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."

THE FARMER'S PLOW.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Clear the brown path to meet his coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew drops on his sun-burnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow.

First in the field, before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line along the bursting sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense, the tangled turf upheaves,
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves,
Up the steep hill-side, where the laboring train
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;
Thro' the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy breaks its destined way!
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose patient labor brings
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings;
This is the page whose letters shall be seen,
Changed by the sun to words of living green;
This is the scholar whose immortal pen
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men;
These are the lines, oh! heaven commanded toil,
That fill the deed—the charter of the soil!

Oh, gracious mother, whose benignant breast
Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest;
How sweet thy features, kind to every clime,
Mock with their smiles the wrinkled front of Time.
We stain thy flowers, they blossom o'er the dead;
We rend thy bosom and it gives us bread;
O'er the red field that trampling strife has torn,
Waves the green plumage of thy tasseled corn;
Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest plain,
Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.

Yet, oh! our mother, while uncounted charms
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,
Let not our virtue in thy love decay,
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.

No, by these hills, whose banners now displayed,
In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed;
By yon twin crest, amid the sinking sphere,
Last to dissolve, and first to reappear;
By these fair plains the mountain circle screens,
And feeds in silence from its dark ravines;
True to their homes these faithful arms shall toil,
To crown with peace their own untainted soil;
And, true to God, to Freedom, to Mankind,
If her chained bondage Faction shall unbind,
These stately forms, that bending even now,
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble plow,
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,
The same stern iron in the same right hand,
Till Graylock thunders to the parting sun
The sword has rescued what the plowshare won.

Correspondence of the Register.

Letter from Mr. Richards.

NUMBER III.

SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Sept. 20, 1852.

My Dear ——:

About 9 A. M., we came opposite to Virgin Bay, and after beating about an hour for no purpose that we could perceive, unless it were to sell more grog and plunder more passengers, we came to anchor near a quarter of a mile from shore, to which we and our baggage were conveyed in a large iron boat. It was afternoon before we got ashore; and of course we, being invalid, and in the category of the cripple at the pool, were the last to touch land. I found myself quite unwell, and went to the 'United States Hotel,' where we found our travelling companions from the Atlantic over, a Mr. Jones, his lady, her sister, two small children, and female servants. We found them very amiable and companionable, and their society soothed and softened the asperities and rough points of our position, which would otherwise have been much less endurable. Our hotel was built by driving sticks and reeds in the ground, and enclosing and partitioning with cotton cloth. The beds were berths, formed all around the room, in rude imitation of those on ship board, or on a canal packet boat. The earth was the floor, and pigs, chickens, lizards, &c., had free access at all hours. At dinner the landlord requested me to carve a piece of "fresh pork." I did so, and "fresh" enough it proved to be, for putrefaction had advanced so far that the effluvia was absolutely intolerable. E. made an attempt at roast beef, with no better success; but finally we found a cut of venison that was really quite good.

I continued to grow more unwell, and after taking a cup of tea, went to my hammock at an early hour. My hammock was of native manufacture, made of network of rope, and strings of bark or grass of some kind, and tied up in the dining room, by the two ends, and in it I swung. E. had one of the same kind, by me. I coughed badly most of the night. I got weak and feeble, but our arrangements were made for the land transit, and after breakfast, and after paying the bill, $5, about 9 A. M. our party—six females and as many males—mounted our mules and started for the Pacific. Under other circumstances, the ride, from its novelty, would have been quite amusing, but I was too unwell and too tired to enjoy it. A portion of the road is very good, a large amount of labor having been expended on it; but in passing the highlands between the oceans, there were many places along steep precipices where it would be unsafe to ride on horseback. The mules, however, were cautious and sure, and took us safely along. Fortunately the road was dry, or we should have found more difficulty. There were a few *haciendas* on the road, and we stopped twice to refresh ourselves and animals by the way. For my own part, to stop was not to rest, for I felt the best when seated on my mule, and jogging along at his quiet pace.

We observed as we neared San Juan, by the roadside, a large monkey lying upon a stone, his long arms apparently embracing it, and his head resting upon its apex. The patriarch of the tribe, (we thought,) looking with sorrow at the inroads of civilized man upon the primeval forests—his heritage of ages. Our imaginings, however, interesting though they were to ourselves, were speedily brought to a close, and gave place to feelings of sorrow and indignation, as we recognized the brutal handiwork of our comrades of the previous day's passage over. Their revolvers had deprived the harmless animal of his life, and their inhumanity had prompted them first to the deed, and next to the shameless exhibition of it. Whoever were the actors, they should look well to it, lest "the voice of their brother's blood cry from the ground" against them.

The hoarse, lion voice of the great Pacific, as his waters slowly and heavily beat the shore, now reached our ears, and soon its broad surface lay spread in grandeur before us. Worn out and laboring for breath, so rejoiced was I at the sight, that I could with difficulty refrain from expending that breath in one desperate effort at a hurrah; but I restrained myself, and in a short time I was stretched on my iron bedstead and hair mattrass, in our little room at the American Hotel, at San Juan del Sur. I kept my room till next morning, and then ventured out but little.

The room we occupy is small, the partitions are a little higher than our heads, and above, all is open to the metallic roof of the house. The house is dirty as it can be, having, I presume, never been washed, and we have the universal accompaniments of habitations in these regions, i.e. an infinitude of little nuts, musquetos, &c. that run over your person, bite you from head to foot, and finally introduce themselves into your victuals, to be picked out with great care, or eaten with other articles of filth too numerous to mention. Now, this is rather a 'crack' house, and so much better do we fare than has been our wont, that we feel thankful that "our lines have fallen to us in (comparatively) pleasant places." Almost every house here is a hotel, and all with high sounding titles, to tempt the passenger to try their accommodations.—There are quite a number of frame buildings, boarded either with common boards, or siding, but the greater number are built after the rude style of the country. We are close to the beach, and a heavy surf is constantly breaking upon it, with a roar like thunder.

Monday. Kept housed pretty much, and so of Tuesday morning, drinking freely of boneset tea, &c. and at this writing, 11 A. M. Tuesday, I am much recruited, and desirous to be off. The purser of the steamship Brother Jonathan called to see me this morning. He was affable and polite, and gave hopes that we would get off this afternoon. The steamer S. S. Lewis ought to have been here before us, but there is no account of her, and some fears are entertained that she has met with some disaster.

I do not go, and shall not, to the table to eat in this place. Sister E. generally brings my meals of toasted bread, dry, and boiled rice with molasses, and we have a jar of French marmalade with which I help out. The rats, mice, and other vermin grow more and more bold, but as yet the scorpions and tarantulas, and such enemies, have not invaded our precincts. A rat or mouse, while E. was asleep, nibbled the end of one of her forefingers and the nail quite to the quick. I trust we have nearly accomplished our "peck of dirt" each, and that we may soon be released from this focus of filth and disease. For everybody here (residents I mean) complains of being sick all the time. In confirmation, our doctor next door is sick abed, doing nothing.

Wednesday morning opened pleasantly, and while waiting for my usual quota of toast and rice, an uproar from the full mouths of the breakfast eaters below sent me to the window, and behold the Brother Jonathan, just rounding the point, entered the bay, and anchored off some quarter of a mile from shore.

More Anon. J. T. R.

Selected Miscellany.

Jim Blander and the Quaker.

AN AMUSING STORY.

There lived in a certain neighborhood, not far distant from here, a roystering, rowdy, named Jimmy Blander. Jim was "sum" in a fight—a kind of pugilistic Napoleon.

Many and bloody were the affrays he had in his lifetime, and he invariably came off first best. Jim not only considered himself invulnerable, but all the fighting characters in the surrounding country said it was no use fighting Jim, as he was considered to be a patent threshing machine, that could not be improved on. In Jim's neighborhood had settled quite a number of Quakers. From some cause or other, Jim hated the 'shad bellies,' as he called them, with his entire heart; he often declared, that to whip one of these inoffensive people would be the crowning glory of his life. Four years Jim waited for a pretext. One of Jim's chums overheard a 'young Quaker speak in disparaging term of him. The report soon came to Jim's ears, not a little magnified. Jim made desperate threats what he was going to do with Nathan, the meek follower of Penn, on sight, besides the various bruises and contusions he meant to inflict upon Nathan's body; in his chaste language, he meant to gouge out both of his eyes, and chaw off both his ears.

Nathan heard of Jim's threats and very properly kept out of his way, hoping that time would molify his anger. It seems, however, that this much desired result did not take place. One day, Nathan was out riding, and passing through a long lane, when about midway, he espied Jim entering the other end. Nathan might have turned and fled, but his flesh rebelled at retreating.

"I will pursue my way peacefully," said the Quaker, 'and I hope the better sense of the man of wrath will not permit him to molest me, or allow him to do violence to my person.'

Nathan's calculations as to the lamb-like qualities of his adversary, were doomed to be disappointed.

'Oh, ho!' thought the bully, as he recognized Nathan, 'I have him at last. Now I'll make mince-meat of shad-belly! I will salt and pickle him too!'

'Wilt thou please dismount from thy horse?' said Jim, seizing the bridle of Nathan's horse, and mimicking his style; 'my heart yearneth above all things to give thee the biggest mauling that ever a man received.'

'Friend James,' replied Nathan, 'thou must not molest me, but let me go my way in peace. Thy better judgement will surely tell thee that thou cannot possibly be benefitted by personally injuring me.'

'Get down in a moment!' thundered Jim; 'get down, you canting, lying, mischief-making hypocrite. I'll drag you down if you don't dismount.'

'Friend James, I remonstrate against thy proceeding, and against thy language,' replied Nathan. 'My religion teaches me sincerity. I am neither a liar, a mischief-maker, nor a hypocrite; I am no coward, but a man of peace; I desire to pursue my way quietly; let me pass on.'

'Get down,' persisted Jim; 'down with you! I want to beat some of your religion out of you—I must give you a flogging before I leave you, you will pass for a tolerable honest man. I will teach you, in a short easy lesson, the importance of minding your own business, and the risk you run in slandering your neighbors.'

'I will not dismount,' said Nathan, loosen your hold from the bridle.'

'You wont, wont you?' said Jim; 'then here goes,'—and he made a desperate lunge to collar the Quaker.

The Quaker although of much smaller proportions than his persecutor, was all sinew and muscle, and his well knit form denoted both activity and strength. His wrath was evidently enkindled.

'Friend James,' he implored, 'thy pertinacious persistence in persecuting me is exceedingly annoying; thou must desist, or, peradventure I may so far forget myself as to do thee some bodily harm.'

'By snakes!' said Jim, coming towards Nathan. 'I believe there is fight enough in Broadbrim to make the affair interesting. I wish some of the boys were here to see the fun. Now,' continued Jim, 'friend Nathan, I am going to knock off the end of your nose—look out!'

Suiting the action to the word, Jim, after various pugilistic gyrations with his fists, made a scientific blow at the nasal formation of our friend, but Tom Hyer could not more scientifically have warded it off. Jim was evidently disconcerted at the ill success of his first attempt—he saw that he had undertaken quite as much as he was able to accomplish. Jim, however, straightened himself out, and approached Nathan more cautiously. The contest began again. Nathan stood his ground firmly, and skillfully warded off the shower of blows which James aimed at him.

'Friend James,' said Nathan, in the heat of the contest, 'This is mere child's play. It grieves me that thou hast forced me into resistance, but I must defend myself from bodily harm. I see there is but one way of bringing this scandalous and wicked affair to a close, and that is by my conquering thee; in order to do this I will inflict a heavy blow between thy eyes, which will prostrate thee.'

Following out his suggestion, Nathan struck him a tremendous blow on his forehead which brought him senseless to the ground.

'Now,' said Nathan, 'I will teach thee a lesson, and I hope it will be a wholesome lesson, too. I will seat myself a straddle on thy breast—I will place my knees upon thy arms, thus, so that thou cannot injure me when thou returnest to cinciousness. I hope I may be the humble instrument of taming thy fierce and warlike natures and making a better and more peaceful man of thee.'

As the Quaker concluded, Jim began to show some returning signs of life. The first impulse of Jim, when he fairly saw his position, was to turn Nathan off. He struggled desperately, but he was in a vise—his efforts were unavailing.

'Friend, thee must keep still until I am done with thee,' said Nathan. 'I believe I am an humble instrument in the hands of Providence, to chastise thee, and, I trust, when I am done with thee, thou will be a changed man. Friend James, does thee not repent attacking me?'

'No,' said Jim with an oath, 'let me up, and I'll show you.

'I will not let thee up, thou impious wretch,' replied Nathan. 'Darest thou profane the name of thy maker? I will check thy respiration for a moment.'

Nathan good as his word, clutched Jim by the throat. He compressed his grip—a gurgling sound could be heard—Jim's face became distorted—a tremor ran through his frame. He was evidently undergoing a process of a strangulation. The Quaker relaxed his hold, but not until the choking process had sufficiently, as he thought tamed the perverse spirit of Jim. It took some moments for Jim to inhale sufficient air to address the Quaker.

'I knock under,' said Jim 'enough, let me up.'

'Nay, thou hast not got half enough,' replied Nathan. 'Thou art now undergoing a process of moral purification, and thou must be contented to remain where thou liest until I am done with thee. Thou hast profaned the name of thy Maker; confess, dost thou repent thy wickedness?'

'No, hanged if I do!' growled Jim.

'Wilt thou not?' replied the Quaker; 'must I use a compulsory means? I will compress thy windpipe again, unless thou give me an answer in the affirmative; say quick, art thou sorry?'

'No—I—I—yes,' shrieked Jim, in a suppliant tone, as the Quaker tightened his grip, 'yes I am——'

'Godly sorrow!' inquired Nathan.

Jim rather demurred giving an affirmative answer to this question, but a gentle squeeze admonished him that he had better yield.

'Yes,' replied Jim, 'my sorrow is Godly sorrow!'

'A Godly sorrow leadeth to repentance,' replied Nathan; 'we are progressing finely. Thou said but just now, that I was a canting, cowardly, mischief-making hypocrite. Thou wronged me in asserting these things, and slandered my persuasion. Dost thou recall those assertions.

'Yes,' replied Jim, 'my sorrow is Godly sorrow.'

'I am not done with thee yet,' said Nathan, 'thou hast been a disturber of the peace of this neighborhood time out of mind—thy hand has been raised against every man—thou art a brawler. Wilt thou promise me that in future thou will lead a more peaceful life; that thou wilt love thy neighbor as thyself?'

'Yes,' answered Jim, hesitatingly, 'all but the Quakers.'

'Thou must make no exceptions,' replied Nathan. 'I insist upon an affirmative answer.'

'I say yes to that!—I will die first!'

A struggle now ensued between the two, but Jim had his match.

'Thou must yield, James; I insist on it,' said Nathan, and he grasped Jim by the throat.

'I will choke thee into submission; thou must answer affirmatively; say after me I promise to love my neighbor as myself, including the Quakers.'

'I won't promise that,' replied Jim.

'I will check thy respiration if thou don't. Wilt thou yield?'

'No, I won't I'll be blasted if I do,' answered Jim.

'Thee had better give in; I will choke thee again if thee does not; see my grip tightens,' replied Nathan.

And Nathan did compress his grip, and the choking process again went on. Jim's face first became distorted, then purple, his tongue lolled out, and his eyes protruded from their sockets. Nathan persisted in holding his grip until Jim became passive; he then relaxed his hold. Jim was slow in recovering his speech and his senses; when he did, he begged Nathan for mercy's sake to release him.

'When thee will make the promise I exact from thee I will release thee, but no sooner,' replied Nathan.

Jim saw that he was powerless, and that the Quaker was resolute. He felt that it was no use to persist in his stubbornness.

'I will give in; I'll promise to love my neighbor as myself,' he replied.

'Including the Quakers,' insinuated Nathan.

'Yes, including the Quakers,' replied Jim.

"Thou mayest arise then, friend James, and I trust the lesson thou hast learned to-day will make a more peaceful citizen of thee, and, I hope, a better man,' answered Nathan.

Poor Jim was entirely humbled; he left the field with his spirits completely cowed. Not long after this occurrence the story became bruited about. He soon after left the scene of his many triumphs and his late disastrous defeat, and emigrated to the far West. The last I heard of him, he was preparing to make another move. Being pressed for his reason why he again emigrated, he said a colony of Quakers were about moving into his neighborhood. He was under obligations to love them, but of opinion that distance would lend strength to his attachment.—*Spirit of the Times.*

Coral and Coral Islands.

Perhaps of all the agents that are gradually and silently effecting changes upon the surface of our planet, the most universal and important is the insect that produces coral. The Pacific and Indian Oceans, and the Arabian Gulf, present us with various examples of its stupendous powers; and others are daily making their appearance upon the surface of the sea in the shape of reefs and islands, which bewilder and impede the navigator, who, guided by the charts of his predecessors, is astonished to encounter shallows and soundings, and even dry land and trees, animals, and human beings, in places where he expected to find nothing but fathomless depths and unbroken horizon. If we reflect that coral islands are often discovered in isolated masses in the deepest part of the ocean, we shall obtain some faint idea of the vast quantity of material which enters into their structure, and of the magnitude of the labors of those insects which are the instruments of their formation. The coral island must have its foundation in the bottom of the ocean, from whence the little molluscous architects must raise it in successive layers till it reaches the surface of the waves, even should the depth be thousands of feet or fathoms. What an insignificant proportion, then, must the visible extent of any coraline archipelago bear to the mass of matter which lies concealed under water, and forms its basis and foundation! And it is well worthy of remark, that the insects in question seem to observe a kind of economy in the architecture, and never make the inferior part of their structures broader, or perhaps so broad, as their upper surface is intended to be; for deep water is generally found at the edge of a coral reef, which proves that it does not rise from its foundation in the shape of a pyramid, but that it is actually from top to bottom a vast pillar or column of the same thickness. Peron, a French nautical man, has even supposed that the coral islands are sometimes raised upon slender stalks, which bear no greater proportion to the extent of their surface than the stem of a mushroom does the vegetable growing upon it; and that when a violent tempest occurs, the stroke of the waves may break the coral pillars and occasion the instantaneous submersion of the island which it supported. Instances may explain how navigators have often searched in vain for reefs, shallows and breakers, which had been observed and reported to exist by their predecessors. The coral surface of the ocean, the molluscs necessarily suspend their labors, because it is only under water that they can carry these on. But nevertheless the still half submerged island acquires, in the course of time, an increase of elevation from other sources. Shells, and sea-weed, and various marine exuvie, are detained and entangled by its rugged surface, which becomes fit to support vegetation. Cocoa-nut, which, owing to its buoyancy and its protecting shell, is of all other fruits or seeds the best able to float upon the waves without injury to the powers of germination, is soon accidentally thrown upon the coral island, where it sows itself and becomes a tree. It seems very certain at least, that the palm species appears upon recently emerged land within the tropics, before any other form of vegetation, and that it can exist and flourish in places where no other plant would grow; and as it abounds upon most of the islands and coasts of the torrid zone, the extensive dispersion of its fruits by the waves is a thing that must necessarily happen. Sir George Stanton, in describing a voyage in the Indian Ocean, says, "The coral rocks above the surface on which vegetation flourished were many of them so small as to contain each a single stem, like a vessel's mast, the whole of them presenting to a distant view the appearance of several fleets of shipping."

Grisly Bear of California.

One of the greatest attractions at the late Ohio State Fair, was a large Grisly Bear from the Pacific coast, weighing nearly 2,000 pounds. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* gives the subjoined interesting sketch of the personal history of Bruin, which will be found of interest:

All recollect the 'Big Bear' story with which the California papers were filled last winter. So many big stories are told of that big country, that our Atlantic readers are puzzled to know how much to believe. But of that big bear story we ask no confirmatory proof. We have seen the identical *critter*, and of all wild monsters we have ever seen, he is the wildest, largest, and most terrible to look at. His actual weight is over 1,700 lbs. and his length, breadth, collar columns, alias legs, when standing upon his pegs, strike you with terror at his savage proportions. The bears we have seen in caravans, caught when cubs, and drawn about in carriages, are stunted dwarfs compared with him. He was taken in the full prime of life, after having acquired his full size, in a country unmolested by white men, and where venison was plenty. He was, no doubt, one of the "First Families" in his native country, if not a *monarch* in the land. He joined Barnum's elephant, humping some weeks ago, as a side show, and all who saw him protested against the arrangement, as he was the chief attraction of the whole concern, and it was resolved to give him a leading position and let the elephants come in behind, or part company altogether.

The story of his capture is interesting. We have it from Mr. Bartholemew, the gentleman who captured him. Mr. B. has spent some years in California, had seen and helped kill many a big bear, but happening one day to come across this fellow's track, he judged by his size and indentation that he must be a monster.—He lived in the valley of the Sacramento, and occasionally his cows would stray to the bottoms to feed. It was in pursuit of them that he first saw the bear. Accustomed as he was to hunting and peril, his hair stood on end when he got a full view of his giant proportions. But he had a good rifle and was mounted on a fleet horse, which gave him courage enough to shoot; but the report and not the bullet disturbed Bruin, and he retired into the thicket. Mr. B., who of course is a yankee, conceived the idea of entrapping him, and bringing him to the United States for a show, which adventure he actually accomplished in the following manner:

He takes a new, stout, emigrant lumber wagon, makes a long and high cage upon it, with iron rods at the side, and sheathed over the top and bottom with sheet iron. He fixed the after end so that it would shut down with a slide, and thus accoutred took it near the haunt of the bear, and sunk its hind wheels so as to bring the bottom of the cage on a line with the ground. He then raises the hind end board, attaches to it the spring of a "figure four," built on the top of the cage, and connected with a fresh piece of venison inside. He then takes a fresh deer's hide and drags it from within the cage some half a mile into the woods for the bear to take scent.

The next morning as soon as light he rode to the spot, but long before he came to the opening where the trap was set, and before he could see the bear, he could hear the wagon rattle and the raving of the animal within. He rode up to within a few rods, before Bruin saw him, so intent was he in escaping; but when he did get his eyes on his captor, he rushed towards him with a terrible howl, and thrust his paws through the grates with such force as to nearly upset the wagon. For ten days and nights the hunter stayed by him, the bear incessantly raving and gnawing the cage. He had broken all his front teeth on the iron grates, and torn up with his claws the sheet iron covering within. The hunter now saw that his game would be lost, unless he could disable him from his incessant and persevering labor to be free.

A cruel expedient was resorted to. He would heat iron bars and thrust them into his cage, which the bear would take in his paws and hold them till the blood from the burn would hiss. In this way poor Bruin was beaten, as his feet became so sore that he was glad to lie down and let the bars around him.—In this condition he was taken to Sacramento, shipped to San Francisco, and from there to the Isthmus across the Nicaraugua route. He was the first passenger that ever crossed that route on wheels, and the natives wondered much more at the Yankee wagon than at the California bear. He is now in charge of Lewis S. Barnum, who will make a fortune out of him. He is worth travelling fifty miles to see.

Religion in France.

The "Revue des Deux Mondes', for September contains an elaborate and valuable account of the Catholic Church, and the Protestant and Jewish religious Communions in France. The number of Protestants in the country is stated at a million and a half, three quarters of whom are Calvinists. Sixteen Departments contain independent churches, either Presbyterian or Congregationalists which support their own ministers without aid from the public funds. There is a sect called Darbistes, who hold with the Quakers that there should be no official ministry, but that every man is by right a priest; there are also some Quakers, and more than 5000 Anabaptists, or Mennonites, who distinguish themselves here, as well as elsewhere, by their industrious and orderly habits, and by great integrity and sobriety. They live apart from other people, very seldom marry out, and never change the fashion of their dress, which they say is that of the apostles.—Two days of the year are devoted to humility and the purification of the body, which consists in washing each others' feet. One who gets drunk, dances, gambles, or seduces a woman is banished from the Church. When baptised, they take an oath never to bear arms. Many of them have emigrated to the United States within a few years past. The Methodists of France are remarkable for their zeal; their number is 3000, but their worship is attended by 10,000 persons. The Jewish Communion numbers 87,000 souls but increases slowly; their worship is among those supported from the public treasury.

THE DOOR YARD.—We love neatness. Our eyes take in a stranger's house at a glance. Heaven pity the man who has a slovenly house-wife. Wealth may cast her favors around him, but dirt and disorder will make his dwelling a cheerless abode. As we traverse the country, we look in upon the door yards. The door yard is the programme of the international arrangements. The clean swept door sill and walk and the flowers are no unmeaning indications, and we stop with a sense of comfort where we know that "order reigns."

☞ A curious genius, who styles himself "the apostolic forerunner," is stumping in New Jersey. His dress and appearance are said to be of the most unique style. On his hat he wears a metallic spread eagle, and around his neck he carries suspended a curious brass horn, which he sounds when he wants to draw an audience.

The Poor Oysters.

While you are enjoying your rich plate of oysters, just look over the following to sharpen your appetite:

The enemies of the oyster are many, and all of them go about seeking what oyster he may devour. First comes the sea-crab, who sets himself on an oyster, and drills a little round hole in his back, and makes poor oyster's back ache, which causes him to open his mouth to take a long breath, when the villainous crab runs a "stinger" down his throat, and poor oyster is in the sea-crab's stomach. On the sea shore bushels of shells are found perfectly riddled with holes by the crabs. Sometimes the crabs files the oyster's nose off, so as to run in his stinger.

Second comes the drum fish, who weighs about thirty or forty pounds, and is about two feet long, he is large about the stomach, and tapers off towards both ends. He is by no means a modest fish, for just as soon as his eye rests on an oyster, he starts toward him, for the purpose of making his acquaintance, and grabbing him in his mouth, smashes him into chowder, "in the twinkling of a cat's tail," and immediately looks about for his nearest relative—being opposed to having families separated, he is anxious to have them all rest in his stomach at once. It is often the case that two or three pounds of oyster shells are found in the stomach of a drum fish.

Third, comes the sea-star—every body knows what a sea-star is, for they look just like a star. These stars have five points, but no legs; and, as they do not keep horses and wagons they find it very inconvenient to go a foot—not having any feet, so when they wish to travel, they lock themselves fast to each other until they form a large hill sometimes to be driven about by the waves of the sea, and roll away, they know not nor care not whither, but if they happen to roll over an oyster bed, they immediately let loose of each other, and hug an oyster, and wrap their five points about him, and hug him closely, hug him dearly, until the oyster desires him to stop, and just opens his mouth to say, 'hold enough,' when the rascally star runs a little "nipper" down oyster's nose and he is a "goner."

Fourth comes man with dredging irons, with scoops, shovels, and tongs, pulling him, and making him into oyster soup, pie, fry, roast, and so forth, eating him whole, and indiscriminately body and soul, without saving the pieces. Thus it is with poor oyster; troubles beset him on every side, and thousands desire to have him, yet none wish to be him.

HEARING TO THE BLIND.—Blind people have a peculiar method of presenting the ear, and in some cases acquire the power of moving it when much interested. The incessant use they make of it gives them an indescribable quickness;—they judge of everything by sound; a soft sonorous voice with them is the sound of beauty; and so also a discerner is a blind person of the accents of speech, that through the voice he fancies he can see the soul. From the idea they form notions of characters that often lead them to erroneous conclusions. If you notice a string of horses upon travel, you will find that the first horse points his ear forward, and the last behind him, keeping watch; but the intermediate ones, who seem not to be called upon to do their duty, appear careless and perfectly at their ease. Sir John Fielding possessed a great faculty of this sort; and he could recollect every thief that had been brought before him by the tone and accent of his voice for more than forty years.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

LIFE IN NEW YORK.—The Express, speaking of the rapid growth of New York, says:

"Another novel feature of the city is the under-ground building which is going on round about us. In some parts of the city half as much business is done underground as above it. Two stories downward are lighted from above, and here at work in rooms exceedingly well fitted up, all sorts of jobs. Some of the best warerooms and salesrooms are below the surface of the earth. The printing of newspapers is nearly altogether a subterranean business, and thousands of people, too, live in the first and second basement or cellars, and some of them far into the bowels of the earth. We are often thankful that New York, crowded and walled as it is, has a hole at the top, from which decends a little of God's daylight, for if it had not, what would become of us?"

"A few evenings since," says the Boston *Journal*, "a young sailor passing up Washington street in a somewhat inattentive manner, came very near running down a lady who was sailing along just below the Old South Church. Hastily stepping aside in order to pass, he encountered the lady, who made a precisely similar movement at the same time. Another mutual dodge brought them again at a stand, still face to face; at which Jack planted himself firmly on the curb stone saying: 'Look here, madam, I'm anchored. Now see if you can pass; for shiver my timbers if I weigh anchor again until I have a clear sea!'"

☞ A resident of a western town, complaining that he could not sleep one night summed up the causes. "A wailing babe of seventeen days—dog howling under the window—cat fight in the alley—a colored serenade at the shanty over the way—a tooth ache—and a pig trying the back door."

☞ If a young lady has a purse with silver in one end and gold in the other, she is sure to open the gold end first.

FLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

SOCIETY, like a shaded silk, must be viewed in all its situations, or its colors deceive us.