresden porcelain," were, and indeed still continue to be, manufactured.

The history of secret manufactures is very unfavorable to the hopes of those persons who trust, by hemming in their process, and environing them with a quickset fence of judicial oaths, to retain the secret indefinitely. Somehow, mysteries of this kind have generally oozed out, either by applying to them the test of science-which is fair and proper enough-or through the unguarded garrolity of workmen, or still more frequently, by theft -the secret being stolen like any other valuable commodity. It is concerning a few of these stolen trade secrets that I have a little to write just now.

Next Temple Bar there is a chemist's shop of very old standing. A proprietor of it, in times gone by, enjoyed the monopoly of the manufacture of citric acid. More favorably circumstanced than the generality of secret manufacturers, his was a process which did not require a number of workmen; if I rightthe process himself. One day, having gone into the laboratory, and advanced the process sor of the secret came out, and, locking the door after him, doubtless thought the secret was perfectly safe. How should it not be safe application of science. when the door was locked, and the windows carefully blinded? Alas! there was a chimney, and of that chimney the manufacturer took no heed: so a chimney sweep-one wide awake in chemical matters-slipped down the chimney, saw all he wanted to see, and then, returning whence he came, departed, carrying with him the secret of making citric acid.

The manufacture of tin plate originated, so far as the English are concerned, in a stolen secret. Few readers need be informed, that tin pans, canisters and other wares, are only called tin-ware by courtesy. They are really made of tin plate, that is, thin sheets of iron covered with tin by dipping. Now, in theory it is a very easy matter to clean the surface of a piece of iron, then dip it into a bath of molten tin, and remove it, enveloped with a covering of the latter metal: in practice, however, there are so many difficulties to be encountered, that we English did not manage to surmount them until a countryman of ours went to Holland, insinuated himself surreptitionsly into a tin-plate manufactory, made himself master of the secret, and came away

The history of cast steel presents us with a curious instance of a manufacturing secret surreptitiously obtained—the more objectionable in this case, that the secret-stealing thief operated under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy.

Perhaps the very first chemical investigation I remember to have been concerned in was one day, when, a little boy at school, I tried, in company with other boys, whether our knives were made of iron or steel. Our plan of procedure was this-and it is less exceptionable than many processes of schoolboy analysis sometimes are. On each blade we poured a drop of spirit of salt, allowed it to remain there a few seconds, and afterwards washed it away. If the spot disclosed a black mark, giving the notion of charcoal, we concluded the blade was steel; whereas, if the spot were bright and metallic-looking, we concluded the blade to be of iron. Well, I say, our chemistry was not so bad after all, and that experiment will serve to impress on the memory of the reader something that I wish to be impressed there respecting steel. The main distinction between iron and steel is, that one holds carbon, or the matter of charcoal, whereas the other does not. The amount of carbon is very trivial, and is imparted by heating iron bars, for long periods together, surrounded by powdered, broken charcoal in a box. Having regard, then, to this operation it seems natural enough that the outer portion of each bar should become more "steelified," (if I may be permitted to coin an expressive word,) than the internal portions. Now, steel of this sort, though used for many purposes, is objectionable for others. To give an example : it is by no means good for the manufacture of watch-springs; nevertheless, before

There lived at Attercliffe, near Sheffled abont the year 1760, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He was very much dissatisfied with the quality of steel of which watch springs were made in his day, and he set-himself to the task of thinking out the cause of red that the imperfection of such watchsprings as came in his way was referable to ification" of the metal of their manufacture. "If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel, the latter should be regular and homogeneous.'

About the year 1770, a large manufactory Contrasting the manufacturing arts of our of this peculiar steel was established at Atown days with those of times gone by, one of tercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrethe most prominent things which strike a re- cy by every means which the inventor could flective mind, is the diminution of secret pro- command. None but workmen of credit and cesses. For the most part a manufacturer character were engaged, and they were forbidtries to hold his monopoly now by the force of den to disclose the secrets of the manufacture capital, which gives him a mercantile advan- by a stringent form of oath. At last Huntstage over his neighbors; by carefully select- man's secret was stolen in the following maning skilled artisans; and by making himself ner: One night in midwinter, as the tall acquainted with the latest discoveries of sci- chimney of the Attercliffe steel-works belched ence bearing upon his manufacture. There forth its smoke, giving promise of a roaring fire within, a traveller, to whom the desire of old, and I would add, objectionable sense of placing himself near a roaring fire might seem a reasonable longing, knocked at the outer door of Mr. Huntsman's factory. It was a bitter night; the snow fell fast, the wind howled across the moor; nothing, then, could be more natural than that the tired wayfarer should seek a warm corner where he might lay his head. He knocked, and the door was

> "No admission here, except on business." The reader may well fancy how this intimation fell upon the tired traveller's ear on such an inclement night. But the workman, scanning the traveller over, and discovering

nothing suspicious about him, granted the request, and let him in. Feigning to be completely worn out with cold and fatigue, the wayfarer sank upon the floor of the comfortable factory, and soon appeared to have gone asleep. To go to sleep, however, was very far from his intention: the traveller closed his eyes all but two little chinks. Through these two little chinks he saw all he cared to see. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into little bits, then place them in crucibles, and the crucibles in a furnace. He saw the fire urged to its extreme power; and, lastly, he saw workmen clothe themselves in wet rags, the better to protect themselves against the terrible heat, and drawing out the glowing crucibles with enormous tongs, pour the liquid contents into a mould. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose:

this was the secret of cast steel. It would be easy to extend the list of manufacturing secrets disclosed in the dishonest way indicated above: the subject, however, is so unpleasant to dwell upon, that I am sure the reader will rejoice, with me, that the circumstances under which manufactures are uow mostly carried on, neither afford the opportunity nor the inducement to theft, such as I have described. Firstly, the legislature no longer permits an indiscriminate administration of oaths, whence men cannot be bound ly apprehend my information, he conducted down to secrecy as heretofore; secondly, the principles on which branches of manufacturing industry depend are for the most part so clearly indicated, that the discovery of a secret resolves itself into the perfectly legitimate endeavor of fathoming it by the direct

Animal Heat-Carbon and Oxygen.

In an able lecture, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, in the Cooper Institute, in November, on "The Influence of Climate on Civilization," he seemed to attribute much of the vigor of the uorthern races to the food required by their climate. The idea conveyed seemed to be an endorsement of the popu lar theory of animal heat, which is inculcated in all the common books on physiology. These compare the lungs to a furnace, in which air and carbon are brought into chemical union in producing heat. This theory is simple, and somewhat beautiful, but not correct. The combustion of our food-fuel does not take place in the lungs, in the same manner that the fire is produced in the furnace; the food of man is not fed into his lungs, neither does the oxygen of the air combine with the food or carbon in the lungs, but passes into the blood through their membrane tissue; carbonic acid and moisture being given out in exchange. All our food undergoes a chemical change, before it reaches the lungs in the form of blood, and the warmth of the body comes from the organic processes which make and unmake the animal tissues. These facts which should be familiar to all, lay the axe at the root of the common furnace theory of animal heat.

Man requires the same elements for his food in all climates. The northern races eat much fat, which is almost pure hydro-carbon; the inhabitants of tropical climates eat gums and sugars, which are just as rich in carbon. Some castes of Hindoos in India live exclusively on vegetables; the Caffres of hot South Africa are the greatest beef gormandizers in the world.

The temperature of man is 98 deg. in all seasons, in the hottest and coldest climates. A change of this uniform temperature of the human body is the sign of disease. Man preserves his standard temperature in the tropical and arctic regions in virture of the peculiar organism which adjusts itself to varying circumstances, but the means by which it does this is still involved in much obscurity.

A Case of Wine .- A Kentucky lawyer on circuit was asked to dine with the Judge. At the table, the Judge, as was his custom, asked a blessing, and shortly afterwards rose from the seat and took from the sideboard a bottle to Old Bourbon, of which he invited his guest to partake, partaking freely himself, as is his custom. After dinner was over, the lawver said: "Judge will you premit me to ask you a

question ?" "Oh, certainly," replied the Judge, "what is it?"

"I observed," said the lawyer, "that after you asked a blessing, you set on the bottle. Now I wish to know whether you were ashamed to ask a blessing on the liquor, or whether you thought it was good enough without?" The Judge took the case under advisement.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE LADIES. - A patent has just been issued at Washington to a gentleman of New York city, who, it seems, has made petticoats his study, for an entire new skirt, of the expansive and collapsive variety, that will infallibly torment all the men and enrapture all the women. It is made of white horse-hair in open work, and so pliable are the hairs, through their saturation with some new the fact of the irregular conversion or "steel- material, which is also patented, a full skirt of forty hoops, all the essential of elasticity, fullness and strength, can be carried within a and cast it into an ingot, the composition of the latter should be regular and homogeneous." must, occupy scarcely more space than a port-monaie, and in an instant adjusted to the per-He tried, and he succeeded. ,The fame of son, expanding a robe to a diameter of six or seven feet, giving the wearer the agreeable

## A PLEA FOR SHAMS.

A late number of Blackwood contains a spicy article with the above title, directed at the popular writers of the day, whose universal cry is, that everything, as society is at present constituted, is a "sham." Those authors who rail at established customs, call them false and contrary to nature, and prate about "conventional usage," are taken in hand in a very amusing and effective style. The writer says: "Our commonest and most innocent habits,

be found exceedingly unverscious. Are we all to walk about as in a palace of truth, and repudiate all the recognized courtesies of society because they are shams? Am I to say to my good neighbor, Mr. Tomkins, whenever I meet him, 'Tomkins, you are a bore, and you ought to know it; I can't waste my precious time talking to you about the weather, or even about Mrs. Tomkins; I have more important subjects than these to talk about, and more agreeable people to talk to; so I wish you a very good morning, or rather, I mean to say, I don't care whether you have a good morning or a bad one. I don't wish you any harm, but I want to get rid of you!' Or when I meet Smith at the Folkestone station on his autumn trip-he in his nautical costume and Mrs. S. in her round hat-am I to accost them in the sincere language of my heart-Weil, for two sensible middle-aged people, you have contrived to make the greatest guys of yourselves I ever saw in my life!' I am sure this would be a veracity; but would it be an improvement, on the whole, on the conventional type of our actual conversation under the circumstances? 'Good morning, Mr. Tomkins; hope I see you well; these easterly winds, &c., &c. ·How are you, Smith ?-fond of boating as ever, I see; and Mrs. Smith looking really quite,' &c. It's a sham; I know it is; perhaps she knows it is; but if she does, she knows it to be a friendly one. Were I to go back to my veracities, I might prefer, being in company with a fastidious friend, to cut the Smiths altogether. The truth is, we live in a world of shams and conventional ittes, if you prefer calling things by ugly names. All civilized life is a state of convention; ask the logicians. There is no reason, in the intrinsic nature of things, why H-A-T should spell 'hat.' All forms of conversation are pure conventionalities. Why do we shake hands? What ceremony can be more absurd? The Pacific Islanders rub noses; so do sheep. Of the two, therefore, the latter may be the more natural. Dr. Livingstone's friends, the Bakelos, by way of paying their respects, lay down upon the ground and slapped their thighs with their hands loudly and energetically. Unpleasant, Dr. Livingstone thought it, and so, perhaps, should we; but you see nature seems to dictate no universal forms of politeness; the forms which do suggest themselves to others, seem to us as unmeaning or ungraceful as ours may to them. No wise man among us laughs at his British ancestors for painting themselves blue; is it a mark of such superior wisdom to ridicule the outer coating of society in this nineteenth century ?

"Be real, we are told-be genuine, be true; say what you will, do what you will, only let it be a trnth, and not a falsehood. It sounds very grand; not quite so new a gospel perhaps as its apostles fancy; this 'living according to nature' was a favorite dream of old. Only poor human nature, not being itself perfection, is forced to be content with a more clastic rule. If we were angels, then to say all we think would be very well, and to act according to nature would follow of course; but as things are in this far from angelic world, there are a great many thoughts which we shall do well to hide if possible even from ourselves, and a good many actions which we must disguise as we can with a little decent hypocrisy. There is no more disagreeable person on earth than the man who always speaks his mind; and whose mind, be it observed, is almost always unpleasant." Again he remarks :

"Skin a Russian,' it is said, 'and you will find the Tartar underneath.' The proverb may be true, in many senses, of the Englishman as well as of the Russian. Strip many of us to the core, and even our most intimate friends might fail to recognize us. But is it absolutely necessary to go through this miserable process? Are we not all the prettier to look at, and quite as good for use, for a little outside? Does not nature herself give us a lesson in this, that she conceals under a fair smooth outside the system of nerves, and sinews, and bloodvessels, which when uncovered, make but a ghastly show? Let us protest, then, in the name of common settle comfort, against this philosophy of the dissecting room. Let us neither anatomise others, nor submit to be thus operated upon ourselves. Let the play of life proceed. us lend ourselves with a good grace to its illusions; many of them are pretty and pleasant; few of them are very mischievous; at any rate we shall gain little by looking behind the scenes. That young lady in the silk and spangles is not a real sylph; granted; but she looks very nice. Why trace her home to the coarse beef-steakes and porter of her mortal supper? If the gallant before us is not all the hero he personates, still less is that a real devil who comes in with the red fire. We are all worse-and better-than we seem."

THEY SAY .- A more sneaking, cowardly and fiendish liar than "They say," never existed. That personage is a universal scape goat for personal gossip, envy and malice; without form of flesh and blood, when invoked, and yet stalking boldly in every community. The character is a myth, and yet real; intangible, and yet clutching its victims with remorseless power. It is unseen, and yet from an exhaustless quiver wings its poisoned arrows from day to day. And no mail is proof; no character, position, or sex escapes; no sanctuary is too sacred; no name is bulwarked against its assaults. When one base heart wishes to assail another person's character or motives, "They say" is always invoked. That is the assassin who strikes in the cloud-the Thug who haunts the footsteps of the offender, and tortures from careless word or deed, an excuse for the stiletto. Men dare not always reveal their own feelings. With smiles and pretended friendship, they present the envenomed shaft as coming from "They say." Be sure, reader, that when some villainous tale is told you, and the narrator cannot give an author more tangible than "They say" for it, that the slander is the creation of the heart by your side, and recking with the poison of envy and hatred, and earnest with a wish to have the falsehood of "they say" bud into reality, and become current coin in the community.

THE AMISTAD CASE .- Some twenty years ago two Spaniards attempted to convey their slaves by water from one part of the island of Cuba to another. They chartered a vessel for this purpose, but as soon as they were out of sight of land the negroes mutinied and took possession of the vessel. The negroes knew nothing of navigation, and the vessel finally found its way into Long Island Sound, and was formally taken possession of by the Revenue Cutter and brought into New Haven, where the cases were tried, and the Court demeasured by these gentlemen's standard, will cided that they were entitled to their freedom, and they were subsequently set at liberty. Afterwards the Spanish Government claimed from our Government remuneration for the loss which its citizens had sustained by the decision of the Connecticut Court, and the liberation of the Africans. Our Government recognizes this claim, and has several times urged the attention of Congress to the subject. If taken up at this session, as recommended by the President, it will occasion much debate, and prevent the consideration of other and more important business.

> HEAT FROM THE SUN .- An eminent professor has announced as a fact not to be disputed, that were the distance between our planet and the sun diminished, the access of solar heat would convert her waters into air, while the rich stores of metal garnered in her bosom would become brazen rivers, discharging themselves when the race was run into the vacant depths of the ocean. It the distance were increased, the difference, from the directly op-posite effects, would be no less decided. The diminution of solar heat would cause the air to liquify, turn the sea into a crystal, and bind the great continents of the earth in perpetual frost. As it is, however, the distribution of heat is regulated with unerring precision. Indeed, the mind can conceive no scheme of measurement so acute, no balancing of cause and effect so mathematically exact, as to the adjustment by relative position of the quantity of heat which the earth receives from the sea. It is governed by an eternal law.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT .- The Watertown (N. Y.) Journal says that the engineer of the train from Potsdam, a few days since, while crossing Holton Bridge, near Antwerp, observed the singular spectacle of a man hanging from one of the beams thereof. The train was stopped and the matter looked into. The man had evidently been dead but a little while. It was inferred that the man, while crossing the bridge, with the strap of his carpet bag around his neck, stumbled and fell. He pitched on one side of the beam and the bag on the other. The bag balanced the man, and the strap being strong and fast, around his neck, there was no help for him, and in this singular position he was found. There was no clue about him that indicated his name or home. He appeared to be a poor wayfarer, and was probably under the influence of liquor when he met his mishap.

SIBERIA .- Siberia has been civilized by the exiles sent thither, and by voluntary emigration from Russia, till nearly four of the five millions of inhabitants of that region are Europeans or of European descent-more fortunate than their western kinsmen in this, that there is not a serf among them. Stheria is fast becoming a place of great commercial importance. Its proximity to Oregon and California will give it a trade which will make it one of the most active portions of the great Russian empire. The ice used in San Francisco was formerly obtained from the United States. It now comes from Siberia, affording constant employment to half a dozen ships. In five years from now the trade between Siberia and California will be a matter of im-

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.-Some one truly says that "society," is a nuisance, in a "fashionable" sense. It is nothing more or less than a stiff series of absurd and cold formalities. It has no heart, any more than the Rock Gibralter has. The password to it is "money,"-and if you've got that, or can make the world think you have, "go in !".

Brush up your beaver—never mind about brushing up your character-and "go in!" Learn the set speeches of polite gossip, dress in "good taste," pretend to great respect for a sectarian creed, and keep up a fashionable ontside show, and you shall safely pass with the genteel elect. Society is "fearfully and wonderfully made!"

CANCEMI AGAIN CONVICTED .- Cancemi, the Italian burglar, who murdered a policeman, has again been convicted of the offence in the Criminal Court of New York city, but this time only for manslanghter in the first degree. He has been tried four tmes for the same crime, been twice convicted of murder, and three times has had new a trial granted on the ground of informality. The facts of the case are that the prisoner broke into a shop, rifled the money drawer of its contents, was, upon his exit, discovered by a policeman, and, taking instantly to flight, was pursued. He turned, and deliberately shot his pursuer, who subsequently died from the effects of the wound.

GOLD AND SILVER .- The consumption of gold and silver at the present day for household purposes is enormous, its application having increased rapidly since the discovery of gold in California and Australia. The amount of gold and silver annually taken from the mines of Europe is valued at twenty-five millions of dollars. In America, the yield is computed to be one hundred and forty-six millions, and Asia produces twenty-five millions. Africa has no silver mines, but produces gold to the amount of nearly three millions of dollars. Australia is also without silver, but produces about two hundred millions of gold.

PHILANTHROPIC .- The late Hon. John M. Niles, of Conn., who, during the latter years of his life, was considered insane, devised by his will the sum of \$20,000 as a fund, the interest of which was to be annually expended by a committee of the citizens of Hartford in assisting heads of families, particularly poor widows, in the payment of rents and the purchase of fuel. It would be well if a few more such crazy people lived in this world.

The campaign of 1860, as far as Pennsylvania is concerned, will probably be one of the most exciting that has ever transpired. In addition to President and Vice President, a Governor will be elected, and the Legislature chosen then will have to elect a U. S. Senator.