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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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"POET'S CORNER."

For the Register.

The Orphan's Reply.

A beautiful little girl attracted the attention of a passer-by, who asked her whose child she was. She replied, "I am no one's child."

With sounds of glee they passed along,
A thoughtless, happy little throng;
But one there was, of sadder mien,
Who walked alone—She could have seen
Scarce nine fair summers, but her face,
Beamed with intelligence; the trace
E'en now it bore of lofty thought,
With crushed and saddened feelings fraught.

That form so very frail and fair,
The pallid cheek, the sunny hair,
The down cast eye, but most of all,
So sweetly, sadly beautiful,
The light that lay upon her brow,
I wondering asked, 'Whose child art thou?'

Would, reader, that thou could'st have heard
The bursting sadness of her words,
Couldst then have seen her tearful eye,
As upward lifted in reply,
It beamed with light so strange and wild,
She said, 'Ah! I am no one's child.'

Stern hearts have often bowed, we know,
Because no friend could share their woe?
Must she, that gentle, guileless one,
Meet life's dark storms and wiles alone?
Affection's flowers, all withering lie,
Beneath the cold, ungenial sky?

'I'm no one's child.' She passed along,
But those sad words, that look and tone,
Will not depart, they linger yet,
They bid me never to forget
The orphan's woe, but seek to heal
The wound their spirits e'er must feel.

Centre Village, N. Y. L. A. M.

A Requiem in the North.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Speed swifter, Night!—wild Northern Night,
Whose feet the Arctic Islands know,
When stiffening breakers, sharp and white,
Gird the complaining shores of snow.
Send all thy winds to sweep the wold,
And howl in mountain-passes far,
And hang thy banners, red and cold,
Against the shield of every star!

For what have I to do with morn,
Or Summer's glory in the vales—
With the blithe ring of forest-horn,
Or beckoning gleam of snowy sails?
Art *thou* not gone, in whose blue eye
The fleeting Summer dawned to me?—
Gone like the echo of a sigh
Beside the loud resounding sea?

Oh, brief that time of song and flowers,
Which blest, through thee, the Northern Land!
I pine amidst its leafless bowers,
And on the black and lonely strand.
The forest wails the starry bloom,
Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor,
But down my spirits aisles of gloom,
Thy love shall blossom nevermore.

And nevermore shall battled pines
Their solemn triumph sound for me,
Nor morning fringe the mountain-lines,
Nor sunset flush the hoary sea;
But night and winter fill the sky,
And load with frost the shivering air,
Till every gust that hurries by,
Chimes wilder with my own despair.

The leaden twilight, cold and long,
Is slowly settling o'er the wave;
No wandering blast awakes a song
In naked boughs above thy grave.
The frozen air is still and dark;
The numb earth lies in icy rest;
And all is dead save this one spark
Of burning grief within my breast.

Life's darkened orb shall wheel no more
To Love's rejoicing summer back;
My spirit walks a wintry shore,
With not a star to light its track.
Speed swifter, Night!—thy gloom and frost
Are free to spoil and ravage here;
This last wild requiem for the lost
I pour in thy unheeding ear.

SELECT TALE.

(From the Knickerbocker of March.)

A PROFESSIONAL SCAR.

BY AN OLD LAWYER.

Your kind letter, Harry, came duly to hand; and you will be surprised to learn that a careless question of yours will draw forth enough to cover a sheet: "What caused that scar on my temple?"

It is a professional scar, Harry; one that I have carried ever since my earliest practice; and although I have now arrived at a tolerable old age, and have many, many intimate friends, it is a most singular fact that *you* are the first and only person that ever inquired into its origin. I can tell you all about it, but must avoid names and places, for the parties most interested in the incident are yet living, and I am under strong bonds of secrecy.

In the year ——, after passing through a long examination before grave judges and shrewd barristers, I was pronounced a properly qualified person to appear before juries and courts for others as well as myself, and at once proceeded to a large southern city, where, by a modest little sign over the door of a modest little office, I announced my readiness to commence the practice of law. For three months I waited, but alas! no business came, and I sat in my office on a dreary night, at about eleven o'clock, in this very comfortable position: my money was gone entirely; my board-bill was to be paid in the morning, and my rent the day following; and I absolutely feared to go to my boarding-house, and waited in what seemed the forlorn hope that something in the way of a fee might appear, either dropping from the skies, or suddenly appearing on my desk. Outside, no step was heard; and as I occasionally glanced through my window, the flame of the street-light, moved by the wind, would seemingly move me homeward; but I would not go.—A footstep sounded in my entry; a second, and a third, and more, but so light that my heart-beating prevented me counting them; and then a little delicate knock. I compelled myself to say "Come in" with a calm voice, although I expected to be instantly vis-a-vis with a young woman; the door opened, and I saw—an old one.

I had only time to move toward a chair before she was in the centre of the room and speaking:

"I have no time to sit. Young man, you are a lawyer: are you good for anything?"

My insulted dignity was controlled by an effort, and I answered that I flattered myself that I possessed some talent for my profession, or I should not have chosen it.

"Well, well, no gas: can you draw a paper?"

Here again I ventured to remark, that it depended somewhat on its nature; but I saw from her impatient manner that she wanted no trifling. Before I finished the sentence, she interrupted me with a fierceness of manner exceeding her former rough one, saying:

"I want a will drawn, quick! hurriedly! but so strong that all the d—ls in h—ll can't undo it! Can you *do* it?" and she fairly glared at me with impatience for my answer.

Now you know, Harry, that my legal education was obtained entirely in a surrogate's office, and you may presume that on the law and forms of last wills and testaments I felt myself sufficiently posted up. I accordingly assured her that I could draw a will which, though I could not warrant it to pass the ordeal she mentioned, would, I was sure, be proof against all the lawyers in Christendom.

And now her manner changed from the fierce and bold to the anxious and hurried.

"Come, then, quick! quick! young man and you shall pocket one thousand dollars for your night's work!" she exclaimed.

And, amazed and bewildered as I was, I found myself at the neighboring corner, stepping into a hack, before the startling but comfortable words, "One thousand dollars for your night's work!" had ceased ringing in my ears. My conductress followed me in, and without orders we were rattled furiously along the streets to the —— House, then the largest hotel in the city. My visions of one thousand bright dollars kept my tongue bridled, and I was led in silence up two flights of stairs into a suite of rooms comprising a parlor and two bed-rooms. The parlor, however, was occupied by a bed, in which lay an old and evidently dying man. A servant was with him, but he left, upon a motion from the hand of my companion, who approached the bed and said:

"I have an attorney here, Sir; shall he proceed?"

The old man's eyes brightened up, and, after glaring on me for a moment, he spoke:

"If you can draw my will, do it; quick! now, for I must save my breath."

I turned to the table where I found paper, pens, ink, and everything necessary; and by the light of two sperm candles in heavy silver candle sticks, I was soon busily engaged at the the will.

I will not trouble you with the details, nor, in fact, do I remember them; but it is enough to say that a large amount of property, real and personal, bonds, mortgages, etc., were left in the words of the will, to "my good and faithful house-keeper, Angeline ——," as a token of gratitude for her long, faithful, and meritorious service." But the concluding words of the will I shall never forget; they were written from his own mouth, and made me shudder as I wrote them. There is something fearful, dreadful—yes, devilish—in this deliberately recording, in what purports to be your last written wish, a curse upon your own offspring. And I felt, as I wrote it, an involuntary desire to tear the paper into fragments, and to rush from the room, but the thousand dollars were like so many anchors, so I staid and wrote:

I LEAVE to my daughter DORA all the satisfaction she can obtain from my hearty curse. When rags whip about her in her only home, the street, and dogs share with her the refuse of the gutter, she may regret that she disobeyed him who once loved her, but who, dying, cursed her!

There was something like a chuckle in the direction of old Angeline as the dying wretch dictated these fearful words; but as I looked and saw the stern face as rigid as marble, I concluded I must have been mistaken. I could not, however, divest myself of a certain feeling that all was wrong. A rich old man, accompanied by an old house-keeper, and dying in a strange city; her anxiety to have the will so strong; the curse on his daughter and the large fee all conspired to make me feel that I was being instrumental in the accomplishment of some villainous object. Again I meditated the destruction of the paper, and again my fee and wants conquered. The will was finished, and I read it over aloud, the old man groaning, and the old woman looking an occasional assent; but when I read the terrible curse, a new actor appeared on the scene:

"Oh! tear it! tear it! Oh God! you know not what you do!"

The plaintive tones of the voice touched my heart, even before my eyes beheld its owner; but when I saw her, heavens and earth! what an angel she was! The language is yet undiscovered, Harry, that is competent to give you a description of that face: the eyes dancing with excitement yet liquid with tears; the mouth proud as a Juno's yet compressed with anguish. But why do I attempt description? The most majestic, yet the sweetest countenance I ever beheld appealed to me, and not in vain; for while the old man, weak as he was, jumped from his bed screaming "Kill her! kill her!" I tore the will into fragments, and we both fell to the floor, he dead, and I stunned by a blow from the heavy candle-stick wielded by the old hag, Angeline.

* * * * *

When my consciousness returned, I found myself in my own bed at my boarding-house, my host and hostess my sole attendants. My mind was clear the moment I looked about me, and I knew I had been brought home, and was now confined from the effects of that blow. I resolved to keep my own counsel, and to ascertain what I could of the subsequent proceedings of the night. Upon inquiry, I found that I had been brought home by a young gentleman in a carriage, who had left funds for the employment of a physician, and had also left a letter for me. I opened the letter as soon as I was alone, and found a fifty dollar bank-note, with these words:

"You did last night a deed worthy of more gratitude than our present means enable us to express.—The property which so nearly belonged to the infamous hag who struck you, will soon be ours, and you shall then hear from us. May the same kindness which prompted you to tear the paper, seal your lips hereafter as to the painful scenes of last evening.

"Gratefully yours.

DORA AND HER HUSBAND."

My first act was to conceal the letter beneath my pillow; my second, to call my host and tender him the amount of my board-bill; to my astonishment he told me that my companion paid it when he left the letter. It seems I raved a little about my inability to pay my host while I was unconscious, and thus the husband of Dora (for I had no doubt it was he who brought me home) had ascertained the fact and paid my bill. Added to this, my wound was not severe enough to need any surgery more than was offered by my kind landlady; so when I had recovered, (which was soon,) I had only my office-rent to pay, and then resumed business with the larger part of one hundred dollars in my treasury. I made cautious inquiries about the —— House as to the subsequent movements of my mysterious clients, but could only ascertain that the old couple arrived on that eventful night, the old man ordering a pleasant room in which he could die; that the young couple came by another conveyance, and had taken other rooms; that the old man's body was immediately boxed up and shipped for the north under charge of his man-servant; that the old woman went off alone; and that finally the young man paid the whole bill, and left also with his wife.—To do my worthy host and his kind lady full justice, I must say that they never even hinted at the matter, and I never had a question to answer: they probably took it for granted that I had been the victim of some broil, and avoided annoying me by any reference to it.

Thirty years of hard work rolled by, Harry, during which I acquired a family, fortune, fame, and gray hairs; but I never, in all that time, saw or heard of my clients, with the exception of one letter, which was received some years after the occurrence which I have related, and which contained two more fifty-dollar bills, with the words:

"We are very happy: may God bless you.

DORA."

But in all that time, I have never forgotten that beautiful angelic face, nor the mute appeal which it made to my heart; the answer to which cost me the deep scar which is the object of your present curiosity, and a one-thousand-dollar fee less the amount received from the young folks. Neither did I, in all that time, regret the course I took.

Some ten years ago, as you probably remember, I spent a winter in Havanna. I boarded with a Spanish landlord, whose house was generally filled with American visitors. But, strange to say, I passed one week with him without a single American arrival; and I was mentally resolved one day to leave for New Orleans, where I could find troops of friends, and rid myself of the ennui consequent upon my solitary position, when I heard my host calling me:

"Senor, Senor, los Americanos—Americans."

Looking from my window, I saw a fine portly gentleman attending to his luggage, and answering the demands of the thousand and one leeches of porters who each claimed to have brought something for him. Thinking I might be of service to him, I went out, and with two or three dimes dispersed the villains who, knowing me for an old stager, submitted to my orders. The gentleman turned to thank me, but suddenly started back, then glanced at my temple, and seeing the end of my candle stick-mark peering out beneath my sombrero, he caught me by my hand exclaiming:

"We have met before, Sir!—how glad I am to see you!"

And then, without explanation, he drew me to the door-way in which stood a matronly but still beautiful woman.

"See, Dora," said he, "is not this our old friend?"

At the word "Dora," I started, and there before me, sure enough, stood the Dora of thirty years previous, still retaining many of her charms, but with the marks of time, notwithstanding, impressed upon her features.

You may well believe our reunion was most pleasant; and after our dinner was over, and we were out enjoying the sea-breeze, the whole story was told me. I will not give you the details of it; it was long, but the main features of it were about what I had surmised. Dora was the only child of a wealthy father; her mother died when she was a mere child; old Angeline had remained with her father in the capacity of a house-keeper, and had, while Dora was away at school, acquired, as is generally the case, complete influence over him. Dora was wooed and won by a poor clerk; the father would not listen to it; an elopement was the consequence; and the old man in his rage broke up house-keeping, and taking old Angeline with him had started for the South. Dora had followed him with her husband, although she knew he would not see her, and although he had always been harsh and unkind to her, yet she knew he was in the last stages of consumption, and she determined, if possible, to be with him when he died. At the time of his death, they had been following him about a month from place to place, keeping concealed from him, and eluding even the keen eyes of Angeline. When Dora appeared in the room, it was only because the man-servant, who had been with her father, and who, as you remember, left the room when I entered, had observed their arrival and had kindly gone to her and informed her that her father could not live an hour; she was entering the room to make one last effort at reconciliation when my voice reading the fearful words of her father's curse caused the outcry and denouement. Her husband, who followed her in, found the old man dead, Dora in a swoon, me senseless, and old Angeline in vain trying to put the many pieces of the will together, raving and cursing like a Bedlamite. He and the man-servant put the old man's body in the bed, took Dora to her room, and while the servant kept guard over Angeline he took me home in a carriage. The rest you know.

I have only to add that, whenever I wander north, either alone or with my wife or family, we always stop at the house of our kind friends. They have spent one winter with us at the south, and we expect them again the coming season. And the young gentleman who studied law under my instruction, and who now practices law with my name on the sign with his, (as senior-partner, although he does all the business,) is Dora's son; and from certain conscious looks and bright blushes on my pretty daughter's cheek when he calls, I imagine he may possibly be mine, too. But of this Harry, rest assured—I shall not curse her if she marries him.

'HIS COUSIN, THE BISHOP.'—One morning Haines, the comic actor, was seized by a couple of bailiffs, in an action for a debt of £20, as the Bishop of Ely, was passing by in his coach. Quoth Joe to the baliffs:

'Gentlemen here's my cousin the Bishop of Ely going into his house; let me but speak to him and he will pay the debt and the charges.'

The bailiffs thought they might venture that, as they were in three or four yards of him. So up sprang Joe to the coach, pulling off his hat, and got close to it. The Bishop ordered the coach to stop, while Joe close to his ear said softly:

'My Lord, here are two poor men, who have such scruples of conscience that I fear they will hang themselves.'

'Very well,' said the Bishop. So calling to the two bailiffs, he said,

'You two men come here to morrow morning, and I'll satisfy you.'

The men bowed and went away. Joe hugging himself with his fallacious device, also went his way.

In the morning, the bailiffs expecting their debt and charges, repaired to the Bishop's; being introduced—

'Well said the Bishop, 'what are your scruples of conscience?

'Scruples said, the bailiffs, we have no scruples. We are bailiffs my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin Joe Haines for £20 Your lordship promised to satisfy us to-day, and we hope your lordship will be as good as your word.'

The worthy Bishop, reflecting that his honor and name would be exposed, if he did not comply, paid the debt and the charges.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GREAT PRINCIPLES OF THE LAW.

FROM BLACKSTONE ON "REAL ESTATE."

"Blackstone divides Reality into three grand divisions: Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments.

"Land is a very comprehensive term, including everything of a permanent, substantial nature. 'Tenement' literally means, anything which may be held; and, therefore, if a man should catch a fox by the tail, he'd be a 'tenement,' as long as he could hold him, but if he should get away, in the eyes of the law he'd probably be nothing but a 'thing in action;' rather lively action, too, perhaps, especially if the dogs were after him.

"'Hereditaments' are of two kinds, corporeal and incorporeal; corporeal, are those visible, tangible objects in nature that may be seen and felt, or, as Glanville has it, they are such 'as affect the senses;' therefore, if a horse should throw a man, who should light on his head and be stunned, that according to the books, is a 'corporeal hereditament;' 'incorporeal hereditaments issue out of the land; rents and profits come under this head, and so, we suppose, would fishing worms; though the prophets that 'issued out of the land of Judea' along with Saul, would not come within the definition; but if a man should catch his coat-tail on a nail, and 'create a rent,' the nail being annexed to the freehold, and issuing too far out, would probably be 'in tail male,' and the man would be 'remanded to the Court below' to have his coat mended, as the Devil sows tares. Under the name of 'Land,' is comprised everything upon the surface of the earth and under it; and water passes under the name of land, though we don't see how a heavy rain, in any point of view, could be considered as Real Estate, and a practical difficulty would arise in conveying a square acre of thunder-shower by metes and bounds, though, since Blackstone wrote, conveyance by water is a very common occurrence.

"Trees and growing crops belong to the land; and pumpkins, being 'attached to the Realty,' 'go to the heir' till they're pulled up, and then, they generally 'go to,' the pigs; so, wheat and barley 'go with the land,' and so does the rye, unless it is made into whiskey, and then it goes best with a little water: so of the 'standing corn;' though we don't suppose, that if the proprietor was drunk for three weeks before he sold his place, it would be such a standing 'corn' as that he would 'go to the first purchaser,' unless indeed he went to take a little something.

"A man has a 'fee' in land, when it is given to 'him and his heirs for ever;' but if he happens to have no heirs, it goes to the King, who stands graciously ready to nab any valuable corner-lots, when the proper population doesn't turn up.

"'Our Bracton' says, that the word 'fee' is derived from the Saxon word feud or fight, because all the tenants used to be continually fighting for their landlords; and, in contemplation of law, were supposed to be perpetually standing outside the gate, armed and equipped, and ready for a breeze at the shortest notice; these were called 'retainers,' hence, our term of Retainer: so that if John Doe retains A. B., counsellor-at-law, to defend him at the suit of Richard Roe, the said A. B. is supposed to march about town, with a band of music and a battle-axe, ready to touzle, maul, and maltreat the said John Doe, to wit, at the county aforesaid—and probably takes depositions in uniform.

"'Estate for life' is a less estate than a fee, and may be 'created by deed;' but you cannot create an estate by deed for more than three lives, unless, perhaps, one of 'em should be a cat's, and then, it would probably extend to ten or eleven.

"'Curtesy' is an estate for life, by the 'act of the law;' though curtesies are sometimes the acts of the girls. Curtesy is where a man marries a woman, 'seized of an estate of inheritance;' and if the small-pox, or seven years' itch were hereditary in the wife's family, and one of 'em should seize her, this would be a 'seisin by inheritance,' and the husband would 'take it for life;' but first, he must have children born alive, otherwise the law says to him, 'You ain't in!'

"'Tenant-for-life is entitled to emblements,' or 'away-going-crops;' and if a man should plant a patch of peas and potatoes, and then move off, in the eye of the law the peas and potatoes are supposed to follow him; and, if you looked sharp, you'd doubtless see them climbing over the fence after him, and calling out to be dug; the same is true of trees and shrubs, and this was what terrified Macbeth so, when he saw 'Birnam-wood coming to Dunsinane;' for when he saw the 'emblements' moving, he was lawyer enough to know that there was a change going on of landed proprietors, that boded him no good.

"The tenant-for-life also 'takes' all the catnip and boneset on his place, because they belong to the soil; but the law would not compel him to take them,' unless he wanted to, and if they were made into tea, Spellman thinks he would put in a little milk and sugar. A tenant-for-life is entitled to cut wood, and if the landlord should interfere and raise a muss, he would be compelled to cut stick; but, though a tenant-for-life is entitled to cut wood, yet if his son should whittle the fence, or mutilate the parlor-chairs, or throw down the book-case, and go to chopping it up with an axe, and the landlord should come in, and they should have a regular pitched battle over the fallen furniture, it would clearly be 'an action of the case,' and the landlord would recover.

"When a man owns the soil, he owns it up to the sky, and down to the 'other place;' but I can't build my house, so as to overhang my neighbor's, and if he has a window built so long that the memory of a man doesn't run anywhere else, you can't stop that window up; for it is an 'ancient light;' and therefore, if you should go and look in at that window, you would be guilty of 'obstructing ancient lights,' and he could take your head off even with the window-sill, but no farther, using no more force than was necessary; and if an old man should die of consumption, that would be an 'obstruction of ancient lights;' but the law would not undertake to provide a remedy, not being an undertaker in such circumstances. How far the principle of ancient lights extends, is perhaps, a doubtful question, as most legal questions are; if you agree to let your neighbor keep his window open, and he so keeps it open for any length of time, it does not become an 'ancient light;' and you may shut the shutters on him, any time; but if he opens it against your will, though you should go and shake your fist at him every day for twenty-one years, or thereabouts, it becomes an 'ancient light' in spite of you, and he could blow wads at you out of it, every morning before breakfast, if he wanted to, and you'd have no remedy.

"All real estate may be bought and sold, for this purpose, we have real estate agents; who generally take the property as part of their commissions; and when property is conveyed in this way, the buyer is said to be 'in by purchase,' that is, if he pays for it; but there is another way of coming by property, by which a man, in legal phrase, is said to be 'in by descent;' but we don't suppose that, if a man should tumble out of a third-story window, into a basket of eels, he'd be 'in by descent' in such a manner that he could 'hold the property' long.

"Every man's land is called his 'close,' and is supposed to be surrounded by an ideal, invisible boundary or wall, which exists only in the 'eye of the law,' the law being generally wall-eyed and belogged; though nobody can see it, yet, if any person oversteps this boundary, he is guilty of a trespass; and it's no excuse for him to say he couldn't see it, for the law says to him, 'It's all in my eye,' and this is a 'trespass *quare clausum fregit*,' and if a man should be chasing a rabbit, and the rabbit should run over this line, every action of the rabbit thereafter would be void; as no one can take advantage of their own wrong, and the law would not permit him to move a step farther, and the man could easily catch him; so if a man wore a wig, and should sleep at a tavern, and put his wig in his pantaloons pocket—and a thief should come and steal his wig out of his breeches, that would be a trespass '*quare clausum fregit*,' for that he broke his close, and stole his hares.

"So, as every man's lot is thus fenced in, it is a fine old maxim of the English law that every man's house is his castle, says Magna Charta, 'the King cannot enter;' therefore, if the King went out to see his market-gardener, simply for the purpose of walking about, and looking at the pigs and poultry, the market-gardener can slam the front door in his face, and set the dogs on him, and the King couldn't lift the latch; for says Glanville, "Where the King is concerned, there are no latches,' and so, under the old law, the King was absolutely forbidden to enter any house in the Kingdom, so that his social intercourse was extremely limited; and hence the maxim, '*Nullum tempus occurrit regi*,' or the King doesn't have any sort of a time; and, as every man's house is his castle, he has an undoubted right to fortify it, and may plant cannon in his door yard and pile bombs in his front parlor; but the bombs, not being attached to the Realty, wouldn't go with the land, but, if they went off, the house would probably go with them; and so, a man would have an undoubted right to maintain a regiment of cavalry for the protection of his castle: but the theory of the English law is such, that the King, with all his power, can't take the castle of his meanest subject; so that if the King should turn out his whole military force, horse, foot, and dragoons, and try to take a man's house, that man could just walk out in the street, and wallop the whole of 'em.

'Such are some of those great principles, on which is founded our whole system of jurisprudence; and it is' a beautiful fiction of the law, and one tending greatly to the increase of knowledge, that every one is supposed to know the law; and therefore if a Chinese should come to this country, he' would at once be an able lawyer; and so, if any one should say of his honor, Judge Beeswax, 'He don't know any more law than a Chinaman,' it would be the highest compliment that could be paid to his legal abilities."—*Knickerbocker.*

CANT PHRASES.

There is no greater mark of ill-breeding and vulgarity, than the use of slang phrases. These forms of speech have heretofore been regarded as the distinctive characteristics of bar-room loafers, sporting rowdies, thieves and pickpockets.

Of late, however, the unseemly habit of interlarding the discourses with cant phrases, has extended among young men—and women too, of respectability, and good standing in the community, and has become a crying evil. Low ideas, are always attached to cant phrases, which must inevitably exercise a degrading influence upon the mind. Low conceptions are detrimental to improvement, as wet and heavy plumage to a bird that would take a lofty flight.

To show the extent to which cant phrases are sometimes carried, the following conversation which transpired in the Stout family, is reported:

'I declare to goodness, I really think Mr. Rustle is making up to our Josephine!' said Mrs. Stout after the gentleman referred to had passed the previous evening at their house, staying to a later hour than was usual.

'You'd better believe it,' rejoined the young lady playfully.

'You may bet high on that' added Napoleon, who was in the act of lighting a real Havana.

"How do you like the cut of his jib, Timothy?" resumed Mrs. Stout turning to her husband.

"I don't like his rig," but Josephine thinks he's "some" was the reply.

"Whether you like it or not, it's my opinion he'll make a tip-top husband," continued the mother.

'Put her through, mother,' said Josephine blushing.

'Go in lemons,' suggested Napoleon, smoking through his nose; a remark, by the way so ambiguous, that it must have puzzled the other parties to have guessed at his meaning; but in the present case it seemed to be invested with perfect lucidity.

'Napoleon, I advise you to shut up your hopper!' elegantly retorted the young lady.

Mr. Stout then proceeded to inquire if Mr. Rustle was a man of property, and was assured by his better half, that he had a 'pocket full of rocks.' The husband and father then remarked to the effect that he had been more favorably impressed with Mr. Goodwin, a young farmer in the neighborhood, than with the gentleman under consideration.

Mrs. Stout manifested a different opinion on the subject, emphatically declaring, that "he couldn't come in."

"He is over that way," said the brother, making a gesture over his shoulder with his thumb.

The above, we are inclined to believe, is not a fancy sketch. It shows the extent to which the practice of using cant phrases, when once acquired, may be carried.

SALT LAKE CITY AND VALLEY.

A correspondent writing from 'Salt Lake City" thus describes the new home of the Mormons:

In this wonderful era of cities springing up as it were in a day, and attaining a proud rank amid those of our country, there are perhaps none so wonderful as this, the 'City of the Latter Day Saints.' Situated in a valley but lately a barren desert, whose only vegetation was the sage or artemesia—surrounded on all sides by towering mountains, whose sparsely timbered sides and canons afford the only fuel for the inhabitants—far away from any navigable stream—a thousand miles from other settlements, over which distance almost every article has been transported by animal power—in the midst, too, of the most warlike of all American Indians, the daring and treacherous Utahs, whom the mistaken clemency and liberality of government agents have rendered only the more formiable by the supply of fire arms and ammunition; these, together with the manners, customs and religion of its remarkable people, serve to render its contemplation and study a matter of deep interest.

The city has been laid out upon a magnificent scale, being nearly four miles in length, and three in width. The streets running in the direction of the cardinal points, are at right angles, eight rods, or one hundred and thirty-two feet wide, with sidewalks on either side of twenty feet. The blocks are forty rods square, divided into eight lots, each containing an acre and a quarter of ground. By a city ordinance each house is to be placed twenty feet back from the sidewalk, the intervening space being designed for shrubbery and trees. By an admirable system of irrigation, pure mountain streams are made to pass on either side of every street, and thereby accessible, at any moment, to every garden spot; thus spreading life, verdure and beauty over what was heretofore a barren waste. The soil, though rich, is light and spungy, and scarcity of rain, which seldom falls between April and October, renders irrigation necessary for the production of the slightest plant or tree. It is thus, by skill and unwearied industry, that the Mormons have rendered their hitherto sterile valley one of the most productive and beautiful in the world.

The houses, generally of one story, are built of abobes, or sun-dried brick, cemented with common mud; and bear an aspect of neatness rarely excelled, if equalled, in our Western towns. After the lapse of a few years, the abobes and mud mortar became one consolidated mass, as the soil is impregnated with a large proportion of the carbonate of soda and potash, which cause a chemical combination.—This material is extensively used in Mexico and California, where the scarcity and stinted growth of timber precludes its application to building purposes. It is also known in Germany and France under the name of *pi see*, and in the later country, there are houses built of this material and *stuccoed*, which have defied the elements for many years. There are several public buildings which are creditable—The Tabernacle a large and commodious house, seating comfortably three thousand people, without any architectural pretensions, is yet admirably adapted to its purpose as a legislative room. It is to be used as the place of worship until the temple is finished. The State House is a neat and tasteful edifice, containing the Legislative Halls, and rooms for the Supreme and District Courts. The public Library, also in this building, containing several thousand volumes, well selected, is owing to the liberality of Congress. The library is free to all. The tithing office is the largest house in the city, having large store-houses connected, in which the tenth part of each member's property and income is placed. The foundation of the Temple is laid, and is to be built upon a scale of the greatest magnificence. There is also a theatre, with an excellent amateur company, which is liberally patronized.

The site for the city is most beautiful; it lies at the western base of the Wahsatch mountain, in a curve formed by a projection westward of an immense spur; on the west it is washed by the waters of the Jordan, while to the southward, for twenty-five miles extends a broad, level plain, watered by several small streams from the mountains, which form the great element of fertility and wealth to the community. On the east and north the mountains descend by regular steps or terraces, to the plain below. Owing to the variety and purity of atmosphere, objects are seen with wonderful distinctness, quite puzzling a stranger in estimating distances. From these terraces are afforded most beautiful landscape views. Far away to the south at a distance of ninety miles, is seen the towering peak of Mount Nebo, its summit now covered with snow, and yet so clear and distinct that the outlines of its various ridges and gorges are visible to the naked eye. At its base lies the beautiful Utah Lake, stretching towards us for thirty miles, its beautiful banks on the Eastern side dotted with thriving villages and farms. Still nearer are the Traverse Mountains a cross range connecting the Wahsatch and Oquirrah Mountains. Through this ridge the Jordan breaks in a wild and rocky 'canon,' forming the outlet of the waters of Utah into those of the Great Salt Lake. The winding course of this stream can be distinctly traced, and its mouth apparently at your feet, and yet about twenty miles distant. Far away to the Northward and Westward the Great Salt stretches itself, with its numerous islands and bays. This Lake, which is fully described in Stansbury's Expedition, is the most saturated solution of salt known in the world, not even excepting the waters of the Dead Sea! The salt boilers affirm that they obtain two measures of salt to three of the brine, and have therefore christened it the Great Briny Shallow. The lake shore is thickly dotted with warm springs of different temperature. Capt. Stansbury, mentions in one instance, that within the space of thirty feet there are three springs, one very hot, one tepid, and the third delightfully cool and drinkable. One of the most remarkable is the Boiling Spring three miles north of the city, the waters of which are led by wooden pipes to a large bathing house, which, for a nominal sum, is accessible to all persons.

☞ Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.

HUNTING THE CAYMAN.

An animal so formidable in size as the one we were in search of could not hide himself very easily, and soon we beheld him on the surface of the river, lashing the water with his long tail, snapping and chattering with his jaws, and endeavoring to get at those who disturbed him in his retreat. A universal shout of joy greeted his appearance. The Indians in the pirogues hurled their lances at him, whilst we upon either side of the lake, fired a volley. The bullets rebounded from the monster's scales, which they were unable to penetrate; the keener lances made their way between the scales and entered the caiman's body some eight or ten inches. There upon he disappeared, swimming with incredible rapidity, and reached the first net. The resistance it opposed turned him back; he re-ascended the river, and again appeared on top of the water. This violent movement broke the staves of the lances which the Indians had struck into him, and the iron alone remained in the wounds. Each time that he appeared the firing re-commenced, and fresh lances were thrust into his enormous body. Perceiving, however, how ineffectual firearms were to pierce his invulnerable scales, I excited him by shouts and gestures, and when he came to the edge of the water opening his enormous jaws all ready to devour me, I approached the muzzle of my gun to within a few inches, and fired both barrels, in the hope that the bullets would find something softer than scales in the interior of that formidable cavern, and that they would penetrate to his brain. All was futile. The jaws closed with a terrible noise, seizing ofily the fire and smoke that issued from my gun, and the ball flattened against his bones without injuring them. The animal which had now become furious, made inconceivable efforts to seize one of his enemies; his strength seemed to increase rather than to diminish, whilst our resources were nearly exhausted. Almost all our lances were sticking in his body, and our ammunition drew to an end.

The fight had lasted more than six hours, without any result that could make us hope for its speedy termination, when an Indian struck the cayman, whilst at the bottom of the water, with a lance of unusual strength and size. Another Indian, at his comrade's request, struck two vigorous blows with a mace upon the butt end of the lance. The iron entered deep into the animal's body, and immediately, with a movement as swift as lightning, he darted towards the nets and disappeared. The lance pole, detached from the iron head, returned to the surface of the water. For some minutes we waited in vain for the monster's re-appearance. We thought that his last effort had enabled him to reach the lake, and that our chase would result fruitlessly. We hauled in our first net, a large hole in which convinced us that our supposition was correct. The second net was in the same condition as the first. Disheartened by our failure we were hauling in the third—when we felt a strong resistance. Several of the Indians began to drag it towards the bank, and presently to our great joy, we saw the cayman on the surface of the water. He was expiring. We threw over him several lassos of strong cords, and when he was well secured, we drew him to land. It was no easy matter to haul him up on the bank. The strength of forty Indians hardly sufficed. When at last we had got him completely out of the water, and had him before our eyes, we stood stupified with astonishment, for it was a very different thing to see his body thus and to see him swimming, when he was fighting against us. Mr. Russell, a very competent person was charged with his measurement. From the extremity of his nostrils to the tip of his tail he was found to be twenty seven feet long, and his circumference was eleven feet measured under the armpits. His belly was much more voluminous, but we thought it unnecessary to measure him there, judging that the horse upon which he had breakfasted must considerably have increased his bulk.—*La Gironiere's Twenty years in the Philippines.*

RATHER SPICY.

A lady of San Francisco, being invited to send in a toast to be read at the anniversary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrim *Fithers*, furnished the following. It is spicy enough to flavor half a dozen anniversary dinners:

"The 'Pilgrim Fathers,' forsooth! What had they to endure in comparison to the Pilgrim Mothers? It is true they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—less without and within—but the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers! they had not only all these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also! and yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the Pilgrim Mothers? Who ever gave a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, drinks toasts, and makes speeches in recollection of them! This self sufficiency on the part of men, is beyond endurance. One would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided by a special act of Providence! Only Mrs. Hemens has ventured to insinuate that there ever was a woman in the case—that the Mayflower ever brought anything but men across the Atlantic. I assure you, my dear friends, that I am perfectly disgusted with the self conceit of the men; they appropriate everything to themselves—even the settlement of a colony, and the peopling of a whole continent. I did hope there was one prerogative they would leave to women.—We have submitted quietly to their inventions in superseding us in many things, but we will not tamely submit to be deprived of this one privilege; we will not allow ourselves to be deluded into the belief that New England was settled and peopled entirely by Pilgrim Fathers. How could they have been Fathers if there had been no Mothers? And I hope, dear Captain that I have succeeded in convincing you that you will be lending yourself to an act of great injustice towards us if you do not propose for your toast 'THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.'

☞ Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon, just for fun; but, being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball. So one of them took an iron kettle in his hands to catch it in; and stationing himself in front of the loaded piece, he exclaimed to the other, who stood behind it, holding a lighted torch, "Touch it aisy, Jemmy."

☞ Sir John Sinclair says that agriculture, though in general capable of being reduced to simple principles, yet requires on the whole a greater variety of knowledge than any other art.