Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES. EBENSBURG, SEPTEMBER 22, 1858. VOL. 5. NO 45.

Select Sketch.

Character of Chief Justice Gibson.

BY HON. WM. A. PORTER.

[Extract from his Eulogy on Judge Gibson.]

His manner of reaching his conclusions, and writing his opinions, was well known. It is believed that he took little part in the consultations of the bench, communicating his views usually in short detatched sentences, sometimes not at all, but when he did, hitting the exact point, and diffusing additional light on the principles in question. When he started to deliver the opinion, he generally made an examination of the authorities, and sometimes, it must be admitted, too brief an examination. His habit was then chiefly to think without the aid of his pen, and out of the reach of books. He did this in his chamber, in the street, at the table, sometimes on the bench during the progress of other causes, and not unfrequently in the public room of his hotel. Persons who approached him on those occasions, were struck with, and sometimes offended at, his abstracted and careless air. To those who knew what he was doing, he frequently complained of his difficulty in describing on what principles to pitch the case—without mentioning it particularly. He did all the labor of thought before he commenced to write, and he never wrote unless he was ready. Before he began, the very sentences were formed in his mind, and when he snatched the pen, he rarely laid it aside until the opinion had been completed. The beautiful and legible character of his writing, and its freedom from erasure, astonished those who read his manuscripts to suppose that he transcribed them, but this was very rarely, if ever, done; he had too little time and too much horror of the pen to attempt it. Such a method of writing undoubtedly possessed many advantages. It gave his fine logical powers full play. It contributed to that condensation which forms one of the distinctive features of his writings. It enabled him to proceed with directness right to his conclusions, and to make every thing point to it from the first sentence to the last. No repetition occurs. We see each idea but once, and need not count on seeing even the shadow of it, more than once. Having always something to do ahead, the pen spent no more time on the thought in hand than was necessary to complete it. He knew precisely where he was to end before beginning, and he avoided all the difficulties those writers who begin to write when they begin to think, and sometimes before it, who produce works resembling, for the most part, the patch-work emblazoned on the backs of German housekeepers, and giving evidence not to be mistaken, of the many places at which they have been joined, and of the diverse and heterogeneous materials of which they have been composed. The most casual reader of Judge Gibson's opinions must have observed how seldom he refuses to give any history of the decided case, and how invariably he puts the decision upon some leading principle of the law; alluding but to a few cases for the purposes of illustration, or to show their exception to a general rule, and how all this is done with the ease and skill which betoken the hand of a master.

As a jurist, Judge Gibson was ardently devoted to the principles of the common law. The love of them beams in his writings as affection will beam in the human countenance. He not only looked on them with the admiration of an artist, as symmetrical and beautiful parts of a great fabric, but he regarded them as the best rampart which the common sense of mankind has yet thrown up against the despotism of the king or the tyranny of the purse or the sword. We shall better see that the last thing he wrote for publication was a declaration of his unshaken fidelity to the doctrines of the common law. Every part of the language which he applied to Judge Kennedy, might as justly have been considered of himself, for, like Byron, in many of his characters, he was probably describing himself, without seeing that the world would recognize the portrait: "He clung to the common law like a child to its nurse, and how much he drew from it may be seen in his opinions, which, by their elaborate minuteness, remind us of the overfulness of Coke." The Chief Justice was also an admirer of our Pennsylvania system of law, in which the essential principles of equity are applied under the forms of the common law. The wonder is that in any case they should have been separated. To appoint one judge to expound the law, and another to do equity, seems like creating one man all head, and another all heart. To execute the law upon a debtor's person or property, and to allow him in the meantime to apply to a Court of Equity for relief, or to turn him out of the latter because his case has no equity in it, with the assurance that he will have no difficulty in recovering in a court of law; in other words, to permit two different rules of equity on the same subject, to press on the same subject, on the same man, at the same time, is a state of things which the mass of mankind will never understand, if each individual man should rival the patriarchs in the term of natural life. From the day when Lord Erskine uttered his quiet humor on the subject, down to the publication of Bleak House, the severest sarcasms on this state of things have been flung into the faces of lawyers, without the possibility of turning the point of one of them. The Pennsylvania system of law is among the few that have been measureably free from the reproaches which the learned and the unlearned have been conspired to hurl at the whole science. It is natural that the mind of a man like Judge Gibson, who had done so much to advance this system, and who had witnessed the strides which the legal world seemed making towards it, should take some pride in perpetuating it. With this spirit, it is consistent, that when our legislature adopted certain equity remedies, and provided at the same time for separate equity proceedings, he should endeavor to carry them fairly into practice. An opposite course, if he could have pursued it, would have caused disquiet and disaster. Besides this, whatever he might have thought, he was not a man to set himself up against what seemed to be useful reform. He had seen defects which some of these remedies seemed to supply, and he applied them in the very spirit in which the profession and the legislature had called them into being. So successfully was this done, that with all his attachment to the common law, it has not been unfrequent to hear from those most devoted to the equity system, the admission that he would have made a better chancellor than he was a judge. It is pertinent to remark here that he had no overdue fondness for the civil law. His mind was too liberal—for the mind of a scholar is always liberal in its appreciation of learning—not to admire the beauty, wisdom, and simplicity of many parts of that system, and its adaptation to the state of society in which it has grown up; but it must be admitted that he ever and anon cast a suspicious glance on the efforts of Judge Story and the writers of that school, to infuse its principles into our cherished common law. He could not have denied that many of the branches of our laws have been enriched in this mode, but he was alive to the danger of pushing such improvements too far. I need refer the reader only to the opinion delivered in Lyle vs. Richards, 9 S. & R. 322, and in Logan vs. Mason, 6 W. & S. 9, in proof of the existence of these views in the mind of their author.

In summing up the personal character of Judge Gibson, I do not mean to represent him as faultless, for then he had been more than human. Doubtless he had his defects; whatever they may have been, I do not propose to discuss them. To do so, would be to imitate the conduct of some visitor to a gallery of art, who should employ himself in tracing rough images in the dust of the floor, and not in contemplating the beautiful conceptions of genius on all sides, around and above him. I speak rather of what Judge Gibson was, than of what he was not. His case has been removed to that great appelate Court, which, while it administers perfect justice, is governed also by perfect mercy. Jurisdiction having vested there, on the soundest principles of jurisprudence, no allegation should be permitted against him here. He certainly had small faults, which to small eyes were large enough to shut out a perception of his great qualities. He despised the *amice* and the *camis*, and necessarily lost the respect of those valuable members of the State outside and inside of the bar, who do the least important things first, and the more important last. Frank, generous and confiding, he spoke on the bench and elsewhere, of persons and of things, with that impulse which none but an honest heart can know; and in doing so, he occasionally lost in dignity as much as he gained in the pleasure of giving expression to his real sentiments in his own way. If, as a presiding officer, he had preserved order more rigidly, his Court would have been a more solemn place, and if he had attended more directly to what was passing before him, the business would have been more efficiently despatched. But enough of what he was not. The qualities which he possessed were striking and peculiar. That which most impressed those who knew him best, was the exceeding kindness of his heart. The knowledge of this was a key to his character. Any newspaper editor or legislative orator who had abused him, might have approached him with the profoundest confidence, not only that he had forgiven, but actually forgotten, any calumny however gross. In that respect, at least, no man could have reduced to practice more directly, the morality of the New Testament. He cherished no antipathies, and formed no prejudices. In every relation public and private, he displayed that charity of the heart which makes a man a gentleman, despite of early associations and even of bad manners. In the liveliest sallies of his wit and humor—the last acts on which benevolence exerts its restraining influence—he never allowed himself to trench on the sensibilities of others. When he said anything from the bench approaching severity, as he sometimes did when worn down by a dull and tedious argument, no time was lost in trying, by a remark of a different kind, to wear away its effect both on the speaker and the audience. He was a sound critic in the best sense of the term, and when a harsh observation was made of one whom he knew, he was generally able to relieve its effect by pointing out some excellence which had escaped the attention of others. To the young, and especially to those who were endeavoring to become the architects of their own fortunes, he was kind, affable, and indulgent. But the picture requires higher coloring. There was something in his magnanimity, in his forgiving temper, in his kindly charity, in his capacity to appreciate excellence of any kind, in any form, which despite his apparent unconcern of manner and sluggishness of body, elicited and compelled affection. There was a true fire of the heart which glowed unceasingly and cast even the splendor of his intellect into the shade. No man ever more cordially despised a cold, calculating, spider-like lawyer, weaving day by day his miserable toils, giving up nothing, retaining his grasp on every victim of chance and folly, and employing his powers only for the production of misery and the practice of oppression. No man ever spoke into being with so little effort, ardent and permanent friendship. He sat on the Supreme Bench with sixty different Judges, none of whom owed their position to his influence, and almost all of whom, on their accession, were comparative strangers to him, and yet it may be doubted whether the purest and happiest household ever lived in more absolute harmony than he enjoyed in his personal intercourse with his associates. In regard to any body of men long associated together, this fact might be worth repeating; but in that of so many independent men, of strong intellects and wills, employed together in the daily examination of exciting questions, where conscience and duty required each man to stand by his individual judgement, the case is somewhat remarkable. His intellectual acquirements were great, and he had a right to be proud of them, but that would be a poor monument to his fame which should omit to mention those higher and finer qualities of the heart which placed him so far above the level of ordinary men.

It is almost unnecessary to speak of him as a man of integrity. I verily believe that the mere force of habit in speaking the truth and finding reasons to support it, would have driven him to the right against every corrupt influence that could have been brought to bear upon him. But the truth is, no idea opposite to that of his utmost purity as a Judge was ever associated with his name. There was something in his character, conversation, manner and appearance, which would have crushed such a thought in the bud. A man who would have approached him for the purpose of corrupting him, would have been as much disposed to fall down before him in an act of homage, as to have attempted to carry out his purpose. After a lifetime devoted to the service of his country, it is surely no mean praise of a public man that declarations like these can be uttered, with a certainty that they will be credited, not less by the suitors against whom he decided, than by the profession who practiced before him, and the community whose laws he enforced.

Not an Uncommon Case.

A traveller from Virginia, as his blooded horse, plethoric saddle-bags and haughty *insouciance* indicated, stopped at a comfortable wayside inn in Kentucky, one night, many years ago. The landlord was a jovial, whole-souled fellow, as landlords were in those days, and gave the stranger the best entertainment the table and the bar would afford, as well as his merry company to make him glad. Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around, when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway sought Boniface, and indignant at what he thought his inhospitality in setting plain whiskey before him, when the means of brewing nectar was so easy of access, he dragged him forth to the spot and pointing with his finger at the mint, he exclaimed:

"I say, landlord, will you be good enough to say what that is?"

"A bed of miut," said the somewhat astonished landlord.

"And will you please tell me what is the use of it?"

"Well, don't exactly know, 'cept the old woman dries it sometimes with the other yarbs."

The Virginian almost turned pale at the enormity of this assertion.

"And do you mean to tell me that you don't know what a mint julep is?"

"No, 'cept its something like sage tea, stranger."

"Sage tea! Go right along to the house, get a bucket of ice, loaf sugar, and your best liquor."

The landlord obeyed, and the stranger soon made his appearance with a handful of fragrant, dewy mint, and then they brewed and drank, and brewed and drank again; breakfast was over, and the stranger's horse was brought out only to be ordered back. Thro' the livelong day they brewed and drank; one or two neighbors dropped in, who were partakers, and late in the night were their orgies kept up; ere they made it bed-time, the landlord and his Virginia guest, who had initiated him into the pleasant mysteries of mint julep, were sworn brothers, and when the latter departed next morning, Boniface exacted a pledge that he would stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased, free of cost.

The stranger's business, however, detained him longer than he expected, and it was the next summer before he came back. Riding up late in the evening, he gave his horse to an old negro who was at the gate, and at the same time inquired:

"Well, Sam, how is your master?"

"Yonder him come," said the negro, pointing to a youth who was approaching.

"I mean your old master, fool."

"Old Massa, him done dead dis three months."

"Dead! What was the matter with him? He was in fine health when I left him."

"Yes, but you see, Massa Stranger, one of dem Virginny gemmans come 'long here last year, and showed him how *to eat greens in his licker;* he like it so well, he stuck to it till it kill him," said the old darkey, shaking his head.

The stranger passed a less jovial night than on his previous visit, and was off by daybreak next morning. He quieted his conscience, however in the end with the reflection that "good things are sometimes misused."

FATAL ACCIDENT—EXPRESS AGENT KILLED.—On Wednesday morning last, the express train on the Pennsylvania Railroad was thrown off the track about one mile east of Newton Hamilton, causing the death of Jermiah Kane, an express messenger. The entire train, with the exception of the last passenger car, was displaced. The engine and baggage cars were badly damaged, the engineer was slightly cut about the face, and the fireman was considerably scalded, but not dangerously. Mr. Kane was a resident of Pittsburg, a very worthy gentleman, and leaves a family to mourn their sad bereavement. The accident was caused by the disarrangement of a switch.—*Holl. Standard.*

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

THE PET BIRD.

BY VIRGINIA DE FOREST.

"Did I ever tell you how I found my Lizzie, after we had been separated for five years?" said my old friend John Leason to me.

John is the Captain now of a fine merchant vessel, the "shooting Star," but he rose from before the mast. He was the only child of old farmer Leeson, and when his parents died he went to sea. He was a boy then of some fifteen years old, and being a good active lad he soon learned to be a good seamen, and in course of years rose to command the "Shooting Star."

"Well, you see," said John, "Lizzie and I, we were lovers, a body might say, all our lives. Her father owned a farm near ours, and we went to school together. I always carried her school books, drew her on my sled in the Winter, and gave her the first of our fruit in Summer. Well, one summer Lizzie told me she wanted a bird. She had found a cage hidden away in some corner of the house, and she wanted a bird to put into it.

I talked it over with Joe and Larry, two of the school boys, and they helped me to make a trap. We watched it very carefully and one morning I went to Lizzie to tell her how the trap had sprung. She came down with the cage, and we started with Joe and Larry to secure our prize. Joe lifted the stone, and as the little prisoner crept out, I caught him under my hat. After some trouble, we put him into Lizzie's cage, where, to our great surprise, he seemed perfectly at home. Instead of beating his wings against the bars, and striving to escape, he hopped from perch to perch, turning his head with a saucy look from one side to the other, and giving chirps of apparent satisfaction. When we reached home, Lizzie's father, Mr. Harris, told us our prize was a fine bulfinch, which doubtless had escaped from some other cage. As we never heard, however, of any other owner, Lizzie kept her pet. I had heard that these birds could be taught to whistle tunes, and I determined to try and teach Cherry. I took him home and hung him in my room. Several times a day I found my excuse for going there, and each time I whistled Hail Columbia under Cherry's cage. A few weeks sufficed to perfect him in this air, and I tried another with equal success. After teaching him several national and popular airs, I taught him a cradle hymn my mother used to sing to me before she died.—It had been taught to her by an old French nurse, and I never heard any one else sing it. Cherry soon learned the little plaintive air, and as my small stock of tunes was nearly exhausted, I returned him to Lizzie. As I had kept him for two years, she was delighted to have him.

Well, as you know, my father died when I was but fifteen years old, and I went to sea. I had always longed for a sailor's life, but my love for my father kept me at home. It was hard to part with Lizzie, whom I loved so fondly, but I went away from her with the hope that when we were old enough, Lizzie would be my wife. I made many voyages, and at last rose to be first mate. Every time I came home I found Lizzie improved in beauty and education, and constant to her sailor-love. When I was first mate I made her a formal proposal, and she promised that when I was captain, and had the right to take my wife to sea, she would go with me.

My next cruise was in the Sea Gulf, and a disastrous one it was. We were wrecked off the coast of Africa, where we had gone on a trading trip, and I was the only one of the crew left to tell the tale of trouble. Fortunately, the natives were disposed to be friendly to me, and I was guided to a white colony, Port Elizabeth. I worked here at my old trade of farmer's boy for a year before I could get a passage back, and at last the vessel I obtained employment in was going a long cruise, and her home port was Norfolk. My home was a village in the west of Massachusetts, and after three years' absence I at length reached it. My coming was a matter of great astonishment. Every one supposed that I was dead, and among the rest Lizzie. I inquired for her first. Her father was dead; she thought I was too, and after waiting a weary time, hoping for my return, she had gone to Boston to learn a trade. To Boston I went, and searched for her. I advertised. I walked the streets in hopes of meeting her, day after day. I inquired in every direction but could hear no tidings of Lizzie. One place where I inquired was a milliner's store, where they had employed a girl answering my description, whose name was Lizzie, and who had married and left the city. They had forgotten her last name, but she was from the country, and I thought possibly I had found some trace of her. Tired and despairing, I again engaged as first mate, to go one year's voyage. When I returned, we landed at New York. It was nearly five years since I had seen Lizzie, but I had never forgotten her; never thought of marrying any one else.

One day when I was walking through a cross street in New York, I heard a sound that made my heart beat fast. It was a bird whistling my mother's cradle hymn. I looked up and down, and at last looked in at the window of a bird-fancier's store. There, seated on a perch, I saw a bulfinch which I was sure was my old pet and pupil. How did he get there? To make sure that I was right, I whistled some of the other tunes I had taught him, and, as I expected, he followed me with them. I rushed into the store in a perfect fever of excitement.

"Tell me," said I to the man, "where did you get that bulfinch?"

"Well, I didn't steal it," said he coolly.

How his impudence annoyed me. A woman came to the door at the back of the store.

"Why don't you tell the gentleman, Joe," said she. "Perhaps he's some relation of the poor young woman's!"

"What poor young woman," I ried. "For pity's sake tell me about the bird!"

"Well," said she, "come in here, and I'll tell you all I know about it. My, how my heart warms to a blue jacket. My George is a sailor, sir, and I love the trade for his sake."

"You see, sir, nigh on to a month ago there was a pretty looking girl came to my cousin's to board. She was from New England, and had been in New York about two years. She said she had learned dress-making, and had worked better than a year in Boston, but some friend advised her to come here. Well, she did pretty well until, from sitting too constant, her health began to fail. At the time she came to my cousin's she was pale and thin, and looked almost dying.—Well, Jane took her in, and she hadn't been there but a few days when she had to give in and go to bed sick. Her money soon gave out, and my old man offered her twenty-five dollars for this bulfinch. She was very loth to part with it, and cried a great deal about it, until my husband told her he would not sell it for awhile, and when she got better, she could buy it back, and that's all I can tell you about the bird."

"But," I cried, "where is she now? Is she better? Show me where she lives."

"Do you know her? Yes, she is better, she was sitting up this morning, but she's pining for country air, and overwork has nearly killed her. There, I see how it is.—You are the John she talked about when she was light headed, ain't you?"

"Yes; where is she?"

"You're the one that gave her the bird, ain't you?"

"Yes; for pity's sake tell me where Lizzie is."

"That's her name, sure enough. Well, go the corner, turn to the left, and the second house on this side is the one."

Scarcely waiting to thank her, I flew to find Lizzie. The house made me pause.—Was my Lizzie pining, sick, in this miserable little place? The door stood open; I went in. Dirt met me at every step. I met a ragged little child who directed me to the garret. A pale girl was seated in an old chair by the window, her head resting on the sill. I did not know her. Surely, I thought this pale thin girl can never be plump rosy Lizzie. The room was small and close, and the invalid, if she was better, must have been very ill, when she looked so fearfully sick now. While I was still standing there, she opened her eyes and saw me. She gave one cry

"John! dear John!" and rising feebly from her chair, she tottered towards me, and fell a dead faint upon the floor.

It was Lizzie! So changed that even my eyes failed to recognize her; it was still my Lizzie. When she recovered her senses, and was still weeping on my bosom, I whispered to her,

"I am Captain now, darling, and it is time for to you fulfil your promise. Let us send for a clergyman, and have the right to take you from this place, and care for you."

She consented, and before night we were all, that is Lizzie, the bulfinch and I, in a pretty, comfortable room in my pleasant boarding house. Proper food, fresh air, rest and happiness, soon restored Lizzie's health, and a trip to our old home brought the color to her cheeks. There is the bulfinch, stuffed under the glass case in the parlor. He lived to a good old age, need I say how much petted, and he died in Lizzie's hand after a fit of asthma. He crossed the ocean, in our state-room on the Shooting Star, three times, and when he died I stuffed him and put him in a post of honor in the front parlor.

THE LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN BENTON AND BUCHANAN.—An effort having been made by the two Blairs to create the impression that Mr. Benton, on his deathbed had expressed a stong disapprobation of the policy of Mr. Buchanan's administration, Mrs. Jacobs, one of the daughters of Mr. Benton, gives the following statement of what occurred between those venerable statesmen, a short time before the death of Mr. Benton, which puts to an end the vile fabrication:—

He took the president's hands in his, and said, in clear tones, "Buchanan, we are friends, we have differed on many points, as you well know, but I always trusted in your integrity of purpose. I supported you in preference to Fremont, because he headed a sectional party, whose success would have been the signal of disunion. I have known you long and I know you would honestly endeavor to do right. I have that faith in you now, but you must look to a Higher Power to support and guide you. We will soon meet in another world; I am going now, you will soon follow. My peace with God is made, my earthly affairs arranged; but I could not go without seeing and thanking you for your interest in my child." Much more was said that is too sacred to repeat. Colonel Benton was much exhausted, and Mr. Buchanan frequently urged him to spare himself. Mr. Buchanan remarked to the family that nothing had ever given him greater pleasure. When Mrs. Jacob returned to her father's room, he called her to him and said:—"My child, you are a witness of what has passed this evening; think of it and remember it. I am glad Buchanan came; all is peace with me, and I can rest.—*Washington Examiner.*

BOGUS GOLD DOLLARS.—Look out for a well gotten up gold dollar of the "bogus" kind, the result of the labors of an ingenious crew of rascally counterfeiters in Massachusetts. Nothing but strong acid will show the deception.

☞ Paulsen, the great chess player, it is said, has accepted an invitation to play at Pittsburg, in about three weeks.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And, in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a snow-flake, white and mute;
And then from slumbers, soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

O, God! if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne—
If she upon her bended knees,
Our holiest and our purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she with those soft eyes and tears,
Day after day, in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper need have we;
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven!

Beautify Your Homes.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments and ennobles the possessor. The associations that spring up around it, as the birthplace of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions as the sanctuary where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts, are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted.—The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place where we were happy yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it.—We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects.—If you will let the sunshine and dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape, and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practises to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being if he fails to fulfil this beneficent purpose of his creation.

— In the matter of newspaper corrections, we should be pleased to be in the position of that London editor, who never made contradictions. He was waited upon by a gentleman of whose hanging he had given a thrilling account the day previous, and who, the story having been fictitious, naturally desired to be restored to life. "Can't do it," replied the inflexible editor, "hanged you was by our record, and hanged you must remain.—The only thing I can do for you is to say the rope broke and you came to life again."

☞ During 1854, from August to November, there were 614 deaths from yellow fever, in Charleston, S. C. For the same time in 1856, there were 206 deaths. During the present year, between the 7th of August and the 4th of September, the disease had claimed 147 victims.

☞ Prof. Hughes ought to be presumed to know by this time the capacity of his own invention, and he says unhesitatingly that he can transmit intelligence through the cable reliable and continuously, at the rate of from 3 to 6 words per minute.

☞ It is customary to speak of the State Executive as 'Governor by the grace of God,' etc. A California paper, however, reverses the order of things by calling "Col. Weller, by the wrath of God, Governor of California."

☞ A steam Calliope is being manufactured in Worcester, composed of thirty whistles, to be sent to England.