THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

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"Poet's Corner."

A Dirge.

The sea rolls on,
The wintry sun-beams pour
Cold light on sea and shore;
But thou art gone.

The solemn wind
Comes o'er the dee p in sighs,
Then musically dies—
As though it pined.

One lonely sail,
Afar, broods o'er the main,
Lapses then fills again,
All ghastly pale.

The sea-birds cry
With an unearthly sound,
In some recess rock bound,
Veiled from the eye.

The restless moan
Of the unceasing wave
Comes to thy new made grave—
My own, my own.

The sobbing breeze
Swells to a louder wail,
And o'er thy tomb stone pale,
Shiver the trees.

About thy grave
The voice of the wind and sea
Make a strange harmony;
With them I rave.

To the Winds.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Talk to my heart, oh winds—
Talk to my heart to-night;
My spirit always finds
With you a new delight—
Finds always new delight,
In your silver talk at night.

Give me your soft embrace
As you used to long ago,
In our shadowy trysting place,
When you seemed to love me so—
When you sweetly kissed me so,
On the green hills long ago.

Come up from your cool bed,
In the stilly twilight sea,
For the dearest hope lies dead,
That was ever dear to me—
Come up from your cool bed,
And we'll talk about the dead.

Tell me, for oft you go,
Winds, lovely winds of night,
About the chambers low,
With sheets so dainty white,
If they sleep through all the night,
In the beds so chill and white?

Talk to me, winds, and say,
If in the grave be rest;
For, oh, life's little day
Is a weary one at best—
Talk to my heart and say
If death will give me rest.

Selected Miscellany.

Terrific Incident.

At one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a crash and a tremulous motion. Thinking that we had run against a wagon, I kept my seat, but in a moment more the driver turned towards the inside a countenance on which terror was fearfully written, that I instantly opened the door and sprung out. "For God's sake, take care," shouted the conductor, who sat seated on the box beside the Frenchman, with one hand held the horses and their haunches, while with the other he firmly pressed the handle of the drag. It was a pitchy dark night, the sides of the road being invisible excepting where the lamps shone. Beside me the driver, his teeth chattering with fright, could say nothing but "*Oh mon dieu.*" I heard somewhere or other the roaring of a torrent, and on a tree near me a screech-owl added its shrill cry to the voices of the night. Several minutes elapsed before I could realize the awful nature of the peril which, thanks to the extraordinary presence of mind displayed by the conductor, we had almost miraculously escaped. Had he not left his usual place and sat on the box, humanly speaking, not one would have survived the hour to narrate the terrible catastrophe. A wooden suspension bridge, seventy feet in height and spanning a rapid river, had been swept away by a rise of waters, consequent on a thunder storm in the mountains. On the brink of the precipice thus created we stood, our leading horse having fallen over it, and been instantaneously killed. Had his harness been of stout leather, no mortal power could have saved us; but, providentially, he had been attached to the vehicle only by two rope traces and a slight back strap. The momentum of motion I had felt was the struggle between the wheel-horses pulled back by the heroic conductor, (for the driver was powerless from terror,) and this unfortunate animal, as it hung suspended in mid air over the roaring torrent. The crash was the recoil of the vehicle when the traces broke and the victim fell headlong into the abyss below. Cautiously approaching the brink of the chasm, we found the remains of the harness, and discovered the exact nature of our situation. I have travelled not a little both by land and sea, in all manner of conveyances and on every kind of road, but such a scene as that I never expect to witness again, though I should spend the remainder of my years in wandering to and fro over the earth.—The dread hour of midnight, the solitude of the Alps, the rushing of the river, the cries of the screech owl, the chattering teeth of the poor driver, the sighing of the wind, the cold air from the glaciers, the terrible nature of the danger, the miraculous manner of escape, combined to fill my mind with an awe, which returns to produce a tremour even while I write. It was one of those awful scenes which solemnize the feelings of the most callous, and remain engraved on the memory while life itself endures.

Had the conductor been inside, had the harness been of leather, had we attempted to cross when the bridge was sinking, instead of after it had sunk; had the horses been at a gallop, our bodies might even now have been buried in some of those rocky caldrons from which the Rhone struggles to get free. The supports of the bridge were still standing, but the road-way had fallen in; so cross the vehicle could not. The stream was not only deep but wide and rapid, besides having precipitous banks; so fording was out of the question. But fortunately for us, the conductor had proved himself a man equal to an emergency. As soon as we had recovered from the shock, the driver was sent with a lamp to scramble along the side rails of the ruined bridge and alarm a village about a half mile beyond. Wearily did the minutes pass away before, amid the darkness we heard the cheering cry from the opposite bank, '*Au secours, au secours.*' In a very short time, the active peasants had laid planks along the ruins, on which one by one, led by our intrepid conductor, we crossed the stream. Our trunks and bags succeeded, while the horses dragged back the diligence to the place from which they had started. Three hours of darkness we spent in an empty room of the village tavern, until two *chars-a-banc* arrived from the nearest post-station of Tourtemagne, whither we proceeded.—Similar vehicles conveyed us to Vierge, our baggage meanwhile following us in a cart; where again we changed carriages, before traversing a desolate tract covered with stones, and the debris of mountain torrents, which in some places had obliterated all trace of the road."

Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming.

A remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend, are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, which would occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! For if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparation a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that the noise in the adjacent room had, at the same moment, produced the dream, and awoke him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in his fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes. —*Dr. Winslow's Psychychological Journal.*

The Irishman and the Deacon.

A few months ago as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscot, R. I., was travelling thro' the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother that came on before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man; a true catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church.

Ingalls was a good and pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to keep him company thither, his place of destination being a small methodist meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at that time, and one of the deacons (who, by the way, was very small in stature,) invited brother I., to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned to brother I., and in a whisper which could be heard all around, inquired—

"Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?"

"Hush!" said Ingalls, "*If you speak a loud word they will put you out.*"

"Divil a word will I speak, at all at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with a prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when suddenly an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat shouted "glory." "His-s-t, ye clear divil," rejoined Pat with his loud whisper, which was heard by the minister, "be dacent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in the devotions. Presently the Deacon uttered an inaudible groan. "His-s-t ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said, "Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way, will some one put that man out?"

"*Yes, your riverence,*" shouted Pat, "*I will,*" and suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick *a posteriori*, as the logicians say, he landed him in the vestibule of the church.

Indian Customs.--The Feast.

"If one is more fortunate than the other in taking fish with the net or spear, or killing a deer, or any other animal, the spoil is set aside, for a feast, to which all the adults, without distinction, are invited. When the time arrives, each one, according to ancient custom, takes his dish and spoon, and proceeds to the entertainer's lodge. The victuals are served up with scrupulous attention, that each receives a portion of the best parts, according to his standing and rank in the village.

"While at the meal, which is prolonged by cheerful conversation, anecdotes, and little narratives of personal adventure, the females are generally among the listeners; and no female, except the aged ever obtrudes a remark. The young women and girls show that they partake in the festivity by smiles: and are scrupulous to evince their attention to the elder part of the company. Conversation is chiefly engrossed by the old men, chiefs, and middle-aged men. Young men who are desirous of acquiring a standing seldom offer a remark; and when they do, it is with modesty.

"The topics discussed at these public meals relate, generally, to the chase, to the news they have heard, to personal occurrences about the camp or village, or to deeds real or fabulous, of 'auld lang syne.' But these matters are discussed in a lively, and not in grave style. Business—if we may be allowed that term for what concerns their trade and intercourse with white men—is never introduced, except in formal councils, especially convened, and opened by smoking the pipe. It seems to be the drift and object of conversation in these *sober* festivities (for it must be remembered that we are speaking of the Indians on their wintering grounds, and beyond the reach—certainly beyond the free or ordinary use of whis key) to extract from their hunts and adventures whatever will admit of a pleasing turn or joke, or excite a laugh. Ridiculous misadventures or comical situations are sure to be applauded in the recital. *Whatever is anti-social or untoward is passed over; or, if referred to by one of the company, is parried off by some allusion to the scenes before them.* Religion (we use the term for what concerns the Great Spirit and the medicine,) like business, is reserved for its proper occasion. It does not, as with us, form a free topic of remark, at least, among those who are connected with their medicine societies, or entertain a proper veneration for what the Indians call the 'master of life.'

"Thus they cheat away the hours in pleasantry,—in free, but not tumultuous mirth; and are as ardently bent on the enjoyment of the present moment, as if the Royal preacher of old were present to urge a proper use of God's gifts, and to exclaim, 'Eat, drink, and be merry.'

"When the feast is over, the women retire to their lodges and leave the men to smoke. On reaching home they commence a conversation on what they have heard the men advance, and thus amuse themselves till their husbands return. The end of all is generally some good advice to the children.

"In the feasts we have described, the company is as general, with regard to the rank, age, or standing of the guests, as the most unlimited equality of rights, and the broadest principles of good feeling can make it."—*Schoolcraft.*

A Castle and a Heart Besieged.

The following romantic story is one of several which pleasantly relieve the graver history of Hungary, introductory to "Kossuth and his Generals," by H. W. DePay:

Murany, one of the most important fortresses in the possession of the Transylvanians, was lost in a manner characteristic of the age of chivalry. A castle of great strength, in the centre of a country so often the seat of civil war, the name of Murany frequently occurs in Hungarian history. At one time the Diet complains of it as a harbor for traitors and robbers; at another, a solemn decree of the nation indicates it as the safeguard of the kingdom, and appoints it as the place where the sacred crown of St. Stephen should be deposited. At this period it was in the hands of a woman. Maria, the lady of Murrany, a young and beautiful widow, educated a strict Protestant, had little difficulty in choosing the party she should adopt, and readily admitted a detachment of Transylvanian troops to strengthen the garrison of her castle, but only on condition that she should retain the command. The ill disciplined soldiery of Transylvania were easily conquered in the field, but as long as Murany protected their retreat, their entire subjection was almost hopeless. A strong body of troops, under Wesselenyi surveyed its natural and artificial defences, he almost despaired of effecting its reduction; and, when he heard that Maria commanded the garrison, his depair was embittered by the thought that his hard-earned laurels might now be tarnished by defeat at the hands of a woman. All the arts of war were expended in vain against the huge mountain fortress; every attempt cost the blood of some of of the king's best troops, and served only as amusement to the garrison. A protracted siege rarely improves the discipline of an army, and rumors of victories on the side of the enemy, were not wanting to discourage the besiegers. Time, too, now pressed, and, as force was still evidently powerless against Murany, Wesselenyi at last determined to try what persuasion might effect on its commandress. Disguising himself in the dress of an inferior officer, the general appeared before the gates as bearer of a flag of truce, to demand a parley with the mistress of the castle; and cunningly did he talk of favorable conditions and royal rewards; but his opponent, only laughed at his offers, as she had done at his threats. A good general, however, always finds out the weak points in his enemy's defences; and perhaps the eyes of Maria had expressed no displeasure at the handsome face and manly figure of the envoy, nor probably were the beauty and courage of the commandress without their influence on Wesselenyi's determination. Certain it is, the next day another trumpet summoned the garrison to a parley, and at this time the herald bore a letter offering the heart and hand of Wesselenyi to his beautiful enemy, to whom he confessed the ruse he had practised, but vowed that love had taken ample revenge for his temerity. Caught with the romance, but determined to test its sincerity, Maria answered that if the writers' courage equalled his audacity, and he was willing to pursue the misfortune he tempted, he might find at midnight a ladder against the northern tower, in which a light would be burning, and where, if he came alone, he might hear further of his suit.

Wesselenyi was too good a knight to refuse the bidding of a "ladye fayre," hazardous though it might be. At midnight, and alone, he left his camp, and, gaining the summit of the rock, found the promised light in the northern tower.—The ladder hung from an open window, and silently and cautiously did the lover gain the height; but no sooner had he sprung into the tower than he found himself suddenly seized from behind, and dragged to the ground, while a body of armed men entered the chamber and bound him in chains. Blindfolded, he was led forward, he knew not whither, till a harsh voice, commanding a halt, thus addressed the prisoner: "Sir Knight, strategy is fair in love as well as in war; you have delivered yourself into the power of your enemies, and, it is for them to dispose of you as they choose; but the commandress of the castle is inclined to mercy, and on condition of your deserting the cause of the king, she is not only willing to give you freedom, but to bestow herself and her vast possessions on you by marriage. In an hour I come to receive your answer—acceptance or death!' Rude as was the trial where love pleaded against loyalty and duty, the soldier withstood it manfully; and, at the hour's conclusion, returned only a sullen answer, "Better die than betray!" Scarce had the words passed his lips, when the bandage fell from his eyes; Szcsi Maria stood before him, in all her beauty; a smile played around her mouth, and, extending her hand to the astonished Wesselenyi, she exclaimed, "Take it, noble knight, and with it all I have, for thy constancy hath won my heart; keep up thy faith to me as well as thou hath done to thy king, and Maria will gladly acknowledge thee her conqueror."

The late John Haviland.

The news of the death of this gentleman having reached Paris, our fellow townsmen, Wm. H. Fry, writes from thence to the *Ledger*, "in the death of this architect America has lost a great man. Our standard of greatness being not high, we let such men go down to the tomb unnoticed, while Liberty is made to weep when a village politician or barbacue hero dies. Such men as John Haviland are no more replaced than Oliver Evans, John Sanderson, or Edgar A. Poe. He studied his profession nine years, and then travelled over Europe, perfecting his skill and taste in the consideration of antique and medieval masterpieces. America is a poor place for an architect; if he has genius, his best ideas are never materialized; they die with him. So it was with Mr. Haviland.—Some of the grandest conceptions that art and democracy could combine, intensely American, were his, and were never developed. They lie dead in his portfolio. But his genius was felt in something; in the radiating system of the architecture of the Eastern Penitentiary he sets a model, which England, France, Russia and Austria have imitated, and which will reform the prison discipline of all Europe. His architecture of the Tombs, New York, was pronounced, by a most competent European authority, the most complete design in America. Such a genius deserves particular notice in our national biography, and emblazonment at the Capitol, as one of the pioneer artist heroes of the country. Nature singularly gifted him; a frame of iron, a hand as steady as a machine, equally remarkable with the pencil or the sportsman's work, and a heart as warm as friendship could desire."

WHEEL HUBS.—The Exeter (N. E.) *News Letter* believes that there are more hubs for wheels manufactured in that town in a year than in any other town in New England, and these all by two manufacturers, who have turned out within the last three months over eighty thousand. These are all made of elm. The blocks are cut off at the proper length, and turned out by help of lathes.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.—The democratic character and benevolent heart of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt was exemplified in a recent incident in this town, a short time prior to her departure for New York. In passing the premises of a farmer, in one of her afternoon perambulations, she noticed a yard of nice cows. Wending her way into the back part of the house, she gently tapped at the door, and on gaining admittance alluded to the cows, and asked the favor of a cup of milk, which was of course most cheerfully furnished. Noticing that the family appeared to be in distress of mind, she inquired the cause of it, and was informed that they had just heard of the death of a brother in California. She asked if he had a mother, and on being informed that he had, desired to see her. She was shown into the mother's room, where she sat down and talked with her for some time, sympathizing with her in her affliction, and administering words of consolation to the bereaved parent. She then came out and talked with the family, and promised to call again. On a subsequent afternoon she redeemed the promise, and spent another half hour in sympathising with the afflicted mother. While there she was informed that a person in the immediate neighborhood, who had been confined to a sick bed for nine months, desired to see her. She cheerfully responded to the request, and spent half an hour in comforting the bed-ridden patient. During her whole stay at Northampton, she rather avoided the society of the "upper ten," if we may so speak, and sought out the humble and the distressed. She frequently inquired for the sick, that she might visit them.—*Hampshire Gaz.*

Why and Because.

Why is plumbago improperly called black lead? Because it consists of iron, and a certain proportion of carbon; and thus, there is no *lead* in its composition. Many other instances might be adduced, in which the names of substances have given false ideas of their nature and properties. Thus, white and green coperas contain no *copper*, but are formed, one with zinc, the other with iron.

Why is marade powder the best corrector of sour beer? Because it generates carbonic acid in such small successive quantities as the beer readily holds in solution, while carbonate of soda generates the carbonic acid all at once. Another advantage is, that when dissolved in the beer by the vinegar present, its taste, being rather bitter, corresponds with that of hops.

Why is plumbago much used for making crucibles and portable furnaces? Because, like charcoal, it is indestructible by heat, unless with the presence of atmospheric air. It protects iron from rust, and is on that account, rubbed on various ornamental cast-iron works, such as the front of grates, &c.

Why do we sometimes see the street oil lamps, after a foggy night, burning to a late hour next morning? Because one effect of a fog is to diminish the combustion of oil in lamps and other lights; which shows that misty and damp air does not furnish oxigen so readily as that which is clear.

Why do smoked provisions keep better than those which are dried? Because of the impregnation of pyroligneous acid which the former receives from the smoke, turf smoke being generally employed, and turf, by distillion in close vessels, affording pyroligneous acid.

Why is baking the least advantageous of all modes of cooking? Because meat thus dressed loses about one-third of its weight, and the nourishing juices are then, in a great measure, dried up. Beef in boiling loses 26 lbs.; in roasting it loses nearly one-third.

Why is meat preserved by drying?—Because all bodies, to ferment, must be more or less moist. Thus, a piece of meat, with all its natural juices, will soon putrify; whereas bodies completely dry cannot be made to undergo any kind of fermentation.

Short Sermon on Honesty.

"In all things willing to live honestly."—Heb. xiii. 18.

To live honestly is to live justly and without reproach. It is so to live that no man, who knows how we live, can truly say any harm of us. Nothing is honest which is against justice or honor.

One may be able to keep out of jail, and yet not "live honestly." All stealing is dishonest. It may be but a pin, or a marble, or an apple, that we steal, but if we take it slyly, it is stealing. It is wicked to steal from a brother, or sister, or parent. We may not steal anything, even if we need it. The eighth commandment is, "Thou shalt not steal."

We may also be dishonest in borrowing. First, when we do not need what we borrow, and then when we keep it longer than we need it, or do not take good care of it, and send it home. If you borrow anything, take good care of it, and send it home as soon as you have done with it. "In all things live honestly."

Some are not honest in buying and selling. Their rule is to buy at all times as cheap as they can, and sell as dear as they can. This is a wicked rule. We often trade with those who do not know the worth of the thing bought or sold—It is cheating them to make the best bargain we can. Sometimes we trade with those who are in great want, and we fix our own prices, and make them much too high if we sell or too low if we buy.—There is a fair price for everything. Let that be paid or taken for everything. He who is just and true, and loves his neighbor as himself, will soon find out what a fair price is.

About the year 1683, the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a resolution that "no member thereof should come to the house *barefoot, or eat his bread and cheese on the steps.*"

Womans' Rights.

David Hale, late editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, once wrote a *jeu d'esprit* on the "Rights of Women," in which he showed that the balance of wrongs was decidedly on the side of the men. "When the simple question of superiority is at issue, the men always have to give up. If ladies and gentlemen meet on the side-walk, who has to turn out? If there are not seats enough for all the company, who has to stand up? When there is danger to face, who must go forward? If there is curiosity to gratify, who goes behind? If there is too much company for the first table, who eats at the second? Who has always the right hand and the most respectable position?" We could mention a hundred other cases in which on the simple question of right, everything is yielded to the women. But there are many cases in which the condition of men is still worse. For instance, if on any public occasion a pew at a church, or a seat anywhere, be occupied by men ever so respectable or aged, a smirky little beauty trips along and presents herself at the top of the seat, and they must all jump up and clear out as if they had been shot. Especially ought it to be noticed, that when matrimonial negotiations are to be made, the whole burden of performing the delicate and often very embarrassing part of making proposals is thrown upon the men, while the women sit and say no, no, no, as long as they like, and never say yes, until they have a mind to.

A Story with a moral.

Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fessil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured to reply.

"Do you see that dam my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody, but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account,—makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broad-cast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people.—They get enough money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. they want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you'll soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it my friend!"—*Trenton True American.*

AUSTRALIA.—The continent of Australia or that portion of it embraced in what is indifferently known as New Holland and New South Wales, extends from the 11th to the 39th degree south latitude, and is situated 113 to 153 deg east longitude; the square miles of New Holland, 2,950,000. The colonial population in 1843 was 160,000, to a native population of 63,000 (chocolate or sooty color, and of features neither ethiopian nor Indian,) but the former has since been considerably increased by voluntary emigration from Great Britian. Although originally used by the mother country as a penal settlement, it has of late attracted attention, emigration and capital for its pastoral and commercial advantages. The climate is for the most part tropical. The mean temperature at Sydney, in 34 deg. 30 minutes south latitude is 65 degrees—the extreme 48 and 89. The seasons of winter and summer, are similar to those of Natchez, reversing, of course, the months, but the climate is subjected to fewer stubborn diseases. In every cycle of ten or twelve years, a drought of a whole year is experienced, followed by a wet season of nearly the same length. Usually it is remarked, that a very cold winter in England, corresponds to a very hot summer in Australia; but the winter in the latter is never so severe. Snows except in the mountains, are rare, and do not remain on the ground. The general climate resembles in many features that of the south of Italy. The sea voyage to London, under sail, is about four months.

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?—It is known to many of our readers that Rev. Justin Edwards, D. D. has been extremely sick at Andover, Mass, with typhoid fever.—For many days he was entirely deranged. To a Christian friend, who visited him while in this condition, he said, "Do you know who is to be appointed Secretary of the——Society? The friend answered no. "I do," said Dr. Edwards; "but can you keep a secret?" I think I can, said the friend. "Are you sure of it?" asked Dr. E. Yes, I am sure of it. "Then you can keep a secret?" Yes. "So can I" responded the Doctor, and then the conversation ended."

"I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with request of immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months!"

"Billy my boy, can't you eat a little more?"—"Well I don't know but I could manage, if I stood up."

Life of an Editor.

LIFE OF AN EDITOR.—The editor of a paper published at Canton, Ohio, gives the following description of his paper:

"Mr. Pike and I published a newspaper in 1817, among the Miami Indians in the State of Indiana. It was a great paying subscribers, one who liquidated his subscription with beans, the other with saw logs. Godfrey, the chief took five papers and could not read a word. Our paper was called the "Peru Forrester," and being printed in the woods, that title was appropriate. The town of Peru had a number of magnificent names for its streets, such as Pearl, Broadway, &c., which streets exhibited the animating and bustling spectacle of stumps and trees as high a man's head. The stirring events which transpired in that city imperiously demanded a couple of chronicles, and Pike and I were at hand to discharge this important function. Pike wrote poetry, and I dipped considerably into State politics, and discussed in a very learned manner every question of interest to the few settlers and Indians. Besides being an editor and printer, he kept the Broadway Hotel, was postmaster, justice of the peace, land agent, peddegger, canal contractor, merchant, engineer of the poor, painter, had been a schoolmaster, and a day laborer, was twice a widower, was brought up a Quaker, and the last time I saw him he was a preacher—had married a third wife, was an auctioneer, and what more I know not."

FEARFUL PREDICAMENT.—Our readers will remember that a fire lately occurred in the Tract House in this city. Soon after the fire, a glazier was at work repairing the windows in the fifth story. In repairing one of them he sat, with the window partially raised, in the window space, his back toward the street. Attempting to raise the window further suddenly, his hands slipped, and losing his balance, he fell back, and would have fallen five stories to the street and been dashed to death had not two young ladies, working close by, observed him on the instant, and seized him by the legs as he was actually falling; in which position they held him until help attracted by their cries, came to his relief. It required the strength of three men to pull the glazier up, yet these two brave girls held him fast for some minutes, his whole body save his legs suspended, to the terror of the crowd below, over the street.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

☞ In Rockland County there resides an old lady, Mrs. EUPHEMIA POLHEMUS, who on the 30th of last October, saw the one hundred and first anniversary of her birtl day. She is apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health and possessing all her faculties unimpaired. Notwithstanding she has always lived within thirty miles of this city, she has never visited it. She has never seen a steamboat, steam car or railroad, and can scarcely believe they exist.

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.—Stares under ladies bonnets as though they had stolen the lining from him; takes the inside of the walk, wears his hat in the presence of ladies, never lifts it when he bows to them; takes particular interest in watching them while they navigate the streets in muddy or windy weather; considers himself privileged to utter impertinences to pretty seamstresses and shop-girls; is deaf, dumb and blind to any call of gallantry, if the applicant is over twenty, or has the misfortune to be ugly; accomplishes the puppyish achievement of wearing a glass winked into one corner of his eye. Snubs his sisters, calls his father "the old governor," sneers at all that is lovely in woman, boasts of his conquests, drives tandem, is death on mint juleps, chews, smokes, drinks, and swears.

THE MODEL LADY.—Puts her children out to nurse and feeds lap-dogs; lies in bed till noon, wears paper soled shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns the cold shoulder to her husband, and flirts with his "friend;" never saw a thimble, don't know a darning needle from a crow bar, wonders where *puddings grow*; eats ham and eggs in private, and dines off a pigeon's leg in public; runs mad after the last new fashion; doats on Byron, adores any fool who grins behind a moustache, and when asked the age of her youngest child replies "*don't know it, ax Betty!*"

CURIOUS FACT RELATIVE TO FISHES.—Although the idea of drowning a fish may appear as an utter absurdity, the thing is not only possible but easy. It is true fishes are perfectly helpless when out of their element, and will not drown when afloat, if left to the guidance of their own instinct; but if any kind of fish, when newly taken from the net, is held with its tail up and its snout down the stream, it drowns almost immediately.—The experiment has often been tried by our fisherman.—*Scotch Paper.*

Said a patient to his physician, about five years ago, after reading over the prescriptions of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult:

"Doctor, do you think that a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?"

"Why, no sir," answered the doctor, deliberately. "I do not that a little—now and then—would hurt you very much, but sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all."

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—Boil three or four onions with a pint of water. Then with a gilding Brush go over your gloves and frames, and rest assured that the flies will not light on the article washed. This may be used without apprehension, and it will not do the least injury to the frames.—*Newport Mercury.*