The People's Advocate.

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THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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One Column,	do	do	15 00
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Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions required.

Poetry.

Invocation of Death.

Come to the grave's quiet slumber,
Passionate heart;
At the dread sound of thy doorning,
Why dost thou start?
Oft didst thou sorrow and languish,
Willing to go;
Wearily weeping—lamenting—
Heavy with woe;
Now is the time of thy calling,
Why dost thou shrink?
Why dost thou turn with such loathing
From the grave's brink?

Soft is the depth of its shadow,
See thou and mark;
Peaceful the bed now preparing
In the chill dark!
Here the wild sea of life's tumult
Ceaseth to roar;
Here the pain fever of love
Veyeth no more:
Here, shall no sound of reproaches,
Bitterly said,
Filling the heart with hot aching,
Trouble the dead!

Here are no partings—no leaving
Friends dearly joined;
Here is no sobbing and moaning
Borne on the wind;
Here shall no hopes, fondly cherished,
Crumble away:
Calm in its white shroud, and painless,
Lies the still clay.
Though all the schemes it was planning
On the high earth
Wrecked, ere the hour of fulfilment,
Die in their birth!

Come! wish what thought dost thou linger?
Hast thou not tried
All the world's promising pleasures?
Which doth abide?
Which of them blest thy attainment?
Water on Sand!
Wild flowers, whose stalks have been broken
By a child's hand!
Which of them failed thee not always
When most desired;
Mocking with unsought fruition,
When the heart tired?

Hath not the friend of thy bosom
Broken his trust?
Were not the loved of thy kindred
Laid in the dust?
Did not thy foes and oppressors
Rise and grow proud?
While the heads sank of thy kind ones,
Humbled and bowed?
Why wouldst thou mournfully linger
In a bad world?
Bark, which the storm blast hath beaten,
Get thy sail furled!

Come! thou shalt know the deep quiet
Yearned for in vain,
When thou wert maddened with striving,
Weary of pain.
Come! thou shalt meet all thy dear ones,
Lost long ago,
In the old days, when their dying
Wrung thee with wo!
Earth—for thy burial, lorn one—
Opens her breast;
Deeply thy bed hath been hollowed,
Come to thy rest!

Miscellany.

From the Saturday Courier.

The Temptation of Washington.

A Tradition of the Wissahikon Cliff.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There are days in winter when the air is soft and balmy as the early days of summer, when, in fact, that glad maiden May seems to blow her warm breath in the grim face of Febuary, until the rough old warrior laughs again.

It was on a day like this that the morning sunshine streaming over a high rock that frowns there, far above the Wissahikon.

A high rock—attainable only by a long, winding path—fenced in by the trunks of giant pines whose boughs, in the days in winter, form a canopy overhead.

This rock is covered by a carpet of ever green moss.

And near this nook—this chamber in the forest, for it was nothing less—sate an old man, seperated from it by the trunks of the large pines, whose boughs concealed his form.

That old man had come here alone, to think over his two sons, now freezing at Valley Forge—for, though the father was a Tory, yet his children were Continentals.—He was a well-meaning man, but some half crazy ideas about the Divine Right of the British Pope, George the third, to rule this Continent, and murder and burn as he pleased—lurked in his brain, and kept him back from the camp of Washington.

And in this bright morning in February, he had come here, alone, to think the matter over.

And while he was pondering this matter over, whether George the Pope or George the Rebel was in the right—he heard the tramp of a war steed not far off, and looking between the trunks of the pines he saw a man, of noble presence, dismount from his grey horse, and then advance into the quiet nooks of the moss-carpeted rocks, encircled by giant pines.

And now, leaving the aged Tory to look upon this man for himself, let us look on him, with our own eyes.

As he comes through those thick boughs, you behold a man, more than six feet high, with his kingly form enveloped in a coarse grey overcoat; a chapeau on his forehead, and beneath the skirts of that grey coat, you may see the military boots and the end of a scabbard.

And who is this man of kingly presence, who comes here alone, to pace this moss-covered rock, with drooped head and folded arm?

Come, my friends, and look upon him—let me show you—not this figure of mist and frost-work, which some historians have called WASHINGTON—But Washington, the living, throbbing, flesh and blood Washington! Yes, WASHINGTON THE MAN.

Look upon him, as he paces that moss-covered rock, see that eye burn, that muscular chest heave under the folded arms.

Ah, he is thinking of Valley Forge! Of the bloody foot prints in the snow, of those three hidious figures that sit down in the huts of Valley Forge together—Disease, and Starvation, and Nakedness.

Look, as those dark hidious thoughts crowd on his soul, he falls on his knees, he prays the God of Heaven to take his life, as an offering for the freedom of his native land!

And as that prayer startles the still woods, that grey coat falls open, and discloses the blue and gold uniform, the epaulette and the sword hilt.

Then the agony of that man, praying there in the silent woods, praying for his country, now bleeding in her chains, speaks out, in the flashing of the eye, in the beaded sweat, dripping from the brow!

Ah, kings of the world, planning so coolly your schemes of murder, come here, and look at George Washington, as he offers his life a sacrifice for his country!

Ah, George of England, British Pope, and good-natured Idiot, that your are, now counting in your royal halls, how many more men it will take to murder a few thousand peaceful farmers, and make a nation drink your tea, come here to this rock of the Wissahikon, and see, King and Pope as you are, George Washington in council with his God!——

My friends, I can never think of that man in the wilds of Wissahikon—praying there, alone; praying for his country, with the deep agony in his heart and on his brow, without also thinking of that dark night in Gethsemane, when the blood-drops started from the brow of Jesus, the Blessed Redeemer, as he plead for the salvation of the world!

Now look! As Washington kneels there, on that moss-covered rock, from those green boughs steps forth another form—tall as his own—clad in a coarse grey coat, with boots and scabbard seen below its skirts, with the chapeau on his brow.

That stranger emerges from the boughs—stands there unperceived, gaznig in silence on the kneeling warrior.

A moment passes!

Look! Washington has risen to his feet—he confronts the stranger.

Now, as that stranger, with a slight bow, uncovers his forehead, tell me, did you ever see a stronger, stranger resemblance between two men than between these two, who now confront each other in silence, under the shade of those dark pines?

The same height, breadth of chest, sinewy limbs, nay, almost the same faces—save that the face of the stranger, sharper in outline, lacks that calm conciousness of a great soul, which stamps the countenance of Washington.

That resemblance is most strange—their musclar forms are clad in the same blue coats—their costumes are alike, but hold—

The stranger throws open his overcoat—you behold the hangman's dress, that British uniform, flashing with gold and stars! Washington starts back, and lays his hnad on his sword.

And as these two men, so strangely alike, meet there by accident, under that canopy of boughs, one wandering from Valley Forge, one from Philadelphia—let me tell you at once that the stranger is no other than the Master Butcher of the Idiot king, Sir William Howe.

Yes, there they meet, the one the impersonation of Freedom—the other the tinselled lacquey of a Tyrant's will!

We will listen to their conversation: it is brief but important.

For a moment the British General stood spell-bound before the man whom he crossed the ocean to entrap, and bring home; the Rebel, who had lifted his hand against the Right Divine of the British Pope! To that Britist General there was something awful about the soldier who could talk with his God as Washington had talked a moment ago.

"I cannot be mistaken," at last said Sir William Howe; "I behold before me the cheiftain of the Rebel army, *Mister Washington*?"

Wahington coolly bowed his head.

"Then this is a happy hour! For we together can give peace and freedom to this happy land!"

At this word Washington strated with surprise—advanced a step—and the exclaimed—

"And who, sir, are you that thus boldly promises peace and freedom to my country?"

"The commander of his Majesty's forces in America!" said Howe, advancing along the wood hidden rock towards Washington. "And oh, sir, let me tell you that the king, my master, has heard of your virtues, which alone dignifies the revolt with the name of war, and it is to you he looks for the termination of this most disastrous contest."

Then Washington, whose pulse had never quickened before all the panoply of British arms, felt his heart flutter in his bosom, as that great boon was before his eyes, peace and freedom to his native land?

"Yes," continued Howe, advancing another step, "my king looks to you for the termination of this unnatural war. Let rebellion once be crushed—let the royal name finally established by your influence, and then, sir, behold the gratitude of King George to *Mister* Washington."

As he spoke, he placed in the hands of Washington a massive parchment, sealed with the broad seal of England, signed with the manuel of King George.

Washington took the parchment, opened it—read it—his face did not change a muscle. And yet that parchment named *Mister* George Washington, "GEORGE WASHINGTON DUKE OF MOUNT VERNON, *our well beloved servant*, VICEROY OF AMERICA!

Here was a boon for the Virginia planter—here was a title and a power for the young man, who was one day struggling for his life amid floating ice, on the Allegheny.

For a moment the face of Washington was buried in that parchment, and then, in a low deep voice, he spoke—

"I have been thinking," said he, "of the ten thousand brave men who have been massacred in this quarrel. I have been thinking of the dead at Bunker Hill—Lexington—Quebec—Trenton—yes, the dead of Saratoga—Brandywine—Germantown."

"And the King," continued Washton, with a look and tone that would have cut in two a heart of marble, "would have me barter the bones of the dead for a ribbon and a title!"

And then, while Howe shrunk, cowering back, that Virginia planter, Washington, crushed that parchment into the sod, with the heel of his warrior boot—yes trampled that title, that royal name, into one mass of rags and dust.

"That is my answer to your king!"

And then he stood, with scorn on his brow and in his eye, his outstretched arm pointing at that minion of King George.

Wasn'st that a picture for the pencil of an angel? And now that British General, recovering from the first surprise, grew red as his uniform with rage.

"Your head! he gasped, clinching his hand, "your head will yet redden the traitor's block!"

Then Washington's hand sought his sword, then his fierce spirit awoke within him, it was his first impulse to strike that braggart quivering into the dust.

But in a moment he grew calm.

"Yours is a good and great King," he said, with his usual stern tone. "At first he is determined to sweep a whole continent with but five thousand men, but he soon finds that his five-thousand must swell to twenty-five thousand men, before he can ever begin his work of murder. Then he sacrifices his own subjects by thousands—and butchers peaceful farmers by tens of thousands—and yet his march of victory is not even begun. Then, if he conquer the city capital of the continent, victory is sure! Behold! the city in his grasp, yet still the hosts of freedom defy him even from the huts of Valley Forge!

"And now, as a last resource, your king comes to the man whose head yesterday was sought, with a high reward, to grace the gates of London—he offers that rebel a dukedom, a vice-regal sceptre! And yet that rebel tramples the Dukedom into the dust, that rebel crushes into atoms the name of such a king."

Ah, never spaniel skulked from the kick of his master as that General Howe cringed away from the presence of Washington—mounted his horse, was gone!

One word with regard to the aged tory, who had beheld this scene from yonder bushes, with alternate wonder, admiration, and fear.

That tory went home—"I have seen George Washington at prayer," said he to his wife: "the man who can trample upon the name of the king as he did, pray to God as he prayed, that man cannot be rebel or a bad man. To-morrow I will join my sons at Valley Forge."

From the New York Observer.

WISCONSIN PRAIRIES; WESTERN PROGRESS.

MADISON, WICONSIN, Sept. 5, 1846.

In 1836, when the territory of Wisconsin was formed from the domain of Michigan, this place was fixed upon as the seat of government, literally beyond the bounds of civilization some seventy miles, in a course almost due West from Milwaukie. At that time there was a single log cabin here, and the entire population living within the territorial limits something over 11,000. In 1840 it amounted to 31,000. The State census of last June exhibits an increase to more than 150,000, to which, it is thought by competent judges, twenty thousand have since been added!

As rapid as has been the increase of population in many of the Western States and Territories, that of this greatly transcends them all. Indeed one can scarcely believe it possible that there has not been an over estimate; and there would be ample room for doubt, were not the facts confirmed by the best and strongest evidence. Men are literally coming here by droves, to upturn the rich, mellow soil of the whole prairies, and dot them over with shanties and cabins.

The present population of this city, for it has been incorporated during the present year, is between 700 and 800. For beauty of situation it is rarely surpassed. It lies in a valley, betwixt two lakes, one three and a half, and the other six miles in length, the waters of which are remarkably clear and pure. There are several other lakes in the vicinity, and the view, from the dome of the neat and commodious State House, of these and the surrounding country, made up of oak groves, and rolling prairies, and undulating hills, is of the most picturesque description. To one in pursuit of a spot where he may sit in quiet to watch for the lagging footsteps of returning health, I know of few lovelier or better than this.

One who crosses the Southern borders of Illinois without having seen the northern or central portion of the State, and knowing nothing of Iowa and Wisconsin from personal observation, will incline to the opinion that the praises which some have lavished upon the beauty and fertility of the West, have had no foundation in truth. In his journeyings he meets little else than half marshy bottoms and level prairies. But as he turns his face northward the scene begins to change, and the hand of variety to unfold her checkered map. The vastness of the prairie is relieved by gentle undulations; the woods have less of density, and seem to invite to pleasant walks; and as he passes into this or the adjoining territory, he finds still more of variety and beauty, which increase upon him until he takes up the song that others have sung, and if he be like myself, strives to deepen the strain.

Certainly the loveliest views which I have had of "Prairie Land," have been in Wisconsin. It was but yesterday that, coming across from Mineral Point, a thriving place some fifty miles from here, where considerable mining is carried on—we struck into a prairie, the sight of which should be enough to thrill a stoic. Just as far as the eye could reach in one direction, it presented an almost endless succession of gentle swells, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass and flowers, with many a variation of sunlight and shade, and a clear outline appearing to lie directly along the sky. Looking to the left, at the distance of a few miles, the dark green tops of a stretch of trees were to be seen, while directly ahead, its woody summit hung round with the haze of noon, rose, like a giant in the wilderness, one of the Blue mounds. There was no overwhelming sublimity or grandeur in the scene. It wanted ruggedness—more of conspicuousness in expression, to give it this. Yet there was a vastness of beauty, a delicacy of contour and filling up, combined with a single bold and massive stroke, to make a picture capable of inspiring and sustaining a feeling of calm intensity such as one does not often experience even on the prairie.

I do not know that any thing like a fair and full attempt has yet been made to gather and classify the flowers which bloom on the prairies. It would be a difficult and almost endless task; for while there are a few varieties which are met every where, scarcely a day passes in which the traveler does not meet others which are "rich and strange." From the spring until late in the autumn there is a monthly succession, and those who have not seen them have but little idea of the peculiar beauty of many of them, and the profuseness of all. They are generally small; the largest I have seen is the dwarf sun-flower, about the size of the common June rose. In the "*slues*"—if I were to call them sloughs few here would understand me—the most delicate kinds are usually found. In the vicinity of these one can pick twenty or thirty different flowers in an hour.

If it had not become such an old story, I should be tempted to say something about the present prospective greatness of the west to speak of its capacious adaptedness to the wants of man, and the controlling political influence it must eventually exert, not only upon the institutions of our own land, but more or less upon those of the world. But this subject, in this aspect, has at least grown stale, if not threadbare.

GREAT CURIOSITIES.

To the Editor of the Journal of Commerce:

Feeling an interest in the National Museum, whose formation you have announced, I beg leave to offer the following curiosities for the acceptance of the managers:

The tail of an Irish Bull.

Some sand from time's hour-glass.

A torn ruffle from Love's last shift.

The iron, from the plane of the ecliptic.

A quandary, with a man in it.

Part of the patch with which O'Connel's rent was mended.

Half a dozen feathers from a gin-cock-tail.

A fishing-rod and two walking-sticks made of Hurricane.

A knock-down argument, and the impression it made.

The world in miniature; very old copy,—faded.

A pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness.

The march of mind arranged for a full orchestra, with a trumpet obligato, by Fame.

Some bristles from the last brush with the Mexicans, and a little of Ampudia's dander on them.

A fluke from the anchor of Hope.

Whiskers and noses, from a masked battery.

The shadow of the meat the dog saw in the water.

A pair of sculls from a White-Hall boat, and a table showing the phreenological developements.

A bottle of the smoke that Mr. Polk's messages ended in.

Some ten-penny nails, made of a fragment of the Iron Duke.

A finger-post, from the road to ruin.

Music of the spheres, original score.

The cap of a climax.

Musket and powder-horn of a shooting star.

The faith that Henry the VIII, defended, rather the worse for the scuffle.

A boot from the last of the Mohegans, one of the spurs of the Rocky Mountains on the heel.

The pearl that Cleopatra drank; and the two diamonds that cut one another.

A silk tassel from the staff of life.

The afternoon of the Dey of Algiers.

Some of the eels that are used to being skinned.

A pair of pointers, from the Great Bear; well trained.

A hinge from the gates of death, and some of the snuff that the child wasn't quite up to.

I hold these things subject to your order, and should I find any thing farther worthy of a place on the shelves of the Museum, shall inform you.

A GREAT COUNTRY.—This country has a frontier of more than 10,000 miles. We have a line of sea coast of nearly 4000, and a lake coast of 1200 miles. One of our rivers is twice the size and length of the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio river is 600 miles longer than the Rhine, and the Hudson has a navigation 120 miles longer than the Thames. The single State of Virginia is a third larger than England. Ohio contains 5,120,000 acres more than Scotland, from Maine to Ohio is farther than from London to Constantinople; and so we might go on and fill columns, enumerating distances, rivers, lakes, capes and bays, with comparative estimates of size, power, and population.

A "Sucker" in a Warm Bath.

BY EVERPOINT.

Our friend Louis, of the "Italian Baths," has just about the nicest arrangement in the shape of a bath that an up river man can desire; but still he hasn't, after all, got the "latest touch" in the way of his cocks—and that we found out recently, at the St. Charles' Hotel, New Orleans. We called in to see an old acquaintance who had more stretch to her girdle than most folks—resembling nothing fleshy, in petticoats, except it be Falstaff disguised as the "fat woman of Brentford," in the Merry Wives. We were shown into a bathing room, and there we discovered that a patent new plan of "letting on" and "letting off" the water had been introduced. We saw a shining brass plate, with three polished handles, having a "crank" turn, and elegantly lettered beneath, "Hot," "Cold," "Waste."

"Do you understand the cocks?" said Mrs. Comfed.

"Oh, certainly," said we—for the credit of St. Louis and "Italian Baths." The fat mistress of the mysteries shut herself out; we went to work very confidently at the handle, heard a desperate *gurgling* up thro' polished gratings in the bottom of the *tub*—prepared ourselves leisurely for the luxury, and; but we have another story to tell about the matter, and, as that other is the rather richer of the two, we shall only say, that between the "hot" and "cold," we never were so *cocked* in our life. After a desperate struggle, we managed to get a bath on the "improved plan," without exposing our ignorance, we left the place, and were met at the corner by a rough but estimable friend from Northern Illinois; one who has made a fortune among the "diggins" and one who can afford to take a "splurge" every now and then in the south; so he terms his occasional visits to the larger cities.

"You haint been taken' a bath, hev yet?" said he.

"Oh, yes;" was the reply.

"In them are confounded brass handled consarns?"

"Yes," said we, "a great improvement; obviates the inconvenience of the noise, and dash of the old plan."

We hope that this public confession may prove some atonement; but we certainly did talk to our more ingenuous friend unblushingly. He roared out laughing, and gave us his own experience of the matter.

"Old Mrs. Comfed was there," said he, "asked me if I knew the cocks, and I told her yes, in course; cause I'd bathed a few I reckon, though not with them kind o' fixins; I takes and turns 'em all, and there was all kinds of sputter below, but when ready there wasn't a mite of water in the blasted thing! It just nat'rally run out as fast as it run in, and then I know'd what waste meant. Well, I just fusses with it first up, and then down, and then one side and then t'other, till I allowed I'd shut the darned thing up, cause the tub began to fill. Well, it kept fillin', and fillin', till I reckoned it was about full, and then in I went, one leg, but; holy Egypt! out again I cum, howling! The cussed, eternal cold one hadn't worked, I s'pose, and I couldn't a come out wuss from a seven biler explosion! Old 700 weight knocked at the door; "Perhaps yees dont understand the cocks," says she.—"Cock thunder!" I sung out; but I didn't want her in, to laugh at me, and I wasn't exactly fit to be seen by a lady, either, if she was fat, so I said it was nothin' and tried hard to get the hang of the consarned handles. But by this time the tub was quite full, and bilin' at that, and I kept turnin' and waggin' till I rather guess I must have started the cold one without stopping the hot one, and as it was brimmin' full before, it now nat'rally run over, and *prehaps* there wasn't the darndest *rise* all over that carpet, in about two minutes, that you ever did see! The cussed cocks *wouldn't* stop; *none* on 'em, an' I a hoppin' about in the water, and had to sing out for old *fatty*, any how. I'd rather gin a farm, by thunder, but out I hopt, and half opened the door, 'fore I recollected my *costoome!* Back went old fatty against the centre table and broke a pitcher, and I hopped on to a chair and in my pants, and then I broke for one of the opposite bathing rooms, and locked myself in, and told the old woman I'd gin her ten dollars if she would swab up, and hand me my shirt, and say nothin' about it! I dout know whether she has or not, but I almost died a laffin', spite of my scalded leg, whenever I think of it!"

"I tell you what," added our sucker friend, "I dont mind your having a laugh, but if you go to publishin' this in the Reveille, I'll shoot you by gosh!"

We beg to assure our readers that we consider ourselves shot.——*St. Louis Reveille.*

NOTHING LOST.—It is well said that nothing is lost. The drop of water that is spilt, the fragment of paper that is burnt, the plant that rots on the ground, and all that perishes and is forgotten, equally seeks the atmosphere, and all is there preserved, and thence daily returned for use.—*McCulloch.*

The following claims paternity of the N. Y. Mirror:

Conundrum.—Why is a pig on a spit like a missionary?

Because it goes round *doing good.*

☞ Do not forget to arrange your fall and winter's work so as to send your boys to school. Be kind to your flocks and remember the poor, and fail not to take a good family newspaper to read during the long winter evenings.

☞ The Washington Union says:—"We understand that Captain Thornton has left Washington for the south, to rejoin his banners in Mexico. We congratulate both the army and himself on his return to the active service which he is so well qualified to adorn.

THE PROPER TIME FOR CUTTING TIMBER.—Nine-tenths of the community think winter the time for this purpose, but the reason assigned, that "the sap is in the roots," shows its futility, as it is evident to the most superficial observer that there is nearly the same quantity of sap in the tree at all seasons. It is less active in winter, and like all other moisture, is congealed during the coldest weather; yet when not entirely frozen, circulation is never stopped in the tree. Reason or philosophy would seem to indicate that the period of the maturity of the leaf, or from the last of June to the first of November, is the season for cutting timber in its perfection. Certain it is, that we have numerous examples of timber cut within this period, which has exhibited a durability twice or three times as great as that cut in winter, when placed under precisely the same circumstances. After it is felled, it should at once be peeled, drawn from the woods, and elevated from the ground to facilitate drying; and if it is intended to be used under cover, the sooner it is put there the better. Wood designed for fuel, will spend much better when cut as above mentioned and immediately housed, but as this is generally inconvenient from the labor of the farm being then required for the harvesting of the crops, it may be more economical to cut it whenever there is most leisure.—*Allen's American Agriculture.*

PAINTING HOUSES.—Paint applied to the exterior of buildings late in the autumn or winter, will endure twice as long as when applied early in summer or hot weather. In the former case it dries slow and becomes hard like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterwards by weather, or the beating of storms. But in very hot weather, the oil of the paint soaks into the wood at once, as into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry and ready to crumble off.—*Cultivator.*

PERSEVERANCE.—The Chinese tells us of one of their countrymen who had been making strenuous efforts to acquire literary information, who discouraged by difficulties, at length gave up his books in dispair. As he was returning to manuel labor, he saw an old woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone; on being asked the reason, she replied she was in want of needle, and thought she could rub down the crowbar till she got it small enough. The patience of the aged female provoked him to another attempt, and he succeeded in obtaining the rank of the first three in the empire.—*Medhurst.*

IRISH MODE OF BOILING POTATOES.—Wash the potatoes clean without breaking or cutting the skins. Drop them into a pot of boiling water, adding a little salt, and let them remain until sufficiently soft for a fork to be easily thrust through them. Pour off the liquid in which they have been boiled, and dash in cold water in its stead. Let the potatoes remain two minutes; pour off the cold water; put them over a slow fire, the pot-lid partially removed, and let them steam until nearly dry. Then peel, and place them on the table in an open dish.

LYING LOOSE.—Sometime since two or three gentlemen in a neighboring town called upon Mr. D. and he prepared an Egg Nogg for his friends, of which they drank pretty freely. Mrs. D. a very amiable lady becoming somewhat displeased, retired.

At length Mr. D. lighted his friends to bed. He was, however, unwilling to go to bed himself as he felt a little *unsteady*; recollecting that some one had said, "to drink sweet milk will destroy the effects of spirits," he stepped into the room door, and inquired of his wife if there was any milk in the house?

"There is some on the table," she replied.

He examined, but could find none; returning to the door, he said,

"Mary, O Mary, didn't you say say there was some milk here?"

"Yes, there is some on the table."

After a second unsuccessful search, he went again to the room door, and said,

"Mary, my dear, is that milk in anything, or is it just lying loose!

An Honest Life.

The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time! a vast desert lies open in retrospect: wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man; and you are to go a little further, where you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with innumerable events, which come not in succession, bursting forcibly from a revolting and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

Wreck of Mind.

There is something fine in the wreck of a noble character, if the word can be legitimately applied to him whose only associations are those of melancholy. The grandeur of human nature is often seen in its ruins—and the mind whose early aspirations were those that form the hero or the man of genius, loses not, even when its best energies are crushed, all the elements of greatness. There is a lingering dignity which crime cannot deaden, nor abasement destroy; a loneliness of feeling which seems like banishment, a sensitiveness of suffering, which no repeated wounds can dull; a harrowing, rankling thought that still points to the past, and with a fiendish laugh compares the present with the sunny visions of happier days. But those hearts were stung to feel the impulses of the loftiest sentiments, not the master powers of reason and elevation of thought alone, but the nicer touches that thrill like pulses of the soul; to see the prostration of all the ideas they once fondly worshipped, whether virtue, glory, or self respect, turns the fire, which can only be quenched with life, against itself, and forms as dangerous as the other is sad. The one like the chained eagle, droops in stately languishing; but the other, like the poisoned scorpion, strikes its sting into its own head and dies.