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"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

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Selected Miscellany.

The Wanderer's Return.

BY MRS. HOWITT.

THERE was a girl of fair Provence,
Fresh as a flower in May,
Who 'neath a pleasant plane-tree sate,
Upon a summer day,
And thus unto a mourner young,
In a low voice, did say:

"And, said I, I shall dance no more;
For, though but young in years,
I knew what makes men wise and sad—
Affection's ceaseless fears,
And that dull aching of his heart
Which is not eased by tears.

"But sorrow will not always last;
Heaven keeps our griefs in view;
Mine is a simple tale, dear friend,
Yet I will tell it you;
A simple tale of household grief,
And household gladness too.

"My father in the battle died,
And left young children three:
My brother Marc, a noble lad,
With spirit bold and free,
More kind than common brothers are;
And Isabel and me.

"When Marc was sixteen summers old,
A tall youth and a strong,
Said he, 'I am a worthless drone;
I do my mother wrong;
I'll hence and earn the bread I eat;
I've burdened you too long!'

"O! many tears my mother shed,
And earnestly did pray,
That he would still abide with us,
And be the house's stay;
And be like morning to her eyes,
As he had been alway.

"But Marc he had a steadfast will,
A purpose fixed and good,
And calmly still and manfully
Her prayers he long withstood;
Until at length she gave consent,
Less willing than subdued.

"'Twas on a shining morn in June,
He rose up to depart;
I dared not to my mother show
The sadness of my heart;
We said farewell, and yet farewell,
As if we could not part.

"There seemed a gloom within the house
Although the bright sun shone;
There was a want within our hearts:
For he, the dearest one,
Had said farewell that morn of June
And from our sight had gone.

"At length most doleful tidings came,
Sad tidings of dismay;
The plague was in the distant town,
And hundreds died each day;
We tho't in truth poor Marc would die
Mid strangers far away.

"Weeks passed, and months, and not a word
Came from him to dispel
The almost certainty of death
Which o'er our spirits fell:
My mother drooped from fears, which grew
Each day more terrible.

"At length she said, 'I'll see my son,
In life if yet he be,
Or else the turf that covers him!'
Then sunk she on her knee,
And clasped her hands in silent prayer,
And wept most piteously.

"She went into the distant town,
Still asking everywhere
For tidings of her long-lost son—
In vain she made her prayer:
All were so full of woe themselves
No pity had they to spare.

"To hear her tell that tale would move
The sternest heart to bleed;
She was a stranger in that place,
Yet none of her took heed;
And broken-hearted she came back,
A bowed and bruised reed.

"I marked her cheek yet paler grow,
More sunken yet her eye;
And to my soul assurance came
That she was near to die:
And hourly was my earnest prayer
Put up for her on high.

"O what a woe seemed then to us,
The friendless orphan's fate!
I dared not picture to my mind
How drear, how desolate;
But, like a frightened thing, my heart
Shrunk from a pang so great!

"We rarely left my mother's side;
'Twas joy to touch her hand,
And with unwearying, patient love,
Beside her couch to stand,
To wait on her, and every wish
Unspoke to understand.

"At length!—O joy beyond all joys!
When we believed him dead,
One calm and sunny afternoon,
As she lay on her bed
In quiet sleep, methought below
I heard my brother's tread.

"I rose, and on the chamber stair
I met himself—no other—
More beautiful than e'er before,
My tall and manly brother!
I should have swooned, but for the tho't
Of my poor sleeping mother.

"I cannot tell you how we met;—
I could not speak for weeping;
Nor had I words enough for joy;
My heart within seemed leaping;
I should have screamed, but for the tho't
Of her who there lay sleeping!

"That Marc returned in joy to us,
My mother dreamed e'en then,
And that prepared her for the bliss
Of meeting him again—
To tell how great that bliss, would need
The tongue of wisest men!

"His lightest tone, his very step,
More power had they to win
My drooping mother back to life,
Than every medicine;
She rose again, like one revived
From death where he had been!

"The story that my brother told
Was long and full of joy;
Scarce to the city had he come,
A poor and friendless boy,
Than he chanced to meet a merchant good,
From whom he asked employ.

"The merchant was a childless man;
And in my brother's face,
Something he saw that moved his heart
To such unusual grace;
'My son,' said he, 'is dead; wilt thou
Supply to me his place?'

"E'en then, bound to the golden East,
His ship before him lay;
And this new bond of love was formed
There, standing on the quay.
My brother went on board with him,
And sailed that very day.

"The letter that he wrote to us,
It never never reached our hand;
And while we drooped with anxious love,
He gained the Indian strand,
And saw a thousand wondrous things
In that old, famous land.

"And many rich and curious things,
Bright bird and pearly shell,
He brought as if to realize
The tales he had to tell.
My mother smiled, and wept, and smiled,
And listened, and grew well.

"The merchant loved him more and more,
And did a father's part;
And blessed my brother for the love
That healed his wounded heart.
He was a friend that heaven had sent
Kind mercy to impart.

"So do not droop, my gentle friend,
Though grief may burden sore;
Look up to God, for he hath love
And comfort in great store,
And oftimes moveth human hearts
To bless us o'er and o'er."

A TALE OF BASHFULNESS.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKE.

THERE is a certain misfortune in the world, not usually enumerated in the list of common misfortunes, but which, nevertheless, ought to be. I afford a living illustration of the truth of my assertion.

My father, God rest his soul, sent me diligently to school; there I gained some knowledge, although our city schools at that period were none of the best.

Every one said: "Max has talent, but he is shy and awkward, cannot adapt himself to the ways of the world, is unacquainted with the usages of society, and never knows what to do with his hands and feet; otherwise he is a good and clever fellow enough."

Such was the general opinion of me. Reader, do you perceive my failing? My worldly education was defective. Diligent at school and in the workshop, I was uncleanly and negligent of my attire; was civil, obliging and honest, but bashful withal, so that I ran off when unknown persons approached; my eyes never knew where to look for a resting-place when addressed by a stranger, and if called upon to meet a lady with civility and politeness, I became rooted to the spot, speechless, and stiff as a ramrod.

Enough—politeness and ease of manner, as they are called, are concerns no less pertaining to life's comfort, than bread and potatoes or a glass of wine.

Many young gentlemen, as I have often observed, are greatly wanting in these respects. Many a one on going into society is sadly at a loss how to dispose of his extremities, and would, one can easily perceive, have much rather left them at home. Many such an unfortunate knows not where to quarter his hands thrusting them at one moment into his waiscoat, at another into his breeches pockets, then in despair raising one or other to his occiput, there to scratch by way of variety.

Among other ill-luck entailed by my awkwardness, may be reckoned that of being still a bachelor, of having reached my fifty-second year without being blessed with a wife.

No sooner was my old aunt dead, and I her sole heir thereby rendered comparatively affluent, than in my thirtieth year, was led to seek the hand of a young lady, who to other qualifications added beauty, virtue, amiability, and wealth besides.

I was well pleased with the pretty Barbara; matters were quickly arranged, and nothing remained but to cultivate her acquaintance. I was accordingly to meet her at the house of her cousin, and an invitation to dine was forwarded to me.

Of large parties I had a perfect horror, my aforesaid defective education making me shy and timid; but then what will not a man do to secure the favor of a pretty Barbera? So I put on my best Sunday suit, white silk stockings, a bran new hairbag, and applegreen coat with large pearl buttons—in a word made myself smart as a Peri degroom.

On reaching the door of the cousin's house, however, my heart began to thump against my ribs, as though I had a smithy within my breast. "If I could only feel assured there will not be a party," thought I, "would to heaven it were over." Fortunately, I found the cousin alone, making up an account, in his study. "You are somewhat late, friend Stolpriau," said he. I made twenty inclinations right and left, and laughed in a perfect agony to look agreeable, for the fear of meeting a large party engrossed every thought.

The cousin having finished, looked round for some sand. Anxious to be of service, I rushed forward, seized, as ill-luck would have it, the inkstand instead of the sandbox, and poured a whole stream of the best black writing fluid over the neatly kept ledger. I thought I should have immediately fainted from sheer fright, and in my confusion hurriedly drew forth my snow-white pocket-handkerchief to wipe it up.

With an exclamation of "What on earth are you doing there, friend Stolpriau!" my entertainer smilingly interposed, and pushing me and my black and white kerchief gently aside, quickly put things to rights, and then led the way to the apartment where the company were assembled. I followed, but with a troubled spirit, and on looking down was horrified to observe an ink-blot as large as a florin on my left white silk stocking. "Help me, heaven!" I mentally groaned, "what will the company think."

The room door is opened. I, awkward, block-headed booby that I was thinking to show myself light and graceful, as well as clever and gallant, sprung forward, bowing right and left, backward and forward, scraping first with one foot, then with the other, in all directions, and not perceiving a female domestic just before me, who was in the act of dishing up a pie, dashed my head with such force into her back, as to send the pie flying out of the dish on to the floor, and so with compliments and ducking and bowing, blindly advance. I felt as though I were in battle, and about to rush on the enemy's guns.

What civil things were said on the part of the company I know not; as yet I had not the courage to look up, but continued, like one possessed, bowing and scraping, and ejaculating "your humble servants," in all directions, until cut short by a fresh mishap.

I had in fact reached the pie, which still lay there, for the servant had not sufficiently recovered from her fright and loss of breath, and stood staring at the masterpiece of cooking dashed to pieces on the floor without an effort to remove it.

All at once, while engaged in making a fresh inclination, my unfortunate left foot wandered into the pasty. I saw nothing, for all had become dark before my eyes. Disgracefully, but naturally enough, my foot slid from under me; in an instant, personal and political balance were lost, and down I came, measuring my whole length, just five foot seven, on the floor, to the no small alarm of some, the irrepressible laughter of others of the large and worshipful company there assembled.

In falling, I brought down two chairs, which I had seized hold of in order to save myself, together with a young and pretty female, who, in all probability, was at that moment about to seat herself, but now, with the speed equal to that of her chair, came rolling on the floor beside me. Gracious heaven! it was my Barbara.

A terrible clamor arose, and as I lay there I roared lustily too, for seeing in addition to myself and the two chairs a lady stretched out on the floor, I felt persuaded that a shock of earthquake must have taken place. To my great relief, I soon discovered that no earthquake had caused this melancholy fall, but as already narrated, only a veal pasty.

We got up. The cousin treated the whole affair as an excellent joke. It was very well for him to joke, but I could have wept, nay die with shame and vexation. I went to the mantelpiece without offering one word of apology, but as all were laughing and giggling around. I laughed too, and threw from time to time stolen glances at the cause of my misfortune.

At last we took our places at the table. The cousin was so gallant as to place me next to Barbara. I had rather have been situated near a volcano than at the side of this amiable and pretty creature. I felt most extraordinary sensations while thus in juxtaposition with my future bride. Of the assembled guests I ventured only to take a rapid glance at intervals.

Soup was served round. Barbara offered me some—but how could I accept it? She herself was yet unprovided. Compliments were exchanged, and I already foresaw that some new evil would arise out of these abominable civilities. Hence I became more and more pressing, and looking imploringly into the face of my charmer, forgot the plate altogether. The consequence was that I poured the burning soup into Barbara's lap and over her clothes, and in endeavoring hastily to withdraw it, sent the remainder into my own lap, deluging alike my garments and my finger napkin. It was a fraternal division. I shall never forget it. I remember all as though it had occurred but yesterday. It was crab soup.

The charming Barbara left the table. I stammered out sundry apologies. The guests endeavored to console me, and a fresh plate was handed to me. Meanwhile my pantaloons were steaming from the inundation. Barbara was obliged to change her dress. She returned and I endeavored again and again to excuse myself as well as I could.

On perceiving that she smiled graciously, I felt somewhat re-assured and began to brush the cold perspiration from my face, of course not with my hand but with my pocket kerchief.

Alas, amidst the accumulated disasters that had since occurred, I had entirely forgotten the ink business. In drying off the perspiration, I rubbed in the ink so thoroughly, that on replacing the handkerchief in my pocket the whole company were amazed to find me converted into a perfect blackmoor.

Titterings and roars of laughter succeeded. Politeness compelled me to join in the laugh, and I did so heartily for some time not knowing why or wherefore until I found out that some of the ladies were becoming alarmed at the blackness of my visage and now for the first time I perceived that my handkerchief had got me into a fresh scrape, and what an appearance I must present.

In alarm I rose precipitately from the table, and commenced a retreat towards the kitchen, in order to wash myself and in doing so I found that I had inadvertently buttoned a corner of the tablecloth to my waistcoat, down came plates and dishes, boiled and roast meats, salad, spinach, bottle and salt cellars, flesh and fowl, knives and forks, spoons and glasses, —all rushed after me with a fearful clatter. The guests on witnessing all the good things thus suddenly withdrawn; and many a delicacy on which they had set their hearts come in full career after me, sat open-mouthed and riveted to the spot, with astonishment.

At first, on seeing the plates and dishes closely following on my heels, I could attribute the freak only to witchcraft, but the cousin springing with both feet on to the cloth, brought it together with the attaching button away with a jerk, and brought me to a sense of my situation.

I sought as fast as my legs could carry me not the kitchen but the stairs, flew across the street, and did not halt till I reached my chamber. For four weeks not a soul did I admit to my presence, and from that time I never thought of matrimony without a sensation of giddiness, and as to large parties, the bare idea brings on a fit of ague. I now laugh myself at my helplessness. But my history may serve to many, not indeed for an example but for warning and instruction.—*Albion.*

Enmity between Animals.

THERE is a continual enmity among animals; they are constantly attacking and pursuing each other: every element is a field of battle for them; the eagle is the terror of the inhabitants of the air; the tiger lives upon the earth by carnage; the pike in the waters; and the mole under ground. It is the want of food which induces these, and many other species of animals, to destroy one another. But there are some creatures whose hatred of each other does not proceed from the same source. Those animals which entwine themselves around the elephant's trunk, and press it till they have suffocated him, do not act so with the design of procuring food. When the ermine leaps upon, and lays hold of the ear of the bear and the elk, and bites them with his sharp teeth, we cannot affirm that this is done to satisfy the calls of hunger. There is scarcely any creature, however small, which does not serve for food to some other animal. I know that many people think this arrangement is cruel and unnecessary, but I can with confidence assert, that even this antipathy and enmity among animals, is a proof that every thing is wisely ordered. If we consider animals in the whole, we shall find that it is highly useful that some should subsist upon others; for while, without this arrangement of nature, many species could not exist; so also, these numerous species, instead of being prejudicial are extremely useful. Insects and many reptiles feed on carrion; others establish themselves in the bodies of certain animals, and live upon their flesh and blood; and these insects themselves serve as food for other creatures. Carnivorous animals and birds of prey kill and feed upon other animals. Some species multiply so abundantly, that they would become burdensome if their numbers were not diminished. If there were no sparrows to destroy insects, what would become of the flowers and fruits? Without the ichneumon, which seeks out and destroys the crocodile's eggs, this terrible animal would increase to an alarming degree. A great portion of the earth would be desert, and many creatures would not exist, if here were no carnivorous animals. It will perhaps be urged that they might live upon vegetables; but if this were the case, our fields would scarcely afford subsistence for sparrows and swallows; and the structure of carnivorous animals must have been quite different from what it now is; and if fish did not live, upon the inhabitants of the water, how would they be able to subsist? Besides, if the wars among animals were to cease, they would lose much of their vivacity and industry, the creation would be less animated, and man himself would lose much of his activity. We may also add, that we should be deprived of many striking proofs of God's wisdom, if universal peace was to provail among animals; for the address, sagacity, and wonderful instinct which they use in laying snares for and surprising their prey, very evidently manifest the wisdom of the Creator. So far then is the enmity which exists among animals from darkening the wisdom and goodness of God, that they receive additional brilliancy from what superficial observers think an imperfection. It forms part of the plan of the great system of nature, that one animal should persecute and feed upon another. We might indeed complain of this arrangement, if it occasioned the entire destruction of any one species; but this never happens, and the continual wars among animals preserve a proper balance between them. Thus carnivorous animals are indispensable links in the chain of beings; and on this account their number is very small, compared with that of useful animals. We may also remark that the strongest and fiercest animals have commonly the least sense and cunning. They either mutually destroy each other, or their young ones serve as food for other beasts. Hence also nature has granted to the weakest species so much industry and means of defense. They possess instinct, acuteness of sense, quickness, skill, and sagacity sufficient to counterbalance the strength of their enemies. Can any one then behold this without acknowledging the infinite wisdom of the Creator, and confessing that this state of warfare, which at first seem so strange, is in fact a real good? We should be still more convinced of it, if we were better acquainted with the whole system of things, and the relations and connections which different creatures have with each other; but this is a degree of knowledge reserved for a future state, where the divine perfection will be manifested in infinite splendor. We may, however, in some measure, even in this world, comprehend why these hostilities among animals are necessary; but we can by no means conceive why men, whose nature is so much more noble, should be continually fomenting wars and divisions so destructive to their race. To the disgrace of humanity, and the eternal reproach of the Christain religion, men pursue wars, and destroy each other with more savage barbarity than the wildest beast that range the forests; than which, nothing is more opposite to the great ends for which they were created. Surely man was designed to render himself useful to his fellow-creatures, to contribute all in his power to their comfort and happiness; to be the defender of the helpless, the benefactor of the poor, and the friend of the afflicted and unfortunate. Let us not counteract these merciful designs of our blessed Lord, but endeavor to live in that peace and harmony which becomes the children of God, and followers of an humble and crucified Saviour; leaving animals which are destitute of reason to quarrel, fight, persecute, and destroy one another; whilst we live in charity with all men, doing good unto others, as we would that they should do unto us.—*Sturm.*

The Philosopher's Echo.

One summer's day a party of six or seven gentlemen started on a shooting expedition. They were provided for a long day's frolic with the little birds, carrying fowling pieces, powder and shot in abundance, and, moreover, having all that was necessary for a respectable pic-nic.

One member of the party was a pompous little man named Jenks. He seemed to have a thorough knowledge of everything; to be one of those men who have an opinion of their own upon every subject which comes up, and are by no means unwilling to bring it forward. Particular attention had this gentleman devoted to nature. With all her phenomena he seemed perfectly conversant; and no thing could happen in the physical world but he had an explanation of it ready.—He had seen all the meteoric stones which had fallen in that part of the country for ten years, and knew all about them, where they came from, and what they were made of. He had a perfect register of the weather for five years back in his mind, and he scarce ever told his friends an event of his life without letting them know how the thermometer stood on that day.

But his great forte was in novel geological theories. He was always bringing out some odd idea about the formation of the mountains which lay here about the old residence, or some ludicrous explanation of the winding course of a certain river which ran through the town where he lived, or going over his calculations of the probable duration of Niagara Falls. He was truly a philosopher.

As the party walked along through the fields carrying their guns on their shoulders, some one made an allusion to a remarkable echo with which he had met. This at once brought our philosopher out.

"Ah, yes," said he, "these echoes are remarkable things. Circumstances have led me to turn attention to them lately. The ordinary scientific explanation of it is, that the sound is reflected from some opposing surface, and thrown back to the speaker. But sir," continued he, "I am decidedly of opinion that this theory is totally and completely a mistake; and that it is destined to be exploded sir, and not impossibly by this humble individual."

Here the philosopher paused, stamped his gun on the ground, and looked very hard at the unfortunate person who had brought forward this subject.

"Don't call yourself a humble individual, my dear sir," said one of the party, "for you're not one. Besides, a little pride in a man of your standing is very interesting."

"Well, sir," said Jenks, "it's so, but at any rate, as I said, I am of opinion that this old theory is destined to be exploded. I have thought much upon the subject and have formed a theory which I intend to submit to the American Philosophical Society, at once sir, suggesting to them the desirableness of instituting a series of careful experiments, which I am convinced will show the world that I am correct."

"And my theory is," he went on, that lime, in its various forms, has the power of reproducing sound. And wherever it is found in large quantities there is what we call an echo. An echo, sir, is nothing more than a manifestation of this peculiar power of lime."

"Then the reason why the walls of large rooms often echo so much, is the quantity of lime in the morter, isn't it?" inquired one of the party, rather quizzically.

"Exactly, sir; thank you," said the philosopher; "it is a capital illustration. I had not thought of it before."

By this time the party found themselves on a large smooth slope of ground. There was upon it scarcely a single tree; it was a smooth grassy piece of land, and our shooting party were not far from its centre. At the foot of the slope, perhaps a hundreds yards off there was a long clump of alder bushes running along in a curved serpentine course, towards the right and left. They showed that the smooth field in which the party of sportsmen stood, was bounded on that side by a brook. In fact, by looking some distance to the right, one could get some glimpses of the water of a pretty broad stream which sparkled in the sun, and ran, and danced its way along towards its home, the river. On the other side of the bushes and the stream, there arose abruptly a steep hill, perhaps sixty rods in height. It rose so suddenly from behind the bushes that they seemed like a mere fringe placed to ornament the foot of the hill. Here and there bushes and trees grew upon the hill side. There were many rocks and stones scattered upon it, and some of them deeply imbedded in the soil, were evidently parts of a ledge of which the hill was principally composed.

"There," said the philosophic Jenks, "do you see those rocks? They're limestone; I can tell it as far off as this perfectly well. That hill is full of limestone. Now gentlemen I protest to you that I have never seen that hill before, nor do I know in any way, that an echo resides in it. But if any of you will call out I am sure you will hear a splendid echo. I judge simply from the geological formation of the hill, but I will stake my reputation as a man of science on the result."

"Let's try it," proposed one.

"Well," said another, "here goes—hal-loo!"

"Halloo," was distinctly returned from the hill-side.

"Why," said one gentlemen, who was rather inclined to disbelievd in Jenks philosophy, and who was not prepared for so satisfactory a result, "that is really a remarkable echo."

"Yes it is," said another; I never heard two syllables so distinctly repeated before."

"Seems to me it comes principally from the foot of the hill, don't it?" asked one in a general manner.

"Yes said Jenks, who answered everything which was not specially directed to some one particular person, "of coursd it does. You see there's more lime in the bottom of the hill than in the top because it's bigger."

"I'm going to try it again," said the incredulous gentleman; "Hoi—hoi."

"Hoi—hoi," returned the echo in the hill.

"You've got a strong voice Jenks," said one to the philosopher, "why don't you try it?"

"I don't know what to say," said the philosopher; "what shall I say?"

"Oh say anything," was the reply; "say, what are you doing there?"

Mr. Jenks drew a long breath advanced a little in front of the party and shouted at the top of his voice:—

"*What—are—you—doing—there?*"

"*Fishing sir!*" replied the echo with great promptness.

Just then we saw the bushes which skirted the stream in pretty violent motion. A moment more, and a man emerged from them, carrying a fishing-rod in one hand and a string of trout in the other. He was the Philosophers Echo.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR [illegible] tage, a fledgling from one of our fashionable boarding schools, a type of modern elegance, was recently united by the silken tie of matrimony to a gem of a beau. The mammas and papas on both sides being surrounded by all the concomitants of luxury, and the many agreeable little paraphernalia bespeaking the possession of "the dust," determined to get a fine "establishment" for the young couple, and accordingly, they were "fixed" in a mansion out Walnut street, on "the West End."

A few days after this, a school companion of our heroine called upon her, and was surprised to find so many servants about the house.

"Why, Mary," said she, "what, in the name of sense, have you so many people about you for?"

"Oh!" replied Madam, "we havn't any more than we want. There is but one cook, one chambermaid, two housegirls, one house keeper, and—a *childnurse*. I'm sure there are not too many!"

"Ha! ha!" said her friend, "what do you want with a child-nurse? Oh! that is too funny."

"Well, we havn't any immediate use for her; but then, when we were married, Charles said that we would want one, and you know *its not always best to leave things be until the last moment.*"

THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.—We learn from the *Republic* of the 20th, that the Washington National Monument will be one hundred feet in height by the 1st of October, last. The beautiful white marble with which it is faced, is procured from extensive quarries about twelve miles from Baltimore. The material of which the base and the body of the walls are constructed, is blue rock of gneiss, from the banks of the Potomac, three miles from Georgetown. It is said to be the finest in the United States, if not in the world. The dimensions of the obelisk, according to the plan, are; fifty-five feet square at the base; and thirty-three feet at the top, with an opening for the iron staircase of twenty-five feet. The height of the obelisk is to be five hundred feet; diameter of the pantheon two hundred and fifty feet, and the height one hundred.—The walls are fifteen feet in thickness at the base, and will gradually diminish to four at the apex. The stone is set with a mixture of the best sand, lime and hydraulic cement, which soon becomes as firm as the substances which are held together by its agency. There has been not the least "settling" of the monument, the foundation of which is a solid mass of rock eighty-one feet square and twenty-five in height. The *Republic* says:

"Twenty eight of the blocks contributed by the States and associations have already been inserted in the monument. Those of the first are placed opposite each landing, and of the latter below them. Thirty or forty blocks are deposited in an out-house and will be assigned positions as the building progresses.

"Workmen were yesterday engaged in trimming the huge sculptured grantte marble of Massachusetts—the largest and heaviest of all the contributions. It is a noble production, and credible to the Bay State. Its cost was $3000.

"Upwards of twenty thousand persons have visited the Monument grounds during the last year, more than one fifth of whom have recorded their names in the register, and contributed nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

SELF-TRAINING.—The late Sir F. Baxton had great faith in the self-training power of men. He thus expresses himself:—"I am very sure that a young man may be very much what he pleases. In my case it was so. I left school when I had learnt little or nothing, at the age of fourteen. I spent the next year at home learning to hunt and shoot. Then it was that the prospect of going to College opened upon me. * * * I made my resolutions, and I acted up to them; I gave up shooting. During the five years I was in Ireladd I had the liberty of going when I pleased to a capital shooting place. I never went but twice. In short, I considered every hour as precious, and I made everything bend to my determination not to be behind any of my companions; and thus I speedily passed from one species of character to another. I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment; I became speedily a youth of steady habits of application, and irresistable resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost, and found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness, easy enough to my industry; and much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at your age. It all rests with yourself. If you seriously resolve to be energetic and industrious, depend upon it you will, for your whole life, have reason to rejoice that you were wise enough to form and act upon that determination." A reviewer adds: "No man ought to be convinced by anything short of assiduous and long continued labors issuing in absolute failure, that he is not meant to do much for the honor of God and the good of mankind."

THE MEMORY OF CHILDREN.—It is note-worthy, that children who are taken away by death, always remain in the memory of the parent as children. Other children grow old but the one we lost continues in youth. It looks as we last saw it in health. The imagination hears its sweet voice and light step, and sees its silken hair and clear bright eyes—all just as they were. Ten or twenty years may go by; the child remains in the memory as at first, a bright happy child. Its young and beautiful form moves before us, and what is such a memory but an angel-presence? Certainly next to seeing an angel, is seeing with a parent's heart, such a cherished form. Amidst this world of ambition and show, who shall say that this is not means under Provi- [illegible] mind? Thus, in order to cherish such a remembrance, we are at times willing to turn even from the charms of the living. The sigh becomes sweeter than the song. Sorrow subdued becomes a friend, and sacred joy is mingled with tears of holy recollection. Thus as grief ascends the mount of Time, she seems to pass through a sort of transformation. The convulsive ag ny changes to passive sorrow, and querulous misgivings to quiet meditation There must be distress: let, then, the gushing tears flow, for it is the course of nature; but even with this, let there be the victory of Christian faith, the glorious hope of our holy religion. For

"Such a hope like the rainbow, a being of light,
May be born like the rainbow, in tears."

HILLS AGAINST LEVEL LANDS.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* says: "In a lecture on land surveying by a French Professor of Mathematics, at the College at Blois, the lecturer informed his audience that in the purchase of hilly or uneven land, its extent is estimated or measured, not according to the area of the surface, but according to the area of its horizontal base; because, he added, it is a well known fact in agriculture, that no more can be grown on a hill or slope, than on a horizontal piece of land equal to its base. Now as this well-known fact is not only well known but even strongly though in my opinion absurdly disputed amongst many of our Yorkshire farmers, perhaps you will be kind enough to give it publicity in your next number. Perhaps of moss and other low or creeping plants, a greater crop may be grown on a slope than on a horizontal piece of land equal to its base; but with regard to vertically growing plants such as hay-grass, corn or trees, it appears to me the French professor was perfectly correct."

GET OUT.—It will be remembered that we gave, a short ago, an account of a "Slow Rail Road" in Michigan. Here is another reminiscence from the same road, which we find in the Boston Carpet Bag:

"There is much excitement along the railroad, respecting the killing and maiming of cattle; and one farmer, who had a cow badly injured by a locomotive, after complaining about the matter and getting grossly insulted by the employers on the road, told the engineer that the next time he came along he would give him a trashing, which was laughed at. The next time the "iron horse" came snorting along by the farmer's house, the old fellow sallied out with a big bull-dog and set him at the "bulgine," the dog caught hold of the cow catcher, held on, and *stopped it while the farmer licked the engineer!* then calling off his dog he let the train go on again!"

A WAR ANECDOTE—During the renowned "Dorr war," in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner who represented a town in the west of the State. "Mr. Speeker," said he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to organizing the army as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with nothin' but a drum and fife, and come off first best too! I go agin organs. They'll be dreadfull unhandy things in battle, now I tell you!" This was irresistible, and "Aunt Rhody's army," we are informed, remains unorganized to this day.