The People's Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

JOS. BOYD.

(Office on the west side of the Public Avenue.)

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR a year in advance. One Dollar Fifty Cents if not paid within three months, and if delayed until after the expiration of the year two dollars will be exacted.

Discontinuances optional with the Publishers, unless arrearages are paid.

Letters to the Publishers on business with the office must be post-paid to insure attention.

Poetry.

The Exile at Rest.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His Eagle flag unroll'd—and froze.

Here sleeps he now alone; not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now alone: the star
That led him on from crown to crown
Hath sunk; the nations from afar
Gazed as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone: the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch; the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curl'd,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! Comes there from the Pyramids,
And from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him? No:

The only, the perpetual dirge
That's heard there is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

Miscellany.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY MRS. BUTLER.

Rising a long ascent, called *La Montagnes des Taillandes*, we came to some important works which are being carried on for the formation of the great canal, to transport the waters of the Durance to Marseilles—an immense undertaking, and one which will reflect the highest credit, and confer the utmost benefit upon that town. Just as we reached the summit, I observed a mass of buildings, which had the appearance of some villa; but so singularly situated, that if they were indeed such, the owner must have had the taste of a trappist. Into the hollow cup of an arid glaring valley, surrounded by arid glaring hills, one single spur covered with dark pines ran like a green promontory, on the top of which, overlooking this scene of desolation, rose the dwelling in question. A more solitary abode or sadder prospect I cannot well conceive, for the deep blue evergreen of the fir is the most mournful of all nature's infinite varieties of green; and, except the barrenness around it, nothing could be less cheerful than this forest of unchanging trees. After crossing this mountain, the country assumed a somewhat more fertile appearance: vineyards, olive, and almond orchards, diversified the prospect; and though the silver-grey foliage of the olive is far from lively, it was a great relief to see any thing with any leaves at all after the desolate district we had just passed through. We reached Aix by early moonlight, and driving just within the barrier, alighted at a species of coffee-house to obtain some refreshments.

Having taken nothing since breakfast, we were glad to get a bowl of soup and some grapes, fortified with which we returned to the dilligence and pursued our way. The moonlight betrayed but little of the scene through which we were passing, and the chief incidents of the road were the interminable string of huge, heavy, lumber-wagons, journeying slowly along under their wealthy load of southern produce: and the enormous barn occurring at every quarter of a mile, whose vast open portals invited the drivers of these ponderous equipages to repose themselves and their teams. Presently, as we reached the brow of a steep ascent, my eyes, which were questioning the imperfectly lighted landscape with the eager desire of a long cherished expectation about to be realized, rested on a broad expanse of smooth brightness reaching to the horizon—a silver shield set in ebony—it was the Mediterranean, the sea of many memories. *Salve! salve! salve!* I could hardly believe the first impression that it must be so, when one of my companions, who had regretted my losing the day-light view of the entrance to Marseilles, confirmed it with, "Tenez, Madame. Voila la Mediterranee!"

The long suburb through which we now passed appeared interminable, but a little after eight our journey was accomplished, and we reached the dilligence office, where my two companions left me running about the court-yard in quest of my luggage, without a single offer of service or word of civility—not even the decent form of the traveller's leave-taking. It is now twenty years since I was in France; and the common opinion of English people, and of French themselves, too, is that they have very much departed from the affable and courteous manners which were once a sort of national characteristic among them. If my present progress from one end of France to another, in every variety of public conveyance, afford any opportunity of judging, I should certainly incline to that opinion; there appears a total absence of the reference to other people's convenience and pleasure, which certainly did formerly distinguish the French people of every class. The desire of pleasing which exhibited itself frequently dully to a stranger, but often in very graceful expression of courtesy and kindness, appears to have given way to a selfish disregard of others, which manifests itself in a rudeness of department quite as offensive as the sullen mixture of pride and shyness which so long distinguished the travelling English wherever they were met with.—While losing the graces of their (perhaps superficial) politeness, the French have acquired none of the decorum and decency of deportment, the absence of which was always severely felt in the midst of the most courteous demonstrations; and while acquiring something of the selfish morose carriage of our people, they have failed to adopt one particle either of their cleanliness or propriety of person, language or manners. Thus, a Frenchman hawks and spits close to your cheek, blows his nose like a trumpet in your ear, and yawns and coughs under your nose. Their language is frequently positively indecent, and the tone of it often borders upon what Englishmen would consider unwarrantable freedom. I do not wonder Frenchwomen do not travel much, but I sincerely hope that before long they may be induced to do so, as nothing else, probably, will render Frenchmen tolerable travelling companions to the women, who at present have the misfortune to be thrown in public conveyances into their society. Englishmen are the only men I know who, met thus accidentally on the road, are generally perfectly inoffensive in their persons, manners, language and deportment; on the other hand, courtesy, civility, or any species of assistance, is not to be expected from them; they will take care not to insult or annoy you, but as for assisting or entertaining their chance companions, that is certainly not their *specialite*.

The very cheap rate of travelling in America, which enables every body, without exceptions, to travel, and the absence of all distinction of place or price in the public conveyances, which compels every body to travel together, of course brings refined and fastidious pilgrims into most painful proximity with their coarse and unpolished brethren; and from the uncouth deportment and strange manners of the lower class of people from half civilized districts, infinite annoyance, as well as amusement, is derived by those whom the unrespecting provinces of American railroads and steamboats compels to consort with them upon a footing of at least travelling equality; but (and I have said my say in my time upon the subject of American tobacco-chewers, cigar-smokers, and question-askers) a woman cannot possibly travel in any part of the world with equal security as in America; the law of the land—public opinion—secures to women the first choice of accommodation on every road and at every inn; a look, word, or gesture of intentional impertinence will not assail her, nor a single offensive expression reach her ear in passing from one corner to the other of that vast and half savage continent. So great and universal is the deference paid to the weaker vessel, in the United States, that I think the fair Americans rather presume upon their privileges; and I have seen ladies come into crowded steamboats and railroad cars, and instantly resume the seats that have been as instantly resigned by gentlemen upon their entrance, without so much as a gracious word or look of acknowledgment; so certain is the understanding that every accommodation is furnished, but *given up*, to them—and this not to young, pretty *ladies*, but to *women*, old or young, pretty or ugly—of the highest or of the lowest class. Though the virtue on the part of the American men is certainly very great, I think it has made their women quite saucy in their supremacy, and altogether unblushing in their mode of claiming and receiving it. In churches, concert rooms, and theatres, no man keeps his seat when women appear standing, and on board of the splendid steamboats of the North and East Rivers, state rooms secured by gentlemen alone cannot be retained if women come on board and desire to have them. This, it must be allowed, is pushing courtesy to the very verge of injustice, and though one of the profiting party, I think this is more than the largest construction of the "rights of women" requires.

ENTRANCE TO ROME.—The day was brilliantly warm and fine, and the road, with the sparkling mediterranean on one side, and that dry sea (as —— called the prairies) the Campagna on the other, delighted me; the myrtle and box bushes exhaled a bitter aromatic smell in the warm air, and the short, thick, tawny grass was all starred over with wide-eyed daises; the ilex here and there spread its heavy-colored foliage over a stone gate all hung with ivy, and the whole vegetation, together with the vast open exposure of yellow down, reminded me of the savannahs of Georgia, to which it bore an absolute resemblance. I cannot perceive any difference whatever between the ilex and the live oak of the southern United States, except the infinitely larger and more picturesque growth of the latter, and the wild drapery of grey moss with which it is covered, making some huge old tree look like hoary Druids, transformed, all but their matted grisled hair and beard, into the trees they worshipped.

The climate was precisely what that of Georgia is in December and January. I was agreeably surprised at the much greater amount of agriculture and cultivation in the Campagna during the post route than I had expected to see; the soil was the finest color, and seemed to indicate the most fertile properties; troops of picturesque, black-eyed, golden-skinned men, in goat-skin coat and breeches, and wild tangled coal-black locks and beards, were laboring—for the most part, however, as the slaves do, either with the spade or hoe or pick axe. I saw not a single plough; large flocks of sheep, too, which at a distance could hardly be discriminated from the brown woolly pasture they were cropping; and herds of beautiful iron-grey oxen, with magnificent long horns, grazed over the vast plain, and here and there a large deep stone basin full of fresh delicious looking water, sparkled like a sapphire, dropped in this dry wilderness for the blessing of man and beast.

Far on the distant verge of the huge sunny plain, some ruins upon a adorn hillock, against the blue sky, and a dark ilex wood, of apparently great extent, relieved the eye with its sombre colors, and the imagination with the idea of shade; beyond this, again, we presently saw the outline of the Sabine hills, following the rosy tints which the sun was beginning to fuse his light in; full mellow golden moonlight gradually mingled with the last flush of the sky; and as the evening closed in, the aspect of the Campagna really did become desolate, as the dreary interminable winding road led us over a grey waste of hillocks like the leaden ripple of a measureless lake. My weary spirits revived with the sight of the first vine enclosures; and as we presently began to travel between high walls, I rembered all the descriptions of travellers that I had read, and knew that we must be even at the gate of Rome; suddenly against the clear azure of the sky, a huge shadowy cupola rose up. I felt a perfect tumult of doubt, fear, and hope—such as I experienced when, through the overhanging thickets that fringe them, I first saw the yeasty waters of Lake Erie rushing to to their great plunge. The vision rose up higher as we rode under its mighty mass; and as we turned within the Porta de Cavallegieri, and stopped again at the barrier, St. Peter's stood over against us, towering into the violet colored sky,—and it was real,—and I really saw it; I knew the whole form of the great, wonderful structure, I knew the huge pillars of the noble arcade, and the pale moonlit fountains through the colonade, I was in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination.

The dark, deep, dismal stinking streets through which we now rattled, however, were new experiences. I never looked up from between houses, and saw the heavens at such an immense height above me, as in these chasm-like streets, through which we seemed making an interminable progress, stopping at infinite places, till my impatience at these delays became almost intolerable. Again to the Custom House, to stand shivering on the cold stone pavement, under cold stone arches, while my trunks and carpet bags were again rummaged. What an intolerable nuisance, to be sure, these disgraceful and vexatious hindrances are! My sister's servant met me here; and at length, transferred to an open carriage, we rolled through the streets, where the houses looked, by contrast of moonlight and shadow, like actual carvings of ivory and ebony—up steep and slippery pavements to the Pincio, where at a lighted upper window I saw a woman's figure. I scrambled up three pair of stone stairs, and so into my sister's arms, worn out, and ready to die with the fatigue of coming, and the emotion of being come.

SATURDAY, 10th January.—I had seen my sister's children in their cribs last evening; their cooing and chirping woke me up in the morning. While I was still in my dressing gown —— called me out to see the view. We are on the top of the Pincio; Rome lay like a map at our feet, bathed far and near with glorious sunlight, against which on the opposite horizon the stone pines of the Doria Pamfili spread out their dark roofs. Our apartment reminds me extremely of all the houses I ever was in in the Southern States of America—large lofty rooms, with not a window or door that can shut, and those that do, giving one one's death by the imperfect manner in which they close—a great deal more than if they stood forever wide open; coarse common carpets laid over a layer of straw; in short, the whole untidy discomfort which characterises the dwellings of all southern people, as far as my observation goes.

Now for the chapter of compensation; my bedroom door and window open upon a terraced garden at least thirty feet above the street, full of orange and lemon trees, magnolias, myrtles, oleanders and camelias, roses and violets, in bloom; a fountain of the aqua felice trickles under the superintendance of a statue in a marble shell, and thence escapes under the garden. The view from thence of the eternal city and its beauteous girdle of hills surpasses all description, and the twin towers of the Trinita rises close to it up into the blue sky, which looks through belfray arches as through windows into my sleeping room. The colored tiles of all our ante-rooms and passages enchant me, so do the gay painted ceilings. The little room where I bathe is a perfect delight to me, with its Latin inscription on the lintel, its marble bath, its walls are covered with fresco, cupids and dolphins, and altars with flames, and baskets with flowers, all strung together by waving patterns of wreaths and garlands. This afternoon we drove through the streets of Rome, out to a place that was once one of the innumerable Cenci possessions, but which is now a farm house of the Borghese. In one corner of the littered stable yard, where heaps of manure occupied most of the ground, stood a stone sarcophagus, with spirited and graceful relievo, into which fresh water was pouring itself in glassy stream.

As we went round the house, we came upon another stone basin, of beautiful form and proportions, into which another gush of living water was falling in the sunshine; further on, again, beneath a sombre avenue of ilex, another of these precious reservoirs sparkled and gleamed. I cannot describe my delight in living water; the perpetually running fountains are a perpetual baptism of refreshments to my mind and senses.—The Swedenborgians consider water, when the mention of it occurs in the Bible, as typical of truth. I love to think of that when I look at it, so bright, so pure, so transparent, so temperate, so fit an emblem for that spiritual element in which our souls should bathe and be strengthened, at which they should drink and be refreshed. Fire purifies, but destroys; water cleanses and revives. Christ was baptised in water, and washed himself in the regenerating element His disciples' feet. He promised living water to those, who, thirsty, drew near to Him, and spoke of that well of everlasting life which those to whom He gave to drink possessed for ever in their souls. I do not wonder at all the marvellous *water-cur* reports. I believe the material element to be as potent in regenerating and healing the body, as the spiritual element, its clearness dimly represents, is to regenerate and heal the mind.

It is impossible to describe the soft beauty of everything that surrounded us here; the ilex trees, the graceful stone pines, the picturesque color and outline of the house itself, the sunny far-stretching campagna, with its purple frame of mountains; Soracte, standing isolated like the vanguard of the chain; the sullen steeps of the Sabines; the smiling slopes of the Alban hills; Frascati, Trivoli, glittering in the sunshine on their skirts; the light over all radiant and tender; the warmth and balmy softness of the atmosphere—everything was perfect enchantment. Everything was graceful, harmonious, and delightful to the eye, and soothing beyond expression to the mind.—Presently came two of the beautiful mouse-colored oxen of the campagna, slowly thro' the arched gateway of the farm-yard, and leaning their serious-looking heads upon the stone basin drank soberly with their great eyes fixed on us, who sat upon the brim of the fountain; I, for the first time in my life, almost comprehending the delight of listless inactivity. As the water ran lulling by my side, and between the grey shafts of the tall pine trees, and beneath the dark arches of their boughs, the distant landscape, framed into separate and distinct pictures of incomparable beauty, arrested my delighted eyes. Yes, I think I actually could be content to sit on that fountain's edge, and do nothing but listen and look for a whole summer's afternoon. But no more—"up, and be doing," is the impulse forever with me; and when I ask myself, both sadly and scornfully, what? both my nature and my convictions repeat the call, "up and be doing;" surely there is something to be done from morning till night, and to find out what, is the appointed work of the onward tending soul.

City Life in China.

A gentleman who visited the city of Foo-cow-foo, in China, some months ago, has given an interesting account of the place.—The city is thirty miles from the sea, on the right bank of a navigable river. It is built in a valley, surrounded by high hills. The banks of the river are generally steep and abrupt. Villages are seen half embosomed in trees, and the land above and around is terraced even to the summits of the hills, and under careful cultivation. A good deal of active bustle and improvement was perceptible. Numerous junks were lying in the river, waiting for cargoes of black Tea. Shore boats, filled with idle gazers, plied round in great numbers, generally worked only by women—ruddy, healthy, and merry looking—by the aid of an oar at the stern and one at the bow, from 25 to 60 feet in length, serving as rudders. The suburb extends in one long street for nearly three miles before the nearest city gate is gained. The whole of the suburb was crowded with peasants and porters of both sexes, bringing fish, flesh and fowl to market. They eat rats, mice, cats and dogs, and every living thing except human beings. Fish and vegetables largely predominate. When a misfortune, whether grave or trifling, occurs to a chinese in the streets, the invariable effect is to excite a laugh at his expense. This is carried to a singular extent. A Chinese merchant came to his master with a broad grin on his countenance, as if he had some delightful news to relate, and informed him that a fellow servant had hanged himself.—"What could have induced him?" "'Spose he wanted to catch bury." That is, he supposed the man wanted to get decently buried at his master's expense! Their indifference to life, their want of all sympathy with human suffering is so great as to strike the most careless observer.

The men of the lower classes in Foo-Chow neither step so freely, nor carry themselves so well as the women. In soldier's phrase, they want "setting up" neither do they possess any of the mild intelligence of what may be truly said to be their better halves. The tartars are generally a taller and more athletic race.

The Chinese do not attach importance to the freshness of fish, as appeared by the odors of their fish market; the salt is applied when we consider the fish spoiled. Of meat, some kids and goats, some beef of indifferent appearance, and large quantities of pork, seemed to be in request; the last was excellent and of very delicate flavor. The poorer classes feed principally in the street, clustering around gateways, where shambles or stalls are kept by itinerant cooks. Rice is the principal food, stewed with a little fish or meat, and dashed with garlic. It is curious to see them squatted on their hams and strangely poised on their feet, instead of resting on that part of the person we are apt to think destined for sitting accommodation (for this is their favorite position, especially if they can perch in this attitude on the top of a table or high stool,) their knees to their chests, their basins and chopsticks to their mouths: shovelling in the rice porridge in the most dexterous manner, and with such gusto that one is much inclined think it can be no such bad thing after all.

☞ They have a bomb-shell at the Philadelphia Exchange, brought by the Princeton, which was fired from the Castle during the bombardment of the City of Vera Cruz, and fell near General Worth's tent, a distance of two and a half miles. The thickness of the iron is about two inches, and it weighs 186 pounds. The charge was not ignited by the fuse, and it has since been withdrawn.

AN UNEXPECTED BENEFIT.—The National Medical Convention, which closed its arduous labors in Philadelphia last week, conferred at least one benefit—the patients of the various delegates having nearly all recovered during the absence of their physicians on duty at the convention. We learn that petitions are in circulation in the various States praying this learned and scientific body to meet once a month throughout the year.—*Yankee Doodle*.

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

SAGACITY OF INDIANS.

Did you ever hear of the sagacity of Indians? I will relate a circumstance that happened a few weeks since in the Indian territory, seemingly incredible and incomprehensible. They can trail the lonely and forgotten path of a human being better than the domestic dog. While that faithful creature can trail only the fresh footsteps of an animal, an Indian can follow the stepping of an individual, days gone, crossed and recrossed, miles, where a dog would be lost in a labyrinth of doubt, and not being able to find out where to begin or how to follow, would abandon his design and expectation, and return with blasted prospects to his disappointed master. The marvellous sagacity of Indians was proved beyond a single doubt, a few days since, in the territory of the Wea, in search of a lady who escaped from the mission for fear of drunken Indians. The circumstances are about these:—

Mrs. Haskins, of this country, had been but a short time at Rev. Mr Adams (a Baptist missionary among the Wea Indians,) whither she had gone to live. She is a lady of pleasant appearance, neat in her person and domestic affairs. The missionary had left with his family on a visit, leaving at the mission Mrs. Haskins, a young lady teacher and a young gentleman.

One evening, just as the sun had bowed his head behind the evening shades, some half dozen Indians, who had swallowed more distillation or murderiferous drink than sufficed them to retain due bounds in speech or action, came drunken, whooping and riding their ponies into the house, like madmen, and affrighted all its inmates. The schoolmistress, having considerable courage, advised the young man to flee for his own life, which he readily obeyed to the letter, learning that none could help the others, and that then all would be butchered by the noisy and raging Indians.

Mrs. Haskins soon fled for safety, and, to ensure, as she supposed, her escape, she hastened onward and onward toward the settlement, wading in her course a miry bayou, or standing up to her shoulders in water; passing thro' the grassy prairies, thick bushes, and over rocky places. For eight miles her course was straight, and after taking a path leading to widow Bunn's, in this county, she becoming alarmed by the yelping Indians, returning from that place in drunken carouse, left the road, and turned into the prairie grass for refuge. But as it is no difficult matter to get lost in a wide extended prairie, she soon lost her course and returned within five miles of Mr. Adams'.—However, not knowing where she was, she continued to travel, and having traveled from Tuesday evening to Sunday morning, all her efforts to no purpose—without bread or meat, or any farinaceous matter to sustain her life—fatigued by her journey, with feet swollen and blistered by walking, and weakened by hunger, she despaired of life, and gave herself up to die.

Several white persons, after they learned that Mrs. Haskins had left, but had not returned to the mission, kindly gathered together and endeavored to find her but in vain. From various quarters, their numbers now increased to crowds, with considerable excitement, to look for her. All their efforts proving fruitless, they finally concluded then to hire Indians to find her. Twenty dollars were offered, and several Indians undertook to find the wandering woman. On Saturday the Indians started on a trial, which had been found on Friday evening. Away went the Indians in a lope, the whites following behind them. But the whites, not seeing any thing like a path or trail or any appearance that any thing or person had ever gone that way, could not believe that they were on the right course to obtain their object, and therefore remonstrated with the Indians, who were galloping all along as on a beaten road. The Indians, nothing impeded, continued to run their ponies ahead, and every now and then, coming across a peice of her stocking or garment would prove to the whites by this indubitable testimony the correctness of their sagacity. Sometimes they would prove to a demonstration by exhibiting her footsteps in a gopher hill over which she had passed in her journey. They slackened their gait only at rocky places or water, or in a road.

On coming to a beaten road, into which she had entered, and in which she had travelled for some time, they went more slowly until they reached the place where she had left for the prairie, when they forthwith started off galloping as before. They run their horses so hard, says Mr. Powell, that his own horse had well nigh given out, and some persons were compelled to dismount and turn their horses loose, there being such constancy of rapid gait. The Indians trailed her, not only in roads, over rocks and through water—however seemingly incredible, yet equally true is the declaration, but in the prairie, where about twenty persons had been riding, crossing and recrossing their way, and where horses had been rolling; even through this tumultuous tossed and beaten grass, right by those men in sight, with the same rapid speed as before, without any delay or manifest uncertainty of the trail, just as a white man would travel in well beaten road, which he was certain was the right road he desired to travel.

When this was done, says Mr. Powel, my every doubt of their correctness was removed. Having ridden to the place where Mrs. Haskins ended her long walk, and not finding her, remarked that some person had taken her away, which happened fifteen minutes before reaching her last travelling.—Following on they overtook the gentleman who had kindly placed her on his horse to carry her into the settlement.

This gentleman was a stranger, traveling on the military road, and she not being very far off saw him, and calling to him, he rode to her, but not without hesitancy, and on arriving found her to be a lost and feeble white woman, darkened by the rays of the sun, instead of a drunken indian as he first supposed.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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

VOL. 1. MONTROSE, PA. JUNE 3, 1847. NO. 51.

Love of Gardens.

The cultivation of the soil is a task imposed upon man. It is a pleasant task, invigorating the frame, preserving health, promoting cheerfulness, and contributing to our necessities and our comforts. Those who are unfortunately debarred from the privilege of cultivating the soil on a large scale find great enjoyment in raising fruits and flowers, and laboring on the soil in a garden. It would be difficult to find a subject which has been more frequently treated by poets and philosophers than *the love of gardens*. This was a favorite theme of the old Roman poets, and there was more truth than fiction in their beautiful songs in favor of Flora and Pomona. An English author who appears to have studied this subject thoroughly, indulges in the following strain of remarks:

"Lord Bacon appears to have done more toward encouraging the taste for gardens than any other writer, and his essay is too well known to admit of quotation. Sir William Temple, has, however, many eloquent passages in his writings, in one of which he calls gardening the "inclination of kings, the choice of philosophers, and the common favorite of public and private men—a pleasure of the greatest, and the care of the meanest—and, indeed, an employment and a position for which no man is too high or too low." Gerarde asks his courteous and well-willing readers—"Whither do all men walk for their honest recreation, but but where the earth has most beneficially painted her face with flourishing colors?—and what season of the year more longed for than the spring, whose gentle breath entices forth the kindly sweets, and makes them yield their fragrant smells?"

Sir William Temple says Epicurus studied, exercised, and taught his philosophy in his garden, Milton, we know, passed many hours together in his garden at Chalfont. Cowley poured forth the greatness of his soul in his rural retreat at Chertsey, and Lord Shaftesbury wrote his "Characteristics," at a delightful spot near Keigute.—Pope, in one of his letters, says, "I am in my garden, amused and easy; this is a scene where one finds no disappointment." And within the same neighborhood, Thompson

"Sung the seasons and their change."

Beauty and health are the attributes of gardening. In illustration of the former, we remember a passage from Gervase Markman, thus:

"As in the consumption of a delicate woman the grace of her cheek is the mixture of red and white, and the beauty of her hand blue and white, and any of which is not said to be beautiful if it consist of single or simple colors; and so in walks and alleys—the all green, nor the all yellow, cannot properly be said to be the most beautiful; but the green and yellow, (that is to say the untroade grasse, and the well-knit gravelle) being equally mixed, give the eye both lustre and delight beyond comparison."

The association of gardening with pastoral poetry, was exemplified in Shenstone's designs of the Fensowes—as Mr. Whatley observes—a perfect picture of his mind, simple, elegant, and amiable, and which will always suggest a doubt whether the spot inspired his verses, or whether in the scenes which he formed, he only realized the pastoral images which abound in his songs.—The elegant trifler, Horace Walpole, was enthusiastically fond of gardening. One day telling his nurseryman that he would have his trees planted irregularly, he replied, "Yes, sir, I understand; you would have them hang down—somewhat *poetical*."

French Romance.

It has been the custom, says a leading Paris Journal, "for Sue, the great novelist, notwithstanding his reputation of a man of fashion, to spend much of his time in visiting the garrets of the city, relieving the poor and, at the same time gathering a deep knowledge of human nature. On a dark and sleety night last November, he was standing in one of the most wretched holes in Paris, where a poor widow and her children were lying in a state of shocking destitution. They were without bread or covering or fire, and the beauty of one of the orphan children, a girl of some fifteen, added interest to the scene. Sue gave them money and left, resolved to call again the next day. He did call, and to his utter astonishment, found the widow and children surrounded with all the comforts of life—fire on the hearth, Bologna sausages in profusion, and in fact every thing to make home happy.—In the midst of this scene of profusion stood a slender young man, very handsomely dressed. He was the cause of this sudden relief; the widow and her daughters blessed him with tears in their eyes. Sue was much struck by this token of feeling in one so young, brilliant and gay. When the young fashionable left, he followed, determined to ascertain his residence, and after much trouble saw him enter a carriage at the place Vendome, and drive to the Chasse d'Anton. Sue followed, and saw the stranger enter the Hotel of the Duc de R——. He waited an hour for his reappearance, and at last saw a beautiful young lady of high rank come out of the hotel and enter the carriage. In that lady Sue recognized, not only the handsome dandy, but the Princess d'Orleans, one of the daughters of Louis Louis Philippe!

OMNIBUS JOKE.—It is told of Charles Lamb, that one afternoon having taken a seat in a crowded omnibus, a strong gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me."

A REGULAR MAIL.—Park Benjamin's new paper, the American Mail, is advertised to be issued regularly every Saturday.—There will be some satisfaction in having one regular mail in the country.—