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THE THREE PALMERS.

In the year 1193, three strangers paid a visit to the town of Bingen. Their dresses, and the staves they carried in their hands, proclaimed them to be palmers. From whence they had come, or whither they were bound, no one seemed to know save themselves; but during their stay, several rumors were afloat.—They seemed worn with toil and travel. Their garments were coarse and wretched, even for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. As a natural consequence, the inhabitants of Bingen soon became anxious to learn something of their history. The palmers, however, did not seem disposed to give either direct or satisfactory answers to the questions put to them by the townsfolk, and not caring to be pestered with any more inquiries, they prepared to leave.—So, about noon on one fine Autumnal day, they bade adieu to Bingen, and set forth on their pilgrimage. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow, inclining to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch than of a monk and pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character he had assumed, and made an effort to tame down the imperious expression of his features into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with evident deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he sometimes answered by altering the mode of his behavior in the manner above mentioned. Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the palmers, as they traveled from town to town—that, instead of soliciting alms, they seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely and lavishly. They traveled on foot, after leaving Bingen, for very many days, and seldom, if ever, showed symptoms of fatigue, and continued on their journey until they reached the little village of Ginacia, which is about five miles from the city of Vienna. Our travelers had halted and rested for the night at the several towns or villages between that city and Bingen. During their passage over this vast tract of land, the tall palmer—for so he was designated—took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were the places into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion, they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable inn of Ginacia, instead of going on to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallets proved that they had not been forgetful of the necessary provender. A noble goose was produced and placed upon the spit, and the operation of cooking it was performed by the tall palmer himself.—The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to, but the travelers took their own flagons from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

"Multon, friend," said the tall palmer, during their repast, "we must be wary. The Duke, you know, loves me not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel whom we met at Bingen, and who has since then trod so closely on our heels, is a spy, I warrant ye, for his features and accents, however he tries to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here, with hearty good cheer before us. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess of Loir; another to the land we are hastening to; a third to the confusion of Paynims."

The cups were emptied, after which the three joined in singing a favorite ditty of the period.

While the palmers were thus occupied, they had not observed a minstrel who had entered the room, and placing himself at its farthest extremity, leaned upon his harp and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity in the expression of his countenance as he enviously scanned the features of the tall palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and approaching the festive board, made a low obeisance. The reverend trio started as though they had seen a specter.

"Ha!" said one, "'tis the spy minstrel. What would ye with us, man?—We are palmers, with whose reverend character it would ill accord to listen to the profane ditties of wandering minstrels."

"Nay," said the minstrel; "I know many a fytte to which your ears, holy fathers, might listen, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you of the exploits of good Christian, knights in the Holy Land; of Peter the Hermit, of Godfrey of Bouillion, and of brave King Richard of England."

"Nay, nay!" exclaimed the tall palmer, "Prithee begone; we have our frugal meal to despatch, and to retire to our humble beds, that we may be stirring betimes in the morning."

"Ye are discourteous churls," said the minstrel; "and ye shall one day remember that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty."

Thus saying, he took up his harp, and with a look of defiance, left the department.

Although the meal of the palmers was not quite as frugal, or their prayers and penances as exemplary, as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the night did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them.—The tall palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. War and tumult, ignominy, and cruel imprisonment, occupied, by turns, his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city, amid the exclamations of assembled thousands. Warriors and statesmen hailed him as their lord, and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brow, and breathed a benediction on the soldiers of the Cross. At that moment he thought that a fair lady laid her hand upon his arm; but her touch instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent, that it dispelled his dream, and, starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. As lightly as the lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane, did he shake off his assailant, and then, clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel casque, that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound.

The odds against the tall palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men, stealing behind him, seized his hands, and contrived to slip a gauntlet over them, by which they made them fast.

"How now my masters?" ejaculated the tall palmer. "What mean ye?—Are ye Christians, to assault three poor religious persons, who are traveling on their way home from the Holy Land!"

"Nay, nay!" said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors; "they are not palmers; and when my lord recovers from the effects of that unchristian blow, he will soon be able to recognize in this holy man a person who has before bestowed his favors upon him."

"Men and Christians!" said the palmer; "I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of Heaven and the holy Church, let us pass on our way!"

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers; but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the palmer had stricken to the ground was now recovering. "Arise, my lord!" he said; "once more behold this man, and say if I am not right?"

The Duke—for such he was—approached the palmer, and each, by the glare of the torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of an individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

"'Tis Richard of England!" said the Duke; "the betrayer of the Christian cause; the assassin of Conrad of Montferrat; the friend of usurpers and infidels!"

"Leopold of Austria," said Richard, "thou art a liar and a coward! Keep on thy ease of steel, and unfetter one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said if thou darest!"

"Bear him to the Emperor at Hagenau," said the Duke, "with his companions. My good Sir Falk Doyley, and my Lord Thom of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit?"

"Thou art a traitor, Leopold!" said Lord Multon; "a traitor to the holy cause which thou did'st swear to maintain in Palestine!"

"Away with the King!" cried Leopold; "and let the Knight and Baron bear him company!"

The journey from Ginacia to Hagenau afforded no events worth relating. Upon his arriving in that city, the princely Richard was immediately thrown into a dungeon; and, although he offered the Emperor a large sum for ransom money, he chose to keep the renowned and powerful prince in his custody. With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of England spread exaggerated reports of the strength of his arm and his personal prowess. I was expected that, with his own unarmed strength, he would be able to tear down the walls of his prison and effect his escape. Among those who listened most eagerly, and with the greatest impatience, to those reports was Prince Arthur, the Emperor's only son. The Prince was considered the bravest knight and strongest man in Germany. The narration of the feats of Richard gave him no small uneasiness, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the King was treated with the respect and attention which was due to so distinguished a person. After the English had, by means of the well-known adventure of Blondel, the minstrel, discovered in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the Prince endeavored to persuade his father to accept the terms, but without success. Beside his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous Prince was desirous to see him set at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fairly and fully the strength of their respective arms. At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so emulous of Richard's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the Emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should give and receive a blow, in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger.

Richard smiled when he received the Prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the result.

On the day appointed, the Emperor and the Empress, the Princess of Marguerette, and the principal persons about the court, assembled in the great hall of Hagenau, for the purpose of witnessing the trial of strength. The dark eyes of Marguerette glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of whom she had heard much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehension. Neither of the combatants was armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou would'st forbear this trial, thou mayest but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet, in token of that acknowledgment."

"Arthur of Austria," said the English King, "I come not hither to prate; and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day, that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon, the better. I am ready, Prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy vauntings."

"Enough!" answered the Prince.—"Look to thyself! Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed forever."

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head, which those who beheld it accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received it with his arms folded, his eyes carelessly wandering round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of an oak by the gentle breeze of summer.

The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. He, in his turn, clenched his hand, raised his arm, and directing his blow with the velocity of lightning at his antagonist, felled the Prince, who sank lifeless to the ground.

All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was made, but unsuccessfully, to restore animation.

"Away with him!" said the Emperor, in a paroxysm of rage. "Sink him in the most loathsome and deepest dungeon in the castle!"

The Emperor's commands were immediately obeyed. The captive Richard was thrust into a subterranean dungeon, from which the light and breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither food nor drink were provided for him.

But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted. He had not been long in his odious prison-house, when, to his astonishment, the jailor entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other. Richard started as he recognized the Lady Marguerette.

"I come to thee," said the lady—"I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet, if I unloose thy fetters, thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou will owe thy deliverance."

"Sweetest lady," returned the English monarch, "fear not thou shalt in merry England. There, eyes almost as bright as mine will smile on thee a joyous welcome."

"It is now dead midnight," said the lady; "all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the castle gates, but must ascend to a chamber above. A ladder of rope is fastened to the casement, by which we may safily descend, and then we shall find three palfreys—for thy self, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted jailor, who dares not stay behind."

"Thanks generous damsel!" said the King. "A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise some means of disguise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all which there are vessels from England, ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their King. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey."

Rudolph had, however, provided, for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood unshackled, if not a free man. At that moment a hideous outcry was raised in the castle. The alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the prisoner's dungeon.

"She's gone—she's fled!" exclaimed a female voice, which was immediately recognized to be that of the Empress. She found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of rope attached to the casement."

"Peace!" said the Emperor; "let us see if our prisoner is safe. Ha!" he added, as, with about a dozen followers, who brandished their swords above their heads, he came within view of the subject of his search; "behold the traitor, with that degraded minion in his arms! Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince, and the betrayer of my daughter!"

The men were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced toward the unarmed culprit. Marguerette, who was lying in his arms in a death-like stupor, became suddenly aroused, and exclaimed: "Save him—spare him! back—back!" as she rushed between the intended victim and his assailants, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by everyone; the uplifted swords fell one and all to the ground, and Marguerette, bathed in blood, fell at the feet of her father.

"Her heart is pierced! She's dead—dead!" shrieked the Empress.

The Emperor stood for a moment mute; his brow grew dark as night and his lips quivered with a malignant smile as he said, in a low and stifled voice. "Is not the den of the Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

"It is, my liege," answered an attendant.

"Thrust back the traitor to his cell, then," said the Emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger."

Richard retired to his dungeon. The door of the lion's den was immediately unbarred, and the furious beast sprang forth. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eyes around upon the spectators, they had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was indeed a formidable beast. He uttered a dreadful roar and sprang toward Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above, but the King, with his clenched fist, smote him such a blow on the breast that he reeled back in a breathless state. A murmur of approbation and applause, which was gathering from the assembled spectators, was instantly hushed on beholding the still stern features of the Emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter, with the same herculean strength, repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den, as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault. He stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and opening wide his mouth, displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The Emperor and his attendants shrank back appalled; but what was their astonishment at seeing the King in his turn become the assailant, and, rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, roared and plunged, and seemed even to shake the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat, and his limbs, after quivering for an instant, were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground. The Numidian lion was dead.

According to the accounts given by the several witnesses of this extraordinary encounter, Richard is reputed to have displayed the heart of the lion, when he drew forth his arm from the animal's throat.

The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and, with his two companions, who had acted the part of his fellow palmers, arrived safely in England on the 20th of March, 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy. His exploits became familiar topics of conversation among all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest; and, above all, his aventure with the lion was made the theme of wonder and eulogy, and procured for him the popular surname of Cœur de Lion.

A letter from Rome has the following: "In compliance with a usage which dates from a very remote period, the pupils of the celebrated College of the Propaganda gave an interesting sitting at the Polyglot Academy, just before the Epiphany.—This intellectual exhibition is most curious. To hear thirty-two different languages or idioms, spoken by young men belonging to nearly all the nations of Europe, and a great many of those of Asia, Africa, America and Oceanica, is not an ordinary enjoyment. The event occurs only in the Eternal City, and is repeated but once a year—always at the same period of the year."

A NEW VIEW OF THE "BLACK CROOK."—A very modest and charming lady recently confessed to the editor of a Richmond paper that when visiting New York she had seen the notorious "Black Crook." He asked her whether she thought the exhibition objectionable, to which she wittily replied that she "saw no objection to *ladies* going." That is perhaps the wittiest remark made about one of the stupidest plays that ever drew a New York sudience.

THE APPARITION.

The superstitious fears and beliefs in ghostly apparitions which so commonly obtained a footing among the mass of the people fifty years ago have been driven to take refuge in the minds of the most ignorant portion of our population. The minds of both my brothers and myself were remarkably free from any feelings of the kind.

I mention this fact to show that my thoughts were not at all interested in the images of such objects. At the age of nineteen, having returned home during a vacation at College, the following event, singular in itself, and fearful in its consequences, occurred:

I lived with my parents, about a mile from the town of W——. Our house was an antiquated and roomy structure, built by my ancestors years before the Revolution. The front entrance opened immediately into two large halls, connected together by folding doors, whilst on both sides of the main building extended long, low, ivy-covered wings. We, that is my father, mother and three brothers, had been sitting in a small parlor discussing the expected return of an Uncle, who had been travelling in the South. As was our custom, we retired to our chambers early; my apartment was in a wing of the building, which was else unoccupied; it was entered by a long corridor, at the extremity of which was a small oriel window. The internal arrangement of the room was in no wise remarkable; a wood fire burnt briskly in a large open fireplace; white cambric curtains surrounded the bed extending from the high post with which it was furnished. I whiled away an hour in silent meditation and then retired unintentionally leaving the light burning. I soon fell asleep. Restless and feverish, unpleasant dreams continually disturbed me. After some hours I was awakened by a difficulty in breathing. Looking around I perceived a dull, hazy appearance in the room, which seemed to be especially concentrated near the door.—Somewhat surprised, I gazed more steadily and perceived a dim, shadowy outline of a human figure; its face was concealed by the mist, but it beckoned toward the door with one hand, while the other was elevated above its head. Astonished but alarmed, I rose and approached the strange apparition; it slowly retreated out of the door which was open, although I distinctly remembered having bolted and locked it. I followed the figure as it retreated until it reached the door of what was called the "large spare room." This it entered, myself following. There was no light in the room, yet the dull, misty glare that encircled the figure, together with the light of the moon, sent a feeble gleaming throughout it. There was placed at the end of the room a large mirror reaching from the ceiling to the floor. Towards it the figure which had now ceased beckoning, pointed. Looking thither I perceived, not a reflection of the room, but a long avenue through a pine forest. The pale moon rode high and majestically in the heavens; myriads of stars glittered brightly; not a cloud was to be seen.—Suddenly, in the direction of the mirror, I heard a noise as of approaching hoofs. Gazing down the avenue, gracefully arched by the outreaching branches of the trees on either side, I perceived a horseman slowly approaching; as he came nearer, I recognized the form and features of my uncle. He seemed lost in thought, when four men leapt from a place of concealment at the crossing of two roads and attacked him. Protected by the darkness of the woods they had not been seen, and their unhappy victim was taken by surprise; but snatching a pistol from the holster, he discharged it, and one of the ruffians fell dead on the spot. Ere he could fire another, however, he was knocked senseless from his horse. The villians drew their weapons, but stayed a moment to discuss whether murder or only robbery should be committed; with my senses preternaturally sharpened, I could plainly hear their counsels. Murder seemed to be unanimously agreed upon, and in an instant several wounds were inflicted upon the person of their victim. I essayed to call for help, but could not; every muscle seemed paralysed; a cold icy feeling overspread my whole frame. I was as cold and motionless as a statute. I knew no more.

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At the first return of sensation, I discovered that I was in bed. I raised my head and looked out of the window. It was Spring; the flowers were in full bloom, and all nature was rejoicing.—Surprised, I looked around and caught a glimse of my hand; it was white and thin as a woman's. Pulling aside the curtains, I saw my mother by the bedside; I inquired what had happened. Taking my hand, she told me that I had been sick for some months, during the whole of which time reason had deserted me.—On going to my room, in the morning after *that* night, she had found my door open, thinking I had doubtless gone out, she turned away, but in passing the spare room she saw me lying in my nightclothes, and apparently senseless, at the far end of it; she rushed to me and found my breast cold and still. They carried me to my room and hastened for a physician. All attempts to restore me were of no avail. No signs of returning consciousness rewarded my devoted friends; a slight fluttering only in the region of my heart was perceived. For six weeks did I lie in this condition—midway between life and death. Finally I recovered the use of the organs of speech, but it was only to utter wild words, the meaning of which none understood; and it was not until that morning that I had exhibited any signs of returning reason.

I now noticed that she was dressed in mourning, and on inquiring—the cause was informed that my uncle was dead, having been found murdered in a lonely woods in the Carolinas. Then, and not till then, did the dreadful scene of that night rush to my mind—a tremor overspread my frame, my eyes seemed to start from their sockets, the horrible spectacle with all its vivid reality passed before me. It was sometime before I recovered my composure. My mother then stated all the circumstances that were known about my uncle's death exactly as they occured in my vision—the affair having been witnessed by a person who was near the spot at the time of the tragedy, but who was powerless to render assistance. I related the circumstances of my vision to my mother, who, although she said nothing, I plainly saw was incredulous.

Such is an extract from a manuscript which was found under the window of an insane asylum at W——. Curious to ascertain by whom it was written, and desirous of restoring it to its possessor, who was probably one of the inmates of the asylum, I entered and made inquiry about the occupants of the different rooms, I discovered that the writer of this sketch had died the week before it was found under his window. He was a member of one of the most distinguished families in the State, and had sudenly become a maniac some years previous. He retired to bed one evening in a perfect state of mental and physical health. Next morning a member of the family discovered him in a swoon, from which he recovered after a lapse of several weeks, only to rave and talk wildly of an apparition that seemed to haunt him continually. His family had left the State, and all my efforts to place the manuscript in their hands were unavailing. Nor could I ascertain whether this singular and startling narrative had even had a counterpart in real life or whether it was wholly due to the workings of a fearfully diseased imagination.

TO CONSUMPTIVES EVERYWHERE.—A correspondent of a Georgia paper writes as follows: Having seen much suffering from consumption, and knowing thousands of dollars are yearly spent by invalids traveling for their health, and on medicines and physicians, we propose a simple recipe by which patients may become their own physicians, and, if not too far gone, will guarantee a perfect cure if made and regularly taken according to direction. The ingredients are hoarhound, mullen and molasses—ingredients that are in reach of all, the mullen growing wild in every field, the hoarhound in almost every garden, and the molasses to be had at any grocery. The directions for making are to take a large handful of hoarhound and boil as strong a tea as possibly can be made. Take up and then boil an equal amount of mullen in the same way. Take a tea cupful each of the tea of mullen and hoarhound and mix together in a suitable vessel, then add a cupful of molasses and stew to a syrup—the quicker the better. Take a tablespoonful or a large swallow three times a day. Be particular in following directions as to making, and also as to taking it, and we will guarantee relief in all cases not too far advanced. The writer does not claim this recipe original with himself, but has recomended it in many with good results. As the ingredients are so common and so easily obtained, it is not best to make more than a quart at a time, particularly in warm weather, as the fresher it is, the better effect will be produced. Papers of the country will confer a blessing on this, alas! two numerous class—North, South, East and West—by publishing the above recipe.

WAR INCIDENTS.—There are a few facts connected with the escape of Gen. Breckinridge and Mr. Benjamin from the Confederacy which are, perhaps not generally known. After the surrender of Gen. Lee's army, both Gen. Breckinridge and Mr. Benjamin made their way to Florida.—Gen. Breckinridge struck the State near Monticello, where he found friends who assisted him in getting to Marion County, from whence he hoped to find an opportunity to get out of the country.

Gen. Breckinridge spent a number of days in hunting and visiting with his friends in Marion, but knowing that he could not remain there long his friends procured a small metallic boat, in which he and his companions, Col. Wilson and Capt. Wood, and the general's faithful servant, soon found themselves ascending the St. John's river. The party, after much toil, reached new Smyrna, where they found a schooner, which carried them safely to Nassua. The general was known as Col. Cabell.

Mr. Benjamin also struck Florida near Monticello, where he met friends who assisted him on to the Peninsula. There Mr. Benjamin hoped to find some way to Cuba or one of the Bihama Islands; but there was a strict watch kept by the United States troops stationed there, and there were but a few boats left on the coast. But Mr. Benjamin finally procured a small boat at Manetee, upon which the ex-United States Senator and Confederate States ex-Secretary of State embarked as cook, and in a few days found himself under the protecting folds of the British flag. Mr. Benjamin passed himself off as a land hunter named Howard.

CROUP.—The French have discovered that the white of an egg given in sweetened water is a sure cure for the croup. The remedy is to be repeated until a cure is effected.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TOO COOL.—In the February number of the *Galaxy*, a writer, discoursing upon this subject, gives the following illustrations of the people whom he thinks were too cool:

I have read of people who were too calm and complacent. Of such a character, I think, was the conductor who, when he ran over a man, said he never liked to do it, "because it mussed up the track so." And speaking of saws, and following this train of thought, I may mention a young man from the country who went into a hardware store in New York, and rapping a great buzz saw with his knuckles, remarked, "I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week." I think that young man exhibited too little emotion for the occasion. It showed a lack of filial affection only comparable to that of a boy belonging to a primary school in Manchester, New Hampshire, who assured his schoolmates that he would soon be able to indulge in his favorite sport on the river with the rest of them. "Father," said he "has gone to the war, and when he gets killed I am going to have his fishline."

As cool a person, under the circumstances, as I ever heard of, was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railway accident missed his vallet. One of the guards came up to him and said: "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man with a Dundreary drawl but still with some anxiety depicted on his countenance, "will you be good enough to see in which half he has gwot the key of my carpet-bag?" To a sensitive mind his anxiety seems to have been misplaced. The same unconsciousness to the awful aspects of death was exhibited by a man in New Jersey in 1859, who was employed to convey to his friends the body of a Mr. Wilson, who had died about fifty miles from home of the cholera. On finding the house he knocked at the door and the wife of the deceased opened it.—"Does Mr. Wilson live here?" said the man "Yes," said the lady, "but he is not at home to day." "No, I know he ain't," said the young man with a soothing tone of voice, thinking to break the news gently, "but he will be in a minute, 'cause I've got him here dead in wagon." There was a still more reprehensible moral obtuseness in the remark of the man who was sentenced to be hung, and who inquired of the Sheriff, the night before the appointed day: "I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour does this little affair of mine come off?"

THE FARMER ON THE SAFE SIDE.—The farmer is apt to think the professional man or the merchant, lives an easy and luxurious life. In many instances their families may do so; but with the eminent and successful man of law or science—the artisan or merchant himself—such a supposition is a great mistake. There is not under heaven's broad canopy a more laborous class than these. Labor of body and mind are theirs, and that incessant. See them early, late, in season and out of season, their whole energies devoted to their several callings without rest or intermission, and far too frequently to the premature wasting of life itself. It is no wonder that such industry directed by good education, (by this term educated I mean the entire training of the boy to manhood in its most extended sense) and stimulated by a laudable ambition, should lead to success. Yet with all these appliances the labors of such men are often disastrous; and if not so, after a life of anxiety, their toils too frequently end with but the means of a slender support. Compared with these, the toils of the farmer are light. Physical labor he endures, it is true, and oftentimes severe labor, but his mind is easy. He enjoys sound rest, and good health. He has much leisure; in many cases more than is good. He has abundant time to discuss politics, law, religion—everything, in fact; but on what relates to his own profession, I lament to say his mind seems less exercised than on any other subject. Now let the same early education be given to the young farmer of an equally acute intellect, that is given to him who chooses professional, mechanical or mercantile pursuits—educate each in his own line; let them start fair; apply the same thoughts, investigations, energy and toil, each in his particular sphere, and beyond all question, agriculture will, in the aggregate, have the advantage—and for this reason, if for no other, there are but few contingencies connected with agriculture. Its basis is "the firm set earth," stamped with the Divine promise that while it remains, seed time and harvest shall continue; while commerce and trade mechanics and arts are liable to extraordinary and continued accident—Look at the devastations by flood and fire—of ship and cargo upon ocean, lake, sea and river; conflagrations in towns and cities and the thousands other casualities which almost daily occur, all of which are a dead weight upon labor and capital not agricultural, and the risks of the husbandman are scarce one to ten in the comparison. Rely on it, then, farmers, you are on the "safe side." Continue in your noble calling and take your position among the sons of men, as the second creators of wealth.

"I rise, sir, for information," said a very grave member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no one needs it more."

Old maids are described as "embers from which the sparks have fled."