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A HARD WINTER IMPENDING.—With our climate being so generally variable, it is not surprising that we have some views of our own, on the subject of the seasons, deduced from observation, experience and study. We cannot but attach sufficient credit to the signs and tokens which old hunters and woodmen on this Continent, and scientific calculators in Europe, are adding to sustain the prediction that we are to have an early and severe winter throughout the Northern Hemisphere.

The heavers and prairie dogs in the West and Northwest of America, along with many other animals that have greatly advanced their preparations for the first of the year, and on the Atlantic coast, the Storm King sends us no equivocal or unimportant warning.

In Europe, no less important an organ of barometrical opinion than the *Bulletin de la Société Scientifique*, (Bulletin of the Scientific Society), announces that the winter of 1869-70 will be exceptionally severe on the Eastern Hemisphere. It reminds us of the fact that the winter of 1868-69 was very remarkable for its mildness, its mean temperature not having exceeded 6 deg. 60 m. The three most moderate winters which we have had here have been those of 1822, 1828, and 1834, when the mean temperature was 6 deg., 6 deg., and 6 deg. 27 m., respectively.

Previous to our century, the only winter among those of which the temperature was calculated that approached 1869-70 in mildness, was 1707. The severe cold snap that came in January last, was an outlier point of resemblance between those two seasons, for there was no such lowering of the temperature in the mild winters that we have mentioned. This outlier sign of a season of this similarity will attract the notice of any close observer.

M. Renard, writing in the *Bulletin* above mentioned, tells the world that since the atmospheric perturbations of 1859-60, the years have been warmer, clearer and drier, and barometrical pressure lighter than before. These anomalies, he thinks, cannot fail to find their compensation ere long, the winter before last closely corresponding with that of 1868, and everything bodeful that about 1870 we shall have a great winter like that of 1829.

The *strawberries* are not invariably right, but there is accumulated evidence in their favor to show that on general indications, and by careful comparisons kept up for years past, they can make some fair predictions concerning the year to come. At all events their wise precaution never do any harm, and should the phenomenon severely season thus predicted ensue, our friends may not blame us for having given them this hint in good time. N. Y. *Mercantile Journal*.

AVOIDING EXPRESS.—It is very seldom that any business can be conducted upon as sure a yield a large and constant income. There are many chances and casualties in trade and business which cannot be foreseen. He is a fortunate man, indeed, whatever his calling, who does not find himself, sooner or later, going "out of fashion." The new corner, or more dashing, ingenious, or wily competitor, will sometimes distance an old public favorite. Or a successful man may be spoiled by success, or over confidence in his reputation. For these and many other reasons, it should be the effort of every man to become independent of his business. We mean that he should place a part, however small, of his earnings in some description of investment, which shall be secure from the chances which affect his regular calling. To do this, he should tax, not his business means, but his personal vanity, and be content to creep, in the place of a man who essays to walk, and to walk before him who backs up the careless exultation of past years with regret, but who might not be assisted by the interest of his prosperous acquisition, if he had but taxed, instead of spending his money for temporary gratification. Working men, while in the prime of their strength, and manhood, and in the receipt of liberal wages, may secure themselves not only against the distant day of old age, but also against much of the inconvenience of any other course, of forced inactivity from any other cause, which will make a firm rule, and abide by it, always to live within his income is on the safe road to competence, if not to wealth.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The season of the Indian Summer is of almost equal interest to the poet and the scientist.

But, first, what constitutes the so-called "Indian Summer?"

This would be, what it really is, an easy question, if it were not for conflicting statements. For instance, we find such an authority as Webster's Dictionary quoting the language of Freeman, who says that it is "two or three weeks of fair (October) weather, in which the air is perfectly transparent, and the clouds, which float in the sky, of the purest azure, are adorned with brilliant colors." Others have gone equally wild.

The following will answer for a brief definition: "A short season, attended by a hazy, golden, quiet, cloudless atmosphere, with an apparent rise in the temperature." This definition will at least be borne out by all scientific authorities, though some may insist upon "transparent air," and clouds of the "purest azure," or "adorned with brilliant colors."

Next, at what time does the Indian Summer occur? There the poets are as much at variance with one another as with the facts. Longfellow blends among the poets, in "Evangeline" he says: "Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer, And the retreating sun the sign of Scorpion enters."

This takes place October 23d, and yet he goes on to speak of September gales— "With the winds of September Wrosted the trees of the forest, as Japhet of old with the Angel."

Then he writes: "—Followed that beautiful season Called by the pious Arabian peasants the Summer of All Saints."

This, however, is unfortunately made to come after the September gales, while the actual Indian Summer, as they styled the Indian Summer, came generally on All Saints Day, November 1st. He also notices to get on another arrangement, by adding to his description: "With the wind of the sunset and sunset, and with the dew, each glittering flash of the forest, the Persian adorned with his manes and jewels."

Whereas, when Indian Summer comes, the trees are stripped of their leaves, and the glories of Autumn have departed. Yet the points in his description are not more mixed than the popular notions entertained on the general subject.

Those who have attended to the subject agree that in North America this beautiful season occurs properly in November, though there are many days that resemble it in various parts of the year. In England, it is usually looked for about November 15th, which is St. Martin's Day, and gives rise to the term "Martin's Summer." This, in some districts, is appropriated to a sort of rustic festival. On the Continent, it is also recognized, but is called the "Summer close," and the "Summer of Old Men." In Chili, it is called the "Summer of St. John." And what shall we say of its cause? Here we must step with care, as Indian Summer is a great enigma. Until 1833, I do not find that the subject was ever seriously taken up. In that year, *Nichols's Journal* gave an article which accounted for the haze—the prime feature of this season—referring to an increase of humidity of the air, the damp lower strata of which were not operated upon and borne away by the electrical currents, at this season tending upward from the now positive though too feeble earth.

He discarded the common notion that the haze was ordinary smoke resulting from extensive conflagrations.

This writer was followed, in 1836, by another, in the same journal, who claimed that the smoke theory was correct, and that the season was always attended, in parts of the country, by affections of the eye, which, instead of being caused simply by the red rays, as alleged, were induced by microscopic clouds which every where pervade the air. Haze, it was affirmed, never caused any injury to the sight.

In 1838, another writer in *Nichols's Journal* brought forward the old smoke theory again to account for the haze, the smoke being confined to the earth by downward air-currents; but he admits that, while the existence of such currents is claimed, it is impossible to explain the laws of their operation.

For the apparent rise in the temperature, various reasons have been given—latent heat, says one, thrown off by the waters of the Gulf stream preparatory to being turned into ice; the south wind, says another, perhaps at the same time bringing in the Indian god, Cantawont, who lived in the South; and at this season, say the aboriginals, mild air and favorable light, the latter enabling them to come close upon the deer in their favorable hunting season. Yet it is a notorious fact, proven by the meteorological tables, that the prevailing winds at this season are not from the south, while it is also not the Indian's season for the hunt.

A story is told of an English scientific society, to which was propounded the question, "Why is it that, when a goldfish is placed in a brimming bowl of water, the water does not run over?" The subject was gravely discussed, it is said for some time, before any one thought of examining the statement of the alleged fact.

And so, in the same way, it is possible that, in endeavoring to account for the increased heat of Indian Summer, the philosopher has likewise been a little too fast; for, is there any increase of heat during this beautiful season?

In my definition, I have spoken of the apparent increase, and I do not find a solitary figure in meteorological tables that proves it any thing more. This season is a quiet season, and hence it may seem warmer; whereas it may be just as cold as before. (In the Arctic region, the adventurer easily understands how it may grow warmer without affecting the mercury.) And, whatever may be the opinion of Longfellow in other respects, he catches the spirit of this season where he exerts:

"Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean Was for a moment soothed."

No driving wind generally prevails to send the cold through one like needles; hence we imagine that it has actually grown warmer.

But, though no one has yet mastered the science of Indian Summer, its phenomena have become dear to all. No feature of fading Autumn has so effectually touched the heart, or so powerfully appealed to the affections. We see an illustration of its strength in the example of Whittier, who, while passing through the excitement of a hot, old-fashioned anti-slavery canvass, in New England, catches a view of his dying gleams along the slopes of his native hills, when he forgets "the world," and the condition of the vote, and begins to lament that

"From cold to gray The mist sweet day Of Indian Summer takes too soon."

At this season, all things in Nature are transfigured, while the heavy earth itself seems to have gotten a soul. It is a powerful preachment of pantheism, which goes far, for the time, to reconcile us to the dogma that the world is a projection of God in the unconscious. Yet a faithful deity the illusion, and brings back the cold wind of fact.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.—Among the countless women who daily pass and repass Trinity Church, how many know that within a few feet of the crowded thoroughfare of Broadway is a grave which covers all that remains of a once beautiful and fascinating woman, the record of whose sorrows has dimmed the eyes of thousands.

No date of birth, no indication of family, and no hint of death, appear on the stone that covers the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose tragic story, once the theme of every circle, is probably unknown to the greater number of young readers. The most beautiful girl in New York—so it is claimed—she attracted the attention of a young officer, a member of one of England's oldest and proudest families, who with his regiment occupied New York, after the battle of Long Island. Charlotte, then only seventeen, was wooed and won by the dashing young officer. He deserted her, and the old story—the son after a dead-of-brother heart. A little daughter which she lost was tenderly cared for, at a proper age taken to England, and a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars set up on her by the head of her father's family, the late Earl of Derby, grandfather of the present Lord Stanley. She, like a true daughter of a true woman, returned to New York, and erected the monument that now marks the mother's grave. The inscription upon it was engraved on a solid tablet of brass, an inch in thickness, heavily plated with silver, and thus it read: "Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Temple, aged nineteen years." This duty performed, she returned to England and lived a life of unobtrusive piety and usefulness. The plate placed upon the stone that marks the grave was supposed to be of solid silver, and tempted the cupidity of certain vandals, who, with hammer and chisel, succeeded in prying it from the slab. They were never detected. Many years afterward, some good Samaritan caused the simple name of Charlotte Temple to be cut underneath the excavation. There it may be seen within a few feet of Broadway, by any one who will take the trouble to look through the iron railing. The last time we gazed at the slab, now almost imbedded in the ground, we saw several sparrows taking a bath in the water which had collected in the excavation from which the vandals removed the plate; and other little songsters were singing a requiem over her grave—near which we were gratified to observe a forget-me-not, doubtless planted there by some kind heart who in childhood had wept over the sad and romantic story of the blue-eyed girl.

Patrick saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to jump over, catch him by the horns and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he laid down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determined to do it. But, as he quickly tossed him over the fence again. Somewhat bruised, but less angry, he picked himself up, with the consoling reflection: "Well, it is a mighty fine thing I had my laugh for."

The Columbus (Miss.) Index says:—"Last week in the County Court, we were joined in the Court House and saw a jury composed of all white men except eleven."

LITERARY SIMILITUDES.

The celebrated stanza in Gray's Elegy is partly borrowed:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene, The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear; Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

Pope has said: "There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye, Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."

Young says of Nature: "In distant wilds by human eye unseen, She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green."

Pure purpling hills the lonely desert trace, And waste their music on the savage race."

And Shenstone says: "And like the desert's lily, bloom to fade."

The exceedingly agreeable image in Thompson's fine eucumion on Industry: "And hence even winter fills her withered lap With blossoming fruits, and plenty, not her own."

is transmitted to him through Pope from Virgil. The latter in a very lively figure, describes the grafted tree as wondering to see itself adorned with foliage and fruit not proper to it.

"Mistral novus frondes et non sua poma"—Georgics.

I apply the same thought to describe the progress to a ruin of a rustic beauty, who emerging from the condition of a waiting maid— "In a translated suit they tries the town, With borrowed pins, and patches not her own."

PROVERBS. In "Young's Night Thoughts," which might have been mentioned in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature": "We take no note of time But from its loss."

That is a proverb; so is the painted declaration "All an earth is shadow, all beyond is sustenance."

and still more unquestionably the following, for it has long since passed into the common parlance of the world, "All men think all men mortal but themselves."

What finer prodigium to the conscience than this imaginative line? "The spirit walks every day deceased."

An aspiration is hardly proverbial, or we would instance the appeal to Lorenzo: "O, for yesterdays to come."

Of the following there is no question; it is declarative, and fulfills every condition of a proverb: "Love and love only, is the loan of love."

Similar to this is the expression, "Hearts are proprietors of all applause."

So, too, the oft-remarked creative efforts of the imagination in enhancing the terrors of death: "Man makes a death that Nature never made."

It is to Young and not to Goldsmith, that we should assign the sentence (they both have it, but the latter borrowed it): "Man wants but little; nor that little long."

A proverb should be in one line, but the privilege may be extended to so fine a saying as the celebrated "Earth's brightest station ends in 'ere helles, And dust to dust concludes her noblest song."

It would be well if some of those loud-est in their praises of Young, would bear in mind the following: "The impious in a good man to be said."

The concluding line of the Fourth Night is memorable: "Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

What a world of trouble the following might save critics and fault-finders! It quite puts out the lantern of Diogenes: "Silonous has been before Young with this: 'The man of wisdom is the man of years.'"

How often has the experience of the world pointed the following: "Death loves a shining mark a signal blow."

There is a nobleness which cannot be too familiar to us in this: "Our hearts are low to but superior worth."

With its accompanying gloss: "Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps."

A great hero, who acquired a reputation, some years since, by jumping off precipices into rivers, immortalized himself by an advance beyond the proposition: "And all may do what has by man been done."

The alteration does justice to a noble sentiment in the following: "His moral grandeur makes the mighty man."

There is also much virtue in the line, "The man that bushes is not quite a hero."

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

you may hear any where—on change, in counting houses, in the streets. Last Summer's Newport belles, hear its warning voice, as winter opens, and yet no offer has been made.

A Yankee captain once sang out in a squall to a new hand on board his craft: "Let go that job there! Confound you, let go that job!" "I ain't touching it!" roared the raw recruit.

The best drawing-lessons—Drawing a snary.

DECENCY IN FEMALE DRESS.

Young girls and ripe matrons need not go about robed like a long-necked and long-sleeved party dress showing a modest rim of their bodies. And let that well turned white and appreciated without being exposed clear up to the estimation of man, with worth having, by appear shoulders and arms chaste lace or muslin, instead of the promiscuous gaze of a public

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THE ROTARY MOTION OF THE EARTH DEMONSTRATED.—AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

The question of the rotary motion of the earth has for ages past given rise to learned discussions between scientific men, and numberless experiments have been made to demonstrate the theory. Foucault, a learned Frenchman, some years ago announced a simple contrivance which he claimed set at rest all disputes on the question and demonstrated the theory beyond cavil.

Dr. F. B. Mendenhall, of the Columbus High School, completed arrangements for a test of Foucault's contrivance on the 16th ult., and proceeded to put it in operation. A wire was attached to a tight cross-beam from the inside center of the dome of the State Capitol, reaching nearly to the floor of the rotunda below.

To the lower end of this wire a metallic ball of 28 pounds weight was attached. The ornamental piece of rotunda pavement furnished a circle, through the center of which, from the north to the south, representing nine degrees variation from the true north, were marked on the circles. The ball was set in vibration on the north and south line, and in one hour had departed from that line in its vibration, and was describing the line of the first degree to the right. The proposition was that at the end of the ninth hour from the start of the ball, it would so far depart from the true north and south line as to describe the ninth degree.

While the ball seemed to leave the track in which it originally started, it really did not. The apparent variation was due to the rotary motion of the earth. This was the second trial of this interesting experiment in the United States.—(Columbus (Ohio) Statesman.)

A SINGULAR BEING.—One of the strangest beings that ever had an existence, of which the human part seems entirely extinct, is living at the poor-house in Southold, N. Y. He bears the outward resemblance of a man; but in intelligence, manners, and habits generally, he hardly deserves mention in connection with the fifthest beasts. A correspondent recently visited the institution, the keeper of which showed him what might be called an "exaggerated pig-pen," in the corner of which, on a bed of straw and broken straw, sat a most repulsive looking creature on his haunches. He was entirely naked, indescribably filthy, and when the keeper told him to get up, he crouched like a dog and slunk away into a corner, where he busied himself in breaking straw in fine bits and chewing it. He refused to eat anything whole, and when he was offered some food, detecting its presence with the keenness of a jackal, once a week a rick is tied about his waist and he is taken to a neighboring creek, where the keeper cleans him as best he can with a broom. About nine years ago clothing could be kept on him by constant watching, but he finally became utterly uncontrollable, and would tear his garments into shreds, and eat them. During the winter he sits and shivers in the cold, but will not submit to any covering, and he has consequently been badly frozen. He is never sick, and his body is remarkably healthy and muscular in appearance. He is twenty-nine years old, and his parents are living, but they are too poor to provide him, or procure medical or scientific treatment for him.

IF MEN would but give up their abominable two-sided pilley on this question, and set toward every reputable woman, whom they find masquerading in a disreputable attire, just as they would under like circumstances, toward their own wives, daughters or sisters, as far as is consistent with surroundings and circumstances, this mode of dress would soon be driven to its rightful home—to the haunts of the profligate and the lost woman.

For my own dear countrywomen I have a wish, which has moved me to speak as I have spoken. Pain words and hard words to say, but words that must be spoken, nevertheless, and which are a better word, sooner or later. It is that they should be known all over the world as the most modest of women in dress and deportment, even as they are now distinguished for wit, elegance, patriotism and innate purity of character. Let the women of other countries believe themselves if they will, by a mode of attire which is in direct opposition to the dictates of their natural modesty, but let our own set a bright example in this respect to the world, and then, indeed, the nation shall rise up and praise the America women blessed!—Howard Gilman, in *Packer's Monthly* for September.

A gentleman from Illinois, who thought himself peculiarly fitted to represent the country abroad, followed Mr. Lincoln with great pertinacity, but holding him at all times and in every place without the slightest mercy. Finally the President, with a pleasant smile, asked if he could speak Spanish. "No," "Well, learn Spanish, and I'll tell you of a good thing you can get." After three months of hard study the would-be diplomat returned to the charge, reminding the President of his promise, and assuring him that he had thoroughly mastered the Spanish language. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I promised to tell you of a good thing you could get. Get Don Quixote and read it; and it will make you laugh."

FLIRTATION is like cricket—one has to be bowled to play it.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.—This little sentence should be written on every heart, stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced, not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another, we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a blessing to others. Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and hear a kind voice whispering,—"Do not feel discouraged—I see your trouble—let me help you." What strength is inspired—what hope created—what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath a sunshine. Yes, let us help one another, encourage, strengthen, and cheer, encourage the weak and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days" if not to us, to those we love.

THE LION IN HIS OLD AGE.—When a young lion reaches the age of two years, he is able to pull down a horse or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, when his talons, teeth, and mane are perfect, and he grows no more. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity his talons and fangs show no signs of decay; but after that he gradually grows feeble, his teeth fall him, and he grows "culbush." He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he prowls around the cattle kraals, and snatches a lamb or a kid just as he did when he set out with his parents, nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating any offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field-mouse; and he starves and dies, or is fallen on by a low cowardly hyena, or is discovered unable to move beneath a tree, and knocked on the head by some wandering Kaffir.—*South African Paper*.

The teachers of the spectrum are prominently practical in application to our own earth. As the lines formed by the spectra of all known metals are well defined, whenever any new lines are visible from burning vapor, the presence of a new and unknown body is at once revealed and the operator is put on the line of discovery. In this way, since 1850, calcium, thallium, and indium, have been added to the list of metals, and lithium, which was previously supposed to be one of the rarest of chemical bodies, is now found to be one of the most widely diffused in the juices of plants, in tea, coffee, milk, in the blood and muscular tissue, though in such minute quantities that common and chemical analysis would not have revealed it. It is said that even the hundred and eighty millionth part of a grain reveals itself in the line of the spectrum, so that in the examination of poisons, or of the human blood, or even of atmospheric changes, it is the most potent alchemist at the command of the chemist. The discoveries already made are only a dim prophecy of greater results to come.

PRAYER.—God does nothing but in answer to prayer. Every new victory which a soul gains is the effect of a new prayer. On every occasion of uneasiness we should retire to pray; that we may give place to the grace and light of God, and then form our resolutions, without being in any pain about what success they may have.

"As to being confided with the goat," said Mrs. Partington, "high living don't bring it on. It is in hereditary in some families, and is handed down from father to son. My Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits it from his wife's grandmother."

A lady teacher was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the terrible punishment of Nebuchadnezzar: "Seven years he lay like a cow." A boy asked, "Did he give milk?"

An invalid disturbed all the inmates of his boarding house recently by imitating a dog. When asked why he did it, he said he had been ordered by his physician to use port wine and bark.

"Is your house a warm one, landlord?" asked a gentleman in search of a house. "I ought to be," was the reply; "the painter gave it two coats recently."

"Industry must prosper," as the man said who was holding the baby while his wife chopped wood.

It is reported that Fisk, Jr., said recently: "If Vanderbilt lives two years longer, I'll burst the old jeans."