LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Pioneer of Progress.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

A battle must be fought,
In the clear and open plain,
Ere their long-debated right
Freedom's soldiers can obtain:
But the road is dark and cumbered where they go;
The feeble halt and doubt,—
The rash are put to rout:—
There are Pioneers of Progress wanted now.

Let the cowardly despair;
Time shall aid the working hand;
What shall baffle those who dare
Be first to lead the band?
Not Prejudice, with darkly scowling frown;
Though her sentinels have long
Like scarecrows awed the throng
Where her moss-grown wall was built—pull it down.

Where the crumbling ruin falls,
And scatters blank and wide;
Pile the remnants of the walls
Far apart on either side:
If the stones are in the way—leap across!
Cut the brambles round your feet,
Though the wounding thorns may meet;
Buy the glory of great gain with a loss.

Then "Onward" be the word,
For many a levelled mile;
Let the marching troops advance
Over mountain—through defile:
Marshal all, to the weakest and the last;
Till unwearied arms begin
The battle they shall win,
And their struggle be a memory of the past;

But forget not in that hour,
When the strife is all gone by,
The earnest hearts, whose power
First led you on to try
What the might of gathered multitudes might do:
Turn back, and let your cheer
Sound gladly in their ear—
"We never should have conquered but for you!"

Angry Words.

BY J. MIDDLETON.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour,
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insiduous power.
Hearts, inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day,
Angry words—oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken:
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd,
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

From Curwen's Journal.

JOHN WESLEY.

"In the afternoon, walked to a street adjoining King's square to attend John Wesley's preachment; he being seated on a decent scaffold, addressed about two thousand people, consisting of the middle and lower ranks. The preacher's language was plain and intelligible, without descending to vulgarisms.

"*Sept.* 14, 1777.—In the afternoon I attended once more John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy; he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker, his voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; he is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood, who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness. He wears an Oxford master's gown: his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behaviour,—not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability."

SIR JOHN FIELDING.

"*August* 23, 1775.—Went to Sir John Fielding's office, Bow street—examination of prisoners for robberies, assaults, &c. He is a venerable gentleman and blind (as justice is represented;) his queries manifested a mild deportment, ready apprehension, and great penetration."

CHRISTMAS SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

"*Dec.* 25, 1777. *Christmas.*—Service at cathedral. No shops opened entirely, nor business publicly or generally carried on;—though the day is otherwise negligently enough observed, nor indeed can more be expected, considering the low ebb of religion here."

LORD LYNDHURST'S FATHER.

"In passing through Leicester square, I called in at Mr. Copley's to see Mr. Clarke and the family, who kindly pressed my staying to tea; and in the meantime amused myself by seeing his performances in painting. He was then at work on a family piece containing himself, Mr. Clarke, his wife and four children, of all of whom I observed a very striking likeness. At tea was present Mr. West, a Philadelphian, a most masterly hand in historic painting; author of the well-known and applauded piece, now in print, called 'West's Death of Wolfe,' and taken from his painting. He is now at work on a piece called the "Death of Stephen," for the king, and for which he is to have one thousand pounds."

"*Dec.* 19, 1780.—Called on Mr. R. Clarke, in company with Colonel Browne; we were invited to Mr. Copley's picture-room, wherein were two exhibition pieces, viz., Brooke Watson's wonderful deliverance from a great shark that had twice seized him, and had bitten off one leg. The other piece, Copley's own family, comprising himself, wife, and three children, and his father-in-law, Mr. Clarke. Here is also a large piece representing the House of Lords, when Lord Chatham, in the height of his patriotic zeal, was seized with a fit which proved fatal; the piece represents the moment of his being raised from the floor on which he had fallen, and was lying in the arms and lap of the Duke of Cumberland, his son-in-law; number of lords sixty, in their dresses, attitudes, &c., either as they then stood, or as the painter fancied they might, faces taken from life as they successively sat for this purpose. It is to be engraved for a print, deliverable next August twelvemonth, at three guineas each. Mrs. Hay appeared in view so very like, that the first glance announced for whom it was intended. After amusing ourselves for some time, took leave and separated at door."

ROYAL MOVEMENTS.

"Saw their Majesties returning from the drawing room, the king in a sedan chair surmounted by a crown, dressed in very light cloth with silver buttons; the queen carried by two porters in a chair, dressed in lemon-colored flowered silk, on a light cream-colored ground. They passed between two lines, observed, smiled, and bowed as they passed."

GEORGE THE THIRD AND HIS FAMILY AT WINDSOR.

"The King was dressed in blue fly, cuffs small, open, and turned up with red velvet, cape of same, buttons white, breeches and waistcoat of white cotton, an ordinary white wig with a tail ribbon, a round black chip hat, small, as used in riding. He is tall, square over the shoulders, large ugly mouth, talks a great deal, and shows his teeth too much; his countenance heavy and lifeless, with white eyebrows. Queen of the middle size and bulk, height five feet and a half,—though far removed from beautiful, she has an open placid aspect, mouth large, foot splay;—at prayers their voices often heard, and they appeared devout. They take no state upon them, walk freely about the town with only a lord in waiting. At seven, every evening after tea, the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, Princesses Sophia and Elizabeth, walk for an hour on terrace half a mile long, amidst two or three thousand people of all ranks. The Prince of Wales appears a likely agreeable person, far more graceful than his father, who is ungainly. The Prince affects much the '*Jemmy*' dress and air; age will doubtless soften down the juvenile taste and affectation. The Queen's dress, a riding-habit, same color and facings as the King's—a small bonnet with a blue feather."

ITALY.—In the description of the approach to Italy, in whose scenes and associations the book is altogether laid, there are many beauties. As the author may be supposed to step from the Alps into Italy, he thus breaks forth:

"The trees and vines interlaced, are like dancing nymphs and graces linked together; the objects in the fields and upon the roads, are but just seen above the spring verdure; or the mountains are topped with impurpled autumn, as if streaming with new made wine; and the red legs and arms of men, bacchanalian characters are dyed in the juice of the grape. The hills, groves, and buildings, set in cypresses, are the picturesque sojourn of monks, who have chosen situations the most agreeable, the most resembling paradise in this world, if they find it not in the other. The lakes bear fairy palaces on their bosoms, and on their shores, glittering in the sun—the water covered with boats, like gliding insects—the frogs croak like the tinkling bells of sheep—the many church towers, high and disjointed, summon and dismiss the peasantry from their labor, who are seen kneeling before the burial places on the road side, praying for the dead,—those who are released from all these absolute calls to toil, yet conjuring the living to remember and sympathise with them. The pictured walls show their bodies surrounded by the flames of purgatory; in the corner, skulls seen through the gratings of a little house; cross-bones and skeletons drawn on the outside, claim for these departed souls, the alms of the pious, Then a nunnery appears, where the voice is all that is left of the living, and makes it sound the more from heaven."

We can admire also this description of Venice; like Venice itself in fantastic tracery and brilliant colors.

"Is it Venus in her shell upon the ocean, or the illusion of fancy, that has given some rock the appearance of a city—a sculptured reef, furrowing the seas, like coral growing upon the waters, fashioned into fairy forms—artifice palmed upon the ocean, which she mistakes for her own creation, and embraces without injury? Or is it some mirage which presents itself to the eye when the elements mimic the works of man, and deceive the senses? Wonderful, that yon mass of stone and towering edifices can burden the light foundation of the ocean; though the generality of buildings assimilate themselves to their situation, and bear upon the bosom of the waters, gently as a zephyr breeze. The doge's palace, St. Mark's, are of an airy character; the Giorgio Maggiore, the Sestile, the Redentore, Marco Sebeto, are more ponderous and majestic; now all grey, then red, then white, with the quick successive alternations of the evening. The transparent palace of the doge receives the full reflection of the setting sun, and looks a rival beaming upon the sea; the white Bridge of Sighs hanging without the impenetrable and gloomy prisons; a big tear trickling forth, formed from the many shed within. Traversing this ocean labyrinth through its canals, or on foot through its alleys, not the winding mountain torrent piercing its dark way through the disjointed rocks, and thickly wooded sides of the ravine, nor the river flowing through ever so fair a valley, surpass, in picturesque variety and beauty, these serpentine canals between their lines of palaces."

Many, too are the thoughts, by no means unworthy recording, given forth in the following wild and whirling fashion:

"Virgil was born at the head, and buried at the foot of Italy; and poetry seems to have flowed from the former, as if from an Alpine river source; and from the latter sprung up as if his ashes had been its seeds. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, lived and died beside the Adriatic; and Virgil in Pausilipo, and Tasso on the opposite shore of Sorento, are like the answers of one syren to another, said to have inhabited formerly the still magic coast of the bay of Naples."

An idea of the Tiber, which we have admired in the unpublished latin verse of an accomplished poet and scholar,

> Mœnia, Tibri, pater, tantum Romana tueris
> Ast alias urbes despicis atqu: fugus.

is embodied in this quaint fancy:

"In its course this Roman river does not water any other great towns, or pass by many frequented ways; as if, contented with the honor of the imperial city, it avoided and disdained all others: and after Rome, it wends it way desolate and unknown, to the sea; whilst the Arno, which rises on the other side of the same hill in the Apennines, for the short length of its course, goes through a populous territory, and two as glorious towns as any in Italy—Florence and Pisa; and the Nile, and all other great rivers, wash innumerable cities."

We think this remark just:

"The Northern invaders felt the unwholesomeness of the climate, or an aversion to Rome; neither Goths nor Lombards established themselves in the capital of the world; they never preferred other situations, and Rome probably fell more to ruin, left to itself and its original inhabitants, than it would have done under the settled authority of the barbarians."

In Mr. Landor's admirable *Pentameron and Pentalogia*, Boccacio tells us that when he was in Rome nothing reminded him of her former state till he saw a goose in the grass under the Capitoline hill. It was the only one of her inhabitants that had not degenerated. This goose was making his choice of herbage about triumphal arches and monumental columns, and picking up worms; the surest descendants, the truest representatives, and enjoying the inalienable succession, of the Cæsars. Our present writer substitutes goats for geese, and thinks with Boccacio. He has a lively description of the goats in the Campo Vacco, diving into the innermost recesses, climbing the walls, and peeping from the palace chambers of the Cæsars. This is well said:

"We have but alternate empire with the cattle, the herbage, and the creeping things; we shut them out, and they return again; they have first and last possession of the land."

And this, with praiseworthy bitterness:

"We are sometimes more apt to breathe the spirit of vengeance than of adoration, and exult in the destruction of time; inclined to imagine the Campo Vacco peopled with shades of the ancient Romans; and that the sight of such a changed scene might be their punishment, if Providence was in want of a hell to chastise them or their sins against the world. In their decline and fall, what influenced them with more anguish, than a Roman should descend to the common condition of humanity?—and what more galling to the feelings of this proud people, than half-standing ruins, their purposes reversed, and occupations vile?"

And also this, in which sarcastic reference is made to the last indignities of poor old Rome—her antiquarian invasions:

"Certainly, if the prophets could have forseen a troop of antiquarians, they would have described such a visitation as the abomination of desolation;—Denon's all on donkeys, who went to Thebes, the Babylon of Egypt; and the successive English and French, who have rooted up and torn to pieces;—they would not have pictured wolves and jackals, harmless animals, but this rabid set, as the most melancholy feature of the scene."

MEXICAN LEPEROS.—Passing from the cathedral door to the south-eastern portion of the city, you reach the outskirts, crossing in your way the canals from the lake. I have rarely seen such miserable suburbs; they are filled with hovels built with sundried bricks, often worn with the weather to the shape of holes in the mud, while on their earthen floors crawl, cook, live, and multiply, the wretched population of leperos. This word, I believe, is not pure Spanish, but is derived originally, it is said, from the Castilian lepra; and although they do not suffer from that loathsome malady, they are as disgusting.

Blacken a man in the sun; let his hair grow long and tangled, or become filled with vermin; let him plod about the streets in all kinds of dirt for years, and never know the use of brush, or towel, or water even, except in storms; let him put on a pair of leather breeches at twenty, and wear them until forty, without change or ablution; and over all place a torn and blackened hat, and a tattered blanket begrimed with abominations; let him have wild eyes and shining teeth, and features pinched by famine to sharpness; breasts bared and browned (if female,) with two or three miniatures of the same species tottering after her, and another certainly strapped to her back; combine all these in your imagination, and you have a recipe for a Mexican lepero.

There on the canals, around the markets and pulque shops, the Indians and these miserable outcasts hang all day long, feeding on fragments, quarrelling, drinking, stealing, and lying drunk about the pavements, with their children crying with hunger around them. At night they slink off to these suburbs, and coil themselves up on the damp floors of their lairs, to sleep off the effects of liquor, and to awake to another day of misery and crime. Is it wonderful, in a city with an immense proportion of its inhabitants of such a class (helpless in the present and future,) that there are murderers and robbers?—*Brantz Meyer.*

"AS CUNNING AS A FOX."—The following illustration of this adage proves beyond a doubt that reynard, so much celebrated for his sagacity in past ages, has lost none of his cunning in modern times. A gentleman in the barony of Ennishowen had a pet fox, which he had kept for six months in a large wooden cage. His food consisted chiefly of broken meat, bones, &c., and this caused him to be much annoyed at night by dogs, which visited him with the intention of thrusting their noses in through the apertures in the cage and carrying off his "supplies." One small dog in particular, though admonished by sundry growls and snaps from the inmate of the wooden habitation to give over his thievish propensities, could not resist the temptation of returning, in the hope, no doubt, of succeeding, as he had done occasionally before, in carrying off a savoury bone. Reynard at last, wearied with his pertinacity, resolved on exchanging places with his canine tormentor, in order to let the latter feel the tedium of imprisonment, and to teach him that the situation he seemed to envy was not so very desirable as he regarded it. Accordingly, one night, recently, reynard slyly opened the cage, and, when the dog came, allowed him free admission, taking care, when he got him fairly inside, to run out himself and make fast the door of the cage after him, leaving the intruder in durance, where he was discovered next morning, all his efforts to extricate himself having proved ineffectual. The fox, instead of leaving the premises and taking to the fields, remained until his young master made his appearance, when he leaped upon a bundle of hay and gambolled playfully around him, afterwards taking possesson of his former domicile.—*Londonderry Standard.*

FRENCHMEN AND PARIS.—A Frenchman more than other men is dependant upon things without himself. Nature and his own mind, with domestic interests and recreations, are not enough to complete his daily circle. For his best enjoyment he must have a succession of factitious excitements. Out of this want Paris has grown to be the capital of the world for superficial amusements. Here are the appliances, multiplied and diversified with the keenest refinement of sensual ingenuity, for keeping the mind busy without labor and fascinated without sensibility. The senses are beset with piquant baits. Whoever has money in his purse, and can satisfy through gold his chief wants, need have little thought of the day or the year. He finds a life all prepared for him, and selects as he does his dinner from the voluminous carte of the restaurant. To live is to him as easy as to make music on a hand-organ: with but slight physical effort from himself, he is borne along from week to week and from season to season on an unresisting current of diversions. Here the sensual can pass years without satiety, and the slothful without ennui. Paris is the Elysium of the idler, and for barren minds a Paradise.—*An American's Scenes and Thoughts in Europe.*

My Mother's Kiss.

I LOVE to hear the music
Of my brother's careless glee,
And many a household voice
Bringeth melody to me.
I love the gentle pressure
Of many a fond caress,
Yet is there one that more than all
Hath power to soothe and bless.

My infant lip turned eagerly
To meet its soft salute,
Given with a trembling earnestness,
That sealed the giver's mute.
I loved it then unconsciously,
And from that hour to this,
There is naught on earth so precious
As my mother's gentle kiss.

It was then my richest guerdon,
When, some childish lesson o'er,
With the wildly gushing joyousness
That may visit me no more,
My young heart overflowing
With the fullness of this bliss,
I flew to claim the promise
Of her proud and happy kiss.

And when at length grown weary
Of happiness and play,
I sought repose and balmy sleep,
At close of summer day.
When my vesper hymn was over,
And my evening prayer was said,
And the curtains gathered carefully
By her hand around my bed,
The fervent pressure of that kiss,
As my eye began to close,
Shed o'er my rest its rosy dreams,
Till the early birds arose.

And ever when a wanderer
From my love-encircled home,
'Mid other scenes with other friends,
Delightedly I roam;
When the twilight shadows gather,
And the dew falls on the flower,
And the weary birds are turning
Each to his forest bower,
And the fond heart homeward tendeth,
Oh! 'tis sorrowful to miss
The accents of her sweet "good night,"
My mother's parting kiss.

Thou Dost not Love Me.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Thou dost not love me! Take away
Those arms that twine around me,
I thought thee true as tongue can say:
I think thee—what I've found thee.
Go, take to other maids thy kiss,
Nor deem of me so lowly,
That I could stoop my heart to this,
A love so false, unholy.

I will not have thine arm so fond,
Nor hear thy tongue's deceiving:
O! what are words, when all beyond
Is full of deepest grieving!
Take, take thy false kiss away,
These eyes, those looks, that chill me;
I cannot, will not, dare not stay,
Thy falsehood else will kill me.

THE USE OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL.—Another mode of safety exists in that which the generality of creatures is known to avoid,—the attention and gaze of the foe; and the means of escape are afforded by assuming such a terrific aspect as may confound the faculties of the pursuer, and strike him with an effectual though empty terror. The beauty of the peacock's plumage was a theme of admiration in the remotest times; and the bird was sought after as capable of adding splendor to the magnificence of Solomon. The chief display of this beauty arises from that arrangement of long and gorgeous feathers which spring from the space between the region behind the wings and the origin of the tail; but the use of this to the bird itself has been a subject of doubt. At first sight it seems to be no better than a luxuriance of nature, and an encumbrance, rather than a benefit. The action by which their splendor is outspread has also been deemed an absurd manifestation of pride. But men are imperfect interpreters of the actions of animals; and a closer examination of the habits of this bird will afford a different explanation. The tail of the peacock is of a plain and humble description; and seems to be of no other use besides aiding in the erection of the long feathers of the loins; while the latter are supplied at their insertion with an arrangement of voluntary muscles, which contribute to their elevation, and to the other motions of which they are capable. If surprised by a foe, the peacock presently erects its gorgeous feathers; and the enemy at once beholds starting up before him a creature which his terror cannot fail to magnify into the bulk implied by the circumference of a glittering circle of the most dazzling hues, his attention at the same time being distracted by a hundred glaring eyes meeting his gaze in every direction. A hiss from the head in the centre, which in shape and colors resembles that of a serpent, and rustle from the trembling quills, are attended by an advance of the most conspicuous portion of this bulk; which is in itself an action of retreat, being caused by a receding motion of the body of the bird. That must be a bold animal which does not pause at the sight of such an object; and a short interval is sufficient to ensure the safety of the bird; but if, after all, the enemy should be bold enough to risk an assault, it is most likely that its eagerness or rage would be spent on the glittering appendages, in which case the creature is divested only of that which a little time will again supply. A like explanation may be offered of the use of the long and curious appendages of the head and neck of various kinds of humming-birds, which, however feeble, are a pugnacious race. Among the birds of our own country, the bittern, (*Ardea stellaris,*) the pheasant and common cock are, in a less degree, examples of the same strategy in defence; and, besides the terror they infuse, are instruments of protection in offering an uncertain mark to a combatant.—*Couch's Illustrations of Natural History.*

A SCIENCE TO REVIVE.—Pythagoras invented a means by which everything that he wrote upon a mirror with bean-juice became legible in the moon. *Cæl Rhodigin.* xi. 13. When Charles V. and Francis I. were waging war with each other to obtain possession of Milan, everything that happened in the day at Milan could, by means of such a mirror, easily be read on the moon at night in Paris. Agrippa *De Occul. Philos.* ii. 6.

MORE INDUSTRY, LESS LOVE!—Amid severe labors the tender veins of the heart contract, and the open arms of the inner man are paralyzed. The overburdened man scarcely has the desire to love, far less the time. We always love and seek *things* at the expense of *persons;* and the man who *works* too much must *love* too little.

His mental life was now a sort of nursing and lying in a tepid bath, from which he could never rise without a cold fit of shivering, and into which fresh warm water had continually to be poured.

I know that one must die when two embrace. The superstition is, that, of two children who kiss without being able to speak—the one must die.

No man could overcome and endure solitude if he did not cherish the hope of a social circle in the future, or the imagination of an invisible one in the present.

Exclusive solitude and exclusive sociality are both injurious, and, with the exception of their order of precedence, nothing is so important as their interchange.

Fun at an Irish Dinner-Party.

FROM SCRAPS AND SKETCHES OF IRISH LIFE.

Scarcely had the fish been helped, when Pat (the only waiter) had occasion to leave the room, and, on his return, presented himself with only one skirt to his coat. It has been mentioned that the original accident had been partially remedied by the skirt being pinned on, but now some practical joker in the kitchen had slily taken out the pins, and suffered the much-trusted domestic to return into the dining room in the unseemly condition above mentioned; and the absurdity of his appearance was much increased by the red plush breeches being patched on the seat with some dark-colored cloth, something in the shape of a heart, sewn, or, rather, coarsely tied, on with packthread.

Mr. Casey was the first to notice the circumstance, when he lost no time in calling the attention of the guests to it, by a variety of telegraphic signs when Pat's back was turned; imploring and threatening, by all sorts of emphatic gestures, that no one would apprise him of his caudal deficiency.

There are two little traits in Pat's behaviour to which it may be necessary to advert, and which would have been needless to mention had not the habits been so prominently brought forward by the circumstance of his lost tail. One was a remarkably springy and jaunty carriage: he did every thing with an air; and on the grand occasion of a dinner party he indulged in this peculiarity to excess. For instance, when asked for any thing, he would gently sink down a few inches on one leg, by bending the knee while he wheeled round, the other leg being extended straight, like the wheeling limb of a pair of compasses in describing a circle. Having brought himself facing that part of the sideboard containing the article required, he would gently bound forward with an *en avant* step, such as dancing masters were wont to teach their pupils at a time when prancing through quadrilles was the fashion. This flourish, which would have attracted little notice under ordinary circumstances, was absurd in the extreme when performed by a man totally unconscious of the ridiculous exposure he exhibited at each evolution. The other peculiarity was a habit of thinking aloud; his sentiments, though murmured in a low tone, and without any movement of the lips, being pretty generally audible to the whole party.

Sandy Casey had no sooner discovered the state of Pat's rear than he adopted a plan the best possible for showing it off with effect to the company. He called for water, bread, beer, fish-sauce, and kept the unfortunate serving-man in a perpetual wheel. Pat bore this wonderfully well for a time, but became at last rather scandalized at his master's manners, which he justly considered to savour more of looking to his interests than attending to his guests, as a hospitable Irish host is wont to do and; in this view of the case he was strengthened by the uncontrollable laughter of the whole party, which he concluded to be excited by such an unusual course at a man's own board.

They were soon made acquainted with what was passing in his mind by an occasional "aside," heard during a pause in the merriment.

Pat, (*aside.*)—"Bedad ye're taking care of yourself any how! Ketchup! Sure I've tuk it twice to you. Soy! anchovy! venegar! Hervey! Divle such a man ever I see for sauce! Faith, ye're making a holy show of yourself wid your pickles! By me sowl ye don't give the rest a chance: ay, well they may laugh. Is it beer? Sure ye might ask them to take a glass of wine, they're most choking. Och, murther? is it mustard with salmon? That bangs all!"

This last order went far to produce some act of open rebellion, so monstrous did it appear in Pat's eyes. He affected at first not to hear it, and kept his eyes sternly fixed on the opposite wall. When, however, there was no mistaking the reiterated command, he moved with slow and faltering steps, and a deprecating look, towards his master, with the mustard pot in his hand, and holding it at arm's length behind him, he lowered his mouth to Mr. Casey's ear, and, addressing him confidentially,

"It's salmon ye're ating! Sure ye wouldn't ate mustard with salmon?"

The order, however, was repeated, and Pat, almost doubting the evidence of his senses, saw his master help himself desperately to the obnoxous condiment, and eat it with great apparent satisfaction. The expression of surprise mingled with disgust and doubt in the serving-man's face was so extremely ridiculous that it produced a fresh roar which very much scandalized and not a little chafed him.

"That you may die roaring like Doran's bull! what the divle you see to laugh at, it's hard to say. Bad manners to you, but it's a queer thing to be screeching at a man at his own table, any how. Perhaps it's a way they have in England. Faith I believe you—so!"

After this fashion the dinner passed off, Pat remaining in uncomfortable ignorance, and his master losing no opportunity of showing him off. At last, when he was removing the cheese, Mr. Casey turned to him innocently, and asked why he mended his clothes with a wax-end when there was a tailor in the town? Pat, paused in his career, quickly reconnoitred the part, when the whole truth flashed upon him. The look he gave his master, and then the company, was the most exquisitely comic that the human face could represent, but the predominant expression was certainly joy at the extraordinary conduct of all parties being so happily explained.

Dropping the cheese hastily upon the sideboard he rushed to the kitchen, and by the squealing that ensued might be guessed the kind of punishment he was inflicting on the originator of the practical joke.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

An instance of animal sagacity and humanity, unequalled in our remembrance, took place before our door lately. An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels towards Galt. He reached the village utterly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of Mr. Young's tavern, eyeing most anxiously the horrid annoyance bung behind him, but unable to move a step further, or rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch colly, came up at the same time; and, seeing the distress of his crony, laid himself gently down beside him, and, gaining his confidence by a few caresses, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and by a quarter of an hour's exertion savered the cord, and started to his legs with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth; and after a few joyful capers around his friend, departed on his travels in the highest glee at his success.—*Edinburg Weekly Chronicle.*

To which of us would it be possible to take the name of a beloved person, and, under this name, to be guilty of sin?

NOVEMBER.—Poets have always been able to draw beautiful imagery from the autumnal changes. Scott's

> "November's sky is chill and drear,
> November's leaf is red and sere"—

and Mrs. Butler's charming lines on the gorgeous autumn coloring of our woods, are fresh in all memories; while throughout the whole realm of Fancy, there is scarcely an image that has not been, by some bard or other, pressed into the service. How shall we be able to characterize worthily (viz. poetically,) our city autumn? The few groves we boast are now simply groups of broomsticks, scarcely more graceful than the iron railings that shut them in. The green spots still left before some of our tall brick houses,

> Where yet some faded herbage pines,
> And yet a watery sunbeam shines.

when it can get a chance—now look as if dust had been industriously sifted over them, making their green one drab. The

> Shrilling lay
> With which the milk-maid cheers her way,
> As from the field beneath her pail,
> She trips it down the uneven dale,

is but feebly recalled by the unearthly howl of her city brother, whose cart clatters over pavements far more uneven than any 'dale' we know of. The very dogs, described by the poets as eyeing the dull clouds wistfully, and forbearing their usual gambols as the chill, easterly rain sows beads on their shaggy coats, are here in high spirits just now, since the setting of Sirius has relieved them of their natural fears of the '*black* death.' It is obvious that we must look to other and unused sources for the poetry of our autumn.

And happily, we have not far to seek.—What frost painted forest ever glowed richlier than Broadway in November? Where can Lobelia Cardinalis, and the poet's own Fringed Gentian—

> Colored with the Heavens' own blue,

and all the host of crimson and purple and gold stars and streamers, that deck the woods at this season—find such fitting representatives as in the promenade which an unconscious imitation of Nature has adorned with the splendid coloring of sunset clouds? The resemblance is so obvious that it strikes us afresh every day. Broadway is not like a *parterre*, for that implies fixedness of gay beauty. It is really and truly like the primeval forest, first frost-changed till its colors rival those of the sun-perfected treasures of the mine, then waved ceaselessly by the careering winds, till every leaf borrows brightness from the sunlight and the shining rain. We, to whom the woods are denied, may find, perhaps, as high a pleasure in this home view.
Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.

ADVICE TO OLD JOKERS.—Always let your jokes be well timed. Any time will do for a good, but no time will do for a bad one. Any place will fit, provided the joke itself be fitting, but it never fits if a joke be out of its place. No man can order a joke as he would his coat, at Stultz's, or his boots at Hoby's. Jokes are not only often out of order, but we have known jokers ordered out; in short, any man who attempted to joke out of order, should either be provided with a straight waistcoat, or be kicked out of society.

In concocting jokes, as in making puddings, each person employs similar materials, but the quality of the dish is entirely dependent on the skill of the artist. As gold becomes refined by passing through the ordeal of fire, so truth is the purer for being tested by the furnace of fun; for jokes are, to facts what melting pots are to metal. The utterer of a good joke is a useful member to society, but the maker of a bad one is a more despicable character than the veriest coiner by profession.

A joke from a gentleman is an act of charity; an uncharitable joke is an ungentlemanly act. The retort courteous is the touchstone of good feeling; the reply churlish the proof of cold-headed stupidity.

THE GENERAL.—Not General Taylor, nor General Scott, nor General Training—for we will have nought to do with heroes of magnitude—but General Tom Thumb! His honor is the subject of our story. Great in his littleness, prodigious in diminutive proportions, he fills a large place in the public eye; and, quite different from a mote or beam, he keeps it wide open, in astonishment and pleasure. Niagara, and the Natural Bridge, and Mont Blanc and the Pyramids, are something, to be sure; and the Maelstrom and Mount Etna have had their gazers; and Gibraltar is important, and St. Peter's imposing, and Pompeii deep, and the Mammoth Cave awful, and Staffa sublime; but the General is all these. We have good reason to believe that the world has never witnessed his like. The beautiful little dog that crept out of a nutshell, in the old story of—what was it? the White Cat, or Beauty and the Beast?—is his very prototype; and even that dog, though fairy-gifted, could not sing pretty little songs, or wink his cunning eyes in the right place so featly.—*Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.*

THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet cheerful, well-arranged, and well situated house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.

A GOOD SLAP AT BARE ARMS.—A certain minister, says one of our exchanges, lately paid a visit to a lady of his acquaintance who was newly married, and who was attired in the modern indecent fashion. After the usual compliments, he familiarly said, "I hope you have got a good husband, madam." "Yes sir," replied she, "and a good man, too." "I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, rather bluntly, "for my Bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go half naked."

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—There is a report that this scimitar-wielding critic is about to visit the United States. We hope this timely notice will be made use of in mending the holes in all our coats, taking up our dropped stitches, and generally in puting on our company face. It is consoling to think that time has somewhat dimmed Christopher's keen eye, since the days when Blackwood was disposed to make mince-meat of us.—*Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.*

A NEW EXPERIMENT.—A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles questions of some importance in philosophy:

"200 pounds weight of earth were dried into an oven, and afterwards put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree weighing 5 pounds was planted therein. During the space of 5 years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown on it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the air for 5 years, the tree was removed, and found to weigh 169 pounds and about 3 ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then moved from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about 2 ounces of its original weight; thus 160 pounds of woody fibre bark, or roots, were certainly produced; but from what source? The air has been discovered to be the source of the solid elements at least. This statement may at first appear incredible, but on slight reflection its truth is proved, because atmosphere contains carbonic acid, and is a compound of 714 parts, by weight of oxygen, and 388 parts, by weight of carbon."

A YOUTH'S COMING OUT.—Jean Paul says of his boyhood, "I sat solitary at home, like a lettuce, with the best will to close into a head, which act of closing nothing hinders so much, both in men and lettuces, as the proximity and touch of the neighboring plants. It is easier, more agreeable, and more advantageous for a youth to come forth out of solitude into company, out of the green-house into the garden, than *vice versa*, out of a market-place into a corner."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Cultivator.

To make good Butter in Winter.

We often hear the complaint that butter made in winter is poor. Ours was so for several seasons. It was very slow in coming, and frothy, white, and sometimes bitter; while butter made from the same kind of milk in the warm season was good. I devised many plans for improvement, such as throwing in salt, warm milk, scalding cream, &c.; but to no purpose. At length I scalded my milk when brought from the cow, afterwards setting it in either a cold or warm place as most convenient. I mean I communicated sufficient heat to my milk to destroy the effect which frosty feed in autumn or dry feed in the winter had upon it. Since which time we have made, with fifteen minutes churning, purer, sweeter, and more yellow butter than we ever made in summer—and sometimes from the frozen cream gradually warmed. And were it not that the increase of manufactures, the pursuit of fashion, and other causes combined, render helping hands in the dairy-room now-a-days very scarce, I should be at the trouble of scalding my milk before setting it during the summer, as well as in winter; for surely, butter made in this way possesses a delicious richness and dryness which cannot be found in any other.
A HOUSE-KEEPER.

BOILING VEGETABLES AND MEATS.—In boiling vegetables, they should not be put into the water until it is fully heated, and then there should be no cessation of heat until the cooking is finally done.

But when meats are to be boiled, quite an opposite procedure is to be observed. They require to be put into the water while it is cold; or, in case of fowls, while the water is a little warm: then, instead of rapid boiling, the water should be merely simmered. By this process, the meat is made tender, while by fierce boiling it is hardened and made tough.—*Prairie Farmer.*

There is much due to the suggestion as to the manner of cooking, boiling, broiling, roasting or baking, of both vegetables and meats. Having heard the suggestion that potatoes should be put into boiling, instead of cold water over the fire, while warming the feet in the kitchen at the time of cooking an early breakfast, we saw the water boiling before the man had brought in the potatoes, taken that morning from the ground. The soil of the garden was so rich as to make the potatoes heavy: well cleaned, they were boiled as quick as possible; and within some twenty minutes we were eating them at the breakfast table, bursting from the tender skin, and mealy as the best potatoes raised upon the rich grounds upon our neighboring highlands.—*Farmer's Monthly Visitor.*

LIME WATER FOR HENS—ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY.—During the last season, Mr. Joseph Wilcox, of this town, having occasion to administer lime water to a sick horse, inadvertantly left a pail of the preparation in his barn, which remained there for some months, serving as a favorite drink for his hens. He soon afterwards found that the laying of his Hens was apparently increased to a considerable extent. Becoming convinced of the importance of the (to him new) discovery, he has during the present season kept his Hens constantly supplied with lime water, placed in troughs within their convenient access, and the result has been an increase in eggs of some four-fold as compared with previous experience. He is willing to share the benefits of the experiment with his neighbors, if they choose to try it; and hence this publication. The newness of the discovery (though it may not be new to all,) is claimed only as applicable to the mode of imparting the lime in this case—it is used in another form for the same purpose having been previously under stood by many.—*Wayne Sentinel.*

GOOD FARMING.—Here is the secret of good farming. You cannot take from the land more than you restore to it, some shape or other, without ruining it, and so destroying your capital. Different soils may require different modes of treatment and cropping, but in every variety of soil these are the golden rules to attend to:—Drain until you find that the water that falls from heaven does not stagnate in the soil but runs through it and off it freely. Turn up and till the land until your foot sinks into a loose powdery loam, that the sun and air readily passes through. Let no weed occupy the place where a useful plant could possibly grow. Collect every particle of manure that you can, whether liquid or solid. Let nothing on the farm go to waste. Put in your crops in that course which experience has shown to lead to success in their growth, and to an enrichment and not an impoverishment of the land. Give every plant room to spread its roots in soil and leaves in the air.

BOILED APPLE PUDDING.—Pare, core, and quarter, as many fine juicy apples as will weigh two pounds when done. Strew among them a quarter of a pound of brown sugar; add a grated nutmeg, and the juice and yellow peel of a large lemon. Prepare a paste of suet and flour, in the proportion of a pound of chopped suet to two pounds of flour. Roll it out of moderate thickness; lay the apples in the centre, and close the paste nicely over them in the form of a large dumpling; tie it in a cloth, and boil it three hours. Send it to the table hot, and eat it with cream sauce, or with butter and sugar.—*Ex.*

APPLE DUMPLING.—Select large, fair, pleasant sour and mellow apples; pare them, and take out the core with a small knife, and fill up the place with sugar; prepare some pie crust, roll it out quite thick, and cut it into pieces just large enough to cover one apple. Lay an apple on each piece, and enclose them entirely; tie them up in a thick piece of cloth that has been well floured, put them in a pot of boiling water, and boil them one hour; if the boiling should stop, they will be heavy. Serve them up with sweet sauce, or butter and sugar.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Set your tin pail or kettle on the stove, put in a cup of water, cut in four large apples, one pint sour milk, one large teaspoonful saleratus; mould your crust and spread it over the top; cover it tight; bake it one hour.

BEES.—Swarms should not be kept in a southern exposure during the winter. The bees are apt to be tempted to leave the hive, and thus become chilled and disabled from returning, before they are aware. In summer they should not be exposed to the sun, but shaded.

Keep the weeds out of your garden, and pick up and burn all the fallen fruit to kill the future insect that destroys your plums, &c.