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THE BEAUTY OF MARRIAGE.—In opening an old book, the other day, the first passage that my eye fell upon was this. I copy it entire, although I do not believe every word it contains. The old writer says:

"Marriage has in it less of beauty, but more of safety, than single life; it hath not more ease, but less danger, it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strength of love, and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms and fills cities and churches and heaven itself.

"Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of the apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their ruler, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, in that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."

Now you will admit that this is very terse and beautiful. It is quite like Barrow for compactness and Jeremy Taylor for sweetness. But, as I said before, it is not all to be agreed to, particularly the statement that "marriage has in it less of beauty than the single life." There is hardly anything in the world so beautiful as the union of two loving hearts that are united because of their love, and for no earthlier reason. There is hardly an augury of promise so auspicious as an early love that looks toward marriage as its faithful seal and signet. There is hardly any festival among men so genial and happy as a wedding day.

Our author was evidently earnest and sincere in his description, but when he thought there was more beauty in a single life, he unconsciously intimated, perhaps, he was the sober companion of a very excellent yet rather homely woman. But marriage has more of beauty in it than its bride. The wife may be lovely herself; but her wedded life is lovelier. It is more beautiful than the mother, when she wears the crowns of many children, all as beautiful as herself. For a tree is beautiful not only in its leaves and blossoms, but in its shade and shelter.—There is a sacredness in the thought of husband and wife which is more than beautiful. There is something tender in the thought of a family and a household of one's own; and what is tender is better than what is beautiful.

I cannot hold that "celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness." It is rather like the fly in the heart of a *rotten* apple that "dwells in perpetual" sourness. True, marriage is more "merry and more sad;" but if it were not endless, what were merriment? Must there not be darks as well as lights in a picture? "It is fuller of sorrows than of joys?" but its sorrows heighten its joys, and joys without sorrows would never be joyful. "It lies under more burdens?" say rather it *stands* under more burdens, for marriage is strength. It puts two backs into one load, where there was but one before. Of the many men who sink under their burden, fewer are married than single.

It is quite surprising to find so many opinions in the world on the subject of marriage. I do not mean in regard to its lawfulness, or propriety, of divine authority, but its beauty and happiness. Yet it is not to be doubted that most of these speculations originate with single people. There are diversities of views among the married, owing to their greater or less happiness of life, but the great majority of men who have wives, and of the women who have husbands, are very well pleased with the married state; and they who stand off at a distance and laugh at it, or moralize over it, might usually be referred with propriety to the fable of the "Fox and the Grapes." The family is the most beautiful institution on earth, and marriage is the gate through which God meant it should be entered.

ESTIMATED POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—According to a recent estimate the population of the globe is about 1,228,000,000 souls; of this number 552,000,000 belong to the Mongolian race; 390,000,000 to the Caucasian; 190,000,000 to the Ethiopian; 120,000,000 to the Malay, and 1,000,000 to the Indo-American race. The annual mortality is over 33,000,000.—*Antheneum.*

THE TWO AGES.

—:o:—

Folks were happy as the days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore,
In the nineteenth century lambs at play,
Mean mutton and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived *of old*;
So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountain round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told;
And the Paudean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's *not* the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of that old *regime*.
And spite of Lempriere's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.

CHARLES DICKENS.

—:o:—

A touch of sorrow makes the two worlds one. Twenty-four hours have hardly elapsed since the news of the death of Charles Dickens eclipsed the gayety of thrice a hundred thousand London homes, and already America, through all her borders, mourns with Britain a genius which belonged neither to England nor to her, but to the world. In the presence of this sudden darkness swallowing up so fair and sweet a light, of this sudden drought staying forever so fresh and full a fountain, all ancient bitternesses are forgotten.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great hath passed away.

How much more when not a shadow, but a shining life aglow with unexhausted power, is suddenly lost in the gloom of the grave!

Dickens, like Thackeray, has been taken from us (for both were ours as truly as England's or the world's) in the very noon and summit of his faculties. Unlike in so many other points of their careers, these two rare and affluent writers were strangely at one in the fortune of their euthanasy. It was on a morning in January, six years ago, that those who loved and lived with the author of "Pendennis," having bidden him good night but a few hours before, suffering yet not seriously ill, went to call him, and calling him called in vain. The sleep he had slept that night knew no waking. In the darkness his spirit had heard the voice which his own brave old Colonel Newcome heard; in the darkness he had answered *Adsum;* and the rest, which to him we reverently hope was light, remained and remains thickest darkness to us forever.

It was on an evening in June that Dickens passed away. He had been ailing for a few days when on Wednesday last he esteemed himself well enough to entertain a few of his friends at dinner in his home at Gad's Hill, near London.—Suddenly the great shadow fell upon him. He was carried from the table insensible, and though he seems to have rallied a little during the intervening time, he never fully recovered again the use of his faculties, but quietly and gradually sank, until on the ensuing evening, at about half-past six o'clock, his eyes were closed by those who, being always dearest, were then happily also nearest to him—his daughters and his sons.

Charles Dickens was born in February, 1812, at Landport, near Portsmouth, in England. His father, Mr. John Dickens, an official of the British Admiralty, left Portsmouth soon after the conclusion of the long wars with France, in 1815, and, going up to London with a pension and a family, found an opportunity to improve his not very brilliant fortunes by acting as a Parliamentary reporter. In this way he formed a connection with the metropolitan press which eventually decided the career of his son. He had intended to make this son an attorney, and had indeed "articled" him, after the English fashion, to a prosperous practitioner of that branch of the law.—But nature had brought the youth into the world with quite other views. He found it impossible to play the clerk even so well as Shakespeare's Narcissa, and by his earnest entreaties to that effect his father was finally induced to liberate him from his desk and attach him to the staff of the *True Sun*, an ultra-liberal paper which had come into the word during the fierce throes of the Reform bill of Earl Grey and was trying to keep itself alive. The attempt was not successful, and the young Dickens passed over from the *True Sun* to the *Morning Chronicle*. To this he contributed not only the liveliest and most interesting police reports which down to that time had ever appeared in an English journal, but a series also of sketches of London life in its most familiar aspects which attracted a good deal of attention. These sketches he published over the signature of "Boz" in a collective form, in 1836, and this publication made him an author, as his impatience of the attorney's desk had already made him a journalist. The quaint *nom de plume* which he chose had a characteristic origin. He had a younger brother, a simple-hearted and ingenious boy, whom he had pleased him to baptize as "Moses," by reason of his curious resemblance to the hero of the case of green spectacles in Goldsmith's charming story of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Their little sister, unable to share her lips to this name, called the boy "Boz," and Dickens, fascinated by the droll syllable, adopted it as the mask of his first literary effort. It soon became too famous to serve its original purpose. The first successful serial story ever issued in England, the "Pickwick Papers," made the name of "Boz" a household word, and its wearer a personage. This work was undertaken at the suggestion of the publishers Chapman and Hall. It was illustrated—and how admirably—first by a clever young draughtsman, Mr. Seymour, who committed suicide under the pressure of a variety of troubles soon after it began to appear, and then by Hablot K. Browne, whose pencil bodied forth the author's fancies in a way which soon made the ample paunch and the elaborate gaiters of Mr. Pickwick, the anxious face and the slender legs of Mr. Winkle, the airy gestures and the defiantly knowing hat of Mr. Samuel Weller, as familiar to the mind's eye of all reading England as the side whiskers of the Prince-Regent and the nose of Henry Brougham. The "Pickwick Papers" were rapidly followed by "Oliver Twist," which began to appear in *Bentley's Miscellany* in the year 1837—the year, that is, of the accession of the Princess Victoria of Kent to the throne of Great Britain. For the illustration of "Oliver Twist," a greater than Hablot K. Browne lent his aid to the rising novelist. It was George Cruikshank who stamped the sad and painful story of the founding deep in upon the popular sense with his piteous sketch of the starving Oliver "asking for more" in the bleak hall of the workhouse, and his terrible picture of the Jew Pagan biting desperately at his finger nails in the condemned cell of the Newgate prison.

"Oliver Twist" was followed at once by "Nicholas Nickleby," and this in its turn had scarcely ceased to delight the world when its prolific author began to wind up his famous clock of Master Humphrey. The conception of the series of tales published under this name was not original. It was probably borrowed, indeed, directly from Sir Walter Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate." But the stories themselves were totally unlike anything which had preceded them. The "Old Curiosity Shop" enriched English letters with the touching and exquisite image of Little Nell and "Barnaby Rudge" gave to the world a picture of popular fury and tumult in its description of the "No Popery Riots" of 1870, which had no rival save in Sir Walter's marvellous account of the Porteous mob in Edinburgh. By this time the name of Dickens had come to be as well known on this side of the Atlantic as in England. We were still a young people, filled with the facile enthusiasms of youth. Europe, divided from us by thirty days of Atlantic navigation, which the then not wholly established success of ocean steam-navigation was promising to reduce to a fortnight, still exerted upon the American mind a singular and profound fascination. We had hailed the appearance of a new author in London even more cordially than his own countrymen. Dicken's sketches of life, taken as they were from the middle and lower rather than from the aristocratic classes of English society, found a wider sympathy among the democratic multitude of the New than among the literary coteries of the Old World.—So that when it was announced, early in the year 1841, that "Boz" was about to visit America, a hundred instincts of the general mind—many of them, no doubt, absurd and childish, but many of them also refined and very creditable—combined to prepare for him such a welcome as few authors in any age, and no other author certainly in the present time, has ever met with from the people either of his own or of a foreign country. That a young man of thirty, as Dicken's then was—a writer coming out of a land in which literature was looked down upon and patronized into a land which literature was looked up to and loved—an Englishman hardly conscious that the colonies which had thrown off England's yoke in his father's life-time were become in truth a mighty nation—should have misunderstood the homage which he received, was hardly matter of surprise. Not more surprising was it that an observer so keen as Dickens, and with so quick a sense not of the humorous only but of the absurd, should have been amused by the many grotesque aspects which American life then presented. During the two years after his return to England (from 1842, that is, to 1844) he published those much-celebrated "American Notes for General Circulation," and those address berated novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit," which for a time threatened to extinguish altogether his popularity in this country. The formidable indignation created here by his quite pardonable because life-like caricatures of the Honorable Elijah Pogram, of the accomplished Miss Honeyey, and of the enterprising Mr. Jefferson Brick, not less than by his rather unpardonable because rather hasty general strictures upon American society, produced a profound effect [illegible] mind.—For years the remembrance [illegible] prevented him from accepting many [illegible] invitations to visit America, but it was with extreme doubt and reluctance that he finally made up his mind, only two short years ago, to put in his sickle once more and pass on into the field of American popularity and appreciation [illegible] Thackeray meanwhile had reaped a full harvest.

Immediately after the completion of "Martin Chuzzlewit," Dickens made a short visit to Italy—a visit commemorated by one of the most charming of his lesser works; and upon his return from that visit he undertook the task—more serious in itself and less suited to his faculties than any upon which he had yet ventured—of founding a great daily newspaper. This enterprise resulted in the establishment of the London *Daily News*. Dickens, however, soon withdrew from the management of this journal, and returned to the weekly publication in an independent form of his own fancies and imaginations. He hit about this time upon the plan of annually issuing a new and appropriate story in honor of the ancient and very British festival of Merry Christmas. Christmas in England, and particularly in London, has for some time past been losing its popularity as a festival in favor of "Good Friday," which has the advantage of falling at a season of the year more favorable to the out-of-door sports and pleasures in which Englishmen most delight. But there can be no doubt that the success of Dickens's Christmas Stories has sensibly retarded the decline of the great traditional holiday.

In 1850, after the publication of two more striking and characteristic novels—"Dombey and Son," issued in 1847-8, and the "History of David Copperfield, issued in 1848-9—the indefatigable writer founded a weekly miscellany under the title of *Household Words*, to which he largely contributed, and which he only abandoned, nine years later, after a difficulty with his publishers, to establish another similar periodical known now throughout the English-reading world as *All the Year Round*. "Bleak House," a novel published in 1853, "Little Dorrit," published in 1856, "A Tale of two Cities," "The Uncommercial Traveler," "Great Expectations," and "Our Mutual Friend" came in rapid succession from his pen during the last twenty years of his life; and he was engaged upon still a new serial, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," at the time of his death. This work he is understood to have completed before its first number was issued, so that we may look to see it set upon his grave a finished memorial, and not, like the "Dennis Duval" of Thackeray, a broken pillar.

Amid the incessant labor which this bald catalogue of his writings but poorly indicates, Dickens found time and strength for occupations the most varied and the most exacting. For many years before his death he had been in the habit of giving public readings from his own works in England, and in 1868, as we have already said, he was induced to revisit the United States for this purpose. How warmly and cordially he was greeted here—what a wealth of amusement and of instruction he scattered broadcast through the great crowds which in all our leading cities thronged to look upon his face and to listen to his voice—it were superfluous here to say. The memory of his visit is fresh in our minds. The frank, the earnest, the almost too frank, perhaps, and too earnest, words in which, at the close of this his last American tour he publicly apologized for all that might have been esteemed harsh and unjust and unfriendly in the utterances of his "green and salad days" concerning America and her people, seem but yesterday to have sounded upon our ears.

To weigh the claims of this great writer upon the love and admiration of his contemporaries—to measure his chance of commanding a like love and admiration from succeeding generations—were not possible for us to day, were it gracious even to undertake the task while still in the shrouded silence of his darkened home all that was mortal of him awaits the reverent obsequies of a nation's grief.—Certain things, indeed, it is obvious and simple to say of him.

Such an extent and degree of popularity as he had achieved no writer of our own generation in any country has equalled, nor any writer indeed of our century save Scott and Byron and Goethe. Nor has any English author, with the exception of Shakespeare, given to the English-speaking world so many types of character, to become to us as familiars and as friends. It is easy to pronounce these types in the main to be caricatures rather than types; to declare that they rather express isolated and extravagant peculiarities of human feeling or fashion or form than embody the coherent and possible attributes of conceivable human characters. They at least represent so many phases of modern life with so much vividness and with such truth of effect, if not of design, that the popular consciousness has taken them into itself wherever that modern life is lived. The plots of the novels in which they live and move and have their being for the most part may be weak and uninteresting, but so, too, for the most part are the plots of most men's and of most women's lives; and if we see of Dickens's personages only one feature which fastens itself upon our minds, and apprehend of them only one class of notions or one set of feelings, to the exclusion of all others, the same thing, we fancy, is equally true of the impressions which most of us have of our fellow-creatures as we meet them, from their paths, thwart and are thwarted, help and are helped by them in our daily walk and conversation. Above all writers of his time, not in England only, but in Europe, Dickens drew the food and the form of his creations from the rising world of popular life and character. He was born with the downfall of that French empire which had made an end of the ancient regime; he came into manhood with the prostration of that British aristocracy by which the French empire had been overthrown. Before his time the "common people, servants and tradesmen, shopkeepers and rustics had been brought indeed into English literature, but only as satellite s to and attendants upon the heroes and heroines in whom and in whose fortunes the Muses might interest themselves. This is as true of Fielding, with all his wide and genial appreciation of humanity in the abstract, as of Scott, with his passion for the picturesque and the noble. Dickens for the first time compelled the reading world to take its part in the pains and pleasures of low and mean persons, of footmen and scullions, of butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers. The spirit of Wordsworth's poetry suffused and informed his quaint and humorous prose:

"The common growth of Mother Earth
Sufficed for him; her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears."

The time might have come—perhaps with some of us the time had already come—when these low and mean persons might seem to crowd their betters too absolutely out of the great novelist's pages. Dickens himself, indeed, had of late years attempted, though not with perfect success, to introduce among them a certain proportion of what Thackeray was fond of calling "good company." But the spirit in which he first made us familiar with them was a wise, a deep, and a wholesome spirit. It was time that men should be made to see something in the tramp beside a pair of feet to be set in the stocks, something in the quack beside a pair of hands to fetch and carry. This something Dickens sought and saw in all of these, and in the mighty disregarded classes to which all these belonged. This something also he helped and charmed and cheered the world to seek and to see. That his heart was in the work of his genius the whole of his public career as a man of action among his fellows attests. Gifted with a singular dramatic faculty in speech, and with a voice which, if not pleasing exactly, was peculiar and in its way effective, he frequently appeared on the platform both of politics and of social reform, and always as an advocate of things enlightened, liberal, and humane. Yet he neither was, nor, strangely enough, can we remember that he ever was accused of being, a demagogue; nor did he seek to achieve for himself a place higher or more glittering in the eyes of the world than that which his pen and the genius which it served assured to him. Indeed, he recognized no place as higher. He was England's leading man of letters, not so much because of his vast popularity or because he transcended all his contemporaries, either in original power or in his literary faculty, as because he was prouder than any other Englishman of his profession, more devoted to it, more exacting for it, more content with its honest opportunities and with its natural rewards.

Among these natural rewards, that upon which he seemed to set least value was the social recognition which, in all civilized countries, now attends so promptly and in such full measure the triumphs of the intellect. There ran through his nature, as indeed no careful reader of his works need be reminded, a vein of delight in the simple jovialities of unconventional life which controlled for the most part his tastes and habits in the matter of his relations with society in general. But the true life of the man was in his writings, and through them he was at home with all sorts and conditions of men.—And now that he has gone it is by all sorts and conditions of men that his departure is mourned to-day, that his loss will be felt for many a day and month and year to come.

The Queen of England, at whose court he had never cared to present himself, but in whose refined and cultivated home he had been welcomed as an honored guest, has honored his high position and herself by a public expression of her sorrow at her and England's loss. Busy London will pause from its going to and fro, and from its heaping up and scattering abroad of golden hoards to wait in reverent silence upon the passing of his funeral train. But the deepest homage and the most enduring paid to his genius and to the noble uses which he made of it will be the void felt of all men in that world of letters in which genius such as his makes a spring-time of blossoms and a summer of fruits.

In the longing and desire of thousands in many lands, the books he shall never write will praise beyond all words of others the books which he has written and the man who wrote them.

"The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

An Irishman having accidently broken a pane of glass in a window, was making the best of his way out of sight as well as mind, but, unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, "You broke my window, did you not?" "To be sure I did," said Pat, "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

EXTRAORDINARY THEORY.—A distinguished chemist, Dr. Grusselbach, a professor of the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that those Egyptain mummies which are found in the ancient tombs on the Nile, in a complete state—that is to say, without having been deprived of their brains and entrails, like most mummies—are not embalmed at all, but "are really the bodies of individuals whose life has been momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation was lost." Professor Grusselbach adduces many proofs in support of his idea—among others, his experiments during the last ten years, which, he says, have been successful. He takes a frog and puts it in such a manner that he benumbs it so though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that, had he allowed it to fall, it would have broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for several years, and then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections apparently without sustaining harm. The Professor is reported to have sent a petition to his Government, requesting that a criminal, who has been condemned to death may be given to him to be treated in the same manner as the snake, promising to restore him to life again in two years. It is understood that the man undergoing this experiment is to be pardoned. Of course if a man can be kept in a state of suspended animation for two years, he may be kept for two thousand years, and, if the Professor succeeds we may lay up a few specimens of our cotemporaries for exhibition in the thirty-ninth century.—*Appleton's Journal.*

THE WIT AND SATIRE OF WILLS.—One might suppose that Will-making was anything but a merry occupation, and yet the drollery of the wills that some eccentric old fellows have left behind them could hardly be surpassed. Dean Swift could not have concocted a more bitter joke than that of the testator who, after reciting the obligations he was under to a particular friend, bequeathed to him, at the bottom of the first page of his will, ten thousand——pounds, of course, thought the delighted legatee; but, on turning the leaf, the bequest was discovered to be ten thousand thanks. What a wet blanket for "great expectations!" Just as odd, was the codicil of the death-stricken humorist who left to certain of his dear relatives "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area enclosed by the track of the centre of the oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun to be twenty-one thousand six hundred semi-diameters of the earth from it." This was a century ago; and as the problem could not be satisfactorily worked out, the legatees were kept at a *mean distance* from the property all their lives. A very neat reproach was conveyed in the will of an uncle who bequeathed *eleven* silver spoons to his nephew, with the remark, "If I have not left him the dozen he knows the reason:" the young scapegrace having stolen the twelfth spoon some time before.

SPEED OF ELECTRIC SIGNALS.—Professor Gould has found that the velocity of the electric waves through the Atlantic cables is from 7,000 to 8,000 miles per second, and depends somewhat upon whether the circuit is formed by the two cables or by one cable and the earth.

Telegraph wires upon poles in the air conduct the waves with a velocity a little more than double this, and it is remarked, as a curious fact, that the rapidity of the transmission increases with the distance between the wire and the earth, or the hight of the support. Wires buried in earth likewise transmit slowly, like submarine cables. Wires placed upon poles, but slightly elevated, transmit signals with a velocity of 12,000 miles per second, while those at a considerable hight give a velocity of 16,000 or 20,000 miles.—*Journal des Telegraphes.*

A Junction City photographer presented a revolver to the head of a gentleman who was sitting for his photograph, with the cheering remark: "My reputation as an artist is at stake. If you don't look smiling, I'll blow your brains out."

"What is the cause of that bell ringing?" inquired William.

"I think,' said John, 'that somebody has pulled the rope."

A cynical pedagogue gives it as his opinion that now adays ladies appear to treat their waist as vulgar fractions—to be reduced to the lowest terms.

Never confide in a young man—new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged—old doors seldom shut closely.

"Let us remove temptation from the path of youth," as the frog said when he plunged into the water on seeing a boy take up a stone.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out.

HOW TO TREAT SAINTS.—We once heard a story of two men who started together one bright morning for a whole day's journey. They soon became separated. The one reached his destination before the sun had sunk behind the Western hills, where he made himself comfortable at the inn. His only trouble was concern for his laggard companion. He thought surely some evil must have befallen him.

Long after dark, his fellow-traveler arrived. When asked the cause of his delay he replied,

"I was obliged to stop at every other house to whip off the unmannerly dogs that barked at me. Didn't they bark at you, sir?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but I did not stop to whip them. I simply told them they were ill-bred curs and drove on."

We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the back-bitings and gossips we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions, and not by others. Always bear this in mind, that "calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—In Augustin Daly's great play "Under the Gaslight," Laura Courtland utters this beautiful sentiment:

"Let the woman you look upon be, wise or vain, beautiful or homely, rich or poor, she has but one thing she can really give or refuse—her heart. Her beauty, her wit, her accomplishments, she may sell to you—but her love is the treasure without money and without price.—She only asks in return that when you look upon her, your eyes will speak a mate devotion; that when you address her, your voice shall be gentle, loving and kind. That you shall not despise her because she cannot understand all at once your vigorous thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purposes—her love remains to console you. You look upon the trees for strength and grandeur; do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember, love is all that a woman can give—but it is the only earthly thing which God permits us to carry beyond the grave."

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man 50 years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500 days, was sick 500 days, etc. He ate 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid, namely, water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc., altogether. This would make a respectable lake of 300 square feet surface and 3 feet deep, on which a small steamboat could navigate. This estimate is, however, made from a Frenchman; for an American, we have to modify it, by lessening the number of days, he devotes to amusements, and, in place of this, substitute 1,000 days for quietly speculating how to get more of the almighty dollar, 15,000 days for traveling by steam and horse power, and 200 days in waiting for means of transportation.

While passing a house in Virginia, two drummers observed a very peculiar chimney, unfinished, and it attracting their attention, they asked a flaxen haired urchin standing near the house if it "draw-ed well," whereupon the aforesaid urchin replied:

"Yes, it draws the attention of all the d—n fools that pass this road."

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of L——b, who during life refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise, his wife received, through a medium, a communication which read as follows:

"Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice water."

"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing the judge, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus."

"Well," said a farmer, who stood at the back of the court, "these lawyers will say anything. I saw the man get out of a cab at the court door."

The worst case of deafness that we ever came across outside of an asylum was that of an old lady who lived across the street from the arsenal yard. On the Fourth of July they fired a salute of 36 guns. The old lady was observed to start and listen as the last gun was fired, and then she exclaimed, "Come in!"

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in company, when every one was bragging of his tall relation, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. He had, he said, two half brothers, each measuring six fact.

A woman supposed she was reading the Bible when she greeted her son, who came home to keep Thanksgiving, in the following words: "Here comes the fatted calf!"