



PERSEVERANCE, AND TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

There is at present in England an American who went to that country to endeavor to interest the capitalists in a new bridge which he has constructed. His name is REMINGTON, and he is a native of Virginia. An account of his progress is given by himself, in a letter to the late Dixon H. Lewis, and is published in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.

When he arrived in England, in January, 1847, he was without money and spent the first five months in vainly looking for somebody with enterprise enough to encourage his plan, living all the time on less than three pence per day. He slept upon straw, for which he paid a half penny per night. His limbs became distorted with rheumatism, and he was literally covered with rags and vermin, consoing as he had to do, with the lowest beggars in London. Still he did not despair. The incidents of the succeeding three months he does not relate. His sufferings were so great that his head turned gray. He had to pay to usurers £10 to obtain a shilling for admittance to the Royal Zoological Gardens, where he succeeded after much mortification, in getting the ghost of a model made of the bridge. The model, although a bad one, astonished every body. Every engineer of celebrity in London was called in to decide whether it was practicable to throw it across the lake. Four or five of them, at the final decision, declared that the model before them was passing strange, but that it could not be carried to a much greater length than the length of the model.—This was the point of life or death with the inventor. He says:—

"I was standing amidst men of the supposed greatest talents as civil engineers that the world could produce, and the point decided against me. This one time alone were my whole energies ever aroused. I never talked before—I was haggard and faint for want of food—my spirits sunk in sorrow in view of my mournful prospects—clothes I had none—yet, standing over this model, did I battle with those men. Every word I uttered came from my inmost soul, and was big with truth—every argument carried conviction. The effect on these men was like magic—indeed, they must have been devils not to have believed under the circumstances. I succeeded. My agreement with the proprietor was, that I should superintend the construction of the bridge without any pay whatever, but during the time of the building I might sleep in the Gardens, and if the bridge should succeed, it should be called "Remington's Bridge." I lodged in an old lion's cage, not strong enough for a lion, but by putting some straw on the floor, held me very well, and indeed was a greater luxury than I had for many months. The carpenters that worked on the bridge sometimes gave me part of their dinner. On this I lived and was comparatively happy.—It was a little novel, however, to see a man in rags directing gentlemanly looking head carpenters. The bridge triumphed, and the cost was £8, and was the greatest hit ever made in London.—The money made by it was astonishingly great, thousands and tens of thousands crossing it, paying toll, besides being the great attraction to the Gardens. Not a publication in London but what has written largely upon it, although I have never received a penny, nor ever will for building the bridge.

The success of his invention gave him however, celebrity, and he says it also gave him credit with a tailor. I got a suit of clothes and some shirts—a clean shirt.—O God, what a luxury! Thousands of cards were left for me at the Gardens, and men came to see the bridge from all parts of the kingdom. I first built the mill, which is the most popular patent ever taken in England. The coffee pot and many other small patents, take exceedingly well.—The drainage of Tix-all-Meadows is the greatest triumph I have yet had in England. The carriage bridge for Earl Talbot is a most majestic and wonderfully beautiful thing. Dukes, marquesses, earls, lords, &c., and their ladies, are coming to see it from all parts. I have now more orders for bridges from the aristocracy than I can execute in ten years, if I would do them. Indeed, I have been so much among the aristocracy of late, that what with high living, being so sudden a transition from starving, I have been compelled to go through a course of medicine, and am just now convalescent. Of course, any thing once built precludes the possibility of taking a patent in England, but its merits and value are beyond all calculation. A permanent, beautiful and steady bridge may be thrown across a river half a mile wide out of the reach of floods, and without anything touching the water, at a most inconsiderable expense. The American patent is well

secured at home I know. I shall continue to build a few more bridges of larger and longer spans, and one of them a railroad bridge, in order to perfect myself in them so as to commence fair when I reach America. I have a great many more accounts of my exploits since I came to Stafford; but must defer sending them until next time. I beg you will write me, for now, since a correspondence is opened, I shall be able to tell you something about England. I know it well. I have dined with earls, and from that down—down—down to where the knives, forks and plates are chained to the table for fear they should be stolen."

A NOBLE REPLY.

The Archduke John, now Vicar-General of the new German Empire, made the following reply to Mr. Donelson's speech, on presenting his credentials as Envoy Extraordinary of the United States to that new Power. It is remarkably well conceived, and contains sentiments that every American, in reading them, must feel a glow of national pride. We hope that his Administration of the affairs belonging to the new position which he now occupies, will prove to be in consonance with the just and liberal views which the terms here uttered by him would justify us in believing he really entertains:

THE ARCHDUKE'S REPLY.—"It gives me sincere joy to see an Envoy from the United States of America, accredited to the German Central Power; and my thankful acknowledgments are due for the friendly advances your government has made in this respect. These advances will serve to make the bond of fellowship and good understanding between the United States and Germany more durable. The high value I set upon this bond needs no assurance from me. My belief in its strength is increased by the conviction that the interests of the two countries, political, spiritual and material, are of a kind to guarantee the accomplishment of my hopes. Many people of German origin have found a second home in hospitable America, and have been received there with benevolence. This is a tie to make still more certain the friendship of the two nations."

"May the remembrance of your great Washington, and the blessed legacy of his wisdom, his rare virtues, and his disinterested patriotism have bequeathed to America, never cease to live among your people. I carry in my heart a sincere veneration for him, and regard him as an exalted model of all the virtues. Like him would I seek my highest fame in this, that the trust which Germany has reposed in me may be justified by my cordial and constant endeavors to found legal order, and to secure to my beloved father-land undisturbed peace from within and without. But these, my efforts, must be assisted by the friendship of foreign powers, and particularly by your noble American nation. I rely upon this friendship, and will do all I can to merit it."

"In this respect it is a good omen, Mr. Minister, that you are chosen to represent your government near me.—Your trustworthy character, your matured judgment, your affection for the German people, are already known and give you universal esteem in my fatherland. I derive from this source a satisfactory assurance that all will be done to give effect to the mutual wishes of our governments."

"I bid you welcome, from my heart, welcome!"

A FACT.

The ready wit of a true born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry.—A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his load of bricks caught the parasol in the midst of Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the looser, with a low bow which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith madam," said he as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady smilingly. "Froth, madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."—*L. Mercury.*

A PRINCIPLE.—"I hold," says a Western editor with dignified emphasis, "I hold it as a self-evident principle, that no man should take a newspaper three consecutive years, without making an apology to the editor for not paying for it."

ARISTOCRACY.

There are men—we blush to call them men—who turn up their noses at the mechanic and humble laborer. Being liberally educated as it is called—they look down with a sort of contempt on those, who in some cases have contributed to their support. "You need not despise a spinning wheel," said an old lady to her pompous son, one day, "for many a night have I worked at it to get money to send you to school." There are women, too, who will not touch a needle with their delicate hands, who laugh at the poor and industrious, who learn trades, or work in factories, for a living. "La! how unrefined they are," she says, with a scornful smile, as she lounges on the sofa, reading the last pink novel. We once knew a lady—shall we call her a lady?—of this complexion. She was loudly belaboring a poor, hard working girl, calling her low and unrefined. "Who," said she, "her father was nothing but a low mechanic." "Yes," remarked a woman present, "her father was a mechanic. I knew him well, for he lived in the same neighborhood with your mother, when she went out a washing." There, reader, if you had been present, you would have seen a strange confusion of face, and heard a van attempt to utter something too prickly to come out. It stuck in her throat. When we hear men or women speak lightly of the industrious part of the community, we feel just like tracing back their genealogy. We have done so in several instances, and you would be surprised at what we learned. The most aristocratic man of our acquaintance is the grandson of a fiddler; the proudest woman, the daughter of a wash woman. It betrays a lack of good sense to condemn or look with contempt on any virtuous person, however poor he or she may be. The wise and good respect and love goodness wherever it is found.

Music.

Every woman who has an aptitude for music or singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections is far from being perceived by many of its admirers: a sweet melody brings all hearts together, as it were with a golden cord; it makes the pulse beat in unison and all hearts thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young, a more subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy claptrap which is so popular in public. It is a mistake to suppose that to enjoy music requires great cultivation; the degree of enjoyment will, of course, vary with our power of appreciation; it is able to attract even the ignorant; and this is what the poets taught when they made Orpheus and his brethren the civilizers of the earth. In cases where musical instruments are not within reach we may modulate our voices and make them give forth sweet sounds.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—There fell under our observation yesterday—says the Kingston (N. Y.) Journal, the most singular case we have ever witnessed. The subject is a man named Snyder, aged about 35 years, residing in the town of Wawarsing, in Ulster county. Four months ago he had an attack of sickness, but recovered, and was to all appearance entirely healed. About a fortnight after his recovery he was seized with drowsiness, and for some time after slept nearly two thirds of the day. The disease continued to increase, until he would sleep two or three days without waking. When we saw him yesterday he was continuing an uninterrupted sleep of five days.—His pulse is regular, though not very full; his respiration is easy and natural, and his skin moist and cool. If food or drink be placed in his mouth he swallows it, and he walks when led by the hand and slightly supported. On Thursday last he awoke from a sleep of two days, spoke a few words and struck a lady who was in the room violently with a chair, and almost immediately after sunk into his present slumber. He is on his way to the New York Hospital.

ANECDOTE OF TOM THUMB.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, when Tom Thumb was selling his pamphlet, and greeting the ladies with a kiss, a negro woman bought one and pecked up her mouth for a salute. Tom drew back—"Ah, ah," said he, "go away, colored woman, dis child ain't gwine to 'migmatate.'" "Well, please de lor," exclaimed the negro woman in astonishment, "if he wasn't no bigger dan a mouse, he'd be sure to have suffin agin de colored population."

Thrilling Incident at the Menagerie.

Noble Gallantry of the Lion.—On Thursday of last week, during the heavy storm of wind and rain, while the extensive collection of wild beasts in the Menagerie of Messrs. Raymond and Warring were in the village of Norwalk, a feature was introduced in the exhibition not previously mentioned in the bills. About four o'clock in the afternoon a violent gust of wind blew down the canvass which forms the large pavilion, completely enveloped the spectators and cages of the animals in one common mass of confusion.

The accident happened at the time when Miss Adeline, the Lion Queen as she is styled, was performing in the den of wild beasts, and as the fright of the animals rendered them seemingly uncontrollable, great fears were entertained for the safety of that interesting young lady. At this moment a scene of indescribable terror and confusion presented itself. The roaring of the terrified beasts, the screams of women and children, and the "peltings of the pitiless storm" without, rendered the scene truly appalling. The panic, however, was but momentary, as the prompt and energetic measures taken by the managers soon cleared the wreck, no person having received the slightest injury.

But the most interesting incident remains to be told. The uproar among the lions, tigers and leopards in the performing cage, gave rise to a report that they were devouring Miss Adeline. In the next instant the canvass was stripped from the cage, when a tableau presented itself such as would defy either poet, painter or sculptor to portray with accuracy. In the centre of the den a young and beautiful lion, (the same recently presented to Gen. Cass, by the Emperor of Morocco,) in a rampant position, forming the strong feature of the picture; beneath one of his hind feet lay stretched the dead body of a leopard, and struggling within the invincible grasp of his fore paws were the tiger and surviving leopard.

In the opposite end of the cage, transfixed as a marble statue, with dauntless eye and majestic attitude, the same as when she commands the wild beasts to crouch at her feet, stood the Lion Queen Miss Adeline. The young lady states that the two leopards and the tiger made a simultaneous spring for her, at the moment the canvass was blown down, and were repulsed by the noble gallantry of the lion, who bounded between them, and protected her in the manner described. The presence of the keeper, Mr. Pierce, soon reduced the savage group to subjection, and the Lion Queen was happily relieved from a further participation in the extra performance.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Wedding Spoiled.

A curious affair came off on Sunday night, in the upper part of the city, and as the matter may come legally before the authorities, we for the present forbear to mention any names. It appears that a clerk in an importing house was to have been married on Sunday night to a young lady, the daughter of a respectable mechanic. A select party was in attendance to witness the nuptial ceremonies; and all were gay and joyous, until the ceremony was about proceeding, when the mirth was checked by the sudden entrance of a female, with a child in her arms, who rushed up to the intended bridegroom and claimed him as the father of the child. For a few minutes all was consternation. The young man denied that he had seen the woman before, and said she was deranged. The father was indignant, and for a time did not know which to believe, when the affair was ended by the female pulling out a Daguerrotype likeness of the nice young man, and exhibiting it to him, said, "You don't know me; you didn't give me this in Newburg, when you said you'd marry me." By this time the young lady, who had nearly been made the victim of a scoundrel, was taken from the room insensible. The father was about sending for the police, when, upon looking round he found that the fellow had left. The matter ended for that night, and the next day the female whom he had ruined, made complaint before the authorities to compel the fellow to take care of her child.—*N. Y. Globe.*

When Sir Nicholas Bacon, a Judge in the reign of Elizabeth, was on the bench, he was strongly importuned by a criminal to save his life on the score of relationship. "Why so?" inquired the Judge. "Why," replied the culprit, "my name is Hogg, and yours is Bacon, and hog and Bacon are so near akin, that they cannot be separated." "Aye," said Nicholas, "but you and I cannot be related unless you are hanged, for hog is not bacon till it is well hanged."

He had her there.

A very respectable looking lady stepped into a store in Washington street, a few days ago, to buy a steel reticule; the clerk handed out a great variety of sorts, sizes and prices, all of which the lady deliberately viewed, handled and commented upon; until at length having made her selection of a small one, at \$2.50, she gave the clerk a ten dollar note to deduct the amount; the clerk went to the desk, and returning, gave the lady her change.

"Why, here's but two dollars and a half!" says she.

"Exactly madam," replies the clerk.

"Well, but I gave you a ten dollar bill, sir!"

"Precisely, madam," says the polite clerk.

"This bag is two and a half, is it not?" says the lady, holding forth the purchased reticule.

"Two dollars and a half is the price madam."

"Then why do you take out seven dollars and a half, sir?"

"Why, madam, this reticule is two dollars and a half—"

"Very well, sir," says the lady.

"And that one attached to your dress beneath your cardinal, is five dollars more?" said the complaisant clerk, raising up the lady's cardinal and displaying a very handsome steel bead reticule there secreted. The lady became quite agitated, but the humane clerk assured her it was all perfectly right—

"You don't for a moment suppose sir?" said the lady in a low and husky voice "that I intended—"

"O! certainly not, madam!" said the clerk.

"O, it's all right, madam perfectly correct," continued the clerk.

"Good morning sir said the lady, bowing and grinning a ghastly smile.

"Good morning," responded the gentlemanly clerk, bowing the lady safely off out of the premises. No fancy sketch this—*Boston Mail.*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands breathe, move and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why! They did not a particle of good in the world; none were blest by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote—not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insect of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of ten thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name—your deeds—will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in Heaven.

GENEROUS, THOUGH FRUGAL.—Some ladies, collecting for a charitable institution, waited on a rich financier to solicit a donation. Overhearing him finding fault with a clerk who had thrown away a pen which, might have been serviceable, "Our visit is in vain," said one of the ladies, in a low voice; "there is nothing to be expected for the poor from a man who is so stingy about an old pen." They were, however, astonished when the financier most graciously gave them a large sum of money. They could not resist telling him what their apprehensions were in respect to the pen, when he answered them: "Ladies it is by introducing the strictest economy in the arrangements of my house, that I am able to do that which enables me to contribute to the very charitable institutions for which you are collecting."

Something from a Wit.

A droll fellow was asked by an old lady to read the newspaper, and taking it up he began as follows:

"Last night yesterday morning about two o'clock in the afternoon before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old bought a sip custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick stone wall made out of logs nine feet thick, and jumping over under it broke his ankle off right above the knee, fell into a dry pond and was drowned.—About forty years afterwards on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers, a dead horse kicked a blind man's eye out, a hurricane came down like a zephyr and blew Yankee Doodle on the frying pan, and knocked down Bill's boots off the kitchen shelf and killed an old pig and nine dead sows at Bosting where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter." The old lady taking a long breath, exclaimed, "did he live? Du tell!"

The lower Class—Who are they?

The toiling millions, the laboring man and woman, the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inventor, the producer? Far from it!—These are natures nobility—God's favorites—the salt of the earth. No matter whether high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are surely the "upper circles" in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not low—it is the duty, privilege, and pleasure, for the great man and the whole souled woman, to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architect of their own fortunes.—Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact the middle classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest.—If there is a class of human beings on earth, who may properly be denominated low, it is those who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without doing any thing in aid of themselves.

Falling from Grace.

Zedekiah Broadhead, was a man somewhat less of stature than Goliath of Gath, though possessing perhaps as much physical strength. So the village wrestlers thought, when out of sport, he took up a whole handful of them and dashed them on the ground. During a religious revival, Zedekiah was converted and joined the Methodist Church. One evening, while on his way from his class meeting, he was assailed by half a dozen of his former companions, shouting:

"Now Zed has become a christian and cannot fight: let's give him a thrashing." "Hold a moment," interposed Zed, putting forth an arm as long as a rail; "I know a Christian cannot fight; but I belong to a denomination who believe in falling from grace—and," continued the convert, planting his foot more firmly on the earth, and towering up like a giant in the moon-light, his arms falling back to an angle of forty-five degrees, "If I should fall from grace," here he lowered his voice to a tone of ominous solemnity, and advanced three paces towards his retreated assailants.—"If I should fall from grace, wo be to you!"

The scamps overawed by a doubt of the saint's perseverance, decamped with precaution, leaving Zed as Apollyon left Christian, to go on his way rejoicing.

A western jury sitting on a trial for stealing a jug of whiskey, rendered the following verdict: "We, the jury find the defendant not guilty, and recommend him to mercy—the Sheriff to treat the jury—the attorney to pay the costs, and the Judge to fill the jug which the defendant drank out of, and which the jury have emptied during the trial."

An Unworthy Shepherd.

Rev. Isaac W. Wallace has been cutting up queer shins in the Grand River country, Missouri. The chronicle says he claimed to be an authorized preacher of the Christian church—representing himself to be a widower—fell in love with a girl just turned into womanhood—and then they thought of enquiring what manner of man he was. It turned out that he had a wife and children near Spencer, Ia., whom he had deserted. When this information was received in a letter from the Post Master of that town, Parson Wallace put out, and when last seen he was between Cox's Mill and Linets, going it with the speed of the locomotive.—*St. Louis Republican.*

IMPROVED CIDER MILL.—At Madison New Jersey, there is a cider mill which consumes about twelve hundred bushels of apples per day. The apples are not ground or broken by squeezing between the nuts, as in the common cider mill, but they are cut into very thin slices by very thin knives, around two revolving cylinders, and then pressed in a machine, from which the juice comes out entirely free from the pulp and other things which are found in new cider at the old mills, the cider retaining its sweetness a much longer time.

The price of apples was perhaps never lower than this year. The farmers bring them by the wagon load ten or fifteen miles, and sell them at the mill for five cents a bushel.—*Jour. Com.*

WORKING BOTH WAYS!—A gentleman, being forced to sell a pair of his oxen to pay his servant his wages, told his servant he could keep him no longer, not knowing how to pay him the next year. The servant answered him, he would serve him for more of his cattle. "But what shall I do," said the master, "when all my cattle are gone?" The servant replied, "You shall then serve me, and so you will get your cattle again."