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An African's Revenge.

The following thrilling tale we have translated from a passage in Eugene Sue's French novel of Atar Gul. The scene is laid in Guadalouge. It is merely necessary to premise that Atar Gul is a favorite slave, whom Colonel Willis brought from Africa several years before the event described is supposed to have taken place. Atar Gul had always appeared faithful to his master, and grateful for his kindness to him—but in secret, he brooded over the loss of his liberty, and resolved to be deeply revenged. Smiles shone on his countenance but deadly hatred rankled in his heart.

When Atar Gul had nearly reached the summit of the mountain, the sun had already risen, and the lofy heights of *La Souffraire* threw their shades to a great distance across the valleys below. As he was about entering a sort of dell, formed of huge blocks of granite, which seemed to have been fantastically heaped up around, he heard a fearful sound, and stopped short—it was the sharp hiss of a serpent! He soon after heard the flapping of wings over his head, and on looking up he saw one of those large birds, called Secretaries, or Man of War Birds, common in tropical climates, which having already descried the serpent, was making wide circles in the air, but approaching nearer his destined prey every moment.

The serpent seemed aware of the inferiority of his force, and was rapidly gliding towards his den, when the bird, apparently aware of his intention, descended with the rapidity of lightning, and alighted in his path, and with his large wings, which terminated with a bony protuberance, and served him both as a war-club, and a shield, he effectually prevented the retreat of the venomous reptile.

The serpent now became enraged, and the beautiful and variegated colors of his skin sparkled in the sun like rings of gold and azure. His head was frightfully swollen with rage and venom—he darted out his forked tongue, and filled the air with hisses.

The huge bird extended one of his wings, and with a longing eye on the serpent, advanced to the conflict; but his wary antagonist watched his movements, and with quick motions of his body to the right and left, evaded his attacks, until finding that this mode of warfare would not long avail him he at length darted at the bird, and vainly attempted to fix his poisonous fangs in his body, and crush him in his folds. But the Secretary caught him in one of his claws, and with a furious blow of his beak, fractured his skull. The serpent struggled violently for a few moments—but resistance was useless—and he was soon stretched lifeless before his victorious enemy.

But ere the bird had time to enjoy the fruits of his victory, the report of a musket was heard, and the Secretary in his turn, lay dead by the side of his venomous antagonist. Atar Gul turned his head and saw Theodore standing upon a rock above him with a fowling piece in his hand.

"Well, Atar Gul," said the young man, in sliding down from the summit, "was not that well done?"

"It was a good shot, master—but I am sorry that you killed the bird—for these Secretaries wage war with the venomous serpents, with which our mountains are infested." And the black pointed to the dead reptile—which was seven or eight feet long and four or five inches in diameter.

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore—"I regret it now—for I do detest these hideous serpents—I would give half my fortune to be able to exterminate these monsters."

"You are right, master," said Atar Gul—"They are a great nuisance, and their bite almost always proves fatal."

"It is not only that," said the young man, "but you know that my betrothed Marguerite—whom if Heaven wills, I am to wed to-morrow, has a most unaccountable antipathy to the sight of one of these animals. Less so now than formerly, I confess—for once the name of a snake would always deprive her of sensation. But her father, her mother, and myself, have at various times tried to conquer her silly but deep-rooted fears of these reptiles. We have tried to accustom her to the sight of them, and have often thrown them in her way after they had been killed—and then laugh at her screams of terror."

"That is the only way to conquer her foolish antipathy, master;" said the wily African. "In my country we thus habituate our women and children to sights of horror. But a thought strikes me. A means presents itself of curing her of these foolish fears if you can only be prevailed upon to adopt it. And his eyes were for a moment lighted up with a gleam of ferocious delight. "We will take the snake home with us. But first let us cut off his head. We cannot use too much precaution."

"Noble fellow!" said Theodore, as he assisted Atar Gul to separate the head of the serpent from the body.

"*It is a female.*" whispered Atar Gul to himself, and the male cannot be far off.

They proceeded towards Colonel Willis's habitation—the black dragging after him the bleeding carcase of the serpent. The house in which the Colonel resided, like most of the houses in that climate, consisted of but one story with wings. In one of these wings was the bed chamber of Maguerite. A piazza in front of the window, and a *jalousie*, screened the room from the devouring heat of the tropical sun.

Theodore approached the window on tiptoe—cautiously opened the *jalousie*, and [illegible]—Marguerite was not there. He then took the serpent from the hands of Atar Gul—who, as it seemed, through an excess of precaution, first bruised the the neck of the reptile on the window frame. Theodore hid the serpent, whose brilliant hues had already become tarnished by death, beneath the dressing table. He then retired and closed the *jalousie*. As he turned away, he met Colonel Willis, who laughed heartily at the trick which Theodore was playing on Margurite.

The room which was appropriated to Margurite, was really the asylum of innocence. The hand of a mother had been there. It was seen in all the elegant and useful furniture which decked the apartment—that little bed, curtained with white gauze, stuccoed walls, polished, and shining as brilliant as Parian marble—that harp, and table covered with music books—that little dressing glass—those silken ribbons—that cross of mother of pearl—those jeweled ornaments—in a word, all those trifling things which are so precious to a young girl, whispered a tale of Innocence, Love and Happiness.

The door opened, and Margurite entered. She seated herself before the dressing table but she saw not the reptile beneath it. While she arranged her hair and essayed a ribbon, which Theodore had praised, she sang the song which she had been taught by her lover.

"To-day," soliloquised the lovely girl, "I must try to appear as beautiful as possible. To-morrow I shall belong to another. Oh, Theodore! with what devotion he loves me. Nothing on earth can add to my happiness."

She approached so near the glass to judge of the effects of the ribbon, that her breath tarnished the brilliant surface of the mirror—then with her finger she playfully and smilingly traced upon the glass the name of THEODORE.

A slight noise near the window awakened her from the delicious reverie. She turned towards it, blushing lest her dearest secret had been discovered. But the paleness of death instantly came over her features. She convulsively threw her hands before her, and tried to rise—but she could not. Her trembling limbs refused to sustain her, and she fell back into her chair. The unhappy girl saw peering through the *jalousie* the head of an enormous serpent!

In a moment he was lost among the flowers, which were tastefully arranged before the window. His disappearance gave new strength to Marguerite, who rushed towards the door, which opened into the gallery, screaming "Help! mother, mother help! Here is a monstrous serpent!"

But her parents and her lover held the door outside—and laughed at what they conceived to be her imaginary fears. "Well done, my girl," cried Col. Willis, "cannot you scream a little louder! The snake will not eat you. I'll engage—poor little thing! How frightened she appears to be!"

"Margurite, I am ashamed of you," said her mother. "The serpent will not hurt you. It is dead."

But her cries continued.

"My dear Margurite," said Theodore, "don't be alarmed. I put it there myself—and you shall give me a kiss for my pains, sweet girl."

Meanwhile the hideous monster left the flowers and glided into the room. Marguerite, finding her cries for assistance of no avail, uttered a loud shriek and fell senseless on the floor. The serpent raised its head, and for a moment seemed to be reconnoitering the apartment. But when it saw its companion dead on the floor, its eyes absolutely sparkled with rage. It sent forth a loud and long hiss, and advanced towards the unfortunate girl.

With a rapidity almost inconceivable, the hideous reptile twined itself around the graceful limbs and sylph-like form of Marguerite. Its cold and slimy neck rested against the snowy bosom of its victim, and there it fastened its venomous fangs!

The helpless girl restored to consciousness by the agonizing pain of the wound, opened her eyes—but the first object which met her view, was the horrid head of the reptile, swollen with rage—its eyes flashing fire—and its open mouth displaying its crooked and deadly fangs!

"Mother! mother! O dear mother!" faintly screamed the dying girl.

But a half-suppressed laugh was the only response to her convulsive cry. The *jalousie* was slowly opened, and Atar Gul looked in at the window—his eyes glaring with malignancy and triumph.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" said Mrs. Willis. "She answers not—perhaps she has fainted with terror."

"Silly girl," said the Colonel. "But we will open the door and see what is the matter."

Some heavy object lay against the door. He gave a violent push, and entered the chamber, followed by Mrs. Willis and Theodore. But who can paint the agony of the parents and the lover—when they found they had stumbled over the *dead body* of the unfortunate Marguerite.

As they entered the apartment, the serpent was seen to glide out at the window. * * *

TRADITIONARY ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF GUELPH.—It is told in the chronicles, that as far back as the days of Charlemagne, one Count Isenbrand, who resided near the Lake of Constance, met an old woman who had given birth to three children at once, a circumstance which appeared to him so portentous and unnatural, that he assailed her with a torrent of abuse. Stung to fury at his insults, she cursed the Count, and wished that his wife, then with child, might bring at a birth as many children as there are months in the year. The imprecation was fulfilled, and the Countess became the mother of a dozen babes at once. Dreading the vengeance of her severe Lord, she bade her abigail go drown eleven of the twelve. But who should the girl meet, while on this horrible errand, but the Count himself, who, suspecting that all was not right, demanded to know the contents of the basket. "Welfen," was the intrepid reply, (*i. e.* the old German term for puppies, and now traceable in our word whelps.) Dissatisfied with this explanation, the Count lifted up the cloth, and found under it eleven bonny infants nestled together. Their unblemished forms reconciled the scrupulous knight, and he resolved to recognize them as his lawful progeny. Thenceforward their children and their descendants went by the name of Guelph or Welf; and from these identical little innocents does our liege lady Victoria inherit her cognomen.—*Athenæum.*

SELF MADE MEN.—It is stated in a foreign magazine that there was, many years ago, a little beggar boy in London by the name of Saunders. He seemed alone in the world, and utterly destitute, being acknowledged by no parents or relations. He lingered around the attorney offices, in Clement's Inn, and being sometimes employed to do errands, he was much liked for his promptness and assiduity and thus he picked up a subsistence. He expressed a strong desire to write, and one of the attorneys had a board placed at a window on the top of a stair case, making a sort of a desk, where he sat and wrote after copies given him by the clerks. In a short time he became a swift and correct transcriber; by degrees he was preferred to writing forms, and by books which were lent him as noted an excellent entering clerk. In short this diligence and prudence never abating for a moment, he was in course of years called to the bar, and became one of the most eminent and popular practitioners of the time. This man, whose entrance in life was so unpromising, by a happy disposition and unremitting industry was at length raised to the Chief Justiceship of England, on the death of Pemberton, and held that high office until his death, which happended a little before the revolution.

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE SUN.—The newly invented light of E. Gaudin, on which experiments were recently made at Paris, as an improved modification of the well-known invention of Lt. Drummond. While Drummond pours a stream of oxygen gas, through the spirits of wine upon unslacked lime, Gaudin makes use of a more ethereal kind of oxygen, which he conducts through burning essence of turpentine. The Drummond light is fifteen hundred times stronger than that of burning gas: the Gaudin light is, we are assured by the inventor, as strong as that of the sun, or thirty thousand times stronger than gas, and of course ten times more so than the Drummond. The method by which M. Gaudin proposes to turn the new invention to use is singularly striking. He proposes to erect in the island of Pont Neuf, in the middle of the Seine and centre of Paris, a light-house five hundred feet high in which is to be placed a light from a hundred thousand to a hundred million gas pipes strong, the power to be varied as the nights are light or dark. Paris will thus enjoy a sort of peretual day, and as the sun of heaven does set, the sun of the Pont Neuf will rise.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

An English paper states that during the last great fire in Liverpool, when propertied people were running hither and thither, removing their goods from the neighbourhood of the conflagration, an old woman stepped calmly from her humble lodging, and in a satisfied tone of voice, exclaimed, "Well! thank God, I've nothing to remove!"

Thoughts for Republicans.

The best democrats have been produced by what have been called despotisms. Thus Peter the Great, Frederick the Great, Joseph the Second, Napoleon, Alexander, Nicholas, have been or are thorough democrats. The object of the first five was to place mankind on the same level, a level of exaltation, and not depression. They wished to level up, and not down; to hurl nobilities from the heights where they had nothing but evil, and to raise the people from their level of abasement. Nicholas of Russia, the present King of Prussia, even the present Emperor of Austria, are engaged in the same democratic labor. We do not imply that such despotisms are better than democracies. We mean that such *despots* see very clearly the mischiefs of aristocracies, and are striving to remove them; and that the ultimate triumphs of democracy is the tendency, if not the object of their labors. And this contest between the few and the many has waged throughout Europe from the days when Augustus overthrew that monstrous aristocracy, the Roman Republic, down to the present. Throughout the middle ages of Europe, the contest has been between monarchy and aristocracy, about the rights of the masses; kings striving to subdue nobles by elevating the people, and nobles striving to keep the people in subjection by restraining kings. Hence in Europe, the influence of *royalty* has always been *democratic*. In France, before the refore the revolution of 1789, royalty had deprived nobility of all legislative power, but had not been able to suppress its monopoly of civil and military office. But in Russia and Prussia, while nobility remained as distinct orders, with oppressive property rights, it had retained no such monopolies. Peter the Great selected his servants, civil and military, from all ranks indifferently; and therefore the son of a cobbler, to speak in the phrase of English aristocracy, had as many chances for the staff of a field marshal, or the port folio of a prime minister, as the highest noble. Frederick the Great followed this great example. He despised and hated nobility, and aimed a blow at its pretensions in all his governmental arrangements, civil and military: and most especially did he carry the principle of equality into practice in his armies. His fundamental military maxim was that no man could know how to command, unless he had previously learned to obey, or was qualified to be a general, unless he understood the duties of all grades, from the common soldier. This *levelling* principle, the principle that levels *up* and not *down*, has rendered Prussia the freest part of continental Europe for all practical purposes, and has prepared it for becoming what it will eventually become, the most enlightened of democracies.

Now let us mark the contrast between this theoretical monarchy and practical democracy, and our theoretical democracy and practical aristocracy. As the funeral procession of the gallant Hull moved through our streets, the coffin being borne by *sailors*, we felt one of those shocks always produced in us by any exhibition of wicked inconsistency, in reflecting upon the wide difference established by our laws between the officer and the sailor and soldier, upon the subject of *promotion and punishment*. The brave men who bore that coffin, at any time ready to shed their heart's blood for their country, and entertaining as keen a sense of military honor as any officer who ever strutted beneath lace and feathers, are condemned by our democratic laws, to drudge through life in subordinate stations, and can never rise to the dignity of command. Nor is this all. For any infraction of duty, they are subject to a degrading, a debasing, brutalizing punishment; when for any crime incomparably more infamous, the officer must undergo an examination in which his rights are defended by the strongest legal and technical ramparts, while he is surrounded with the formality, parade, "pomp and circumstance," which almost render his trial a triumph. And this is the species of justice meted to its subjects by a professed democracy!

We have already alluded to the monopoly of office which the French nobility, before the revolution, had been able to obtain amid the wreck of their baronial powers. Under this monopoly, none but *nobles* by *birth* could receive military commissions; and therefore the worthless and profligate and stupid son of a noble house might command a regiment, when a soldier of the longest service and highest merit, and covered with the scars of wounds received in national defence, was not allowed to command a company. History shows how terribly this injustice was avenged in the revolution Yet our democratic Congress authorise the enlistment of boys in our navy, and say that whatever be their merits and their services, they cannot rise to commissions. And under this system of exclusion, commissions are reserved, according to the Secretary of the Navy, for the profligate sons of aristocratic families, who would disgrace their lineage on shore. Where is the difference between the feudal monopoly of the French nobility and the legal and practical nobility of our aristocratic families! We can see none; the world can see none; and in view of this inconsistency, the enlightened democrats produced by *despotisms* of Europe, are regarding us with contemptuous merriment. Congress understands all this. Its attention has been sufficiently drawn to this subject; and an ineffectual attempt has been made to abolish this contemptible provision for raising up an arrogant and contemptible nobility. But members of Congress have profligate sons to provide for, and therefore desire no competition for commissions with the children of the *commons*. The corrective is in the hands of these very *commons*; and to the people we appeal against a provision that will eventually render our navy an object of contempt to every maritime power in the world. And if the *people, the democracy* of the country will not reform this aristocratic abuse, the sooner we have a Frederick or Napoleon to rule over us the better will it be for the ultimate destiny of society.

But our vilest, most wicked violation of democratic principle, is the establishment of one code of pains and penalties for the officer, another for the soldier and sailor. Any lieutenant may order the backs of either of the brave fellows who carried that coffin to be lacerated with the infernal *cat*, and thus stampen forever with degradation. And the officer's incentive to this infliction may be the fury of brutal intoxication, or the most vulgar and spiteful envy of superior merit, which even a cowardly system of *promotion and punishment* cannot hide. And what makes this difference! Why should a noble-hearted, proud spirited man be subject to this ineffable cruelty, while some gold-laced "blackguards," whose blood has crept through scoundrels for generations, is honored even in this punishment! Ask our law makers. They can tell why the principles of our democracy are so shamefully perverted. And so can we tell. One cause is already avowed; the desire of public men to monopolize commissions for their own families. Another is the influence of officers over Congress in legislating for for armies and navies. Our naval laws have been made by naval commanders, and consequently for the sole benefit of that class. And whenever the laws were silent, they have supplied the deficiencies with *customs* and *practices*. Thus one custom is to prefer the sons of officers in the distribution of commissions. But how many commissions have been given to the sons of sailors!—*Phil. Ledger.*

DREADFUL DEATH.—Some persons engaged in felling trees, lately, near Thibodauxville, La., discovered a human skull and bones and a number of articles in the hollow of a tree they cut down. It was supposed to be a runaway negro or some other evil doer, who had stole things and placed them within the cavity for concealment, and on repeating his visit had bent down to see if all was right, had fallen in head foremost, and as the hollow was too narrow to turn round, he starved to death.

The Wild Woman.

It will perhaps be recollected that about a year and a half ago, the St. Louis papers gave an account of a woman who had been discovered in the woods near that city, almost naked, and apparently quite wild. It appears that she had lived in this manner until lately, when the severity of the winter drove her to a human habitation; and there, being much exhausted for want of food, and badly frost-bitten, she expired.

Previous to her death she became quite rational and gave the following account of herself, which we condense from the St. Louis Organ:

She was born in New Jersey, whence with her parents she removed to Cincinnati, where they lived until she grew up to womanhood. A young man whom her father did not like, paid his addresses to her, and they eloped for St. Louis. At Louisville, he persuaded her to take lodings with him, as his wife, promising to go with her to a clergyman, and get married in the morning. He left her in the morning, to go for a minister, and never returned. All day she remained almost distracted with fear for the safety of her lover, whom she could not think had abandoned her, but finally learned that he had taken a boat going down the river, in the morning. The shock to her feelings was so great, that she fainted and fell down in the street. She was taken up by some kindly disposed person, who, as soon as she recovered, paid her passage back to Cincinnati.

Her heart almost failed her as she approached her home. She could see her father's residence, as the boat passed along up the river, and it was her intention to go directly home, and throw herself upon the mercy of her father and mother, and tell them how she had been deceived. On approaching the door of the dwelling, there appeared to be an unusual bustle in the house, and on entering it, she saw her father lying dead on the floor. The old man had heard which way she had gone, and took passage in the unfortunate steamboat Moselle, which blew up at Cincinnati, being one of the unfortunate sufferers, the body had just been recovered and brought home. As soon as the mother saw her, "there," said she, "there is your murdered father." She ran from the house, but not before her mother's curse was upon her. She says that it rang in her ears for many a long day and night, as she wandered through the woods.

It was then summer, and at times severe hunger would induce her to go near the habitations of the people, as she wandered along through the country, and at one time she slipped in and took the hoecake from the fire, while the farmer's wife was gone to the spring—at another time she caught the fowls from the fence, and devoured them raw. How she lived so long, she is unable to tell, but berries, nuts, fruit, and such game as she was enabled to catch, has been her food, and for two winters she lived in an old deserted cabin on the banks of the Missouri. She filled it nearly full of dried leaves in the fall, and would creep into them in cold weather. Somebody burnt down the cabin last fall, with some stores of nuts and dried fruit she had laid up for winter, since which time she has been sleeping in a large hollow tree.

She says, "her clothing being almost entirely gone, the cold was very severe, and I thought I would come to a house and get them to bury me. How I have suffered, no human tongue can tell, but I had made up my mind to die in the wild woods, and never again to suffer a human being to speak to me, but my resolution failed, and I am indebted to the kindness of this poor family for what little comfort they could afford me on my death bed."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Seduction, Insanity and Death.

The Bradford, Pa., Reporter tells the following terrible story:—

Something more than a year ago, a man by the name of Lefevre, came to the neighborhood of Wysox, as a Presbyterian preacher. What evidence he adduced of his good standing, we know not. Yet we presume he must have exhibited credentials, either genuine or forged, as he was retained as pastor of the church at that place. After having officiated for several months, information was received here of his previous bad conduct and expulsion from the church somewhere in the Eastern States, and also that he was a married man. He here represented himself as a single man, and paid some informal attention to some of the respectable young ladies of the place.

Upon the reception of this news, we believe he was dismissed from the church, or, at least, silenced as a preacher, yet strange to say, many respectable persons, both male and female disbelieved all the evidence of his former bad conduct—gave him their confidence, and manifested a constant, unwavering, though misplaced friendship for him until the recent developement of his villany. Among the families who continued to receive his visits, was that of Moses Woodburn, who, with his wife and an only daughter, a lovely girl of 21 or 22 years of age had all been converted under his preaching, and united with his church. While thus he contrived to retain the entire confidence of Mr. Woodburn's family, he was, serpent-like, entwining his folds around the daughter, and strange as it may seem, she fell a victim to his seductive arts, entirely unsuspected by either her father or mother. On Saturday last, she gave birth to a child, which is still living. When the information was conveyed to Mr. Woodburn, who was lying ill in another part of the house, he groaned aloud—placed his hand upon his breast, and *expired in a few minutes.* This sudden and awful multiplication of sorrow was too much to be borne by the mother of the deluded and ruined girl, and the wife and the dying husband—reason was dethroned, and the mother became a *maniac!*

The explosion of such a horrid scheme of villany rendered more awful by having been planned and perpetrated by one who assumed the livery of heaven, fell like a shock upon the community. The villain who had caused it, was arrested and safely lodged in jail, where he must remain till May Court, when he will probably be tried for several offences, one of which, we understand, is that of administering nostrums to his victim, in order to procure abortion.

P. S. We have since learned that the young lady has become partially deranged.

VOCAL MACHINERY OF BIRDS.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown, that in birds the lungs have several openings communicating with corresponding air-bags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and repasses in the process of breathing. This is not all; the very bones are hollow, from which air-pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. This air being rarified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of their body, they can dart from the greatest height with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

SOFT CURRENCY.—They use cakes of soap for currency in Mexico, Mr. Kendall says. One of his companions (Falconer) handed a dollar to a man to get changed. The fellow shortly returned with *sixty-four cakes of soap* tied up in a handkerchief. Falconer told the corporal he wanted *change* not *soap*. The corporal retorted by saying it was the currency of the place; legal currency; and there was no other. Such proved to be the case, and however singular it may appear, soap is really a lawful tender in the payment of all debts.

Animal Magnetism.

Mesmerism, as it is of late called, from its supposed founder, in 1776, is now found to be of much earlier origin. By a manuscript, lately found in an ancient library at Ofen, in Hungary, it is proved to have been taught by one Rhodolphus, in 1214. His views are somewhat interesting at the present time He taught his pupils that there was a pervading fluid in the atmosphere of such subtile properties as to elude all our external senses, and means of determining its character, which, he held, was the medium of communication between all animal matter in its original state; that the human brain was so constructed, that, under certain organizations, it was capable of influencing another brain of like organization, and of quieting the external senses, and thereby holding it at will for any definite period; and by the sole effort of his brain he could produce a sufficient vibration of this subtle medium, to communicate his wishes to the person so held, and obtain a response equally accurate with the effect of voice under other circumstances; and this, too, at considerable distance from the person acted upon. Rhodolphus died before his theory had obtained much celebrity, and with him slept the science until Mesmer either renewed it with many alterations to ape originality, or originated one on nearly the same principles.

Rhodolphus appears to have had a vague idea of phrenological arrangements of the organs of the brain, for he was able to excite the various passions and faculties of the mind by reference to different parts of the brain, and he showed that when the mind was trained to a certain action for a long time, in *opposition* to the position intended to be proved, and then subjected to experiments, the result was satisfactorily the same in every case.

But for his early death, the science of phrenology and nervous communication would have been established at that early period, and have taken its stand among the recognized sciences of the day, and probably on a much more perfect foundation that at present. He proved, by experiment, that a person would, without the least knowledge on the subject, point out the location of the parts of the brain which were brought into action to produce certain external results—as music, veneration, hope, combating, &c. corresponding with the location of our modern phrenologists.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

METALIC MUMMIES.—At a late sitting of the French Academy of Sciences, Mr. Cornay exhibited a new operation of Galvanism (*Galvano-plastic*) which was curious if not useful in the way he proposed. Mr. Cornay formed the idea, certainly an original one, of subjecting a dead body, which had previously been embalmed in the old method, to this galvanic process, and to cover it in this way with a coat of copper which preserved the form of the body in all its details. A metalic statue would thus be formed of an envelope containing within it a human body, with an exact resemblance of the features and expression. The body of a young child prepared in this manner, was shown, from which it was apparent that indelible and indestructible museums of human statues might be formed thus. It has been the idea of Mr. Cornay to preserve in this way the bodies of princes and illustrious persons, as well as those of valued friends whom their families wish to preserve from decay. The names and history of the deceased might be traced on the copper in characters much more ineffaceable than on ton bstones.

It has been suggested that it would not be amiss to have recourse to the Galvano-plastic operation on behalf of the coon party of 1842, which is now *in articulo mortis*. That which when living was of brass, might well be preserved in monumental copper; and it would be a source of no little satisfaction to posterity thus to have an authentic portrait, upon the "metalic basis," of one so renowned in his day and generation as the same old coon. The idea of enriching an historical museum with the metalliferous mummy of defunct partnership is decidedly good, and the life and adventures of the 'critter' might, as Mons. Cornay well remarks, be engraved in lasting characters upon its copper front. Salt, as we well know, would not save it, or it would have been preserved by the twenty three barrels of that same, which Mr. Clay received from Onondaga, and since the news from Massachusetts the emergency is such as may well justify the sufferer in having resort to the copper. When the coon is thus "embalmed"—shall we call it!—a similar process might be employed to preserve the features of that "six hundred dollar white virgin heifer," with other political emblems peculiar to the party now going out of existence.—*Pennsylvanian.*

DIPLOMACY.—One of the best illustrations of the modern system of negotiation, is found in the following anecdote, which we met with in Kohl's recent work on Russia. It describes a deliberate dispute which took place in the presence of the writer, at an inn of some Russian village. The parties, he says:

"Sat opposite one another in a little public house, with a broken pipe lying between them, which was the cause of the dispute. They began with sarcastic remarks and questions, and then proceeded to regular abuse. 'You, thief!' 'So I'm a thief, am I! What have I stolen, pray, you rascal?' 'I a rascal, you lying vagabond!' And so on for some time. At length they came to action. One took hold of the other's neckhandkerchief, and began drawing it tightly together and pulling [illegible]. For some time the other seemed [illegible] this treatment, but at last he [illegible] the other's handkerchief in the same manner. For a [illegible] while they continued pulling at one another's handkerchiefs in this manner, till one cried out to the other, 'What for do you throttle me? Let go!' 'No, you must let go first—you're throttling me!' 'If you'll let go, I'll let go!' One of them let go a little, and then the other let go exactly as much; the first then release[illegible] his hold, and the second did the same. But this was not all. The one immediately spit in his opponent's face, crying, 'Take that you rascal fellow!' The other quietly wiped his face, and returned the compliment. The combat was now ended, both got into the sledges, and drove off in opposite directions, shouting to one another from afar, all kinds of abuse, till their voices were lost in the distance."

"'You broke my pipe,' says M. Guizot to Lord Aberdeen. 'You lie!' responds Lord Aberdeen. 'You're a thief, and I'll wring your nose for you,' continues one, and 'You're a rascal,' continues the other. The dispute rages, until one or the other agrees to pay for the broken pipe, and then "assurances of the most respectful consideration," are reciprocated, and so the matter ends.

A CONFESSIONAL AWKWARDLY SITUATED.—In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point, (which seems to have been discovered accidentally,) until at length one listener having had his curiosity somewhat gratified by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed.—*Herschel's Treatise on Sound.*

HOW TO BEAT A WIFE.—The editor of the Talladega (Ala.) Southerner has found out a way to beat his wife in the kindest and most considerate manner He has her mesmerized, and then *flogs the operator* like vengence. As feeling, taste, &c., are transferred, she catches a tickling, and the world won't call the husband a brute.

ORIGIN OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE.—In lecturing before the Hamilton Literary Association of Brooklyn, on the subject of "the Jurisprudence of the Puritans," P. W Chandler Esq. of Boston gave the following humorous account of certain difficulties in the General Court of Massachusetts which resulted in the establishment of the Senate of that State, as at present constituted:

In accordance with the charter, the governor and assistants were elected annually by the freemen, and altogether constituted the General Court. In this originated the present representative system of New England. The representatives and assistants met in common, and the governor presided; but occasionally altercations arose between them, and finally, while gravely discussing a case presented by a poor woman for the recovery of a pig the breach became so wide that all attempts to heal it were in vain, and the controversy ended in a separation of the assistants from the representatives, and their organization into a separate body—precisely equivalent to the Senate, each house possessing a check upon the other, and in all respects, constituted as now. The lecturer here remarked that the cackling of a goose saved Rome; and it might be said with equal historical truth that *a pig was the father of the Massachusetts Senate!*

The following, from the same lecture, may serve as a hint to certain fashionables of the present day:

In 1649 the magistrates and citizens formed an association for the purpose of arresting the practice of wearing long hair by men—a custom which they pronounced uncivil, *unholy*, and every way pernicious. This was the first associated effort in America for effecting by moral force and suasion, a reformation of bad habits. Besids this the elders of the several churches were earnestly exhorted to preach against long hair.

LOVE, MYSTERY AND ROMANCE.—A very mysterious and romantic circumstance occurred in this city on Wednesday night last. About midnight, a knock was heard at the door of the humble dwelling of Patrick McQuinlan, in Seventh, near Baker street, Moyamensing. His wife opened the door, and beheld a handsome and elegantly dressed lady, who, in a gentle voice, requested a drink of water. The night was extremely cold, and after drinking the water, the lady began to shiver, and asked permission to enter the house. Of course she was admitted. She soon began to complain of illness, and the kind hearted Mrs. McQ. made her a humble bed on the floor, and at the lady's request commenced preparing a good fire. She had scarcely finished ere the cry of a child was heard, and she discovered that her strange visiter had given birth to an infant! Here was a dilemma. The family were very poor, but every thing was gathered up that could be for the occasion, and mother and babe were made tolerably comfortable. In a short time the two went quietly to sleep, while Mrs. McQ. sat up to watch over them. At length she fell into a slumber, from which about day-break she awakened by the slamming of the door. She arose startled, and alarmed—look around her—there was the babe, (a female) beautiful as an angel, smiling in its sleep—but the mother was gone! and to this moment the unnatural creature has not been heard from.

Yesterday morning Mrs. McQ. took the child to the Visiters of the Poor of Southwark—from them to the office of the Board of Guardians in Filbert street—but none would receive it. She finally took it to the Moyamensing Almshouse, where it remains. What a city this is!—*Phila. Times.*

SCHOOL ROOM.—"Geography class come up. Ephraim, how is the State of Maine bounded?"

"It's bounded on the north by Kenneebscott, on the northeast by the Boundary Question, on the east by Scovy Notia, on the south by the Chinese wall, and on the west by the Mississippy river."

"Very good; describe the soil and climate."

"Its climate is very salubrious, and the soil ingubrious; producing immense swarms of herpacious animals called gally nippers. They are about the size of daddy's windmill, with pudding tails, fence rail legs, and kin bite through a file; they infest the forest in herds, frequently destroying vegetation for whole miles round, and they are taken in steel traps by the natives, for the purpose of immegration."

"For what is this State celebrated?"

"It is famous for flat head babies and pretty gals, who go to meetin' to practice animal magnetism It is also the birthplace of Mazeby, the Moor of Venice."

"Elegant—what are its productions?"

"Flour barrels, bean poddings, codfish, and cotton pods; also ten penny nails, sheetiron coddings, and red danning sassingers."

"Excellent; take your seat—you'll soon be a Congressman."

TO CURE SHEEPSKINS WITH THE WOOL ON.—Take a table spoonful of alum and two of saltpetre; pulverize and mix well together; sprinkle the powder on the flesh side of the skin, and lay the two flesh sides together, (that is, with the wool outside.) Then fold up the skin as tight as you can, and hang it in a dry place; in two or three days, or as soon as it is dry, take it down, and scrape it with a blunt knife till clean and supple. This completes the process, and makes you a most excellent saddle cover. If when you kill sheep you treat the skins this way, you can get more for them from the saddlers [illegible] for the wool and skin separately [illegible] Other skins which you dress in [illegible] hair on, may be treated the same way.

DRESS BY THREE MATCHES WHAT'S NO.—Mr. Bum was seized with a bad turn in his stomach, the other night, and got out of bed to look for his hot drops. From the mantel shelf on the mantel-piece, he took up what he supposed to be a row of matches, and one after another he snapped them off without effect, and as he threw down the last he gave vent to his vexation by exclaiming—"Dang it, these matches won't go." His wife now came to his assistance, and upon the other end of the mantel piece found some matches, and having obtained a light, the first object which met the astonished eyes of both was the head of her best tortoise shell comb, with every tooth broken out, and thrown upon the floor. Mr. Bum stood looking aghast at the destruction worked by his own misguided hands. Mrs. B. cast a reproachful glance at him, and retired to her bed without uttering a syllable.—*Boston Post.*

A STRANGE GAL.—"Everything is arranged for your wedding with Susan Tompkins," said a father to his only son the other day; "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas."

The individual was a young man, sitting in a chair, despatching a piece of bread covered with molasses. His only answer was a sigh, accompanied with a flood of tears. The parent started, and in an angry voice demanded—"What objection can you have? Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married you must be, some time or other. Your mother and I were married, and it is my command that you prepare for the nuptials."

"Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "that's a different case; you married mother; but I'm sent out to marry a strange gal!"

IMITATION WAX CANDLES.—Throw quick lime into melted mutton suet. The lime will settle at the bottom, carrying with it all impurity. Turn off the clear tallow, and to every pound of it add three pounds of real wax. This makes a very handsome candle, not to be distinguished from entire wax.

"DIED FOR WANT OF A DOCTOR."—This was the verdict on a dead nigger in New York, Tuesday. How many words to forget to mention "died of the doctor."